

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME L NO. 37

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1933.

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The Invoice and Tax Pamphlets of Great Usefulness to Taxpayers

Now that the tax bills have been received by the individual tax payers, there is some feeling of regret that the town-voted-against-having-invoice-and-taxes printed this year. This is the time of the year when this particular thought is brought more forcibly to one's mind than at any other time. Some may explain it away that curiosity gets the best of a man or woman, and they want to know what some other tax payer or neighbor is taxed for and what tax he or she pays. This we don't think plays so large a part as comparison does; it is only natural that neighbors should compare notes—this is one way of getting somewhere.

There isn't the least doubt but that the Invoice and Taxes pamphlet is studied and perused more than any other one book that goes into the home; this is true for a number of different reasons. Some member of the household wants to know how some family name is spelled, and at once reference is made to the tax book—much care is taken to have all names correct. Some person comes to town looking for a place which he wishes to purchase for a home or summer residence; naturally he wants to know the tax on same, and he readily finds the required information in the Invoice and Taxes book. Likewise he finds what similar properties are taxed in different parts of the town.

In former years, in this pamphlet, a feature that made it valuable was publishing a list of all town officers; also the town's entire valuation, and somewhat in detail as well. And too the amount to be raised and appropriated for different purposes, as voted in the March meeting. These features were dropped a few years ago, and the value of the book dropped at the same time. When a book of this kind is published it costs but very little additional and almost next to nothing to make of it a much needed family article.

So far as the cost of printing this pamphlet is concerned, what more individual tax payers would be assessed for its payment would be so small one would never know it. There may be other facts of town business and transactions which would be of great interest to the tax payer that could be added to this book that would make it of still greater value. Bound volumes of these pamphlets are worth a great deal for reference. We have them at our office and it is surprising how often some one calls to look them over for one reason or another. Few realize the importance of having so much valuable information in such concise form, to be perused so readily.

It is true that this information can be secured by going to the town offices, as the books containing these facts are open to the public. To do this one must accommodate himself to the desires of the officer he wishes to get the information from; if a Selectman, they meet once a week; if a Town Clerk, he must be made a date with, and after going to his office the records you desire will be shown you. If you need a copy of such record, he will copy it for you and you then have what is needed. It will be necessary for you to pay the one doing this research work for you the price he is allowed by law to charge for his time and either one or more copies of such record as you may need.

These facts have been made quite plain on former occasions, and the result has been that the tax payers come to the same conclusion that having the Invoice and Taxes printed each year is a most satisfactory and money saving proposition in very many ways.

Address On Conditions in Russia is Given By Resident of Hancock

Reporter readers will be interested in reading the following report of an address given by a resident of Hancock, of whose work and activities our people have known somewhat during the past few years. Many of our readers have heard the Prince and his wife in their several appearances in rendering musical selections.

An interesting address to members of the Nashua Rotary club was given on a recent Monday noon at the Nashua Country club, by Prince Tumanoff of Hancock, former colonel in the Royal Guard in Russia who went into voluntary exile to escape the alleged treacherous treatment by the present government to the faithful of the crown.

He told of some of his experiences in the Royal Guard and expressed an opinion on numerous subjects relating to the present Russian government. Prince Tumanoff, who now is conducting a large turkey farm in Hancock, a business about which he knew nothing when he came to the United States four years ago, said that the present Russian government is spending millions of dollars annually for propaganda in order to give the world a different view on the current happenings there. He added that a reader could believe only one out of 100 books on Russia because the matter is printed and paid for by that government.

Prince Tumanoff said that there are about 2,000,000 followers of the present government and that the remainder are the faithful to the old regime. The latter millions are treated badly, he said, and are kept in restraint by the government high holds a monopoly on food.

Business men and royal attaches were neither punished or forced out of their livelihood or made to go into exile, the Russian nobleman told the Rotarians.

He described the downfall of a Russian minister, Rasputin, whom he said, was greatly in the favor of the queen during the old regime. The clergy was given many favors by the court and it became a practice with him to accept gifts from various persons who wished to gain his grace in order to obtain royal recognition.

Prince Tumanoff came to the United States with his wife and four sons. They are living about three miles out of Hancock where the prince owns a farm and is raising turkeys and geese. The Russian answered numerous questions from the club and he elaborated on some of the more interesting ones. It was the longest meeting in many months.

Topics of the Day Presented to Reporter Readers in Concise Form

Lower rates on anthracite coal from the mines in Pennsylvania to New England points will become effective August 11, as has been announced by the Boston & Maine railroad. For some time the Boston and Maine has been endeavoring to secure lower rates on Anthracite from the mines to New England points. Negotiations, it is announced, have now reached a successful conclusion so that effective August 11, the rate from Pennsylvania to Antrim, N. H. will be reduced 51 cents per gross ton.

The many friends of Hon. Huntley N. Spaulding, from all sections of the Granite State, are pleased again to see his name in the papers in connection with State politics—maybe he will be a candidate for Governor in 1934. In recent years, he has been one of our best Governors, and such an experienced business man and legislator as he has proved himself to be, is just the kind of a man that New Hampshire needs in the Governor's chair. He may not know anything about all this talk, but when the time comes, it is hoped he will be convinced in his own mind that this is the thing for him to do.

One of the provisions of the new relief set-up in the State is that tramps and commorants must be fed and provided with decent lodging. This order is one issued by the Federal Government and applicable to all communities throughout the United States. The order specifies that transients shall be given two meals, if necessary, and that the meals shall include a "hot dish" of some kind. It is ruled that "decent lodging" does not mean a board for a bed. This will mean that many towns and cities will have to appropriate money for beds for the commorants as the present means of a "flop" is a board bed, which has been considered the most sanitary.

D. & R. Cafe

"Antrim's Rendezvous"

When these hot days make the wife feel despondent and tired, step into the good old D. & R. Cafe and enjoy a meal that's really real.

Our steaks cooked to suit your taste.

Food that's full of pep and vigor;
Tasty food that makes you linger.

You Are Cordially Invited

to attend a

Cooking School

to be conducted by

Miss Grace L. Hallowell

well known home economist

in

Municipal Hall, Hillsboro

on

Tuesday Afternoon,

August 8, 2.30 o'clock

New Hampshire Power Co.

No Admission Charge



Shingles, Wall Paper, Paints

Just received another lot of those Bird Asphalt Shingles and Roofing Paper. Guaranteed first quality and a saving in price to you.

For the month of August we offer our stock of over 2000 Rolls of Wall Paper at a great saving to you. All paper trimmed free of charge.

Our price on Paints are lowest when you compare quality. Did you ever stop to think it costs more to apply a cheap paint than a good paint and only last half as long? Think it over!

Guy A. Hulett - Antrim

Most Milford Stores

CLOSE WEDNESDAY AFTERNOONS

Close other days, save Saturday, at 5 p.m. Standard Time. Saturdays open all day and evening.

In keeping with the Federal request propounded by President Roosevelt for shorter hours of labor.

EMERSON & SON

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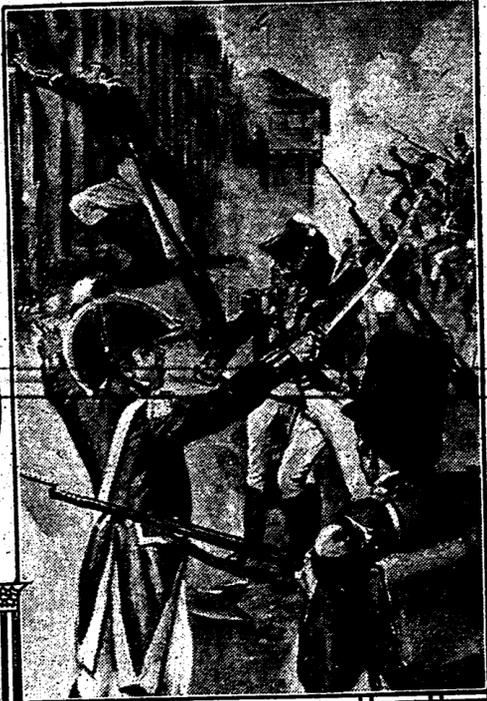
The Defense of Fort Stephenson



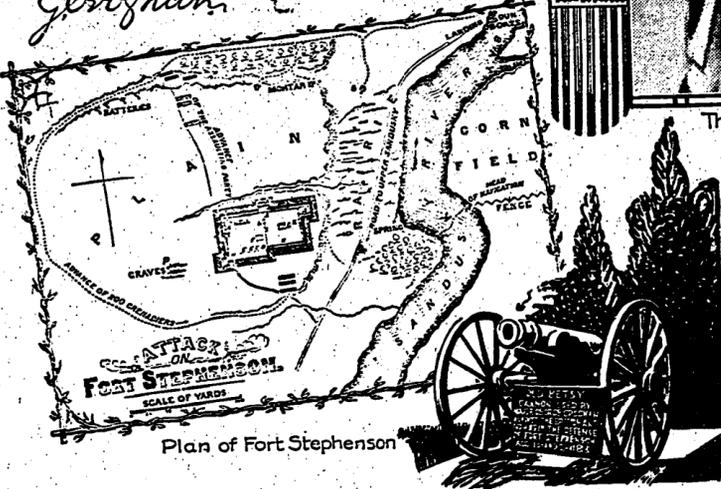
Croghan



Gold Medal Awarded to Croghan



The Assault on the Fort



Plan of Fort Stephenson

Croghan's Battle "Ace"

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

In a park a short distance from the center of the city of Fremont, Ohio, stands a tall monument which does not differ enough from the usual Civil war memorials, found in hundreds of towns throughout the United States, to stop the passing motorist and cause him to read the inscription thereon. But nearby there is something which is quite likely to halt him before he speeds on his way. It is a little cannon, between the wheels of whose carriage is a metal plate which tells him that this is "Old Betsy—Cannon used by Major George Croghan against the British and Indians in the defense of Fort Stephenson, August 1 and 2, 1813." Back of that brief inscription is the story of one of the most brilliant feats in American history.

It is the story of a youthful American military leader and his seven equally youthful subalterns who set a high example of courage and daring for future young Americans to emulate, and it is the story of a gun, insignificant in appearance, which vitally affected the course of American history. "Big Bertha" of World-war fame, the greatest piece of artillery ever devised by man, failed to break the morale of the French and lead to a German victory, as its builders had hoped. But "Old Betsy," a little six-pounder which would be lost in the cavernous depths of the World war piece, once turned the tide in a crucial battle 129 years ago and saved a veritable empire for the American flag.

Before beginning that story, however, first a brief word about the chief actor in it—Major George Croghan. He was a Kentuckian, born near Louisville, November 15, 1791, and a nephew of George Rogers Clark, "the Savior of the Old Northwest" during the Revolution. Graduated from William and Mary college in Virginia at the age of eighteen, he served as a volunteer and to Colonel Boyd in the expedition commanded by Gen. William Henry Harrison which was sent to break up the conspiracy of Tecumseh, the great Shawnee chieftain. In 1811, Croghan distinguished himself at the Battle of Tippecanoe, received an appointment in the army and at the outbreak of the War of 1812 he was a captain in the Seventeenth infantry, from which rank he was promoted to major in the same regiment for gallantry in a sortie during the siege of Fort Meigs by the British.

Soon afterwards he was sent with a battalion of his regiment, composed of some 160 officers and men, to take command of Fort Stephenson, a ramshackle old stockade, built around a former Indian trader's house at the head of navigation on the Sandusky river, about 20 miles from Lake Erie, in Ohio. The modern city of Fremont now stands on that site but it is known in frontier history as Lower Sandusky, a rallying place for the tribes of the Old Northwest and the scene of many a dark deed of torture of white captives.

The stockade was made of posts about 18 feet high and outside there was a dry ditch 8 or 9 feet wide and 5 or 6 feet deep. It enclosed about an acre of ground and was laid out in the form of a parallelogram with a blockhouse at the northeast corner and a guardhouse at the southeast. Midway on the north wall, Croghan built another blockhouse from which he could enfilade the ditch and he also strengthened the weak places in the stockade.

Despite its unimposing appearance, Fort Stephenson was an important post. It was at the apex of a triangle, the base line of which connected Erie and Upper Sandusky. At Erie Oliver Hazard Perry was busily engaged in building the fleet with which he was to win his famous naval victory, later and at Upper Sandusky, some 20 miles up the river from Fort Stephenson, was the great depot of supplies for the American armies in the Northwest. So if Fort Stephenson fell it would leave the way open for

the British to attack either Erie or Upper Sandusky.

To defend this post Croghan had a force of a little over 150 men and the following officers, most of them younger than Croghan himself: Capt. James Hunter, Lieut. Benjamin Johnston and Cyrus A. Baylor. Ensigns John Meek, Joseph Duncan and Edmund Shipp, Lieutenant Anderson, who had no command, served as a volunteer in the ranks. To defend it he also had a solitary piece of artillery, the little six-pounder now known to fame as "Old Betsy," the affectionate title bestowed upon it by Croghan's men.

Late in July, 1813, General Proctor with a force of 600 British regulars and some 3,000 Indians under Tecumseh crossed the lake from Malden and appeared before Fort Meigs on the Maumee. Failing in his attempt to draw its garrison out into a sortie, he determined to make a dash against Fort Stephenson, capture it and fall upon General Harrison's small force at Seneca Falls about 10 miles up the river. Harrison had previously inspected the fort and, believing it could not be held against artillery, he directed Croghan, in case the British appeared, to abandon the fort and retreat. So when his scouts told him of the coming of the enemy, on the night of July 29 he sent orders to Croghan to destroy the place at once and retire to Seneca Falls.

The messengers bearing these orders lost their way in the woods, narrowly escaped capture by the Indians and did not reach the fort until the morning of July 30. Croghan immediately called a council of war of his young officers and finding them as determined as he was, sent this note to Harrison: "Sir—I have just received yours of yesterday, ten o'clock p. m., ordering me to destroy this place, and make good my retreat, which was received too late to be carried into execution. We have determined to maintain this place, and, by heavens, we will!"

Harrison could not let such a flagrant disobedience of orders pass by. He immediately sent Colonel Wells with a squadron of cavalry to relieve Croghan of his command and ordered the young major to report at headquarters at once. Croghan hastened to Harrison's camp and succeeded in placating his commander so that he was allowed to return to Fort Stephenson and resume command with permission to try to hold the fort against the expected British attack.

It came about noon of August 1 when Indians in large numbers surrounded the fort. One of the red men climbed a tree to reconnoiter but he was brought tumbling down by a shot from the long rifle of one of the Kentuckians in the fort. Then the Indians gathered in a body at the edge of the clearing but one shot from "Old Betsy" quickly dispersed them.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the British boats appeared around a bend in the river and opened fire on the fort. Proctor's regulars were disembarked about a mile below the fort, a howitzer was landed and opened fire. Croghan's men dragged "Old Betsy" from porthole to porthole to send an occasional shot in reply and to give an impression of a greater artillery force. So the unequal contest began—Croghan and his 160 men and one gun against Proctor's force of 1,200 supplied with plenty of artillery.

After a brief exchange of shots three British officers, Colonel Elliott, Major Chambers and Captain Dixon, came forward with a white flag to demand the surrender of the fort. So Croghan sent out Ensign Shipp, the youngest officer in the fort, to meet them. To the British officer's demands that the fort be surrendered, Shipp replied that the Americans were prepared to defend it to the death of the last man and when one of them pleaded with him to "prevent the slaughter which must follow resistance should you fall into the hands of the savages," Shipp made the spirited reply of "When the fort shall be taken there will be none to massacre."

Then Colonel Elliott, pretending to be fearful for Shipp's safety, urged him to return to the fort at once. As he started, an Indian sprang from the bushes and tried to wrest his sword from him. Dixon pretended to drag the savage away with great difficulty—a bit of play acting which did not frighten the young ensign in the least. Croghan, standing on the walls of the fort and seeing the insult to his envoy, immediately shouted "Come in, Shipp, and we'll blow 'em all to h—!"

Convinced that the garrison could not be bluffed out, the British began their bombardment which continued at intervals all night, during which time they landed five six-pounders, parking three of them in a battery on a hill covered by trees about 250 yards from the stockade. From this position they opened a furious fire the next morning to which the Americans made little reply. During the night also, Captain Hunter, Croghan's second in command, anticipating an assault on the northwest corner of the stockade, had dragged "Old Betsy" to the blockhouse on the north wall placing it so it would rake the ditch. The little cannon was filled with a half charge of powder, because of the short range, and a double charge of slugs and bullets. The porthole was masked so the British would not suspect the presence of the gun there.

Late in the afternoon of August 2 a storming party of 300 British rushed for the northwest corner while a party of 200 grenadiers made a detour through the woods and advanced to attack the south wall. Under cover of a fierce fire from the batteries the storming party dashed forward and because of the smoke their presence was not discovered until they were less than 20 yards from the fort. Immediately Croghan's men poured a deadly rifle fire upon the attackers who were thrown into confusion for a moment.

Then Lieutenant-Colonel Short sprang to the head of the column. Waving his sword in the air, he rallied his men who rushed forward with fixed bayonets. At the edge of the ditch the British shouted "Come on, men! We'll give the d—d Yankees no quarter!" and led the way down into the ditch and up the other side. For a moment they were safe there, for the Americans could not depress their rifles enough to shoot the enemy in the ditch without exposing themselves above the palisades to the fire of the Indians.

But just at this moment the masked porthole was thrown open and the black snout of "Old Betsy" appeared. The next instant she poured out a blast of lead at short range which killed or wounded no less than 50 men. Colonel Short received a mortal wound and with his last effort he raised his handkerchief on the point of his sword, pleading for the mercy which but a moment before he had said he would not give!

Reeling back from the slaughter pen in the ditch, the surviving attackers beat a hasty retreat, many of them being dropped by the long rifles of the Kentuckians as they ran. The attack on the south wall had also been beaten off with heavy loss to the British, but it was that one terrible blast from "Old Betsy" which had turned the tide of battle. The British artillery resumed its bombardment but it was only half-hearted and Croghan knew that he had little more to fear from them.

During the night Croghan's men carefully lowered buckets of water to the wounded redcoats in the ditch and a small trench was dug under the stockade which allowed those who were able to crawl inside the fort. Some of those not so badly wounded managed to creep away across the clearing and rejoin their command unmolested. During the night, also, the British force retreated, going so precipitously that they left behind a boatload of stores and munitions which fell into the hands of the Americans the next morning.

Croghan's faith in his ability to hold the fort was more than justified. He had won a decisive victory over a greatly superior force, inflicting a loss of more than 100 out of the 500 enemy engaged, not counting the casualties among the Indians, which are unknown. His own loss was exactly one killed and seven wounded! But more important than this defeat of an enemy force at such a cost to them was the fact that in holding Fort Stephenson he had saved the American supply depots and freed the state of Ohio from the fears of a hostile invasion with its attendant horrors at the hands of the red allies of the British. More than that, the outcome of the war might have been different if Proctor's invasion had been successful. Just as his distinguished uncle, George Rogers Clark, had done a third of a century before, so had young George Croghan done again—he had saved the Old Northwest to the American flag.

Edinburgh Sights



One of Edinburgh's Many Monuments.

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

EDINBURGH, focal point of many tours through Scotland, is singularly, if austere, beautiful. The city is a honeycomb of massive stone buildings rising to heights that made it the Manhattan of the Middle Ages, some of the walls so thick that long afterward elevators could be installed without protruding into the rooms.

By all precedents and guide books, the Edinburgh visitor should head straight for Castle Hill. But to some, the first thriller they ever read, "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," still is the most vivid tale of Edinburgh. So they hunt out Brodie's Close, dank and dark to this day, though not so evil-smelling as when its dual denizen, Deacon Brodie, was a Doctor Jekyll by day and a Mr. Hyde by night.

Pause before entering the close—you would call it an alley—and the mild eye converges into a swift news reel of events along the history-encrusted Royal Mile, into which it opens. Grand Dame Eleanor, countess of Stair, leaps from yonder window (still in full view) to escape a tantrum of her violent, if blue-blooded, husband. Down a "wynd" whispers one hag to another gossip from opposite seventh stories, the ancient walls leaning like two Pisas. Dainty Miss Eglington, later Lady Wallace, skips across the way to fill a kettle from the community well. Hoydenish duchess of Gordon rides a sow she had captured under a neighbor's "forestairs," while her more dignified sister belabors the animal with a stick.

Only the backbone street was wide enough for carriages in those days; ladies and gallants were borne in sedan chairs by stout Highlanders into the side arteries for teas and calls. Burghers' wives, in silks or Scotland's fine wool, shopped for jewels in basement cubbyholes, or bought velvet and laces at tiny booths under roofs of the balconies reached by the peculiar forestairs of nearly every tenement. They were jostled by countrywomen in green and crimson homespun, and by sailors from ships that brought over cattle and tallow from the Low Countries.

The Lawnmarket Sector.

Brodie's Close opens now, as then, into the Lawnmarket sector of the Mile, where Scotland's parliament once ordained "all cotton clath, white and grey; all lynning clath is to be sold there and in no other place." Open stalls and canvas-topped booths, displaying bolts of cotton and webs of linen, were besieged as are bargain counters today.

About you remain the "lands" or tenements of the days when a city wall pressed to an altitude and compactness like the lower East side in New York. Of course, your memory can disregard time and bring events of centuries into instant focus.

Toddling aristocrats play with racing ragamuffins. They scurry at the approach of a party of Knights of France in glittering armor, their pennants flying, on their way to a tournament to compete for the coveted king's prize, a golden lance.

One day Mary, queen of Scots, spirited in spite of her ill-omened reputation at Leith, rides by on a white palfrey, a tiny pearl crown nestling on her high-dressed hair. Twelve courtiers, in black and crimson, carry a canopy for her. At Netherbow she halts to receive the keys of the city; she extends her little hand for the provost to kiss. The sun suddenly emerges and glistens in her white satin gown.

Quick-witted, she utters an impulsive greeting, "The sun comes out with me, Master Provost." The city is hers; from mouth to mouth passes the cry, "God bless her bonnie face."

No Place for Night Strolls.

Ten o'clock; the tavern and clubs disgorge their crowds. Everybody rushes for home. Up and down the street rings out the world's most effective curfew—the cry, "Gardy-loo, gardy-loo" (gardez l'eu). Down pour swill and garbage from hundreds of tenement windows. It is a luckless citizen who has not reached shelter.

Little wonder the fussy Boswell, trying to put his town's best foot forward

for captious Johnson, complained, "I could not prevent his being assailed by the evening effluvia of Edinburgh." The residents of fashionable St. James court were thought very aloof and squeamish when they engaged a private scavenger to remove their refuse. Today all Edinburgh is equipped with a modern sewage-disposal system, and even its narrowest streets are kept immaculate.

From Brodie's Close steals a stealthy, sinister figure, all wrapped round in a black coat. Beneath his folds he clutches a pistol and a ring of keys. Furtively he enters this shop and that. Earlier in the evening—any evening for several years—a most respectable town councillor, who also was a deacon of the Guild of Wrights and Masons, attired in immaculate tall coat and breeches, might have been seen leaning against a door post where some merchant had trustfully hung his keys while he was at his tavern. Concealed in the palm of his hand was a clay mold. From an impression it was easy to make a key. Robberies became so frequent that the town council called a meeting. Deacon Brodie gravely counseled about ways of stopping the depredations. He thoughtfully advised tradesmen about the kinds of bolts to put on their doors. So zealous was he that he even went about while merchants were at dinner to make sure their doors were locked.

One night a particularly heinous robbery took place and two culprits were caught. A third escaped. Strangely, the highly respectable Deacon Brodie also disappeared. Stories went around. Certain cronies whispered how the good deacon gambled with them for high stakes. Two of his mistresses complained that the kind gentleman had gone away and made no provision for them.

Deacon Brodie was apprehended in Amsterdam, lodged in the grim Tolbooth, and executed October 1, 1788. His skeleton keys now hung in the Museum of Antiquities. His "strange case" was immortalized by Stevenson. The fact that he could operate on such a cramped stage, scarcely a twenty-minute walk in any direction from his happy family fireside, emphasizes the tremendous crowding of the Old Town.

Architecture of Old Times.

The Royal Mile, from Castle Hill, through Lawnmarket, High street, and Canongate, is clean today, but its tenements are just as crowded, and they justify the modern implication of the term, for wealth and fashion have migrated to the broad streets and stately squares of the New Town.

There remain the molded doorways, armorial bearings, crests and texts, the peak gables, the intricately carved finials, the mummy-like locks and door handles, and the exterior forestairs, leading up one flight to the interior "turnpike" stairs to the floors above.

One architectural feature is puzzling. In some houses there appears a slit much narrower than other windows. Inspection discloses that these apertures light tiny closets opening off the dining rooms. They were retreats for the head of the house, where he might perform his devotions.

From Lawnmarket it is only a short walk to Castle Rock, whence Edinburgh was born, which anchored the Old Town, which uplifts the castle whose history spans half the world.

Standing guard over the opposite end of Princes street from Castle Rock in Calton Hill, affording a view that reaches out to Fife and the Ochils, Calton is dotted with an amazing collection of monumental and architectural curiosities which, somehow, seem to achieve harmony.

Beside the incomplete Parthenon of Craigleith columns, there is a Nelson monument that shelters a museum; homely Bobbie Burns is awarded a copy of the choragic temple of Lysicrates; a high school reproduces the Temple of Theseus at Athens; there also are an observatory, a burying ground, the tombs of Hume and of Stevenson's parents, and a jail! Gazing in another direction from Calton Hill, the eye catches lonely Holyrood, aloof from the city, crouching under the mighty shadows of Salisbury Crags.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode

FALLING TWO MILES PER MINUTE!

PARACHUTE JUMPERS FALLING WITHOUT OPENING THEIR PARACHUTES FOR LONG DISTANCES REACH A 120 MILE PER HOUR SPEED.

THE WORLD INCREASE—

EVERY MORNING THERE ARE 50,000 EXTRA HUMAN BEINGS ON EARTH. APPROXIMATELY 100,000 PERISH AND 150,000 ARE BORN DAILY.

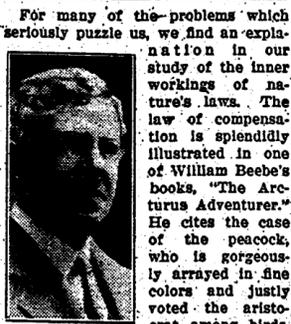
CORONA SIZE—

DURING THE RECENT ECLIPSE ONE STREAMER IN THE SUN'S CORONA EXTENDED FOR 3 TIMES THE SUN'S DIAMETER.

WNU Service

COMPENSATION

By LEONARD A. BARRETT



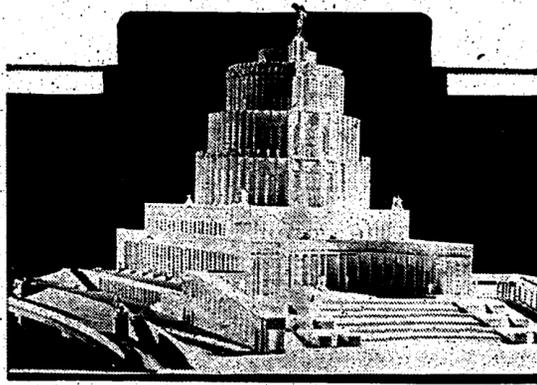
For many of the problems which seriously puzzle us, we find an explanation in our study of the inner workings of nature's laws. The law of compensation is splendidly illustrated in one of William Beebe's books, "The Arcurus Adventurer." He cites the case of the peacock, who is gorgeously arrayed in fine colors and justly voted the aristocrat among birds, but has a voice which no bird would covet. The nightingale, on the other hand, is, by common consent, voted the first place among soul-stirring songsters, yet has a plumage which is not to be envied.

As with the birds, so with men and women. The law of compensation, explains many of what appears to be, life's injustices. At times we grow very much discouraged with our lot. We seriously ask why we had not been given a special talent like our friend. Upon more careful examination, however, we might be quite unwilling to be blessed with that particular talent, if at the same time, it meant sharing some of the other characteristics of that particular person. Things seem to be equally balanced in this world. It is all folly for one to try to do something which he was never intended to accomplish. The peacock would make a farce of an attempt to sing, and the nightingale, a ludicrous comedy of any attempt to display its fine feathers.

The path of least resistance is just to be ourselves. If we study ourselves earnestly and seriously we shall soon discover that nature has been very kind. We shall discover, in spite of our handicaps, that there is one thing we can accomplish. By developing this one thing we acquire self-confidence. Other possibilities open before us, for we have discovered sources of strength within, which we did not know we possessed. A striking illustration of this fact is found in the career of the great scientist, Steinmetz. Born a hunchback, he came to America penniless. Friendless, he decided to make something of himself. Life held great compensations for him and he became a leader in the field of electrical engineering. The law of compensation also plays an important part in helping us rightly to evaluate our own experience. For all who bravely meet adverse conditions, the law of compensation brings encouragement. Even the economic depression, with all its sacrifice, sorrow and suffering has its compensations in renewed courage, hope, and enduring power.

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Design for Soviet Palace in Moscow



Though millions of Russians are reported to be starving, the Soviet government is planning to erect in Moscow a magnificent palace. The design shown above has been accepted.

Howe About:

Byron Prohibition Philanthropy

By ED HOWE

I SHALL not further advertise it by giving title, publisher or author, but send out warning that lately another mischievous book has appeared.

Every reader must have noted that certain men in history are charged with being specially capable lady killers. Their victims in a few cases number hundreds; in many scores or dozens.

This author selects sixteen of the more notable of the lady killers, and attempts to prove that in every case the men were more victims than conquerors. There is a well-known line that Byron once wrote and found himself famous, a better known line that Byron once wrote and found himself infamous. Women largely assisted in giving Byron this last reputation, and it has outlasted the first.

My observation has been that both parties to a love affair are about equally guilty and equally suffer. In every fight there is a cauldron ear for both participants; Blue Beard, Byron, Casanova, Cellini, no one goes about beating up either men or women without punishment.

Every one must be frequently amazed at the reckless statements men make when "arguing" their side of a question.

One of the most common and amazing of such statements is that no attempt has ever been made to enforce the prohibitory law; that the law has never had a chance. Every prohibitionist makes this claim daily.

Yet official records show that three and a half billion dollars in money alone have been spent in special efforts to enforce the law, in addition to the loss of more than eighteen billions in revenue formerly collected from the sale of liquor. There are so many special prohibition agents sneaking about even now after the law has been practically nullified, that two squads recently met, and mistaking each other for rum fiends, killed and wounded several.

I do not know what has got into people, unless it is that devilry which once got into a famous lot of swine, and caused the crazy animals to rush to a high precipice, and jump off. When I first began seriously considering the serious facts of life, that I might reasonably understand and apply them, I recall being shocked on encountering a statement that all men are liars; a little later I read that all men are also scoundrels. Surely, I thought, a few must have discovered that it is best to tell the truth, to be honest men. But, alas, such statements do not shock me, or anyone, now.

I hear of an old woman who for thirty years has been a burden on sons, daughters and other kin. She has nothing, does nothing, has never done anything of consequence, and is an object of charity, but what do you suppose her speciality is?

Curiously enough, it is constant weeping because her already heavily burdened relatives do not give her wealth with which to do good. In her idleness she hears the groans of the world, and wishes to bring more joy into it.

Don't laugh too much at this foolish old woman; all of us wish fame as philanthropists, the fame to be acquired with money collected from others.

It is the universal passion. The sprightly Sydney Smith is quoted as saying it is the duty of every man to show his wife Paris, but far more women wish to do missionary work than care to visit Paris; and more men long to engage in politics than long to show their wives the art and apaches of the French.

Many are saying impressively no one understands Bernard Shaw.

The truth is, Shaw is easily understood; he is a lucky dog who has blundered into the discovery that it is easier and more profitable to tell the truth than to be a hypocrite and liar.

I have read a summary of Shaw's speech in New York, and of most he has written. He charges Americans with no folly we have not charged against ourselves; books and magazines have for years been full of the belated warnings Shaw is now attracting attention with. Shaw knows nothing millions of Americans have not long known; he attracts great audiences only because it is great novelty for a man to tell the truth in public.

In traveling there are many stretches of plain and easy road, but occasionally every road forks, and you must use your head, since one road is right, and the other wrong. I will only say as to this emergency that commonly the right road is as plainly marked as the wrong one. I have traveled far and long, but never yet have I found a man mean enough to willfully put up a wrong sign where a road forks.

A few days before his death Silerus wrote a note addressed to his pall bearers, to be delivered to them when they were called to perform their duty: "Be assured, gentlemen," he wrote, "that I shall in future be a good man. I have long been convinced of the wisdom of complete virtue, but human nature has prevented my practicing it until now."

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Oil Mogul, Safe in China, Flouts U. S.

Alleged Swindler Claims Canadian Citizenship.

Shanghai.—Athens, Greece, famed city of the Near East, may have its Samuel Insull, but Shanghai, equally famed city of the Far East, now has its C. C. Julian. Julian, late of Oklahoma City, Los Angeles, Vancouver, and other undesignated points, arrived in Shanghai about a month ago and registered at a leading hotel, using the name T. R. King. Aside from the pseudonym, Julian made little effort at concealment. He went places and saw things, particularly those things and places designated by the tourist agencies as Shanghai's "night life."

His real identity was disclosed to the local American authorities by a Russian private detective, who applied to Dr. George Sellett, United States district attorney, for the \$5,000 reward which was offered by the Oklahoma authorities for information leading to Julian's arrest.

Canadian Passport.

But those who went to an expensive room in Shanghai's leading Cathay hotel in the expectation of arresting Julian and obtaining the \$5,000 reward, came away empty handed. Julian produced a Canadian passport, claimed Canadian citizenship and when the newspaper correspondents arrived on the scene, he poured each a liberal portion of whisky-soda and declared, "You can tell the United States to go to h—l. I'm a Canadian citizen and try and get me."

Julian denied swindling anybody, explaining that the oil "game" in the United States is quite similar to "gold rushes" where people must take chances. "In September, 1929, I was unfortunate enough to lose \$12,000,000 in one deal. Looking for a place to recoup, I went to Oklahoma City and formed the C. C. Julian and Royalties company, which was evaluated by the American Appraisal company within eleven months at \$11,000,000. But bad luck came my way and my company was forced into bankruptcy, and I was indicted by the federal government.

Claims He's Penniless.

"We were fighting five court cases, one of which was in Texas and another in Oklahoma City. I engaged lawyers to represent me, but soon discovered I was being betrayed. I decided it would be foolish for me to remain and be the goat in that Oklahoma City field episode, hence I decided to leave the country and come to Shanghai. My trial was scheduled to begin on February 6, but I departed the day before, traveling to the Orient by way of Vancouver. While in Japan I was considerably worried by being followed by secret police, but ceased to worry when I learned it was a custom of the country. I like Shanghai fine. It is wet and has many interesting forms of recreation. As soon as I decide what form of business to engage in I intend to recoup my fortune. Later I may return to the United States. Now I am penniless."

However, he has retained a battery of local European attorneys and intends to fight extradition proceedings.

In coming to Shanghai, Julian apparently was well advised, for Shanghai comes under what is popularly known as foreign extraterritorial jurisdiction. Foreigners residing in Shanghai generally are not subject to Chinese courts, but to the courts of the country to which they claim nationality.

Unless Julian has committed a crime in Canada he cannot be extradited to that country, and since his alleged

crime was committed in the United States there doesn't appear to be any legal machinery whereby Canadian or British officials in China can turn him over to American officials in China for transportation to the United States.

Smart Jacket Frock



Twin prints in chiffon and silk crepe are smartly combined in this jacket frock, the chiffon used for the bodice top and for the jacket which has borders of the crepe.

Baby Beauty Queen



Little Miss Patricia Downs of Evanston, Ill., who was officially chosen by a group of health and beauty experts as the baby beauty queen of the Chicago World's fair out of hundreds of contestants ranging in ages from three to seven. Patricia is three and one-half years old.

Father Sage Says:

Law-making should perhaps be a "thank you" job—without any second terms. A man should be proud that the people elected him to perform a certain work.

The Household

By Lydia Le Baron Walker

A sewing kit which takes up but small space and which holds every necessary requirement for occasional sewing is described here. The cases are recommended for bazars, sales, and bridge prizes, as well as gifts for friends who are traveling, to say nothing of their desirability for the home-maker herself.

The case is modeled after an expensive leather needlecase. It is tubular shaped with round ends which measure 1 1/4 inches in diameter. A straight strip 5 inches wide and 5 1/2 inches long is sewed along one 5-inch edge to each circular edge for half its distance. Be sure to have the sewing on each circle begin at points exactly opposite so that the 5-inch edge will be perfectly straight between them. The loose flap folds, over the kit and snaps to it. A strip of flannel for needles is sewed to the lining

case scissors in under the flannel leaf. Sew a narrow strip of the lining material to the lining so that it will come under the leaf, and under this slip the tiny scissors.

Working Directions.

The case is lined, and if the outer material is soft, interlining should be used as the 5 by 5 1/2-inch portion should be stiff. Sew the flannel leaf to the lining 1 inch from one of the 5-inch ends and put a short length of lining from the end of the portion to a place beyond the seam-line of the leaf concealing its seam. Cover two circles of cardboard, one with the outside material and one with the lining material. Overcoat them together along edges. Make two of these circular ends and then sew the main portion to them as described previously. Sew half a snap to center of under side of the flap, and the other

Western Champion



June Beebe of Olympia fields, Chicago, who won the western women's golf championship, defeating Jane Weller, the title holder.



The Attractive Sewing Kit Is Seen Closed, on the Table, and Open in the Hands of the Girl. A Diagram With Exact Dimensions Is Given at Upper Left.

of the flap where it begins to fold over. This completes the smart sewing kit. It is easy to see how quickly one can be made and also how handy it would be.

The fittings are three full-size spools; one of white cotton, one of black, and one spool of black silk. Position the white thread between the two black ones. Put two packages of needles under the spools, and a thimble in the space between the last spool and the end of the case. There is just room for the thimble, which space of course has been left intentionally for that article. One accessory which the imported model lacks is scissors. We can remedy this by putting a pair of wee needle-

part of the snap to the center of the kit, so that the two will fit together when the case is closed. Edges of the case can be bound, or seamed and stitched together as preferred.

Entertaining Problems.

When the woman who does her own work entertains and there is no outside help to do the cleaning and clearing up after guests depart, it is something of a problem to avoid getting overtired and especially to avoid a sense of mental confusion.

For the sake of creating the mental poise, the first job is to get the place in a condition of order, not necessarily complete, but such as one can work in without too much confusion.

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SUCH IS LIFE—Pop's Been Trying for a Political Job!

By Charles Sughroe



MOM! WHAT'S INFLUENCE?



IT'S SOMETHING YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT—UNTIL YOU TRY TO USE IT



A few days before his death Silerus wrote a note addressed to his pall bearers, to be delivered to them when they were called to perform their duty: "Be assured, gentlemen," he wrote, "that I shall in future be a good man. I have long been convinced of the wisdom of complete virtue, but human nature has prevented my practicing it until now."

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Weekly News of Interest From
a Few Towns Surrounding Antrim

DEERING

FRANCESTOWN

The outstanding feature of the closing season of the Vacation school was the presence and address by Congressman Charles W. Tobey. He visited the exhibit and reviewed the work of the school as it was presented in the pageant which had been especially written for the occasion by members of the staff and worked out with the cooperation of the children.

Representative Tobey spoke in highest terms of appreciation of the work which had been done at the Deering Community Center. He paid an appropriate tribute to the interest and services of Dr. Eleanor A. Campbell, who had founded the Center as a memorial to her daughter, Elizabeth Milbank Ashforth, two years ago. Mr. Tobey told of his personal friendship and high esteem for Dr. A. Ray Petty and Dr. C. Wallace Petty, and expressed the sense of loss which he and the state felt because of their untimely death last fall.

The closing session was attended by more than 500 parents and friends. The pageant portraying the various types of town school, was watched with interest and appreciation. The historic episodes presented by the senior department pictured the purchase of the land in this section of New Hampshire in 1629 from the Indians, and the raising of the first house of worship in Deering in 1774. The historical data was furnished by A. A. Holden superintendent of schools, and the dramatic arrangement was written by Clark Poling, leader of the senior group in the Vacation school.

Harold N. Holmes, field secretary of World Alliance for International Friendship through the churches, served as chairman of the program. He announced the vesper services in the open air pulpit at the Community Center. Rt. Rev.

The Ladies' Benevolent society held its annual fair on the Congregational church lawn, Saturday afternoon. A supper was served in the evening at the town hall, an entertainment was given.

The Community Daily Vacation school Community Daily Vacation school closed last Friday evening at 7.30. An exhibition, with closing exercises, was held in the vestry of the Congregational church.

The engagement of Miss Helen Taft Meyer to Charles L. Woodbury is announced by her father, W. E. Meyer of Saylor Park, O. Mr. Woodbury is the son of Mary A. Woodbury and his early life was spent here. He is in business in Cincinnati.

John T. Dallas, Episcopal bishop of New Hampshire, was the speaker Sunday, July 30. The service was the first of a series of Sunday afternoon vesper services which will be addressed each Sunday at 4 o'clock during August by distinguished clergymen.

The vesper service on Sunday marked the opening of the annual religious conference which continued on Monday, July 31, and Tuesday, August 1. Rev. James Black, D. D., of Edinburgh, Scotland, will be the guest speaker at this conference. Among the other nationally known leaders who will participate in the conference are: Rev. William D. Abernathy, D. D., president of the Northern Baptist convention; Rev. A. W. Beaven, D. D., president of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America; Dean Vaughn Dabney, D. D., of Andover-Newton Theological Seminary; Harry N. Holmes, field secretary, World Alliance for International Friendship through the churches, will be chairman of the conference.



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression"

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

The Antrim Reporter
Published Every Wednesday Afternoon
Subscription Price, \$2.00 per year
Advertising Rates on Application
H. W. ELDREDGE, PUBLISHER
H. B. ELDREDGE, ASSISTANT
Wednesday, Aug. 2, 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.

What Has Happened and Will
Take Place Within Our Borders

For Sale—Sweet Corn, and all Vegetables fresh each day. Fred L. Proctor, Antrim. Adv.

Edmund Dearborn has been suffering the past week with tonsillitis, and confined to his bed some of the time.

A committee from the Antrim Woman's Club is planning a Lawn Party to be held on the afternoon of September 1, at 3 o'clock, on the lawn of Mrs. Oscar Robb.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth Bennett have removed their household goods to the McKay house, on Concord street, and are occupying the tenement recently vacated by Mrs. Clement.

Found—On Main street, last Saturday, a zipper hand bag; containing a small amount of change, and other small articles. Owner can have same by calling at Reporter Office and paying for this adv. Adv.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. N. Scott were in town over Sunday night. They are on a week's business trip through northern New Hampshire and Maine. Miss Margaret Scott will accompany her brother on the trip.

A cooking school will be conducted at the Municipal Hall, Hillsboro, on Tuesday afternoon, August 8. See adv. in this week's Reporter, on first page; and also the adv. in connection with the Westinghouse refrigerator.

Miss Ethel L. Muzzey went to Boston on Monday, and on Tuesday she and Miss Ann Hamilton left that city by train for Buffalo, N.Y. From the latter city they will go by boat to Chicago, for a visit to the Century of Progress Exhibition. They will return to Antrim in about two weeks.

Employment desired by temperate Protestant American. Good mechanic; gardener; careful chauffeur. Low wages and found. Box 3, Antrim Reporter. Adv.

Antrim played Greenfield last Saturday afternoon, on West St. grounds, and won 10 to 9, in a 13 inning game. Edwards pitched for Antrim. Fowle was credited with a honor.

The electrical shower late Tuesday afternoon was of short duration in this section, but the heavy wind accompanying it took its toll in an unusual manner. Several trees and branches of trees were blown down and broken off, so that they needed prompt attention in removal from the highway. The next morning a number of workmen were busy getting the injured trees properly cared for.

The Antrim Reporter, 52 weeks, for \$2.00 only, in advance. Subscribe at any time; you don't have to wait till the first of the year.

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

Exhibit of Mirrors
August 10, 11 and 12
at
"The Scrap Bag"
Warner, N. H.
TEA AT THE STUDIO

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

Mrs. Alva Sheperdson and three children, of Barre, Mass., were recent guests of her parents in this place.

Mrs. Don H. Robinson and two sons have returned from a three weeks' stay at Bailey's Island, in Portland Harbor, Maine.

The 4-H club girls have been spending a week at the Byron Caughey Memorial Camp, at Gregg Lake, chaperoned by Miss Gladys Holt.

Lincoln Hutchinson, of Lakeland, Florida, has arrived at the Hutchinson farm, at the Center where he will remain till in the fall.

Rev. R. H. Tibbals was in Brattleboro, Vt., to officiate at the funeral of Cyril Switzer, who was formerly a parishioner of his when he preached in South Londonderry, Vt.

The condition of Irving Stowell's health has been so poor of late that one day last week it was considered best to take him to the County hospital, at Grasmere, for treatment.

An abstract from a letter recently received from Richard C. Goodell, at Santa Barbara, California: It is warmer today than any time in six weeks—56 above at seven this morning, and now at three p. m., am surprised to find it 68 in shade on my front porch.

At the Reporter office there are two new typewriters on exhibition, one a Remie Scout which retails at a new low price of \$14.95; the other is a larger machine writing both small and capital letters with a carrying case complete at a new low price of \$34.75. These are a Remington product of the best make, and we have the agency for these machines.

Top-Notcher Tips

A meeting of the Antrim Top-Notchers' 4-H Club was held on Wednesday evening last, at fireman's hall, with the vice president presiding.

Wilbur Rockwell told of his experiences at the 4-H picnic at Milford. There were twelve members and two visitors present. A baseball game with Camp Wildwood at some future date was announced.

Mr. Brooks brought the completed membership report, which appears below. After some games were played, the meeting was adjourned.

MEMBERSHIP REPORT

Name of Member	Project
Cecil F. Ayer	Shop
Harvey Black	Sheep
Wilmer L. Brownell	Garden
Herbert H. Bryer	Poultry
Oscar H. Clark, Jr.	Pig
Kenneth W. Clark	Pig
Richard F. Cooley	Poultry
Russell J. Cuddihy	Pig
Henry F. Cutter	Shop
Ralph E. George	Poultry
Dana F. Greenley	Garden
Norman E. Greenley	Calf
Buddy Hardwick	
Roland H. Hutchinson, Jr.	Shop
Phillip E. Lang	Forestry
Robert F. Lang	Forestry
Eddie Moul	
Wallace Nylander	Shop
Calvin Patterson	Shop
Albert A. Poor	Forestry
Lawrence R. Raices	Forestry
Wilbur K. Rockwell	Garden
Arthur F. Rockwell	Garden
Harry Rogers	Garden
Jerome J. Rutherford, Jr.	Garden
Edward G. Smith	Poultry
Everett K. Starkweather	Garden
Lloyd H. Tewksbury	Shop
Carroll D. White	Forestry
Ralph A. Zabriskie	Garden
Franklin Ordway	Garden
Stanley Ordway	Garden

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Edward M. Coughlin, Jr.	Garden
Carl F. Dunlap	Garden
Paul F. Dunlap	Garden
Wesley McClure	Garden
Gordon F. Sudsbury, Jr.	Garden
Robert A. Whipple	Garden

Carlton Brooks, Leader
Kenneth E. Gibbs,
County Club Agent,
Lawrence Raices,
Club Reporter.

Oh Yeah!

Thirteen towns in New Hampshire are in the list scheduled for new postoffice buildings to be erected by the Federal government—unless the economy committee gets in some good work, which it should be safe to say that not a single one of these towns are in need of such a building in normal times—much more under existing conditions.

SHE LIKES . . .
A Well Dressed Man!

And what man is better dressed than he who buys Tailor Made Clothes!
They fit him perfectly.
Won't you come in and let us show you the new Fall Styles? We have over 150 patterns and colors from which to choose.
Suits priced from \$19.00 to \$29.50.
Guaranteed All Wool Wonderful Values, Yes?

BUTTERFIELD'S
Telephone 31-5 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 172nd Field Artillery Band
Lake Massasecum
Sunday Afternoon, August 6
Dance Wednesday and Saturday

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Genuine RU-BER-OID SHINGLES - ROOFINGS
There's a right kind for every building. In superb colors . . . textures . . . and shapes.
ARTHUR W. PROCTOR
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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

Typewriter Paper
We still carry a stock of Bond Typewriter Paper, cut 8 1/2 x 11 inches, at prices varying with quality. Extra by parcel post. This we will cut in halves, if you desire, giving you sheets 5 1/2 x 8 1/2 in.
We also have a stock of Light Yellow Typewriter Sheets, 8 1/2 x 11, especially for Carbon Copy sheets. 75¢ for 500 sheets, 12¢ extra by parcel post. Pen can be used on this very well.
REPORTER OFFICE, ANTRIM, N. H.

Better spend 15 minutes seeing the Westinghouse
Dual-automatic Refrigerator

than YEARS regretting that you didn't!

Westinghouse HERMETICALLY SEALED efficiency guarantees you a lifetime of care-free refrigeration. Beauty, convenience, quality and economy far beyond the ordinary. It's an extravagance to pay more . . . a GAMBLE to pay less. See our complete line of latest models to suit every purse and purpose. Come in!

Miss Hollowell recommends the Westinghouse Refrigerator and will use it in preparing some delicious frozen desserts and attractive salads at the Cooking School, Municipal Hall, Hillsboro, N. H., Tuesday afternoon, August 8, at 2.30 o'clock.

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. Richards has been visiting her father, in Athol, Mass., recently.

Mr. Jordan has returned to Wakefield, Mass., for a time; Mrs. Jordan is remaining here.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Griswold, of Albany, N.Y., were here again just recently, visiting their parents.

Can't see why any one should have rheumatism with the thermometer up in the nineties, but there may be exceptions.

Miss Lawrence was called to Leominster, Mass., again, her aunt having passed away. The funeral was held on Sunday, the 23d.

It looks as though work had begun on the new bridge, as there is a pontoon in the river; and several men working there since the last of the week.

William B. Whitney, of New York City, and Webster Talmadge, of Montclair, N. J., have joined their relatives at the Whitney homestead, this Wednesday.

George Griswold has a new ten-foot-wide piazza on the front of his house; it is to have windows and screens, with modern fixtures. Miles and Flagg are doing the work.

There will be a picnic at the home of the president of the Sons of Union Veterans Auxiliary, Mrs. Hattie Messer, on August 7, to which the families of the Order are invited. The meeting of the Auxiliary will be held at 2.30 p.m., with picnic supper from 6 to 6.30 o'clock, followed by a treasure hunt in the evening, and a social good time.
Minnie Gordon,
Press Cor.

The Antrim Garden Club

Flower Show will be held August 17 and 18, in the town hall. Plans are under way for even a better show than last year.

All residents of Antrim are invited to exhibit cut flowers, potted plants, fruits and vegetables, and wild flowers. Schedules of classes and any information will be given to any one upon application to Flower Show Committee.

All who will be asked to arrange a table in the set table section. All competitors for set tables will please get in touch with chairman of that section before Wednesday, the 16th day of August.

The committee on Potted House Plants wish all plants at hall on Wednesday afternoon, August 16, if possible.

The committee on arrangements is: William R. Linton, chairman
Mrs. Rose W. Poor, secretary
Mrs. Lena Seaver
Mrs. Miriam Roberts
Mrs. Mae Hutchinson
A-ssisted by the following sub-committee chairmen:
Information and Garden Tours — Mrs. G. D. Tibbetts
T. Room — Mrs. A. Zabriskie
Potted Seedlings — Mrs. Emma S. Gopfell
House Plants — Mrs. William Clark
Nosegays — Mrs. A. E. Young
Fruit and Vegetables — Frank L. Wheeler
Wild Flowers — Erwin D. Putnam
Set Tables — Mrs. Albert Thornton

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.

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Rev. William Patterson, Pastor
Saturday, August 5
Union Sunday School Picnic at Lake Massasecum. Trucks leave churches at 8.30 a.m.

Sunday, August 6
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock, with sermon by the pastor.

This church will be closed on Sundays, August 13 and 27. Rev. Louis Shields, of Lowell, Mass., will preach in this church on Sunday, August 20, at 10.45 o'clock. All other services dispensed with during August.

Methodist Episcopal

Rev. John P. Brooks, Pastor

Saturday, August 5
Union Picnic at Lake Massasecum. Trucks leave churches at 8.30 a.m.

Sunday, August 6
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock. Sermon by the pastor, on the topic: "The Rock That is Higher Than I."

Church school will be discontinued throughout month of August.

Baptist

Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor

Thursday, August 3
Church prayer meeting 7.30 p.m. Topic: "How Shall I Use the Bible?"

Saturday, August 5
Union Picnic at Lake Massasecum. Leave the church at 8.30 a.m.

Sunday, August 6
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock. The pastor will preach on the topic: "The Water of Life."

No sessions of the Church school during August.

Vesper Service at Deering Community Center, at 4 o'clock. Rev. Paul D. Eddy, Director of Vacation and Weekday Church Schools of the International Council of Religious Education, will be the speaker.

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.

New London Hospital Day,

Tuesday, Aug. 8, 1933

The activities will include:

10 a.m.—Baby show at Memorial hall, followed by Doll Carriage parade.

Booths will line street from Town hall to Postoffice, and remain open day and evening. There will be fortune telling booth, mystery booths of grabs, etc. From Warner, Elizabeth Morse and her Gallery of Silhouettes, and Garden Scenes of "Then and Now" arranged by "The Scrap Bag."

1.45 p.m. Parade, with 34 floats, picturing New London "Then and Now."

3.00 p.m. Ball game.

7.00 p.m. Band concert.

9.00 p.m. "Jennie Gerhardt," at Memorial hall. And lastly fireworks.

Over 5000 people expected during day and evening.

NORTH BRANCH

Mrs. Mae Hutchinson is entertaining friends for two weeks.

Ora Story entertained friends from Newport, Vt., for the week-end.

Lincoln Hutchinson is stopping at the Hutchinson home for the summer.

We understand Rev. William Patterson conducts the service at the Chapel next Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Crosby, of Newton, Mass., spent the week-end with his mother, Mrs. R. F. Hunt, at Bide-a-wee.

Mr. and Mrs. Will J. Bills and Mrs. Mary Hartshorn, of Milford, visited with their brother, H. E. Bouletle, recently.

Frank Thayer, of Holbrook, Mass., was last week renewing old memories at the Branch, after an absence of 45 years. He at one time lived at the Moody McIlvin place, in his younger days. Many changes have come to the Branch since 1888.

Ladies' Aid Society of Methodist Church Holds Its Fair and Party

The Gay Nineties Party

Presented by the ladies' aid society of the Methodist church, at the town hall, on Friday evening last, was a pronounced success in every way. Miss Ethel Muzzey had the party arrangements in charge and with her several able assistants staged an entertainment that pleased every one of the two hundred people who attended.

In the afternoon, the ladies held their annual sale, and the candy, vegetable, food, punch and fancy articles tables were well patronized. Small table were arranged about the hall with four chairs to each table; this was a different plan than had previously been used and worked out well.

The evening's program opened with singing of the popular songs of the nineties, in which all present took a part, with Mrs. Harriman at the piano and Mrs. Roeder leading. Herman Hill's cornet solo was good, as was the specialty by Mrs. Butterfield and Lester Hill, in costume, singing "By the Old Mill Stream." Many costumes

of the 1890 period were worn by those taking part and by others in attendance. The farce presented by the Old Maids Union was an amusing one and every maid drew good laughs in doing their respective stunts, and the whole thing was funny from start to finish.

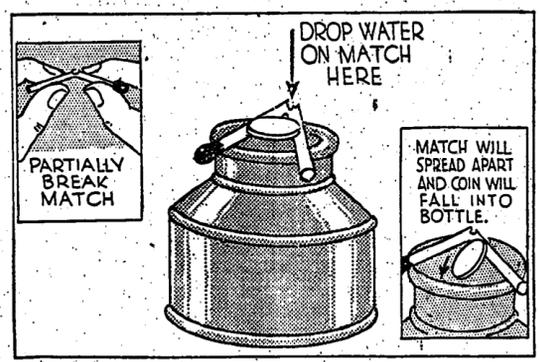
The members of the Union were: Margaret Bennett, Florence Brown, Gladys Phillips, Florence Ring, Kate Brooks, Evelyn Parker, Emma Nay, Virginia Worthley, Florence Madden, Arlene Whitney, Ethel Roeder, Vera Butterfield. Assisted by Ethel Muzzey, Charlotte Balch, Fyanna Brooks.

The slogan of this Union was "Want a Man?" and imagine their delight when the man in the box was unveiled, and even if he was a mechanical man many seemed almost as well pleased. Andrew Fuglestad acted well this part.

The ladies' aid society is under obligations to all who assisted in any way in making this affair the success it proved to be; and the officers of the society desire to express their thanks to one and all for every assistance.

TRICKS OF MAGIC EXPLAINED BY WILL LINDHORST

DROP OF WATER MAKES COIN FALL INTO BOTTLE



An ink bottle or other small bottle, a match and a dime or penny are required for this trick. Crack the match so that it will be bent and yet hold together. Place the match on top of the bottle with its broken center on one side and the head and tail on the other. Lay the coin on the match and spread the match apart under the coin, so that the slightest movement of the match will cause the coin to fall. Then tell your audience that you will drop water on the match, and coin will fall in the bottle. Carefully drop the water on the broken ends of the match, which will cause them to draw together, and in doing so will pull the head and tail of the match further apart, thereby taking the support of the match from under the coin, and causing the coin to fall.

(Copyright, Will L. Lindhorst.)



FOR YOUR NEXT JOB OF PRINTING
GIVE THE REPORTER OFFICE THE
CHANCE TO DO IT IN A NEAT AND
SATISFACTORY MANNER

ANTRIM POST OFFICE

Mail Schedule in Effect May First, 1933

Going South	
Mails Close	Leave Station
5.35 a.m.	5.50 a.m.
8.57 a.m.	9.12 a.m.
8.00 p.m.	8.15 p.m.

Going North	
6.20 a.m.	6.35 a.m.
2.28 p.m.	2.43 p.m.

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

Misplaced Trust

Under the above caption the issue of Pathfinder for July 22 contained the following editorial:

Members of the bar are now publishing advertisements which urge people to "consult a practicing lawyer" about all matters relating to estates and warning them to "have all wills and testaments immediately rewritten" which name a closed bank as executor or trustee. Since several thousand banks and trust companies are still closed, and in many cases such institutions are named in wills, this warning of the lawyers is timely.

This very warning, however, serves to make people wonder if anybody is to be trusted any more. If "trust" companies are so often run in such a way that they mis-manage and dissipate the estates of those who have trusted them, what guarantee is there that others of the same class will not do the same?

It is a burning shame that the faith of the people has been abused in this way. The very word "trust" implies a sacredness of purpose and it is a crime when those who have taken this name and used it to juggle with in the speculation market calmly notify those who have placed faith in them that their money is gone.

A wholly new confidence must now be built up, and it is going to take a long time to do it.

HANCOCK

This town suffered heavy losses as a result of the severe storm recently. For twenty minutes quantities of hail stones fell, covering the ground to a depth of several inches. It is said that thousands of barrels of apples had been knocked off the trees. Windows were broken, peach crops and roads were damaged to a great extent. In fact general havoc was wrought throughout that town and it will be months before the townspeople can get things back in order again.

GREENFIELD

Mrs. Lucy Brooks and son, Paul, are in camp at Fryeburg, Me., with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Savage.

Rev. Arthur Golden, of Hancock exchanged pulpits with Rev. Richard Carter, on Sunday last.

Miss Annie Louise Geiger, of Fitchburg, Mass., and Miss Katherine Holt, of Worcester, Mass., have been with their aunt, Mrs. Mable Holt, for a week's vacation.

Bids Asked For!

The School Board will consider bids for the re-finishing of the two second-floor rooms in the main part of the Village School Building. Any information regarding this work may be obtained from the members of the School Board. Bids should be submitted promptly, as the work must be completed before the opening of the School on September 5.

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

Notice of Freedom

Public notice is hereby given that I have from this date given my son, Ralph E. Rokes, his freedom. I shall not be responsible for bills which he may contract, and shall not claim the wages that he may earn.
July 24, 1933.
Edward G. Rokes.

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.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss.

Court of Probate

To Charles K. Cutter of Antrim, in said County, under the guardianship of Henry A. Hurlin and all others interested therein:

Whereas said guardian has filed the account of his said guardianship in the Probate Office for said County:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Francess town, in said County, on the 25th day of August next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

Said guardian 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, this 27th day of July A. D. 1933.

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

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss.

Court of Probate

To all persons interested in the trusts under the will of David Bass, late of Antrim, in said County, deceased, testate:

Whereas Henry A. Hurlin, trustee under the will of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County the final account of his trusteeship of certain estate held by him for the benefit of Viola E. Deacon.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Francess town, in said County, on the 25th day of August next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

Said trustee 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, this 27th day of July A. D. 1933.

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

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss.

Court of Probate

To the heirs at law of the estate of George H. Scarbo, late of Bennington, in said County, deceased, intestate, and to all others interested therein:

Whereas, Charles H. Smith, administrator of the estate 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 Francess town, in said County, on the 25th day of August next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

Said administrator 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, this 27th day of July, A.D. 1933.

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

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 18th day of July, A. D. 1933.

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

It's disappointing to call for a copy of The Reporter and not get one. Better subscribe for a year—\$2.00.

How I Broke Into The Movies

Copyright by Hal C. Herman

By HOOT GIBSON

I AM sorry that I cannot relate a tale of hardships and privation, but my entry into motion pictures was accomplished with comparative ease—after I decided to work in them.

I can't exactly say that I broke into the movies. It all seemed to happen systematically. The movies seemed like an opportunity, and when they opened their doors to me, I rode in.

I'm a native of Nebraska, was born in the small but ambitious town of Tekamah, which was smaller than it is now, but it was large enough to please me when I started life under the less fantastic name of Edward—and it gave me my education. My education completed, I began to wander, and inasmuch as the only thing I knew anything about was ranch work, I wandered to different ranches.

I have been riding horses as far back as I can remember and I was as much at home in the saddle as on the ground. Being an adventurous youth I began to try various difficult and daring feats of horsemanship, and after plenty of hard work and bumps, I got so I could handle a horse well enough to get a job wrangling cattle, which I did for several years.

I found the task of pursuing cattle over large and dusty prairies quite an unexciting employment. So when I met up with a traveling Wild West show I was overjoyed at the opportunity of joining it as one of the star trick and stunt riders. It was known then as Dick Stanley's Congress of Rough Riders.

In 1912, I entered the annual Pendleton (Ore.) round-up as one of the



Hoot Gibson.

175 contesting riders. When the dust had settled on the rodeo I found myself holding the all-around cowboy championship.

It was a tough job, and I worked hard to get it, but I kept right on riding, for I left with the American delegation of cow-punchers for Australia where I rode in the foreign meets for seven months.

About this time motion pictures were just beginning to show some signs of development and after reaching this country again I found myself talking with motion picture producers. They happened to have a field for western pictures so I started directing "program" or short length westerns.

I might have continued on this unpretentious status for the rest of my career but seeing the opportunities in the acting end of the game, I decided to get into the grease paint and see what would develop. I had directed about 40 pictures and had a fair knowledge of what the industry wanted in the line of western productions.

I have always had what some people call a sense of humor and I wanted to use it to advantage if possible. I saw tremendous possibilities in making westerns that went off the beaten path of melodramatic action pictures. I wanted to intersperse the exaggerated action of my pictures with comedy and human touches. I found a director and together we conspired to do comedy and human touches. The result was a better and more popular brand of pictures.

I know of no other business where merit is rewarded as it is in the movies—but merit must be aided by labor, and plenty of it.

WNU Service

Joan Needs No Glycerine Drops to Simulate Tears

In the sad business of weeping before the camera Joan Blondell has it all over her more sober sisters of the cinema. They resort to glycerine drops, stinging lotions for the eyes and even, at times, to the lowly onion to generate their screen tears. All except Miss Blondell.

Joan will use none of these substitutes. When the time comes for her to cry in a picture she just cries, and the glycerine bottle, the camphor spray and the restaurant onion are never called upon to double for real emotion.

An Immediate Success

Miss Fay Wray started her film career in 1925. She sprang into immediate prominence with her first appearance and counts among her many other successful vehicles, "Finger Points," "Not Exactly Gentlemen," "Conquering Horde," "Captain Thunder," "Lawyer's Secrets," "Unholy Garden," "The Vampire Bat" and "King Kong."

Blouse of Cotton-Crochet the Rage

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WOULDN'T you just love to own one or several of those smart, cool, attractive and very practical mercerized-cotton hand-crochet blouses which high-class specialty shops are showing this season, to wear with the now-so-voguish linen (particularly black linen) or pique suits? Well, why not be the happy possessor of just such? They are so easy to make and inexpensive (when home crocheted) and are they good-looking!

As to hand-crochet, it's the rage just now. Chic Parisiennes simply dote on it, wearing blouses of crochet with their best-looking suits, and gloves, the cunningest affairs you ever saw, with flare cuffs, the whole thing done in a dainty lacy stitch. Belts, too, and pocketbooks and hats all of crochet, while their frocks are trimmed with designful crochet insets and entire yokes and edgings and such.

The group of clever blouses in the picture cannot but prove an inspiration to those who feel the urge to crochet. The vastly important thing about using mercerized cotton for these blouses is that it washes so perfectly no matter how colorful it be.

Of course you are going to have a hard time deciding which of the blouses pictured to copy. We think the model on the standing figure is particularly good-looking. It's "darling" when made in a pastel shade to match the skirt, although it is just as effective in contrast—pale blue cotton crochet blouse with a pink pique or flannel skirt, or, if you like monochromes, a pink crochet blouse topping a pink linen

skirt, a matching linen swagger coat completing this most intriguing threesome. Oh, there is no end to the staging of effects which can be done with these hand-crochet blouses. It is the handsome shell stitch which makes the aforementioned blouse outstanding, also the tricky picot (crochet) finishing at the neckline.

The eye-satisfying little sweater with its pert cap sleeves on the seated figure is crocheted in blue and white cotton, intermingled so as to give it a sort of tweedy effect.

The fashionable high neck of the striped-yoke blouse shown to the right below, also its wee puff sleeves, make this model a smart item in anyone's wardrobe. The buttons at the belt are a happy thought, avoids stretching when you slip the blouse over the head.

The young woman who's head and shoulders above the group are pictured, is very much in crochet attire. Her blouse is a perfectly stunning affair crocheted in the popular filet stitch, bright orange with white. The white sports hat crocheted of mercerized cotton has the soft, easily draped brim which is becoming to all types of faces. A band of mesh stitch suggests new height for the crown.

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DOTS IN THE MODE

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



It is surprising how persistently dotted effects keep in the mode. Today, polka dots, from medium to tremendous coin dots, are, if possible, more fashionable than ever. Paris designers especially exploit the dotted theme. To be sure, the costume pictured is rather extreme from an American standpoint, yet it goes to show how French couturiers are placing emphasis on dots. Another fashion which loses not in favor is that of black and white. As the season progresses it is apparent that black with white is as much in the limelight as ever. The tight-fitting sleeveless black velvet jacket and the self-fabric gloves are the high spots of this costume.

Jacket Ensembles

The jacket frock is developed in all the fabrics of the moment—summer sheer crepes, printed crepes, chiffons, silks, pique, eyelet embroidery and their cottons.

ONE BLACK DRESS IS FOUND ENOUGH

Blessed are ye who have one good black silk dress and half a dozen sets of collars and cuffs, six handbags, two hats, three pairs of shoes and two pairs of gloves with detached cuffs. With a rounded or V-neck for the dress, any number of diversified collars—size, shape and color—may be applied, being careful to choose the correct handbag, gloves, cuffs, shoes and purse.

With the hats, shoes and gloves black and white, or perhaps one set in a brown, beige or a medium green, you can do wonders with constructing a wardrobe suitable for all occasions. One evening gown, with two or three different jackets, accomplishes miracles, and makes one realize that originality and ingenuity are having a big lining.

New Fall Coats Are Rich in Elaborate Fur Trim

The new coats shown in early fall displays are richly trimmed with fur, many of them having both collars and upper sleeve accents of silver, stone or blue fox, astrakhan or Persian lamb. Their silhouettes are generally almost straight, while their hemlines are from 7 to 11 inches from the ground.

The frocks shown with them are designed of soft wools or pebbled crepes with simple bodices, natural waistlines and slender skirts. Black, red, brown and deep green are the favorite hues for early fall.

Summer Corsets of Soft Rubber Bid for Favor

It isn't fair to keep talking about the top layer of fashion and extolling its virtues while taking the more obscure items for granted. And right now there is considerable news next to the skin.

A summer corset has made a bid for fashion's favor. It is made of soft rubber—no stays or things to cramp your style—and instead of being cut so long all the way down to give that sleek line over the hips and upper part of the thighs, sections are clipped out neatly back and front and the legs slip through rings like garters, making a perfect fit.

ROADSIDE MARKETING

By T. J. Delohery

GOLD UNDER YOUR GATE

THERE is an old story about a man wandering the world over in search of the pot of gold at the end of a rainbow, who, upon returning home tired, weary and discouraged, found the gold under his doorstep.

This fable applies in fact to thousands of farmers, farm women and children who have taken far shots at unseen markets away over the hills, and upon failing to get profitable prices, discovered even better markets at their door or within easy distance.

Good roads, the automobile, parcel post, express, city markets and the desire of the consumer for fresh, quality food have not only shortened the route to market for thousands of tons of products of the farm, home and garden, but have brought millions of extra dollars to thousands of farms.

Approximately a million farm people sell \$200,000,000 worth of produce of the farm, home, garden, forests and wild rural districts direct to the consumer. In some cases this market provides the entire farm income. In others it greatly supplements the money brought in by the major farming activity, even though in no way related.

There seems to be no end to what consumers will buy from farmers. And by the same token there are very few farms on which something to sell cannot be raised.

Roadside marketing is the largest of the direct selling outlets. Stands located on main traveled highways do not have to hunt up customers. Hundreds and thousands pass daily; but it is up to the farmer to make them stop. It is being done by thousands of farm folks in all parts of the country.

In Michigan, on a 16-mile section of highway, more than half the 89 farms on the road sold direct to the consumer. These producers, according to a comparison of returns when produce is sold direct and marketed through regular channels, got 60 cents of the consumer's dollar. The farmers who sold on the terminal outlets received but 19.4 cents. The difference, despite a higher labor charge for roadside marketing, came in the elimination of transportation and other charges for getting food from the farm to consumer.

Figures show the cost of distributing food at the end of 1932 was 47 per cent higher than before the war while the farm price of food was 42 per cent lower than the same period.

Surveys of roadside marketing have been made in many states for the information of farm folks who want to market all or part of their produce in this way. In Ohio, for instance, 1,700 odd markets were located on 2,800 miles of state road. The average business of each stand was slightly over \$1,700, ranging from several hundred dollars to many thousands, depending upon products handled and length of the selling season.

In addition to roadside markets, another profitable local outlet is the town retailers. The consumer demand for home-grown products is good, so surveys have indicated. And this is not patriotism entirely. City people realize that the nearer the source of supply, the fresher the food.

Mrs. R. L. Simerson, living several miles outside of the village of Linwood, North Carolina, supplies retail stores in six cities with fruit, vegetables, chickens, eggs, milk and buttermilk to the tune of \$2,500 a year. All of this food is produced in her garden and home without any extra help.

When a Waterloo (Iowa) grocer asked W. S. Brown to bring in more of the kind of eggs he had been delivering, he said they had made a decided hit with his customers and that he could use many more than Brown was supplying. So Brown called together 30 of his neighbors who were working with the extension specialist in poultry, and they formed an association.

Each farmer graded and packed his own eggs in cartons which bore the association name. On the bottom of each box a number was stamped as a means of identification in event of complaints. None were made because of the good handling and frequent deliveries of the eggs which brought a premium of 5 cents a dozen to the farmers.

J. P. Nelson of Stillwater, Minn., is a dairyman who likes to play golf. Dairying is a job which allows little or no time for play; but Nelson thanks to a change in marketing, not only plays golf when he wants to but increased his milk income by 25 per cent. Whipping cream, sold to local retailers, is the answer.

Elmer L. Rhodes of Abilene, Kan., finds selling to retailers permits a better distribution of labor in the production of crops, he sells over his roadside market and in growing other things for sale later in the year. Early crops, too small for roadside marketing and ready before customers start coming to the roadside market, find good prices in town. Stores pay him twice as much for early asparagus as he can command when the roadside stand is open and production is general. Sweet corn and tomatoes, too, are sold to stores in large amounts so as to give Rhodes time to cultivate other crops which need intensive attention at that time. Later, when the roadside season is open, the same retailers buy potatoes and horse-radish put up in half-pint bottles.

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Special Day for Youth of Church

Children's Festival Second Sunday in June.

The custom of celebrating Children's day in the Protestant churches throughout the country began in the early part of the Nineteenth century. It had its origin in the May day and Whitsuntide festivals, its resemblance to the former being shown by the abundant use of floral decorations.

May day, as a secular festival, has for centuries been the especial delight of children. Whitsunday, which occurs some time in May or June—it being one of the movable feasts, coming 50 days after Easter Sunday—was, during the Middle Ages, one of the favorite holidays of the church. It was "signalized" by processions and by the performance of mysteries or plays founded upon scripture occurrences.

This festival's connection with children, however, came from the custom adopted by both the Roman and Lutheran churches in Europe, of holding their confirmation service on this day, and it is no unusual sight in a European city to see whole troops of children, from six to ten years of age, dressed in white and garlanded with flowers, going to take part in this service on Whitsunday. With the Lutheran churches, at least, a special musical service and sermon, adapted to the children, were also part of the day's ceremonies. The appropriate connection of children and flowers has led a great number of churches in our own land to give up a Sunday, during the season of blossom, to services specially suited to the comprehension of young children.

In this country the first denomination to act in a representative capacity to recommend and adopt Children's day was the Methodist Episcopal church, which in 1865 recommended Children's day as a part of its plan to raise a student loan fund. At its general conference in 1868, this denomination designated the second Sunday in June to be observed as Children's day. The previous year the Universalist general convention recommended this day for the baptism of children. Later the Baptists as well as other denominations also adopted this day for services devoted to children.

EMERSON MR. FARMER and GARDENER

There is gold and silver in your soil, but only thought and labor will get it out.

Prepare this soil NOW for 100% more production next year. Plow up old meadow and stubble fields and seed with Buckwheat or Soy Beans. Plow under in September and seed again to EMERSON'S King Brand Rosen Rye and Winter Vetch.

Your local dealer is your best friend. Ask him for EMERSON'S Northern Green High Test Seeds.

THOMAS W. EMERSON CO.
113-115 STATE STREET
BOSTON • MASS.

Silk Stockings Ruined by Careless Washing

If you get "runs" in your stockings, look to the way you wash them, for authorities tell us that silk stockings may be ruined by even one careless washing. Here is the method they suggest:

Wash stockings after each wearing, with mild soap, preferably in flake form. Turn the stockings wrong side out. This prevents fuzzy-looking stockings. Make rich suds by dissolving a few mild soap flakes in lukewarm water. Always have suds lukewarm or cool. Put in the stockings and wash by squeezing the suds through and through the material, especially in soiled spots. Never rub stockings, as with bar soap, this tends to fade colors and destroys the life and springiness of the silk.

Thoroughly rinse stockings in lukewarm or cool water. Now a hint about quick drying. Roll the stockings in a dry turkish towel, knead for a moment, then remove ease into shape, and hang up to dry indoors, away from excessive heat, as from a radiator.

Tires for Shoes

A great many of the old automobile tires discarded in the United States are sent to Mexico, China, Spain and Portugal, where they are made over into shoes.

GET RID OF ANTS

Sprinkle Ant Food along window sills, doors and openings through which ants come and go. Guaranteed to rid quickly. Used in a million homes. Inexpensive. At your druggist's.

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
70th St. BROADWAY 71st St.

WNU-2 30-33

A Lovely Skin is one of nature's greatest gifts. Preserve its soft texture with a soap that contains the choicest products of nature.

Buy Cuticura Soap Today

YES...THERE'S A DODGE TRUCK FOR EVERY HAULING NEED!

Want to save money on hauling equipment? ... New 6-cylinder Dodge Trucks and Commercial Cars are designed to cut hauling costs lower than was ever dreamed of before. Now priced amazingly low. See your Dodge Dealer and let him go over your hauling problem with you without obligation—and 9 chances in 10 Dodge Trucks or Commercial Cars can save you money.

NEW COMMERCIAL EXPRESS—Just the thing for quick pick-ups and deliveries. Has Flying Power engine mounting, Hydraulic Brakes, many other advantages. \$450

NEW 1 1/2-TON CHASSIS—1 1/2-ton, 6-cylinder standard chassis—131" wheelbase. Deep frames—full floating rear axle—exhaust valve seat insert, other great engineering advantages. \$490

All Prices F. O. B. Factory, Detroit—Bumpers and Extra Equipment Additional

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The SILVER FLUTE

By Lida Larrimore

© Macrae-Smith Company
WNU Service.

CHAPTER X—Continued

"And you like him, Babbie?" She looked down at the hand which wore her ring. Dark lashes curtained her eyes.

"Oh, yes, Uncle Stephen," she said, the pink in her cheeks deepening to rose.

"Why couldn't she tell him all about Bruce?—He understood things so nicely. Some time she would, when the visit was over. She couldn't now. There would have to be explanations. It was nicer to keep it a secret.

What was she thinking? Stephen wondered, watching the curve of her lashes against her cheeks. Was she in love with this boy?

"Invite him for Christmas if you like," he said. "There's always plenty of room."

The dark lashes lifted.

"You're nice, Uncle Stephen," she said, giving his hand an affectionate squeeze.

"So are you," Stephen returned the affectionate squeeze. "Was she in love with the boy?"

"Would you like something else, Madame?" the waitress asked, hovering near the table.

Barbara hesitated between fudge cake and coffee eclaires. When the waitress had gone, she smiled at him across the table.

"Did you hear what she called me?" she asked, amused. "Maybe she thinks I'm your wife."

Stephen had thought that, too. It gave him a feeling of pride. He



He Was Very Proud of His Little Fillette.

couldn't look like "a nice old man" if the waitress had fancied that Barbara was his wife. There was more than pride in the feeling. There was tenderness, too, and a wistful sort of longing.

"Perhaps," he said and his eyes, under brows that frowned a little, were grave and vaguely troubled.

"Perhaps that's what she thought."

Barbara's eyes danced with mischief.

"Isn't that funny?" she said with a gay little wounding laugh.

Bruce came on Christmas eve. Barbara went in town with Thomas to meet him at the station. He didn't look quite the same. He had lost some of his tan.

His eyes brightened when he saw her. He smiled and looked a little more like Bruce.

"Did you have a nice trip?" Barbara asked as they walked through the station. That wasn't what she wanted to say. She had a feeling of strangeness. She didn't quite know what to do.

"The train was crowded," Bruce hadn't meant to say that. What had they done to her? This pretty young lady so smartly dressed might have been his Babbie's elder sister.

"They are, at Christmas, I guess," Barbara felt a lump in her throat. He acted so stiff and so very polite.

"Yes," Bruce agreed. "Holidays are bad times to travel." He resented the soft fur jacket she wore, the muff, the smart little frock of honey colored wool. He resented Thomas, in uniform, the big closed car, the air with which Barbara entered it, as though, already, she was accustomed to luxury. She won't want to live in my studio after this, he thought miserably, loving her, feeling that he had lost her.

It was easier in the car when Thomas had turned his back and they drove out the Parkway in the clear frosty twilight. Bruce kissed her and held her in his arms.

"Are you glad to see me?" he asked.

"Oh, Bruce!"

He thought that she was. He felt her small left hand no longer tucked in the muff.

"It's there," she said, knowing the thought that prompted the gesture. She pulled off a soft suede glove and showed him the ring with the small gold heart.

"That makes me feel better," he said, relaxing against the upholstery. "I'll have to get you another." He added after a moment. "That isn't gorgeous enough for an elegant young lady."

"Bruce!" Her voice reproached him. "I love it," she said, nestling close against him. "I don't want any other. I'll wear it as long as I live."

"Darling!" he said, feeling as though he had found her again.

And—

"Darling," she answered, feeling the strangeness vanish.

She hadn't changed, he thought, holding her very close. He gave her the gift he had brought, a bracelet with a golden heart to match the birthday ring.

They were happy together during the short ride out from town. But he felt that he had lost her again when the car turned through the stone gateway and followed the winding drive.

The house was a vast dark shape against the deepening twilight. He had not thought it would be so grand.

"I'm frightened," he said, when the car stopped at the entrance and Thomas sprang down to open the door.

"Silly!" she whispered, holding fast to his hand.

The touch of her hand couldn't banish the feeling that he had lost her again. It persisted through the children's noisy welcome, through a dinner which seemed endless to Bruce in spite of Stephen's efforts to make him feel at home. He resented Stephen who looked younger than he had hoped and very much more attractive.

"Isn't he lovely?" Barbara asked as they left the dining room.

"Who?" Bruce asked, though he knew very well whom she meant.

"Uncle Stephen."

Bruce was jealous of the shine in her wide dark eyes.

"It was kind of him to let you invite me," he said stiffly, knowing that he had hurt her, wanting to hurt her because he, himself, was hurt.

He was sorry a moment later but then it was too late. He could not find her again, though she was there beside him, small and very lovely in a frock of golden brown velvet. Bruce hated himself for his jealousy. He could do nothing about it.

It was an unhappy evening for them both. They trimmed a tree for the children in the schoolroom, talking gaily, avoiding each other's eyes. If they might be alone, Bruce thought, wanting to apologize, wanting to find her again.

Stephen watched them and wondered. Bruce was a nice looking boy, he thought, and seemed to be on intimate terms with the Thornes. But Barbara wasn't in love with him. He felt that he would know it if she loved this nice looking boy with the charming manners and somewhat shabby clothes. Stephen, as Aunt Edith observed, had much to learn about women.

When the tree was trimmed, Barbara, Stephen and Bruce sat around the library fire. Stephen was charming to Barbara's guest. If he would leave them alone, Bruce thought, looking at Barbara curled in an armchair beside the fire, wanting to kiss the dimple that woke with her gay little smile.

There was no opportunity to be alone. "Tomorrow," Bruce thought, saying good night to Barbara, being polite to Stephen.

"Tomorrow," Barbara thought, saying good night to them both.

But "tomorrow" was just as bad. There was no opportunity to be alone. The children claimed the early part of the day. There was company for dinner, an elaborate one, which lasted a very long time. When it was over, Barbara and Bruce escaped to the conservatory.

"Are you sure there is no one here?" Bruce asked, pretending to look behind the ferns and under the orange trees.

"No one but the love birds and us," Barbara dimpled and smiled. She loved Bruce when he teased. "Must you go today?" she asked, a wistful expression in her eyes.

"The eight o'clock train," he said.

Already it was growing dark. They had so little time. He held her close, trying to find her again, if only for a moment.

"Come with me, Babbie," he said. She was so small and very dear lying against his heart. "A bird nestles in your hand, yours to keep for always. Open your hand and the bird is lost in the sky." "Couldn't you, Babbie dear?"

"I can't, Bruce." Her eyes were wistful but her chin was very firm. "I can't while the children are here."

She sighed and lifted her head from his shoulder.

Bruce heard the sigh, felt her drawing away from him.

"Don't you want to?" he asked, frightened and hurt by the soft quivering sigh. "Have you changed your mind? Don't you want to marry me, Babbie?"

"I haven't. I do," she assured him. He felt that the words lacked conviction.

"I can't give you things like this. It would be a come-down to live with me over the fruit store up four flights of dingy stairs."

"You know it's not for me," she said very close to tears. "It's because of the children, Bruce."

He didn't know. He couldn't be sure.

"Are you sure?" he asked, wanting to hurt her because he was being so terribly hurt.

Bruce saw her tremble, he heard a choked little sob. Tenderness conquered the bitter thoughts. She was so small, so very dear, too small and dear to be hurt. He went to her swiftly, drew her into his arms.

"Babbie!" he said brokenly. "I'm sorry. Of course I know. I shouldn't have asked you that question."

She clung to him, sobbing.

"I can't bear it when you don't believe me." She lifted a face damp with tears. "I love you so very much."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wit and Humor



OBEDIENT

The doctor smilingly entered the room where his female patient was reclining in a chair.

"Ah," he murmured, "I see you are looking very much better today."

"Yes, doctor," the patient said. "I have very carefully followed the instructions on that bottle of medicine you gave me."

"Let me see, now," said the doctor thoughtfully. "What were they?"

"Keep the bottle well corked," came the reply.—Somerset (Eng.) Standard.

Maybe on WLS

A board was testing the mentality of a negro.

"Do you ever hear voices without being able to tell who is speaking or where the sound comes from?"

"Yessuh," answered the negro.

"And when does this occur?"

"Over the radio."

Ouch!

Spinster—Why don't you get married, Mr. Oldbach?

Oldbach—Why marry a woman when I can buy a parrot for \$5?

Spinster—Yes, that shows once more how the men have the advantage of us women. We can't buy any kind of a bear for less than \$200.—Pittsburgh Magazine.

A Golfer's Wife

Mrs.—You're going to drive me out of my mind!

Mr.—That ain't no drive, my dear; that's a putt.

ENTHUSIASTIC

It was a wretched play. Long before the interval the audience began to boo and hiss. But there was one man who clapped his hands vigorously.

"I say," said the man next to him, "you've got a nerve to applaud this shocking play. What can you see in it?"

The man smiled.

"It's not the play I'm applauding," he replied heartily, "it's the hissing."—London Answers.

Curious

"What would happen if this elevator should drop to the bottom?" asked the nervous passenger as they drew near the top of the skyscraper.

"Gosh," exclaimed the elevator girl, turning pale at the very idea. "I'd lose my job!"

Worldly Advice

Sorority Frosh—He is all the world to me. What would you advise me to do?

Been There—See a little more of the world, my dear.—Montreal Gazette.

Poor Management

Agitated Stockholder—Great heavens! Why haven't you declared the regular quarterly dividend?

Director—We couldn't borrow the money.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Almost Human

"An old fowl was recently discovered to have two hearts."—News Item.

Sounds like the bridge partner I had last week.—Smith's Weekly.

Naturally

Student—I hear Brown got 95 in astronomy.

Professor—Yes, he's our star gazer.—Grit.

Alarm Clock

Happy Father—My dear, I think it must be time to get up—baby has fallen asleep.—Frankfurt Frankfurter Illustrierte.

THAT'S THE "IF"



"Could you fall in love with a poor man?"

"I could if I didn't know he was poor."

Would Prove Heredity

Wife—That mean thing called mother a cat. I'd like to scratch her eyes out.

Hub—Don't try it, my dear; she'd have too good a comeback.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Household Song

Grandma—It is lovely, dear. You have tuned in excellently.

Granddaughter—But, grandma, that is the vacuum cleaner.

The Modern Method

"Don't sell the old homestead, grandfather. I'll turn the old dump into a hot-dog stand."

SOAKED HIM

"I suppose at the efficiency expert's wedding you didn't do anything so wasteful as throwing rice."

"Oh, yes we did; but as a concession to his teaching we had the rice done up in cotton bags, each missile weighing two pounds."

Happy Thought

Miss Snipp—Take back your ring, Mr. Sharpe! I love another!

Mr. Sharpe—Please mention that I have a ring for sale—the sucker's got to have one!

Eggs-actly

Grocer—Do you want white or brown eggs, ma'am?

Bride—The kind I want are white, with a yellow polka dot in the middle.

Two Ways

"This vest is too big for me now."

"I can tighten it for a half-crown."

"I would rather spend the money on a good meal and make the vest fit me again."—Osten Woche im Bild.

At the Anglers' Dinner

Why do they sit so far apart?"

"That is for when they commence their stories."

No Hesitation

"Who was Noah's wife?"

"Joan of Ark."—London. Everybody's Weekly.

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