

The Antrim Reporter

State news

VOLUME L NO. 19

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29, 1933

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THE ANTRIM REPORTER

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Topics of the Day Presented to Reporter Readers in Concise Form

Raymond B. Stevens, of Landaff, former member of Congress from New Hampshire, for several sessions a prominent member of the State legislature, and in recent years advisor on foreign affairs to the King of Siam, has definitely notified Gov. John G. Winant that because of his contract with the Siamese government he will be unable to accept at this time an appointment to the New Hampshire Public Service Commission, it has been made public.

Rev. L. E. Alexander, of Franklin, and Mrs. Jennie W. Fox, of Boston, were married March 23, at Bethlehem, by Rev. C. W. Frye, pastor of the Durrell Memorial church; Mr. Frye is a son-in-law of Mr. Alexander. The newly married couple will reside in their newly purchased home on Charles street, in Franklin. For some time past, Mr. Alexander has been the pastor of the Franklin Methodist church, and was formerly for a few years pastor of the Hillsboro Methodist church, and is well known by many Antrim people.

"Time marches on." But in little Windsor, where the vital statistics for 1932 show no births, no marriages and no deaths, it may be said to be standing still, says a recent issue of a Manchester Union.

Windsor should be called the paradise of office seekers. For there were but eight poll taxpayers in the town last year, and this fact necessitated a considerable amount of doubling up in the holding of offices.

Last year's taxes amounted to \$1,700, and the rate was \$2.45; while the town's total revenues were \$2,916. The valuation was \$68,374, of which residents paid on \$11,545, and non-residents on \$57,829. A total of .562 acres of land, nine horses and eight cows were taxed to residents; while non-residents paid on 4,527 acres and on 10 boats and canoes. Eight auto permits and five dog licenses added their bit to the revenue of the town. Hedgehog bounties to the amount of \$36.80 were paid out, accounting for 184 specimens. The sum of \$100 was expended for blister rust eradication.

Windsor has no school within its borders, although it has a school building, now used on occasion as a Town Hall. Six boys and girls, however, attend school in the neighboring town of Hillsborough. Nearly \$500 is paid for tuition and more than \$600 for the transportation of pupils. Town officers salaries total \$161; maintenance of roads, \$345; state aid construction, \$1,075; unemployment relief construction, \$1,099.

The Reporter has in its possession a copy of the Hillsborough Record, published by Dodge and Noyes, in Nashua, in 1853, and in this small volume is contained "a glimpse of the business and resources of thirty-one towns," and here is what is said of Windsor eighty years ago:

Smallest town in the county; population 172, houses 34, families 40, farms 26; value of lands \$45,293, inventory \$68,329.

Weekly News Letter Concerning the Happenings in the Legislature

The House of Representatives declined to tackle the important truck bill last week and made the measure a special order for this Wednesday morning at 11:01 o'clock.

The pari-mutuel betting bill ran into a real snag when Governor Winant notified the State Senate last Wednesday that he felt the measure should be sent to the New Hampshire Supreme Court to make certain that the proposed tax upon admissions is constitutional. The measure will doubtless be given as much speed as possible.

One of the big measures in the House at the present time is the proposed improvement at Hampton Beach, and much thought is being given the matter.

The House Thursday defeated a bill which would prohibit public utilities from charging more than two cents per kilowatt hour for electricity used in street lighting. There was no debate on the measure.

The House passed bills changing the name of Colby Academy to Colby Junior College for Women; closing Lake Massabesic to ice fishing for trout and salmon for a period of five years.

It has been announced that public hearings on the bills abolishing police commissions in New Hampshire will be

Continued on page four

At the Main St. Soda Shop

Prices Lower Than Ever!

35c. Milk Magnesia Tooth Paste	19 cents
50c. Palmolive Shampoo	33 cents
50c. Phillip Milk Magnesia	39 cents
50c. Rubbing Alcohol, pint size	25 cents
35c. Blades for Gem Razor	19 cents
\$1.00 Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil	69 cents
50c. Best Witch Hazel, pint size	25 cents
50c. Blue Blades for Gillette Razor	19 cents
35c. Palmolive Shaving Cream	23 cents
35c. Colgate's Shaving Cream	23 cents
40c. Size Castoria	29 cents
Pint Size Genuine Russian Oil	49 cents

At the Main St. Soda Shop

Cut Price This Week

Rubbing Alcohol	50c size 39c
McKesson Milk of Magnesia	50c size 39c, 25c size 19c
McKesson Cold Cream	50c size 39c
McKesson Vanishing Cream	50c size 39c
McKesson Cocoa Butter Cream	50c size 39c
McKesson Toilet Lanolin	25c size 19c
Dye: Diamond, Dyola, Tree Tex, Colorite, Sunset ..	15c size 10c

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Rev. R. H. Tibbals Preaches Sermon on "Why Go To Church?"

At the request of a person who heard this sermon on a recent Sunday, it is being published in these columns.

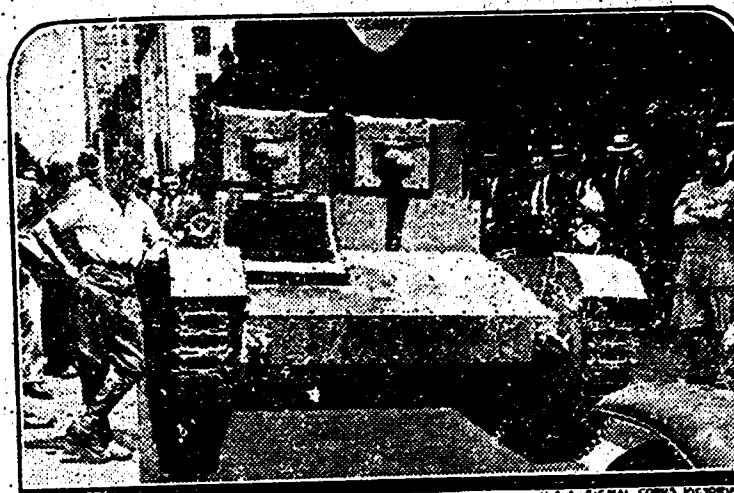
Text, Luke 4: 16.

Throughout the Northern Baptist Convention our churches are this month emphasizing church attendance. One of our own goals for this year is the increase of attendance, not only at our Sunday morning service of worship, but at all the services of the church. When we begin to work at this, and make an honest effort to induce friends, neighbors, acquaintances to come with us to church, we meet this question: "Why go to church? What doth it profit? What is there in it for me? There are many other things I would rather do. Is it worth my while?" May I suggest this morning some reasons why I believe it is worth while for any one to go to church. Jesus, having entered upon his public ministry, and begun to teach and preach, returned to his boyhood home for a visit. "And he entered, as his custom was, into the synagogue on the Sabbath day." This had been his custom while he still lived in the home of Joseph and Mary. Neither the period of absence amid strange scenes, nor the fact that he is now coming to be known as a religious teacher, nor the assurance from God that had come to him at his baptism, has changed this custom. He considered it worth while for him to go to church. This custom was based not on any special divine command; but upon its reasonableness and advantage. Multitudes of his disciples have found refreshment of spirit and strength for their tasks in joining with fellow disciples in acts of worship in places set apart for the worship of God. This has been true, and is today, not only when knowledge of religious things is increased, but also where there is little expectation of instruction. Why go to church? I wish to offer four reasons this morning, not that they are the only reasons that might be suggested, but because they stand out prominently in my thinking.

Why go to church? Because you believe in the church's ideals and spirit of service. It is my conviction that not one in fifty of the citizens of Antrim would wish the church to close its doors and end its ministry. It is a good thing for the town. It bolsters up property values. It teaches the children something of moral and spiritual truths. It renders service in many ways to the life of the community. It is a center of hope and cheer, courage and confidence. It should not fail. But if this be true, why are so many not supporting it by their presence? For if the church is to do its work successfully it must have folks. It needs money, to be sure, to carry on its work; but no less it needs folks... folks who place themselves within range of its message, and in the atmosphere of its spirit. It is only through folks who attend its various services, and share in its life, that the church can function successfully in any community. If you believe in the church, and wish to see it prosper, if you wish to have its influence on the younger generation continue, if you want it to stand as a wholesome influence in the community life, there is no more effective way for you to insure this than by forming the habit of regular church attendance. Of course, church attendance is no passport to heaven. Nor does it insure citizenship in the kingdom of God. But if you believe in the church, and wish it to continue in your community, it is your duty to vote for it by giving it the support of your presence. If you want it to continue to influence the life of youth for the best things, it is for you to vote for it by your presence, and let the youth of the community see that you count it worth while. Go to church to show your respect for its purpose, if for nothing else.

Continued on page four

Cavalry Charger or Tank?



The New Type of Tank

Gen. George Henry
Chief of U.S. Cavalry

Cavalry Horseback Radio Set



A Modern Troop of Cavalry

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

THE other day there took place at Fort D. A. Russell, near Marfa, Tex., a ceremony which marked a revolutionary step in our military history. Out on the parade ground marched the oldest cavalry regiment in the United States army, the "Dandy First," where the officers and troopers were to say farewell to their horses. For this regiment was to be "mechanized," that is, its members were to replace their traditional mounts, the cavalry chargers, with tanks and fast armored motor cars.

As the column proceeded across the parade ground, swung into line and dismounted, a horse was led out to the "front and center" position of honor. He was "Old Louie," the oldest horse of the regiment, veteran of 28 years of service in every part of the country, and he was arrayed in funeral trappings to show the regiment's sorrow at parting from its four-legged comrades.

At the ceremony Col. W. A. Austin, commander of the regiment, voiced the feelings of the officers and men when he said: "Tomorrow we begin in earnest our preparations for that change which means farewell to the horse. For almost a century this regiment, which it has been our privilege to serve with, has contributed a conspicuous part toward the security, progress and stability of the nation. The First Dragoons came into existence to meet the rigorous demands of a great emergency. And ever since, during every crisis and danger confronting the country, the First cavalry has ridden in the vanguard and has been among those first to render protection, defense and service to the country."

"No other regiment in our army has such a wealth of tradition, such an abundance of honorable, brilliant achievements. . . . We bid at this hour farewell to our faithful, willing and noble companions of march, maneuver and garrison—our beloved horses. Patient, silent, dependable comrades, they have carried the standards of the First Dragoons through a century of heroic hardships and enduring accomplishments."

It was a just tribute to a gallant regiment for, as Colonel Austin said, "no other regiment has such a wealth of tradition, such an abundance of honorable, brilliant achievements." Except for various loosely organized "rangers" the United States army had no regularly constituted cavalry arm of the service from the close of the Revolution to 1833. In March 3 of that year there was created by an act of congress "The United States Regiment of Dragoons" and the "Dandy First" traces its history in an unbroken line back to that outfit.

The newly organized regiment was organized and concentrated first at Jefferson Barracks, Mo. Its first commanding officer was Col. Henry Dodge, who resigned his commission in 1836 to become governor of Wisconsin. The first regimental adjutant was a young Mississippian, fresh from West Point, named Lieut. Jefferson Davis, destined for fame as the first and only president of the Confederate States of America.

At that time Jefferson Barracks was on the "frontier" of this country and the five companies of dragoons first recruited were soon dispatched on the duty for which they were primarily created—to suppress tribes of marauding Indians. In October, 1833, the five companies under Colonel Dodge left Jefferson Barracks and set out for Camp Jackson, Arkansas territory. There they spent the winter, practically in sight of the hostiles. In June, 1834, after having suffered many hardships during the winter months, the dragoons were sent out on the Pawnee expedition. The command remained in the field only until September of that year, but in that short time one-fourth of the officers and men died, principally from fever.

For the ensuing winter, part of the regiment was sent to Fort Leavenworth, Kan., while the remainder went into the Indian country on the right bank of the Missouri, near the mouth of the Des Moines river. The following summer, 1835, the entire command was kept in the field. As no engagements with the Indians are recorded, it is probable that all the marchings and counter-marchings were done in the interest of exploration of our outlying territory to the west of the Mississippi.

The whole of the regiment's service from its organization until the outbreak of the Mexican war in 1846 was devoted to activities in the Middle Southwest—alternately fighting Indians and exploring the new territory. Outstanding events are recorded during those years, notable for the results accomplished without bloodshed and for the sustained endurance and hardihood displayed by the soldiers. On May 18, 1846, Colonel Kearney, with five companies, left Fort Leavenworth and set out for South Pass in the Rocky mountains. The command reached that point and returned to its starting-place by August 24 of the same year, having marched over 2,000 miles in less than 100 days.

In reporting upon the expedition, Colonel Kearney said: "In the length of the march, the



The Old First Cavalryman

rapidity of movement, and the sacrifices made, the expedition is supposed to be wholly unprecedented. Whether or not it was unprecedented, is not known. It is however, worthy of mention that a command of cavalry, moving as a large body, maintained a rate of march of 20 miles a day for so long a period.

In the Mexican war the First Dragoons—there had been a Second Regiment organized in 1830—took a glorious part. Companies A and E fought with Taylor in his vigorous campaign. Company F escorted General Scott from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, and was present at the battle fought before that city. Companies D and K, also saw service in Scott's line. The remaining companies in the United States carried on as before the war, helping keep the Indians under control up and down the western Mississippi valley.

The period from the close of the Mexico war to the outbreak of the war between the states was in all respects similar to the period preceding the former contest. The dragoons were on Indian duty in the West. Headquarters were moved to Fort Union, New Mexico Territory, in 1854, and with that as a base of operations, companies of the command operated against hostile Indians all the way from the Rio Grande to the Canadian border, on the one hand; and from the Mississippi to the Pacific on the other. Engagements with the Ute, Apache, Navajo, Spokane, and other Indians are recorded.

At the outbreak of the Civil war the designation of the command was changed from "First Regiment of Dragoons" to "First Regiment of Cavalry," without any change of internal organization or shifting of personnel other than what was necessary for expansion to war strength.

During the latter part of 1861, the regiment, less Companies D and G, was transferred from the Pacific coast to Washington, D. C., to become a part of the line of Union defenses around that city. And while the regiment, minus its two companies, was taking part in various tactical movements around the Federal Capital, the two companies left in the West were making history.

In January, 1862, they acted as escort for General Canby; on February 19, Company D engaged Confederate troops in a skirmish near Fort Craig; the two companies took part in the battle of Valverde on February 21; and Company D took part in engagements at Pigeon's Ranch, March 30; Albuquerque, April 25; and Peralta, April 27. In June, 1863, the two companies were broken up, the officers and noncommissioned officers being transferred to Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania. There the two units were reorganized and joined the regiment at Camp Bu ford, Maryland, October, 1863.

From this time until the end of the war, the First regiment was destined to see action on many fronts, tramping many miles up and down the valleys of the Mississippi, and finally to be present at the closing scene at Appomattox in April, 1865. It was attached to Sheridan's famous cavalry corps which on the march and in the attack was second only to Jackson's in point of swiftness.

When "Little Phil" swung around Richmond the First cavalry was with him, taking part in the following engagements: Beaver Dam station, Yellow Tavern, Meadow Bridge, Mechanicsville, Tunstall's station, Hawe's Shop, and Old Church. Other important engagements in which the command took part were Cold Harbor, Peninsula Campaign, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Petersburg, and Appomattox.

After the surrender of both Lee and Johnston, the regiment returned to Washington, escorting General Sherman, and was present for the "Great Review" on May 24 and 25, 1865, when 65,000 of the victorious troops paraded through the streets of the city.

Almost immediately thereafter the command left for the South to aid in the work of reconstruction, taking station in the vicinity of New Orleans. There it remained until December, 1865,

when it left for California, via the Isthmus of Panama. It took station at the Presidio of San Francisco on January 22, 1866.

From this time until the outbreak of the war with Spain in 1898, the regiment remained in the West, scouting and fighting Indians from the Pacific coast to Oklahoma, its duties practically the same as they had been during the interval between the Mexican and Civil wars. Engagements were fought with every important tribe of red men—and at times the troopers were even engaged in rounding up horse thieves who practiced their trade along the Rio Grande.

In the Spanish-American war, the regiment took part in the Battle of Santiago, and later rendered a glorious account of itself in the Philippines during the insurrections.

Since the war with Spain, the command has soldiered extensively in the Philippine Islands and the western United States. It was on border duty during 1910, 1911, and 1912. Its service during the period has been generally without striking historical significance, but the organization has nevertheless occupied an important place in our national defense system. In the performance of its routine garrison duty and on maneuvers, it has upon many occasions drawn the praise of high commanders and inspectors.

After the sad ceremony which took place at Fort D. A. Russell, this historic regiment was transferred to Fort Knox, Ky., to become a part of the mechanized force of the army which for some time has been experimenting at Fort Eustis, Va., with the latest developments in tanks and armored cars. This was in line with the War department's desire to maintain the cavalry in its role as the fastest-moving fighting force and it was believed that it could best be done by replacing horses with high-speed cars.

This does not necessarily mean, however, that the cavalry charger will be entirely eliminated from our military establishment of the future. In fact, it would appear from a study of past experience that there will always be special situations in which the mounted soldier will be needed. Man and horse can get through and gain information when other means are blocked. The airplane is helpless in a fog, for instance. Nor can thoroughly effective reconnaissance be accomplished without the aid of the horse in exceedingly mountainous terrain. All this would indicate the retention of the horse for some military purposes and that mounted troops, in smaller numbers, will be available for scouting, at any rate.

In the broader field of tactical usefulness, however, the horse cannot compete with the newer mechanical weapons. The speeding armored car, for ground reconnaissance, can cover much greater distances in quicker time.

With the development of more effective weapons, the horse has lost its "shock power" in operating against either mounted or dismounted enemies. There are too many machine guns, automatic rifles and quick firing artillery guns to permit such close contact, and the horse offers a larger target than the man on foot. Gas, too, is a potent weapon against the horse. It is too expensive to completely cover an animal with gas-proof cloth and there are gases now which inflict deep burns at the slightest exposure.

Ever since the British launched the first landships or "tanks" (as they were originally named to mislead spies) many military experts have been looking toward a mechanized cavalry, mounted on mechanical steeds, still carrying on its traditional roles of distant reconnaissance, pursuit, surprise attack and last-minute reserve, but covering more ground in less time, striking with more force and power and with fewer risks and greater protection than the horse offered.

But the World war tanks were incapable of carrying out such assignments. Some power they enjoyed, but mobility, the prime essential of cavalry, they lacked. The light tank, for instance, maneuvered across country at the rate of three to four miles an hour. After ten miles it ran out of gasoline, and, what was even worse, it usually had to go back to the shop for overhaul after a comparatively short trip. The heavy tank, carrying the tremendous weight of 44 tons, lumbered along at a maximum rate of five and a half miles an hour, and often bogged down in its own tracks.

Today, however, the ordnance department has given the American fighting forces a light experimental tank capable of operating on the road at 25 miles an hour, across country at 18 miles an hour; 60 miles on one filling of gasoline, and more than 2,000 miles before major overhaul becomes necessary. And all this has been accomplished without increasing the light tank of seven and a half tons by a single pound.

Besides tanks and vehicles of its type, a mechanized force calls for armored cars, wheeled vehicles armored and armed with machine guns only. For long-distance reconnaissance, patrols and raids, such vehicles are held indispensable, and the time may not be far distant when they will replace entirely that faithful companion of our troopers, the cavalry charger, who helped push back the frontier in the conquest of America.

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Howe About:

Spending Public Money
One Critic's End
O. O. McIntyre

By ED HOWE

A MAN growled at me lately because I so frequently denounce river improvement. "Look at the Rhine," he said; "improvement has undoubtedly been profitable there." And I replied: "The Germans have been practically using the Rhine more than fifty years. I have lived on the Missouri river longer than that, seen money wasted on its improvement every year, and not a single steamboat. That's what I grumble about: the American plan of spending public money, and getting nothing out of it."

The most merciless critic I ever knew—and I may add, the ablest—has been a charge on the county many years as an inmate of the poor house . . . And not one of those he criticised so severely is in the poor house with him. There was a dull man named Lem Whalen the critic was particularly severe with, but Lem kept at work in his dull way, and is now a leading citizen.

A lesson with which I have been greatly impressed is that everything worth while requires hard work and enthusiasm, no man can succeed at anything and be idle, shiftless and thoughtless. There is a man in New York named O. O. McIntyre who has succeeded as a writer. That he is unusual must be admitted, but it depresses me to read of his great industry. When he walks about, goes to a theater, or to a dinner, he is at work; looking for something to write about. It is said of the poor farmers that they work from sun to sun. McIntyre does it, and, in addition, works half the night.

Some one has recently written of the real Thos. A. Edison, who became so famous the entire world paid him tribute. He turns out to have been quite an ordinary man; very untidy, often unreasonable, chewing tobacco constantly and spitting wildly, but he was a great worker. He moved a bed into his shop that he might economize on the time required for rest; and had a better time working than others have playing. Good work provides the good times we hear of, and are always looking for vainly in vacations, in night clubs, at card tables and on golf fields.

I believe in a fight when it becomes necessary to effectively resent wrong. The most absurd, useless and unnatural sentence ever written was the advice to love our enemies. No one does it; no one should do it. From the beginning of time men have, on proper occasion, banded enemies for the common good, but some one (who hated his enemies) did not neglect as a literary novelty, to advise others to love them. I have never been able to understand why more than half that is written or spoken today is wrong, useless and unnatural.

The most important and profitable work a man may engage in is managing himself as efficiently as possible; intelligent endeavor to avoid harmful mistakes. A mistake is a terrible thing; a careless man may blunder into one that will punish him all his life—a mild one frequently humiliates for months or years.

A noted man named Haldane, connected with the most famous of England's universities, once wrote that the most interesting study he knew anything about was his own body. Although familiar with all the sciences, the details of which awe us so much, this highly educated man confesses no scientific experiment interests him as much, or pays as well, as study of his own body.

It is a statement that should sober the careless and illiterate.

Every day I am ashamed because the ancients knew so much I have not yet discovered. They warned us of the importance of temperance, but we have interpreted it as warning against rum; and manufactured a more villainous rum to show contempt for the nuisance of the ancients.

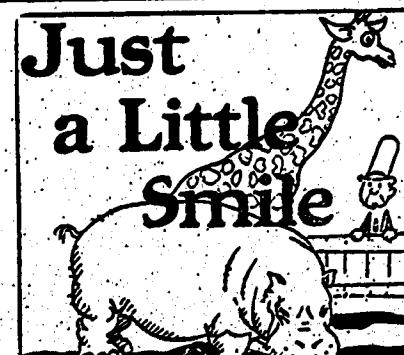
Old men are not always wise, but most apt to acquire wisdom. An old farmer, an old mechanic, an old tramp, an old doctor, has had opportunities he has sometimes taken advantage of.

I made a few resolutions for the new year, and hope to accomplish a little with some of them. I am actually a better man now than I was ten years ago, because of my poor attempts to improve; a very much better man than I was twenty, thirty or forty years ago, although still ashamed. A doctor once said to me: "The trouble with men who say they will cut down on their smoking, which would be enough, is that they never do it." I actually cut down a little on my bad habits as a result of my worthy resolves.

The African bushmen of today are said to be almost exactly like the very earliest races of men. They have no idea whatever of what we call morals, but behave better than higher peoples or nations, as a mere matter of convenience. We should all be encouraged that our earliest ancestors had so much natural sense and decency and try to get back to it.

What was the most difficult part of the civil service exam you took at the post office?

Writing with the post office pen.



WHAT ANNA WAS

A professor was telling to more or less eager ears the facts about Boccaccio and the indiscreet Anna of Aquinia.

The class was lulled by his gentle version of the affair, until he was about to close, when he said: "Anna was, you must know, a—well—if I may lapse into the extreme modern vernacular—his eyes at this point gleamed wickedly, and the class sat up—"she was," continued the professor boldly, "what I can only call—a flirt!"—Tit-Bits Magazine.

USES HIS HEAD



"I slipped, Miss Sharpe, but never fell from the balloon."

"What kept you in the air, Mr. Sappy—using your head?"

Seasoning

A sixth-grade teacher had placed a long list of words on the board, planning to teach and interpret the word "synonym."

"What is a synonym?" she asked.

All members of the class looked somewhat puzzled, but finally one hand went up.

"Well, Alice, what is a synonym?" continued the teacher.

"It's what we sprinkle on the top of coffee cake," was the answer.—Indianapolis News.

Time for Insurance

Old Man Doolittle was past ninety when he thought it was time for him to take out some life insurance. The agent told him the company couldn't accept such a risk as that—a man over ninety years of age.

"Well," squeaked the old gentleman, "if you look up your figures you'll find that mighty few people die after the age of ninety."

Going In for Beauty

Housewife—I don't like the looks of that codfish.

Storekeeper—Well, if you want looks, why don't you buy a goldfish?—Pathfinder Magazine.

Modern Problem

Susan—Tom is going to give up smoking for me.

Sarah—How old-fashioned.

Susan—No, not that. He says we can't both afford it.

Saving 'Em

O'Flaherty—Now, you've been fighting again. You've lost your two front teeth.

Son—No, I ain't, pop; I got 'em in my pocket.

IN ALL LINES



Wife—Women are to be found, let me tell you, in all kinds of business!

Hubby—Quite true—including all those that are not their own.

A Glad Time

<p

LADY BLANCHE FARM

A Romance of the Commonplace

by
Frances Parkinson Keyes.

WNU Service
Copyright by Frances Parkinson Keyes

CHAPTER XIV—Continued

—16—

"Yes, she is real peculiar. Her mother was the same. She'd go a long time without hardly openin' her head. Laura Marinin' would, and then she'd up and take the bit in her teeth—like when she named Aly, and sent Mary off to school. I've always thought Mary some like her mother. But the menfolks do seem to like her—they never show much sense in their selections. Why, I never had an offer till I was most thirty!—Blanche don't seem to pindle none, does she?"

"No, she's actually gained since she's been nursing the baby, and she said the other day she'd never be happier in her life. I can't see what all the girls in this generation, Rosalie Kling has come to visit Mrs. Weston again, and I can't see that she's changed at all. She doesn't even wear crepe—just plain black—and she says 'she should worry,' that she's hung on to her old job and got a raise at that! and that although she can't always buy the 'very latest' to wear, she's got a 'long' way from September morn'—whatever she means by that! One of her usual vulgar expressions! And yet Mrs. Weston says she knows Rosalie thought the world of that man she married. She can't have, that's all—not in the way a woman of real refinement would have cared. Why, after Martin died, I refused all nourishment—except what was absolutely necessary, of course, to keep up my strength—and lay in a dark room for weeks and never dreamed of stirring out, even after that, except to go to church and to the cemetery. My heart was buried in the grave. I'm afraid Mary has been putting some of her queer ideas into Blanche's head, for when I asked her a little while ago if hers wasn't, she said no indeed, it was all with Philip!"

"Land! Where does she think Philip is?"

"She said in Heaven. And that Heaven was anywhere, if you could only see it."

Mrs. Elliott arose, and folded her work. "Them kind of notions give me the creeps," she said uneasily. "I must be goin'."

Mary was sitting on top of Countess hill, her chin resting on her hands, looking out over the meadows. She sat very still, watching the changing light. Without understanding why, and in spite of all her grief and weariness, she felt that one of the great hours of her life had come. The beauty and peace and promise of the country suddenly seemed to overcome her, as no inanimate things had ever overcome her before. She felt, like an actual presence, the spirit of her puritan forefathers who had turned this valley from a wilderness into a garden, who had lived their simple faith as truly as they had professed it, who had fought and died, when necessary, for an ideal. She turned her head, half expecting to glimpse some heavenly vision trembling—but there was nothing to be heard, nothing to be seen, only something wonderful to be felt. She bowed her head and prayed.

It was a long time before she lifted it again. When she did, Paul, bare-headed, dressed in khaki, was standing beside her.

She sprang to her feet, shaking all over, entirely unable to speak. He was taller, thinner, paler, infinitely older and grayer, all the bloom and softness of his boyish beauty had gone. For a moment she thought—it must be—she shut her eyes, swaying and crying aloud, as she felt herself failing. Then suddenly she was upheld by a strong arm, swung quickly around her shoulder, a firm hand taking both her trembling ones in a warm and steady grasp.

"There, there," Paul was saying, as he had been speaking to a little child, and patting her arm, as he spoke. "It's all right. I didn't mean to frighten you like this. Don't, Mary. Don't cry so. Why, there is nothing to cry about! I'm all right, I'm here!"

"Can't we sit down and talk?" he asked, and drew her down beside him on the big rock, still holding her hand. Then seeing how utterly impossible it was for her to speak, he went on. "I got in on the four o'clock and walked straight up to the farm. I didn't let mother know I was coming, for I thought, if I did, she'd have the minister, or a delegation from the D. A. R. or the Wallacetown band, or maybe all three, at the station to meet me. It never occurred to me that none of my letters from the other side telling her in a general way when to expect me, would have reached her."

"Tell me," said Sirly, finding her voice at last.

"There isn't much to tell. You know what happened up to the time I was wounded. And the wound—the first one—didn't amount to anything. I was back at the front in no time. And

then I was—hurt—again, before I was taken prisoner."

"Go on."

"I was a prisoner several months, you see. I couldn't write then. Even after the armistice was signed, we weren't released right off. And then for a while, I wasn't well."

"You mean you were starving?"

"Well, I wasn't hungry, anyway!" said Paul, lightly. "But I'm all right now. And I'm home. You won't mind, will you, if I don't tell you more than this, just now? We—the men who've been there—don't like to talk about it much. Won't you say you're glad to see me? All the rest of the family has. Mother had hysterics, of course, but she was awfully glad, just the same. I couldn't help knowing that. And Blanche—well, of course

too. "Mary," he said, brokenly, "I won't, if you really don't want me to. But if you do—you won't make me wait any longer, will you? I've starved for you, too."

"You won't ever have to starve again," said Mary with a great sob, and took down her hands herself.

* * * * *

It was very late that evening, when Jane Manning, remembering that she had not "set back her chairs" against a possible storm—though there was not a cloud in the sky—went out on her plaza to "make sure everything was all right" for the night. She stopped in the middle of her pleasant task and stood stock-still. The moon shone very clear and bright and on the wide granite doorstep of her cousin's house opposite, she could see two persons—a man and a girl—standing very close together, their arms around each other. Then the man bent his head, and it was a long, long time before he lifted it again.

"Good night, sweetheart," she heard him say at last, and then saw him turn and come down the walk, his young face lighted with a radiance that did not seem to come wholly from the moon.

"Great Glory!" ejaculated Cousin Jane aloud, and without conscious profanity.

Paul heard her, stopped for a minute, and then walked rapidly toward her.

"Is that you, Cousin Jane?" he called, "fixing in the piazza? Here, let me help you!" When complete order was restored, he blocked her entrance into the house for a minute, standing with his back against the door.

"Mary is going to marry me," he said, his voice ringing like a hallelujah, "right off. We're going away for a few weeks—till I get stronger, and she gets rested—to some quiet place by the sea—And then we're coming back here to Lady Blanche's farm—coming home together. Oh, God, how happy I am!"

"I dunno I blame ye," said Cousin Jane.

His mother's house was dark, and Paul did not feel sorry. In the morning, of course, she must be told, and Mary's father—but tonight!—How ever, when he noticed a faint light shining from the upper windows of Carte Blanche, he went close to the little building and called—

"Blanche! May I come up?"

"Yes—I've been hoping you would."

She was sitting in a low rocker, nursing her baby. He crossed the room softly, and sat down on a footstool beside her.

"Mary's going to marry you," she whispered.

"How did you know?"

"How could I help knowing, looking at you? I've seen that look in a man's face before."

"Oh, you poor little thing!"

"Hush! Don't speak that way! I don't feel like that about it! And I'm so thankful—so happy—that I've seen it in yours, too."

They sat for a long time together, after the sleeping baby had been laid back in his cradle. And meanwhile, the woman who had never had a lover went slowly up to her room, and sitting down in the old chair, took up the Bible that lay near it, to read in it, as always, before she went to bed. It fell open at the last chapter of Proverbs:

"Who can find a virtuous woman," read Cousin Jane, "for her price is far above rubies. . . . Her children arise up and call her blessed. Her husband also, and he praises her. Give her the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates."

The Bible slipped from her lap, unnoticed, and Cousin Jane sat for a long time with happy tears rolling down her cheeks.

I suppose that woman in the Bible may have had her faults," she said aloud at last, "same as Mary has. I shouldn't be, mite surprised if she had a tongue and a temper and a backbone and didn't forgive and forget very easily, though Solomon doesn't mention it. Seems to me there's some likeness between the two. Mary's been faithful to the trust her dead mother left her, and denied herself to do for her father and her little brothers. She's been strong and wise enough to say 'no' to a rich man she didn't love and turn the poor, weak, shiftless boy she did, love into a fine creature that needn't be afraid to look his Maker in the face. And she hasn't shirked or nagged or complained, or boasted, while she's been doing it. She's kept herself sweet and lovely through it all. There may be better jobs for women to do than things like them, but if there is, I never heard of 'em, any more than Solomon seems to have. We've been worryin' considerable lately about the little countess' curse, and I don't deny that it seems the Almighty gives strange powers to human beings sometimes, even after they're dead. But for all that, I guess His blessing is more powerful than anything else, just the same. And I guess, too, that as long as Mary stays here, that blessing will rest on Lady Blanche's farm in the future, same as it has in the past."

(THE END)

you wouldn't know—to remember that I didn't even kiss you good-by. For I wasn't honest. I mean—it was possible—mean, I did."

Paul stood for a stupefied moment, staring at her. Then he cried aloud with joy.

"You care now!" he exclaimed. "You have cared all the time!" Then, as he tried, very gently, to take down the trembling hands with which she had suddenly covered her face, he realized that his own were shaking, too.

"Mary," he said, brokenly, "I won't, if you really don't want me to. But if you do—you won't make me wait any longer, will you? I've starved for you, too."

"You won't ever have to starve again," said Mary with a great sob, and took down her hands herself.

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(THE END)

Lavish Use of Shirring and Tucking

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



HERE is a vast amount of shirring, tucking, and we might add, braiding going on in the realm of costume design today. Every once in a while creators of our styles-beautiful do just that—delve into the past for inspiration.

This time research among fashions of yore has caused creators of our styles-beautiful to feel a strong urge to shirr or tuck or braid not only in a trimming way, but according to news from Paris some of the most successful frocks in late collections are either shirred or tucked or braided from head to foot.

The heavy sheers and chiffons which are so enthusiastically exploited for general daytime wear, respond beautifully to these treatments. The effectiveness of allover shirring is convincingly illustrated in the model shown to the left in the picture. In gray, in the new string shade, in black, navy or any of the fashionable colors, for that matter, this costume would be as successfully outstanding. Not only does it carry all the feminine graces but it is thoroughly practical and wearable.

It makes quite a difference as to what sort of a blouse is worn with this jacket suit of shirred heavy sheer. For instance the blouse shown gives it a tailored look thus toning the costume to the practical hours of the day. Substitute for this tailored satin blouse a frilly affair of lace, or match-

ing chiffon, or a net in some intriguing pastel tint and this lovely ensemble takes on the air of a most beguiling afternoon costume which is on its way to a bridge party, perhaps, or tea at some fashionable rendezvous, or a matinee, a matinee or any of the smart gatherings where guests are expected to dress pictorially to the occasion.

You'll love the other frock here pictured. Every one does at very first glancing. It is of tucked black chiffon. Its apparent simplicity is positively baffling for it is really ultra sophisticated so far as high style is concerned. The white organdie accents at neckline and sleeves are to be expected, for organdie turbulences have become a passion with fashion's followers this season. The hat is in milan. This fine straw is outstanding in latest millinery showings.

Used in a trimming way shirring and tucking are also immensely popular. Particularly do the smartest blouses show generous and decorative groups of shirrings. Then, too, the fanciful little wraps mostly of taffeta or velvet, which are more in evidence than ever, are largely a matter of intricate and novel shirrings.

As has been mentioned before, this revival of quaint trimming treatments has also brought braiding into fashion again. So much so, that many charming not evening dresses are designedly braided with soutache in self color, if not the entire frock then at least the sleeves and yoke and probably a cape effect of some sort.

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ULTRA CHIC "LINES"

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Because the millinery mode of the moment is so flexible that you may appear in practically any style that your conscience dictates, and still be in style.

You may wear shallow crowns, or deep ones. You may wear berets or wide capeline hats. You may wear seve sailors or Turkish fezzes.

It's all agreeable to the style dictators. For they're presenting models in every one of these groups. And each one is new, they say, and correct.

The new high-back cloche toques are smart—especially one of black felt with a stitched cuff of black silk shantung, a self-bow and a scroll-patterned veil.

For your sports things, you'll want one of the new casual brimmed hats of ballinut.

Women Now Have Yen for Fancy Striped Suitings

Men's wear houses are surprised to see how many of their fancy striped men's suitings are ordered for women's suits. Flannel flannels and pinhead checks with plain companions are best sellers for the tailored spring suit. In these, mannish oxf

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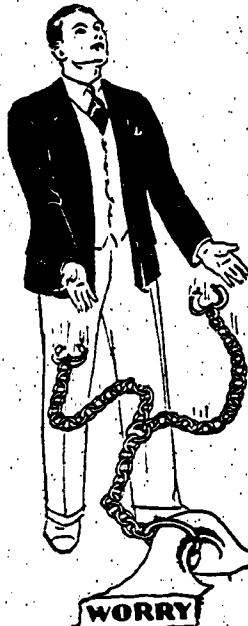
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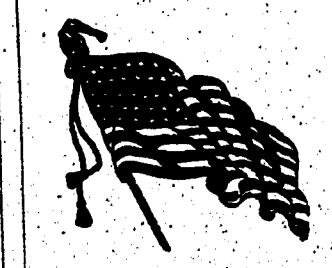
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"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression"

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

What Has Happened and Will Take Place Within Our Borders

Miss Margaret Scott is spending a week with relatives in Boston and vicinity.

Herbert A. Warren has been in Boston and vicinity for a couple of days, called there on business matters.

Arthur J. Kelley, proprietor of Maplehurst Inn, is the local representative of the Boston real estate firm of Chamberlain & Burnham.

Wanted—Your orders for Pure Maple Syrup, \$2.00 a gallon; quality guaranteed. Fred L. Proctor, Antrim, Tel. 18-3. Adv.

Read the new adv. of C. F. Butterfield, on this page to-day; you are reminded here of many of the different lines of goods he carries.

Arthur L. Prescott, who is attending Mount Hermon Preparatory School at Mount Hermon, Mass., is at his home here this week, for the Spring vacation.

C. Frank Downes, who is spending the winter months with relatives in Milford, was in town on Monday. He had some necessary business to attend to, and also called on friends.

Fred L. Proctor will operate the Perkins sugar lot, in Windsor, this year, as he did a year ago. At this time, owing to the quantity of snow and heavy crust, working the orchard is extremely difficult.

Dance at Grange hall, Antrim Center, every Friday night until further notice, beginning Friday, March 31. Transportation will be furnished from Antrim village. Admission 25 cents. Music by Dearborn's orchestra. Adv.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Butcher have returned to their home and business here, after spending several weeks in Boston. During their absence the Main Street Soda Shop was closed. The store now opened in its several department, and business has again been resumed. An advertisement of the Main Street Soda Shop appears on the first page of today's Reporter.

Mrs. Mary J. Wheeler

Who has made her home at the Highlands for the past ten years, died suddenly at her home on Sunday evening, at about 10:30 o'clock, after retiring for the night. She was 69 years of age. She was in her usual health on Sunday, and nothing unusual was known till a strange noise attracted her son-in-law, Edward Coughlan, and on going to her room found her spirit had made its flight. For the past few months her health had not been quite as good as formerly.

Decedent was a resident of Manchester for a number of years before coming to Antrim. Besides the son-in-law, with whom she made her home, she is survived by one sister, a resident of Candia, and one son, residing in Lunenburg, Mass.

Funeral services were held today, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, from St. Patrick's church, in Bennington, and burial will be in Mt. Calvary cemetery.

Hair-Dressing and Beauty Culture

Featuring the "Aristocrat" Permanent Wave

One of the Best

"Our Beauty Shoppe"
Cor. West St. and Jameson Ave.
Phone 66 Antrim, N. H.

Rev. R. H. Tibbals Preaches Sermon on "Why Go To Church?"

Continued from page one

Criticism of the church is one of the cheapest and easiest of pastimes. Very often men refuse to attend church because of some other person or persons who attend, whom they do not like. But they do not refuse to go to the store, the bank or the postoffice, or any other place where they may have business because the same persons frequent these places. Why pick out the church to criticize? This conversation is said to have been overheard one day in a hotel lobby: "I have given up going to church. There are too many hypocrites there." "Oh, don't let that prevent you . . . there's room for one more." Have you ever observed that there are a great many more hypocrites outside the church than inside? Yet its critics seem to prefer the company of the larger group.

Let us confess freely that there are things about church as we know it that are not right, plenty that are unworthy of the Christian name, many that are contrary to the spirit of Jesus. Yet the critic should agree to be himself criticized. He often needs to be reminded that his viewpoint is restricted, and that his snap judgments often evidence a lack of knowledge of the church, as it is attempting to carry on today. It should make for reasonableness in criticism to remember that the church is composed of folks . . . ordinary human folks. Therefore imperfection is inevitable. The church has necessarily within its membership many types of folks, the strong and the weak, the wise and the foolish, the trained and the untrained, and generous and the selfish. All these are seeking to lead to a higher type of spirit and conduct . . . to likeness to Jesus Christ.

Why go to church? Said Theodore Roosevelt: "In this actual world, a churchless community, a community where men have abandoned and scoffed at or ignored their religious needs, is a community on the rapid down grade." Yes, if you would vote for the best interests of your community, go to church, and go regularly. A family once said: "Yes, we think the church is necessary, but we have not attended for weeks." They were By-standers. Such people do not help the church. Another family said: "Yes, we believe in the church. We never miss a meeting except for sickness." They were Stand-byers . . . the sort that make possible the church's continuance. Which are you?

Another reason why I believe men should go to church is to worship God. Jesus did that. The secret of his marvelous and unique personality was his contact with God. To maintain that contact he found church-going exceedingly important. Our text emphasizes the fact that it was his habit to attend the synagogue worship on the sabbath. We too need contact with God. For the Christian, this example of Jesus should have much weight. He regularly attended upon the worship of God. And he was wise. If we were wiser we would follow this example of his more faithfully. Perhaps beyond all other needs of our lives, we need the consciousness of God, the sense of his reality, and of his presence in this, his world; his presence with us. You may be even questioning his existence, as so many are today. Or you may be questioning whether he is interested in human affairs at all. You need to be assured by his Spirit, manifested to you. Go to church! A man says, "God can be worshipped at home or in the country, just as well as in the church." Granted, but how often does the man who makes this excuse worship him there? Said Theodore Roosevelt: "I know that one can worship the Creator in a grove of trees, or by a running brook, or in a man's own house, just as well as in a church. But I also know as a matter of cold fact the average man does not thus worship." Yes, it is possible for one to worship God in his home, led by some outstanding Christian preacher and choir, which he hears by radio; and for many shut-ins this is an inestimable privilege and blessing; but it can never fill the place of gathering in church with others who are seeking God, and unitedly engaging in a service of worship. Something is lacking . . . the united spirit and attitude of a group of folks worshipping. And this is important. It is an aid to the consciousness of the presence of Him they worship. Regular church attendance will accumulate no merit to commend you to God; but if you make it your habit, you will be in the way to discover God for yourself, and thus to find the satisfaction of all your deepest needs.

"You can worship in your homes Sunday. But you don't. You can worship God in the woods and in the fields. But you don't. You can worship God in a different church every Sunday. But you don't. You can worship God by sending the children to Sunday School and stay at home yourself. But you don't. You can worship God by coming to church with the children. But do YOU?"

This is a question that every parent in Antrim may well ask himself. Another reason I believe men should go to church is to seek help for daily living. Multitudes of honest men and women confess that they go to church because they feel deeply the need of guidance, comfort and strength, which they gain only from Him who is wiser and stronger than men. A few may be able to ignore the problem of suffering, because not yet have they been obliged to suffer. They have found life fair and beautiful. Pain has passed them by. Sorrow has not yet come to them. To them, as to Browning's little Pippa, "God's in his heaven and all's right with the world." Should such folk be congratulated? Who knows? Perhaps they should; perhaps not. One thing we know . . . even Fritz Kreisler can bring music out of his violin only because its strings are twisted until they tremble almost at the breaking point. Certainly most of the spiritual giants of the race have known such elements of suffering and tragedy as had a part in shaping Socrates, Francis of Assisi, Savonarola and Abraham Lincoln. Beyond and above them all stands Jesus, who is brought close to us by the fact that he suffered. Most of us know the face of suffering. Often we need to go to church to find him who gives comfort and strength. "People have been aptly compared to stoves intended to radiate heat, but bound to get cold unless fresh supplies of fuel are provided; or again to storage batteries holding enough energy for just so much work and then needing to be connected anew with a dynamo. Most of us recognize the exhaustion of our energies, not only physically, but spiritually and morally. We need renewal. The church helps us there."

We should go to church to find our place in the rebuilding of life, wherever it is broken down. Christ offers a remedy for broken lives. We should be applying it. Hunger, sickness, ignorance, suffering are all about us. We ought to share it. It ought to be our joy to have a part in the life and service of an institution whose Founder suggested that inasmuch as folk minister to the very least of the race, they do it unto Him.

There is always help in the church for him who seeks in sincerity; the assurance of pardon, the fellowship of worship and service, the encouragement and power of united prayer. Help may be sent forth from the sanctuary, but we shall be much more certain to receive it if we go to the sanctuary. You will discover its meaning only in the light God sheds abroad in his world, which shines most brightly in his sanctuary. Go to church to gain strength for your tasks and temptations. This you will find only through personal experience of God, which you will be most likely to discover in his church. With the stress of many conflicting influences upon us, some good, some bad; is there one who does not need the steady, encouraging, enduring influences that radiate from the church of Jesus Christ? Go to church also to give help to others. Those who, like yourself, are seeking God, the fellowship of a common purpose and a common goal is of great value in discovering the truth. There are many who need your help . . . just the help that your presence and participation in the common worship will bring them. Some of them are almost hopeless. They are looking to you. Let nothing keep you away from the church or your choice; for in these days particularly others need you.

"As his custom was," Jesus sought the house of prayer. Does not his example challenge us today? Despite all the criticisms you can urge, you believe in the church. You would feel infinitely poorer without it. Then do your best to support it. Be in your place whenever the opportunity is yours! Seek God in his sanctuary! and you will not seek in vain. Seek in the church that help for your daily needs that will enable you to live victoriously. And through your sharing in the common worship, contribute your share to the common worship, contribute your share to the common faith and inspiration to carry on.

Legislature Notes

Continued from page one

of fermented malt liquor and light wines in New Hampshire did so because of a belief that as soon as a bill permitting the traffic of liquor in this State had passed, beer would again flow as plentifully as in the days before the prohibitory law was passed in 1917. Some of these misguided (?) ones are now beginning to understand that there is another, and equally important, step to be taken, viz., to put the matter up to the voters of the State through a referendum or its equivalent. If, by any chance, the voters of New Hampshire should decide that they were not yet ready to cast aside prohibition, then all the work that has been done thus far by the legislators, would have been in vain.

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.

Mrs. Mary E. Burnham is sick.
We do not hear so much about State
rights as we did awhile ago.

Miss Burbank, of Arlington, Mass.,
was here on Sunday.

A daughter was born to Mr. and
Mrs. Champney, one day last week.

Miss Winnifred Champney is at
home from Northfield, Mass., for a
short vacation.

Mrs. Alice Weeks is with Mrs.
Ruel Cram for a while, as Mrs. Cram
is not quite well as yet.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Allan Gerrard
have entertained the prevailing cold,
but are reported better.

Mrs. Lawrence Parker is having a
seizure with grippe cold; she was un-
able to attend the inspection.

Stephen Chase has moved to the
Chase farm with his family; he will
begin work on his own house soon as
possible.

Mrs. J. W. Logan has a silver tea
this Wednesday afternoon, at two
o'clock, for the benefit of the Wom-
an's Club.

It seems the section crew, of which
Guy Keyser had charge, has been
taken off, so Mr. Keyser is looking
elsewhere for work. Of course, this
means their living where the work is,
and we hope it will be so they may
continue their residence here.

There seems to be plenty of amuse-
ment in town, with public card parties,
jig-saw puzzles, and basket ball nearly
every night last week. This week
Tuesday evening, the 28th, a play
came from Weare, under the auspices
of the S. of V. Auxiliary, sharing
50-50 on the receipts.

The Woman's Club listened to an
interesting talk by Rev. J. W. Logan;
the roads being in such a condition
that Mrs. Larrabee could not get down
from the Antim Center hills. The at-
tendance here was only sixteen. It was
voted to begin the meetings in Sep-
tember and close in June, thus adding
two months to the year's meetings.

The Woman's Club, under the di-
rection of Mrs. Gertrude Ross, as
chairman of the Ways and Means Com-
mittee, is sponsoring a series of silver
teas. Mrs. Flossie Newton enter-
tained with two tables of whist on
Monday, the 20th. Last Thursday,
Mrs. Vasser entertained nineteen ladies;
some played whist, some worked
on jig-saw puzzles, and others had
their sewing. These are pleasant oc-
casions and also bring in some money.

The Sons of Union Veterans Auxiliary
was inspected by the Department Inspect-
or, Mrs. Rogers of Troy, Monday night
of last week. Many visitors were present,
among them Senior Vice Commander
Blackmun of Nashua, who served in the
Union Army. Born in 1844 he is still ac-
tive, and heartily enjoys the patriotic
gatherings.

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.

Painting and Paperhanging

General Building Maintenance

1933 Wall Paper Samples

Day or Job Work — Low Rates

HARRY W. BROWN

P.O. Box 24, Bennington, N. H.

ANTRIM POST OFFICE

**Mail Schedule in Effect Septem-
ber 26, 1932**

Going South		Leave Station
6:39 a.m.		6:54 a.m.
9:58 a.m.		10:13 a.m.
4:00 p.m.		4:15 p.m.
Going North		
7:20 a.m.	7:35 a.m.	
3:28 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, March 30

Prayer and Praise Service at 7:30
p.m. Topic: "Like Christ In His
Self-Denial." Romans, 15: 1-3, 7.

The members of Session will meet
at the close of this service.

Friday, March 31.

Mission study class meets with Miss
Anna Duncan at 3 p.m.

Sunday, April 2.

Morning worship at 10:45 o'clock.
The Lord's Supper will be adminis-
tered at this service.

Bible school at 12 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal

Rev. John P. Brooks, Pastor

Sunday, April 2.

10:45, Morning worship. Sermon:
"The Three on the Cross." The sec-
ond in a series of three pre-Easter
meditations.

12:00, Sunday school.

A meeting to plan an Easter pro-
gram is called to meet Saturday, at
5 p.m., at Mrs. Roeder's home. Sun-
day school teachers compose the com-
mittee.

Baptist

Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor

Thursday, March 30

Church Prayer Meeting 7:30 p.m.
Topic: "A Savior to Service." John
12: 20-36.

Sunday, April 2.

Morning worship at 10:45. The pas-
tor will preach on "Jesus' Triangle
of Love."

Church school at 12 o'clock.

Crusaders at 4:30 o'clock.

Y.P.S.C.E. at six o'clock in this
church. Topic: "Can and Should We
Love all Men. Even Our Enemies?"
Matt. 5: 43-48. Leader, Wallace Ny-
lander. This is the monthly Consécra-
tion meeting. An offering will be re-
ceived.

Union evening service, at 7 o'clock;
in this church.

Little Stone Church on the Hill

Antrim Center

Rev. J. W. Logan, Pastor

Sunday School at 9 a.m.

Sunday morning worship at 9:45.

For Sale

One new Webster's Unabridged Dic-
tionary of recent issue; one volume;
indexed; buckram binding; with all
the latest words. Will be sold rea-
sonable.

Also, one pair McKay Auto Chains;
Balloon Tires, 31x3.25 size; never
been used. Will be sold right.

Apply at

REPORTER OFFICE
Antrim, N. H.

A Prohibition Story in Verse!

(This is not original; we don't know
who was the author; it was taken from
an exchange):

The horse and mule live thirty years.
They never taste light wine and beers!
Sheep and goats are dead at twenty.
They drink no likker—water plenty!
At fifteen dogs are mostly dead.
They look not on the wine that's red.
At ten the cat's lost all nine lives.
No beast on milk and water thrives!
At five most birds have passed away.
Far, far from alcohol they stay!
Bugs spend but few days on this earth.
They never know the cocktail's worth.
But evil, wicked, rum soaked men
Live on to three score years and ten!

**Weekly News of Interest From
a Few Towns Surrounding Antrim****FRANCESTOWN**

A call has been sent out by Rev.
Albert T. Hill, of Wilton, clerk of the
Hillsborough Association of Congre-
gational-Christian churches, for the
Association to meet at an ecclesi-
astical council for installation at the

First Congregational church of Fran-
cestown on March 31. The council
will examine Rev. Walter Priest
Brockway, who has been called to the

Francesstown pastorate, and if deemed
expedient will install him as pastor
of the church. Beside churches of the
Hillsborough Association, invitations

have been sent the Union Congre-
gational church of Francestown,
and Rev. Andrew V. McCracken, of
Concord. The meeting for the exam-
ination of Mr. Brockway and the ser-
vice of installation are open to the

GREENFIELD

Rev. and Mrs. Richard Carter and lit-
tle son George recently enjoyed a few
days in Boston.

E. J. Fletcher has been in Nashua
visiting at the home of Mrs. Dudley, and
also visited friends in Boston.

Mrs. Jerry Watson enjoyed a few days
at Durham where she attended the Lec-
ture School of Instruction for the Grange.

Greenfield Grange conferred the
Fourth Degree on Tuesday evening for
the inspection of Deputy Boynton of East
Jaffrey.

The play, "Valiant Hector," given at
the town hall by members of the Wide
Awake Club, was a pleasing success.



This is beautiful auburn-haired Lilian Bond, graduate of the revues of London and New York, who won the feminine lead in Columbia's "Fever," starring Jack Holt, after competing in tests against almost a dozen longer-tried and better known girls. The locale of this melodrama is laid in the jungles of Java.

A DOLLAR'S WORTH

Clip this coupon and mail it with \$1 for a six weeks' trial subscription to

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

Published by THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PUBLISHING SOCIETY,
Canton, Mass., U. S. A.

In it you will find the daily good news of the world from its 750 special
writers, as well as departments devoted to women's and children's interests,
sports, music, finance, education, radio, etc. You will be glad to welcome
Miss Sibbs, Our Dog, and many other features.

For a six weeks' trial subscription, I enclose one dollar (\$1).

(Name, please print)

(Address)

(Town) (State)

DVERTISE**In THE REPORTER**

And Get Your Share of the Trade.

**For the
Children's Sake**

By FANNIE HURST
(c) by McClure-Perry Syndicate.
CWNW Service)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then one night Donald came home
drunk.

With her heart in her mouth Ann
greeted this suddenly strange, horror-
filled companion of hers and made up
her mind to fight a valiant fight with
him and nip in the bud the possibility
of a return to his habits of debauchery.

There were tears and reconcilia-
tion after that dreadful night. But
something had snapped in Donald.

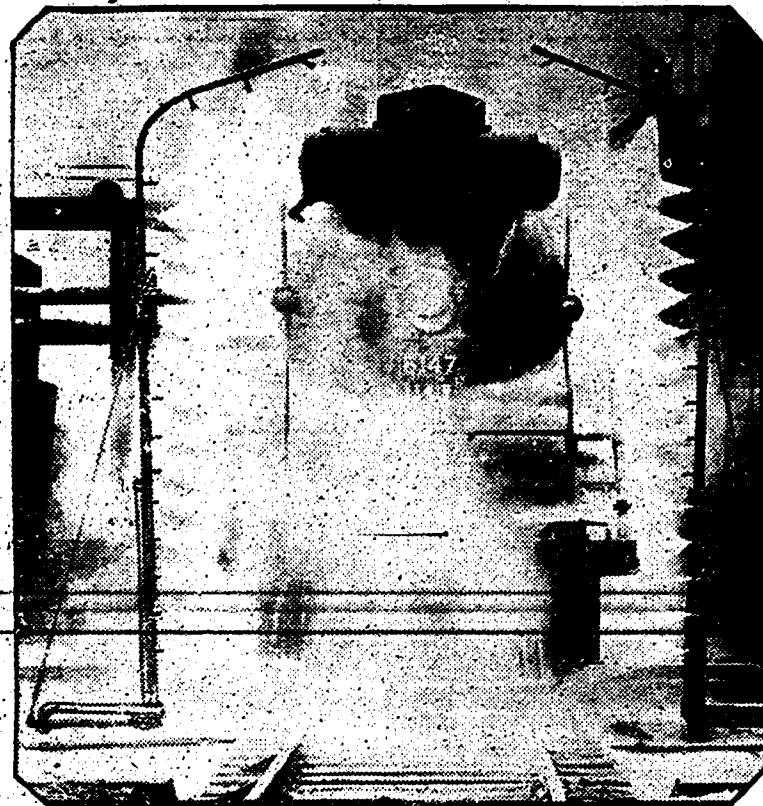
Not only did the drinking continue,
but Donald became untrue and faith-
less to Ann in the most flagrant and
offensive sense of the word.

Poor Ann! sometimes she was
obliged to hold her head up and pre-
tend not to be scared with instant when
those companions of Donald's passed
her with him on the very streets of
the city in which they lived.

The next five years of her life be-
came a nightmare.

It was Ann's horror, it was Ann's

Shower Baths for Locomotives



The compulsory shower bath method used at modern swimming pools has been adopted by the Canadian National railways for cleaning passenger locomotives. The locomotive is moved to and fro through a gate composed of strong spouting jets of water, as shown in the above photograph. Locomotives are given a thorough shower bath after every run. It has been found that in addition to adding to their appearance, this regular washing of locomotives also adds to their life.

WHITE HOUSE AGAIN SEES KIDS AT PLAY

Grandchildren of Roosevelt Make Things Lively.

Washington.—The ring of child laughter through the White House heard but seldom since the departure of the family of Theodore Roosevelt many years ago, again will resound as another Roosevelt settles down to residence there for four years.

Although the Franklin D. Roosevelt children are grown, the youngest being nearly eighteen, grandsons and granddaughters can be counted on to furnish much "copy" of the kind that convulsed the nation when their distant cousins occupied the limelight.

Three of President and Mrs. Roosevelt's children are married. All of them are rearing families.

Mrs. Anna Roosevelt Dall, the blond daughter who will spend a great deal of her time at the White House, has two children, a girl and a boy.

James Roosevelt, who married Betsy Cushing of Boston, is the father of Sara Delano Roosevelt.

Elliott Roosevelt, whose wife was Elizabeth Donner of Philadelphia, is the father of William Donner Roosevelt, better known to the family as "Young Bill."

Two Still Infants.

The Dall children will be the only ones who will be able to romp and play for some time to come as the other two are still in the baby stage.

Of the former, there is Anna Eleanor, known to everyone as "Sister." The boy, Curtis Roosevelt Dall, is best known as "Buzzie."

They are nicknames that grew out of the pronunciation of each other's names by the little sister and brother.

Sister and Buzzie are frequent visitors at Hyde Park and to the Roosevelt home in New York city.

Little Anna Eleanor, who resembles her mother, already is showing a fondness for outdoor sports so characteristic of the Roosevelts. At five and a half she rides a saddle pony very well. She also is showing great aptitude for swimming.

Sara Delano Roosevelt, the daugh-

Spring Clothes



Novelty fabrics and color, these are the keynotes of our spring clothes for big and little. To add to their charms, let it be with a little, and very little, handwork, for simplicity is the season's yardstick writes Carolyn T. Radnor-Lewis in Child Life Magazine. The new gingham dresses pictured above have attached pleated skirt and separate blouse; the sleeves brief puffs or long; and a straight-from-the-shoulder model, pleated in front, sleeve in back, cap or wrist length, yoke. The panties are separate.

STAYING PUT

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

The minister, he was telling us, had approached Stanley with the idea that he might become actively identified with the church, but Stanley could not see it that way. "The quarrel that I have with the church," Stanley explained, "is that you never know where to find it. It is always changing its point of view. This year it emphasizes one thing, and, before you know it, it is taking an altogether different stand. If it would settle down to something definite and stay there it might make an appeal to me. I'd like it to stay put."

The very thing that Stanley was complaining about revealed the life and progress of the church. When business or science or religion stands still, they are soon dead as a door nail. The hope of religion is that it does make progress, that it does throw off its old methods and its archaic dogmas and get a new light and a new vision.

Stanley is a very much up-to-date business man whose standing in the community and among his business associates is not questioned. Does he do business as he did forty years ago when he started in? He does not. If you want to know where to find him just push to the front ranks and you'll discover him there. Strange that he shouldn't expect the church to make the same progress, or use the same methods.

They were tearing down the great buildings on Lake street as I passed along that avenue not long ago. Well constructed buildings they were, too, and put up within my memory, and on the cleared ground there would shortly be erected something far

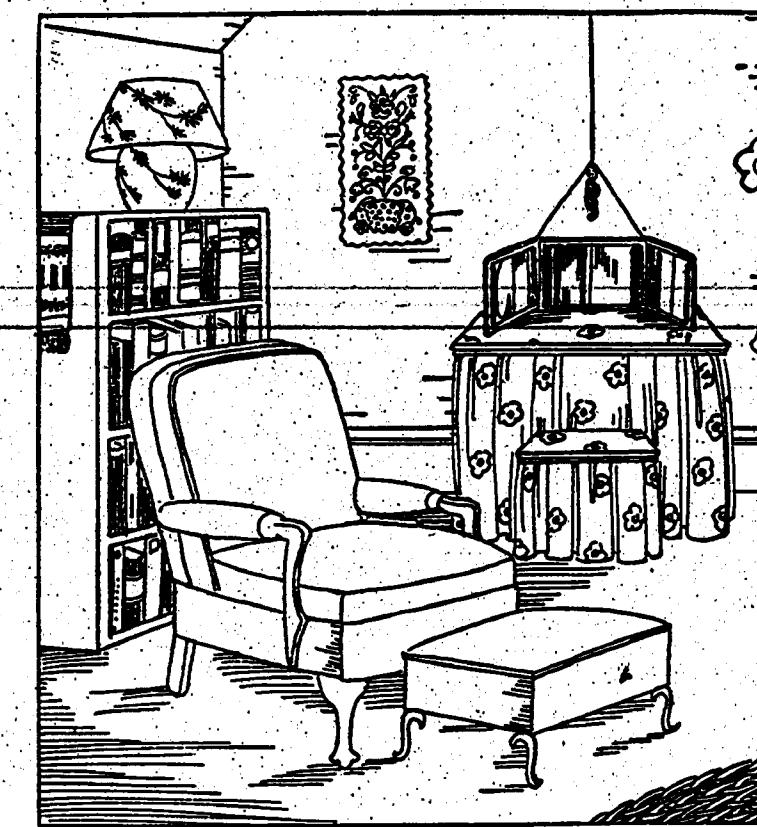
The Household

By LYDIA LE BARON WALKER

The reclaiming of rooms through changed decoration is something which at one time or another fails to the lot of almost every home decorator. This is especially true where homes are houses rather than apartments, although even the flat dweller has to

a mirror positioned above it. Wed the top of the box and cover it with chintz. Tack gathered or pleated lengths of the same textile along edges so that they fall in graceful folds to the floor. A bench can be made in this same way to form the seat before the dressing table. This style of furnishing is much in vogue today, so no appearance of economy is suggested.

Boxes can be transformed into book cases for den or living room, by supplying the boxes with shelves. These can rest on large screw-eyes at back



A Bookcase, Dressing Table and Bench, and Footstool, All of Which Any Woman Can Make by Following Directions Given.

HEAVY BOOK DEMAND
The 1931 reports from public libraries in 44 cities of over 200,000 population and over show that more than 1,000,000 new borrowers have been added to their lists in two years, and that the annual circulation jumped from 130,000,000 in 1929, to 157,000,000 in 1931. If similar gains have been made in smaller cities and towns and in county libraries, as the untabulated reports appear to indicate, then more than 2,000,000 new library borrowers were added to library lists between 1929 and 1931. Carl H. Milian, Secretary, American Library Association.



POISON in Your bowels!

Poisons absorbed into the system from souring waste in the bowels, cause that dull, headache, sluggish, bilious condition; coat the tongue; foul the breath; sap energy, strength and nerve-force. A little of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsi will clear up trouble like that, gently, harmlessly, in a hurry. The difference it will make in your feelings over night will prove its merit to you.

Dr. Caldwell studied constipation for over forty-seven years. This long experience enabled him to make his prescription just what men, women, old people and children need to make their bowels help themselves. Its natural, mild, thorough action and its pleasant taste command it to everyone. That's why "Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsi," as it is called, is the most popular laxative drugstores sell.

Dr. W. B. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN A Doctor's Family Laxative

MEN, WOMEN demonstrate ultra-violet quality lamp. Exceptionally attractive unit containing the nationally known item. Just fitting direct selling field. Territory virgin. Write immediately.

"HEALTH" RAY MFG. CO. Dept. B, 342 West 14th St. - New York

"SUPERFLUOUS HAIR VANISHES" as you apply Dipilatone compact by circular motion. Safe, cannot burn, no postpaid. Literature free. Dipilatone Co., 199 Townsend St., Boston, Mass.

MEN, WOMEN WANTED—Introduce Prof. It Shaving System easily. Price \$1.00 quickly; no canvassing. M. PUTZIGER, 832 Lancaster Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.

When Children get Out-of-Sorts
Fretful, "peevish" young-ones who eat too much sweets or rich food often develop worms and constipation.

Dr. True's Elixir Laxative Worm Expeller



Mrs. Connelley's Daughter
"My neighborhood druggist recommended Dr. True's Elixir to me. . . I purchased a bottle and gave some to my little girl. I consider it unequalled as a children's laxative, regulator and worm expeller, and recommend it to all mothers."

Mrs. H. W. Connelley, 18 Franklin Ct., Malden.

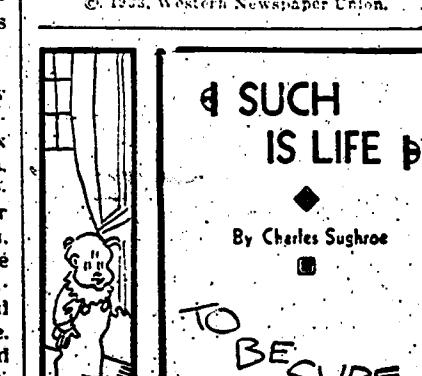
Signs of Worms . . . Constipation, deranged stomach, swollen upper lip, offensive breath, hard and full stomach.

Successfully used for 51 years.

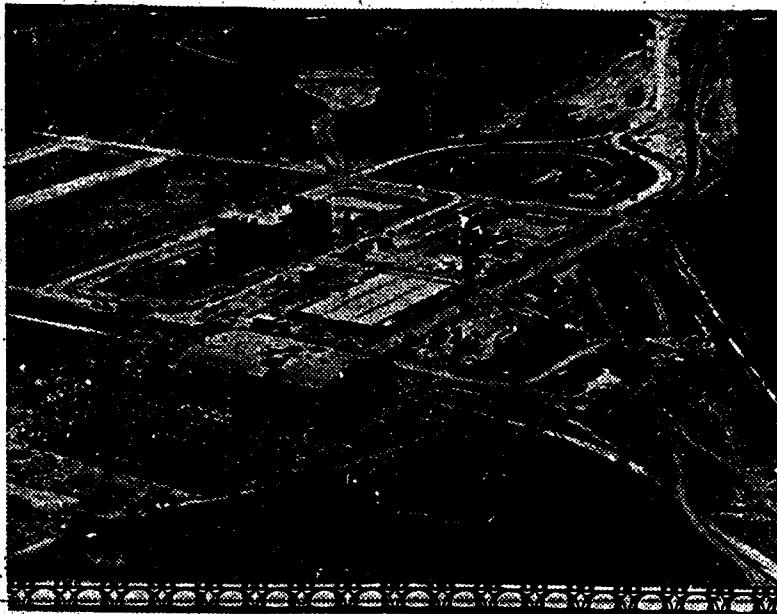
Kidneys bother you?

Need promptly bladder irregularities getting up at night and causing backache. They 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 FOR THE KIDNEYS



Newest Flying Field of the Army



Here is an air view of Hamilton field at the Marin county bombing base of the army in California, showing it nearly completed with paved streets, lights installed and quarters ready for the officers. The hangar will house 16 bombing planes.

Science Handicaps Modern Mutineers

Sea Rebels Find Good Old Days Gone Forever.

Washington.—The crew of the Dutch battleship, De Zeven Provincien, discovered to its sorrow that mutiny is not what it used to be in the good old days of square riggers and uncharted seas. In protest against a proposed wage cut, the ship was seized by its crew at Kutaraja, Sumatra, and put out to sea while the commander was on shore. Twentieth-century science, however, weighed the balance unfairly against the rebels, and after a five-day race through the Indian ocean, they were brought to swift surrender by one seaplane and a single hundred-pound bomb. But the ship was chased by a squadron which numbered not less than two destroyers, one cruiser, two submarines, one mine-layer, six seaplanes, a cable ship, and a tug.

"Other mutinies occurring in recent years appear to have met with greater success only because they were organized as the concerted action of an entire fleet," says a bulletin from the National Geographic Society. "During the winter of 1916-17 mutiny broke out in the German fleet, disorders were quelled with difficulty, and in October, 1918, the whole fleet refused to sail as ordered. They remained in revolt until the end of the World war, surrendering at Scapa Flow, following the armistice."

The year 1931 witnessed two "peaceful mutinies." The British fleet and the Chilean navy each went on strike against reductions in pay, forcing their respective governments to meet the demands of the men. Once before the British fleet had found this method successful in the naval mutinies of 1797, during the Napoleonic wars.

Russia's Fleet Ran Amuck.

During the counter-revolution in Russia following the Russo-Japanese war, serious mutinies occurred in both army and navy. The battleship Potemkin, stationed in the Black sea, raised the red flag after a bloody struggle in which most of her officers were killed. She was joined shortly afterward by the sailors of the Ochakov, and later by five other vessels of the Black sea squadron. For a time the squadron terrorized the city of Odessa.

"Far more romantic are the Eighteenth-century accounts of 'mutiny on the high seas' when gentlemen pirates sailed the Spanish main, and Captain Cook explored the perilous islands of the South seas. Such an account was related by the gunner and carpenter of his majesty's ship the Wager, which set out from England in 1740 to round Cape Horn into the South seas, to distress the Spaniards in those parts. Badly damaged by the passage around the Horn, she was wrecked on a desert island off the Pacific coast of Patagonia, largely owing to the incompetency of her captain."

"For five months the crew suffered terrific hardships on the island, while struggling to build a crude schooner in which they hoped to return to England. When the boat was finally

launched, the captain dismayed them by an order to sail north along the west coast of South America. The men warned him that they could not hope to avoid capture by the Spaniards, but he persisted, driving them in the end to mutiny. They sailed south without him, and after incredible adventures, and a perilous month spent in navigating the Straits of Magellan, reached Brazil, and thence England.

"One of the most dramatic chapters in the history of the South seas was the mutiny on the Bounty. Under Capt. William Bligh the Bounty sailed from England in December, 1787, bound for Tahiti to collect breadfruit for introduction into the West Indies. She reached Tahiti in October of the following year, shipped her cargo of plants, and set sail for home. Ever since leaving England dissatisfaction had prevailed among the men, caused by Bligh's harsh treatment.

Mutiny Breaks Out.

"In April, as the ship lay in the Friendly Islands, matters reached a crisis, and mutiny broke out. Bligh and 18 men remaining loyal to him were cast adrift in an open boat with

a few provisions. After an unbelievable voyage of nearly 4,000 miles across open seas, Bligh reached Timor without the loss of a single man. Upon his return to England the ship Pandora was dispatched to capture the mutineers. A few men were taken prisoners on Tahiti, but the fate of the Bounty, with its ring-leaders, remained a mystery.

"Eighteen years later a Boston sea captain discovered a little colony of strangely primitive, English-speaking people on the supposedly uninhabited Pitcairn Island in the South Pacific. It was here that the nine mutineers together with six Polynesian men and twelve women, had landed in 1789, burning the Bounty in the harbor, lest she betray their refuge. The inhabitants of this island today are descendants of the Bounty mutineers, and Adamstown, the principal settlement, is named for John Adams, the last survivor of that little band of nine."

This Farmer Has No. 13 With Him Constantly

Noblesville, Ind.—The dreaded No. 13 is a constant companion of Perry Wheeler, Hamilton county farmer.

On Friday the 13th last he celebrated his forty-third birthday. He was one of a family of thirteen, attended school for thirteen years, entered Valparaiso university September 13, and then took a thirteen-week course in a university in Vermont.

Identification tag No. 13 was given him when he joined the army during the World war. He lives on a thirteen-acre plot and recently had thirteen teeth knocked out in an automobile accident. His farm is on State Road 13.

Glacier Park Model to Be Seen at World's Fair

Glacier Park, Mont.—A model of Glacier National park and the Grand Teton range of mountains will be exhibited at a Century of Progress fair in Chicago this summer. The model will be a part of the national park service display. The feature of the exhibit will be a model of Mount Rainier, in Washington, 9 feet high and 20 feet wide, set in a frame of live trees transplanted from Mount Rainier park. Visitors may create a miniature blizzard by pressing a button at the side of the booth.

Battles to Success

Columbus, Ohio.—When Leslie Lovass came to this country 11 years ago and settled here, he was unable to read or write English. Now he is a graduate assistant in economics and an honor student at Ohio State university.

Relative of Former Kaiser Is Now Working as Waiter

Ekes Out Precarious Living in Luxembourg.

Paris.—Penniless, hungry, jobless, Alexander Zoubkoff, one-time brother-in-law of the former Kaiser Wilhelm, is anxious to quit the tiny refuge of Luxembourg, where he went when German and French police told him he was an undesirable. Bearing only a Nansen passport, which the League of Nations accorded to Russian and other homeless exiles, he must be invited by a foreign government before he can go abroad.

Zoubkoff has in mind the publication of his memoirs and a series of conferences embroidering the romance of his many love affairs, but has insisted that neither the story nor the talk will mention the name of his former royal spouse, the kaiser's sister, Princess Victoria.

The young Russian, who is thirty-one, but who appears aged far beyond his years, has known the vagaries of fortune. When he first came to Luxembourg, he lived in a castle along

the Moselle; piece by piece, his property was lost and in recent months he has kept himself from starving by working as a wait r, or dishwasher, in Luxembourg restaurants, as a sandwich man in the public parks, or as a chauffeur of taxicabs.

Today he is jobless, penniless, and looks hungry. His eyes, which won for him many romantic conquests, are as bright as ever, but they stare from a pale and thin face.

The ex-kaiser will do nothing for his brother-in-law. Zoubkoff tried several times to get word to the kaiser in Holland of his situation and wrote many letters, all of which were unanswered. The ex-kaiser let it be known that he never had approved of the marriage, and that if his sister had made a mistake he, Wilhelm, could not be expected to pay for it.

His own family, while not wealthy, is in fair circumstances and his mother is understood to have promised to pay his hotel bills regularly, so long as he stays in Luxembourg. There were stories in the newspapers that Zoubkoff had gone over Europe on travels and to make speeches, but that is proven wrong by the police records, which show that, except for occasional short trips over the border, he never has left Luxembourg.

Kreuger's Yacht Motor to Chase Rum Smugglers

Helsingfors, Finland.—The expensive motor which the late match king, Ivan Kreuger, had fitted to his private yacht will now do service against Finnish liquor smugglers.

After the financier's suicide his personal effects were sold in order to recover some small part of the loss to investors. At the sales it was noted that small articles like neckties were bought at many times their real worth by souvenir hunters. But highly valued items such as works of art fetched only a fraction of their true worth due to the depression.

Among these was the engine from Kreuger's splendid motor yacht, Maybach. The motor had cost more than \$10,000. It has now been purchased by Finnish coast guard authorities for about one-tenth its original price. It will be fitted to a smuggler chaser speedboat.

Negriss Dies at 126

Lynchburg, Va.—Aunt Lucy Rose, believed to have been the oldest citizen of Virginia, died recently in her shack in Amherst county. The venerable negro woman, who has two living sons aged ninety-five and ninety, respectively, was approximately one hundred and twenty-six years old at the time of her death.

Portia Unmerciful, Driver Complains

San Antonio.—Like father, like daughter—so when her justice of peace father was not at home the daughter held court and did the fine.

Such was the report of Herman H. Ochs, president of the San Antonio Chamber of Commerce, in a protest against "mistrreatment" of motoring tourists.

Ochs said that a Chicago motorist was escorted to the residence of a justice of peace. The justice was not there, "so his daughter held court out there by the side of the road and fined the man \$15.25," Ochs protested.

"As a result the man's feelings were hurt," Ochs said, "and he declared that he would advise all his friends to steer clear of this country."



Mrs. Marie Corcoran Broder of Lake Leelanau, Mich., is the 1933 cherry pie baking champion of the United States. Mrs. Broder, a graduate of Michigan State college and still in her twenties, won the title in a contest in which more than one thousand competed.

American Heroines

By LOUISE M. COMSTOCK

Rachel Jackson

WHEN Andrew Jackson took office as seventh President of the United States, he wore on his arm a band of black crepe. It was the symbol that in spirit at least his beloved wife Rachel, who died between his election and inauguration, martyred, many believe, by his political enemies, accompanied him into his new position of honor.

For Rachel was "Old Hickory's" one great love. When Jackson was but a callow young lawyer come out from North Carolina to establish law and order in the wilderness settlement of Nashville, he roomed at the home of Rachel's mother, the Widow Donelson. Rachel was then a dark-eyed, vivacious young woman, wife of Lewis Robards, whom she had met during a visit in Kentucky. Robards, it seems, was seldom home, but chose to be insanely jealous of his wife when he was there. Finally Robards loudly announced his intention of getting a divorce and set off for Virginia, which still controlled such matters in Tennessee territory, to arrange for it. News that his request had been granted filtered back to Nashville, and in the summer of 1791 believing herself free, Rachel married Andrew Jackson.

Three years later Robards actually did secure the divorce, on the ugly grounds of adultery, but, though the couple was straightway remarried and their friends were quite willing to forget the matter, Jackson's political enemies were quick to seize upon it and use it. As a result Jackson fought at least one duel of melodramatic aspect. In 1828, when her husband was making his second attempt for the Presidency, Rachel was sixty, and old as women of the frontier are old at sixty. Once again the old scandal was revived, circulated throughout the country. Back in the Hermitage, busy tending the plantation while the general was away, entertaining his friends, among them the famous Sam Houston, and General Lafayette, Rachel was kept ignorant of her unwelcome part in the campaign. After the election, however, waiting in the back room of a hotel in Nashville where she had been buying clothes to wear when she accompanied her husband to Washington, Rachel overheard people laughing and talking out front. They were talking about her! She returned to the Hermitage a broken, sick woman, and when Andrew Jackson went up to Washington the next March, he went alone!

Tobey Riddle

AS IT was an Indian woman who aided the white man to gain his first foothold in this country, so another Indian woman, appropriately called the "Pocahontas of the Lava Beds," befriended him against her own people over two and a half centuries later.

Winema, daughter of the Modocs, had married Frank Riddle, a white man, adopted his customs, learned his language, and taken the name of Tobey Riddle. Now the Modocs were a small and peace-loving tribe of the Pacific Northwest, whose doom was sealed by the increasing inroads of white settlers in Oregon and California. In 1772 fifty Modoc braves, with three times as many women and children, were entrenched in the lava beds near the border, where, familiar with the crevices and passages among the rocks, they succeeded not only in defending themselves but in inflicting severe losses on the American army besieging them. In vain Gen. E. R. S. Canby attempted to treat with the enemy. He was under orders not to yield; they would not. At length, disengaged of gaining their ends, certain of the Modocs planned to murder the whites at their next parley. When their leader, Captain Jack, objected to such treachery, they threw a woman's hat and shawl on him,羞ing him into consent.

Now Tobey Riddle and her husband were frequently called upon to act as interpreters between her people and his. Learning of the Modoc plot, the straightway warned General Canby, pleading with him to call off the conference. But Canby had given his word to the red men. Five whites, unarmed, were to meet with the Modoc leaders under a flag of truce. True to his word, Canby went out unarmed to meet the Indians. With him were three other whites, two of whom bore hidden weapons, Tobey and her husband.

It was a tense conference. The Modocs again made their demands. Canby again refused. Then, at a given signal, the Modocs opened fire. Captain Jack's second shot felled the gallant Canby. Soon two more men were taken to their heels. One of the fallen men was A. B. Meacham, former Indian agent and a friend of Tobey's. Seeing he was only wounded, she sprang to his defense. She was thrust aside by the butt of a rifle. Quick as thought she cried, "Soldiers are coming," and the Modocs fled.

Meacham was nursed back to health. The Modocs were eventually hunted down and their leaders hung, and Tobey, after many years as teacher and missionary to her own race, died in 1920, at the Klamath reservation in Oregon.

Delicious Desserts for Those Fond of Fruit, Whether In or Out of Season

Fruits have become more and more necessary to the well-balanced meal in recent years. Even when the fresh varieties are out of season many delicious inexpensive desserts can be made with canned or dried peaches, pears and apricots. Here are interesting new recipes which are particularly appetizing.

Golden fruit tarts, made with a simple cracker crust and filled with peaches tipped with a meringue, can easily be prepared from the following recipe:

GOLDEN FRUIT TARTLETS
CRUST—1 cup soda crackers
1/2 cup butter
1 tbsp. sugar

FILLING—1 cup canned peaches drained
1/4 cup sugar
1 egg yolk

MERINGUE—1 egg white, beaten stiff
2 tbsp. sugar
1 tsp. vanilla

Mix with softened butter 1 cup crackers and 1 tablespoon sugar. Line buttered tart pans with this mixture; pressing firmly with fingers against sides and bottom of pan.

Press drained peaches through sieve into bowl, add 1/4 cup sugar and beaten yolk. Mix and fill tart shells. Bake in a hot oven (425°F.) for 10 minutes.

Make meringue of stiffly beaten egg white, 2 tablespoons sugar and vanilla. Top each tart, when cooked, with meringue. Return to a slow oven (325°F.) to set and brown, about 10 minutes. 6 portions.

Other desserts include:

PEARS OLGA
1/2 cup pear liquor
1/2 cup sugar
6 Bartlett pears, cored
1/4 cup thinly sliced oranges
1 cup cream
1 tap. sugar
1 tbsp. sherry flavoring
1 cup sugar cookies

Make a syrup of pear liquor and sugar and simmer pears in it for five minutes. Remove pears to a serving dish. Cook orange slices in syrup for five minutes. Pour syrup and orange slices over pears. Chill. Whip cream and add sugar and

flavoring and heap on chilled fruit. Sprinkle crumbled sugar cookies over cream. 6 portions.

CUSTARD PIE, APRICOT MERINGUE

CRUST—1 cup soda crackers
1/4 cup butter
1 tbsp. sugar

FILLING—2 cups custard filling
1/2 cup strained apricot pulp
2 tbsp. sugar
1/4 tsp. lemon juice
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Mix cracker crumbs with softened butter and sugar and press in an even layer against bottom and sides of a buttered pie plate. Bake for 10 minutes in a hot oven (425°F.). Pour custard into pie shell. To apricot pulp add sugar and lemon juice. Combine with stiffly beaten egg whites and spread on top of custard. Set in a slow oven (350°F.) for 15 minutes or until the meringue is browned. Makes one 8-inch pie.

Flower Worth Growing

It has been suggested to import the sunflower from India into this country. It might be grown in the more northerly sections of the country and to a certain extent will take the place of flax. It has the appearance of flax without the spines and the seed contains a valuable oil used in the manufacture of paint and varnish.

"Splitting" Headaches
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SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE

The School Board meets regularly in Town Clerk's Room, in Town Hall block, on the Last Friday Evening in each month, at 7.30 o'clock, to transact School District business and to hear all parties.

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

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE

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

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

H. Carl Muzzey
AUCTIONEER

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A Rainbow in your garden?

Yes—and though the famous "Dreer's Rainbow" (opposite Page 48 of Dreer's 1933 Garden Book) lasts all summer, it, too, is "born of the shower and colored by the sun".

Send now for this "Book of the Year" for amateur gardeners. Take advantage of its background of authority when you plan your garden. The Garden Book is free on request to those interested in vegetable and flower seeds, roses, perennial plants, etc.

HENRY A. DREER
1306 Spring Garden St., Phila., Pa.

DREER'S

Kitchen-Cuplets

... by Della Taylor

Obligations soon pile high.
And they always make us sigh;
Let me tell you a grand "scoop."
Pay them all in one "fell swoop."

Ever so often most of us have to entertain on a "wholesale basis" in order to pay back the many obligations that somehow seem to pile up so quickly. The easiest and most charming way to do this is to give a Buffet Supper. In fact, if your group is large and your space is small, it is really the most satisfactory way to entertain.

Consider symmetry when setting your table. You may either stack or spread the napkins. Place all silver on

grades grown in high altitudes, such as the coffee from Colombia, which contain the rich flavor a discriminating hostess values.

Entertaining sixteen, or more, people sounds very expensive, doesn't it? Oddly enough, however, it is really less expensive than to have several smaller dinners. Here is what I had at a Buffet Supper which I gave recently:

Meat loaf, tomato sauce
potatoes au gratin, buttered carrots
Mold of lime and cabbage
Mold of tomato and crabmeat
Five different kinds of cheese
Crackers
choice of demi-tasse, or coffee and cream

Would you like to know the portions that I used in making the Meat Loaf? This fed sixteen hungry individuals, and there left enough so that a good portion of them came back for seconds. Of course, you may either cut or add to this recipe, depending upon how ambitious you get when you start inviting people.

Meat Loaf

1 1/4 pounds veal
1 1/4 pounds pork
1 1/4 pounds beef
3 eggs, slightly beaten
2 cups bread crumbs
2 cups milk
1 tablespoon salt
1 teaspoon pepper

Have the meat chopped. Mix all ingredients together. Shape into a large loaf. Cover top with slices of salt pork. Pour a large can of tomatoes around the loaf and bake for about two hours, basting frequently.

Tomato and Crabmeat Mold

3 packages lemon jello
1 large can crabmeat

Bring the tomato juice to a boil, and then add jello. Let cool a little, and then add shredded crabmeat.

Let stand until it hardens.

The Lime and Shredded Cabbage Salad is made in exactly the same manner except that you use water in place of the tomato juice. The two salads—one so green and the other so red—will make a very attractive contrast. Serve shredded lettuce and mayonnaise with them.

Crippled Effort

Broken men are indolent. Despondency cripples effort. Despair is fatal to exertion. Hopelessness leads to inaction.—Stuckenberg.

Motto From Washington

From the neglected sayings of George Washington comes this motto: "I had rather be on my farm than be emperor of the world."—Country Home.

Student's Notebook

The students' note book should be used as a sort of lumber room for odds and ends with which it is inexpedient to load the brain—not used as substitute for the brain itself.

Telephone Construction

There are 200 parts to every telephone. These parts consist principally of brass, copper, platinum, gold, silver, rubber and rubber products, wool, silk and cotton.

Music of Kindness

Kind words are the music of the world. They have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes, as if they were some angel's song, which had lost its way and come on earth, and sang on undying, suiting the hearts of men with sweetest wounds and putting for awhile an angel's nature into us.—F. W. Faber.

Presidents Related

There have been several Presidential relationships. John Adams, the second President, was the father of John Quincy Adams, the sixth President. William Henry Harrison, the ninth President, was the grandfather of the twenty-third President, Benjamin Harrison. Zachary Taylor, the twelfth President, was a second cousin of James Madison, the fourth President.

Motorists Paying Heaviest Taxes Ever Levied Upon Transportation

GAS TAXES SOAR!

AMERICAN motorists, constituting roundly one-fourth the population, pay in addition to general taxes probably the heaviest special levies ever imposed upon any form of transportation!

The chart, compiled from authentic statistics, tells the story of the virtually unbroken upward trend of motor vehicle taxes to a new record total estimated at \$1,085,000,000 in 1932. This is 56% above the 1931 total, \$1,025,000,000, and 17% above the 1929 total, \$928,000,000.

Railroad tax accruals, representing taxes upon the only comparable mode of transportation, have been declining since 1929, the 1932 total being \$280,000,000, or 9.1% less than in 1931 and 30.5% less than in 1930. The decline here was due to lower gross revenue and net income, but motor vehicle taxes generally disregarded either valuation or use and thus, while 8.9¢ of every railroad revenue dollar in 1932 went for taxes, the gasoline tax, one of 27 levies imposed upon motor vehicles, took 29¢ from every gasoline dollar.

The real weight of the automotive tax burden, averaging \$40.18 concealed by small payments. The gasoline tax, averaging slightly more than 5¢ per gallon, seems to the consumer merely an increase in the price of fuel. Yet the total gasoline tax in 1932 is estimated at \$600,000,000, and in some instances this tax actually doubled federal, county, and city gasoline taxes brought total collections to a new record: there have been definite declines in motor vehicle purchases, registrations, and use.

Economists are studying the 1932 decline in gross gasoline tax collections by states, the first in history, as a typical trend. Although the cost of gasoline to the consumer has risen 30% yearly in gasoline taxes alone, or about two-thirds of the motor tax bill.

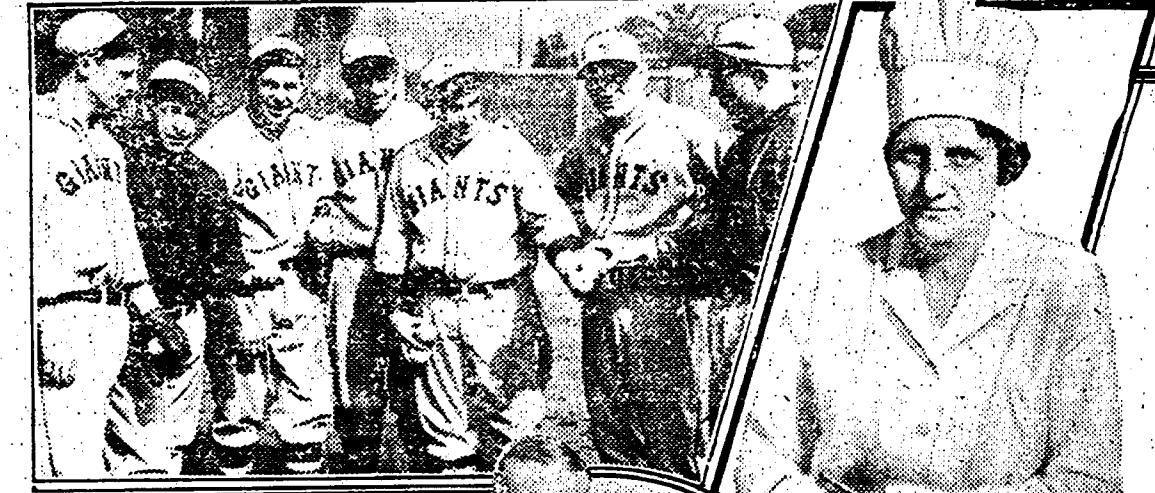
Average Daily Walk
Dr. Joseph Lelyeld of Boston, of the National Association for Foot Health, estimated that the average distance walked a day by a man is 18,000 steps or 7½ miles.

Full Gas Tank for Ballast
A full gasoline tank will often make a noticeable difference in the riding quality of a car, particularly a light one. The weight of the gasoline in the rear of the car helps by giving a better balanced weight distribution.

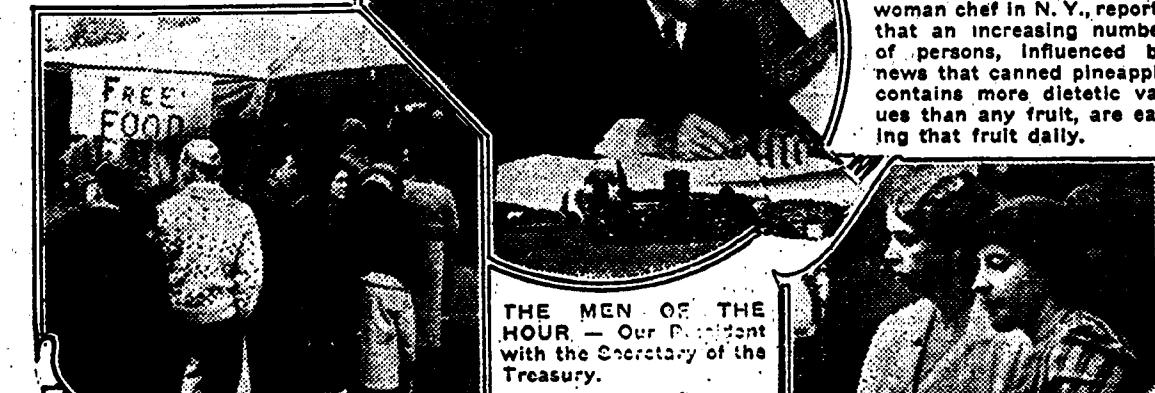
Slow Soil Erosion

Experiments in Missouri indicate it would take more than 500 years for a permanently sodded pasture to lose an inch of soil by erosion, reports the United States Department of Agriculture.

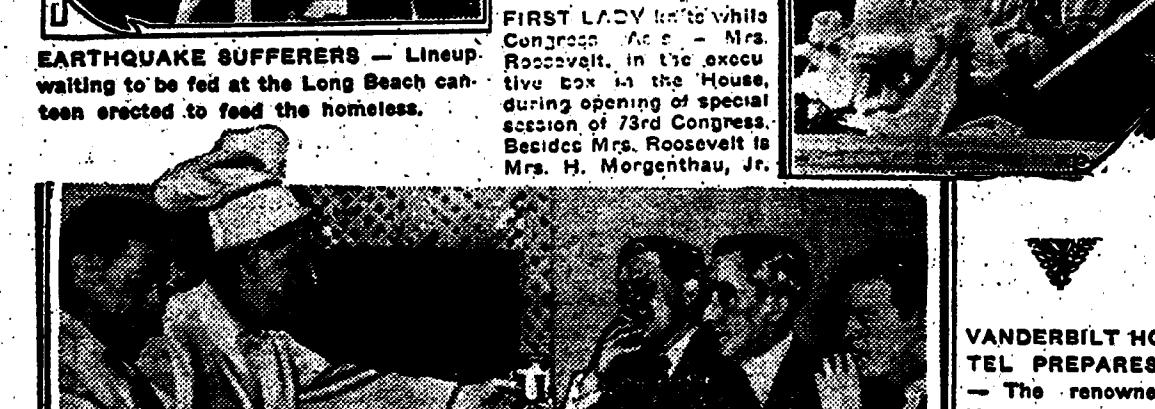
THE Camiritor



Giant Flingers—in the midst of the earthquake at Los Angeles Coach Clarke is distributing baseballs for the morning's workout. L. to r.: Spencer, Luque, Fitzsimmons, Shores, Clarke, Bell and Schumacher.



Charlotte Field, chef, Hotel Lexington, New York, the only woman chef in N. Y., reports that an increasing number of persons, influenced by news that canned pineapple contains more dietary values than any fruit, are eating that fruit daily.



THE MEN OF THE HOUR.—Our President with the Secretary of the Treasury.

FIRST LADY TO WHITESIDE CONGRESS—Mrs. Roosevelt, in the executive box in the House, during opening of special session of 73rd Congress. Besides Mrs. Roosevelt is Mrs. H. Morgenthau, Jr.

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