

The Antrim Reporter

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VOLUME L NO. 35

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1933

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Reporter Readers Will be Especially Interested in the Following

Recent Deaths

William Joseph Newman, for many years a resident at the County home, died at Grasmere, on Sunday. His age was 81 years. The remains were brought to Antrim, and committal services were held at North Branch cemetery. Rev. William Patterson conducted the service.

Harry E. Nay, a native of Antrim, where he spent his earlier years till his removal to Boston, died suddenly in that city on Monday. His age was 61 years. The remains were brought to Antrim, and services were held on this Wednesday afternoon, from the home of his uncle, Charles P. Nay. Rev. William Weston, of Milford, a friend of the family, was the officiating clergyman. Interment was in the family lot in Maplewood.

Harry Deacon passed away at his home, on Main street, in this village, on Monday night, after an illness of several months, during which time he had been tenderly cared for by Mrs. Deacon. Deceased was a well-known business man in Antrim for a number of years, and in addition conducted dry goods stores in Hillsboro and Peterborough. A more fitting obituary will appear in these columns next week.

The Garden Clubs of State Organize

Flower lovers to the number of 150 gathered from all southern New Hampshire at the Bass Farm, Antrim Center, on Wednesday of last week, for an all-day meeting. At the business meeting, held at 11 o'clock, an association was formed by the Garden Clubs represented, to be known as the United Garden Clubs of New Hampshire.

Mrs. J. Lillian Larrabee, of Antrim, was chosen president of the new organization; Mrs. Josephine Webb, of Fitzwilliam, vice president; Mrs. C. W. Harrington, of Peterborough, recording secretary and treasurer; Miss Christel Knight, of Milford, chairman of program committee; Mrs. Julius Zregert, of Peterborough, was made chairman of the advisory committee.

The next meeting of the body will also be held in Antrim, at the Contoocook Manor, home of Mrs. A. E. Thayer. The date is Wednesday, August 2.

State Aid Money For Roads

For the one who does not keep in close touch with the various road funds—State and Federal—it is hard to say very much that someone doesn't misunderstand, or will cause considerable questioning. This is our case to some extent, although we are reasonably clear on State aid roads and what is meant by Class V roads, and what Federal aid means—in part at any rate.

The present status of the black road to Antrim Center from Clinton corner is pretty well known to everyone who was at last week's special town meeting, for it was pretty thoroughly explained; and those who wished to go along with the explanation was eventually guided in the right direction.

At this moment, The Reporter desires to go more particularly into the State aid money—the sum of some \$4900—that Antrim will have allotted to her for use on Class V or outside roads so-called. Outside in this case does not mean outside the village, as we understand it at this time; consequently this amount of money may be used on improvement of roads other than black or cement roads.

One day last week an official from the Highway Department's office was in Antrim going over the matter with Road Agent Elmer W. Merrill. It is probable that this amount of State aid money will be divided into three parts, for our town, and that three projects will be carried forward in the improvement line. Different roads leading off from the

Rock Gardens

Editor of The Reporter: This article might seem to prove that the bottle of 3.2 beer left on my doorstep the night before the Fourth was intoxicating; however this may be, I was glad to get the bottle and to find out for just how little, men are willing to part with fifteen or twenty cents.

The subject I am writing about is illustrative of the great changes that have taken place since I was a boy. My daughter's great-grandfather was counted as one of the most successful farmers in his part of the state. When there was little else to do he set his four stalwart sons to picking rocks and today on this farm may be found huge piles of rocks, as well as numerous stone walls, which are monuments to the industry of that day. The removal of rocks was supposed to add to the productivity of the soil and the cleaner the fields of our hill farms were from rocks so much higher was the yield of the different crops.

Now, the ladies seem to have set this theory one side and the rocks which our fathers so laboriously removed are being removed from stone walls and rock heaps and are being restored to their native soil, and our eyes behold what are known as rock gardens.

I have just learned how to make a rock garden, and I am living in fear that my wife and daughter will ask me to go through the laborious process of making one for them.

The ladies seem to be great on fads—I can remember when the girls frizzled their hair, then banged it, then cut it off, then let it grow, and I do not know what they will do to it next. Hoop skirts, long skirts, short skirts, and then back again to long skirts. Bridge, whist, crossword puzzles and jig-saw puzzles, follow one another in quick succession, and still the ladies are looking for new worlds to conquer.

Before I start a rock garden for my beloved wife and daughter, I wish some good lady would write an article telling us men just how long rocks are likely to be an incentive for plants to grow. If the rock garden is to be of the long hair, short hair or the short skirt, long skirt, type of a fad, I am going slow on starting one, as moving rocks is hard work, and I would hate to be obliged, in a year or so, to move the rocks back to the old stone wall; there would be less kick in it than there is in the 3.2 variety.

Fred A. Dunlap

Three Fifty on One Hundred

The Reporter did not remember when our town last had a tax rate of \$3.50 on \$100, and had to look it up; we found that in 1927 the tax rate was the same. From that year, the variation was as follows:

1928—\$4.18 on \$100.
1929—\$3.53 on \$100.
1930—\$3.63 on \$100.
1931—\$3.79 on \$100.
1932—\$3.09 on \$100.

In 1925 the tax rate was \$2.60 on \$100, the lowest it has been in the last decade. Everybody is pelted with good roads, and since the necessity for this one item our tax rate has been much higher, and it has not stopped yet. Last year the rate was very near the three per cent mark, but it could not be kept there; the amount voted at the special meeting last week raised the rate but very little, for without that it would have been some higher than last year. Back in 1921, our town had a three per cent tax rate. Previous to 1917 the tax rate was considerably less each year, and for several years it was around two per cent; in fact for quite a number of years a two per cent tax rate was the rule rather than the exception.

No one in town enjoys paying taxes when they are high, and the most of us like to keep them just as low as possible, but everyone feels that Antrim has something worth while and our modern improvements are worth a whole lot. We could go on and list a number of most enjoyable things—they are valuable and no one wants to get along without them; for them many think they do not pay too much.

black roads in and near the village were gone over and considered quite seriously, and this State official will make his report. Also, as The Reporter understands it, the Selectmen will have much to say in the selection of the three different projects.

This is additional work for the unemployed, which will be very welcome, and will be given in the prescribed manner as similar work in other towns is given. Just when this employment will start is not yet made public, but probably as soon as the necessary arrangements have been made.

Antrim will get no Federal Aid for road building this year.

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As per Your Design and Wish

or

Suggestions Gladly Given

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Main Street, Antrim

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Try our Thursday New England Dinner,

That, is a first class winner.

Our regular noon day dinners at
35 cents and 40 cents. Cold and hot
dinners daily.

Enjoy a Bite That's a Real Delight

CARD PARTY!

At Greystone Lodge

Antrim, N. H.

FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1933

2.30 o'clock p.m.

Refreshments

Phone Reservations Antrim 97

Harriet V. Bates

Mary B. Gage

Most Milford Stores

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Close other days, save Saturday, at 5 p.m.
Standard Time. Saturdays open all day
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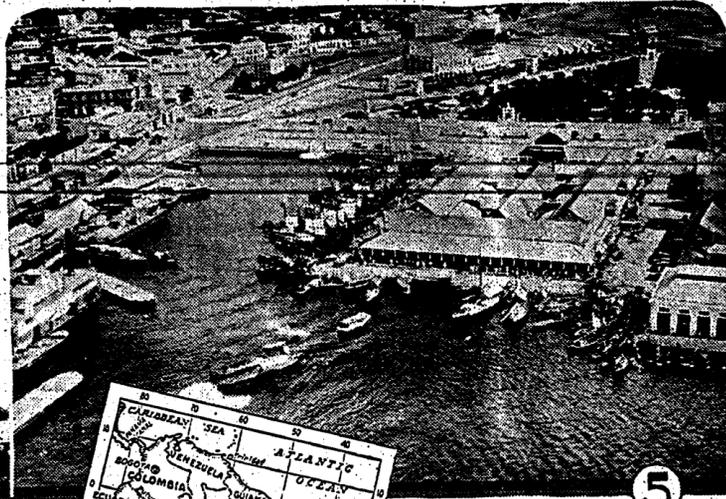
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Sunday Afternoon, July 23

Four Out-door Bowling Alleys are open for
individual and tournament play.

Dance Wednesday and Saturday

COLOMBIA = A Gem 'Tween Two Oceans



UP HERE in North America there's a republic poetically hailed as "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean"—the United States. Down in South America there's another republic whose real name differs in the spelling by only one letter from the poetical name of her sister in the north and there's more than one reason for hailing it as "Columbia—A Gem 'Tween Two Oceans." Both of them trace their name back to one man, the daring navigator who is commonly regarded as the "discoverer" of the New World—Christopher Columbus.

Within the last year two events have turned the eyes of the North American republic toward the South American. One of them was the dispute between Colombia and Peru over the violation of a treaty whose purpose it was to define the boundary between the two countries. The headwaters of the Amazon river are far up in the eastern slope of the Andes which forms the back country of Peru, Ecuador and Colombia.

In 1922, however, a treaty was signed defining the boundary, which for the most part followed the Putumayo river, a northern branch of the Amazon, which it joins in Brazilian territory. In order to give the Colombians access to the Amazon, Peru ceded to Colombia the narrow corridor from the Putumayo along the Brazilian frontier to the Amazon and including the Amazonian port of Leticia.

Despite their resentment at this arrangement, it was accepted by the Peruvians of this eastern back country—of which the Amazonian port of Iquitos is the principal center—until revolution overthrew the government of President Leguia, who had made the treaty. On the morning of September 1 of last year the Peruvians seized Leticia and drove out the Colombian officials. At first President Sanchez Cerro was inclined to disavow this action, but later supported it, alleging that the treaty of 1922 was not valid because it had never been put up to his people, although the treaty was ratified by the congresses of both countries.

Thereupon the League of Nations took a hand in the affair. After an examination of the beginnings of the conflict it issued a report which condemned Peru's attitude and asked for the restoration of the seized territory to Colombia. President Sanchez Cerro refused to comply and thus brought Peru into conflict with the league.

The league council at length proposed a plan which, on May 25, was accepted by both countries, whereby Peru will evacuate Leticia and the corridor, turning the jurisdiction thereof over to a league commission which will act to enforce order and use therefore such international forces as it may select; the entire expense of this operation being born by Colombia. The four members of the commission, Col. Arthur Brown, representing the United States; Capt. Francisco Iglesias, representative from Spain; Dr. Armando Mencla of Cuba, and Lemos Rasto, the league representative from Brazil, are now on their way to Leticia to fulfill their duties as league administrators.

Along with international praise for the efforts of the league in effecting an amicable settlement of the situation, credit also belongs to the successful negotiations between Peru's new president, Dr. Oscar Benavides, and Dr. Alfonso Lopez, Colombian minister to England, who, with President Enrique Olaya Herrera of Colombia, have established a closer earnest accord between the two nations.

The other event was the celebration last January of the four hundredth anniversary of the founding of Cartagena, Colombia, with a program of festivities and an elaborate exposition designed to recall the wealth and romance and travail which four centuries had brought to this "Carthage of the New World."

A port of call for noted navigators of the world, from Columbus to Lindbergh, Cartagena has had a history more colorful and turbulent

1.—Four centuries after the eyes of the Spanish conquistadors first widened at South America's coastal beauty, such tropically wild garden spots as the Bay of Pinorrea remain unchanged and lovely. Part of Colombia's virgin coastline, it may have been the haven for more than one buccaneering crew sailing the seas in search of the stiered wealth of the Spanish gold fleets.

2.—Painting by Leudo, Colombia painter, in Hotel El Saito at Tequendama Falls, showing Bochica after smiting the rock that caused the rushing forth of Tequendama Falls.

3.—Branches drooping with the weight of ripened clusters of coffee cherries; this coffee tree is ready for the pickers who harvest one of the most important crops of Colombia.

4.—"Panama" hats in the process of manufacture.

5.—An air view of the modern waterfront of Cartagena, Colombia, one of the oldest cities in the New World, which was founded 400 years ago, in 1533. It was from here that the treasure-laden Spanish galleons set sail for the Old World as far back as the middle of the sixteenth century.

perhaps than that of any other city in the New World. The early Spanish conquistadors discovered the harbor and decided to establish a city there, through which the Spanish fleet might maintain contact with the rich New World over which their dominion was rapidly becoming established. But the native Indians thought otherwise, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that they were subdued. On January 21, 1533, the first stone of the new city was laid by Pedro de Heredia in the name of Spain. Thereupon, its fortresses and towers rose quickly, at a reported expense of \$50,000,000 and thousands upon thousands of lives, perhaps the costliest city in men and money since the building of Rome or Athens.

Spain's determination to build strongly and to hold the city against all comers was not without logic. Shiploads of gold, silver and emeralds, costliest of jewels, in the mining of which Colombia still leads all other countries, were dispatched to the Old World. Caravans of priceless booty flowed into Cartagena by mule-back and other means of primitive transportation. English and French rapidly learned of the treasure land, and Spain, unwilling to share the bounty of discovery, fortified mightily.

Like Carthage of old, Cartagena withstood many a mighty siege and was the site of the greatest battles of those times. And like Carthage of old, Cartagena fell before invading conquerors. The most famous assault of all has an indirect but picturesque connection with United States history and with one of Uncle Sam's own most precious of national shrines.

In the 1740s a British fleet stormed Cartagena under command of Admiral Vernon. It was one of the most stupendous and enduring sieges of the military history of that day. The final stages of the siege found the would-be invaders under command of one Capt. Lawrence Washington. Upon Captain Washington's return to Virginia in 1742, he found a new house awaiting him, the central portion of the present mansion, and he gave it the name of Mount Vernon in honor of the admiral under whom he sailed for Cartagena. Upon his death, the property became that of George Washington, his half-brother.

During the period 1544 to 1515, Cartagena was attacked eight times, by pirates and buccaneers, among them the Englishman, Drake, and his countryman, Hawkins. These succeeded

in capturing the city, held it for a short period and abandoned it with booty valued at more than half a million ducats. French adventurers also succeeded in capturing the city after strenuous siege, and departed with even greater treasure. In spite of temporary capture, Cartagena continued to remain Spanish, for, although some of the besiegers were successful, their stay was only long enough to plunder and sack.

Not only is Colombia rich in historic associations such as those connected with the ancient city of Cartagena, but it is also rich in beauties of nature which justify the characterization of "A Gem 'Tween Two Oceans." One of those beauty spots is the famous Tequendama waterfall and connected with it is an interesting legend of the Chibchas, the native inhabitants of Colombia. Bochica was their protective deity and Chibchacum, a subordinate deity, was the god of farmers, merchants and silver workers.

The Chibchas, like some other peoples of the earth, had their universal punishment or flood on account of their many sins. This flood took place in the great inundations of the Sopo and Tibito rivers, tributaries of the Funza, the inhabitants of the lofty plateau of Bogota having only the tops of the trees in which to take refuge. This great flood had been ordered by Chibchacum, their subordinate god. But the survivors turned their eyes to Bochica, their ever-protecting deity, and the latter, appearing one evening at sunset above the rainbow and with a golden scepter in one hand struck such a blow with it upon the rocks of Tequendama that they split in two and through the opening thus made the waters held on the savannah or plain of Bogota were released, leaving it more fertile than before, thanks to the slime that had accumulated. This was the divine origin of the marvellous Tequendama waterfall.

In the old days it was gold and precious stones which constituted the sought-after wealth of Colombia and even today, in addition to being the world's largest producer of emeralds, that republic leads all other South American countries in the production and export of gold. But her greatest treasure is gold of another sort—three kinds of "gold" in fact. They are "white gold" or platinum, in the production of which she ranks second; "black gold" or oil; and "green gold," or coffee.

The world's largest producer of fine coffees and second in world coffee production, Colombia has a leading role among the South American countries in being purveyor to the enormous coffee pot of her neighbor on the north, the United States. In 1932 that giant coffee pot poured out approximately 37,000,000,000 cups of America's national drink, enough to give every person in the United States 725 cups per year or almost two cups a day, and 80 per cent of the billion and a half pounds of coffee now imported annually for American coffee lovers comes from the South American states with Colombia as one of the chief sources of supply.

Just as the United States looks to her sister republic in the South for a warming, invigorating drink, so does she also look to her for a cool, comfortable type of headgear. For it was during the construction of the Panama railroad across the Isthmus of Panama, then a part of Colombia, that the term "panama hat" as applied to hats originated.

While that work was in progress, several of these native hats found their way into Panama City and were purchased by tourists and by workmen. Owing to the rapid and profitable sale of those few hats larger quantities were brought in and sold. Tourists who carried these hats away with them, when questioned as to their origin, very naturally replied that they came from Panama and it was therefore generally assumed that they must be a product of that part of Colombia and since they were procured in Panama, they must needs be known as "panama hats." Thus without further information as to its origin, the term "panama hat" was accepted as correct and thus it has remained.

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Our Government —How It Operates

By William Bruckart

INDEPENDENT AGENCIES

THIS government of ours has become such a gigantic thing that only those who have daily contact with it in all of its forms readily recognize its magnitude. Consequently, there has developed throughout the country a feeling on the part of thousands that there are a lot of governmental agencies whose existence is not justified. There are others who are not certain the government ought to be as big as it is, but they retain an unquestioning faith in those they elect to represent them.

There is plenty of ground for the feeling in each instance. The government certainly is doing a lot of things that the Fathers of the Country did not contemplate, but which astute politicians since have conceived. Many of these functions ought never have been started; vast numbers of them ought to be done away with now, but the law averages has worked again and some of the things the government is now doing represent services which the country needs and which its citizenry finds of value in one manner or another.

In the course of examining the governmental structure in detail as I have had to do in preparing these discussions, I located a total of 53 agencies operating independently of the established departments over which cabinet members preside. They spend a total of about \$90,000,000 each year, exclusive of the vast sum—\$985,000,000—paid out by the veterans' administration which has been discussed separately. So it would seem that there was sufficient reason for that Tennessee woman who, having read criticisms of the great number of bureaus, boards and commissions, wrote to the President, saying that she could use one of the "useless bureaus" and would be willing to pay the freight charges on it if one were shipped to her.

Most of these independent offices spend less than a million dollars a year apiece. Some of them cost only a few thousand a year, but there are some whose annual cost to the taxpayers range much higher. Surely, none questions the value of the radio commission in these days when we all enjoy extracting things from the air, nor is there a question as to the principles actuating creation of the federal power commission. The board of tax appeals amounts to a court and serves taxpayers and the government alike.

But there is the shipping board and the United States tariff commission and the federal trade commission and the bureau of efficiency, two or three commissions to adjust disputes growing out of boundary questions between the United States and its neighbors, the national screw thread commission, any number of memorial and battle monument commissions, boards for this and boards for that. The tariff commission was created on the theory that the tariff question would be taken out of politics, but politicians did not want that to happen. The federal trade commission was established to protect the little fellow against the octopus of business, but there is a school of thought that believes it started nowhere and continues on that course.

There are such groups as the civil service commission who, if politicians kept hands off, might establish a federal service that would contain only satisfactory workers eventually, and the joint committee on printing that would hold down government costs of printing except that the government departments and members of the house and senate are continually clamoring to stock the country with printed material.

A board of mediation was set up to settle railway labor disputes, but there is little doubt that it could be dispensed with along with two scores of other agencies.

Maintenance of such organizations as the Smithsonian Institution is accepted as a normal function of government, for it preserves to posterity a physical record of what has happened and is educational, purely. At the other side of the Mall from the Smithsonian in Washington, however, is a beautiful building that serves as headquarters of the Pan-American union.

It is supposed to knit the nations of the two Americas. It has accomplished some things, but it has failed in many.

Then, there are several agencies representing a wartime-hangover, such as the alien property custodian, the War Finance corporation, the railroad administration. They are existing because all of this time has been required, and more, to wind up their affairs. There are the new agencies, too, the Reconstruction Finance corporation and the Federal Home Loan bank board, the first strictly an emergency relief corporation and the second a permanent addition to the nation's financing unit. Good undoubtedly has come from the first and the establishment of the Home Loan bank system is generally recognized as a move in the right direction, and it must be remembered respecting these two that, theoretically at least, neither is to result in added burdens for the taxpayers for the money they pay out is in the form of loans and is repayable.

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Howe About:

Our Legal System
Captain and Pastor
Sarah Bernhardt

By ED HOWE

WE NOW know Samuel Insull was a very bad man. How much of his bad conduct was recommended to him as legal by his lawyers? Insull didn't invent all or half of the schemes which lost seven hundred million dollars for investors. What proportion of them were invented by his attorneys? Go back to the records in Insull's case, and no doubt many astounding court-decisions in his favor may be found.

One of the admissions we must finally make is that our legal system is as bad as our political system, and as much in need of purging. The Constitution we have so long been taught (by lawyers) to respect is kicked about by lawyers and judges as idle boys kick a football.

And this is not the raving of a countryman; every reasonably honest and intelligent judge and lawyer says so.

The departure from morals which has resulted in so much trouble for the world is not confined to picnics, parked automobiles in dark places, or to banks, or to politics, but has reached every phase of our existence.

There was once a sea captain said to be a backslider, and a pastor called to talk to him.

"You have a compass with which to guide your ship," said the good man, "yet you have not a single guide to your moral conduct."

I heard the story from the religious when a boy, and have been hearing it ever since. It has always seemed to me foolish; I do not like art of that kind. A sea captain goes everywhere; sees everything. What moral guide can such a man lack that a modest and secluded pastor may possess?

It is an enormous statement for a small man to make, but I believe moral teaching has been wrong from the beginning. Always we have mixed the gods with it, although the gods have never had anything to do with the case. There is no sound recommendation for better behavior beyond the simple truth that honesty is the best policy.

I wonder Sarah Bernhardt is not used instead of P. T. Barnum as an extreme example of the successful publicity seeker. When nothing else offered to attract attention to her, she set fire to her own room. And if we had honest criticism and honest public opinion, I do not believe she would be rated as a moderately good actress.

One rough old writing rascal, in his references to women, frequently said: "Remember the whip!"

Probably he was an advocate of whipping good women; he seems to have admired all such, and history records he was often ridiculous in running after them.

What he probably meant was that had Louis XVI whipped his queen for fanatical devotion to bad men, and Czar Nicholas whipped the czarina for fanatical devotion to bad religion, the lives of millions of good women and children would have been enormously bettered.

Both these foolish women lost their lives because of mistaken enthusiasm for bad causes; the czarina's husband and children were murdered with her. (Note that the czarina, whose speciality was gross morality, was worse punished than the queen whose speciality was gross immorality.) I sometimes regret one of the queen's surviving sons was not executed with her; because of his mother's neglect of her home he was the worst boy of his age (eight) recorded in history.

I have never known a husband not a little ashamed if he failed to properly control his household; and the Bible strongly hints every husband has such a right and duty.

Most people will read only that with which they agree.

I believe Oscar Wilde was mistaken in more ways than any other man who ever lived, but have just read his "De Profundis" with interest, as I have read many of his other books and plays.

He was the foulest man of whom I have ever heard, and possibly one of the most intelligent; certainly one of the world's best writers. I cannot refuse to read such a man because I do not always agree with him.

He wrote many plays that sparkle with intelligence and wit, but in his "Salome" I cannot see a single reason why it should have been written, or why anyone should wish to read it: foul, silly, bloody; and, fortunately, a failure. He was that uneven in everything.

I have never known a single human being of whom I entirely approved; I have never entirely approved of myself.

It is frequently said during the present hard times: "The honest and thrifty are in no better state than the crafty and wasteful." All have been cruelly hurt, but there never was a time when the honest and thrifty were not a little better off than the careless and dishonest.

In the smaller affairs to which men are daily accustomed they are frequently quite capable, but when they become warriors or statesmen or are placed on exhibition in other large ways, they are usually ridiculous.

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ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode



SOOT IS EXPENSIVE!

THE SOOT FROM POORLY FIRED FURNACES CAUSES \$15 WORTH OF DAMAGE PER PERSON PER YEAR IN THE U.S.

STONE SICKNESS—STONE IS FOUND TO BE ATTACKED AND HARMED BY BACTERIA.

RADIO ECLIPSED—CAREFUL OBSERVATION UNEXPECTEDLY SHOWED NO CHANGE IN RADIO TRANSMISSION SIGNAL STRENGTH DURING THE ECLIPSE.

WNU Service

Tons of Gold Buried in Mud Bed of Lake

Legend of the 'Golden Man' Not Unbelievable.

Cartagena, Colombia.—Tons of gold, huge emeralds and other jewels and precious metals, lying embedded in the mud at the bottom of a small but deep lake in the Andes mountains, waiting for some one with a fortune to gamble on their reclamation!

the same region, known as the "Republic of Colombia" ever since Simon Bolivar freed it from the Spanish yoke, to be South America's richest producer of gold, the world's leading producer of emeralds, the costliest of jewels, and second among all platinum producing countries under the sun.

With these facts before you, it is not difficult to believe the legend of the "Golden Man," king of the Muyscas, whose city was known as "El Dorado"—the treasure city.

Every year on a certain day, according to the Muyscas tradition passed down from generation to generation by word of mouth, the king rubbed his body with the sticky sap of certain trees and permitted the priests of his city to cover him, from head to foot, with gold dust, applied with miniature blow guns.

He then walked majestically down to the shore of Lake Guatavita, a pure gem-like pool of crystal clear water cupped in the heights of the Andes quite near to his capital city of El Dorado. There he left his priests behind, putting forth upon the water on a small raft. Arriving in the center of the lake, he stood up and prayed for a shower of gems from the gods. Then he dived overboard.

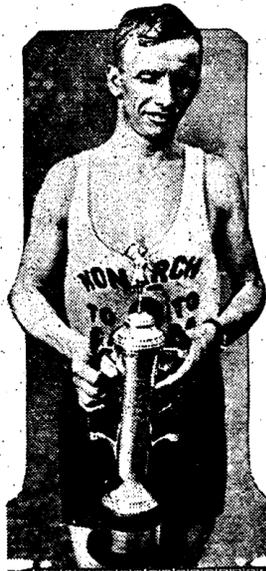
This was the signal for all the people of his city who were gathered along the shore to take part in the ceremony, to hurl their most precious possessions into the lake. These were invariably gold and jewels, chiefly emeralds, which they mined with great effort from the adjoining mountain sides.

It Grew and Grew.

And so, year after year, the treasure at the bottom of Lake Guatavita grew in size and immeasurable value. The legend of the Golden Man was repeated and spread through the New world. Germans who had settled upon the coast of Venezuela in 1500 set out for Lake Guatavita to recover the lost wealth, but Indians banded together and drove them back. Others followed. A Frenchman named De Sepulveda partially drained the lake and recovered a few emeralds, one of which he was reported to have sold for \$100,000. Spanish conquistadores tried their hand at the treasure without success. As late as 1903, a group of British engineers were given a government concession to retrieve the treasure of El Dorado. They spent a fortune draining the lake, but found that the bottom had caked so hard that other fortunes would be required to chip it away, so they abandoned their venture. The lake filled up again and has so remained for thirty years.

Today speculation is rife as to whether there really exists a fabulous treasure at the bottom of Lake Guatavita or whether it is merely a figment of the imaginative Indian mind, a story elaborated as it passes from mouth to mouth, from father to son, until the facts are lost in fantastic embellishment.

Marathon Winner



Dave Komonen of the Monarch A. C., Toronto, Canada, shown with the National A. A. U. trophy which he won in the second annual 15-mile marathon race at Washington. Over 128 of the best long-distance runners of the country took part in the race.

PROGRESS

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

"A Century of Progress"—a most interesting title for the World's fair.

A hundred years of progress in science and invention may mean much or little depending upon one's attitude toward social values. "A Century of Progress" in invention has developed the machine age in industry, which suggests a serious question—the development of the machine be acclaimed indiscriminately with hearty applause?

The ultimate worth of an invention is found not in the field of scientific discovery, but in its value to society. As one reviews the triumph of the machine age as it is being demonstrated at the fair, the question naturally arises, "Is society any better off at the end of this 'Century of Progress'?" To what extent is present unemployment due to the perfection of the machine? May it not be true that the very men who worked to complete the fair have now returned to the ranks of the unemployed, some of whom may have been forced to accept welfare donations?

Progress achieved at the cost of three years of the most severe depression known in history may be heralded as an advance in science but unless human relations are better, and life made more livable and happier, that progress is scarcely worthy of so costly a celebration.

The other side of the picture, however, looks toward tomorrow and may be prophetic. What we see at the fair may be indicative of a greater and grander future, a preview of its architecture, industry and science. That the economic pressure is gradually being lifted no person can honestly doubt. It will, however, take a long time to atone for the sacrifice and suffering of the last three years. If, however, we get back to normalcy and the "Century of Progress" enables us to build upon that foundation a nobler future socially, all that we have witnessed at the fair can truly be prophetically interpretive of an age that is to be.

There is no progress save that which ministers to the spiritual, moral and physical development of the race.

©, 1933, Western Newspaper Union.

For Town Wear



Natural linen crash with red and white polka dot trimming, cool and smart for town wear. The jacket is fitted at the hips and has the new epaulet sleeves that reach just above the sleeves of the frock. A red suede belt is worn on the frock.

Cyrus the Great

Cyrus the Great succeeded Darius, as monarch of Media and Persia in 558 B. C. His great rival Croesus, seems to have succeeded his father on the throne of Lydia, at about the same time, being five years younger than Cyrus.

Yes, We Have Fascisti in America



Led by Commander-in-Chief Art J. Smith (extreme right), these "Khaki Shirts," or American Fascists, raise their hands in a salute made famous by Europe's ultra-nationalistic organizations. They even wear spiked helmets, surmounted by an eagle and shield emblem and carry lengths of gas pipe "for protection." They propose to "take over" the United States government.

The Household

By LYDIA LE BARON WALKER

Whether one has read the book of Dickens titled "Great Expectations" or whether one has not, the term is familiar because so frequently quoted, not in reference to the volume, but to an attitude of mind. It is often used whimsically. In whatever form it is quoted, however, there is a thought behind it which is worthy of consideration. The modern slang expression, "He got what he was looking for," has the same idea back of it. The thing expected and the thing looked for has come to pass.

This idea should give pause to thought. What are we looking for? What are we expecting? Without going into minute details of what such things might be to different persons, there exists the fact that whatever the thing is, it represents the attitude of mind of the person. It is this attitude which we should watch and guard.

There are natural tendencies to expect the best or the worst. Those who are pessimistic do well to realize that a belief in the worst things coming to pass, opens the way for them to happen. Such persons are getting mentally ready for disagreeable, unhappy, or distressing things to come to them, or to whomsoever they are thinking about expectantly. It is no light matter to have such expectations which are certainly great in their effect for misery and misfortune.

One drawing force in the expectation of good or bad things occurring, is that the person contemplating them sees ways in which they could happen. For example, if you are expecting things to turn out badly, you are quick to see the ways by which the worst could occur, and thinking thus, you are slow to see avenues of escape from direful results. There may be as many opportunities of exemption, but

the light of your mind is not turned on them, but on the paths of misfortune. One blessing is that the reverse is equally true. The person who expects good things to happen also "gets what he is looking for." He sees ways by which the good could happen and he has faith in his expectations, and these attitudes clear the way for fortunate events to come to pass.

Right of Way. There would be little object in calling attention to the power of great expectations were it not possible to gain the attitude whereby the best things can be expected and thereby given the right of way. It is a lax mind which lets matters even of thought drift into wrong channels. By getting busy and thinking constructively on ways and means of preventing disaster, we are on the road to recovery.

Give the sub-conscious mind a chance to work helpfully by repeated assertions that you expect good things to happen. Look for them. Pick out the best in every turn of affairs, and think on it. You will be amazed at the results of such great expectations in the right direction.

©, 1933, Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Still Belligerent



Unrepentant and employing a dictionary to find new words to express his defiance, W. P. Blake, fifty-three, California's modern day duelist, was found guilty by a jury in Superior court at Los Angeles on a charge of sending a challenge to fight a duel to Herman Miller, patent attorney. Blake, an inventor, was accused under an old statute prohibiting duel challenges.

Pauper Divorced; He Marries Again

Helena, Mont.—It may have been courage or it may have been gratitude to Lewis and Clark county for paying costs of his divorce suit, but Herman Scholer remarried immediately after obtaining his freedom.

Scholer took a pauper's oath that he could not pay the costs of his suit charging Selma Scholer with desertion. The court then granted him a decree, custody of two of the four children by the marriage, and ordered the county to pay costs of the suit.

Scholer walked from the courtroom, paid cash for a marriage license, and a short time later was a married man, with Katherine E. James as his bride.

25-Year-Old Love Pact Between 3 Carried Out

London.—With the wedding of Mrs. Mary Helena Barker and John Weatherald in Tow Law, recently, a love pact made between twin brothers 25 years ago was carried out.

John and James Weatherald developed an attachment for Mrs. Barker, who is a widow, a quarter of a century ago. One of the brothers became engaged to her, and the other was so downcast in losing her that the three agreed that the bride-to-be should become the housekeeper to the twins, and that if one died she should marry the survivor. James died four months ago. John is now seventy-nine and Mrs. Barker sixty-seven.

Many Turn From Street to Farm

City Life Appears to Be Losing Its "Charm."

For better or for worse, between one and two million Americans have quit cities and villages during the last three years, leaving the shadow of the bread line for the seeming plenty of our farms, as the bureau of census defines "farms."

As many more have moved from industrial centers, not to farms, but to small semi-rural holdings on the outskirts of cities, in the hope of establishing a two-way grip on life by growing part of their food while continuing to work for wages as they can find work.

These folk have left the cities and towns quietly, usually on their own resources, but in many instances with the encouragement and even the help of employers, communities, states and of the federal government itself. Their initiative and daring have received little recognition, yet this migration, insistently increasing while the counter-movement from the farm to the city has slackened, has brought the once-declining farm population to 32,242,000 as of January 1, 1933.

This is the peak for farm population in our history, the previous high being 32,076,960 in 1910. The latest estimate of the Department of Agriculture, on April 20, 1933, indicates that the farm population gained more than a million in 1932 alone, but part of this gain is represented by surplus of farm births over deaths. With this item eliminated, the net farm gain from migrations to and from town was 533,000 for the year.

Practically all the habitable farms among the 200,000 abandoned during the five years between 1925 and 1930 have been or are being reoccupied, in many cases by experienced farmers returning from city life.—Arthur Pound in the Atlantic Monthly.

Shampoo Regularly with Cuticura Soap Precede by applications of Cuticura Ointment

This treatment will keep the scalp in a healthy condition and the hair thick and lustrous. Proper care of the hair during childhood is the basis for healthy hair through life.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corporation, Malden, Mass.

HANDY DISHWASHER

Never-invented, sells on sight, excellent profit in spite of low introductory price. For exclusive agency write E. F. ELLIS, 457 W. 57th St., New York

Opportunity for Capable Men and Women to start own profitable, permanent, protected, depression-proof business. Write for particulars, Clover Co., East Greenwich, R. I.

CASH IN QUICK from Special 6 Item First Aid Kit, Stops pain and infection. Sample 25c. credited 1st order. PRENTISS, 313 BROAD, UTICA, N. Y.

Old Postage Stamps

From All Over the World FIVE DOLLAR VALUE for a One Dollar Bill! Start a Collection or add many old stamps to your album. Stamp worth FIFTY cents free with all orders. M. BRUGMAN, 202 Sixth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

KILLS ANTS

Simply sprinkle Peterman's Ant Food along window sills, doors and openings through which ants come and go. Guaranteed to rid quickly. Used in a million homes. Inexpensive. Get it at your drugstore!

PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD

Coming to New York?

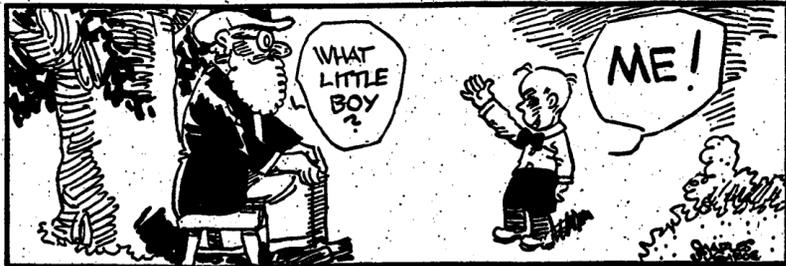


You will be delighted with the convenient location, the old fashioned comfort, and the economical rates at this famous uptown hotel.

SHERMAN SQUARE HOTEL

704 E. BROADWAY 7th Fl.

SUCH IS LIFE—Brave Junior!



By Charles Sughroe

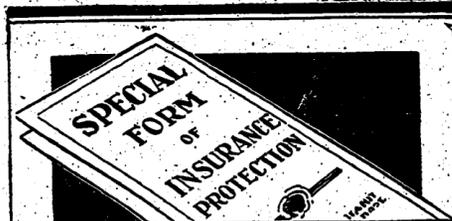
BUTTERFIELD'S

Antrim, N. H.

"SNEAKS"

98c Boys' Low and High 49c
\$1.25 Crepe Soles 69c

Last chance to buy merchandise before prices go up—way up!



Be Sure You ARE COMPLETELY Protected!

THERE are two ways in which your finances may be exposed to loss:

- (1) Through insufficient insurance protection, if your property values have increased without a proportionate increase of insurance.
- (2) Through lack of a special form of insurance to cover some newly developed need.

You can be sure your requirements will be well taken care of, if you appoint this agency to make a survey and provide you with policies in sound Stock Insurance Companies.

Do not postpone attending to this important matter. See it today.

Camden Fire Insurance Association
Camden, N. J.

Holyoke Mutual Fire Insurance Co.,
Salem, Mass.

Vermont Mutual Fire Insurance Co.,
Montpelier, Vt.

Citizens Casualty Co. of New York
Utica, New York

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

BANK BY MAIL

HILLSBORO GUARANTY SAVINGS BANK

Incorporated 1889

HILLSBORO, NEW HAMPSHIRE

A Representative of the Hillsboro Banks is in Antrim Thursday morning of each week

DEPOSITS made during the first three business days of the month draw interest from the first day of the month

HOURS: 9 to 12, 1 to 3. Saturday 8 to 12

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent \$2.00 a Year

The Antrim Reporter

Published Every Wednesday Afternoon

Subscription Price, \$2.00 per year

Advertising Rates on Application

H. W. ELDRIDGE, PUBLISHER
H. B. ELDRIDGE, Assistant

Wednesday, July 19, 1933

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

Long Distance Telephone

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

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



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression"

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

What Has Happened and Will Take Place Within Our Borders

Mrs. Marshall Smith is spending a few weeks with relatives at Nantucket, Mass.

A dance will be given at Grange hall, Antrim Center, this week Friday night, July 21. Adv.

Mrs. Edith Nay MacBrine and two children, of West Medford, Mass., are at her cottage, at Gregg Lake.

Hand-made Steel Andirons, will be sold at a reasonable price. Apply to Steve Mahoney, Antrim. Adv.

The American Legion Auxiliary will hold a Food Sale on the Presbyterian church lawn, on Friday afternoon of this week, at 3 o'clock.

Rev. Alba Marsh and Mrs. Marsh, of Lawrence, Mass., who for some seasons have been coming to Antrim for vacation, are spending a few weeks at White Birch Point, Gregg Lake.

The funeral of Harry Dacon will be held from his late home on Thursday afternoon, at 2.30 o'clock; body will be taken to Whitingville, Mass., for interment. His age was 77 years.

The Women's Mission Circle of the Presbyterian church will hold their annual Summer Sale on the church lawn, on Friday afternoon, August 25. Among other attractions, there will be a display of patch-work quilts and handmade bed-spreads. The public is invited.

Gaylord Douglas, who is a representative of the National Society for World Peace, with headquarters at Washington, D. C., addressed a small group of citizens at the Methodist church, on Friday evening last, in the interest of organizing a Committee for Peace Action. A permanent organization may be formed later.

Abstemious Chauffeur; experienced chef; skilled gardener, also construction, repairs, maintenance. Convincing testimonials. Low wage. Harry Chapelle, Box 169, Antrim. Adv.

Will Consider Bids!

The Antrim School Board will consider bids for the Shingling of the Roof of the East Side of the Village School Building, including also the Shingled Surfaces of the Tower and the South Side of the Ell.

Shingles to be of Slate-surfaced Asphalt of best quality, weight and trade name to be specified in bid.

All decayed roof-boards to be removed and all spaces between boards to be filled in.

New saddle-boards to be furnished and saddle-boards to be painted white after nailing.

All debris to be removed from the premises on completion of the work.

Work and all materials furnished shall be first-class.

All work shall be completed on or before September 1, 1933.

Alice G. Nylander
Arthur J. Kelley
Roscoe M. Lane
Antrim School Board.

If It's New, We Try It!
If It's Good,
WE USE IT!

"Our Beauty Shoppe"

Cor. West St. and Jameson Ave.
Antrim, N. H.

For Appointment, Phone 66

Weekly News of Interest From a Few Towns Surrounding Antrim

DEERING

The presentation of the one-act play by Wolf Hill grange members, scheduled for July 10, will take place at a later date.

Mrs. Louis P. Elkins was a speaker last Thursday afternoon in Litchfield. She was accompanied by her daughter, Jean.

Rev. W. S. K. Yeaple, pastor of the Lake Avenue Baptist church, Rochester, N. Y., has arrived at his summer home in North Deering.

Essays on the subject, "Why Highway Safety Pays" were read by the writers during the lecturer's hour at the meeting of Wolf Hill grange last Wednesday evening.

The marriage of Miss Alta E. Hiscox of Somerville, Mass., and Edward L. Bunker, of Chelsea, Mass., has been announced. After a wedding trip through New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, the couple will reside in Medford, Mass. Mrs. Bunker is the daughter of Mrs. Arnold Ellsworth of Deering, and passed much time in this town in her girlhood.

HANCOCK

Dr. and Mrs. C. D. Murray of New York City, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Brown of Wallingford, Conn., are at their cottages at Lake Nubanusit for the season.

The Greenfield Young People's Society, entertained the Young People's Society of Hancock one evening recently at Hollywood Lodge. The meeting was held on the lawn, and the subject discussed was "Success."

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ducan of Lowell, Mass., spent a recent week-end with Mrs. Durcan's sister, Mrs. E. K. Upton. Thursday of last week Mr. and Mrs. Ducan started for California by auto, where they will spend about two months before they return.

On a recent afternoon, at the invitation of Miss Margaret Perry, a group of young people met at the home of Mrs. Foster Stearns to meet Mrs. Brumgardt, formerly connected with the Playground association of America. Mrs. Brumgardt spoke of the possibilities of recreational programs in rural communities.

GREENFIELD

Twenty-six children from here attended the Deering church Vacation school the past week and this week.

Edward S. Holt and Paul Brooks have been at Hedges Lake, Cambridge, N. Y., where they were in camp for a week with their uncle, John Holt and family.

Greenfield Grange met Tuesday evening of last week and conferred the third and fourth degrees on Rev. and Mrs. Carter. The third degree was worked by the Ladies' degree team, an interesting feature of the degree was that Miss Betty Carter, sister of Rev. Mr. Carter, who is master of the Ladies' degree team of Andover, Mass., Grange, occupied the macter's chair and helped to confer the degree on her brother. The supper was in charge of Florence Thomas, Madeline Watson, Chester Russell and Harrison Lowe.

Auction Sale

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

Mrs. Mary E. Burnham, being in poor health and giving up the boarding house business, will sell a lot of household furniture at public auction, at her home in Berlington village, on Saturday, July 22, at one o'clock p. m. e. s. t. This is a nice lot of goods and includes chamber sets, bed-rooms, mattresses, dressers, chairs, stands, etc. Other particulars on auction bills.

A Gift Worth Its Weight In Gold

Wife—I can't understand my husband, doctor. I'm afraid there is something terribly wrong with him.

Doctor—What are the symptoms?
Wife—Well, I often talk to him for an hour at a time, and when I get through he hasn't the least idea what I have been saying.

Doctor—Don't worry any more about your husband. I wish I had his gift.

Chris. Columbus' Bones

The bones of Christopher Columbus have often been moved. Americans who wish to see them in their travels should go to the Cathedral at Seville, Spain.

The Gay Nineties Party!



This is How They Dressed in the Gay Nineties!

The Ladies of the Methodist Society will hold their Fair and Entertainment in the ANTRIM TOWN HALL, on

Friday, July 28, Afternoon and Evening

The Sale will be at 3 o'clock and the Entertainment at 8

Come to the Gay Nineties Party

Sing the Songs of the Nineties, and be Entertained by the Twelve Old Maids

EVENING ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

Children under twelve 15 cents

All who wish are invited to Dress in the Costume of "The Gay Nineties"

LAKE ICE!

You can always depend on ICE to keep your food fresh and pure, as pure, clean ICE protects health

Under any and all conditions you can depend on having daily deliveries of ICE, from

Millard A. Edwards, Antrim
TELEPHONE 75

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. Harry Favor is entertaining her mother and sister from Concord.

There is to be no Grange meeting on the 25th of this month. The next meeting comes August 8th.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Jordan, of Wakefield, Mass., and Mrs. Jordan's daughter, of Montclair, New Jersey, are at the Whitney homestead.

Friends of the genial mail carrier, Fred Bartlett, report he is expecting to own a new 1933 model Chevrolet soon, as he holds tickets believed to win. He prefers a red car it is stated!

Mrs. Louis Sylvester has just returned from an eight days' trip to Canada visiting the home of her childhood twenty-five miles below Quebec, which she has not seen for thirty-three years. She found a great many changes.

The people who are to occupy the half of Mrs. Burnham's house are Mr. and Mrs. Joe Ouellette who have lived in the upstairs tenement of the Sylvester house, not the manager of the Clover Farm Store. (Please accept our apologies for the misunderstanding of the report).

Mrs. Gertrude Ross has had the Burt house newly painted which is a big improvement. The occupants have a board and room sign out. This is an ideal spot not only for regular boarders but for summer guests, who surely would enjoy the beautiful pine grove near the house.

The last Sunday of this month (July 30th) Rev. Harry Kimball, of Needham, Mass., is to preach at the morning service at the Congregational church. During August the church will be closed as Rev. Logan and family are to have their vacation, and the trustees announce the outside of the church building is to be painted during that time.

We are asked to remember the Church Fair which comes the latter part of August; everyone can have a part—both men and women may contribute something saleable, and there is to be a post office. It is hoped everyone will write their friends asking them to contribute a ten cent present; the further away they come from the more interesting they will be.

TO PRESENT SOLID SILVER CUP AT ROCKINGHAM

The Flat Races at Rockingham Park will finish July 22. The Grand Circuit or Harness Races take hold July 26 and race until August 12.

A second meeting of the Flat Races, owing to the success from a racing standpoint of the first, has been called and will begin September 2.

Colonel Arthur J. Pierce, who is Honorary Steward of the track during the Flat Racing, will with Mrs. Pierce give a solid silver cup—called the Colonel Pierce Trophy—and the actual Trophy will be presented by Mrs. Pierce to the owner of the winning horse of the major race, which is the fourth race on Saturday, the last day, July 22.

It was my privilege to see this cup today, a work of art, and made in our New Hampshire State by the Concord Silversmiths. They, you will remember, made the silver platter that had engraved on it every signature of each

United States Senator and was presented to Vice President Curtis on his retirement. The order was placed through Ex-Senator George Moses.

THE HILLSBORO' COUNTY SERVICE COUNCIL MEETS

The Hillsboro County Service Council held its eleventh annual meeting on Sunday, July 17, 1933, at the home of Postmaster Ralph Messer. Ninety members and guests were present.

The forenoon session was spent in renewing old friendships and getting acquainted with the new members and talking over the different problems they meet in their daily work.

After lunch which was enjoyed by all present, the following program was in order:

Meeting called to order by chairman E. F. Trufant.

Singing "America" by all present.

Mr. Trufant read a letter from the Hon. Louis Brehm, also a letter from Postmaster Burt, of Concord, and Postmaster J. R. Killkelly, of Wilton, then presented Postmaster Messer and wife with a purse of money in appreciation of their kindness in entertaining the Council during their annual meetings for the past nine years; this was a gift from Council members.

Address by Hon. Charles W. Tobey, Congressman from the Second District. He spoke of his experiences in Washington and explained the different bills that were passed during the last session. He delivered a splendid address which was enjoyed by all present.

Secretary of State Enoch D. Fuller spoke briefly. Mr. Fuller has attended each annual meeting of the Council for the past eight years.

Singing "America the Beautiful" accompanied on the violins by Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, of Milford.

Recitation by Henry Hayward, of Amherst.

Recitation by Marian Hayward, of Amherst.

The following Postmasters spoke briefly: J. R. Killkelly, Wilton, Stephen Colburn, Milford, Arthur Temple, Mont Vernon, Percy Morse, South Merrimack, John Caldwell, New Ipswich, Nellie Mason, Greenfield, A. H. Marshall, East Weare, R. L. Alexander, Harrisville, C. H. Tarbell, South Lyndeboro, B. Dodge, New Boston.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows: Chairman, E. F. Trufant; Vice-Chairman, J. W. Caldwell; Secretary, Ralph E. Messer; Executive Committee, E. R. Welch, May F. Sumner, C. E. Otis, George Frye, Nellie L. Mason, Darius Robinson, B. H. Dodge.

The meeting closed with the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner."

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.

Topics of the Day Presented to Reporter Readers in Concise Form

Dr. Daniel A. Folling, of New York and Deering, N. H., president of the International Society of Christian Endeavor, has been re-elected to this position. The society's quadrennial convention will be held on August 3-8, 1934, at Budapest, Hungary.

The Laconia Democrat, one of the largest weekly newspapers in the state, and when owned by the late "Charlie" Vaughn was the most widely quoted, has been sold by a syndicate of local business men to Major Edward J. Gallagher, publisher of the Laconia Daily Citizen, who will merge the Democrat with the

Citizen, which is a member of the Associated Press.

Regarding when the work on the Center road towards Cunningham corner at Route No. 9, is to start, on inquiry it is understood that it will start very soon, as almost everything is in readiness to go ahead with the engineering part of the job. Of course, it will take a little time to set the necessary machinery in motion, but it is reasonably sure that there will be no unnecessary delay.

The Reporter hasn't heard of a single case in Antrim that has been effected

The Antrim Woman's Club

Is holding another afternoon party at the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Felker on Tuesday, July 25, at 2.30 o'clock. Members are invited to come and bring their friends, bringing card tables and games they wish to play.

The New Hampshire Federation of Woman's Clubs is sponsoring the sale of brooms made by the blind. These brooms have been placed in the I.G.A. stores, at Clinton and in the village. The price is 85c., and all are urged to buy them, thus helping those who made them.

Miriam W. Roberts,
 Publicity Chairman

Attend Sunday Service

For the fourth successive year, the Sachem Boy Scouts, summering at Gregg Lake, will worship at the Antrim Center church, next Sunday morning.

Last year the Antrim Scouts joined with them, and will attend next Sunday. The boys at the Hartford, Ct., camp, are invited also.

The guest speaker of the morning will be Rev. Robert G. Armstrong, secretary of Congregational churches of New Hampshire. Mr. Armstrong is spending the month at the Linton cottage, at North Branch.

Special music will be furnished by Camp Sachem boys.
 Service begins at 9.45.

Installation of Officers

On Monday evening of this week, at Odd Fellows hall, the new officers of Mt. Crooked Encampment, No. 89, I.O.O.F., were installed by Harold E. Harvey, D.D.G.P., and suite of installing Grand Officers from North Star Encampment, of Hillsboro. The following are the new officers for the year ensuing:

- Chief Patriarch—Alfred Chase.
- Senior Warden—Elmer W. Merrill.
- High Priest—Alfred J. Bezio.
- Scribe—H. W. Eldredge.
- Treasurer—Everett N. Davis.
- Junior Warden—A. W. Whippie.
- Guide—Roscoe Whitney.
- 1st Watch—Philip Knowles.
- 2d Watch—C. L. Fowler.
- 3d Watch—Frank Taylor.
- 4th Watch—James Ashford.
- Inside Sentinel—Howard Humphrey.
- Outside Sentinel—I. P. Hutchinson.
- 1st G. to T.—Clarence Rockwell.
- 2d G. to T.—George Goodhue.

After the meeting, in the dining hall, refreshments of ice cream and saltines were served.

NORTH BRANCH

Donald Cole, Jr., is visiting at Bide-a-wee for a season.

Mrs. Ernest McClure is entertaining a friend for a week.

Ernest Wheeler, of Keene, is visiting with his cousin, W. D. Wheeler.

We were misinformed in the schedule of the ministers that are to speak at the chapel here: Rev. Tibbals was the Sunday evening speaker, with an orchestra of young people from the village, with the assistance of Mr. Cook. We were much pleased with it all. Thanks are extended to all, including Malcolm Cook, for the music. Rev. Patterson is the speaker next Sunday.

For Sale

Fully Accredited COWS; can go in anybody's herd, in any state: Holsteins, Guernsey's, Jerseys and Ayrshires. Fresh and springers.
 Fred L. Proctor, Antrim, N. H.

To Let

Camps, Cottages, Fishing Boats
 Write For Circular
 See Cottages by Appointment
 D. A. Maxwell
 GREGG LAKE, ANTRIM, N. H.

by the new law passed during the concluding days of the last session of the State Legislature, which reads in part:

"No resident of New Hampshire shall be entitled to receive a permit to register a motor vehicle, a license to operate a motor vehicle, or a license to hunt or fish within this state, until he shall furnish evidence that he has paid his poll tax in the town where he resides for the tax year preceding the date of his application for such permit or license, or evidence that he has been excused from such payment by the taxing authority of the town where he resides."

Antrim Locals

Miss Estelle Speed is spending a season in Massachusetts and Connecticut, visiting with relatives and friends.

The "Gay Nineties" at the town hall on Friday evening, July 28. This will be an interesting party that all will want to attend.

Mrs. Isabell Clement desires to thank all her friends, especially those in the Baptist society, for the kindnesses shown her during her illness and for flowers received.

Butterfield's sale is still on and lasts through Friday, the 21st. Buy as much of this merchandise as you can, for the prices on all of these goods are sure to advance.

It is planned to hold the union Sunday school picnic this year, as in former years, at Lake Massasecum, in Bradford, on Saturday, July 22. This is one of the most beautifully located spots for a picnic, and as a picnic for young folks means getting on a bathing suit and being in the water about two-thirds of the time, this is an ideal place. For the older people, this is a good place, and if the day should be showery, as sometimes happens, the accommodations are splendid. Everybody is taken good care of and well looked after at Lake Massasecum.

Fresh Mushrooms for sale, picked every day, 40c a pound at house; 50c a pound delivered. Frank K. Black, Antrim.

Mrs. Nellie Holland, for some time a resident at the County home, died at Grasmere on Tuesday of this week. The funeral services will be held at the Baptist church on Thursday afternoon.

The base ball boys are staging a Field Day for Antrim on Saturday of this week, July 22. Two ball games, Old Timers of Antrim vs. Old Timers of Peterboro—players over 40 years of age—five inning game at 2 p.m.; at 3 p.m., league game Antrim vs. Peterboro. 3-mile race starts at 2.30. For further particulars read flyers. It is desired that the Old Timers of Antrim who intend to play in the above challenge game come out for practice, at the usual hour, on the ball grounds, on Thursday.

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
 Rev. William Patterson, Pastor
 Thursday, July 20
 Prayer and praise service at 7.30 p.m. Topic: "The King's Servants and their Relation to God and Man." Matt. 7: 7-12.

The Bible School Workers' Conference will follow this service.
 Friday, July 21

The Union Vacation Church School will be brought to a close with a demonstration service in this church, at 7 o'clock p.m. Come and bring your friends.

Saturday, July 22
 Union Sunday School Picnic at Lake Massasecum. Trucks leave churches at 8.30 a.m.

Sunday, July 23
 Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock, with sermon by the pastor.

Bible school at 12 o'clock.
 Union evening service at 7 o'clock in this church, under the auspices of the Woman's Relief Corps, observing the Golden Anniversary.

Methodist Episcopal
 Rev. John P. Brooks, Pastor
 Saturday, July 22
 Union Picnic at Lake Massasecum
 Sunday, July 23
 Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock.
 The sermon topic: "Jesus in Art."
 Church school at 12 o'clock.

Baptist
 Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
 Thursday, July 20
 Church prayer meeting 7.30 p.m.
 Topic: "How Shall I Pray?" Matt. 6: 5-15.

Saturday, July 22
 Union Picnic at Lake Massasecum
 Sunday, July 23
 Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock.
 The pastor will preach on the topic: "In Spite Of."
 Church school meets at 12 o'clock.

Little Stone Church on the Hill
 Antrim Center
 Rev. J. W. Logan, Pastor
 Sunday School at 9 a.m.
 Sunday morning worship at 9.45.

Resolutions of Respect

Adopted by Waverley Lodge, No. 59, I.O.O.F., on the Death of
 Fred I. Burnham

Whereas, our Lodge has again been visited by the death angel and one of our most highly respected members has been removed from our associations; and whereas, Waverley Lodge will deeply feel its loss in parting with so valuable a member as Brother Fred I. Burnham had proved himself to be; and whereas, on so many occasions he has shown his helpfulness and loyalty to the principles of our Order; therefore be it

Resolved, that in the loss of one who for so long a term of years had been a faithful weekly attendant at our meetings, holding positions of trust and responsibility with his accustomed unselfish usefulness and with much ability.

Resolved, that in submitting to a wiser over-ruling providence who doeth all things well, our membership will endeavor to learn something from the faithfulness and loyalty of our brother for whom we mourn.

Resolved, that these resolutions be placed upon the records of our Lodge, that a copy be sent to the widow of our deceased brother, and that they be published in the Antrim Reporter.

Respectfully submitted,
 H. W. Eldredge
 Leander Patterson
 C. W. Prentiss
 Resolution Committee

"The Scrap Bag"

announces the Opening of the 17th Century Studio "House of Paper Dolls" Every Afternoon for Tea.
 Old Tyme Sweets
 Antiques, Reproductions
 Warner, N. H.

ANTRIM POST OFFICE

Mail Schedule in Effect May First, 1933

Going South		Going North	
Mails Close	Leave Station	Mails Close	Leave Station
5.35 a.m.	5.50 a.m.	6.20 a.m.	6.35 a.m.
8.57 a.m.	9.12 a.m.	2.28 p.m.	2.43 p.m.
3.00 p.m.	3.15 p.m.	Mail connecting with Keene train arriving at Elmwood railroad station at 5.27 p.m., leaves Antrim at 4.40 p.m., and arrives at about 5.45 p.m. Office closes at 6.30 p.m.	

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss. Court of Probate.

To the heirs at law of the estate of John E. Loveren, late of Antrim, in said County, deceased, testate, and to all others interested therein:

Whereas, George M. Loveren, executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County the final account of his administration of said estate:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Manchester, in said County, on the 15th day of August next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

Said executor is ordered to serve this citation by causing the same to be published once each week for three successive weeks in the Antrim Reporter, a newspaper printed at Antrim, in said County, the last publication to be at least seven days before said Court.

Given at Nashua, in said County, the 13th day of July, A. D. 1933.

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

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The SILVER FLUTE

By Lida Larrimore

© Macrae-Smith Company
WNU Service.

SYNOPSIS

On her eighteenth birthday, Barbara, motherless daughter of Christopher Thorne, artist, receives a birthday ring from Bruce MacLain, young artist friend of the family, but more than friend to Barbara. Bruce tells her a story of a gypsy boy, a little gypsy girl whom he loves, and the song of a silver flute. She knows it is her own love tale. Her father is killed in an accident. Relatives arrive and take charge of things. To her dismay Barbara learns that she and her two brothers and small sister are to be separated. Desperate, the four children plot to run away to Barbara's godfather, "Uncle Stephen." Drake, Stephen Drake, bachelor, forty years old, still has vivid recollections of Barbara's mother, whom he had loved eighteen years before. He had made up his mind to propose that night to Emily Trent, so that his well-ordered household might have a permanent head. But the children arrive and the proposal is interrupted. Stephen feels his heart warm to the small daughter of his early love, but he tells her he must send them all back. Kit is taken ill. Stephen finds himself unable to resume his lover-like feeling for Emily. The children's relatives appear, highly annoyed and vociferously disapproving. Stephen pacifies them. The youngsters become a recognized part of the household.

CHAPTER IX—Continued

"You have reason to be," she decided, after an interval of thought. "Maybe we could pay you back. There'll be some money when they sell the Provincetown house."

"That's a good idea," Stephen agreed. "I'll present you with all of the bills."

"Promise?" she asked very gravely.

"I promise," he gravely agreed.

A day or two later he took them shopping, leaving the office at noon with no explanations, which caused Miss Finch to wonder more than ever what had happened to Mr. Drake.

Stephen wondered, too. The children, he thought, were discovering for him qualities which he did not know that he possessed. He was suddenly interested in hats and dresses and slippers, jealously wanting to do everything for Barbara's children himself as long as they were with him. He did it for her—the Barbara he had loved.

He was a little embarrassed, at first, by the suave salesladies in the shop Natalie had recommended. But the embarrassment gradually merged into interest and pride. Gay was enchanting in the frocks which the salesladies selected.

"Sweet!" they murmured to each other, loud enough for Stephen to hear. "A real little beauty!"

Gay wore her look of a little girl who had just given her shoes to an orphan. But Stephen knew she had heard the admiring comments. She was an artful little mix but she was also a beauty. It embarrassed, and pleased him, too, when she flung her arms around his neck and cried happily:

"Oh, Uncle Stephen, aren't they perfectly sweet?"

"We can't afford much for me," Barbara said when they had selected frocks for Gay and a coat with a squirrel collar and a cap banded with soft, dark fur.

"Try them on, anyway," Stephen suggested, seeing the wistful expression in her eyes.

They changed her amazingly, he thought. He had not realized the magic of pretty clothes. In these frocks, cunningly cut and fitted, she looked older—until he saw her eyes. Then she looked like a little girl dressing up.

"We can't," she protested when Stephen would have instructed the saleslady to send the enchanting frocks.

"One or two?" He smiled at her.

"One or two," she agreed, quickly returning the smile.

The saleslady displayed a short fur jacket the color of coffee with cream.

"Gracious!" Barbara exclaimed. "I can't buy fur coats, Uncle Stephen!"

"Try it on," he suggested.

She slipped her arms into the coat.

"Will you let me buy it for a present?" Stephen asked when the saleslady had disappeared in quest of other temptations.

"I can't, Uncle Stephen," she said. "You've done so much for us. I can't let you buy presents like this."

"Barbara," Stephen said, "do you know what a godfather is? He's a second father. Now, will you let me buy you the coat?"

"But you've done so much, Uncle Stephen."

"I like doing things for you," Stephen said gently. "It gives me a great deal of pleasure."

"Then I'd let him," Gay advised.

Barbara finally agreed.

"Thank you," she said, when they had decided that she should wear the coat. "I guess I have a frivolous disposition. I wish—" She paused and a wistful expression crept into her eyes. She wished Bruce could see her in the fur jacket with the muff and the soft little pull-on hat.

Stephen saw the wistful expression. He thought she wished that her father might see her. Or her mother, perhaps. Stephen, of course, knew nothing at all about Bruce.

That evening Barbara saw, for the

first time, the painting which hung above the fireplace in Stephen's room.

"I wanted you to see me," she said, standing in the open door just before time for dinner. She wore one of the frocks they had selected that afternoon, a frock the color of a tea-rose, which fell to her ankles in graceful folds.

"You look very nice," Stephen said, feeling a strange disturbance in his heart.

And then she saw the painting; red rocks, blue sea, distant rust-colored sails, a girl with the wind blowing her skirt against her bare brown legs.

"Father did that!" she said, moving toward the fireplace.

"Yes," Stephen said.

"It's Mother." She stood looking up at the painting, her lashes misted with tears. "It isn't Mother's face exactly, but the rest of it is."

"Yes," Stephen said again.

"She was lovely, wasn't she?"

"Very lovely." Was it memories of the Barbara he had loved, Stephen wondered, or was it the Barbara in the tea-rose frock that caused the strange disturbance in his heart? He saw her, standing there in the firelight, as he had not seen her before. She seemed, for a moment, a woman old enough to be loved as he had loved her mother.

Emily came to see Barbara and the children.

The visit was not entirely a success. She came one rainy Saturday afternoon and Henry took her directly up to the schoolroom. Stephen was there with the children. The room was in an uproar. They had been playing some sort of a noisy game. All of this, she thought, must be very upsetting to Stephen who liked quiet and order.

Stephen did not appear to be upset.

"You're just in time," he said. "We're playing a very exciting game."

He had wanted Emily to see the children. He had thought that she would be friendly and gracious. She



"I Like Doing Things for You," Stephen Said Gently.

was—but with a difference. Her manner was playful and slightly condescending. She made the fatal error of calling them "Stephen's kiddies."

"Will you let me play the game with you?" she asked, smiling a shade too brightly, Stephen thought. They weren't babies, these children of his. They were intelligent. Why must Emily use that patronizing tone?

The children lost interest in the game. They were reserved and very polite. It was apparent that they did not intend to include Emily in the happy intimacy which Stephen shared. Stephen had wanted Emily to see the children at their best. They would be very appealing. Now they looked like bored little puppets whose strings weren't working well.

Barbara joined them, presently.

"This is Barbara," Stephen said, thinking how pretty she looked.

"How do you do, Miss Trent," Barbara said, poised and self-possessed. "I'm rather drabby. I'm afraid. I've been walking in the rain."

She wasn't a child, Emily thought, resenting Barbara's poise, resenting her glowing cheeks and the curly soft brown hair. Her manner was gracious and reserved. She was a very pretty girl.

Conversation became increasingly difficult.

"Are you having a nice visit?" Emily asked.

"Very nice," Barbara answered.

"Very nice," Gay echoed, trying to be tactful and polite.

"Chips!" advanced, baring his teeth in what Jamie called "a smile." Emily drew herself into the depths of the chair. She was timid about strange dogs.

"Here, 'Chips!'" Jamie called, withering scorn in his voice. Couldn't this lady see that "Chips" was smiling and wanted to be friendly? He wished she would leave so they could go on with the game.

Emily had brought Kit a book—"The Motorboat Boys in Southern Waters." Kit thanked her politely and laid it aside. Emily felt that something was wrong. And then she noticed that "Moby Dick" lay on the table beside Kit's chair. The book she had brought was too juvenile, though the clerk in the bookshop had assured her that it was a favorite with boys of any age. She grew pink with confusion. She wished that she had not come.

She wanted to be charming to the children. All the way out she had pictured herself winning their immediate affection. But everything was wrong. She introduced subjects which she thought might interest them. They were polite but bored. Emily became increasingly nervous. Her head ached. She felt as though she were getting a

Prints Triumph Anew This Summer

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



NEVER such a season for prints as this! To add to their glory they are taking on simply ravishing touches of colorful velvet trimmings or else they are fur-bordered, which adds elegance supreme.

The floral patternings of the newest prints are gorgeous beyond description. So outstandingly are the florals silhouetted against their backgrounds it would almost seem as if they had been painted by an artist with strokes deft and sure.

If we were to employ all the adjectives at our command we would still feel we had failed to do justice to the beauty of this season's prints and so with the thought that pictures speak more eloquently than words we are referring you to the illustration herewith.

The stunning costume centered in the group is a study in white and black. It is a Worth creation. The dress is fashioned of a superb white and black line print. These line effects are the "last word" in prints. In interpreting the mode at its best Worth makes a decorative play on velvet, using shirred black velvet for the girldie with white mat velvet for the three-quarter coat, the gloves and bag offering a pleasing diversion in that they are formed of fine ribbed white velvet. The pleated shoulder line of this enchanting velvet wrap is a touch of genius.

For bizarre and exotic coloring we refer you to the striking costume to the right in the picture. There is nothing smarter this season for daytime wear than a jacket suit all of gay print. They range from simplest types to magnificent affairs such as the model shown here. The out-

standing note about this handsome print is that its gay flowers, which are in a riot of colors, are printed on a dusky red background, which leads us to say that latest reports from Paris declare that the very newest prints trend to reddish hues. The coat is edged with blue fox which gives it infinite chic. The swanky little hat is of brown crepe. These creped fabrics, ribbons and laces, are very prominent in the realm of millinery materials.

In the exceedingly clever black and white taffeta afternoon costume pictured to the left, which also comes from the house of Worth, we again see the magic of velvet as it appears on the summer style program in a trimming and an accessory role. The collar, the jabot and the top of the gloves, likewise the jaunty beret which mildly wears, are of black velvet. The pleated foundation, the tunic lines and the wide-draped puff sleeves are style points of special significance.

It is surprising how many smart Parisiennes are wearing little velvet hats right in the summertime. Accessory sets which include scarf, gloves (the latest is velvet mitts), bag, sometimes adding a belt and shoes, should be part of every well-ordered wardrobe. Then, too, a collection of velvet bows and girdles will not come amiss, as they may be called upon at any time to enhance this or that summery frock.

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DRESSES FROM BAGS IS ECONOMICAL FAD

Women have a new game in this country—making dresses from sacks. The idea isn't exactly new, but it was not until the depression reached its worst that the project was undertaken in earnest. It has gained popularity in recent weeks, stimulated by a contest conducted by Miss Iris Davenport, clothing specialist for the extension division of Louisiana State University.

Flour, sugar, salt, feed, seed and even fertilizer and burlap bags are used. Stitches are pulled and the bags ripped open. Stencils are removed by allowing the bag to stand in lard overnight. Bleaching and dyeing processes follow. Then it is up to the individuality of the dress-maker.

Bags that came in through the kitchen door now are seen swaggering out the front entrance as the best street frocks of the lady of the house.

Horizontal Hats Are Now Popular Fad for Women

Not your wildest out, perhaps, but one of them—should be a big Merry Widow hat of bicycle days. They may be called like a picnic plate in play moments which offer relief from dull companions. These flattest-of-flat hats range anywhere from 10 inches across to about 22 and look completely society bells in rough straws or sheer straws with a daffy bunch of field flowers from the home-worked sofa-pillow period, perched starchy at some vantage point of the hat band.

Gingham Blouses. Plaid gingham blouses enhance the charm of linen suits. You can have a gingham hat to match and, if you want to go the whole way in gingham, gloves can be made of the same material as the blouse and hat.

Choices in Embroideries. Embroideries are introduced in many varied fashion types.

SHEPHERDESS HAT

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Here is one of the very latest models in wide-brimmed hats. It is one of the very new shepherdess shapes. You will observe that the crown is very shallow and that it is not pulled down to fit the head like a cap as we have been in the habit of doing. Also the brim dips over one eye, which is a characteristic feature of this season's models. It is well to take note of these details in selecting your mid-summer chapeau. The model pictured is banded with colored novelty ribbon. Paris milliners are using quantities of fancy ribbons just now.

String Belts Favored. Knitted string and plaited braid belts are a favorite with sports frocks. A natural colored linen frock has a two inch belt of knitted string—blue, green and red—and a white canvas sports dress is worn with a narrow belt of blue braid.

Sailor Collars in Again. Old-fashioned sailor collars are here again. The new designs are broader than ever, often standing two inches off each shoulder to give the broadened shoulder effect now in vogue.

OUR CHILDREN

By ANGELO PATRI

THE JEALOUS CHILD

WE ARE likely to be impatient with the jealous child. Jealousy is an ugly trait and its possessor gets little sympathy. We look at the result of it and turn away from the offender in disgust. We are angry when we ought to be sympathetic.

Jealousy is an affliction. I believe that no healthy mind harbors jealousy. The day is coming when we will call in the mental hygiene specialist and ask him what he can do to ease the child of this complaint. Instead of punishing him we will get a prescription for him. Let us hope it works.

Anger and jealousy go hand in hand. One is as poisonous as the other. Neither of them can live in a mind that is open to the sunshine of love and service. When the healthy breezes of laughter and industry blow through a mind all the dark corners are swept clean of such dangerous clutter and the healthy mind goes on its way merrily, knowing no grudging and no self-seeking. A healthy self, which means a healthy mind, looks after itself and is certain of its ability to do so.

The helpless self, which means the unhealthy mind, the one that no sun and breeze may enter, is afraid. It falters. It leans on other minds, complaining while it does so. By that sign you can always know it. Then don't be angry about it. Don't turn in disgust away from it. It needs help.

How can you help a jealous child? Tell him what ails him. Tell him cheerfully and impersonally that he is thinking the wrong way, that he had worked his example wrong. Proceed to show him the mistake. "When you begin to think that Tille has your place you are heading the wrong way. You see you are alive. So long as you are alive nobody can be you, nobody can stand in your place. It is silly of you to think he can."

"When you think that Tille is getting the love you ought to get you are making a great mistake. Love is not measured that way. The more it is given out the more there is to give. You can't lose the love that comes to you unless you shut it out. When you feel ugly and selfish you shut love away from you. You do this to your self. Now I'll tell you what you do. Tille is so little she can't get her own night things ready. Every night you slip upstairs and lay out that child's things for her, help her get ready for bedtime. Give the little thing a lift. If you do this you'll know better than to feel so jealous of every little kindness that is shown her. Be the first to help her and see how things come out right for you."

It will take many a lesson but keep at it. Jealousy can be driven out by service. Of course I am talking for granted that nobody is deliberately fostering the passion for his amusement. Anybody that does that is a dangerous person to have about child. Teach him the error of his way or shut him out of the child's life. Jealousy is poison to the human body and mind. Who would deliberately feed poison to a child?

Teach him to love and to serve and say no word about the other thing and he will come through safely.

How I Broke Into The Movies

By WILLIAM HAINES

TRUTHFULLY, I broke into the movies with a bull on my nose—but more of that later. Let's start at the beginning.

If you ever hope to stay out of pictures never have your photograph taken. It gets to be a habit, like dope, and once you've started it you can't stop.

I was in New York, "just a young man trying to get along" by selling bonds. I read all the books on salesmanship and attended all the meetings and hoped some day to be president of the firm. Then, I had my photograph taken.

The trouble with that is you don't have just one picture, you have another and another. I had so many that I decided that I should, to save my conscience, make this terrible habit pay, so I began posing for what the well-dressed man will wear.

I posed in suits, and hats and overcoats, when I wasn't selling bonds—and that was most of the time, because I was a rotten salesman.

It was during the time when Goldwyn Picture corporation was scouting the country for new faces. I heard about this search and as I had all the photographs taken that could possibly be taken, I felt that the moving picture field was the place to unload them.

I called at the office and as my face, despite my years, still seemed very new, I was given a test the next day. I gave up the bond business at once and waited to hear the outcome of the test. I waited three and a half weeks



William Haines.

and was, at the end of that time, seriously contemplating going back into the bond business, when I had a call to come to the office at once.

Shall I ever forget going into that office and being told that I was to start for California at once to make pictures! A girl had been chosen to be given a contract, too. She was in the office signing up and getting her instructions.

I remember that she wore a fur coat and a little fur hat and pretty flat-heeled slippers. Her hair was light—what I could see of it under her hat—and her eyes were a blue-gray. This other new discovery was Eleanor Boardman.

I arrived at the studio in a big way, with the bull on my nose. But it passed away with time and I began getting the habit of motion pictures. "That's how I broke into the movies."

Perhaps those who rejoiced most at my entrance into the cinema world were my former employers in the bond house and those New York photographers, who really started me on my downward path.

WNU Service

Hollywood Makeup Artists Supply New Faces for Old

The makeup men of Hollywood, who have done wonders for both male and female players from time to time, making beauties occasionally out of rather plain-faced folk, seem to be headed for fresh triumphs. At any rate, they have now solved the problem of furnishing completely new faces for old, to be worn temporarily.

"The beauty of it," says Percy Westmore, who is chief of the makeup department of the Warner studios, "is the absolute plasticity of the whole thing. We are now able to create a completely new face, using the actor's own features as a foundation, which is completely in contact with his own facial muscles at every point and which he can vivify at will, more easily than the fingers of your hand can move inside a silk glove."

Jack Holt Launched His Screen Career "Stunting"

Jack Holt launched his screen career several years ago as a "stunt" man and shortly became a western star. As such he rose to unprecedented heights. When the popularity of "cowboy" films began to wane, Holt on the verge of retirement was signed by Columbia for a series of pictures. Since then he has appeared in such outstanding productions as: "Flight," "Submarine," "Father and Son," "Hell's Island," "The Last Parade," "Dirigible," "Subway Express," "Fifty Fathoms Deep," "A Dangerous Affair," "War Correspondent," "This Sporting Age" and "Man Against Woman."

Indians Find Gold in Labrador

Possibilities of Region Are Little Known.

Washington.—Rich gold ore was recently reported to have been brought out of Labrador by Indians.

It is one of many such reports that have been made through the centuries, but still the truth as to Labrador's possibilities as a source of precious metals is unknown, says a bulletin from the National Geographic society. It is for other resources that the country is best known, the bulletin points out.

Labrador spreads like a rough triangle from Hudson strait to Blanc Sablon, on the Strait of Belle Isle, and from the Atlantic coast inland to the Height of Land, continues the bulletin. "With an area of at least 110,000 square miles, it is almost three times the size of Newfoundland. Its boundaries embrace a fringe of coastal settlements, fur trading posts, and Grenfell and Moravian mission stations; romantic fjords and naked cliffs like those of Norway; rocky islands and narrow 'tickle' (channels); ancient mountains, valleys, and falls; 30-mile lakes and rushing rivers swarming

rat-rank next in importance to cod. The part white, part Eskimo trappers do little cod fishing, for the 'furring grounds' lie miles away from the coast, and the winter hunt, when pelts are prime, keeps the men away from home for weeks at a time.

"Rides bang good-by as canoes pull out into midstream to begin the long trip up-river to the 'fur paths,' or hunting grounds. When a trapper chooses a certain area, he blazes trails, sets out perhaps 300 traps, and builds 'tilts' (log huts) at intervals of a day's walk apart. Thereafter, this land is his alone to hunt over, and no other trapper thinks of poaching on it.

"The trapper's day is long, work at the traps hard. Storms may overtake him, and 20-below-zero cold. Yet he stops only once or twice to prepare a mug of tea and to take a bite of bread. For supper, cooked on the tilt's tin stove, he stews a partridge with rice and salt pork; or perhaps some beaver or porcupine, whose meat is good eating. If he has time, he bakes 'rose bread' (yeast-raised), or if not, soggy bannock. Then he skins his pelts and stretches them to dry on the fur boards. Frequently he finds

that mice have ruined the pelt by chewing away patches of hair.

"Furring over, he piles the pelts on a sled, and starts homeward over river ice and snow. At the end of his trail, perhaps 200 miles away, is home and family, a wood fire roaring in the stove, potatoes bubbling in the pot, and sleep—sleep—and more sleep."

Birthplace of Christ Boasts Deep Sea Port

Haifa, Palestine.—The Holy Land, birthplace of Jesus Christ, has been increased in size by 90 acres.

This is due to reclamation in connection with the building of Haifa's new harbor, now nearly complete. Some of the reclaimed land will be used for harbor and customs purposes. The remainder is intended for a modern townplanning scheme.

The new harbor, which is expected to be opened in October, has cost \$6,250,000. The construction was begun in October, 1920. The main breakwater is approximately one and a half miles long and consists of 78,000 square meters of stone. The lee breakwater is, roughly, half a mile long.

Orneriest Rodeo Horse Expires in Shame at 24

Billings, Mont.—Old Butterfly, "the orneriest, pitching horse that ever came out of a chute," is dead.

For 15 years Old Butterfly scattered riders over rodeo fields. He was nine years old when he discovered that it was easier to throw a rider from the saddle than to work, and for seven years he was never ridden.

Last fall he made his farewell appearance. Twenty-four years old, he squealed with rage as cowboys easily stuck to the saddle. His owner, Leo Cremer, attributed his death to brooding over this shame.

applying directly to the various states and cities.

For inclusion in the Atlantic seaboard tabulation, according to Doctor Holland, only buildings at least one hundred years old will be considered. No structure built later than 1850 is to be included in the survey for any part of the country.

"In foreign nations, where architecture is of national importance, historic monuments are listed and cared for by the state," said Doctor Holland. "Here, where democracy leaves cultural affairs largely to public whim, it is proper for architects organized in a national body to assume the leadership of popular interest in preserving important monuments of our past."

Not Guilty, Says Drunk, Actions Lead to Jail

Houston, Texas.—Arrested on charges of drunkenness, two men were haled before Police Judge Turner here.

"Guilty or not guilty?" the judge inquired.

"Not guilty," replied Defendant No. 1.

"Not guilty," echoed Defendant No. 2—but as he spoke he suddenly mistook the corner of the judge's desk for a lamp post and hugged it in the conventional manner of the inebriate.

Without further testimony both men were remanded to jail.

Movement Is on Foot to Save Historic Buildings

New York.—A movement to preserve this country's historically and architecturally important buildings has been started by the American Institute of Architects with the opening of a national survey of these structures.

The Institute's committee on the preservation of historic buildings, headed by Leicester B. Holland, chairman, is compiling a list of such buildings. This list will be subdivided into lists

White Friars Back in England

Were Ousted 400 Years Ago by King Henry VIII.

London.—After an absence of nearly 400 years the Carmelite monks, known as White Friars, return to an established place among monastic orders in Great Britain.

The White Friars, so called because of a white mantle worn over the brown habit, held wide influence and power in Great Britain until 1535, when Henry VIII ordered their headquarters in London to be razed to the ground. Their chapel and buildings stood between Fleet street and the Thames, adjoining the temple, which was founded by the Templars.

Whitefriars street still bears the name of the order, and a newspaper office in the district is called Carmelite house. But the monks have been gone for nearly four centuries, and were without a home in England until the Catholic bishop of Southwark assigned his churches in Sittingbourne and Faversham to their care.

The White Friars wore their mantles as a sign that the order was founded in Palestine. It was established on Mount Carmel in 1212 by a Crusader named Berthold. White Friars are not common, however, the two at Sittingbourne and Faversham being the only ones in England.

When their London monastery was founded during the Crusades the order immediately attracted royal support, and Edward II gave the White Friars great latitude. Their priory and church were rebuilt in 1350, when it was said that several hundred monks lived there, enjoying wide popularity both as preachers and confessors.

An example of their power is found in the fact that almost from the first the order had the right of sanctuary. Any fugitive from justice could take refuge there for forty days unless accused of treason or sacrilege. The right was retained until 1697, long after the monastery and church had disappeared. After the suppression of

the monastery the place became a notorious haunt of outcasts.

The White Friars are altogether distinct from the other order of Carmelites founded by St. Teresa in 1562. Members of this group are known as Discalced Carmelites, because they wear sandals instead of shoes and stockings.

TO DESIGN PLANES



Young Richard Dupont, twenty-two-year-old heir to the fabulous Dupont fortune, has his own ideas of the career he wishes to follow. Instead of becoming an elite sportsman, learning his father's business, or merely drifting in the best social circles, Richard plans to learn the trade of airplane designing and aeronautical engineering. He started in as "grease monkey" at the Curtiss-Wright School of Aeronautical Engineering at the Grand Central airport, Los Angeles, getting in his hours at the controls of student planes.

Catching the Bus

By JANE OSBORN

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DAISY DREW turned the corner where the state highway crossed Main street in Hinton and drew her neat little car to the curb. Then she swung lightly from her seat and walked rapidly round the car, glancing at the tires. As she passed the tires on the left she glanced with seeming nonchalance across the street. It somewhat disconcerted her that the tall young man was looking intently at her when she looked intently but quickly at him.

She took time enough in starting to glance again at the young man who had remained in the region of the corner opposite. She started her car deftly, made a quick, sharp turn and then drew up beside him on the opposite corner.

"I'm afraid you've just missed your bus," she said. "There isn't another for half an hour. I'm going out that way and I can easily overtake the bus that you've just missed, if you like."

The young man doffed his hat and bowed with more of a flourish than was usual among the young men of Daisy's acquaintance, stepped forward and assured Daisy that it was absolutely essential for him to get the bus and that he would be grateful to her if she would take him to a point along the highway where he might overtake it.

"My name is Schuyler Wentworth," said the young man. "I am a stranger about here—I'd come out to look over a bit of property—which I find is located in—in—at the other end of the bus line."

"Barnbury," supplied Daisy. "Well, that's a half hour by motor—must be more than an hour by bus. I'm quite sure we can catch up with the bus, if you don't mind a little speed."

"Not in the least," assured the young man.

They started at breakneck speed, but as they went on, getting fruit for conversation out of the objects they passed on the road, Daisy found herself slowing down. Of course, there wasn't the slightest chance that she would catch a bus, because the last bus had gone nearly an hour ago and it was within five minutes' time of the next when she kidnapped the good-looking stranger at the corner. It had been a rather bold thing to do, Daisy admitted—and not the sort of thing that her sisters would have considered even decent. As a general thing, Daisy agreed with them—it wasn't safe to pick up strange young men and take them driving along the country highway to Barnbury—but the young man sitting beside her in her car was decidedly prepossessing, and if he by any chance was a desperate and dangerous character Daisy felt that in an open car with the wheel in her own hands she had every advantage over him.

Barnbury was in sight—and the bus had not been overtaken. It was a little settlement of some eight or nine houses, two gas-filling stations, a little store and the remains of an old wooden church. The young man had indicated that he had business in Barnbury. Obviously there was not much business to be done there.

"Here we are," Daisy told him. It was a desperately bold thing to do, but she told him that if his business wasn't going to take very long she would wait and carry him back to Hinton, assuming of course that he wanted to go to Hinton. But the young man did not even get out of the car. He looked at her contritely and explained that as a matter of fact he had no business whatever in Barnbury. To his surprise the girl at the wheel showed no sign of resentment. They drove back to Hinton in silence that became mutually embarrassing.

"I take it for granted that you want to go back to Hinton," said Daisy, with an arch little smile. "Perhaps you have friends there."

"Not unless I might count you as a friend," said Schuyler. "The fact is I had never heard of either Hinton or Barnbury in my life until this morning. I was motoring from New York to Ohio and this morning I found myself in Hinton with some slight engine trouble which I could not attend to. I left my car in a garage and started for a stroll. That was when I saw you—you apparently thought you had a puncture."

"Really, I didn't," said Daisy. "I only stopped my car because I thought you looked—well, a little different from the men we meet here."

"And you don't exactly hate me because I let you think I was trying to get the bus?" said Schuyler.

"Oh, I knew you weren't trying to get the bus. Only at the time I couldn't think of any better excuse to talk to you."

Daisy took her eyes from the road ahead of her long enough to look at him with a little pout of annoyance. "And I suppose you'll start right on your way as soon as we get back to Hinton?"

"Not if you'll let me stay—and—and get a little better acquainted. As a matter of fact there isn't anything the matter with my car. I just left it there. I had seen you earlier in the day as I came into Hinton, and I made up my mind that I wasn't going to leave the place until I knew you better. I think it was a case of love at first sight."

"I can't tell you how glad I am that you feel that way about it," said Daisy. "I'd hate awfully to feel that way about it all by myself."

LIFE'S LITTLE JESTS



Grandpa's Static

Grandpa was having his afternoon sleep in the armchair and emitting sounds that might easily have come from a cross-cut saw. As father entered the room he saw little Jackie twisting one of grandpa's waistcoat buttons.

"What are you doing?" he whispered, "you mustn't disturb grandpa."

"I'm not, daddy," said Jackie, "I was just trying to tune him in on something different."

Exception

A little boy came home from school very much annoyed with his teacher. "Little Boy—I hate her!"

His Mother—Oh, you mustn't say that. The Bible tells us to love everybody.

Little Boy—I know, but she wasn't alive when the Bible was written.—Chelsea Record.

Not to Be Used

Little Jane had been asked to show the week-end guests to her room. Pausing on the way, she pointed out the bathroom, and touching one of the pretty embroidered towels, said: "Of course you know that these are not to be used."—Indianapolis News.

JUSTIFIED



"Why did they expel Mr. Crow from the Country club?"

"Oh, for caws."

Misunderstanding

"Were you never tempted to become a linguist?"

"What's the use?" rejoined Senator Sorghum. "Even the people who speak the same language are no longer able to come to an understanding."—Washington Star.

Determined

"It is not the time to ask me for a job. My goods are being seized tomorrow."

"Do you know if they want anybody to help seize them?"—Lausanne L'Illustre.

New Models

Dick's father is an automobile salesman. Recently his sister came home displaying pennies she had earned. The lad looked them over and said: "I'd sure like to have them, they are the new models."

No Tips

Old Gentleman—There's been no change here for ages—has there?

Waiter—Not under the plates.—London Humorist.

No Duck!

"Mamma, there's a man here at the door to see you."

"Does he have a bill?"

"No, mamma. Just a plain nose!"

HIS ERROR



"Jones is a self-made man."

"I know. He surely made a mistake in not consulting an expert."

Forbidden

"My wife has been forbidden to cook."

"Is she ill?"

"No, I am."—Madrid Buen Humor.

A Little Premature

First Little Girl—What's your last name, Marie?

Second Little Girl—I don't know yet; I ain't married!

FOLLOWING "COPY"

The amateur band practice was being held, but something had gone wrong in the piece which had just been tried. Somebody had spoiled the effect.

The conductor of the band glared at the cornet player. "Why on earth," he yelled, "did you leave off playing just as we got to the chorus?"

"Well," said the cornet player (a raw recruit); "as my music it said, 'Refrain'—so I did!"

Find a Synonym

"Jack Newyrich seems to have quite a lot of common sense."

"Don't let his mother hear you say that; she hates anything common."—London Tit-Bits.

TRACING HIM



"Where is Jones?"

"Cruising around somewhere in the business section."

"I'd like to see him. Are you acquainted with any of his coaling stations?"

Too Much Competition

"Excuse me, sir, but have you finished your soup?"

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"Now we can begin the concert."—Oltten Woche im Bild.

A Problem

"So you like your two lovers equally?"

"Yes, dad. I simply don't know which to marry first."—Venice Gazzettino Illustrato.

Followed Instructions

"Did you do as I told you, Mary, and ask whether the chicken was young or old before you bought it?"

"Yes, ma'am; it is old."—Dublin Opinion.

Rare Meat

Landlady—Do you like your beef this rare, Miss Pbm?

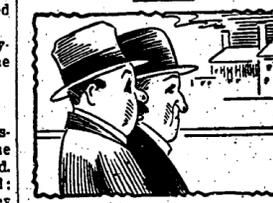
Boarder—Since you ask me; it is too rare—I would like it a little oftener.

Singing

Wife (at bathroom door)—Dinner's on the table, John. Hurry and finish your bath.

Husband—Coming, dear! Just one stanza and I'm through.

UNIQUE



"They say opportunity knocks but once."

"Yes, it's the only knocker that stops there."

Saving Dad Trouble

Irate Parent—When that young cub who's paying you attention comes again I'll sit on him.

Daughter—Oh, let me do it, father.

Rare Sight

Blinks—The papers say there are a lot of counterfeit twenty-dollar bills in circulation.

Jinks—Huh! There are so few genuine ones in circulation, any twenty-dollar bill I got would convince me it was counterfeit.

His Humble Opinion

Motorist (inquiring his way)—Boy, am I all right for the zoo?

Bright Lad—As far as I know you are, mister, but I'm not running the zoo.—Montreal Gazette.

Social Question

Mrs. Newrich—What is that?

Mrs. Newrich—Just a common gray squirrel.

"Should I notice it?"—London Tit-Bits.

Weekly Reminder

Friend—You will soon forget her and be happy again.

Jilted Suitor—Oh, no, I shan't! I've bought too much for her on the installment system!—London Answers.

New Guinea Tribe Bears Only Twins

Brisbane, Australia.—Doctor Fortune, of Columbia university, arriving here from New Guinea, tells of an amazing discovery.

The Monduguma tribe develops the trait of twin-bearing almost to the exclusion of single births.

The doctor maintains it is due to a system of intermarriage between consins.

The women of the tribe do all the work.

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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.

ALICE G. NYLANDER,
ARTHUR J. KELLEY,
ROSCOE M. LANE,
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
ALFRED G. HOLT,
HUGH M. GRAHAM,
JAMES I. PATTERSON,
Selectmen of Antrim.

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Weekly Letter by George Proctor, Deputy Fish and Game Warden

Have a nice letter from "Lying Bill" of the Boston Globe. In private life he is Lucien Thayer. He is very much interested in the closing of all feeder brooks. That is the head waters of all good trout streams. He is the father of a law to that effect on the books of Massachusetts Fish and Game Code. He calls our attention to the fact that there is a vast difference in brook pickerel and pond pickerel. Did you know that? A brook pickerel never grows more than ten or twelve inches long and lives in brooks and feeds on small trout. While the pond pickerel grows to thirty inches and more in some cases and can be found only in ponds and lakes. Lying Bill conducts a live wire column in the "Globe" every Saturday. It's good!

Was present at the last meeting of the Greenville Sportsman's club and they had a very interesting meeting. What pleased me the most was the report of the treasury which showed a balance in the treasury of over \$225 and all bills paid. The club has several plans for the summer and fall. After the meeting we played indoor baseball. I thought I was an average player but I found I was way behind in playing with that club. Beginning next January, in order to drive a car or get your car registered and buy a fishing and hunting license you have got to show the town clerk or the agent your receipted poll tax bill. Boy, they have got you all sewed up now. Well, who wants to buy a real setter dog? Price right. Here is what my readers want this week: Two small row boats and a good second hand canoe 15 or 18 feet long.

Elmer Guttererson of Lyndeboro picked up a baby skunk in his garage a few days ago. It was lost so I went up to get the pretty little black and white kittle. While I was there I run over and gave "Al" Guttererson of the Prince George hotel fame a once over. He has got a very pretty little summer home and the view to the West taking in the mountains is wonderful. "Al" is a great lover of birds and they build right in the doorway within two feet of the passer-by. They have no fear of Mr. and Mrs. "Al". Here in the peaceful quiet of the Lyndeboro hills "Al" gets his few weeks of rest and fishing.

We find that people are getting more considerate of the poor skunk. Well, for one thing there is a good stiff fine for killing one of those little black and white fellows. A few years ago if one saw a skunk it was a dash for the old shot gun. Now it's different. If a skunk is doing you actual damage and you can prove to the satisfaction of the Warden that he has done damage, O. K., but damage must be shown. Did you know that the yearly income from the skunk crop in the United States runs into the millions of dollars? Nearly every state protects the skunk at certain seasons of the year. No, you can't have in your possession any game bird or animal which is protected by law. That means you cannot have the young of anything protected. Anything taken in the open season you can keep.

People taking young foxes, raccoon, skunk, mink, muskrat or any wild bird are liable to a heavy fine. Crows, hawks, owls, starling and English sparrows are not protected. The bob cat law has been changed. The same bounty of twenty dollars is in force but the cat getter must hand over the animal to the Game Warden. The Warden skins the cat and later sends it to the Department and they sell it. This law is now in effect. Did you ever skin a cat? Road agent Flynn and a big force of men are at work on the Greenfield end of the Peterboro road. When this piece is finished we will have a nice loop the loop all the way on tarvia. Greenfield is to finish her small patch this fall. As you all know Arthur Doucette at Milford is raising raccoon. Well, here is the best story of the week. One day last week the five young raccoon got out and made for the woods Mrs. Doucette let out the Springer Spaniel and the five were soon treed. As Mr. Doucette would not be home for several hours what did Mrs. Doucette do? Well, she went up that tree and bagged the five raccoon and put them back where they belonged. Where is there another woman in New England that could duplicate that? We take off our hat to Mrs. Doucette. We run into Leo Flanagan of Milford the other day. "Leo" is the president of the new Milford Fish and Game Club. He tells us that his membership is growing fast and that later in the summer they are to have a big get-together time. It may be a clam bake or some evening time. Whatever it is it will be good. That Milford bunch sure do know how to entertain. Was down in Massachusetts the other day just over the line looking up some clues when the owner of a general store told me that Calla-

han, Barnard and Proctor had the name of being bad actors. He said that Jim Peck had been advertising us up and down his border towns as good fellows to keep away from. This is the kind of advertising we like as it makes the birds that would like to take a chance to stay at home. Well, to tell the truth we have told the boys this side of the line to watch their step over the line so I guess we are even with "Jim". They tell a good story on Arthur Lovely, Jr., of Orange, Mass. It seems that a small sized riot got started at some Massachusetts watering place and they sent for the State cops. They found it too hot so they sent for Lovely and did Arthur do a "Lovely" job? Police court the next day showed that Arthur is still master of the situation. And can that man shoot? The best shooting I ever saw outside of a wild west show was done by Arthur. That idea of having the Commissioner and the Advisory Board attend to all Fish and Game matters in the future is gaining in strength every day. Have got a lot of complimentary letters on my stand on the matter. Let's talk it up, fellows!

We hear that "Buckskin" Ellsworth of Sharon is doing his stuff at Whalom park, a watering place just outside of Fitchburg, Mass. They report that he has a big bunch of animals of all kinds and that he gives shows in the big arena with his wild cat, wolves, skunks, a goat and several other animals. If you want to see a real act run down some night. The Fitchburg papers have devoted a lot of space to his act. Well, it sure goes to a New Hampshire man to show 'em something original. Speaking of interesting people. Well, you should meet Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Humes of Pennsylvania and Peterboro. They are experts when it comes to reproducing live animals and birds into bronze and brass. First they model the subject into a modeling clay. The two young foxes I let them take some weeks ago they have made into life-like subjects. The little wild hare and the red squirrel and now they have a cub bear to work on. The hardest thing to do this year will be the blue heron that we got at New Boston two weeks ago. Last year they did a Golden Pheasant and later in the winter they got a nice prize for the bird.

Just now the patter, patter of the rain on the tin roof is better than any radio music that we ever heard so we turned off the dial and listened to the rain. With the brooks and ponds so low that music is beautiful to us. From time to time we have had many requests from large breeders of dogs to place a good female on some farm on shares. If you are interested in such a deal drop me a line and mention the fact what breed you are interested in. Well the bunch of pheasant eggs brought in by George G. Blanchard saved from being mowed over, has resulted in eight nice little Ring Necks. They hatched in about ten days. Some more yet to hatch. Are there any beaver in Henniker? Mrs. Minnie Warren and a party of friends were motoring through Henniker and when near a pond by the roadside they saw what they think must be a beaver at work. They watched it several minutes. Some nice bass were taken from Willard Pond over in Antrim one day last week by fishermen from Keene, N. H.

Well, we picked up a nice big female fox hound one day last week. We would like to find the owner of this dog. Big type. Two young beagle hounds blew into the home of Howard Williamson on the old road to Greenfield on Sunday night. They were all in and he wants to find the owner. They look like registered stock. This is one of the worst times for the trout. The brooks are low and

the vermin are sure cleaning out the pools. Mink, cats, heron, kingfishers, otters, snakes. And then they wonder where all the fish go. Here is a real turtle story. One day last week Albert Converse of Amherst the president of the Profile Kennel Club saw a stone in the pond which he had never seen before. Upon a closer look he saw it was a huge snapper. After about 30 minutes of work he landed this baby which tipped the scales at 34 lbs. In its mouth was a nine inch pickerel. In his stomach were two more nine inch pickerel and three trout, 8 1/2, 9 1/2 and 11 inches long. Just see what it takes for one of those big fellows for a day's feed. The Converse's had turtle for several meals.

At a meeting of the Profile Kennel club at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lyons at Nashua they voted to hold a "Dog" show at Nashua this fall. This club has put on several shows in the past few years which were very successful. For the prompt action of one of my neighbors, John W. Pead, I would have lost my big Canadian gander one night last week. He was headed full sail due north and was over a mile from home. One day this past week I got a line letter from Ray P. Holland, editor of Field and Stream. This is one of the biggest fish and game magazines in the U. S. A. He tells me that his family are great crocodiers and a few weeks ago shot 135 and had a great time doing it. He lives in New York state. The damage done by crows in that state each year is enormous.

According to "Old Times" fish guide the best fishing days for the rest of July are July 19 to 30 inclusive. Nothing doing between the 2th and the 19th. Received from the Federal Cartridge Corporation of Minneapolis a set of the full page advertisements that they have been running in some of the leading magazines trying to educate the sportsmen in sportsmanship in the woods and on the highways. Some of them are to the point. In 1900 only 74 shooters attended the Amateur Trapsshooters Association at Vandalia, Ohio. At the coming big shoot Aug. 21-26 over one thousand men and women have entered the contest. Thousands of dollars in cash prizes for the experts.

Have several people who want to give away some nice watch dogs to good homes. Send in your name and we will refer you to the owners. That new ruffed grouse farm near Albany, N. Y., is making good and they are having wonderful luck. Last year Mr. Bump raised 196 grouse on wire runs and so successful was he that the State Department has taken it up in earnest. Over a thousand eggs have been set, some wild and some from hand raised grouse raised in captivity. This will be watched by the whole country with a great deal of interest. Some of the clubs in this section of the state are looking around to see if they can't find a suitable pond to clean up for trout raising the same as is being done at Scobie pond at Lerry, N. H. Here the pond was cleaned of all rough fish and trout will be planted under state supervision.

Inspiring Mountain Peak
In the Caucasus are no fewer than six peaks higher than Mount Blanc. Mount Elbruz, 18,465 feet, is the greatest of them all. The old tales tell that Prometheus was bound to his rock atop Mount Elbruz, and even today there is an air of awesome mystery about the lofty, cloud-draped peak.

Easy to Be Critical
The great Disraeli once said: "It is easier to be critical than correct." Constructive criticism may be, and often is, helpful; but destructive criticism robs one of courage, and usually degenerates into fault finding. There is always something in others which is worthy of praise, and appreciation leads to further effort.

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