

The Antrim Reporter

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ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1933

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Weekly News Letter Concerning the Happenings in the Legislature

The present House is very much opposed to towns and cities owning public utilities and as soon as opportunity presented itself voted to quietly lay this bill away in some secluded resting place.

As has been customary with former sessions, steps are being made to speed up the committee reports and transact some business. The effort is a laudable one and worth trying, if this is all that comes from it.

Again the Legislature has disposed of the proposition to free women from paying a poll tax. The strongest argument appears to be that when they were given the ballot, and made the equal of men, they should pay something for the privilege.

Now that the voluminous printed report of the Brookings Institution is in the hands of the Legislators, it will take some time to digest the thing and get ready for action. Of course, it can't be acted upon as a whole, it must be taken up and considered in parts; if given the attention it would appear to deserve, it will take some time to dispose of its several parts. There are many deserving recommendations that need much time for consideration.

The House last Thursday passed a bill which will, if enacted into law, ban the placing of political posters on trees along the highways.

The members approved a bill which will permit the transfer of motorboat registrations upon the payment of a \$1 fee to the Public Service Commission.

Another bill, passed by the House, clarifies the law relative to taxation by towns and cities of road building or repairing machines, stone crushers and derricks.

Owing to the severe coastal storm of last week members of the Judiciary, appropriation and public improvement committees made a trip to Hampton and other seashore points last Thursday. For some reasons it is well that New Hampshire has only a few miles of coast.

Presuming that the state has a 48-hour day, by law, who is the one benefited in the end; the employe or the employer? And if either or both are better off by having such a law, how will industrial propositions be affected? It is just because we don't know, why such questions are here asked.

Several committees are holding necessary hearings and a few of them must necessarily be almost semi-public. Many of the bills will be killed in committee and pigeon holed, but all takes time. Bunching matters will be a help, and some of this will be done. It is sincerely hoped, however, that the more important matters will not be side-tracked till the last, and then have to be rushed through because of lack of time to do otherwise.

Two years ago all went well for the construction of a new bridge and highway across Great Bay, at Portsmouth, till it came to the Governor and Council; then the word "might" was the big stick that held the job over, and the bonds for more than a million dollars to complete the work were never issued. It was thought the site should be changed, and this year another layout is being contemplated, and it may be that such a trifling sum of a million dollars in bonds may be authorized to complete the job. Should a majority of the Legislators say this shall be done, why of course the new toll bridge must be a good thing.

Topics of the Day Presented to Reporter Readers in Concise Form

Yes, February and March are winter months, and regardless of the Ground Hog or his shadow, we'll have six weeks more of winter.

While most of the lines of the 1933 motorcars are strikingly new, the purchaser is quick to note that the old familiar dotted one has been retained.

None of our writings in an editorial way are written for praise alone; they are for the interest and benefit of our people as a whole and the town generally. But should our readers feel so inclined and think they should pass out complimentary remarks, as many did concerning the article in the Reporter last week headed "Which is Better a Large Highway Debt or Big Welfare Expense?" we just say: "Thank you!" and will endeavor to keep up the good work. This bears out our contention, that the presence of a real newspaper in town is one of the greatest institutions for good, and the edification of the people that can possibly exist. The newspaper usually does its part, and can be made to be productive of much good in the community life by the cooperation of everybody; and in doing this very much more can be accomplished by throwing aside completely all prejudice, jealousy and all kindred evils.

According to reports from the War Department, Washington, it cost the federal government \$175,035.44 and the state \$128,373.30 to maintain New Hampshire's National Guard during the 1932 fiscal year, as per figures just made public.

The cost of maintaining each of New Hampshire's national guardsmen during the year was \$173.47 to the federal government and \$127.23 to the state. The total expenditure was \$303,408.74 and the total cost for each guardsman was \$300.70.

The state's money spent in maintaining the National Guard was expended as follows: Pay, \$46,512.49; supplies and equipment, \$4,345.78; construction and maintenance, \$69,400.08; organization expense, \$1,293.40, and miscellaneous, \$4,821.55.

Total attendance to National Guard camps in the state during the year was given as 1,059, and the composition of the attendance as follows: 76 officers, two warrant officers and 981 enlisted men. Actual strength of the guard in the state of June 30, was given as 75 officers, two warrant officers and 926 enlisted men.

Even if you have seen boys playing marbles, it is not wise to say that spring is with us, although this fact has a bearing on how we feel about it.

New Hampshire is feeling pretty good that her contention of long standing is upheld by Judge Trabue, of Kentucky, sitting as master in the dispute regarding the boundary line between the Granite and Green Mountains states. The low water line on the Vermont side divides the two states.

Antrim friends who know the Shaw brothers, James and Lewis, were interested in seeing their pictures in the Concord Monitor one day last week. They are brothers of Mrs. Fred A. Dunlap, of Antrim, and have played baseball together for 38 years, and for their age they cannot be beat as a battery.

Every county in the state reported a loss in property valuation in 1932 in comparison with 1931, according to tables made up by the State Tax Commission. The greatest decrease, \$14,368,992, was in Hillsborough county, which reported valuations of \$185,487,824 in 1931, and \$171,118,832 the year following.

John Finley, of Colebrook, who takes office as the new fish and game commissioner next month, has returned from a month's trip to Washington and to several state capitals, where he gained a lot of useful information about up-to-date methods of conservation, propagation and regulation.

The National House of Representatives, in Washington, voted down a proposal to reduce salaries of Representatives and Senators to \$7500. They think they are of some value to Uncle Sam; hardly any kick would be coming if those who pay the bills considered these special representatives earned their money.

Even if the State by Legislative action did allow towns and cities to have their own way by a majority vote on Sunday sports--thereby letting down the lowest bar of a three-rail fence of security to Sunday observance--it does not seem possible that the present Legislature will let

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These Puzzles are Colored Art Pictures.
The 50 cent size are on three-ply wood and average 8 inches by 10 inches

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"Marry the Boss's Daughter" Successfully Presented by Senior Class

The Senior play put on by the class of 1933, A. H. S., for the purpose of adding to the funds of the class to assist its members in making the desired trip to Washington, was given on Friday evening last, in town hall, and was well attended. The title of the play was "Marry the Boss's Daughter," and the members of the class, with one exception, presented the play. This is a comedy drama, in 3 acts, and was nicely given, under the coaching of Mrs. Harold Proctor. As usual, all members of the cast did their respective parts very well, and everything was pleasing to the audience. The following was the cast, in order of their appearing:

Mrs. Rose MacDonald Pearl Caughey
A sentimental woman who adores cactus plants and dotes on her only son, Charles
Miss Lily Vane Lillian St. John
Her sister, only slightly younger, and also sentimental, who studies Elocution
Charles MacDonald Cecil Ayer
Whose hobby is fishing
Mr. Hall Wendell Ring
The MacDonalds' boarder, an eccentric old gentleman, a vegetarian

Mary Bailey Arlene Whitney
The Boss's daughter, an outspoken young woman
Mr. Bailey Herbert Bryer
The Boss, who also likes fishing
Rosallind Stuart Margaret Felker
A chorus girl with coppery hair
Joan Stackpole Cabot Sara Bartlett
A haughty society girl
Eleanor Norris Rena Poor
A neighbor of the MacDonalds, who is very much interested in Charles

The synopsis and description of acts follow:

Scene--A living room, furnished simply, but giving a cluttered effect.
Place--The MacDonalds' home.
Time--The present.

Act I--Saturday Afternoon.
Act II--Monday Morning.
Act III--Monday Afternoon.

After the play, dancing was enjoyed. A handsome bouquet and sum of money were presented Mrs. Proctor for her assistance. About \$85 was netted from the evening's entertainment to assist the class in making the Washington trip. The music for the evening was furnished by the Dearborn orchestra.

Sudden Death of a Resident of This Town For Less Than a Year

Frank Harford Anderson passed away Sunday evening, February 5, at about eleven o'clock. He sang bass in a quartette which had rendered three beautiful selections for the seven o'clock union preaching service of that very evening. He had not been in perfect health for more than a month, but was enthusiastic over singing, which he enjoyed very much.

He was born in Chicago. His father was Francis Rodney Anderson, and was born in Scotland. His mother's name was Elizabeth Harford, and she was born in England. For many years Mr. Anderson engaged in building construction in Chicago and New York City, living for some time in Mont Vernon, N. Y., a suburb of New York City. In May, 1932, he moved to Antrim, buying a place on Highland Avenue, in the village. Those in Antrim who had made his acquaintance held him in high esteem. He has given generously of his time and strength to every good cause, having shown exceptional interest for anyone living so short a time in the community, and he will therefore be greatly missed.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Florence C. Anderson, two daughters, Miss Lillian C. Anderson, of Mont Vernon, N. Y., and Mrs. Elizabeth A. Hayes, of Washington, D. C., and a

grand-daughter, Ann Elizabeth Hayes. Services are being held today (Wednesday) at two o'clock, at the Presbyterian church. Interment in Maplewood cemetery.

Temperance and the Beer Bill

When wets after the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment set out to discredit this attempt to solve the liquor problem, they asserted that education was the only method of promoting temperance that was likely to succeed, says the Christian Science Monitor of recent date.

There is no doubt that education is the foundation of every reform. Yet it must not be forgotten that legislation can either encourage or hamper education. If legislation makes more available opportunities for evil practices, then education in favor of the abolition of these abuses becomes more difficult. Legislation is a part of education.

After the emphasis of the wets on temperance education, it is significant that the beer bill passed by the House of Representatives and now under consideration in the Senate carried no provisions for temperance education. Evidently talk of temperance education was all right in the campaign for votes against prohibition, but not so important to wets in victory.

This fact should cause many conscientious Americans to wonder what has become of the wets' enthusiasm for education. Straight repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment would set off a tremendous advertising campaign for liquor, but would do little for temperance education.

Abraham Lincoln

— The Great Emancipator —



THE MAN WHO WAS BORN IN A LOG CABIN

HE WAS born in a one-room cabin in the backwoods of Kentucky, and died in a tiny bedroom in a boarding house at the nation's Capital, while President of the United States.

He never had all told more than a year's schooling in the most elementary subjects, yet he lived to write impeccable English, and to be judged by learned professors as master of purest literary style.

He grew up far removed from cultural influences and the niceties of polite society, yet wooed and won in marriage a Kentucky aristocrat, a society belle, and an accomplished linguist, Miss Mary Todd.

He never had the heart to kill any living thing, looked with disfavor on fire arms, but became by virtue of his high office, the commander-in-chief of the Union forces in a war which resulted in half a million slain.

He was smooth shaven for fifty-one of his fifty-six years, and grew a beard the winter before his inauguration. In good-natured compliance with the suggestion of a little girl who thought the change might improve his looks.

He was a voracious reader as a boy and young man, borrowing many a treasured volume, but he never owned a library of as many as a hundred volumes, excluding his law books.

He did not unite with a church, though he was a frequent attendant; sometimes called a "free thinker," he



He Was a Voracious Reader.

was unusually familiar with the Bible and during his Presidency, on his own confession was a praying man.

He was often of a melancholy mood, subject to seasons of gloom and grief, yet was as often buoyant, laughing heartily over a good joke and told droll stories inimitably.

He loved greatly all children, and was most indulgent with his own, permitting "Tad" to make a play room of his office in the White House.

He never could wear gloves with ease; formal society functions bored him, and at his first inauguration he was puzzled as to the disposal of his gold-headed cane and high hat—until his great antagonist, Stephen A. Douglas, came to his relief.

He wrote a neat hand, devised clear and uninvolved sentences, avoided big words, never padded his speeches, was frequently laconic and pointedly brief.

He was fond of poetry, wrote verses of a homely sort and liked best poems of a somber or pathetic appeal, as for example, "The Last Leaf" and "O Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?"

He observed the faults and foibles of his friends and associates, but seldom commented upon their shortcomings and never rebuked them either

In public or private; for a notable instance—William H. Herndon and his intemperate habits.

He revered George Washington, admired Thomas Jefferson, at one time idolized Henry Clay, read with avidity the speeches of Daniel Webster.

He numbered among his friends an unusually like company of ministers of the Gospel, yet when he ran for President, only three of the twenty-odd ministers in Springfield voted for him.

He loved to sit with the "boys," about the stove in the village store on winter evenings, crack jokes, and listen to the gossip of the neighborhood, delighted in minstrel shows, was tickled by the antics of clowns and comedians, thought a traveling circus was great fun.

He had one of the best "forgetter-les" of all our public men, thus he "forgot" the shabby treatment he received at the hands of Edwin M. Stanton in Cincinnati, 1855, and appointed him secretary of war in his cabinet.

He was indifferent as to his personal attire, yet was distinctive in his choice of a high topped hat, long tailed coat, and a black bow tie, worn around a low turned-down collar.

He was in life mercilessly criticized, treacherously misrepresented, cruelly maligned, and basely slandered, and in death he was all but defiled.

He was scrupulously honest, long suffering, and patient beyond most mortals, magnanimous and just, forgiving, and a stranger to hate.

He was not a demigod, but very human; he made mistakes and profited by them; he was a lover of his kind and made generous allowance for the imperfections of humanity, and because of these all too rare virtues "Now he belongs to the ages."—Detroit News.

Abraham Lincoln Always Of, By and For the People

"So long as there is a man willing to work, but unable to find employment, the hours of labor are too long."

The words quoted above are not those of a modern-day economist; they came from the mind and lips of one who long ago had his finger on the pulse of American affairs. He came from the people and rose to high estate and esteem by mere force of character and indomitable will. He was more self-educated than learned. He held no degree from a great university; he discovered no new planets; he flew no oceans; he amassed no colossal fortune. Yet he did, at a time when it required a degree of courage rare in history, stand firm for his convictions. Class meant little to him beyond a division set aside for self-centered ends. He was of, by and for the people.

He had visions, yet was not visionary. His judgment may not have been infallible, yet it was based on logic and foresight. His work was arduous, yet he never turned aside. Hard labor was his portion in early life, his choice later. Of lowly origin, he rose to heights never dreamed of, but wardly uncouth, perhaps, but polished as the finest steel beneath. Rough at times, perhaps, yet tender as a woman to those in distress, he who spoke the words quoted saw far into the future and the thought came from the heart. He was the workers' friend.

He is so still. As long as the world exists, down through the ages will reverberate Abraham Lincoln's forceful words of consolation and encouragement to all who earn a livelihood by the sweat of the brow. The world may never see his like again, but his memory will never perish.

Stand with anybody that stands right. Stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong.—Lincoln.

Slaves Freed January 1, 1863
The proclamation of emancipation, which freed all the negro slaves, was proclaimed by Lincoln, September 22, 1862, and became effective January 1, 1863.

ANTHOLOGY OF LINCOLN

By MINNA IRVING

A BEACON on the mountain height Where Freedom waves her banner bright, A clear, serene and steady light.

A hand that reaches from the dust And writes for us in God to trust, And be both merciful and just.

A soul that lives to cheer and bless The student in his loneliness And point the pathway to success.

A spirit humble, yet divine, That poured its essence supreme Unstintedly at Freedom's shrine.

A broad humanity to all, A love embracing great and small, A sword, a flame, a bugle call.

A heart of faith inviolate, A voice immortal in debate, A lighthouse to the ship of state.

A name undimmed as years go by, A glory that will never die, A star eternal in the sky.

His natal day from sea to sea, Lord God, we render thanks to Thee, For Lincoln and his memory.

—N. Y. Herald.

Mary Todd Lincoln, Wife of Emancipator



This newly discovered portrait study of Mary Todd Lincoln, wife of Abraham Lincoln, is the work of Daniel Huntington and constitutes a distinct contribution to the nation's Lincolniana. Mrs. Lincoln, the daughter of Robert Smith Todd, was born in 1818 at Lexington, Ky., and died in 1882, seventeen years after the assassination of the President.

Fort Stevens, Where Lincoln Saw Battle

In Georgia avenue, near Walter Reed hospital and not many miles from the White House, is a small but neatly kept cemetery. It is a grim reminder of the trying period during the Civil war when the Confederates were almost in sight of the Capitol.



Fort Stevens Cemetery.

Here rest 40 soldiers who fell in the battle of Fort Stevens on that occasion. Fort Stevens, which stood not far from this cemetery, was one of the hastily thrown up chain of small forts which encircled the city. It was the only one of the local forts that figured in a battle during the War of the Rebellion. It was here that President Lincoln exposed himself to fire to watch the engagement. He exercised his prerogative as commander-in-chief of the army to do so after General Wright ordered him to retire from danger.

LINCOLN'S IDEA ON HOLDING PROPERTY

PROPERTY is the fruit of labor. Property is desirable. It is a positive good to the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is just encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built.—Abraham Lincoln.

WHAT'S GOING ON IN WASHINGTON

Clearing Up This Inflation Thing; What It Is and What It Will Do.

By WILLIAM BRUCKART

Washington.—It appears from the inquiries I have had that there is a good deal of confusion as to what this inflation thing is all about. It is equally confusing, on this same basis, that inflation talk is going on everywhere, and its widespread character would indicate that some sort of inflation is going to come out of the extra session of congress that now appears to be scheduled for April.

The unblashed truth is that a very great part of this talk is wholly meaningless, because there are millions of persons who have had no opportunity to inform themselves about it. It is a further truth that many men are talking for or against inflation without a background of knowledge that warrants their discussions. Their views, in some instances, are worthless but they express them and people who have been denied authoritative information are thus being misled.

But what is inflation? What will it do? Why do so many persons think it is advisable or necessary?

The answer to the first requires a detailed statement. The other two questions can be traced directly to the depression, so that "hard times" constitutes the answer.

Records fail to disclose any more precipitous decline in commodity prices than this country, and the world as well, have known in the last three years. By commodity prices, one necessarily must refer to that extensive list of things which constitute the base of commerce and industry. Typical of them are wheat, cotton, corn, steel, chemicals, rubber, coffee or foodstuffs. Everyone of them has suffered a price decline to points as low, or lower, than ever before in modern times. The obvious, and natural, result is reduction of income for everyone having any part in their production and distribution. And the effect carries through to those who work with their hands in the factories of the country, in the shape of wage cuts or part time work or no work at all.

Those factors partially explain why there is so much talk about inflation.

But about inflation, itself? In common discussion, it refers to inflation of the currency, some of which you and I have had the privilege of touching in days gone by. But there is also inflation of credit, which is another and more intricate matter. The two are inseparably linked, however. Inflation of credit is bound to occur when there has been inflation of the currency, although inflation of credit can be accomplished without inflation of the currency. From present indications, the thing which congress probably will do will be to inflate credit more.

Our present money unit is the dollar. It represents 25.8 grains of gold. Then, there is our currency. That is paper money. It has been described as "representing" the gold coin. The treasury officials tell me that most folks mean all of the various kinds of money when they speak of currency. That is not quite true. Currency, nevertheless, represents the gold that lies in the treasury and the possessor of paper money can get gold for it, except in respect of the limited amount of paper money known as silver certificates.

So, actually, when people talk about inflation of the currency, they are talking about increasing the volume of this currency.

Three Methods of Inflation.

So we come to the point. How can this inflation be arranged and what is its effect?

There are three commonly accepted ways of accomplishing inflation. One way is to increase the volume of the money units, or dollars actually available, which means there must be an increase in the gold stock held by the treasury. A second method is to increase the quantity of the paper that represents the gold, without, at the same time, increasing that gold stock. The third plan is by creating a new dollar, a different dollar from that which we have been using. All three methods have their partisans. Each has arguments in its favor; if you assume, believe or know positively, that inflation is the proper thing to do, it may be said just here that experts everywhere know the first method is next to impossible, because there is not enough gold in the world to permit it.

As to the second plan: Some of its sponsors call it a "managed currency," because by increasing the number of paper dollars, the total is supposed to be maintained at a level consonant with prices of commodities. That implies decreasing the volume, as well as increasing it, when the conditions warrant the former course. Yet it causes the question to be asked: Will the paper dollar then represent the gold which it now represents, or will it be something of a rather uncertain character when people are asked to accept it?

Insofar as I have been able to obtain accurate statements concerning this second plan, it contemplates at least partially disregarding gold. Those who have spent their lives in handling the federal currency insist that to increase the volume of the paper, without increasing the gold stock, can mean only that the representative

unit of that gold is worth less to the people.

On the other hand, a fair representation of the case requires statements to the effect that money of any kind is worth only what it will buy in commodities.

There is yet the third plan. It proposes a new dollar; it would start from scratch, so to speak, and we would be provided with a dollar which we could recognize, if we would, just as we recognize that unit now accepted.

Obviously, this plan is susceptible of as many variations as the weather. This is true for the reason that it would be possible to fix the gold content of the dollar (of which the paper currency would be the representative) on a basis reached. It could be made to have half as much gold as now, or three-fourths, or one-fourth, or any other variation.

Congress could enact a law to set the gold content at any one of those various figures. The result would be a gradual increase in the amount of paper currency outstanding. I say the increase would be gradual because the existence of fifty billions of it would not immediately send that much forth from the treasury. The movement out of the treasury would have to be in response to increased prices of commodities; in other words, money won't just leap the barriers and dash out of the treasury on a dead run. It has to go out of there naturally, which means in the course of business transactions of the nation, or else we do not have a sound currency. Germany has had her experience with rushing money out.

Bringing Up Silver.

In addition to these methods of inflation, there are a considerable number of men in congress, and outside as well, who have been insisting on the greater use of silver. They are proposing bi-metallicism. It means making silver just as valuable as gold as the basis of money stocks in the treasury. Senator Wheeler, of Montana, has re-urged the 16-to-1 ratio of Bryan days. Senator Long, of Louisiana, proposes that the treasury shall buy all of the silver that is offered and that this silver shall be paid for by issuing new silver certificates (or representatives of the silver bullion).

There is no doubt that the silver advocates have strong support. They can, and do, refer to the success of silver as a basis of money in India through the centuries, and to Chinese experiences with that metal.

Silver adherents call attention to the limitation on gold supplies of the world, and, in the same breath, to the apparently limitless supply of silver. It is their contention that this type of inflation can be "managed" and controlled to serve the country's purposes. Senator Wheeler said in the senate there was always danger in paper inflation, a danger that it would get out of hand and go too far. Such, he contended, is not the case with his proposal.

Would Raise Prices.

One must look beyond the act of inflation, however, in considering the question which it presents. There is no doubt of the effect, namely, that it will raise prices. It will do that by virtue of its effect on available supplies of every commodity. While opponents of inflation claim this result will be only temporary, advocates of inflationary measures insist the increase in prices will be permanent to the extent that, after the stress and strain of such conditions as now exist have worn off, there will be an easy readjustment to a normal base. That normal base, of course, can be no other than ordinary buying and selling in what we refer to as "good times."

There will be an increase in the prices, also, of such things as securities like stock in corporations. Inflation might possibly develop another boom market, not so bad probably as the 1929 debacle, but higher levels for virtually all of the quotations. The effect on bonds and possibly on preferred stock in corporations seems likely to be the reverse, from that on common stock. The reason is obvious. Bonds and preferred stock have a fixed amount to be paid to their holders. Interest is paid on the bonds and dividends on the stocks. Their holders, therefore, get that amount whether the dollar which they are paid is worth 25.8 grains of gold, or only half as much.

Similarly, wages will be affected. The wage earner who is paid \$50 a month will continue to get \$50, but that sum will not purchase as much of the higher priced commodities as it now does, or as it does in normal times.

Advocates of inflation point to the benefit which farmers will receive from the increased volume of currency in whatever way it is obtained. Higher prices, say the inflation supporters, when they have been received by the farmer for his wheat, his cotton, his corn, or his live stock, will enable him to buy more from the industrial plants who need the farmer's trade.

Opponents of inflation admit, as true, that the farmer will receive higher prices for his products, but they argue he will be at a disadvantage rather than an advantage. For, say the opponents, prices are not going to be stable when the currency is inflated. They add the further argument that, while the farmer is receiving more for his products, he will be called upon to pay higher prices for everything he buys. It must be remembered, too, that labor costs enter into the manufacture and labor, paid in the inflated dollar, may not constitute anything like a normal market, according to the opposition views.

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Howe About:

Out of the Dark Ages The Women Problem Mrs. Mencken

By ED HOWE

JOSEPH McCABE, who has spent more than forty years in studying science as teacher and writer, is considerably encouraged. Indeed, his general conclusion is admiration for the human race, and he goes so far as to predict the disappearance of ignorance and poverty by the year 2,000, only 68 years in the future.

Being a leader, he of course gives the credit to leaders. For such improvement as we have made in the United States, I give credit to the genius of 120,000,000 people, and not to a few leaders who usually make more trouble than they do good. Real progress comes from the farms, shops, offices, and not from the rostrum. My opinion is that leaders led the people into the dark ages, and that the people finally had to lead themselves out, after much unnecessary suffering and trouble.

You say there is no sense in it. I say there is, and another fool argument is on.

"I have noted among my male friends generally," an old married man writes me, "a shifting attitude toward women in general, as if the female of our species had not lived up to its reputation for being earthly seraphim and cherubim, but had demonstrated unsuspected traits of selfish scheming and unbridled conspiring. I have been wondering if the women problem is not weightier, more pressing, than Capital vs. Labor, International Peace, War vs. Peace, International Debts, and the like. . . . A long time ago an old monk wrote: 'It is less misery to possess the unshapely wife than to guard the shapely.' For nothing is safe when all men sigh for it. It is hard to keep a thing that many men covet. A married woman hath many needs, and whether she be wrathful, foolish, deformed, unsavory, we learn her faults first when we have married her. A horse or an ox, even the commonest slaves, are tried before we choose to buy them; so also with clothes, kettles, chair and cups—a wife alone is not to be had on approval, lest she be found wanting before we marry her. I poor wretch, must hang my head among my fellows. . . . It is sufficient refutation of this writing to say old monks and old married men know nothing about women. That blessed knowledge is possessed only by young men who, armed with gallantry, go forth to seek them.

I am hearing that H. L. Mencken, long noted as a brilliant writer and bachelor with a bad disposition, is now very happily married. A New York preacher who called on me recently talked about it, and Joseph Hergeshelmer, who called on the Menckens on the occasion of their second anniversary, says the husband is the politest and most cheerful man in America.

I asked the preacher about Mrs. Mencken. "Oh, she is a nice woman; she does her part," he answered. "But I have never seen a greater change in a man."

What did Mrs. Mencken do that so pleased her husband? I have heard of only one thing: During Mr. Mencken's bachelorhood he was constantly making a row because American women have quit baking bread, which is cheaper and better when made at home. Soon after his marriage (the story goes) Mr. Mencken passed through the kitchen, and saw his wife stirring up a batch; she had learned the art from an old-fashioned mother, and has been baking bread ever since. No doubt Mrs. Mencken learned other good old-fashioned ways from a good old-fashioned mother, so no wonder H. L. Mencken is very happily married.

"I have little use for Plans," writes James Trustlow Adams, "but if we could put into force a Five Year Plan by which individual Americans would order their lives better for five years, America might become a nation of which we could be proud. Our claim to morality has collapsed, and our complete failure to do anything about it has swept away any possibility of our giving other nations any better, or indeed as good, a standard of rational or international morality as they already possess."

After my writing is in print I conclude it isn't very good. Occasionally I decide a sentence is somewhat promising, but in trying to improve it, spoil that, too.

An old editor in Michigan says: "Some people accuse me of repeating; of writing the same old things. Well, political graft and waste keep repeating. Crimes that might be cured keep repeating, don't they? Repeating seems to be the big thing, so I repeat facts, warnings; I repeat and repeat, just as the banks fail, and statesmen fail to keep their promises after they get in office."

One of the sandy, shiftless states has a clever, active man in the United States senate. By adroit trading and public speaking, he has managed to get from the general government seven dollars for every dollar citizens of his state pay in federal taxes. . . . Another instance of majority rule overcomes by the active minority.

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Spending Millions to Beautify Washington

Work Now Progressing on 13 Buildings in Capital.

Washington.—Out of \$145,000,000 set aside by congress for public buildings construction in all the states this fiscal year, the sum of \$80,000,000 will be expended within the confines of the National Capital, official government figures disclosed.

At the present moment work is progressing on 13 buildings located in the city of Washington. Most of them are in the triangular development of public buildings located within a mile of the Capitol building.

One of the buildings, that for the Department of Agriculture, will cost the taxpayers \$12,000,000 when completed. The cost of four others will exceed \$10,000,000 each. Three others will set the nation back \$5,000,000 or more. The total cost of all those under construction and under contract is estimated at \$80,000,000. This figure compares with \$384,000,000, the aggregate estimated cost of all buildings now under contract or under construction throughout the country, including those in the district.

Huge Commerce Building. A building, the largest of its kind in the world, was completed for the Commerce department last year at a cost of \$17,000,000.

The Labor department estimate of its 1934 needs are \$13,393,000. That of the Interstate Commerce Commission is \$9,661,000. The building being erected to handle the work of these two groups, the latter one now under attack in many quarters as an agency of government that might well be abolished, will cost \$11,250,000. Its cornerstone recently was laid. The post office establishment, still operating a staunch building, is to be housed in a new building costing \$10,300,000. The old one is to be razed.

The centerpiece of the new gigantic public works now under construction in the district is the so-called triangle, literally in the heart of the city. With this goes the collateral development of the Mall, which borders the triangle on the south. The triangular development includes all the land between Pennsylvania avenue, Third street, Missouri avenue and Fifteenth street N. W.

The ground contains 70 acres, and beginning with an apex where Third street crosses Pennsylvania avenue it gradually widens to 3,000 feet at Fifteenth street, 13 blocks to the southward. All this development borders Pennsylvania avenue, the historic highway connecting the treasury and the White House with the Capitol.

Gazing Into Future.

Washington, as it will be when the government has completed its work, is thus described by Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Ferry K. Heath: "In the years to come the occupants of the modest flivver or the great national parades will start from the plaza at the Capitol, flanked as it will be by the Supreme court building, the Library of Congress, the enlarged senate office building, and the house office building with its new annex—

For Juveniles



An interesting collar individualizes the yellow frock at the right. Big sister wears a light blue woolen crepe frock.

sweep down a new Pennsylvania avenue past one of the most beautiful architectural compositions to be found anywhere in the world, including the archives, the Department of Justice, the internal revenue bureau, the Post Office department, the great plaza with its Department of Commerce, Labor department and Department of Interstate Commerce, past the old treasury; the White House and monument, the rehabilitated State department, and on to the Lincoln Memorial bridge across the Potomac and to Arlington and the tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

REGRETTING THE PAST

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

Time which is spent in regretting the past is vainly spent.

"If I could only live my youth over again," Jacobs said to me only last week, "how differently I would spend it! I could have had a better education than I now have, for I sadly neglected my opportunities. I picked up habits which have been a constant handicap to me; and I ignored chances to make money which I can now see as clearly as anything."

Well, these opportunities are gone and they cannot by any possibility be recovered, and who knows whether or not if Jacobs had the chance to live his life over again he would make as much of it the second time as he did the first?

Gregory made a sad mistake when he was twenty; he got into bad company. All this development borders Pennsylvania avenue, the historic highway connecting the treasury and the White House with the Capitol.

Mrs. Jennings has just lost her mother, after a long and serious illness. Everything was done that could be done for the sick woman. She had careful nursing and the most skillful physicians. She was given the most meticulous and loving care. Mrs. Jennings spends her time now in regrets that she did not do this or try that or call in some other professional man who might have prescribed a different or a more effective treatment. She criticizes herself constantly for omissions and commissions, and so she keeps herself stirred up and unhappy over the past. She has plenty to engage her attention with those of her family who are left if she only would devote herself to them, but she is engrossed in regretting the past.

Windsor Traffic Police to Obey Speed Rulings

Windsor, Ont.—Speeders in Windsor will be given an even chance against arrest by police "cruisers" as the result of a report of the Windsor police commission. As the result of an auto accident in which one of the cruisers was badly damaged, the commission has issued orders that police shall observe the speed laws. Charges of reckless driving against Alex Shayko, whose car was in the mixup with the police car, were withdrawn.

PHONE PLANES BY DIALING NUMBERS

New Development Is Aid to Air Communication.

Chicago.—In a quiet room at the Chicago airport a man sits at a desk dialing numbers on a telephone and talking into a microphone. He is talking to pilots of large passenger planes flying on routes that extend from Chicago city to the sea in the east, south and west. By the simple expedient of dialing a number he selects the plane to which he wants to talk.

The two phones on his headset bring in almost continuous reports from pilots, flying hundreds of miles away. By means of two receiving sets, which are attached to the headset, he hears all the pilots talking at once. When he dials a number, he increases the volume of one pilot's voice, at the same time decreasing the others to a whisper. However, he must listen to them all in order to hear an emergency call.

This scene occurs daily in the radio dispatch room of United Air lines at the Chicago airport. The dial by means of which the congested flow of radio conversation is controlled by the dispatcher is a new development, perfected by communications engineers of the United Air lines after a year of experimenting. It has been adopted and will be installed in the 36 ground radio stations of the air transport system.

A typical scene found Dispatcher E. P. Morgan was on duty in the dispatch room. The minute hand of a clock above his desk reached 23 minutes after 11 o'clock. It was time for a report from J. H. Smart, pilot of a plane eastbound from Cleveland. Smart was reporting on the NAT kilocycle band, so Morgan dialed the numbers 07 to increase the volume of that receiver, and then the number 3 to decrease the volume of the other receiver, which brings in the RAT kilocycle band.

"Go ahead, Smart," Morgan said. "Smart in 80 westbound, 3 east of Helmer 3,200," the pilot's voice came in, loud and clear. Smart's few words indicated that he was flying plane No. 80 three miles east of Helmer, Ind., at an altitude of 3,200 feet.

"O. K. Smart 3 east of Helmer 3,200," Morgan replied. "Chicago weather overcast, 2,000 foot ceiling, visibility 3 miles, wind west 5 miles an hour; temperature 38, barometer 30.07."

Their conversation was over.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode

WHAT'S IN A NAME?
MISS HENRIETTA SPRINKLES WAS MARRIED TO MR. VALLIE FOUNTAIN
Biloxi, Miss., 1931
Contributed by Miss Chloris Catterall, Wash. D.C.
FOSETT BROS. ARE PLUMBERS IN COVINGTON, INDR.
PERCY HONESTY WAS CONVICTED OF DISHONESTY Wash. D.C.—1931

HOMER HAZEL—MADE A KICKOFF AND SCORED A TOUCHDOWN IN 3 SECONDS!—Rutgers vs. Villanova—1925

TEA WAS ORIGINALLY USED AS A FOOD AND EATEN WITH BUTTER AND SALT!

WNU Service.

GO FAR TO SCHOOL

Eight high school pupils living in Jefferson county, Washington, will have 50,400 miles of travel to their credit at the end of their high school course. The pupils travel by school bus to and from their classes 70 miles a day. So far, not one of the pupils has been tardy or absent.

TRY THIS!

When children won't eat—and won't gain weight—

The youngster who has no appetite, probably has *stasis*. A little syrup of figs will soon correct this condition—then watch the child eat—and gain! Mothers should never coax a child to eat. Nature knows best. Remove the cause of a youngster's poor appetite—get rid of *stasis*. Children who don't eat are sluggish. Read what the "California treatment" is doing for sluggish, listless children in every part of the country!

A POUND A WEEK. Your child will eat well from the day and hour you conquer sluggishness. But that girl or boy with furry tongue and a bad breath should not be dosed with salts! Begin tonight, with enough pure syrup of figs to cleanse the colon thoroughly. Less tomorrow, then every other day, or twice a week, until the appetite, digestion, weight, complexion, tell you the *stasis* is gone. When a cold or other ailment has again clogged the system, syrup of figs will soon set things to right. When appetite falls, tongue is coated white, eyes are a bilious yellow, California syrup of figs will gently stimulate the colon muscles—and the child you used to coax to eat will fairly devour his food. The claims made for California Syrup of Figs are true and it will do the same for you—IF you get genuine CALIFORNIA Syrup of Figs. Don't accept any substitute.

The Household

By LYDIA LE BARON WALKER

If you would spare yourself much trouble of mind during this New Year don't hunt for hurts. Probably many of you are saying, "What a strange idea! Who would hunt for hurts?" But strange as it may seem, many of us do. For example, when you were out last evening one of the company said something which bothered you. What did she mean? There was an interpretation which could be put upon the words which would be disparaging. Had the woman meant what she said to be taken so, or not? If she did, she certainly was unkind, really rather horrid. And you mull over the sentence until it seems as though

Junior Champion



Miss Helen Gramm of Detroit, Mich., is the new national junior indoor ladies' tennis champion. She won the imposing title at the recent tournament in Brookline, Mass.

to cultivate a happy manner of speaking, or a friendly style of writing. It is not you who should bother. Rely upon your best thoughts of these persons instead of hunting for hurts in their unfortunate manners. © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

He Who Laughs Last Has Pain of Robbery Eased

Chicago.—He who laughs last gets the best kick. "Ho, ho, ho, what happened to you?" asked Jacob Drouse of his relative, Charles Gurke, who stood shivering in his underwear on Drouse's doorstep in Chicago. "I got robbed," explained Gurke. "Three fellows took my money and all my clothes except my shoes and underwear. Let me in, I'm cold." "Ha, ha, ha," laughed Drouse. "That sure is funny. Come on in." "So it's funny is it?" said Gurke, stepping gingerly inside. "Well, you know that automobile you loaned me—they took that, too." Drouse stopped laughing. Gurke began in hearty fashion.

White and Black

In the present color scheme, or lack of color, in the incoming vogue of white, the hue is apt to be linked with the most complete contrast, which is black. Skill and artistry are required to combine these tones without making a cold decoration, or one which is not pleasing.



The United States army is going to for the "talkies." The rookies will be trained not only by sergeants and corporals but with the aid of the talking moving picture machine. To inaugurate this plan Capt. Melvin E. Gillette, signal corps, U. S. A., was relieved from duty with the Second corps area headquarters, Governors Island, and sent to Hollywood for a course in photography and motion picture work.

Society Girl Is Fine Sculptor



Miss Jane Wasey, twenty-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Wasey of New York and Montauk Point, is here seen in her New York studio. Miss Wasey, who recently returned from two years of study under the famous sculptor, Paul Landowski of Paris, is fast winning recognition in American art circles. She is now studying under Simon Moselsis, one of the foremost of living sculptors.

POTPOURRI

Uncanny Ability of Bats
The normal bat has unusual sight, but even if blind is guided in its maneuverings by an uncanny sense of feeling in the air. A set of nerves about its nose which control the wings, keeps it from bumping into branches, wires and other obstacles. Scientists have made many tests which proved this highly developed sensitivity. © 1933, Western Newspaper Union.

Mental Strife

Such thoughts stir up strife in your mind. You begin to dissect the woman's life, as you know it, and all the disagreeable ways she has, and all the odd things she has ever said, until her character is pretty disagreeable all around. You are upset and bothered. You have been hunting for trouble. It is quite likely that the woman had no slurring thought in her mind toward you. She may be entirely unaware of how hurt you are, and when next you see her, she feels there is a restraint in you, a reserve toward her which rankles. And she, not thinking for a moment that she brought this feeling of yours forth, begins to see you in an unexpected light. She commences to think of your "off side," and to find your faults. Now it is she who is hunting for trouble. One sure way not to hunt for trouble is always to be the best construction on what persons say. Some people have an unfortunate way of saying the wrong thing without really meaning any harm. They have not learned to express themselves graciously. It is regrettable that they do not know this is their handicap, and how many enemies it can make for them. Believing the Best

There are persons who write in a brusque way and others who have an abrupt manner over the telephone. If you are hunting for hurts you will be annoyed by the tone of the letters or by the curtness of the telephone call. Let these persons have the benefit of the doubt. When there is any question in your mind believe the best. If it is their manner, they did not intend anything unkind. If it is they who will suffer in the long run by failing.

◆ SUCH IS LIFE ◆
By Charles Segrove
DODGING THE COLLECTION BOX

POP, I LOST MY DIME FOR CHURCH

THAT'S TOO BAD

AND THEN HE SAYS, "BUT I GOT ALONG OK"

"WHEN TH' CONDUCTOR COME ROUND, I GOT UNDER TH' SEAT"

I WONDER IF THE ANKLESTER SAW HIM?

WHISPERED Great Complexion Secret!

To her friend she confessed the secret of her flawless clear white skin. Long ago she learned that no cosmetic would hide blotches, pimples or sallowness. She found the secret of real complexion beauty in MR. TUBICIN (Nature's Remedy). They cleaned and cleared the eliminative tract—corrected sluggish bowel action—drove out the poisonous wastes. She felt better, too, full of pep, linging with vitality. Try this mild, safe, dependable, all-vegetable corrective tonight. See your complexion improve, see headaches, dullness vanish. At all druggists—only 25c.

NR TO-NIGHT

TUMS Quick relief for acid indigestion, heartburn. Only 10c.

ACIDITY

NEW FACTS ABOUT HEADACHES, SLEEPLESSNESS, DEBILITY, ETC.

Acidity is a danger signal. Don't be satisfied merely to correct the condition in your stomach. Your entire system is concerned. Take GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES. They stimulate your kidneys so that they free your whole body of more acids. See if they don't relieve ALL your acidity troubles. Insist on GOLD MEDAL 35¢.

QUICK RELIEF FROM COLDS

Mistol

FOR NOSE AND THROAT

Essence of Mistol ON HANDKERCHIEF AND PILLOW

Approved Oil burners for heaters, ranges, guaranteed, complete installation instructions \$19 to \$20. Cash or C. O. D. plus postage; shipping weight 35 lbs. Information, Box 65, Seymour, Conn.

Backache bother you?

A nagging backache, with bladder irregularities and a tired, nervous, depressed feeling may warn of some disordered kidney or bladder condition. Users everywhere rely on Doan's Pills. Praised for more than 50 years by grateful users the country over. Sold by all druggists.

DOAN'S PILLS

A DIURETIC THE KIDNEYS

W. N. U., BOSTON, NO. 5-1933

Reporter Readers Will be Especially Interested in the Following

Mrs. Ella M. Church

Antrim friends have been saddened by the passing of Ella M. (Hanchett) Church, wife of Frederic C. Church, of Lowell, Mass. Her death came with startling suddenness on January 31 at the beautiful Lowell residence.

The Church family is well known in this town, for each spring and for the last twenty years they have been frequent week-end guests at Maplehurst Inn, while Mr. Church sought relaxation from business cares in the trout brooks of this and nearby towns.

Mrs. Church will be long and affectionately remembered for many noble qualities, of which most outstanding were her flawless devotion to kin and kin; her headless generosity, and her amazing energy in good works.

She is mourned by her husband and by her son, Frederic C. Church, Jr., both prominent in insurance in Lowell and in Boston. In Antrim, Mrs. Edith J. (Hanchett) Simonds is a cousin, and Junius T. Hanchett, second-cousin.

What a Gift!

Under the above caption, a city daily recently published this brief article on a topic which is so well known that not a single reader will inquire further about it:

Had we power to give the average city or town one gift, this New Year's season, we would give it freedom from gossip. That gift would mean more for human happiness in homes and community than a million-dollar factory or a bumper wheat crop on a dollar market.

Gossip is an outstanding social curse of our day. More homes are broken, more happiness is ruined, more careers are downcast, more banks are closed by the careless repetition of guesses, rumors, scandals, half-truths, and untruths than by any other cause.

Gossip does not require sustained mental effort. Gossip is not a product of mental processes, but only proves a vocal agility.

Gossip proceeds from jealousy, grows heavy on guesses, thrives on hurried whispers, and waxes juicy on "I told you so's." Gossip deals in dirt.

Gossip is a traitor. It sticks like pitch and tar to the one who traffics in it.

Can a community go forward whose members seek first the latest scandal? Have men and women who bear tales any leadership for youth?

Gossip has this one saving weakness; it has no use for you if you have good use for your time. Gossip always shuns the poor and dres quickly of inattention.

Most reforms call for collective action. Many call for money. The conviction of gossip is an individual matter. One man or one woman can be an executioner of gossip. It takes people to create gossip; people can stop it by the simple process of starvation.

Any community which substitutes true neighborliness for gossip, sincere helpfulness and friendship for scandal-mongering is on a good, smooth road to happiness and success.—Rotarian (Chicago).

Great Things Hoped of

Exploration in Mexico

Egyptology carries its devotees back to a profound antiquity in comparison with which all the remains of Mexico seem almost modern. But Egyptian history is known and written; while not only the history but also the ethnology of early Mexico remain mysteries. For example, the Quiche of Guatemala and the Maya of Yucatan, whose great temples and cities may appear similar to the uninitiated, were in reality distinct peoples, and they both had languages which seem wholly unrelated to the language of the Aztecs of Mexico. It is not wide of the mark to assert that "Mexicology," if such a word may be coined, is still in its infancy despite the remarkable discoveries and erudite studies of the savants.

The gold-greedy Spanish conquerors were ever searching for El Dorado, the city of gold. There were plenty of Aztec legends of such a city, but the rapacious explorers seldom found anything more golden than the mud pueblos of the Zuni and Hopi in the desert north, or the crumbling and ungolden ruins in the jungles of the south.

Words in Languages

Probably the languages considered the most expressive are those that contain the most words in actual use. An article by Dr. Frank Vizetelly in the World Almanac states that the reputable English language contains about 700,000 words, nearly half of which are words of scientific terminology or obsolete and archaic words. Unabridged English dictionaries contain from 400,000 to 500,000 words. The German word-book, according to Doctor Vizetelly, contains about 800,000 words and Grimm's German dictionary 150,000 words; Littre's French dictionary, 210,000 words; Petrocchi's Italian dictionary, 140,000 words; Dahl's Russian dictionary, 140,000 words; Carlos de Ochoa's Spanish dictionary, 120,000 words.

Forty Years Ago in Antrim

During the past number of weeks there has been considerable interest among our young people in boxing, or as it used to be called in the days of Charles Matthews, "the manly art of self-defense." And that reminds us of the days nearly forty years ago, when boxing bouts were held in the hall of the old Carter House, in Antrim. "Charlie" was a resident here at that time, an employe at the Outley Works, and he was really the instructor, and a number of the young men of that day were instructed in this art; from this it will be gleaned that this is no new sport in Antrim—just another day when it has been revived.

Most of the boys of the former days who practiced with the gloves were residents; they have been removed from the stage of action, and only a very few remain to tell the story. It is not recalled that professionals or semi-professionals were ever booked for exhibitions in town.

While the writer was only a spectator at the exhibitions that were occasionally held, he recalls the pleasure that so many of the young men of that day enjoyed at these sparring matches. Coming to mind at this time are the names of many of the "sports" that took leading parts in these former days—and there must have been some twenty or more of them; they assisted in making lively the activities of this community. Naming these men would bring to mind many events that happened years ago; there are only a few in number living among us today who would especially remember these men and their activities.

Whether it was sparring in the ring, playing ball on the diamond, or presenting an entertainment in the town hall, these young people were ever ready to render their assistance to help entertain the people of the town, while furnishing entertainment for themselves. They belonged to a generation of whom the older ones in this place have many pleasing memories. The Reporter has several subscribers on its list in town and elsewhere who will read this short article with considerable interest.

Farms Show Gains in Decade

In reviewing 10 years of work as agricultural agent in Hillsboro county, E. W. Pierce points to many accomplishments taking in every field of agriculture. During this decade, he has traveled 100,000 miles, covered every back road, and visited every farm doing an active business, he says.

In looking back on 10 years' accomplishments, Mr. Pierce finds that there were 141,000 hens in the county in 1920, with 234,000 10 years later. Thus there was an increase of 66 per cent or 83,000 hens in the county, for the 10-year period.

Figuring the hens at \$1 per bird and the new buildings and equipment at \$2 per bird, the increased wealth in the county is \$279,000, he says.

The number of eggs produced in 1919 was 906,621 dozen while it had increased in 1929 to 2,255,085 dozen or an increase of 150 per cent. Figuring these eggs at 35 cents per dozen the increased gross income for the county would amount to \$471,962 per year. There was an increased production per hen for the period of 50 per cent, he says.

Hens increased in Hillsboro county between 1920 and 1930 at the rate of nearly 10,000 birds per year, while the total gross income from poultry in the county in 1930 was over \$2,100,000. The poultry industry in this county gives employment to between 1,200 and 1,500 families. The campaign waged for years against poultry diseases, and meetings and tours held have had important part in this progress.

In 1928, the Poultry Research Society of America awarded first place to Hillsboro County, New Hampshire, in a national contest for the completion of the best county program for the prevention of poultry diseases. The publicity which attended the winning of this contest brought the New Hampshire Red into the national spotlight.

The number of cows fell off about one-third during the 10-year period, but the production per cow increased 29 per cent for the 10 years, or from 3,879 to 5,014 pounds of milk per cow.

It would have required 2,470 more cows of the 1919 production to have produced the 1929 milk supply. Even at present day prices, figuring \$80 per cow for labor, feed and overhead, it would have cost \$149,200 more to have produced the 1929 milk supply.

Hillsboro county grows around one-third of the apples in New Hampshire. Many young orchards have been set out the past decade which will increase the production in the future. Most of the commercial fruit growers now have power sprayers and follow the spray schedule recommended by the extension service.

Nine power graders have been introduced into the county the past 10 years. The agent was active in organizing the Cooperative Apple Packing association at Wilton. This association, which has a modern packing house equipped with two power graders and a cold storage cellar, packs from 30,000 to 40,000 boxes of apples a year.

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H. W. ELDRIDGE, PUBLISHER
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Long Distance Telephone

Notice 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.

Reputations 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

Arthur G. Young, of Concord, was a business visitor to town on Monday of this week.

For Sale—Dressed Chickens. Call Antrim 11-3 for information or to leave your order. Adv.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Lowell and Mr. and Mrs. Leon Hugron were in Boston last Saturday, at the opening of the Sportsman's Show.

Carroll Johnson, from the Worcester (Mass.) Polytechnic Institute, is at his home here, on Highland avenue, for vacation of a few days.

Rev. William Patterson, Rev. Ralph H. Tibbals and William D. Ward attended the monthly meeting of the West Hillsboro County Ministers' Association, in Hancock, Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. James R. Ashford and daughter, Miss Olive Ashford, will spend the next few weeks with their eldest daughter, Mrs. Mae Taylor, in Stafford Springs, Conn., closing their home in this place.

Molly Aiken Chapter, D.A.R., held its February meeting on Friday of last week with Mrs. Herbert E. Wilson, on Main street. In addition to Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. A. N. Nay and Mrs. Seaver were hostesses.

At the union evening service on Sunday, in the Presbyterian church, those who attended were given a treat in listening to vocal selections rendered by a quartet, composed of Mr. Boyd, Mr. Anderson, Mrs. Roeder and Mrs. Butterfield.

It is understood that Russell Snow, who has been conducting a barber shop in Jameson Block since the first of April of last year, will remove his two chairs and other shop furniture to South Boston, where he will continue the barbering business. The Jameson Block shop is now closed.

The remains of Mrs. A. E. Wyeth, who has resided for many years in Townsend, Mass., where she died, were brought to Antrim for interment in the Maplewood cemetery one day last week. Mrs. Wyeth was born in Antrim nearly 74 years ago, daughter of Charles A. and Adeline (Barker) Woods.

From top of Hotel Bellevue, Boston, Mass., overlooking the roofs of Beacon Hill, one could well imagine he was in Edinboro.

The Antrim Garden Club met at the home of Mrs. W. F. Clark, on Monday evening. The major part of the program was devoted to the study of the hemlock tree. Miss Marion Wilkinson prepared a paper on the subject, and explained fully how we could identify it and all about its habits. A letter from Mrs. E. E. Smith, describing flowers in Bermuda and other sunny climes where she has visited, was very entertaining to the stay-at-homes. Creeping plants for the rock garden were discussed, for it will not be long before they will be showing signs of life in sheltered places. The next meeting will be at Mrs. Ethel Davis' home, on March 6, at 7.30 p.m. Merna Young, Sec.

WANTED—Second-hand blinds; inquire at Reporter office.

Mrs. Archie N. Nay has been housed several days with a hard cold; she is improving at this writing.

Mrs. Marguerite Howard was in Boston a portion of last week attending the National Hairdressers' Convention, at Copley-Plaza.

Mrs. Fred A. Dunlap has been in Boston for a few days recently, visiting her daughter, Miss Ruth Dunlap, a student at Gordon College.

Mrs. Solomon White has been caring for Mrs. Josephine Brown and her son, John A. Brown, who have been ill at their home west of Gregg Lake.

Lee O. Tracy, general agent of the Vermont Mutual Fire Insurance Company, with headquarters in Portland, Maine, was a business visitor in town on Friday of last week.

Among those from out of town called here for the burial of Miss Eliza A. Kimball, were Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gibney, of Keene, Mrs. Maynard Kibbee, of Swaney, Mrs. Edgar Ballou and Mr. and Mrs. Russell Swain of Laconia.

Deputy Collector John F. Boutelle, of Yashua, will be at the town hall, Antrim, on Wednesday, February 15, for the purpose of assisting in the making up of income tax returns. Persons requiring assistance should have with him a statement of his total income and deductions for the calendar year 1932. These returns must be filed on or before March 15, 1933.

Boy Scouts in New Program of Ten-Year Drive

Wednesday of this week (today) probably sees more boys in the khaki uniform of the Boy Scouts than ever before, for on this day 23 years ago the Boy Scout movement was started in America, and every year since then has shown an increase in the number of boys becoming Scouts.

Besides, this is a very special Scout birthday, for the Scouts are celebrating also the start of their Ten-Year Program and are anxious to interest the public in it. It is a gigantic undertaking, for by it they intend to make their impress on the entire nation and furnish America with a male citizenry of stanch character, effectively trained in citizenship.

"Briefly stated," says Dr. James E. West, Chief Scout Executive, "this Ten-Year Program is for reaching at least one of every four 12 year-old boys, and to so improve the quality of Scouting as to hold their interest for at least a four year period of active Scout training, to the end that it may ultimately be insured that one of every four new male citizens shall be a four year Scout trained man. This will insure more participating citizens, less violation of law, and more unselfish service for others. It will mean a better community, a better state, a better nation. It will be a definite contribution of the Boy Scouts of America to our country."

Unemployment Committee

The following members of the Antrim Unemployment Committee will be pleased to assist anyone who will notify them of their needs:

Food Committee

- Mrs. Ethel Nichols, Chairman
- Mrs. Mattie Proctor
- Mrs. George Warren
- Mrs. William Clark
- Elmer Merrill

Clothing Committee

- Mrs. Cora B. Hunt, Chairman
- Mrs. Ines Sawyer
- Mrs. Warren Wheeler
- Mrs. Alfred Holt
- Mrs. Janis Wilson
- Mrs. Olive Poor
- Robert Nylander

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New Patterns just out, some selling as low as \$5.75.

Table, Floor, Hanging, Bracket; Patterns of Beautiful Design.

Just the lamp for these long evenings.

Chimneys, Wicks, Mantles, all parts for old as well as new patterns.

If you cannot call, write or telephone 154W

EMERSON & SON, Milford

Weekly News of Interest From a Few Towns Surrounding Antrim

DEERING

Mrs. R. A. Wood, of the Erick house, who is passing the winter in Concord, is a patient in a hospital in that city.

The depression is reflected in the unusually long list of unpaid taxes for 1932, which have recently been posted.

The Speaker of the House of Representatives and Mrs. Louise Elkins and Judge and Mrs. Elwyn Page of Concord were guests last week at the Long house.

A campaign for pledges toward the work of the Deering Center church is reported to be productive of results and encouraging to those who are sponsoring it. A community supper and social are being planned for the near future.

Dr. and Mrs. D. A. Poling have returned to the Long house after a stay in New York and a visit with their daughters, Mrs. William Van Note and Miss Mary Poling at Burlington, Vt. Robert Card went to Burlington, to meet the Polings.

GREENFIELD

Mrs. Ross Tilton is ill at her home with pneumonia.

Kenneth Cragin was in Boston for a week attending the Chevrolet school of instruction.

Mrs. Elmer Holt, who is ill with influenza at the Peterboro-hospital, is reported as better.

Miss Madeline Robinson, of Pembroke, has been the guest of Miss Doris Mason during the past week.

Mr. Sumner, of Turkeydale farm, who has been ill with pneumonia, is sufficiently improved to be permitted to sit up.

There have been many cases of grippe about town. Those most recently sick with it include Mrs. Edward Holt, Rodney White, Christie Belcher and Malcolm Atherton.

52 weekly visits for \$2.00. Subscribe to The Reporter now!

HANCOCK

Mrs. Nellie Hayward, who has been quite ill for several weeks, is slowly recovering her health.

There was a well attended meeting of the Arts and Crafts at the vestry Friday afternoon, Jan. 27. Frank A. Staples of the League of New Hampshire Arts and Crafts gave a very interesting talk and many helpful suggestions to the local club.

The passing Sunday morning of Mrs. Lucy E. Eaton removes one of our oldest citizens, aged 91 years. A kind neighbor, a splendid mother, she will be greatly missed. She is survived by one son, Fred C., with whom she resided. The services were by Rev. H. A. Coolidge at the vestry and burial was in the family lot in the new cemetery.

Mrs. Emma Dorcas (Putnam) Otis, of this town, died at her home January 26, after a brief illness. She was born at Wilton, February 28, 1844. She was a successful school teacher for a number of years in Wilton, Hancock and Antrim. She was married to Charles L. Otis, April 30, 1871, in Wilton. She was a member of the Woman's Club, Rebekahs, Pomona Grange, and was an active member of the local grange, serving as its treasurer for over 20 years. Beside her husband, she is survived by her children, Mrs. Mary E. Talbot, Mrs. Helen F. Hatch, Charles Earle Otis and Dean P. Otis.

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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.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Guy Keyser are sick with the prevailing cold.

The Benevolent Society meets on Friday afternoon at two o'clock.

The Sportsman's Club had a supper at 8. of V. hall on Thursday evening.

Walter Smith is in the hospital in Concord, for an operation, which is reported to be gall stones.

Mrs. Battle A. Wilson has returned from her visit with her daughter, Mrs. French, in Springfield, Mass.

Mrs. Perley Richardson and daughter, Blanche, made a brief call here on Saturday afternoon, bringing some good things from their Lyndeboro farm.

Mrs. Cornelia Allen, of Worcester, Mass., has been visiting her brother, George Dickey, for the past two weeks. Mrs. M. E. Sargent expects to return with her this week for a visit in Worcester.

The old engine hall is gradually being taken down by Mr. Miles, who purchased it, but the shell still remains. Over two thousand laths have been salvaged; this sounds a lot, but just think of the labor!

Amos A. Martin will not leave for Florida until this week, with his new Chevrolet, and his nephew, Harold Eaton, as chauffeur. They go to Southern Pines, stopping in New York and Philadelphia enroute, and then southward.

Next Sunday evening, there will be a special musical service by the Hillsboro Congregational church choir, with the pastor, Rev. Coad, as the speaker, in the Congregational church here. Roland Taylor is to give us his graduation paper on music.

The Missionary Society met at the home of Mrs. Allan Gerrard, on Wednesday. The study book this year is "The American Indian," together with the Missionary Herald. It was an interesting meeting. The social hour was made enjoyable by the hostess.

Walking down Beacon Street from Hotel Bellevue, Boston, Mass., will bring you to the Charles River Esplanade, a scene resembling Geneva.

Tax Collector's Notice

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

J. H. BALCH, Collector.

Water Rents

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

WALTER E. WILSON, Supt.

Card Of Thanks

I wish to thank all friends and neighbors for their many acts of kindness and words of sympathy during our recent sad bereavement. I assure you that your thoughtfulness was greatly appreciated.

Priscilla Whitmore

For Sale

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

Fred L. Proctor, Antrim, N. H.

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General Building Maintenance

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Day or Job Work — Low Rates

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Antrim Locals

The many friends in this place of Mrs. C. Frank Downes regret to learn of her recent illness, and hope to soon hear of her recovery. Mr. and Mrs. Downes are spending the winter with relatives in Milford.

It is reported that Louis Murphy, who has been station agent in Antrim for a few years past, will soon leave town, and a man from Lowell, Mass., will have charge of the local railroad station.

ANTRIM POST OFFICE

Mail Schedule in Effect September 26, 1932.

Going South	
Mails Close	Leave Station
6.39 a.m.	6.54 a.m.
9.58 a.m.	10.18 a.m.
4.00 p.m.	4.15 p.m.

Going North	
Mails Close	Leave Station
7.20 a.m.	7.35 a.m.
3.38 p.m.	3.43 p.m.

Mail connecting with Keene train arriving at Elmwood railroad station at 6.27 p.m., leaves Antrim at 5.40 p.m., and arrives at about 6.45 p.m. Office closes at 7.30 p.m.

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church

Rev. William Patterson, Pastor
Thursday, February 9
Prayer and praise service, at 7.30 p.m. Topic: "Like Christ Because He Himself Calls Us To It," John 13:15.
Sunday, February 12
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock, with sermon by the pastor
Bible school at 12 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal

Rev. John P. Brooks, Pastor
Sunday, February 12
10.45, Morning worship. Sermon by the pastor. Topic: "Wanted: Another Great Emancipator." A Lincoln's Birthday service.
12.00, Sunday school.
Y.P.S.C.E. at 6.00 o'clock in this church. Topic: "When Is Friendship Christian."
Union evening service, at 7 o'clock, in this church. Sermon topic: "A Man of God's Choosing."

Baptist

Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, February 9
Mid-week meeting of the church, at 7.30 p.m. Topic: "The Supreme Friend," John 15:13-18.
Sunday, February 12
Morning worship at 10.45. The pastor will preach on "Christianity's Message for the Hour."
Church school at 12 o'clock.
Crusaders at 4.30 o'clock.

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.

Survived Despite Lack of Hygienic Knowledge

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

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

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

Smile at Failure

Failure is fatal only insofar as we permit it to discourage us. For after all failure is merely a mistake, and mistakes often come our way so that we may learn something. It seldom hurts you to fall—unless you refuse to get up.—Grit.

Everybody—Everything "Yessed" Him

By H. A. SEWARD

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

IT WAS a warm day. T. R. Booth sat behind his great oak desk. The office air was heavy and moist—the kind that makes half-retired executives droop their heads down to the chests of their stuffed bodies. Looking out of the broad window of his office, Booth could see that the sun was bright and the sky clear.

There came over him slowly a feeling of hatred for his office, for its furnishings, for everything. He gradually became seized with a mad desire to jump up and upset everything in the place—to tear, upturn, smash all. Then he realized the utter futility of the thought. The senior member of Booth & Son could not make a raving fool of himself.

What a life! Success. How he thirsted for it; how he had worked for it. Now that he had it, he didn't even know what it meant. Power, influence, money, luxury—people called him a success. Irony, bitter paradox. Nothing to do now that he was on top. President of the company, chairman of the board of directors, chairman of the boards of four other corporations.

Bah! There were no more real people. It was getting to be a subservient world of "yes men." Yessed morning and night. Even his wife did it, and God knows that was a calamity. Couldn't even be disagreed with in his own home. His daughter married a man from his own college, so that he was even deprived of football arguments.

Things were coming to a pretty pass. He bet himself that even if he—Well, he might try it anyway, just for the fun of it. Smiling grimly to himself he pushed the buzzer. The d-d thing seemed to say "Y-e-e-s." Watkins appeared in the doorway. Watkins—the obsequious secretary. "Yes, Mr. Booth."

"Watkins, you consider me a good weather prophet?"
"Very good, sir."
"Well, I predict that rain will fall within an hour at the latest. Am I right?"
Watkins glanced quickly out the window to behold a cloudless, obviously clear sky. Then, turning his blinking gaze to his executive's face, he calmly replied: "Quite right, sir."

Booth leaped to his feet and pounded the desk. His face bulged, grew purple, and the veins in his neck swelled almost to their bursting point as he blurted, "D—n you, Watkins, any fool can see with half an eye that there's not a sign of rain today."
"Yes, sir," Watkins shrugged his shoulders and glided softly from the room.

In the outer office a group of young men were gathered around the water-cooler. Earnest, intelligent looking young men they were, giving advice to one of their members—a personable-looking chap. Now he was addressed by a noisy fellow, the "let-me-tell-you" kind.

"Listen here, Larry, I've been working for this guy for two years, and believe me, I know him. He's like the rest of the big guns. You've gotta save him up, you've gotta use the old oil on him plenty."
"I know, but it doesn't always pay to be a hypocrite. I don't want to be anyone's footstool, anyhow. I don't believe in being a 'yes man.'"
"Oh, yeah? Well, you'd be a lot farther ahead in this little old world if you did. The trouble with you is that you're too independent. Now if you want this promotion, boy, you've got to do as I'm telling you. When you go in to see the old bird, 'yes' him to death. If he tells you the moon is made of green cheese, say he's perfectly right. It doesn't cost you anything to feed his vanity, and you get along better when you make him feel as though he knows it all."

"You have a right to your opinion, and I to mine."

Larry struck out for the private office of old "Ty" Booth. As the youth entered, Booth was fingering a card on his desk. Booth read the card over, at the same time thinking of the man whose record was scribbled on it. "Lawrence Pickett, Steady chap. Reputation for being a good worker, clever, but independent. Old 'Ty' wondered.

Booth looked up at his visitor. Then he said lightly, as if speaking of irrelevant things. "I pride myself on being somewhat of a weather prophet. Right now I predict rain within an hour. How does that sound?"

The young man looked out at the clear sky. He felt, uncomfortably, that a whole lot depended upon his answer. He started to reply, hesitated, then smiled and said:

"I think that your prediction is very good, sir. I think that it will rain very shortly."

Booth frowned and said, "Mmmm. Oh, Pickett, about that position I asked you to come in about. I can't give it to you now. I may later."

Booth appeared tired—wary. He sat alone, his head bent forward. The ashes in his pipe had long since grown cold. The temperature of his office had gone down. Shadows were lengthening. It must be getting late! He jerked his head up and turned toward the window. Suddenly, he looked startled. What! Could it be possible? Even the weather. He smiled very slowly, very ironically.

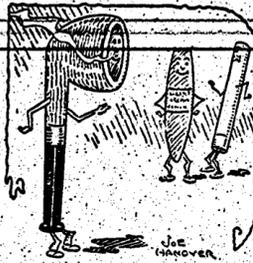
It was raining.

NOT NECESSARY



He—Could I join you?
She—No thanks! I'm already joined.

DO TELL!



Mr. Perfecto—Mr. Pipe ought to be a great artist.
Mr. Cork Tip—Why so?
Mr. Perfecto—Because he draws so well!

DON'T UNDERSTAND



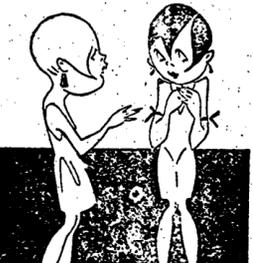
Jack—Men understand women pretty well.
Jill—Yes, all except two kinds.
Jack—And what may they be?
Jill—The bachelors and the married men.

REASON FOR TWO PAIR

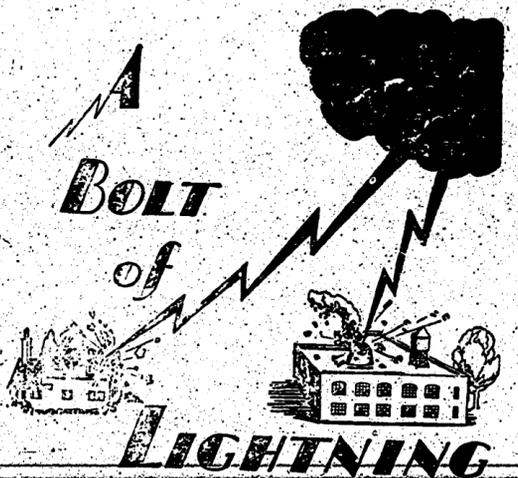


"Why do you always buy your suit with two pair of trousers?"
"It keeps my wife guessing as to which pair I have my money in."

BOUND TO BE



"Is Tom the marrying sort of chap?"
"Well I intend him to be, but he doesn't know it yet."



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ANTRIM, N. H.

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Commonplace

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SYNOPSIS

Motoring through Vermont, Phillip Starr, young Boston architect, meets Blanche Manning, seventeen, with whom he is immediately enamored. It being a long distance to Burlington, Starr's destination, Blanche suggests, the village of Hamstead, not boasting a hotel, that he become, for the night, a guest of her cousin, Mary Manning. Mary receives Phillip with true Vermont hospitality, and he makes the acquaintance of her cousin Paul, recognized as her fiancé. Starr informs her of his desire to win Blanche for his wife. She tells him of an old family superstition concerning the "Blanches" of the Manning family. Paul Manning is inclined to be dubious. Mary's reproaches for his "conviviality" are badly received by Paul. Gale Hamlin, long a suitor for Mary's hand, visits Hamstead but makes no progress in his overtures. Phillip, from records of the Manning family, learns the sorrowful story of the "Countess Blanche," French wife of a Revolutionary hero, Moses Manning, and of the peculiar "curse" she has transmitted to her descendants and the women of Hamstead. The evening of Phillip's marriage to Blanche, Paul, under the influence of liquor, bitterly affronts Mary, and tells her their engagement is ended. Mary, at first acutely conscious of her position as a "fillet" woman, is greatly comforted by her lifelong friend, Sylvia Gray, and the love of her two small brothers. Paul, really loving Mary, though with a selfish attachment, finds life a good deal of a blank with her out of the picture.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

Driven at last to desperation by loneliness and boredom, he decided to go to Mary and ask to be reinstated in her favor. This seemed easy enough when he first thought of it, but the more he reflected, the more he saw that it might be rather difficult. He had treated Mary somewhat shabbily, he admitted. She was having a very good time without him—he was forced to admit that too—and there was really no special reason why she should ever crave his society. He started on his errand of reconciliation several times, only to turn back, feeling that his stomach was craving in uncomfortable fashion for some reason, and that it might be better to wait a few days longer. At last having spent a Saturday evening at home when every one else under thirty in town had gone off on a picnic, returning in the highest spirits at midnight—Mary was with the Grays and laughing and singing when they dropped her at the front door—he took his courage, what there was of it, in his hands, and sought her out. He found her, late that Sunday afternoon in Indian summer, sitting in the fragrant orchard reading a book, a rather solid looking book. She was, Paul thought, looking unusually fresh and contented and attractive.

"Hello," he said, advancing towards her firmly, though inwardly quaking. "Hello," said Mary quietly, without looking up.

Paul's heart gave a queer exhibition of acrobatic powers, as if it were turning somersaults all the way from his throat to his stomach, and then began to thump—to thump so vigorously that he feared it might be audible. He was pleased, and he was beyond all reasonable measure excited.

"Have a good time last night?" he inquired carelessly. "Yes. Did you?" Paul choked, and fumbled with his tie. He could not understand why Mary should ask such a tactless question, when she knew perfectly well—He decided to be magnanimous, and ignore it.

"What are you reading?" he asked. "The Life of Charles Francis Adams." "Do you like it?" "Very much. Haven't you read it?" Another tactless question! Mary's voice expressed only polite surprise, yet she was aware that he never read things of that sort. The top of Paul's collar was rapidly sinking to the level of his collar button. Mary went on reading.

"I thought I'd come over for a little while," he murmured desperately. Mary turned a page. "Nice day, isn't it?" "Lovely."

"Warm for the time of the year, too." "And likely to grow warmer any minute," replied Mary, her eyes still on her book.

Paul could feel even the back of his neck growing red. Still he persisted. "Blanche is back in Brookline. Mother had a letter from her last night. She's thinking of leaving me and going down to pay her a little visit."

"I should think it would be a very pleasant change for her." "Something in Mary's tone made Paul look at her more carefully. The painful flush at the back of his neck spread all over him. He could feel the cold perspiration dripping down his spine. There was no possible doubt of it—Mary was laughing! Paul turned his back on her and strode away. Though unfamiliar with the quotation, he had, in substance, pictured Mary sitting like patience on a monument smiling down at grief. Apparently she was doing nothing of the sort. She missed him so little and was getting along so well without him, that when he went to her and tried

to "make up," she felt she could afford to laugh at him! Well, he wasn't to be trifled with like that! He'd show her. Angriely he brushed away two big tears of resentment and hurt pride that were trickling down his flushed cheeks.

In the seclusion of his bedroom he brushed his rumpled hair and changed his collar, then sat down to cool off and think things over. He'd show Mary. . . . He dwelt for a few minutes on this agreeable thought. . . . But show her what? What was there to show her? And supposing he could think up something, would she consent to be shown? His recent interview with her, the mere thought of which caused him to grow hot again, did not furnish material for much hope of exhibition. Mary, after all, held all the high cards. His only chance, so to speak, was to lead through weakness up to strength. His pride, if nothing else, told him that it would be better than leaving the game unfinished, even if he lost. His common sense told him that if he did not finish it, he would have smaller hope than ever of another game with Mary. And he wanted to play with her. . . .

Having reached this conclusion, of which there was no possible doubt, neither comfortably nor rapidly, he decided to act upon it at once. He fairly rushed to the orchard. Mary was still reading.

"Look here, Mary," he burst out. "I'm—I'm sorry I acted as I did the night of Blanche's wedding. In fact, I'm—I'm just as ashamed of it as I can be. I'd give anything if you'd—overlook it."

"Overlook it?" flamed Mary. "That was the wrong word," floundered Paul. "I meant, of course, I want to ask you to—forgive me. To be friends with me, if you won't be anything else."

"Anything else?" "Oh, of course, I knew you wouldn't be anything again after—after that! But I can't seem to say what I'm trying to. You know what I mean, though. Please, Mary—" and he held out his hand.

The girl closed her book, rose, and came toward him, looking at him with that clear and direct gaze that was so hard to meet. But, though he flinched, he looked at her squarely. "Please," he said again. "I never would have done it if I hadn't been drunk."

She drew back a little. "You speak as if that were an excuse," she said evenly.

"Why of course it's an excuse!" "Of course it isn't. It was—disgraceful, to do what you did, but it was even more disgraceful to get into a condition that would allow you to do it."

Paul had honestly not considered the matter in this light before. "Well, I guess it was," he said, flushing. "I'll try not to get—into such a condition again. I am sorry. Honestly, I am. Won't you shake hands with me and forgive me?"

"I wouldn't touch you with a ten-foot pole. I certainly won't forgive you. I believe you're sorry now, because you're having a horrid time. But if I forgave you and you began to have a good time again, you would forget all about being sorry and do the same thing right over again."

"I wouldn't—I swear I wouldn't." "You're not going to have the chance. I must go in now and get supper."

"Well—won't you at least speak to me when you see me—and so on—as long as I do behave?" "Yes," said Mary over her shoulder. "I'll do that, if you just happen to see me. I won't if you try to like this, again."

And with this small concession, Paul was obliged to be satisfied. Or rather, he strove to be satisfied and was not. Mary was amazingly pretty, prettier than Blanche, far and away prettier than Rosalie King or any of the girls who worked in the mill at White Water. Why hadn't he noticed that before? And she had "pep"—oceans of it! How could he possibly have thought that she was tame? He had not only acted like a fool, but like a blackguard. He deserved his fate. That was the last conclusion that Paul reached and the effect that it had upon him was more sobering than anything that had happened to him in all his life. He bowed under it, hurt and cowed and a little frightened. Then he pulled himself together, still wincing, and began to try to build together again, a stone at a time, the foundation for that happiness which he had destroyed.

CHAPTER IX

Paul was wise enough to guess that his cause would be hurt rather than helped if, immediately after his encounter with Mary in the orchard, he "happened" to see her too often. But he nodded to her when he caught sight of her at a distance, and she nodded back. He did not venture on more than "Hi" or "Good morning" when they met. But after a week or so he remarked that there had been a hard frost the night before, and that the post office was being shipped. This daring attempt at conversation having left him unscathed and even unattacked, he risked stopping a moment, the next day, to warm his chilled fingers over the stove and get a drink of water at the sink. And summoning more and more courage with each new success, he finally appeared one evening after supper and asked Mary if she would lend him something to read. He felt that the desire to improve his mind might be one which would ap-

peal to Mary and cause him to find some slight favor in her sight. Most of all, however, he welcomed any excuse which could be construed as sufficiently reasonable to give him a few words with her.

She held the door half-open without inviting him to enter as he made his request, and the corners of her mouth twitched. He had the uncomfortable feeling that she saw through him perfectly.

"Would you like the 'Autobiography of Charles Francis Adams'?" she asked.

He looked at her miserably. "You know I couldn't make head nor tail of it," he said, in the voice of a prisoner at the bar, who pleads for justice though he, knows he deserves no mercy. "I'm not clever like you."

"You're thorough, when you take the trouble to be. Thoroughness helps in reading."

"All right, give it to me." Mary vanished, leaving him on the doorstep, closing the door behind her. When she reappeared she had an formidable-looking volume in her hand.

"This is Rex Beach's 'Heart of the Sunset,'" she said demurely. "It took me a little while to find it, but I think you may like it better. If you decide you want Charles Francis after all, come back and get it."

"Well, your cordial invitation is a bribe worth considering," retorted Paul. Then, rather frightened at his daring, he blushed scarlet. Nevertheless he looked straight at her, smiled, and lifted his cap. "Thanks very much for this," he said. "Good night."

Inevitably, a few evenings later, he brought the book back, having, to his intense surprise, thoroughly enjoyed it. Seth had gone to prayer meeting, and Mary was putting the children to bed upstairs and did not hear his knock. After hesitating a minute, he went into the living room, put the volume down on the table, and began to look at the others that were lying upon it. He chanced on a novel of Zane Grey's, glanced down the first two or three pages, and then, genuinely interested, sat down and began to read, entirely forgetting his awkward position as an unwelcome guest.

When Mary entered, half an hour later, carrying a huge mending basket piled high with sewing, he started guiltily to his feet and stammered his excuses.

"That's all right," said Mary, tranquilly. "Why don't you read aloud to me while I sew?"

"Do you honestly mean that?" "If you would honestly like to. You might poke up the fire a little before you start in."

It was not until the tail clock in the corner struck eleven that Mary spoke or stirred. Then she rose, gathering up her piles of neatly folded and mended clothes.

"You must go home," she said. "It's getting late. That's a good story, isn't it?"

"Fine! Could—could we have some more tomorrow night?" "I've promised to go to White Water with the Taylors. There's going to be a concert."

"Well, the next night, then." "That's Sunday. I generally go to church Sunday evenings, now. Father listens for the boys."

"The service is over early." "Yes, but Thomas walks home with me and comes in for a little while. You can come, too, of course, if you'd enjoy it, but we couldn't read."

This did not sound especially attractive to Paul. Nevertheless, with his new-born caution, and in his gratitude for the unexpected favor he had just received, he decided not to say so.

"Well, perhaps I will. And thanks awfully for letting me stay tonight. I've had a fine time. May I take the book home with me?"

"Certainly—would you like a glass of milk and a doughnut before you go? I made fresh ones today."

"Um-m-m! Would I?" They went into the kitchen, sat down beside the table with the red cloth on it, and talked over the story as they ate. They did not agree as to the probable outcome. A friendly argument ensued. When Paul finally got up and pushed back his chair, they were both laughing, and Mary, with a sudden gesture, snatched the book from him.

"You shan't find out which of us is right before I do!" she exclaimed. "You had better come over Monday night and read aloud some more. I promise not to look into it myself before then. Good night."

"Good night," said Paul, briefly and happily. And held out his hand.

It was not until Mary had put her hand in his that she remembered her statement of a few weeks earlier about a ten-foot pole, though Paul had by no means forgotten it. And when, growing crimson, she tried to pull her hand away, she found she could not.

"Good night," he said again, pleasantly and firmly, and gripping hard.

For a moment Mary struggled to free herself. Then she met his eyes. The first lesson in Paul's new course of education had been to learn to look Mary in the face; and, as she had said, Paul was thorough. The expression that the girl saw in her cousin's was so full of new-born humility and penitence, and yet so clearly determined to deserve, and claim, the right on which he was insisting, that she could not well see it and remain untouched. She stopped struggling and returned his pressure.

"Good night, Paul," she said softly. "I've had a good time, too," and smiled.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Petrified Evergreens
The wood found in the petrified forest in Arizona is that of prehistoric coniferous or evergreen trees.

How I Broke Into The Movies

Copyright by Hal C. Morison

By LUPE VELEZ

I ALMOST broke my neck before I broke into the movies.

Ask anybody who has worked in comedies and they'll tell you it's the greatest training school in the world—if you survive! Boy! Some of the things they make you do, and some of the risks you have to take in the two-reelers! I liked it. My life since I was born near Mexico City has been full of excitement, and I'm always the happiest where there is the most excitement.

I was born Lupe Villalobos. Velez was the professional name of my mother, an opera singer, and when I went on the stage I took her name instead of my father's. He was a colonel in the army, and when I was very young I rode with him and saw men killed. Lots of excitement in those days.

At thirteen my mother sent me to a convent in the United States—Our Lady of the Lake in San Antonio. Studied English. Like to dance. Guess I wasn't much of a success as a student.

Went back to Mexico, got a job in a theater at the age of fifteen and danced my way to stardom on the musical comedy stage. My salary was \$50 a day, which was the most money earned by any star in Mexico. I wanted \$75 dollars a day, but the theater manager wouldn't give me the raise, so I broke my contract. Had an offer to go to Cuba, and another to star in Buenos Aires. And then an American suggested I go to Hollywood; that Richard Bennett needed a girl like Lupe to play in "The Dove" on the stage.

So I started for Hollywood. Started it right, for when I reached the American border they wouldn't let me pass; said I wasn't "of age." I was seventeen.

All the way back to Mexico City I cried. But I'd show them. I would get to Hollywood some way. I appealed to our president, to the mi-



Lupe Velez.

isters, to everybody in Mexico City. After a lot of letter writing between Mexico City and Washington and what you call "red tape" they said I could cross the border.

Hollywood at last—and then Richard Bennett decided I was too young and inexperienced to play in his show. I finally landed a job dancing in Fanny Brice's show at the Music Box theater in Hollywood. I worked hard, and one day I was called to interview a motion picture producer, Hal Roach. Comedies? Sure I could make comedies. I worked in several, darn near broke my neck, but I felt I was getting some place in this town, where what you do counts, not what you did before you came.

Douglas Fairbanks was looking for an actress to play a wild mountain girl in "The Gaucho." It was a Spanish type. I got the part. It was my big chance and I gave them all the wildness they wanted. I rode with Doug, danced with him, fought with him, made love to him—in the picture!

Was I happy when "The Gaucho" opened and the public was nice to Lupe? Not happy—delirious!

Feature Productions, Inc., of the United Artists signed me to a five-year contract. They've been awfully nice to me, made me a star, and I'm still deliriously happy.

Crushers
The Providence Journal printed recently a collection of famous snubs. These two are cited:

The Duke of Wellington was approached by a man who said: "Mr. Robinson, I believe?"

"If you believe that," said the duke, "you'd believe anything."

De Pachmann was asked by a lady if he would not come to her reception. It would be very nice, she added, if he would play the piano while he was there.

"In that case," said the great pianist, "my fee will be \$500."

"Very reasonable," admitted the lady. "But, of course, you must not expect to be presented to the guests."

"In that case," was the reply, "my fee will be only \$300."

BIG JOB OF MOVING
Sole parallel to a remarkable "moving day" undertaken by a railway in Wales, is Noah's ark. A complete farm was moved, "lock, stock and barrel," from Whitland to Watlington—218 miles—in 12 hours. The work was done for the owner, and the train consisted of 15 cars.

THEY HAVE FOUND A 3-MINUTE WAY TO RELIEVE SORE THROAT
All Pain And Soreness Eased In Few Minutes This Simple Way
FOLLOW DIRECTIONS PICTURED BELOW



Proves Only Medicine Helps A Sore Throat

Modern medical science now throws an entirely new light on sore throat. A way that eases the pain, rawness and irritation in as little as two or three minutes.

Results are among the most extraordinary in medical science. On doctors' advice, millions are following this way . . . discarding old-time "washes" and "antiseptics." For it has been found that only medicine can help a sore throat.

Simple To Do. All you do is crush and dissolve three BAYER Aspirin Tablets in half a glass of water. Gargle with it twice—as pictured above. If you have any indication of a cold—before gargling take 2 Bayer Aspirin Tablets with a full glass of water. This is to combat any signs of cold that have gone into your system. Keep on taking if cold has a "hold." For Genuine Bayer Aspirin will not harm you. Your doctor will tell you, it does not depress the heart. Get a box of 12 or a bottle of 100 at any drug store.



NO TABLETS ARE GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN WITHOUT THIS CROSS

Keep Watch for the "Feverish Cold"

If you are "run down" or out of condition, if sluggish bowels have allowed poisonous impurities to accumulate in your system, you are very liable to suffer from "feverish" colds.

Dr. True's Elixir
Laxative Worm Expeller
will ward off or lessen these attacks by giving relief from constipation.

Mrs. E. W. Stephan of 31 Kenberna Road, Dorchester, Mass., writes:—"It was recommended to me by a relative who had used it for years, and I in turn most sincerely recommend it, most of all for children, but also as a laxative for adults."

Successfully used for 81 years.

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THE LIVING BUDDHA



The almost traditional figure of the Panchen Lama (or the Living Buddha) has emerged from his seclusion in the fastnesses of his native Tibet and established the headquarters of his religion in the Tal-Ho Tien, the hall in Peking...

Legendary Vineta City

Found in German Town Berlin.—The legendary city of Vineta, which for centuries was believed to exist only in fiction, now has been located by a German professor. Prof. Dr. Adolf Hofmeister of the University of Griefswald claims to have discovered the mysterious city of Vineta, once the thriving port of a mighty Baltic kingdom.

NICARAGUA HAS ANOTHER RAILWAY OUTLET TO SEA

Opens Way for Products of Mountainous Interior.

Washington.—With the opening of a 17-mile railroad between San Jorge, on Lake Nicaragua, and San Juan del Sur, on the Pacific ocean, Nicaragua now has a second rail outlet to the sea for coffee, cattle, sugar, and other products raised in its mountainous interior.

"The new line pierces the Continental divide at one of its lowest points and cuts diagonally across the route of the proposed Nicaraguan canal," says a bulletin from the National Geographic society. "At its narrowest point this strip of land between Lake Nicaragua and the Pacific is about 14 miles wide. The railway parallels the route of a stage-coach line that in 1849 carried hundreds of prospectors to the California gold rush."

"Nicaragua also has come into world news lately with the gradual withdrawal of forces of American marines, who have been maintaining law and order in the former revolution-torn nation. "Nicaragua is the largest of the Central American republics and many acclaim it the most beautiful. It has vast forests of precious woods, untold resources of valuable minerals and soil so fertile that it has been said, 'If you tickle the ground with a hoe it smiles back with a yam.'"

"After a century of almost perpetual civil war Nicaragua has settled down to comparative peace in recent years and already has begun to reap the dividends in amazing progress toward prosperity. "Has Lacked Atlantic Doorway. "The country has about the same area as New York state, but its total population is only a little larger than that of Pittsburgh, Pa. It has two mountain ridges which nearly inclose the 'Great Lakes of Central America,' Lakes Nicaragua and Managua. There is also another railway line connecting its three chief cities—Managua, the capital, Leon and Granada—with the Pacific port of Corinto.

worst real estate designation, the Mosquito coast.

"Today, with Los Angeles, San Francisco and Seattle to tap her markets, Nicaragua's Pacific frontage is a blessing. But yesterday, when the Atlantic ports of North America and Europe were doing the world's shipping, she was severely handicapped.

Named for Indians. "Curiously, too, her Mosquito coast was appropriately named by error. The appellation was not intended for the insect, which abounds there, but is a corruption of the name of the 6,000 Indians, the Misakitos, whose descendants make up most of the population of the region.

"The country's northernmost Caribbean headland, Cape Gracias a Dios, is a headline of geography. Columbus explored the Central American coast on his last voyage and, cruising east from Cape Honduras, was compelled to take shelter from a storm at a point where the coast abruptly turns to the south. He named the cape 'Thanks to God' and took possession of the country for Spain.

"That was in 1502. A century before the Mayflower touched at Plymouth Rock, the Spaniards were established along the lake region in far western Nicaragua, despite unwelcome volcanic outbursts. The most sensational single eruption, however, occurred within a century from our day—when Cosequina blew off its head in 1835. For days a black pall obscured the sun, dust blanketed the fields and forests, and animals died by the thousands, succumbing to thirst and hunger.

"At the foot of Mount Masaya is a lake of that name, and near the lake is the little town of Masaya. Were it not so remote one might suspect the writer of a once popular American song had stolen the cry of the women fruit vendors who drone: 'I have oranges, papayas, jocotes, Melons of water, of gold, and zapotes. Will you buy?'

"But Nicaragua also has bananas—she exports between a million and two million dollars' worth yearly. Only one other crop nets her more. It is coffee."

"Nothing in Bible About It" Refuse to Pay Tax

Lancaster, Pa.—Because "there is nothing in the Bible that says women should pay taxes," wives of Warwick township farmers refuse to pay per capita levies until forced by lens. This was revealed by Jacob G. Conrad, township tax collector, and W. T. Wahls, state tax collector, after they filed lens against the properties of four women.

Thereupon the women paid the \$4.20 per capita tax, and an additional \$2.40 each for costs.

Conrad explained there is a strong faction of Mennonite farmers in the township, headed by Christian Landis, which fights continually against payment of taxes by women.

"They claim," said Conrad, "that the Constitution of the United States is based on the Bible, and that nowhere in the Bible can they find any record of any woman having to pay taxes.

"This group will not pay until forced to do so, as a matter of principle."

Passenger in Pilotless Plane Lands It Safely

Chico, Calif.—Elmer Scott, assistant fire chief, is no airplane pilot, but when he found himself in the air without Pilot Billy Welschke, he grabbed the controls and landed the plane safely. Scott was sitting in the cockpit and Welschke had just whirled the propeller when the plane took off. Scott maneuvered the ship over a grove of trees and power lines and landed it without mishap in a field a mile away. It was his second trip in the air.

Old Fruit Saves Birds

Carson, Wash.—Last fall the price of berries and apples was so low many were not harvested. During a recent freeze, however, the old fruit proved to be a life sayer for thousands of birds, denied their usual food because the ground was frozen.

Routing Reds at Roosevelt's Home



Policemen wading into the mob of 2,000 Communists who attempted to storm the New York city home of President-Elect Roosevelt while the nation's next head conferred with congressional leaders. The Reds bore placards proclaiming demands for jobs and relief.

American Heroines

By LOUISE M. COMSTOCK

Polly Merrill

FATHER and Mother Merrill had gone off to a neighboring plantation on business, leaving at home their three children, with sixteen-year-old Polly in charge, under careful instructions to keep Peter, aged three, out of mischief, put the bread in to bake at ten, and not to be afraid of Tories, as none had been seen thereabouts for some time. For this was in the year 1780, when the Revolution was bearing its close, and North Carolina was overrun by the British.

Father and mother were scarce gone from home, however, when a band of the dreaded Tories were sighted approaching the house. Polly was wise enough in the ways of these marauding bands to know they were probably after father's money, of which he had received a fair sum in payment of a debt some days before. Quick as a thought, sending her younger sister to get the wallet which held the money out of its hiding place, she moulded the bread dough into loaves. Then, pouring the gold into the bottom of her pans, she pressed the dough over it, and pushed her morning's baking into the hot oven.

The British were indeed after the money. When Polly, with red cheeks and beating heart, defied them to find it, they commenced ransacking the house, and soon found Mr. Merrill's wallet, which had been emptied in such haste that a few coins remained in it, and rolled out on the floor. Polly watched with her heart in her mouth. Then up ran little Peter, to pick up the money, give it to the officer, and crowd delightedly, "Pretty money. More in fower!"

Polly's heart sank. Apparently Peter had seen her hide the precious gold. In terror she watched her little brother take the British officer's hand and lead him, out to the kitchen, and then, curiously enough, out the back door to the flower garden. Then she sighed in relief. She knew what Peter had in mind.

Out in the garden the Tories commenced digging, ruthlessly uprooting rose bushes and alysum. Finally their shovels hit something hard. In triumph they dug up a wooden box. Opening it, they found the body of Peter's pet rabbit, which had died to his inconsolable grief, and been buried in the garden the day before! A few minutes later, alarmed at the reported approach of American troops under Marlon, the chagrined Tories mounted their horses and rode away.

Mary Lindley Murray

A CENTURY and a half ago it was a woman's part to mind her home and children and leave the making of history to the men. But Mary Lindley Murray not only minded one of the most splendid homes in early New York city, was a popular hostess and mother of two charming daughters and of Lindley Murray, the famous grammarian, but it has been claimed that but for her, "The history of the United States might easily have been different!"

Mrs. Murray was the wife of Robert Murray, the Quaker merchant after whom Murray Hill was named. Although her husband was known to have Tory sympathies, she was an ardent rebel. In fact, General Washington at one time made her home his headquarters during an important council of war.

After his defeat at the hands of the British at the Battle of Long Island, in August of 1776, Washington retreated across East river and into lower Manhattan. By September 13 the British had gained control of both the East and Hudson rivers, so that Washington felt his position in New York city untenable and commenced a retreat northward, to a more strategic location on Harlem Heights. This move was only partially completed, and General Putnam with 4,000 men, nearly one-fourth of the Colonial army, still remained in lower Manhattan, when the British decided to throw a line across the island, cutting off further retreat.

From her home at the corner of what is now Park avenue and Thirty-seventh street, Mrs. Murray watched the retreat of the Americans and the coming of the British with anxious eyes. She planned her campaign. In view of her husband's Tory sympathies it was but natural that the British leaders, Generals Howe and Clinton and Governor Tryon, should stop by the Murray house for a chat. Moreover, their trap for the Americans was almost set: General Putnam and his men were practically there. So they entered the house gladly, leaving their men looting impatiently outside. For two precious hours Mrs. Murray kept them there, plying them with wine from the famous Murray cellar, with compliments and witticisms. Meanwhile, aided by the young Aaron Burr and under cover of a nearby wood, General Putnam moved his entire troops northward and out of danger. The following day the Colonists won the Battle of Harlem Heights.

At the present time plans are afoot to commemorate the services of Mrs. Murray by erecting an imposing monument over the Thirty-fourth street portal of the subway tunnel on Park avenue.

PRETTY METHOD OF INITIALING LINEN

Filet crochet embroidery is a smart new style of initialing household linens. The method of doing this work is extremely simple. The filet crochet consists of plain square mesh made in the size and shape wanted for the article to be lettered. On this the initials are run in a weaving or darned stitch, following a filet or cross stitch pattern. Each square in the design occupies one square of the filet. The work progresses by counted stitches.

The crocheted piece is positioned and basted on the linen, care being taken to have the squares exactly even. Buttonhole along all edges, taking stitches through the linen and over the outside row of crochet stitches. Put two or three of these buttonhole stitches between bars of the work. The linen back of the crochet can be cut away after the embroidery is done, or before. The former way is recommended, since the filet is held firmly in position by the backing, as the needle is run over and under the bars. Also the working medium will naturally lie smooth and flat. However, if the worker prefers, the material can be cut away first.

Method of Embroidery.

Start the working medium with a buttonhole stitch over the bar marking the outside limit of the weaving stitch. Leave a short length of the medium and work over it in the running stitches, thus further securing the thread end. Finish off the medium in the same way, with a buttonhole stitch, running the thread through the weaving previously done, before cutting it off.

The embroidery is done by counted squares following the pattern. The charm of this filet embroidery consists not alone in the even flow of the embroidery medium over and under the bars of the crocheted mesh, but in the color work permissible. For example, on a towel the filet can be in the color of the border and the working medium be mercerized white cotton, making the initialing and background carry out the scheme of color and border. Or the filet can be in white and the em-

brodery medium match the hue of the border. On colored linens an interesting scheme consists of white filet crochet, embroidered in a medium the color of the textile. To get the full decorative value of filet embroidery, the working medium for the embroidery should be in contrast to the color that is employed in the filet.

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Mother of 7—Still Young



THE woman who gives her organs the right stimulant need not worry about growing old. Her system doesn't stagnate; her face doesn't age. She has the health and "pep" that come from a lively liver and strong, active bowels. When you're sluggish and the system needs help, don't take a lot of "patent medicines." There's a famous doctor's prescription for just such cases, and every druggist keeps this standard preparation. It is made from fresh laxative herbs, active senna, and pure pepsin. Just ask for Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsin. Take a little every day or so, until every organ in your body feels the big improvement. The next time you have a bilious headache, or feel all bound-up, take this delicious syrup instead of the usual cathartic. You'll be rid of all that poisonous waste, and you haven't weakened the bowels. You'll have a better appetite, and feel better in every way. The constant use of cathartics is often the cause of a sallow complexion and lines in the face. And so unnecessary! Would you like to break yourself of the cathartic habit? At the same time building health and vigor that protects you from frequent sick spells, headaches, and colds? Get a big bottle of Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsin today. Use often enough to avoid those attacks of constipation. When you feel weak and run-down or a coated tongue or bad breath warns you the bowels need to be stimulated. Give it to children instead of strong laxatives that sap their strength. It isn't expensive.

A Helpful Hint For Skin Health. Give your skin the protection of the best and safest soap. The experience of millions, during the past fifty years, tells you that your best choice is Cuticura Soap. Use it regularly every day; it not only cleanses but keeps the skin in good condition, freeing it from all cause of irritation.

Enjoy the best in New York! FINE ROOM \$200-\$300 WITH BATH SINGLE \$3 DOUBLE. Delightful rooms, 100% location, delicious meals... Also a deluxe 3-Day (2-night) Trip including Room, Bath, Meals and Entertainment (famous motion picture theatre, sightseeing, Chrysler Tower, cabaret) at only \$9.50 per person. Hotel BRISTOL, 129-135 West 48th Street, New York City. A Host of Character and Distinction. Just East of Broadway.

Learns to Fly by Selling Own Blood

Chattanooga, Tenn.—C. E. Franklin, who sold a pint of his own blood five years ago for his first flying lesson, finally has realized his ambition and has taken his first solo flight. When a pre-medical student at the University of Alabama Franklin sold a pint of his blood for \$25 for a blood transfusion, and spent the money for his first flying lesson. He has been taking flying lessons at various times since then.

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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 trans-

act 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 Tues-

day evening of each week, to trans-

act town business.

Meetings 7 to 8

JOHN THORNTON,

ALFRED G. HOLT,

HUGH M. GRAHAM

Selectmen of Antrim.

H. Carl Muzzey AUCTIONEER

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Weekly Letter by George Proctor, Deputy Fish and Game Warden

Got a postal from Doc Hopkins at West Palm Beach, Florida. Doc says I got him all wrong. It was the water that was never lower than 70. This is caused by the Gulf stream coming in so close to the coast. One or two nights it's been 50 but the average is 65 to 70. Nice summer weather. A good fish story is due from the Doc soon. Watch out.

To prove my statement about expert trappers in southern New Hampshire, just turn to page 20 of the February number of Fur, Fish, Game and you will see a fine likeness of Judge George Wellington of East Jaffrey and his sidekick, George Hazen of Dublin and the 80 red foxes they trapped in 1931. All this in southern New Hampshire.

Yes a box trap is illegal and cannot be set for rabbits or hares. They are not fur bearers and must be taken by a gun held at arms length. Listen to this one. The National Association of Audubon at its annual meeting adopted resolutions calling for legislation requiring the licensing of cats. Many states now have bills in for this purpose.

I have a very interesting letter from Miss Newton of Milford calling to my attention that she saw a white crow near Wilton in the late fall. It was perched on a dead limb near the road side and she got a good look at it.

A letter from Mrs. Carson of Mont Vernon tells me where I can find plenty of wild ginseng, where and how it grows. Thanks for the information.

Who has got a shepherd puppy? Here is a man from Nashua that wants such a "pup."

The state of Minnesota is to set aside 275,000 acres of wild land to help save the caribou.

The New Jersey legislature has made a law that a hunter must report his kill. Fine of \$25 if he doesn't. That same state has raised the license to hunt and fish from \$1.65 to \$3.15. How some of the boys here would yell with such a raise.

All roads will lead to Concord this week where several important fish and game bills will be heard in committee.

No more hares or rabbits will be shipped out of Kansas for the eastern swamps after March 1. That state has woke up to the fact that it must begin to curtail on the shipments east if they want any hares for itself. In the past few years trainloads of them have been shipped east for the several Fish and Game departments. Most of the hares for New England have come from Maine.

Speaking of rabbits—not hares. Up in Peterboro there is a young fellow that's got rabbits. If you don't believe it just run into the rabbitry of Young Morris and you will get an eye full. White New Zealand and boy they are whoppers. All ages from a week to 20-pound bucks. He has just now over 30 and it's a sight worth seeing.

We have heard a lot about the state Police, so-called. One day last week a state motor vehicle officer found a car parked beside the road. Things didn't look right to him. He had no authority to leave the highway. Every day in the week we find things that are not as they should be. But it's hands off for us for it's either work for the motor vehicle department or the town officials. Give all officers that travel the state the power of a sheriff or a constable and a great many things would be cleaned up that now are going on. Why these birds know that we have not the power to arrest or to even hold them until the proper officer appears to take charge of the case. A bird in the hand is worth a dozen flying around over the country roads unmuzzled.

The farmer is the one who will benefit most by this state police force. He is the one that will be most protected.

The Canadian Railways report that big game near the borders of Jasper National park is increasing. In a 39-day trip there recently they

saw 700 caribou, 200 moose. In one day alone they saw 46 moose and 2 caribou, eight deer and three mountain rams. What a place to hunt!

Cheer up fellows it won't be long now to the time that you can get onto your favorite brook and then— Just a few weeks. In the meantime just get out the old rod and reel and oil them up for the big day. This year be sure and order some barbless hooks and join the big army of fishermen that this year are to fish with barbless hooks only. This is a big conservation measure and will save the lives of millions of small trout that get hooked. By slacking the line they just fall off without injury to themselves. In some places they are out to get a law through to make it illegal to fish with anything else. By the way, when you see a fellow fishing with barbless hooks only you know you are talking with a real fisherman.

Talk about your farms. Up in Canada a fellow has got a farm of 53,920 acres and he is going to cover it with muskrats. It is 80 square miles, 124 lakes and 241 miles of trapping lines, streams and smaller ponds. No furs will be taken for three years. This farmer expects to have 26,000 rats at the end of the three-year period.

The state of New York has set a record—a real world's record—and I guess it will stand for some time to come. Twenty-two million trees were planted in one year on 27,000 acres of land. Guess we had better page Brother Foster of the New Hampshire forestry department and tell him the glad news. What can be done about it?

Here comes a fellow with a real kick. He says he, "You pinch me for breaking the fish and game law and I pay a fine. But you let my neighbor go scot free and he destroys a lot of game by his match applied to his pasture that he wants to burn over. That 10 acres contains a lot of ruffed grouse and pheasant nests not to mention a lot of wild bird nests on the ground and in trees." What's to be done about that one. Here is another one for Messrs. Foster and Hale to think about.

Had a new one the other day. Fellow in one of my towns wanted to bet me fifty—I think he meant "cents"—that fish and game wardens had no authority in case of forest fires. Well I showed him page eight in Game Laws. But he didn't show me the "fifty."

A game breeder's bill is now before the house asking that game farms be licensed so that the farms may sell hunting rights the same as other states are doing with great success. The overflow from these game farms will help the whole state as many birds will not stay on the preserve. If 10 game farms raise 1000 each in pheasants, quail, wild turkeys or other wild game it won't be long 'til the state is well stocked. This plan is being backed by the Game Breeder, that well known conservation magazine of New York city. We are in favor of such a law and hope it passes. Ruffed grouse is now being raised on wire and it won't be long 'til all game farms will be raising them.

We can't understand why a bill was killed in the House a few days ago refusing to sell a land owner and big taxpayer a right to buy a fishing and hunting license less than the usual \$15.15. Other states are much more liberal than we are. We know of men who own hundreds of acres of land in this state that vote in other states but they can't fish nor hunt on their own land without a license. The law reads "resident" owner.

According to "Lying Bill" in the Globe the Massachusetts Sportsmen's clubs have come out strong in favor of the steel trap law in that state as is. Nuf sed.

The life of the newspaper man is not a bed of roses. Only the thorn part he gets. Well, sometime ago we had a call from a lady that was running some sort of a get-me rich quick plan entertainment. She told us to be on hand so that a complete story would appear in the local paper. Well, we blew around to the shindig and when we presented ourselves at the door it was a "four bits" or stay out. We stayed out. Well, the dressing we got for that little trick was worth a column in any big daily. When she was all tired out we very politely told her that newspaper men were entitled to a "pass" or a "frank" or a "comp" to everything from a church supper to a three ring circus. No pass, no writup. It's a very common thing in small towns to forget the local reporter. They want the affair well written up and on the front page, but who is going to do that little trick if the cub reporter is lacking the required "four bits". Think it over.

That 3th Winter Carnival at Wilton is coming along with leaps and bounds. The committees are all clicking on time and boy, watch for that opening day. Something doing every minute of the 18th and 19th of February at Wilton.

Singer, the Sage of Temple, N. H.

sends us down some more of those illustrated English magazines. They sure do know how to throw the red ink over across the water. If those magazines are true to life the English cousins are some sports.

Another bill would issue buttons to be worn on hat or coat. This button is used in several states now to good advantage. Our sister state of Massachusetts is considering adopting the button system.

More hunters have been to my house in the past week asking where they can find hedge hogs or quill pigs or porkys. If the bounty was only four bits (\$5.00) it would clean out the pigs and give the boys some pin money. The present bounty is not quite enough to insure big business.

Sorry someone wrote me the other day and forgot to sign name. For their benefit I will say that John P. Proctor of Lyndeboro has the Boston Terrier puppies.

In "Lying Bill's" column in the Globe last week was a picture of a white hedgehog that someone up north shot. For the benefit of Lying Bill I will say that white hedgehogs are quite common in this section. Several were killed in Greenfield last summer and "Buck" Ellsworth, the lion tamer of Sharon, has a white one with pink eyes that he shot two years ago. He has him set up in his front room.

Feeling is running high in the neighboring town of Greenville over the strange disappearance of pet house cats. Some claim that amateur trappers are responsible while others claim that foxes have been cleaning them up. You can search me.

The Merrimack County Fish and Game Club is to have a real meeting at Contoocook, N. H., the evening of Feb. 8th. A supper will be served from 6:30 on. This is the first anniversary of this club and they are to have "whoopie". A real live club.

The Pointer Fish and Game club, Inc. of Manchester, N. H., is out to fight for a buck law. Harry Thompson, chairman of the Fish and Game committee, tells us that what he saw last deer season convinced him that only a buck law can save our deer. He saw more deer brought in under one hundred pounds than ever. And Harry has been in the game long enough to know his stuff.

Fun across H. N. Battles of Pepperell, Mass., the other day. He is the first man to ever kill three foxes in one day on Lyndeboro mountain. He has just sold his trout pond project in Massachusetts and is looking for a like one in this state. Battles is a former Massachusetts Warden and has seen plenty of rough stuff in western Massachusetts.

As the law stands now you cannot sell to any out of state fur buyer. You can ship your furs anywhere for sale. No one but licensed N. H. fur buyers can buy furs in the state.

John Marshall of Wilton will have an exhibition at the Boston Show a working model of a trap that takes 'em alive. He entered a contest some time ago and the company requested him to furnish a working model at the coming show. We hope John wins the big prize.

Several of the western states are to try their hand at raising snowshoe hares in captivity. It can be done as we did the trick a few years ago at New Hampton. It will take a good big swamp well fenced and plenty of cover for the young. But that's a long story.

My old side kick "Tim Barnard" of Nashua has the satisfaction of knowing that he has been endorsed 100% by all the Fish and Game clubs in his district. "Tim" feels pretty good over that news and why not?

Since that little item about archery a few weeks ago I have had plenty of people that have offered me advice and are willing to teach me to be an expert on the bow.

It's not such a long ways to town meeting. They miss the old country store where all town, county and national affairs were settled over the cracker barrel.

Was it slippery several days the past week. Well, I'll say off-hand it was. That cement road to Peterboro over the mountain was glare. The State men were on the job early and late but that high wind would blow it off as soon as they had it spread. You have got to hand it to the State men. They are Johnny on the job. No matter what the hour or the conditions. More power to 'em.

It is reported that the New Hampshire House are to consider a bill to split the licenses for this state. That is, issue a fishing license for \$1.25 and a hunting license for \$1.25 or a combination for \$2.00.

Greatest Courage
It is in the great dangers that we see great courage.—Renard.

Very Rare Marsupial
The curator of the mammal's section of the Adelaide museum has discovered in Central Australia one of the rarest marsupials, Caloprymnus campestris (a rat kangaroo) of which no living specimen has been seen for hundreds of years. The only three specimens known are in the British museum.

That Is What I Would Do

By FANNIE HURST

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
(WNU Service)

WHEN Thomas Arden brought home the notorious Minnie Dupont as bride to the square stone house he had occupied as a bachelor, he must have done so with his eyes fully open to possible consequences.

The consequences were of course that nobody called. Within three months after the marriage, the area of silence and isolation around the Thomas Ardens was like a vast park affording them more privacy than they knew what to do with.

Minnie was not accepted. The circles in which Tom had moved as a popular bachelor might have vanished in this air so far as his further participation in them was concerned. Not that they had actually vanished. The prosperous town in which Tom had prospered simply turned a cold shoulder upon the advent of Minnie into Tom's life, and resented what was regarded as an outrage.

Minnie had what is known as an unsavory reputation. Eligible Tom Arden's marriage to her came as the proverbial clap of thunder. The community gossiped, gossiped, turned its back. The playful, good-humored, good-natured, absolutely dauntless qualities which had first attracted Tom to Minnie, now stood their test. Minnie saw to it that, one way or another, Tom's home was a source of constant delight to him. Her laughter rang in it, her deft handwork transformed it, her skillful cookery made its table an epicurean's delight, and her bold effulgent beauty thrived in it.

If, in the long watches of the day, there descended upon Minnie, whose spirits loved to soar, long fits of irreconcilable depression, Tom was not to know it. The woman whose life had been filled with activities and gaieties from one day to the other accepted this strange new lot without reference to it, without whimper, without complaint.

Sometimes blatant things happened that brought color to her face and caused her avalanches of secret tears. The Ravensels, who lived next door, a family of social prestige and no wealth, had ever since the arrival of the bride consistently kept the blinds of all the windows which faced the Arden house drawn to their limits. Before his marriage it had been Tom's habit to shout across the lawn to the Ravensels from his own side windows. Minnie knew that, because time and time again Tom used to describe to her his habit of waving good-night to the four-year-old Doty Ravensel, who was his pet.

Not once, since their arrival from the honeymoon, had Minnie so much as clapped eyes upon Dot. The Ravensels, along with the rest of the community, turned a gold shoulder, but in the case of the next-door neighbors the shoulder was most obvious. The skill with which Minnie dominated the difficult situation was extraordinary. There came a time when Tom began to make references with anger to their behavior. Not on his own account. As a matter of fact, Tom was happier than he had ever dreamed he could be. But his heart hurt angrily for Minnie. "Your little finger is worth more than the whole gang of them," was his frequent way of summing up the situation. "I'll take my business away from every man in this town whose wife snubs us."

"I wouldn't do that, dear. What does it matter? Now, this is what I would do: I'd go my way and not harbor resentment. Life is short and hard enough at best. Forgive."

What could you do about a woman like that? Couldn't sour her. Couldn't get her to admit a heart-burn or a snub.

"Next time I see Lucy Ravensel on the street, I'm going to walk up to her and tell her where she gets off—"

"I wouldn't do that. This is what I would do. I'd ignore it and see if in time she doesn't sort of come around to realization of how petty it all is."

Bless her. Didn't need a brick house to fall on Tom, as he put it to himself, to make him understand that inside she was hurting and aching and bluer than her beautiful eyes. Minnie, who had been born and reared in a notorious environment, was accustomed to attention.

Minnie cried, sometimes a great deal. Alone. But then there was always the redeeming miracle of Tom. The miracle of the man who had suddenly brought into her life quiet, new, and lasting significance.

One cheerfully endured loneliness for that, and secret heartache and wounded pride and lacerating humiliation.

Children were what she missed most. In her own city, there had always been youngsters about. Spotted, undisciplined darlings, who flocked naturally around her. The precocious and beautiful children of the theater. The gay, innocent children of women who were gay and far from innocent.

Their absence in her life made the house seem still in a way that was terrifying. The voice of a youngster would have helped. When, as time went on, it seemed discouragingly obvious that Minnie was to have none

of her own, there was talk of adopting a child. Tom was all for it, eager to introduce into the home of this woman he adored any possible streak of light and sweetness. Strangely, after much consideration, it was Minnie who decided against it. Tom understood. One did not draw a child into the shadow of a cloud.

It was ironic beyond the telling and something that was to take years for him to be able to bear up under that Minnie, returning from a solitary walk into town, should have been killed outright by an automobile, as she darted in front of it to snatch back little Doty Ravensel who had leaped in front of it after a puppy.

Like a candle snuffed, the lonely, gallant personality of Minnie went out as it were, in a flash, dashing Tom into darkness; dashing life into darkness.

What a funeral! For years it was one of the talked of occasions of the town. Six carriages laden with flowers followed Minnie's hearse. Crowds stood upon the lawn and along the sidewalks as the solitary bitter figure of Tom Arden followed the white hearse to its grave.

In a bitterness which he was later to regret, he gave orders that no one, save himself and two servants, should follow her to her last resting place. The crowd stood by respectfully, and a little cowed. The house next door, had every blind lowered, and every flower in its luxurious gardens plucked to make up a blanket for Minnie's grave.

It was a grim, tragic picture of a solitary man following a woman who in death seemed no more solitary than she had been in life.

In a way, the subsequent behavior of Lucy Ravensel was pathetic. It might actually be said that she scratched for admission into that silent stone house, like a dog biding his time. Apparently awed neither by the bitter black anger of Tom, nor his forbidding servants, she called daily, the little Doty at her side, offerings of food and flowers in her hands.

For six months that door remained steadfastly closed to her. One day she encountered Tom on his steps. She was a narrow, nervous-lipped woman and the weeks following Minnie's death had played havoc with her. "Tom," she said, "aren't you going to let us alone—aren't you going to give us the chance to make her memory a monument in this town? If you can deny me, Tom, Doty asks you—Doty asks you to let her help you."

Standing there looking down into the clear eyes of the child whom Minnie had snatched from premature death, it was as if what Minnie would have said came floating to his ears and his consciousness.

"Take little Doty into your heart—that is what I would do, Tom—"

That is what Tom did.

Buffalo Herds in East

in Eighteenth Century

The American bison or buffalo was at one time nearly as abundant east of the Mississippi as on the western plains.

Remains of bisons have been found in southern Michigan, more adapted to their grazing habits than the pine-covered areas of the north, and in Wisconsin. In the latter state a pair of these animals, killed by Sioux in 1832, are believed to have been the last of the species east of the great river.

In the early history of New York, bison made so many trails to the salt springs about Onondaga that settlers used them for roads. The city of Buffalo was named after them, likewise several towns and a mountain in Pennsylvania. The last Pennsylvania bison was killed in 1790 near Lewisburg.

Early in the Eighteenth century, according to writings of Jesuits and explorers, bison were plentiful along the Sandusky river and in the territory south of Lake Erie. In 1718 they were reported as abundant near Defiance, Ohio. In the latter part of the century, however, when permanent settlements were being made, they had dwindled to a handful.

A few of these animals were found in Indiana as late as 1840. The Indiana geological survey, as quoted by Edwin Lincoln Moseley in "Our Wild Animals" tells of a migration from the prairies of the West across the state to salt licks and blue grass meadows of Kentucky. Buffalo were seen near Vincennes in 1808.

Had the bison been more intelligent and better able to cope with the settlers, they might have survived the Middle West. They were very slow in comprehending danger, and often witnessed the slaughter of their companions with wonder and curiosity. While they were extinct this side of the Mississippi, herds 25 miles across were being hunted in the West.—Detroit News.

Extolled Virtues of Tea

In the British museum there is an old advertisement which recited the merits of tea and then delicately suggested that it could be bought at Garway's coffee house for from 15 to 60 shillings a pound. Mr. Garway told his prospective customers that there was nothing like tea for the health. "It maketh the body active and lusty, helpeth the headache, removeth obstructions from the spleen. It is good against stone and gravel. It taketh away difficulty of breathing." He goes on to say that tea is good against "lipitude distillations," which means that the cup that cheers but not inebriates will clear up bleary eyes. Moreover, says Mr. Garway, "It cleanseth and purifieth a hot liver."