

State highway

# The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME L NO. 39

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1933

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Fresh Native Corn Delivered to Our Store Daily — Twenty-five cents per dozen

Select Butter, Cheese and Meats Kept in Our New Sanitary Frigidaire

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

One of the cheering signs of the times is the fact that in most New England cities and large towns there are noticeably fewer cuts made on the welfare boards for assistance.

How much do you know about your own code, which you are particularly interested in? You are not so very different from the other fellow. All are trying to find out what they can, but information which really informs seems a long time sitting through.

Manufacturing activity remains at a high level. Wholesale markets also remain active. Collections have been getting a little better. Retail trade still lags, but is starting to show some improvement in spots and signs of higher prices are appearing, says the Boston district weekly survey of Dunn & Bradstreet, Inc. In other sections of New England reports state that a similar situation exists.

The marriage of Rev. Thomas Whiteside and Mrs. Lucie Mears Norris took place August 1 in Boston. For three years, beginning in 1889, Rev. Whiteside was pastor of the Methodist church in Antrim, and will be remembered by some of our people. Rev. and Mrs. Whiteside will make their home in Guilford, Me. He has been a member of the Maine Conference for a long term of years, and at one time was superintendent of the Bangor district.

At the Club handicap tournament, held at the Mt. Crooked Country Club Golf Course recently, for a three day period, Dick Vaughan, of New Haven, Conn., assistant hockey coach at Yale and a summer resident of Deering, came out the winner, taking honors with a score of four up and three to go. D. E. McLeod, summer resident of Frances-town, was runner up.

Greens fees have been reduced to \$1.00 a day including week-ends; rates of 50 cents for 9 holes for week-ends have been introduced.

With the completion of the Greenfield road project, construction has now been completed to the Peterborough-Greenfield town line. The road which was built last fall, and which could not be tarred until spring because of weather conditions, has been resurfaced and tarred again, and this has improved it greatly. It is expected that work will begin soon on the Greenfield end of the Peterborough highway. The construction project now going on between Greenfield and the

Frances-town line is expected to be completed in about five or six weeks.

It is a wholesome sign that there is such patriotic unanimity shown by employers, large and small, in endorsing the National Recovery Act, and this in the face of much confusion and misunderstanding, says the Exeter News Letter. Of course there are many readjustments to be made to bring about a workable code in many industries, but the great fact that permeates the situation is the universal willingness to sustain the President in his effort to increase employment and purchasing power that we may again enjoy a return to that prosperity with which our nation has so long been favored.

Thousands of people all over New Hampshire feel a personal loss on the death of Mrs. Flora Adams Spaulding, of Manchester, one of the most energetic workers and most prominent club-women of the state, who died at her home last week Tuesday afternoon. While Mrs. Spaulding has been ill for weeks, her death came as a shock to her family and friends who thought she was on the road to recovery. Mrs. Spaulding served the local, state and national Federated Women's clubs in many important capacities, retiring as president of the New Hampshire Federation of Women's clubs last May. She has also played a large part in the local, state and national American Legion auxiliary work, having been organizing president for the New Hampshire department for the first three years of its existence.

Removal of political interference from law enforcement would be the biggest step that could be taken in ridding American cities of the racketeer and the gangster, police chiefs agree after comparing notes at their international gathering recently held in Chicago. Voice to this common view was given by the executive vice-president of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, Chief William F. Rutledge of Wyandotte, Mich., as reported in the daily press the past week. "Racketeering and gang crime are the outgrowth of politically controlled law enforcement agencies," Chief Rutledge declared. "Just as soon as the courts, the prosecutor and the police are independent of all improper political influence, the problem of organized crime will fade and disappear. It is simple."

So much crime in our day is a black spot on civilization, and now that it is known where lies the blame, public sentiment should exert its greatest influence to remedy the evil.

## New Economic Program to Help Put the Country Back to Normal

In a long editorial in a recent issue of the Christian Science Monitor, under the caption "Back to 1929," a very interesting and informative situation is put before its readers; it reads well and plainly analyses a most unusual condition. In its closing paragraphs, which will interest those who must give more or less thought and attention to codes and such like things, these statements are made:

The economic theory—and it is new economics—upon which the recovery program is based on the belief that industry must provide for the purchase of the goods it produces. This means that instead of turning quite so large a share of profits back into more capacity to produce, it must give a larger share to labor as wages and to the consumer in equitable prices. Only thus, it is held, can overproduction be avoided.

This theory is logical. Whether America can prove it on the gigantic scale now being attempted is uncertain. It is a bold experiment. But a hopeful one. For in it sound business coincides very evidently with social justice. The higher wages and shorter hours which to em-

ployers mean better distribution of purchasing power and an assurance of markets mean to employees better homes and more opportunity for self-development. If this experiment in the better management of the machine succeeds, it will show not only America but the world a way to employ for the use of man and women the great abundance which is now a clog in the industrial system.

But no economic theory, no machinery of recovery, however noble in plan and vigorous in operation, will of themselves fulfill the aspirations of the American people. They might take the nation back to 1929, or even forward to a somewhat spander prosperity. The reform of the economic system is ultimately a reform of the human heart. Unless it is, new forms of oppression will develop, new ways even of evading the blue eagle's benevolent eye. Unselfishness that is enticed by hope of profit or dragged by government decree may be better than the old exploitation expressed in "business is business"; but the great value of this American revolution is going to appear in the unselfishness which comes from a voluntary desire to make industry Christian.

## What are the various wedding anniversaries?

Wedding anniversaries rose from the old German custom of presenting a wife with a silver wreath when she had lived with her husband for 25 years hence the silver anniversary. The different ones are: 1st, paper; 2nd, cotton; 3rd, muslin; 4th, silk; 5th, wood; 6th, iron; 7th, copper; 8th, bronze; 9th, pottery; 10th, tin; 15th, crystal; 20th, china; 25th, silver; 30th, pearl; 35th, coral; 40th, ruby; 45th, sapphire; 50th, gold; 55th, emerald; 60th, diamond, and the 75th is also diamond.

## Birds of a Feather

President Roosevelt calls it an eagle. General Johnson calls it his blue hawk. Meanwhile we recall an old story of three British sailors, puzzled before a New York shop window in which stands a stuffed bird. One sailor says it's a hawk. The second sailor says it's a owl. But the third decides it's a heagle. "It's the hemblem of the country," he points out. At any rate, the President and the General probably agree that the bird in question today is the hemblem of their country's 'opes.

## Antrim Garden Club

Second Annual

### FLOWER SHOW!

TOWN HALL, ANTRIM

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17

Open 2.30 p.m. to 9 p.m.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 18

Open 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.

### SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

- A. No admission fee, but all visitors are asked to register.
- B. There are several feature exhibits.
- C. There are, also, contributions of Perennial plants for sale.
- D. There will be Tours to several of our interesting gardens.
- E. Tea will be served both afternoons.
- F. The Bennington School Orchestra will play both evenings.

## LAWN SALE!

Women's Mission Circle of the First Presbyterian Church

FRIDAY, AUGUST 25

at 3 o'clock p.m.

Fancy Work Cooked Food Candy Aprons  
Mystery Packages Cool Drinks  
On Sale

A Display of  
Old and New Patchwork Quilts  
and  
Hand Made Bed Spreads  
In Church Vestry

Admission Free - - - Everybody Welcome

## Annual Grange Fair and Entertainment

Wednesday, August 23, 1933

Antrim Grange Hall

As Antrim Grange enters the final lap to round out its fiftieth year of continuous activity its members wish to cordially invite everyone to attend their annual Fair and Entertainment Wednesday, August 23. The hall is open to all visitors during the afternoon. Supper at six o'clock, with entertainment at eight o'clock.

Tickets for Entertainment and Supper - 25 cents  
Entertainment Only - 15 cents

## ZaZa LUDWIG

Plays for Dancing

Wednesdays and Saturdays

Lake Massasecum

Band Concert Next Sunday Afternoon

# Howe About:

**Morality  
Behaviorism  
A Rebel at Heart**

By ED HOWE

ONE of the most disturbing quarrels among men concerns the meaning of morality. The dictionary adds to the confusion by giving dozens of definitions. One of them is: "Guidance deducible from a fable"; another: "Courage to do right unmoved by odium or ridicule"; still another: "Probability that can hardly fail."

Meanwhile every disputant should know that the word morality means only civilization. Our earliest and rudest ancestors realized the importance of providing shelter from storms; the advisability of adding comforts and conveniences in their lives.

If we meet a stranger, and say of him he is a civil man, it means he is disposed to be civilized; polite, fair, educated, reasonable in his judgments; willing to exchange civilities with his neighbors; to recognize not only the rights of women and children, but the rights of men.

If you sincerely wish to be known as a civil man, and make reasonable effort to deserve that reputation, I will add my voice to that of the world in declaring you a civilized gentleman.

And civil men practice the rules of civilization because long experience has demonstrated it is finally the best and easiest way, and the most profitable. If civility did not pay, it would not have been so long and universally recommended.

The best word I encounter in reading is "behaviorism." The new and intelligent religion we have been hoping for might be founded on it. Behaviorism is the substance of the advice of parents to children, the best and most unselfish teaching in the world. It includes culture, education, success in life; civilization itself. Preachers and orators always advocate it; school teachers recommend it constantly to children; all ladies and gentlemen practice it—no finer sentiment may be used in writing.

Yet, the word does not seem popular. I see it only in an occasional book, very rarely in newspapers, and never hear it used in conversation.

Although I cordially dislike the impudent propagandists who constantly urge the people to become wasters and enthusiastic fools for wrong measures, no one more readily submits to them. When I travel I know it is an outrage to pay the sleeping car porter for services I paid for when I bought my ticket, but I am always anxious to satisfy him; no coward worries more from fear he has not done his full duty as a slave.

I always take off my hat in a public elevator when a stenographer enters, and feel foolish. Last winter, in Florida, I occasionally went to a cafeteria for food. Once I forgot to tip the colored boy who carried my tray a few feet, and was uncomfortable most of the day; I am constantly in rebellion, but the mildest of rebels.

Privately, my greatest heroes are those Russians who kicked open the door of the palace, and pulled the czar's whiskers. I have always been so afraid of rulers, so cordially despise their weakness and the unreasonable tasks they impose on me, one of my secret sins is, I admire these Russian ruffians. How they put the preachers and women in their places! Having always been a country town man, the farmers have ruled me. Observe the bold attitude of the Russian ruffians toward farmers; I know the Russians are wrong and that they would be better off if they observed the conventions, but these scoundrels are, at least not cowards; I'm ashamed I am not as bold for measures I know to be right, as they are for measures they know to be wrong.

Years ago I knew an old fellow, smart above the average himself, who said his daughter Allison was the only member of the family who had any sense. Once his wife went to Big Doctors to be looked over, and they reported she would not live a week unless operated on at once. "Allison," the father said, "you go on and see what sense there is in it." And Allison went on, brought her mother home without an operation, and she is alive yet. We never had an Allison in our family; I think I'll ask her husband for permission to appeal to her in my gravest emergencies.

Plato has been exploited thousands of years as a philosopher; as probably the wisest man in history. A writer lately sold a story to a syndicate of newspapers declaring that Plato was not a philosopher or thinker, but only noted in his time, as a strong man; a huge fellow who, being attached to two horses at street carnivals, pulled them all over the lot. Much in print is like that: new, interesting, clever, well-done, and invented.

The greatest story in the world is the story of the French Revolution. Every leader in it was a scoundrel, and nearly everyone had his head cut off before the people whipped themselves into going back to the old common sense. At one time during the imprisonment of Louis XVI's queen, everyone of her two hundred guards had sold himself to the enemy; it was an honest man looking for a purchaser who revealed the plot for her escape.

# Geography Lesson in Passing Motors

**History and Romance Seen in License Plates.**

Washington.—During the vacation season the motorist takes to the open road, carrying on his car a label that proclaims the region which he calls home.

Forty-nine different American automobile license plates are familiar to those who live along trunk highways or in large cities today, and occasionally the alert bystander may see tags from several Canadian provinces, Mexican states, Cuba, and even from such distant places as Hawaii, Haiti, the Canal Zone, and the Philippines.

"In the passing parade of metal tags there is a good deal of geography, and some history and romance," says a columnist from the National Geographic society. "Primarily a mark of identification, the motor license plate has become, in some states, a peripatetic billboard bearing keystones, diamonds, stars, slogans, and other devices to advertise unusual features or products of certain regions."

"South Carolina's license plate, across the bottom of which is inscribed: 'The Iodine Products State,' is perhaps the most familiar tag exploiting a particular feature of a state. Even the name of the state is relegated to initials (S. C.) in order to advertise to the world the high iodine content said to be found in South Carolina vegetables and fruits."

"Arizona goes the southern state one better in advancing a natural resource. To indicate that Arizona is a leading copper-producing state, and also to aid in the disposal, in a small way, of the enormous stock of the metal held in the United States, Arizona has a license plate made entirely of copper."

"Several license plates bear emblems of the states which issue them. Pennsylvania's for instance, has a tiny keystone in each upper corner. Texas, 'the Lone Star State,' shows a star between the numerals in the center of the plate. Delaware carries a diamond design because Thomas Jefferson, while discussing the thirteen American colonies, once referred to Delaware as the diamond of thirteen gems."

"Once Massachusetts emblazoned the sacred cod on its license plates, but controversy arose over the design of the fish, some alleging that it in no way resembled a cod, and in 1920 the cod was replaced by a straight line penetrating a dot."

"The pelican on Louisiana plates is the symbol of this southern state. It

appears on both the license tags and on the state seal.

"There is no need to ask a Kentucky motorist what part of the state he is from. A motor tag of the Blue Grass State bears the full name of the county in which it was issued, as well as the state, year and the registration number. New Jersey indicates counties by a serial letter preceding the number."

"In a few states, Virginia among them, municipalities require a second license plate, which is usually affixed above the state tags. North Carolina has an ingenious scheme to prevent the transfer of license plates from cars of one weight to those of another. Passenger vehicles are divided into three groups according to weight, the price of the license increasing for heavier cars. Each of these classes is indicated on the plate by a tiny numeral (1, 2, or 3) between the large numbers in the center of the plate."

"Mississippi has another means of preventing the transfer, theft, or misuse of license plates. Its tags cannot be removed from a car without destroying a strip across the top bearing

the date and class identification. Washington state designates the class of a vehicle by a small letter in the upper left corner.

An Outline of Montana. "Montana's license plate is distinctive because the numerals and name are surrounded by an outline shaped like the state's boundaries. New Mexico tags bear an arrangement of lines and a circle that looks like a symbolic sunburst; a fitting design for a region with few cloudy days. Florida, Oklahoma, Mississippi, and Alabama cars carry only one license tag in place of two required in other states. The single tag is placed on the rear of the car."

"Although at one time color schemes varied widely, in recent years they have been nearly standardized. A combination of black and yellow (or orange) is now used by ten states and the District of Columbia, the numerals and background alternating in color each year. While this is not a particularly attractive color scheme, tests have shown that these two shades have high visibility. White and blue combinations are employed by eight states; black and white by seven; and white and green by six."

"Minnesota has the odd combination of black on aluminum this year. Texas chose the colors of Texas university, orange and white, for passenger cars, and the colors of Texas A. & M. college, white and maroon, for commercial vehicles, in 1933."

## Queen of National Cherry Festival



Morella Oldham, who was selected as queen of the national cherry festival in Traverse City, Mich., center of the great cherry belt. Before the fête Morella went to Washington to present a box of cherries to President Roosevelt.

## Home Town Helped by Beggar

**Quebec Mendicant Lends His Money to Birthplace.**

Quebec.—Beggars in this old city are sharply divided by caste, there being the "regulars" who occupy fixed pitches and who only accept money, street car tickets or tobacco, and the "occasional," mostly women, who go from house to house, taking anything that is offered.

Begging is a regular racket at present, with most of those who work the various wards hailing from outside points, but while ragged clothes and a pitiful face are generally the main stock in trade, these do not necessarily mean that the beggars are penniless. For instance, Bebe Emond, who is known as Campette and who has his pitch near the Capitol theater on Quebec's main shopping thoroughfare, is quite well off, and in addition to a healthy bank account owns a block of houses in St. Sauveur, the French

quarter, and has lent the municipality of Chicoutimi, which he claims as his birthplace, a considerable sum of money.

Campette is an exception, however, for the majority of the professionals have fallen upon much tougher times, for which they blame Philippe Trotter, an insignificant little fellow.

Trotter, who was a professional beggar up to a couple of months ago, is now in Quebec jail, scheduled to be hanged on August 18 for the murder of Marie Anne Webster. During his trial, which aroused widespread interest, he announced that his takings were between eight and twelve dollars a day.

This statement, published throughout the province, caused many people to refuse to give to beggars. They now turn whatever sums they can afford for charity over to organized associations.

## Dog Has Money in Bank to Pay Fines and So On

New York.—Mrs. Minnie Fontaine, thirty years old, given a suspended sentence in court on a charge of having her little dog, Frenchy, in the street unmuzzled, was told by Magistrate Casey:

"If you come into court again on this charge, I'll have to impose a fine."

"Oh, that's all right," she replied. "My dog has money in the bank."

Mrs. Fontaine explained she has no children, but she keeps a small iron bank in her home, marked "Frenchy," in which she drops coins occasionally to provide sweetmeats for the dog.

## Store Robbed 48 Times

Austin, Texas.—Owners of the Checker Front store here were pained when they found recently that burglars had paid them a visit, but they were not surprised. The store has been burglarized 48 times and hijacked twice in seven years, according to Arthur Smith, proprietor.

## Cat Adopts Bulldog

Ablene, Texas.—They took away her kittens when they were born, so Patty, Persian cat, adopted Boots, a two-week-old Boston bull. The cat gives the bulldog baths regularly and performs the other duties of motherhood.

## Church, Saloon, School Under One Roof No More

Fallon, Nev.—A church, saloon, school and doctor's office, all in the same building, was a combination that existed in Churchill county 48 years ago, State Senator Thomas Dolf recalled recently.

But it didn't last. In the pioneer days, Churchill county built its only schoolhouse four miles south of where Fallon now is located.

The Seventh Day Adventist minister secured use of the school building for church services. Part of the interior of the building was used for a saloon, and County Physician Beemis used a corner of the building as his office.

Dolf attended a church meeting one evening, when a woman and a prospector, both intoxicated, became quarrelsome and used language which, penetrating the thin partition separating the church from the saloon, did not add to the church services.

The woman made the announcement she had a gun and was prepared to use it.

"Everybody made for the door—including myself," Dolf said. "The preacher said he had never preached so near to hell and never expected to again."

The strange combination of church, school, saloon and county physician's office thereupon was broken up.

## WORLD RECORD MAKER



Jack Lovelock of Oxford university, England, who broke the world's record for the mile run at Princeton, winning the event in 4 minutes 7.6 seconds. The Princeton-Cornell team won the meet from the Oxford-Cambridge team.

## Banking Act Gives Banks New Problem

By WILLIAM BRUCKART

Washington.—Passage of the Glass-Steagall banking law—the banking act of 1933—has produced a condition among depositors in banks which was not forecast during debate on the bill in congress. The law prohibits payment of interest by banks on balances held by depositors in their checking accounts which are designated as demand deposits. But interest can be paid on time deposits which necessarily are left for stated periods. So passage of the law has caused a lot of people to switch part of the money they have in their checking accounts to the accounts where they can get interest on the funds. The banks are worried as to how they will readjust their practices to meet this sudden condition, according to the treasury. It is nothing serious insofar as the safety of banks is concerned, but banks try to keep the money invested and the necessity for keeping it invested is much greater when it is left with the bank as a time deposit for the interest rate always has been higher.

# Evergreen State



In Holland? No, in Washington State.

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

WITH large groups of men returning to lumber mills and camps weekly, one of Washington's leading industries is showing signs of new life after thirty months' virtual shutdown.

Washington, with only brief moments of economic setback, has been forging ahead agriculturally since November 1851, when 24 white pioneers—12 adults and 12 children—disembarked from a schooner in Elliott bay, an arm of Puget sound.

Cheerless the land looked to these pioneers as they set about making their new homestead habitable. The women and children, disconsolate, huddled under trees near the water's edge while the men scrambled to rescue their belongings from the fast-incoming tide.

One of the women, clasping her two-months-old child, sat on a log and wept. To her the primeval evergreen forest, sweeping up from the gray waste of the sound to misted heights of snow-capped mountains, suggested only nostalgic longing to go back to the Illinois prairies.

Had the young mother been able to envisage what the son she held in her arms was destined to look upon, her tears would have been forgotten in a dream of wonder and delight; for that son has lived to see the settlement of 24 grow to a city of nearly 400,000—Seattle.

He can say truthfully that from the very beginning he lived off the country. Because the colonists had brought no cattle with them, there was no milk to give the baby that winter of 1851, and he was fed the broth of clams dug from the beach. The diet must have been nourishing; for today, a hale octogenarian, he still takes active part in the affairs of the city that he has watched spring from nothing to magnificence in the span of his years.

The story of Seattle mirrors that of the whole commonwealth of Washington. In less than a hundred years the Evergreen state has emerged from wilderness to modern civilization, crowding three centuries of history into one. Spokane, largest city of eastern Washington, with a population of more than 115,000, celebrated in September, 1931, its fiftieth anniversary. The United States census of 1890 found in Washington territory fewer than 12,000 persons; that of 1930 recorded more than a million and a half in the state.

Frontier Life Still There. The Evergreen state is so close to its beginnings that in parts of it frontier life, far from being a half-forgotten memory, is a thing of the living present. Within 50 miles of Seattle skyscrapers, hardy pioneers are wrestling their living from the wilds of the Olympic peninsula, just as did their fathers of the Oregon trail. Many of them must back-pack supplies to their homes up mountain trails that wind through well-nigh impenetrable fastnesses of untouched forest. A state senator from Jefferson county, the son of one of the earliest peninsula settlers, bought an automobile only a few years ago and built for it as convenient a garage as possible—35 miles from his house!

To see Washington for the first time is to experience the thrill of discovering a new country. To live within its borders, then to go away from it and return after a few years' absence is to know that thrill again.

From islands to mountain heights is only a step in Washington. The amazing contrasts of scenery are keynotes of the state's perpetual charm.

Shuksan, 9,038 feet high, geologically one of the oldest mountains in North America, thrusts its ragged pinnacles against a sky of perfect blue; vertical ridges and rugged crags of bare rock showing black among tatters of ice gorges and foaming cataracts. From the serrated peaks banners of snow wave in a high, clean wind, while mists rise like smoke from the forests below the ice line, now wrapping a bold promontory in downy whiteness, now breaking free to fly away in clouds.

"Holland of America." One of the last of five Washington volcanoes to fling forth its fires, Mount Baker still occasionally breathes smelly from several craters near its summit; but its head, rising to an altitude of 10,750 feet, is turbaned with eter-

nal snow, and vast fields of ice send 12 major glaciers coursing down its sides.

From the sublime heights the road flows down to pastoral lowlands and fertile fields. Whatcom county is known as "the Holland of America," for it is the home of Dutch bulb culture in the Northwest. For more than 20 years commercial bulb growing, which now is spreading throughout the entire Puget Sound area, has been an important industry there. The little town of Lynden shipped 14 carloads of bulbs in 1931. When the tulips, daffodils, hyacinths, and narcissi are in springtime bloom, it takes little imagination for a visitor to fancy himself in the Netherlands.

Dutch farmers and their wives and children, working the gardens, wear wooden shoes.

Many quaint old customs of the Netherlands are followed in the countryside about Lynden, where hundreds of bulb growers from the mother country make their homes. A jolly old Gelderland fashion the shoes of alder wood, working with knives and chisels. He can make six pairs a day to his customers' measures. The wooden shoes are worn only in the fields. At night they are set in orderly rows on the back porches—father's, mother's, and the children's in graduated sizes like Goldilocks' bears.

Bellingham, the Tulip city, fourth in size in Washington and seat of the largest of the three state normal schools, presents a kaleidoscope. Its Chukanut Marine drive, a splendid paved highway hewed from the high shoulder of mountainous hills overlooking Bellingham bay and the lovely San Juan Islands, is one of the wonder roads of the state. Everywhere throughout the city are green lawns and flowers. They even display their restful charm along the water front, among industrial plants, and about the entrance of the coal mine that supplies hundreds of industries up and down the Pacific coast.

Bellingham has one salmon cannery where, in the fishing season, more than a half million pound cans are prepared for the market each day.

Lumber and Agriculture. Fishing is an important source of income to many towns and cities about the sound, but lumbering and agriculture hold the major positions. Near Bellingham is the government experimental farm, where Dutch bulbs are cultivated and scientifically improved, and not far away is a large co-operative poultry hatchery devoted to building up superior chicken breeds.

The poultry station boasts the champion laying hen of the United States, whose record of 350 eggs in 365 days is surpassed only by that of a Canadian hen. Ten years ago Whatcom county imported most of its supply of eggs. Today eggs are among its principal exports.

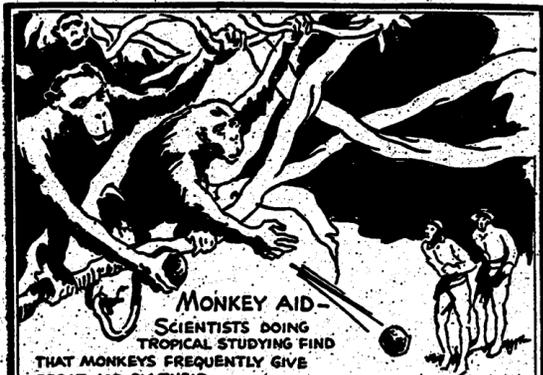
Dairying is no whit behind poultry raising, and sugar-beet culture is growing by leaps and bounds. The striking thing is that such diversified resources have been developed in a country whose greatest wealth has been and still is in its forests.

Tacoma is "the lumber capital of America," a charming, Old-world-seeming city on Commencement bay, the famous deep-water harbor surveyed in 1841 by Charles Wilkes, the discoverer of the Antarctic continent. Ships from many distant ports come to the docks for cargoes, not only of lumber, and all sorts of lumber and timber products, but of flour, refined ores, and the abundant produce of the Puget Sound valley.

Yakima is famous for its apples; but to visit the "Apple Capital of the World," one goes north, "over the hump," to Wenatchee, the town of 12,000 population that has shipped 24,398 carloads of apples in a single year. Together, Wenatchee and Yakima shipped 45,221 carloads of apples in 1930, more than 40 per cent of the country's commercial apple crop, and, despite the lowest prices in history, realized a profit.

Spokane is in the center of a great playground. Within 50 miles of it are 156 lakes. The citizen who emulates Isaac Walton can fish in a different lake every week-end of the year and have some likely angler's Edens left for holidays; or, if he prefers fishing in running water, he can flick a fly in any one of a hundred trout streams.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode



MONKEY AID—SCIENTISTS DOING TROPICAL STUDYING FIND THAT MONKEYS FREQUENTLY GIVE GREAT AID BY THEIR THROWING DOWN LEAVES AND FRUITS FROM JUNGLE-TREETOPS.

TRUE BLUE EYES—TRUE-BLUE-EYES-ARE-EXTREMELY RARE, NEARLY ALL BLUE EYES CONTAINING AT LEAST A TOUCH OF YELLOW.

VIRUS DISEASE—THE VIRUS DISEASES (AS SMALLPOX, INFANTILE PARALYSIS) ARE NOW BELIEVED TO BE CAUSED BY NON-LIVING CHEMICAL ENZYMES, UNLIKE MOST DISEASES WHICH ARE CAUSED BY TINY ORGANISMS.



WNU Service

American Flyers Are Asked to Compete in 11,400-Mile Race

London-to-Melbourne Trip Planned for 1934.

Sydney.—Well-known American flyers will be invited to enter the \$15,000 (\$75,000 at par) air race from London to Melbourne in October, 1934, to commemorate the Melbourne centenary, according to plans of a special committee just formed in Melbourne to draw up details of the international air race.

Sir Macpherson Robertson, a wealthy Melbourne candy manufacturer, has donated the money for cash prizes in the race under the following main conditions:

The race is open to entries from all nations, for any make and size of engines, and crews.

Simultaneous start in London in October, 1934.

A set course from London to Melbourne now being worked out.

First plane to Melbourne to receive \$10,000; the other \$5,000 to be awarded for other qualifications to be announced shortly.

Distance About 11,400 Miles.

The approximate total distance is 11,400 miles, and it is expected that the route will cover these stretches: London to Bagdad via Athens (2,500 miles); to Calcutta (3,000 miles); to Singapore (1,800 miles); to Darwin (2,000 miles); to Charleville, Queensland (1,300 miles); thence on the final stretch to Melbourne (800 miles).

The foregoing course is the one followed by the English aviator Jimmy Mollison in his record-breaking flight from London to Australia in 1930. There are key landing grounds at Athens, Bagdad, Karachi, Calcutta, Aor Star (Malay states), Singapore, Batavia, Samarang, Soerabaya, Darwin, and Charleville. October, which coincides with the start of the Melbourne centenary celebrations, is accepted by experts as the best time for favorable weather conditions through the tropics. Six of the pilots who have successfully flown the course started in October, including Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith, Hill, and Butler.

Kingsford-Smith to Enter. Kingsford-Smith, conqueror of the Pacific from San Francisco to Sydney in the Southern Cross in June, 1933, has signified his intention of entering the race and expressed the hope of flying a Lockheed-Orion with a supercharged Wright-Cyclone 650 horse power radial engine.

The British air ministry and the Australian department of defense are also co-operating with the centenary committee for the success of the venture, particularly in view of the fact that Britain anticipates a more thorough air survey of the route from England to Australia.

Invitations are to be sent to Colonel Lindbergh, Amelia Earhart, Maj. Jimmy Doolittle, James Wedell, Frank Hawks, and other American flyers. It is expected that from England will enter Sir Alan Cobham, Jimmy Mollison, Amy Johnson, Capt. Edgar Percival, Scott, McNulty, and Atcherly. Italy, France, Germany, and Russia are also expected to furnish flyers to compete in the air race.

Asks Change for Dollar; Is Given \$1,000 in Gold

Dunn, N. C.—It was only change for a dollar Miss Blanche Thornton wanted, but she got \$1,000 in gold.

Miss Thornton, a store employee, went to the First Citizens' Bank and Trust company to make a deposit and get change. She handed the teller \$1, and he returned a package of coins. When she opened the envelope she found nearly \$1,000 in gold coins. The bank was glad to get it back when she returned it.

Gull Delivers Fish to Hands of Angler

Taft, Ore.—John Marple, while fishing in Siletz bay, noticed two seagulls fighting over a 15-pound blueback salmon. Finally one of them conquered the other and flew away with its catch.

The fish was so heavy the bird could not carry it. As it flew low over Marple's head he reached up and plucked the salmon out of the seagull's beak. That's Marple's story.

"An Epic of Justice"

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

The "Divine Comedy" was written by a man who had nursed, for many years, a great sorrow in his heart. Dante, the great Italian poet, was born in Florence in 1265. He lived in an age of political strife and persecution. When his own native city was betrayed into the hands of her enemies, Dante was banished, with the decree that should he ever return he would be burned alive.

During the period of this exile much of his literary work was accomplished, the most noteworthy being "The Divine Comedy." Two important experiences caused him to write the book, his great love for one woman, and his natural rebellion against the social injustice of his age. "The Divine Comedy" has been called, "An Epic of Justice." Dante interpreted justice as nature's supreme law, the workings of which law are evidenced in every one's daily experience.

The past three years through which we have passed cannot be characterized as one of political persecution, and yet of these three years, evidencing the greatest depression known in our history, we naturally inquire, will any good come out of it? Have we learned any lessons that will guide us in the future? Will our experience be only a memory, and our attitude toward life's values be just the same as before, as soon as the recovery period has been completed? Questions like these give one cause for serious concern.

The adjustment of unstable banking laws, the discovery of loop holes making possible evasion of taxes, the efforts to stabilize prices at a just scale of values, are all encouraging signs of the recovery period. The most important question still remains unanswered: Has national character suffered sufficiently to have enabled it to make any contribution of permanent value to literature, art or even the permanent security of democracy?

Great art, like great literature, was created during the depression periods of history. Let us hope that some contribution will be made to the cultural development of our country that will strengthen and fortify our national character.

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Joins Bearded Team



Miss Jackie Mitchell, nineteen-year-old star pitcher of a Chattanooga baseball team, who has signed a contract to play with the House of David club, famous bearded baseball team, on its annual tour of the country, takes time out between innings to beautify herself with her vanity case, which she keeps handy at all times.

Woman, Aged 94, Walks Mile a Day for Exercise

Walnut Ridge, Ark.—Following her theory of plenty of exercise to gain a long life, Mrs. Martha E. Jones, ninety-four years old, walks a mile a day "just for the exercise." She expects to "walk a mile a day" when she is one hundred years old. Her mother lacked only four days of being one hundred years old when she died, and Mrs. Jones' father lived to be one hundred and nine years old.

Rode Rods 1,000 Miles

Boston.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Densmore and two small daughters, the youngest only six months old, arrived at the home of relatives here after riding more than 1,000 miles on freight cars and hitch-hiking the rest of the way from El Paso, Texas.

"Hay Had to Be Cut," Says Arthur



"We just had one horse, and the hay had to be cut," said ten-year-old Arthur Odell when sheriff's deputies went to his father's farm near Detroit, Mich., to investigate reports that the boy was being forced to work teamed with a horse. The young man is shown at his self-appointed job.

The Household

By LYDIA LE BARON WALKER

Every woman who drives her car realizes the strain that is put upon blouses and sleeves. Unless she has ample room to manipulate brakes, etc., the sleeves will tear away around the arm holes, and the material across the back between the sleeves will give even though not worn. While it is not always possible to wear motoring costumes when driving, if any trip is to be taken, preparations should include comfortable motoring garments.



When selecting a coat, or making one, to be used when driving, pull the shoulders forward as far as possible and stretch the arms out, and be assured that there is no strain on back or sleeves. Also be sure that the coat falls in good lines when not in this position. It must look well-fitting out of the car as well as in.

The vogue of sleeveless summer frocks plays well into the motorist's needs. No strain on such frocks occurs. When they have cape-sleeve tops, or all-around capes, the arms do not appear bare, while there continues to be no strain on the material when driving.

Knit Suits and Sweaters. Knit frocks and suits have so much give to the weaves that they lend themselves admirably to motorist's requirements. Sweater blouses have this same desirable stretching quality. In these styles of garments the present vogue is excellent for women drivers.

Separate blouses should be selected in fashions with ample upper sleeve portions. The now ultra-fashionable old-time leg-of-mutton sleeves have this characteristic. The under-arm seam must be long enough not to be strained when driving, or the sleeve will soon give way.

Smocked blouses are a joy to women drivers. They have a style of their own which is smart, and they have every needed requirement of ample back and sleeves to be an ideal garment. Now that separate skirts and blouses are popular, they afford opportunities for selection of some blouses for driving to go with a skirt.

Traveling Happy Road. Every driver of a car who ever enters traffic knows that sometimes there are others on the road whom one would not wish to meet again, just as there are the opposite. Likewise, those in any walk of life, in passing through some little or important experience have encounters with others who are congenial and whom one is glad to dispense with ever seeing again. The point of comparison, however, is in favor of the person who can readily dismiss from his mind, and almost from his experience, the unpleasant savour of such incidents. That they be gone in life as completely as they are lost in traffic, it is the privilege of every well balanced individual to insist upon.

To prolong the displeasure of the moment by dwelling upon it afterwards is to invite discontent. It is

well to realize the importance of "detouring" one's thoughts from repetition mentally of the event. Let it be gone as completely as possible. The fact it takes "all sorts to make a world" does not mean that you need detail in your own world those who are not of it. For their pleasure perhaps as well as your own, the end of contact is sweet.

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Pay Dirt at Last



For forty-seven years Robert Hoard, a negro, now sixty-one years old, scratched out of the mountains a scant living for himself and wife and their children. A few weeks ago he left his family in Canon City, Colo., and started toward Westcliffe where, after days of digging and searching around in the rocks, he found real "pay dirt" at last. His find was verified. Old Bob had hit rich gold. His samples assayed \$50 a ton and more.

Making Housework Easy

This is an era of inventions of great significance or little. In household equipments there have been both kinds, and it is likely that many more will follow. The washing machine is one of the big ones for robbing wash day of its drudgery. The iceless refrigerator is another of the major home improving inventions whereby a sort of cold storage plant is possible within one's dwelling, though it may be no larger than a one or two room apartment with kitchenette. It is possible with one of these refrigerators to have ice cream constantly on hand with so little trouble that every woman can provide her family with this refreshing food at small cost.

Aside from major inventions such as those named, there are all sorts of lesser devices which have been invented for comfortable housekeeping. There are ice cube breakers which effectually break the cubes into smaller pieces simply by turning the handle of the device after the cubes have been put in the top container. There are turn-style holders for covered containers in the refrigerator so that any needed container can be brought immediately to the front.

To turn from frigid contrivances to torrid ones, the dripless broiler comes immediately to mind. It can be used over flames of any sort, and the meat juices will not be wasted, nor ruin the fire nor stop the blaze, for the stove is one of the simple plate oil or gas burners, so often used at camps and cottages.

London's Rush P. O. Hours. One-third of the \$2,500,000 letters, postcards, etc., posted in London every week are posted in the two hours between 4:30 p. m. and 6:30 p. m.

OUR CHILDREN

By ANGELO PATRI

CHECK UP NOW

CHECK up on your school child's work. Study his latest report card. If there are signs that he is falling in a subject, if any of his marks are falling off, take up the matter at once. Talk first to the child and remember that your attitude on this is of first importance.

If you take the tone that the child has neglected his work and disgraced himself you won't get very far. Go about it gently. Ask him where he thinks the trouble is and when he says, "Aw, she never gives me a chance," don't fly up at him and end the conference in a tense situation. Listen. Keep on listening. Let him say all he has to say in his own defense and question him further. By and by he will begin to disclose something of his difficulty and that is what you need.

After you have talked to the boy go to see the teacher. Once more you must go about your task tactfully and in the spirit of helpfulness. The teacher is your partner, your working partner, and unless she is with you strongly you are not going to succeed. Tell the teacher you want to do all you can to keep the child progressing steadily and ask her what you can do. Then plan with her. Don't be satisfied until you can answer these questions:

Why is the child falling behind? What must be done first to make up the falling? How much more work has he to cover before the term ends? Can you see a way clear for him to accomplish it? Can you make a schedule of work that will enable the child to complete his work well within the time and allow him some time for review and reorganization?

You see you have not only to bring the child up to the standard just now, you have to plan to help him maintain that standard. You cannot do the work for him but you can so organize his work in co-operation with the teacher that he can carry on for himself. All you can do, once you have found the difficulty, strengthened it, laid out the term plan, is to stand on the sidelines and cheer and cheer. He must do the rest.

If sickness has kept a child from school and cost him his standing don't try to make it up at one bite. Talk things over with the teacher. Scale down the subject matter to the essentials. It is surprising how much easier this makes the child's work.

Sometimes a special program will enable a child to make up lessons. This can usually be obtained by asking for it at the school. Drill will not help clear up misunderstood lessons. Get the facts right, the understanding clear before you begin the drill.

I LOST IT

"TOM, where is your cap?" "I lost it." "You lost it? Where?" "I don't know." "You don't know. Do you suppose that all I have to do is buy you one cap after another? Now you go look for that cap until you find it." "I don't know where to look." "Neither do I. You lost it. You go find it."

After a brief interval Tom comes back. "Well, did you find it?" "No. I looked everywhere but it isn't there."

"I suppose so. I'll have to buy you another cap. That makes five this term. I don't know what is going to come of you if you don't take care of your things."

Why buy him another one? It won't hurt him to do without his cap. Many a boy never wears a cap, except on very stormy days. Even if he has to go to church and Sunday school hatless, what of it? He doesn't wear a hat in church anyway. And if he really wanted a cap he wouldn't lose it so many times.

I believe that is true. If a child truly wants a thing he won't lose it save rarely. He is conscious of the thing he wants to keep. He loses a thing he is not conscious of wanting. The way to get him to keep his hat is to make him conscious of needing it. That you do by letting him go without it.

That goes for other things that he loses and forgets. Do not replace it and make him go without until he replaces it if possible.

A child forgets and loses the things he doesn't want to keep in mind or pocket. The poor report is lost or forgotten. The good one, never.

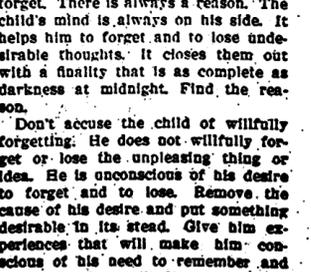
When you find that a child is forgetting certain things, losing other things, habitually, consider the reason. Study why he wants to lose or forget. There is always a reason. The child's mind is always on his side. It helps him to forget and to lose undesirable thoughts. It closes them out with a finality that is as complete as darkness at midnight. Find the reason.

Don't accuse the child of willfully forgetting. He does not willfully forget or lose the unpleasant thing or idea. He is unconscious of his desire to forget and to lose. Remove the cause of his desire and put something desirable in its stead. Give him experiences that will make him conscious of his need to remember and hold on, and he will do both.

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SUCH IS LIFE—The City Cousin!

By Charles Sughroe



# WOMEN'S GOTHIC HOSE!

We just want to say that our Women's Gothic Hose is necessarily due for another increase in price very soon.

If you will need another pair of stockings soon don't you think it would be a safe investment to buy now, while the price is still low?

Of course you know all about the quality of these stockings and we stand back of every pair.

## BUTTERFIELD'S

### 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.

# Signs Painted!

For All Purposes

As per Your Design and Wish or Suggestions Gladly Given

**CHARLES W. PRENTISS**  
Main Street, Antrim

Call or Phone 9-2

## 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

# 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

### Hillsboro - Henniker - Antrim Appeal for \$500.00

The Salvation Army is again making its annual appeal to the people of Hillsboro, Henniker and Antrim, for funds to carry on its work of help and mercy throughout the coming year.

The committee of local citizens has sent out an earnest appeal for all those who are in a position to contribute. A house to house canvas will be made during this week by an authorized uniformed worker who will carry a signed credential letter, and it would be appreciated if our people would give him your contribution.

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

### Misunderstanding Explained

Antrim, Aug. 12, 1933.

Editor Antrim Reporter,

Dear Sir:—Since the Garden Club is occupying so much space in the Reporter just now, and so many of your readers are enthusiastic gardeners, may I correct a slight misunderstanding in the report of the meeting of the United Garden Clubs at Mrs. Thayer's?

It has never been my idea that we should give up the use of the common names of plants in ordinary conversation, but that we should know the scientific names as well, so that we may read catalogs and garden books intelligently, and talk intelligibly with people from other places who do not use the same common names that we do.

Rachel E. Conkey.

### The Antrim Reporter

Published Every Wednesday Afternoon

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Advertising Rates on Application

H. W. ELDRIDGE, PUBLISHER  
H. E. ELDRIDGE, ASSISTANT

Wednesday, Aug. 16, 1933

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

Long Distance Telephone

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

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



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression"

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

## What Has Happened and Will Take Place Within Our Borders

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

Miss Lena Hansli has been confined to her home by illness for the past two or three weeks.

A Card Party will be held at Graystone Lodge this Wednesday evening. Read adv. on first page to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. Newell Robinson, of Ayer, Mass., were callers first of the week of Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Robb.

Henry Barker, Esq., and Mrs. Barker, of Staatsburg, N. Y., have been spending a week at Maplehurst Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fleming, of Sanford, Maine, were week-end guests of his aunt, Mrs. Charles F. Balch, at the Balch Farm.

Rev. R. H. Tibbals had his tonsils removed on Friday last, at a hospital in Boston; he remained there for a few days' recuperation and observation.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith and daughter, Miss Harriet Smith, of Willimantic, Conn., have been spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Prentiss.

Rev. Charles Tilton, D. D., was calling on friends in town first of the week. He assisted in the morning service on Sunday, at the Methodist church, where he was recently the pastor.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred T. Anderson and two children, from Turner, Oregon, have arrived at the home of her mother, Mrs. F. I. Burnham, for a visit. They made the trip by automobile.

The Reporter office received a pleasant call on Monday morning from John Woodbury, of Newburyport, Ms., youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. N. P. Woodbury, who were Antrim residents during their entire lives.

Miss Ethel L. Muzzey, Miss Ann Hamilton and Miss Ella Smith arrived at the former's home, on West street, last Saturday, for a week-end stay. On Tuesday they left for a few days' tour by auto of the Maine beaches.

W. R. Musson, M. D., and son, Ralph, of Athol, Mass., were calling on relatives and friends in this section last Sunday. They took Miss Gertrude Musson home with them. Dr. Musson was a practicing physician here several years ago.

The Monadnock Garden Club of Peterborough has invited the Antrim Garden Club to a lecture by Walter Pritchard Eaton, who will speak on Roadside Gardens and Conservation, on August 19, at 8 p. m., at the Historical Society Rooms, in that town.

Annual Lawn Sale of the Women's Mission Circle of the First Presbyterian church, on the church lawn, on Friday p. m., August 25. There will be an exhibition of old and new patchwork quilts and hand-made bedspreads in the church vestry. No admission; everybody welcome. Read adv. on first page of this paper.

Owing to no services being held in the Presbyterian church on Sunday, a larger number than usual were present at the morning service at the Methodist church. All were pleased to again listen to the singing by Geo. Curtis, who favored the audience with a solo, and also sang in a duet with Mrs. Roeder; these were splendid additions to the morning service.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark, of Chalmersford, Mass., were recent guests of Mrs. Grace Young.

Miss Nanselle Buchanan is assisting with the work in home of Mrs. L. Gertrude Robinson.

Dr. and Mrs. Wood, of Providence, R. I., are spending the month of August at Mrs. L. G. Robinson's.

Mrs. B. J. Wilkinson was recently in Franklin, called there by the illness of Mrs. Charles Wilkinson.

The family of George Nylander have been enjoying a season of camping on the shore of Gregg Lake.

Several of the workmen in the Goodell Company factory have been working evenings during the past week or two.

Edmund Dearborn is recovering from a recent operation, at a Nashua hospital, for quincy sore following tonsillitis.

Mr. and Mrs. William Smith, of Willimantic, Conn., are spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Prentiss.

Miss Gertrude Musson, of Athol, Mass., a native of Antrim, was a week-end guest of Mrs. H. W. Eldredge.

F. E. Rupert and son, Robert, of Boston, are with his brother and mother at the Munson Cochrane home, at East Antrim.

Born, in Antrim, August 9, in the home of his grandparents, Mr and Mrs. Morton Paige, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel White.

Mrs. Emma Herrick, of Hartford, Ct., is spending a vacation with her sisters here, Mrs. E. E. George and Mrs. Estelle Speed.

Dr. and Mrs. Ralph G. Hurlin, of Jackson Heights, Long Island, N. Y., are with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hurlin, for the present month.

Several members of the local Boy Scout troop are in camp for a couple weeks at Byron Caughey Memorial camp, on the east shore of Gregg Lake.

Miss Josephine, young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cole, of North Bennington, recently fell out of a tree and broke her hip; she was taken to the County hospital, at Grasmere, for treatment.

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.

The familiar form and smiling face of "Add" Southwick is missed from the daily visits of Todd's highway express truck as it passes through our village; but our people are favored with every morning visit from "Happy" Day, who has taken the former's place on the highway truck. "Add" is now employed by the Whiting Company, from the Hillsboro branch store.

When the funeral procession was rounding the Main-Concord street corner on Sunday, August 6, on way to Maplewood cemetery, the auto driven by Rev. J. W. Logan was struck by an auto driven by Harry French of Deering, doing some damage to Mr. Logan's car. Later in the week, on Thursday, Motor Traffic Officer Roger Hilton had Mr. French before Judge Perry for driving under influence of liquor. He pleaded guilty and was fined \$100 and costs.

### Card of Thanks

We wish to thank the Woman's Relief Corps for presenting us, so kindly and thoughtfully, with an American flag.

The Antrim Top-Notchers  
4-H Club

### Our Shoppe Will Re-open

Monday, August 21st

### "Our Beauty Shoppe"

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

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

### DEERING

Arnold Ellsworth has recently been confined to his home by a case of blood poisoning.

Miss Margaret Fowler has been caring for Mrs. Eda Powers while Mrs. Powers has been ill.

Mrs. T. G. Ellsworth, Mr. and Mrs. William Smart and friends of Bayside, Long Island, have been spending some time at Brookhaven.

The home of the Normandins at Holton Station, was burned recently. Fire started in the barn in which some hay had been stored.

Mrs. King, Mrs. Churchill Rogers and daughter, who have been at the Brick house, have rented the Eagle's nest for the month of August.

Mrs. Edwin Colburn, Miss Mary E. Colburn and Mrs. Doris C. Watkins attended the Colburn family reunion in New Boston one day recently.

Mrs. Goldie Murray has rented the bungalow which she built this summer on the state road, and now has another in process of construction.

Mrs. Justine Boissonalde entertained Mrs. E. Colburn, Miss Mary Colburn, Mrs. Doris Watkins, Albert Barnes and Albert, Marjorie and John Holden at her home on a recent evening, when bridge was played.

Miss Norita Wilson's sister and family, who have been visiting her for the past three weeks at Strawberry Acres, West Deering, have started on their return trip to New Mexico. The trip east occupied about three weeks and the return trip is expected to take about the same time.

The Old Home Day committee has had several meetings recently. Mrs. Alice Colburn, Arthur Jacques and John Holden resigned from the committee. Miss Ruth E. Clement was appointed chairman of the committee and Mrs. Edith Parker was chosen to help the committee. It was

### GREENFIELD

The Misses Eva and Ida Fletcher are having a new piazza built at their home.

Mrs. Helen Dwyer and two children of Nashua were recent guests of Mrs. Tessie Holt.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Savage of Chelsea, Mass., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brooks.

Mrs. Nellie Mason and Mrs. Ella White with Mr. and Mrs. Ward of Marlboro visited friends in Gloucester, Mass., recently.

The local Grange observed "Officers' Night" at their last meeting. The program included a farce, poems, readings and musical numbers.

The marriage of Miss Dorothy Batten to Herbert Holt of this town took place at the home of the bride in East Ryegate, Vt. Miss Dorothy Emery, Chester Holt and Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Holt of this town attended the ceremony.

Mrs. Alice Davis gave a "Garden Party" on Tuesday afternoon of last week at her country place which is especially attractive with many varieties of beautiful flowers. Members of the local Woman's Club were included among her guests. Mrs. Erickson of Milford entertained with enjoyable readings. There were also pleasing musical numbers which included vocal solos by Mrs. Derauf, selections by the club quartette, and instrumental duets by Mrs. Heald and Mrs. Derauf. Delicious refreshments were served.

decided to hold sports for adults in the morning while the children's sports, under the direction of Mrs. Alice Mellen, will be held from 2 to 4 in the afternoon. There will be prizes for the children's sports. The program will be held in the town hall. Arthur Snow, the singing sheriff, will be one feature of the afternoon program and music will be furnished by the Deering orchestra. There will be dancing in the afternoon and evening.

## Antrim Garden Club to Hold Its Annual Flower Show This Week

### The Antrim Garden Club

Flower Show will be held August 17 and 18, in the town hall.

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 exhibits must be delivered at the town hall to the committee in charge not later than 11 a. m. Thursday, August 17. Entries not in place by 11.30 a. m. will be disqualified. Attention is called to the Rules and Suggestions on the schedule sheet. If these Rules are followed when exhibits are brought in, it will help a great deal in judging.

Attention is also called to the following notice: Exhibitors will please remove exhibits and containers from the hall Saturday, August 19; and no exhibit may be removed from show before Saturday, except with consent of 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

Assisted by the following sub-committee chairmen:

Information and Garden Tours—Mrs. G. D. Tibbetts  
Tea Room—Mrs. A. Zabriskie  
Potted Seedlings—Mrs. Emma S. Goodell  
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  
Registration—Robert J. Abbott

Any child who has had either a vegetable or flower garden this Summer, is asked to bring something from the garden, to the town hall, on Thursday morning, to exhibit.

We are an Authorized Distributor of the famous



There's a right kind for every building. In superb colors... textures... and shapes.

ARTHUR W. PROCTOR

Authorized Dealer

Telephone 77

ANTRIM, N. H.

**Bennington.**

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

Mrs. William Harrington visited  
last week in Lynn, Mass.

There will be more guests at the  
Whitney homestead this week, in-  
creasing the number to nine.

Mrs. H. H. Ross, Mrs. Cram, Miss  
Lawrence and Mrs. Gordon called upon  
Mrs. Perley Richardson, in Lynde-  
boro, one day last week.

Rev. John W. Logan and family are  
this year taking short trips for their  
August vacation, which means they  
are here part of the time.

Mrs. Winchester, of West Dover,  
Vermont, and Miss Smith, of Boston,  
both sisters of Mrs. Chase, of River-  
view Farm, visited her recently.

Miss Eunice Bartlett, who has been  
visiting her grand-parents, Mr. and  
Mrs. Guy Keyser, in Contoocook,  
since June, returned to her home here  
last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Holzman entertained  
a son and his wife, from Utica, N. Y.,  
on Sunday, and a son and two daugh-  
ters, from Long Island; this made  
seven at their home.

The drug store window display of  
small yachts "Breezing Along" is  
attractive, and the banner across the  
street also calls further attention to  
the coming show.

Rev. E. C. Osborne and family, of  
North Berwick, Maine, are with Mrs.  
Osborne's parents for their annual  
vacation. Mr. Osborne returned to  
Maine first of the week.

Beginning Monday, August 21, the  
following stores will close at 6.30  
p.m., except on Tuesday and Saturday  
nights: Fred A. Knight, Clover Farm  
Store, First National Store.

Mrs. Mary A. Gove, of Milford,  
Mrs. Elsie Sanders, of Lowell, Mass.,  
and Mrs. Mary Blood, of Peterboro,  
spent the past week with Mr. and Mrs.  
Frank Seaver. On Sunday, there was  
a Poor family reunion at the Seavers,  
when twenty-five were expected for  
dinner (and if they had ever been  
there before there is no doubt they  
were all present.)

The Church Fair, which comes on  
Tuesday afternoon, August 22, is  
planning an attractive display on the  
lawn of Mrs. Joslin's. A good at-  
tendance is hoped for. There will be  
many good things on the food table,  
besides the aprons, fancy work, grab,  
post office where you can get your  
mail by paying the postage.

Rehearsals for the musical comedy  
"Breezing Along," which is being  
given by the Sons of Union Veterans  
Auxiliary, of Bennington, are in full  
swing. Much enthusiasm is being  
shown and results so far indicate a  
corking good show, with snappy music  
and clever dancing. Pinky Russell's  
orchestra is furnishing the music both  
for the performance and the dance  
afterwards. A gala time is promised  
with plenty of good clean fun for both  
children and grown-ups.

The recent meeting of the Sons of  
Union Veterans Auxiliary, which was  
held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R.  
E. Messer, proved a most enjoyable  
occasion; all the officers but two were  
in their chairs on the lawn. After  
the business was transacted and the  
meeting closed, friends and families

**NORTH BRANCH**

George Symes entertained friends  
over the week-end.

Look for adv. for Grange Fair else-  
where in this paper, and all plan to  
attend.

Remember, Old Home Night, at  
Grange hall, August 16, and answer  
the Roll Call.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest McClure are  
visiting in Maine, with a college  
friend of Mrs. McClure.

Mrs. Mary Hartshorn, of Milford,  
is visiting her brother, H. E. Bout-  
elle, at M. P. Melvin's.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Sargent, of  
Sunapee, visited with his sister, Mrs.  
Myrtle Rogers, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Moore, of  
West Newton, Mass., are visiting with  
Mrs. R. F. Hunt, at Bide-a-wee.

E. R. Grant is entertaining Miss  
Mistfortune in bad shape lately. We  
hope the visit is nearly ended, and  
they won't be invited again.

Remember Old Home Week and the  
N. E. Old School Reunion, on August  
26, and all come; bring your lunch,  
hot coffee is served at the Chapel.  
Visit with the old friends again, on  
the lawn of the union Chapel.

Rev. J. P. Brooks held services at  
the Chapel on Sunday night; owing to  
showers, the attendance was not as  
large as usual. Thanks are extended  
to Mrs. Brooks and Miss Brown for  
the fine dust they rendered at this  
service. Next Sunday evening, the  
20th, Rev. J. W. Logan will conduct  
the service.

**Top-Notcher Tips**

A meeting of the Antrim Top-  
Notcher 4-H Club was held on Wed-  
nesday evening last, at the Firemen's  
hall, with the President presiding.

Mr. Brooks expressed a desire that  
enough members enter exhibits in the  
coming Flower Show to warrant hav-  
ing a 4-H table. Plans were also  
made for an over-night hike to be  
made soon, to leave some Friday and  
return Sunday. No definite date has  
been set as yet for the game with  
Camp Wildwood. After a few games  
were played, the meeting was ad-  
journed.

The next meeting will be held on  
August 23d.

Lawrence Raices,  
Club Reporter.

began to arrive for the picnic supper,  
which covered three tables with good  
things, the garage being specially  
carpeted and decorated for this, then  
each one helped themselves. In the  
evening the lawn was brilliantly light-  
ed and the treasure hunt began; the  
prize being won by Eunice Brown.  
Many amusing stunts followed, and  
the evening concluded with songs and  
orchestra music.

**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  
Sunday, August 20  
Morning worship at 10.45. Sermon  
by Rev. Lewis E. Shields, pastor of  
First Presbyterian Church, Lowell,  
Mass.

Methodist Episcopal  
Rev. John P. Brooks, Pastor  
No services August 20 and 27.

Baptist  
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor  
No services

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.

**Mrs. Milton E. Daniels**

Mrs. Flora A. Daniels, wife of  
Milton E. Daniels, died at her home  
on Main street, on Saturday forenoon  
last, aged 76 years. She had been in  
failing health for some time, and for  
several months had been a great suf-  
ferer, and needed constant care which  
she received; the close attention that  
a loving husband could give was her's  
and her every need was anticipated  
and most willingly gratified. But all  
that loving kindness could do was  
a temporary relief, and disease finally  
was the conqueror. The many friends  
here and elsewhere extend their sin-  
cere sympathy to the bereaved hus-  
band in his sad bereavement.

Deceased was born in Manchester,  
Vt., and came to Antrim some six  
years ago from Keene. Besides the  
husband, she is survived by a brother,  
James Seaver, of Wallingford, Vt.; a  
sister, Mrs. Mary Wheeler, of South  
Wardsboro, Vt.; several nephews and  
nieces.

The funeral took place from her  
late home on Tuesday, at 10 a.m.,  
Rev. William Patterson being the of-  
ficiating clergyman. Mrs. Butterfield  
and Mrs. Roeder sang favorite selec-  
tions. Many floral tributes bore silent  
testimony of love and esteem. The  
remains were taken to Palmer, Mass.,  
for interment.

**Resolutions of Respect**

Adopted by Waverley Lodge, No. 59, I. O.  
O. F., on Death of Charles F. Butterfield

Whereas, in the passing of one of our  
respected and beloved members, Past  
Grand Charles F. Butterfield, Waverley  
Lodge has lost a valued and worthy  
brother; therefore be it  
Resolved, that while we shall miss him  
at our meetings and from his usual place  
of business; and shall lose his helpful  
advice and willing assistance in carrying  
forward the work of our order, we are  
mindful of the fact that we have no  
promise of time.

Resolved, that while we have greatly  
enjoyed his associations with us and have  
profited in many ways by his member-  
ship, we are deeply sorrowful in our loss.

Resolved, that these resolutions be  
spread upon the records of our Lodge;  
that a copy be sent to the widow of our  
deceased brother; and that they be pub-  
lished in the Antrim Reporter.

Respectfully submitted,  
H. W. Eldredge,  
Leander Patterson,  
Charles W. Prentiss,  
Committee on Resolutions.

**Bids Asked For!**

The School Board will consider bids  
for the Transportation of the Eleme-  
ntary School Children, seven in num-  
ber, from the East Antrim District  
so-called to the School in the Village,  
for the school year 1933-1934.

The limits of travel are the homes  
of Joseph Dziengowski, Charles D.  
White and Henry A. George.

It is understood that usually the  
children will be picked up at their  
homes. However, the State School  
law provides that children shall walk  
up to one mile from their homes, and  
the provisions of the law is to be  
complied with if conditions of travel  
are such as to warrant it.

Bids shall be submitted on a week-  
ly basis.

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

**Antrim Locals**

For Sale—I have a lot of String  
Beans and Shell Beans, for canning.  
Apply to John Munhall, Antrim. Adv.

Rev. and Mrs. O. E. Kendall and  
daughter, Miss Ruth Kendall, former-  
ly of this place, were recent visitors  
of friends here.

The Antrim Grange is this year  
observing its Golden Anniversary, and  
as one feature on the program is giv-  
ing a Fair and Entertainment, and a  
Supper is also promised. Read adv.  
on first page of this paper.

**Card of Thanks**

We wish to express our sincere  
thanks to all our friends and neigh-  
bors for their many acts of kindness  
and words of sympathy in our recent  
bereavement.

Mrs. C. F. Butterfield  
Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Butterfield  
Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Butterfield  
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Black  
Miss Amy Butterfield  
Kenneth P. Butterfield  
Benjamin Butterfield  
Barbara Butterfield

**Special Sale for This Week  
Saturday, August 19**

I shall be at my Sales Rooms, on  
West Street, Antrim, all day on Sat-  
urday, August 19, from 7 a.m. to  
5 p.m., for the purpose of selling any  
article in my entire stock to anyone  
who may wish to buy. Stock includes  
many Antique Pieces, Second-hand  
Furniture, Crockery, Glass and Earth-  
en Ware; also lot of Books. Some  
Very Special Prices are placed on  
these goods for this day only.

CARL E. MUZZEY.

**Shop for Christmas**

at

"The Scrap Bag"  
Warner, N. H.

The Studio Open Afternoons for Tea

**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, admin-  
istrator of the estate of said deceased,  
has filed in the Probate Office for said  
County, the final account of his ad-  
ministration of said estate:

You are hereby cited to appear at a  
Court of Probate to be holden at Fran-  
cestown, 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 An-  
trim, in said County, the last pub-  
lication 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.

**EXECUTRIX NOTICE**

The subscriber gives notice that she  
has been duly appointed Executrix of  
the Will of Fred I. Burnham, late of An-  
trim, in the County of Hillsborough, de-  
ceased.

All persons indebted to said Estate are  
requested to make payment, and all hav-  
ing claims to present them for adjust-  
ment.  
Dated August 2, 1933.

HELEN R. BURNHAM

**State of New Hampshire**

**Commissioner's Notice**

The subscriber having been appoint-  
ed by the Judge of Probate for the  
County of Hillsborough, Commissioner  
to examine and allow the claims of  
the creditors to the estate of Fred S.  
Whittemore, late of Antrim, in said  
County, deceased, decreed to be ad-  
ministered as insolvent, and six  
months from the 3rd day of July,  
A. D. 1933, being allowed for that  
purpose, hereby gives notice that he  
will attend to the duties assigned him,  
at the Selectmen's Room, in said town  
of Antrim, on the 4th day of Decem-  
ber, and on the 5th day of December,  
A. D. 1933, from 2 to 4 o'clock in the  
afternoon on each of said days.

Dated the 24th day of July, A. D.  
1933.

James M. Cutter, Commissioner.

**STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE**

Hillsborough, ss.  
Court of Probate

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

Whereas Henry A. Hurlin, trustee un-  
der 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 bene-  
fit of Viola E. Deacon.

You are hereby cited to appear at a  
Court of Probate to be holden at Fran-  
cestown, 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 pub-  
lished once each week for three succes-  
sive 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 Charles X. Cutter of Antrim, in  
said County, under the guardianship of  
Henry A. Hurlin and all others inter-  
ested 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 Fran-  
cestown, 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 pub-  
lished once each week for three succes-  
sive 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.

**For Sale**

Fully Accredited COWS; can go  
in anybody's herd, in any state: Hol-  
steins, Guernsey's, Jerseys and Ayr-  
shires. Fresh and springers.

Fred L. Proctor, Antrim, N. H.

**"Stop Advertising**

and the American public will  
forget you and your product  
overnight!" -----

Says an authority on advertising. This is the history  
of merchandising, and many are able to recall cases  
of this kind. Every year there are vital changes in  
14 per cent of our population and advertising must  
take these changes into consideration. A merchant  
must advertise not only to hold and sell his old cus-  
tomers—but to make new customers, for the old pop-  
ulation passes and the new is constantly appearing.  
In the former days it used to be said "competition is  
the life of trade." That has changed. Today adver-  
tising and co-operation are the life of trade. Cease  
to advertise and the public forgets you overnight.

Use The Antrim Reporter to  
Reach the Buyers in this  
and Adjoining Towns

**Greystone Lodge**

**CARD PARTY**

August 16, 1933

7.30 p.m.

Subscription 25 cents

Make Reservations

Antrim 97

# How I Broke Into The Movies

Copyright by Hal C. Hermis

By MARION DAVIES

"BREAKING into the movies" is a magic phrase that implies something akin to pugilism. People immediately associate those words with pushing one's way through guarded doors, jumping over studio fences or resorting to all manner of tricks to gain the inner sanctum sanctorum of the film industry.

I imagine the long, hard, uphill fight is hidden or forgotten behind the sudden emergence of some one person into picture prominence through a particularly well-played part in a given picture.

All the fence-climbing, or "gate-crashing" would be of little avail to anyone if the experience or ability wasn't present to keep the person "inside the gate" in Moviedom.

In most cases, at least, experience on the stage, often many years, has preceded a person's advent into screen prominence. Stars don't "break" into the limelight casually.

It is a hard, hard road, with a world of experience that merely puts the player at the threshold. Even there he or she may fall.

My own path to the screen was no bed of roses, but I feel every bit of it was worth the try.

I made my stage debut at the age of fifteen as a dancer in "Chin Chin," a musical comedy. Shortly afterward I joined the Ziegfeld Follies.

While I was busily engaged in this work I put my few spare hours into posing for many of the foremost artists of America; among them Harrison Fisher, Howard Chandler Christy, Haskell Coffin and Penrhyn Stanlaw. Prior to my theatrical work I had



Marion Davies.

been a cloak and suit model. Strange as it may seem, I consider "modeling" a course in theatrical education, especially in the training it gives a person in carriage and walking.

After the Follies a more prominent part was offered me in "Oh, Boy," another musical comedy. Dancing was not difficult for me, but when I tried to sing I realized that my place was in the silent drama. This realization fired me to try the pictures—more as an experiment than a profession.

My first contract was with an independent company, the initial appearance being in "Runaway Roman." The Selanick Select company then began to star me in such features as "Cecilia of the Pink Roses." After two years I signed with Cosmopolitan Pictures, starring in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "Little Old New York," "Janice Meredith," "Yolanda" and "Lights of Old Broadway."

And finally, I have decided that light humorous roles are best suited to me such as "Tillie the Toiler" and "The Fair Code," which I appeared in under the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer banner.

My advice to all who wish to enter motion pictures—or "break into the movies" is to come well fortified with stage experience, if possible. It will prove very valuable.

WNU Service

## Una Merkel Had Variety of Roles on the Stage

Una Merkel, which happens to be her right name, was born in Covington, Ky., taught Sunday school, sang in the choir and when she grew up traveled extensively with her parents. She completed her high school course in Philadelphia and entered a dramatic school. She made her first stage appearance in "Two by Two." Following this she played in "The Poor Nut," "Pigs," "Two Girls Wanted," and the lead opposite Lynn Overman in "The Gossipy Sex."

It was really Miss Merkel's work in support of Helen Hayes in "Coquette" that attracted attention to her. Joseph M. Schenck, president of United Artists, saw her in "Coquette," later watched her in "Salt Water" and telephoned Mr. Golden to say that he would like her for a picture. She made her cinematic bow in the Ann Rutledge role in D. W. Griffith's "Abraham Lincoln," and she has been in screen work ever since, which adds up to a little more than three years. Some of the films she has appeared in during that time are "Six Cylinder Love," "The Rat Whiskers," "Daddy Long Legs," "Wicked," "Don't Bet on Women," "The Impatient Maiden," "Man Wanted," "Private Lives," "Red Headed Woman" and "Huddle."

# Revival of Garden Party Type Frocks

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



BACK to the "perfect picture" type of costume swings the pendulum of fashion this summer. Wherever fashionables gather at formal outdoor occasions, the scene is graced with lovely ladies wearing romantic costumes which declare the revival of quaint and alluring garden-party frocks. Most artfully be-trilled and be-ruffled are these summery creations which are styled of wondrous sheer weaves, with skirts reaching to the ground, and hats the wide brims of which have not been so wide and picturesque for many a season past.

This revival of the beguilingly feminine in dress is especially apparent near and about the French capital this summer, where smart Parisiennes have been wearing just such enchanting gowns and chapeaux to the races as you see pictured in the group herewith. It would be difficult to conceive of anything more entrancing in the way of midsummer array than this trio of sheer airy-fairy frocks topped with hats whose shallow crowns and widened brims are the very essence of poetry in millinery.

At every turn of the road in fashion's realm brigandine in profusion greets the eye this summer, and if not orzanlike then mousseline de soie which enthralns even more because of its elusive sheerness. The winsome gown to the left in the picture tells a romantic story in terms of intricately be-ruffled panels at each side of its voluminous skirt and in the wee jacket of pastel taffeta, the message being completed via one of the wide-brimmed capelines which are so distinctively

new in that their crowns are exceedingly shallow and their brims amazingly broad. What's more they are worn to dip over an eye in a most tantalizing manner.

The model in the center is an entrancing sheer print frock such as Paris so widely acclaims for warm summer days. Note the shoulder treatment a la ruche. The identical sheer print trims the perfectly fascinating picture hat which mildy wears. The gloves are black velvet, if you please, which well they may be according to fashion's latest edict.

Comes thirdly in the picture a lovely sheer gown the decorative feature of which centers in exquisite hand-embroidery which is worked to a nicety on bodice, sleeves and skirt. Again a huge capeline of the so-called shepherdess type, such as fashion adores this summer, adds the finishing touch to this costume.

While these three entrancing gowns serve as criterions of what's what in Paris midsummer modes, yet they tell but part of the story. There were, for example any number of "picture" gowns fashioned with almost unbelievable simplicity which added infinitely to their lure. In some instances trimming was conspicuous by its absence in that many of the crisp transparencies and beloved sheer prints were individualized solely through varied sleeve treatments (some quite exaggerated) and with differing necklines, some of which were square-cut, others rounded and many softly draped.

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## VOGUSH COTTONS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Cottons are playing a spectacular role on the stage of fashion. The attractive lassie in the picture is dressed in cotton from the tip-top of her pretty head down to her hemline, for hat, jacket and dress are all of a spongy soft cotton weave. The plaid cotton presents as handsome an appearance as more pretentious tweed and the beauty of it is that it tucks perfectly. The bolero jacket with its scarf neckline is removable. Together with its matching beret it can be worn with any number of dresses.

## DAYTIME SKIRTS AND SKIRT LENGTHS

The smooth bell skirt flaring from the hips without exaggerated ruffles, but permitting plenty of freedom, is the favorite for all daylight hours. There are some back and front pleats variously placed; a few all-around pleated skirts. Some creators, like Worth and Patou, favor the straight and narrow, particularly for suits.

Daytime skirt lengths, in general, look a little longer—from 8 to 10 inches off the ground. Schiaparelli and Patou both show some a bit shorter—12 or 13 inches off.

## Angel Wing Shoulders on Evening Jackets Newest

Angel wings appeared in 1933 styles for modish mortals when Schiaparelli launched her midseason collection showing "angel wing shoulders" on little evening jackets. These innovations are curved pieces of fabric extending from the top of the shoulder to the shoulder blade. They stand straight out on the mannequin's back.

Among the models was a little waist-length evening wrap of pearly blue crepe sprinkled with white blossoms, designed with angel wing shoulders, and worn with a white crepe evening frock.

Hookless, buttonless frocks pulled over the head were another feature of the display.

Slender, crinkled-crepe frocks with waistlines above normal were designed with round necklines finished with elastic ribbon, which pull wide when slipped over the head and snap back into place to fit closely around the throat.

## Smart Dinner Outfit

You can make yourself an attractive dinner outfit by using a bright-colored washable fabric for the dress itself and lining a white linen or pique jacket with the same color.

## Black for Swim Suits

Smart for swimming are black bathing suits worn with white accessories—or vice versa.

# ROADSIDE MARKETING

By T. J. Delohery

## ADVERTISING BUILDS BUSINESS

WHEN Hugh Nash of Redfield, S. D., finished selling his best watermelons to wholesalers, thousands still remained in the fields. Pondering a bit as to how he could sell them, he decided to advertise in local newspapers for 40 miles around his farm.

"Watermelon Day," screamed the headline of his advertising. When dusk settled over his farm that Sunday, there wasn't a melon on the place as large as a man's head. More than 500 cars had visited the farm and 6,000 watermelons brought \$500. But that wasn't all. Potatoes, squash, popcorn and a few other such products were bought freely from piles near the gate where customers stopped to pay for the watermelons they picked.

"The way 'Watermelon Day' took hold was a revelation to me," said Mr. Nash. "I never dreamed the advertising we did would draw so many people. It didn't cost much, but it surely paid big dividends. It all goes to show that producing what the people want is profitable. A little time thinking what things will appeal to the public often gets you more than months of the hardest kind of labor in the field."

E. A. Ikenberry of Independence, Mo., was a county agent until he saw he could make more money growing fruit himself than trying to teach farmers. Now his orchards produce 15,000 to 20,000 bushels of apples, and he has 12 acres in pears, grapes, strawberries and blackberries. Ikenberry isn't on the main road, but his roadside market is well patronized, thanks to his advertising.

Local advertising, good fruit and a square deal for his customers built up a business that not only takes all of his fruit, but hundreds of gallons of cider and thousands of dozens of eggs and countless dressed chickens.

"Good advertising is cheap," he said. "I don't need as much publicity as I did when we started; but I keep my name before the public except on rainy days, when you can't expect anyone to come out."

## BARTON BROTHERS

Roadside Farm Market

Fruit—Vegetables

Fresh From the Fields

Com'n's Corner on Haddonfield Road

It didn't take an expert to write that advertising copy which the Bartons used in a three-inch space in their local papers; but it was strong enough to pull \$200 worth of sales in one day. The same amount of produce, sold wholesale, according to the terminal market quotations, would have brought Barton Brothers about \$100, and they would have had to haul it to market, pay commissions and other expenses.

And Bartons, primarily fruit growers, had to produce vegetables because the consumers asked for them. Sweet corn, a big seller, often moves at the rate of 100 dozen a day.

V. A. Houghton, Maine poultryman, will gladly testify to the value of local advertising. During the hatching season he sold eggs at \$1.50 a setting. The price of table eggs was 45 cents a dozen. A few dollars' worth of publicity netted \$45 extra profit on the egg deal.

"I can't help but believe in advertising," he explained. "Here's another reason: I spent 63 cents for a classified ad after I had sold 10 large dressed cockerels for \$1.20 each because the return was too small. Local neighbors bought 30 males for breeding purposes through the 21-word ad, paying me \$100. I could have sold almost a dozen more if I had them."

F. C. Crocker, like many other Nebraska pure bred hog breeders, held two big auction sales a year. He sells direct to the farmer now, finding it much cheaper and more profitable. Advertising does the selling. It's cheap, using small space; but even lower prices bring him greater net returns because of reduced expense.

"Markets patronized by people living in nearby towns can often make good use of newspaper advertising, a medium which is especially helpful in moving surpluses at the peak season," said H. P. Gaston, roadside marketing expert of the Michigan state college. "The plan followed by some growers, when confronted with a surplus, is to reduce the price on the product in question, making it a drawing card to get people to come to the market. Satisfied customers buy other commodities and come again, and, though the grower may make little profit on the sale of the featured product, he avoids loss and is doing the thing which will develop his patronage."

"The effectiveness of newspaper advertising depends, among other things, upon the location of the market, the kind of products offered for sale, their quality and price, and on the class of people who read the paper. These factors are so variable that the only way for any individual farmer to determine what may be accomplished by this means is to give it a trial.

"Advertising copy should be prepared with the realization that prospective customers will want to know what products are for sale, the prices charged, and where the market is located. Many newspaper offices, if supplied with the essential facts, furnish the service of some one trained in writing advertisements to put them in final form, or at least make suggestions as to how it should be done."

© 1933, Western Newspaper Union.

# LIFE'S LITTLE JESTS



## ALL FOR NOTHING

She watched the door of her new establishment open to admit her first client. Business had started! A good impression must be created upon him!

Hurriedly she grasped the telephone receiver and became engaged in an animated conversation. Then, an appointment having been arranged, she replaced the receiver, and, beaming on her customer asked: "What can I do for you, sir?"

A moment's pause, and then: "If you please, ma'am, I've come to connect the telephone!"—London Tit-Bits.

## The Old Coat

Mazie—I'm afraid I'm not going to like my new job.

Mabel—Why, not, dearie?

Mazie—The boss told me he didn't mind my being pretty, but he wouldn't stand for me looking into my mirror to see if my nose needed powdering, when I should be looking into the dictionary to see how words should be spelled.

## Sizing Them Up

The Coach—Yes, sir, our track team is the bone and sinew of the college.

The Professor—Not so very sinewy, but there's enough bone in their heads to make the classification appropriate.—Brooklyn Eagle.

## Tinting the Bald Spot

"My dear, why has your husband been sitting on the beach in the broiling sun bareheaded?"

"I've just bought a new gown and John's bald spot clashes dreadfully!"

## FRANKLY SPEAKING

The shop assistant wrapped up the customer's parcel and deftly handed it to him.

"There you are, sir," he said, "and if the goods are not just to your liking we will cheerfully refund the cash."

Farmer Giles sniffed. "Don't tell me such a yarn, young man," he replied.

"Eh? What?" exclaimed the assistant, momentarily taken off his guard.

"Ye might gi'e me my money back," said the farmer, "but 'tain't human nature to be cheerful about it.—London Answers.

## Signs of Busyess

The busy housewife was making a hurried trip downtown and at the last minute decided to sew a rip in her dress.

On the car she noticed several youngsters looking at her and laughing, and on looking down she found that she had her hands folded nicely in her lap and on one finger was her thumb.

## Adaptation

New Resident—I stopped over in San Juan and—

Old Resident—Pardon me, but you should say San Huan. In California we pronounce our J's like H's.

New Resident—Well, you'll have to give me time. You see, I've been in the state only through Hune.—El Padre, San Jose, Calif.

## Training for a Future

"What will be your son's vocation?"

"I think maybe he's practicin' to be a street car conductor," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "He's already tellin' everybody in the family where we get off."—Washington Star.

Home Friend Magazine 1 Year. Illustrated Mechanics 1 Year. Choice of books Earning Pin Money at Home. Love, Health, Marriage. All for 50c. Charles Loux, 319 High St., Newark, N. J.—Adv.

## Unnecessary

Prof.—Why don't you take notes in my course?

Dumb '36—Please sir, my father took this course and I have his notes.

WE'RE WITH YOU!

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM

THE PERFECT GUM

NRA WE DO OUR PART

8-177

## SAVE \$1.05 ON RAZOR BLADES

Special Introductory Offer For a limited time we will send you postpaid 15 high-grade Super-bite steel blades (new style Gillette or Gilette) for only 25c which covers cost of postage and handling. Guaranteed? Yes sir! We absolutely guarantee that you will save 50¢ above the blade or we'll refund your money.

WHY PAY HIGH PRICES... from us for less! Send your order today! enclose color stamp, please. Remember, only 25¢ for 15 guaranteed blades. STANDARD BLADES, 123 Lafayette Ave., Geneva, N.Y.

## Ugly, Disfiguring Pimples Covered Face

Cuticura Healed

"My entire face was covered with ugly, disfiguring pimples and they were very painful. They were very hard, large and red and they gave me such pain by itching that I scratched and made them worse. For four months they were so bad I could hardly rest.

"Everyone suggested remedies but to no avail, and I became so disfigured I would not go out. Finally I tried Cuticura Soap and Ointment and they made my face feel refreshed, and after using three cakes of Cuticura Soap and four boxes of Cuticura Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Miss Bernice Whitaker, Rt. 3, Hamlin, Texas.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 25c. Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Malden, Mass.—Adv.

Agents, Salesmen, Coin Machine Operators. Our catalogue "Where to Buy" will furnish you with the latest wholesale jobbers' lists and prices, bankrupt stocks and unheated values. Send 25c. National Sales Co., Bm. 215, Maryland Bldg., Washington, D. C.

## HANDY DISHWASHER

Newest invention; sells on sight; excellent profits in spite of low introductory price. For exclusive agency write

E. F. ELME, 457 W. 57th St., New York

FEET HURT? WHY SUFFER? Relief given in all conditions. Write for free foot health chart. National Foot Health Service, 25 De Long Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents Wanted—Sell Fuel Saver. Cuts coal bill in half, no mechanical device, guaranteed. Write for proposition. MARVELOUS PRODUCTS, 633 S. Paco, Baltimore, Md.

Divorcee in Mexico Handled Efficiently by accredited attorney. 15 years' practice. Information free. Border City Office, 433 First Nat. Bank Bldg., El Paso, Texas.

## HIGH GRADE CIGARS \$250

Box of 100. Free. C. C. & Co., 361, Quincy, Fla. Cuban-American Co., Box 361, Quincy, Fla.

World's Fair Visitors. Jerome Hotel, furnished apartments; also sleeping rooms. Rate \$1 day, 5 min. from World's Fair. Free parking. 6646 Hutchinson Ave., Chicago.

## 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.

## 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% new production next year. Flow up old meadow and stubble fields, and seed with Buckwheat or Soy Beans. Flow under in September and seed again to EMERSON'S King Brand Rosen Ryed and Winter Vetch.

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

THOMAS W. EMERSON CO. 119-119 STATE STREET BOSTON • MASS.

# 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 drugist's.

## PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD

WNU-2

# The SILVER FLUTE

By Lida Larrimore

© Macrae-Smith Company  
WFO Service.

## CHAPTER X—Continued

"Sometimes I think he will," Barbara wrote to Bruce. "Wouldn't that be lovely? But sometimes I don't know. It's a very distracting feeling, like being in a lion's cage and not knowing whether the lion will chew your head off or not. But I think he will more than I think he won't. Only I wish he would decide. I'd feel the same way about the lion."

And then it was decided. Stephen came home one evening looking tired and pleased and a little uneasy as well. He had presents for the children and some very important news.

"I saw Aunt Josephine," he said, when the boisterous welcome had subsided and the presents had been admired.

"Our Aunt Josephine?" The color paled on Barbara's face. Her eyes were wide and started.

"Is she a crocheted old lady?" Stephen asked, pretending to be puzzled.

Barbara nodded.

"Does she wear diamond ear drops and black silk dresses and white net collars with points that stick up under her ears?"

Barbara nodded again.

"Does she live in a house with urns and elm trees on the lawn and carpets with roses inside?"

Again Barbara nodded.

"Then I guess it was your Aunt Josephine," Stephen said with a smile.

"What did she say?" the children chorused and then were very still.

"She said you've been badly brought up," Stephen looked at Barbara, at Kit and Gay and Jamie. "She said you had no idea of gratitude. She said I was either very brave or utterly a fool."

"But why, Uncle Stephen?" Barbara's hands clasped each other tightly.

"Because," Stephen told them, "I asked her if I might keep you."

"You mean we're to live with you?" Gay asked, ready to bounce on the sofa springs.

"Yes," he answered, rumpling her bright brown curls.

"All of us?" That was Kit, a flush in his thin dark cheeks, his hazel eyes very bright.

"All of you."

"Chips, too?" Jamie asked, preparing to let out a whoop.

"What would we do without 'Chips'?"

The whoop was worthy of a feathered brave on the warpath. It broke the breathless suspense. The children fell upon Stephen with joyous shouts. The springs of the old red sofa creaked in a threatening way. The windows rattled. The coals seemed to dance in the grate.

"Aunt Josephine was right," Stephen said when he had emerged, somewhat rumpled, from the lusty strangling embraces. "You're a tribe of little savages. You have no proper respect for your elders."

"Do you want us to be respectful?" Barbara asked, watching the performance with a happy shine in her eyes.

"I like little savages."

Stephen had surrendered himself to the charms of the four Thornes.

## CHAPTER XI

Aunt Edith did not button her lips when Stephen told her he had decided to keep the children. He was accepting a grave responsibility, she said. Rearing children was not an obligation to be so lightly assumed. It was neither wise nor necessary. The children's relatives were able and willing to care for them. Had he considered the possible complications?

"Complications?" Stephen asked. "I want the children. They want to stay. It all seems fairly simple."

"Of course they want to stay. Has it occurred to you that Barbara might have known in advance that you could give them every luxury and advantage?"

Stephen halted midway between the canopied bed and a chaise-longue upholstered in mauve brocade.

"You mean," he asked, "has it occurred to me that she might have looked up my financial rating?"

"Exactly."

Stephen laughed.

"She doesn't know there are such things," he said.

"I'm not so sure." The laugh did not improve the state of Aunt Edith's mind.

"I am," Stephen said curtly.

"It's possible that she might have." He needn't be so touchy, she thought. She was thinking only of him. It would be disturbing for her, of course, to have the children here. But it would be worse for Stephen. Why hadn't he married Emily? She would have been willing to endure the little professor. That would have been a dignified arrangement, at least. Poor Stephen! Why couldn't the children have stayed where they belonged?

"Not Babbie," Stephen said. "She's an impulsive child. She came to me because there was no one else. She thought only of keeping the children together."

"She isn't a child." The expression in Stephen's eyes alarmed Aunt Edith.

"I was married," she said with great dignity, "when I was just past eighteen."

"She's a very dear little girl."

"Really, Stephen—"

"She sees people so clearly," Stephen said, thinking of Barbara, wanting to defend her. "She knows it is best for the children to let them grow up together. She's right about it, too. Babbie trusts me. I can't let her down. She's so small and plucky and helpless."

His voice was gentle. Aunt Edith looked up.

"You're in love with her, Stephen," she said. She had not meant to put the thought into words. But Stephen exasperated her beyond endurance, being so foolish about the girl.

"That's absurd!" Stephen frowned, his brows drawn down over his angry eyes.

"It has happened before." It was true, she thought. Stephen had not escaped. Forty, she had heard, was a very dangerous age.

"Do you think that?" he asked, looking at her from under darkly arched brows.

"I do, indeed." No use contradicting herself, Aunt Edith thought.

"There must be some reason why you should want to keep these children, a reason other than kindness and a desire to make them happy."

"You haven't a high opinion of me, have you, Aunt Edith?" Stephen asked quietly. "You make me feel as though I had taken advantage of the confidence of a child."

"A child? Well, really, Stephen—"

"Do you think that, Aunt Edith?"

"I have known you for some time, my dear," Aunt Edith said. "I can't think that you would completely disorganize your life unless there was a reason."

There was a reason, of course. He might have told Aunt Edith that he had loved Barbara's mother. But he did not want to tell her. He was tired of explanations. He said "Good night" and walked out of the room.

Aunt Edith sat in the puffy armchair, thinking, rippling the cards with a sound like a lingering sigh. Then she pushed back the card table and walked across the room to her desk. When she returned to the chair, she spread out on the table a variety of tourist catalogues and time-tables and folders. With a small gold pencil she traced a leisurely journey across the continent. She made notations and added rows of figures. At intervals, she unbuttoned her lips to sigh.

Stephen told Natalie the story the next afternoon. She sat beside the library fire when he returned from the office. He suspected that Aunt Edith had sent for Natalie and had told her the distressing news. What did Natalie think about it all? Was he in for another unpleasant interview?

He found, to his great relief, that he wasn't. Natalie smiled at him lazily, the smoke from her cigarette curling in rings above her sleek dark head.

"Where are the children?" Stephen asked.

"Bob took them to the zoo," she answered. "They ought to be back pretty soon."

"May I have some tea?"

"You look tired, Stephen. Was Aunt Edith very unpleasant?"

"Rather," he said, returning her lazy smile.

"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe," Natalie teased affectionately. "Poor, poor Stephen!"

Stephen relaxed in a soft deep chair. He needed to talk to someone. Natalie was intelligent. She saw things clearly, he thought.

He felt soothed and rested. The fire, the gathering twilight invited confidences.

"Aunt Edith thinks I'm in love with Barbara," Stephen said, brooking a comfortable silence.

Natalie looked at him, an amused little smile curving the corners of her lips but she said nothing.

"She thinks," Stephen continued, "that I could have no other possible reason for wanting to keep the children. It makes me feel as though I have taken advantage of a child."

"A child, Stephen? Barbara is eighteen." Natalie remembered that, at eighteen, she hadn't considered herself a child.

"Of course in some ways she isn't," Stephen admitted, his eyes troubled and grave. "She's never had time to be really young. Aunt Edith shouldn't leap to conclusions, though. Babbie thinks I'm a nice old man. I think she's a dear little girl. Anything else is absurd."

"Are you in love with her, Stephen?" Natalie asked quietly.

He told her the story, then. He told her about the Barbara he had loved a very long time ago.

"So you see," he said when he had finished, "if you and Aunt Edith must have one, there is a reason why I can't let the children go."

"A very good reason," Natalie said gently. "It was strange to think that Stephen, always so quiet and reserved, should have been capable of romance."

"It isn't only that," Stephen added, a little embarrassed at having told the story. "It's the children themselves. They're nice youngsters. They'll keep me from getting too stodgy. I like having a family, although it is distracting at times."

"Poor Stephen!" Natalie crossed swiftly to his chair, rumpled his hair in a lazy caress, lightly kissed his cheek. "I'm for you and the children," she said. "I have just discovered that you are rather a dear."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Small but Powerful Engine**

A new kind of 12-cylinder engine is only 16 inches high, and therefore can be fitted beneath the floor of a motor bus as a space saver.

# Highway Without a Rival

Traveler in California Can Journey for Many Miles Beneath Majestic Redwood Trees That Have Flourished for Thousands of Years.

I doubt if there is any highway in the world to match the beauty of the great Redwood highway which California has built through the mountains and along the sea, up toward her Oregon frontier. For two hundred miles you travel, most of the time, beneath redwoods which have the vertical majesty of the Empire State building's columns and a towering green dignity and simplicity which no man-made building can rival. They are immense; the eye takes time to adjust to their height. Sometimes the rugged trunks stretch skyward for two hundred feet without a branch, sometimes the branches almost touch the ground.

And they are abundant; these are no lone trees, relics of bygone age, but whole forests of giants, with few trees but redwood saplings in their shade. The "Founders' Tree" on the Dyerville flats, 304 feet high, labeled "the world's tallest known tree," seems little taller than its neighbors.

That "Founders' Tree," dedicated to the founders of the Save-the-Redwoods league—Madison Grant, John C. Merriam and Henry Fairfield Osborn, two of them New Yorkers and one a citizen of Washington, D. C.—hints part of the romance behind the chain of state redwood parks. Driving today through that chain of giant groves, you have no sense of a mighty race in peril of destruction; you feel only that redwoods have flourished here for thousands of years and still flourish. But there was a time when logging was proceeding at such a pace that it seemed doubtful whether coming generations would ever know what California's—and America's—biggest living things had been.

The Save-the-Redwoods league roused the nation so thoroughly that

even along the Klamath river, where the mountain walls are solid with redwood and the river is full of dead redwood snags, I could hardly bring myself to feel that the Indians, using redwood for fuel, were less than desecrators. And the national bank and "movie" house at Scotia, built as imitation Greek temples with solid redwood logs for columns seem a cruel waste. The Scotians, of course, had merely used the cheapest and most abundant wood of their neighborhood.

A few of the best groves, even directly beside the Redwood highway, are still in private hands, and some day may yet be sacrificed to the value of board feet of lumber. But most of these groves are state parks, saved, unless from fire, forever. You pass through the Lane grove, the Mather grove, the Williams grove, and other groves dedicated to heroes of the long fight, and finally even through the California-State-Federation-of-Women's-Clubs and the Garden-Clubs-of-America groves, dedicated to other groups of warriors.

Such names at first seem ludicrous; they are, of course, no sillier than the Mobil Oil bay which Sir Hubert Wilkins dedicated to a patron of his Antarctic flights or the Charles V. Bob mountains which Admiral Byrd first dedicated to a doubtful benefactor, then erased from his maps. They are close kin to Virginia, Carolina and Georgia names of our Atlantic coast. Age lends dignity to the most violent eccentricities of grateful nomenclature—when it does not simply forget them.

The big trees lead the mind back into the prehistoric past of California. The giants were giants before Columbus sighted American land; some of them were titans when

Caesar ruled Rome. For the redwood begins life violently, then takes its time. A fifty-year-old tree is as big as an eastern veteran; after its second century the redwood grows slowly, and the tree which may be twenty-five hundred years old today seems little vaster from the base than a tree a thousand years its junior.

The tall ferns, the oxalis and the little star flower, and the flesh-colored western azalea and pink rhododendron which peek out from beneath the big trees along the Klamath river cannot be much different from the ferns and forest flowers and shrubs which have been opening, to the morning-dews of California from time immemorial. But beyond their own shade the big trees look out on a changed prospect. The Yurok Indians still cut redwood to make the dugout canoes by which they still

travel along their peaceful river. But they are fewer than they were; and the chug-chug of white men's motorboats begins to be heard, even up-river, in fishing season.

Every year the craze for good roads sends the long white fingers of machine civilization further and further into what has remained, deep into the Twentieth century, the wild country of northern California. Sometimes I think that those groves of redwoods, dedicated to the founders and the money-raisers, as they look down on the long streams of motor cars that wind along the new Redwood highway, must feel lost and lonely. Where does a redwood fit in a world of stream-lined cars and managed currencies and international balances of trade?—Lewis Gannett, in the New York Herald Tribune.

## Freak Thunder Storm Made Weird Spectacle

In the log of the British steamer Moravian, Capt. A. Simpson described a thunder storm on December 30, 1902, just within range of Cape Verde lighthouse. At 1:30 a. m., a warm puff of dust-laden wind came off the African shore. Lightning, at first distant on the northeast horizon, became almost continuous, with loud thunder.

All the stars were visible; only upper clouds, no cumulus, in the sky. Captain Simpson had never before experienced a severe thunder storm without cloud. Charles Fitzhugh Taitman, who describes this freak thunder storm in his Science Service feature "Why the Weather?" goes on:

"For fully an hour the sky was one blaze of lightning, and wire ropes, mastsheads, yardarms, derrick ends, etc. were lighted up. All the stays seemed to have glow lamps three to four feet apart, and the mastsheads and yardarms a bright light at their extremities."

"The most remarkable part of the phenomenon was the extraordinary sound emitted throughout. It was, says the log, exactly like the noise

of the sparks from the carbons of an arc lamp; or as if several thousands of cicadas had taken up their quarters in the rigging, or the crackling of burning grass or twigs.

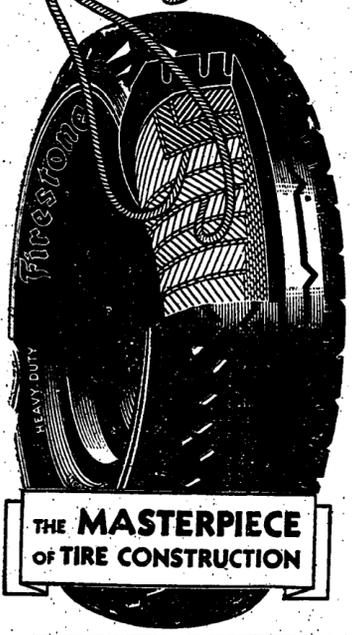
"This noise was not local near the bridge, but the officers reported it all over the ship, even in the neighborhood of the noisy steering gear."

—Literary Digest.

## Doomsday

The end of the world is in sight, according to the inhabitants of Pitcairn Island, and they are making no provision for the future, says the Montreal Herald. They are not planting young coconuts this year nor storing up anything for the future. The 133 people of the island are the descendants of English sailors who mutinied on the warship Bounty in 1790 and Tahitian women. Because of their isolation in mid-Pacific, the islanders are self-supporting. Coconuts and other fruits brought to the island by the crew of the Bounty are still growing there. Some of the agricultural implements still used were made from the iron of the Bounty. Visitors are not allowed to smoke there. Neither are they permitted to drink alcohol or wear shorts.

# Firestone Gum-Dipped High Stretch Cords



**THE MASTERPIECE OF TIRE CONSTRUCTION**

Firestone HIGH SPEED TYPE		
4.75-19	\$8.40	6.00-18 HD. \$15.10
5.25-18	10.00	6.00-19 HD. 15.60
5.50-17	10.95	6.50-18 HD. 17.40
5.50-19	11.50	6.50-19 HD. 17.90
6.00-17	12.45	7.00-19 HD. 20.80
6.00-18	12.70	7.50-18 HD. 22.90

*Other Sizes Proportionately Low*

**WITHSTAND Road Shocks 58% LONGER**

Every Fiber In Every Cord In Every Ply In Every Firestone Tire Is **BLOWOUT PROTECTED**

BY *Gum-Dipping*

**PERFORMANCE COUNTS!** Firestone High Speed Gum-Dipped Tires hold all world records on road and track for *Safety, Speed, Mileage and Endurance*. They are first choice of race drivers—men who will not take chances or risk their lives on any other tire.

Firestone Tires are the only tires made with *high stretch cords* and the Extra Process of GUM-DIPPING which gives 58% longer flexing life—GREATER SAFETY AND MORE BLOWOUT PROTECTION.

The Firestone Dealer In Your Community Will Give You a Liberal Allowance For Your Worn Tires To Apply On New Firestone High Speed Tires. Protect your safety by equipping your car TODAY—Tire prices are still too low—Buy now before they advance again.

THE NEW Firestone SUPER OLD-FIELD TYPE Equal to All First Line, Standard Brand Tires in Quality, Construction and Appearance, Yet Sold at a Price That Affords You Real Savings

Ford... \$7.10	Buick... \$9.00
Ford... 7.55	Ford... 5.55-18
Nash... 8.35	Studebaker... 10.15
Ford... 5.00-20	

*Other Sizes Proportionately Low*

3 LINES of TIRES with Firestone NAME and GUARANTEE SUPERIOR IN QUALITY Yet Priced as LOW as Special Brands and Mail Order Tires

Firestone OLD-FIELD TYPE	Firestone SENTINEL TYPE	Firestone COURIER TYPE
Ford... \$6.30	Ford... \$5.65	Ford... \$3.45
Ford... 6.70	Ford... 6.05	Ford... 3.60
Nash... 7.45	Nash... 6.70	Ford... 4.25
Buick... 8.10	Buick... 7.30	Ford... 4.25
Auburn... 9.00	Ford... 4.65	

*Other Sizes Proportionately Low*

**Firestone SPARK PLUGS**

Hotter spark, increased power and longer life. Sealed against power leakage. Old worn plugs waste gasoline. We test your Spark Plugs FREE.

**58¢** Each in Set

**Firestone BRAKE LINING**

The new Firestone Aquaproof Brake Lining is moisture-proof giving smoother braking action and more positive braking control. We test your Brakes FREE.

As Low As **2.40** Per Set

**Firestone BATTERIES**

A new high standard of Power, Dependability and Long Life. We will test any make of Battery FREE.

As Low As **5.60** and your old battery

See Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires made in the Firestone Factory and Exhibition Building at "A Century of Progress" Chicago.

**Firestone Service Dealers and Firestone Service Stores Save You Money and Serve You Better**

# STEPHEN CHASE Plastering!

TILE SETTING  
BRICK WORK  
Satisfactory Work Guaranteed  
P. O. Box 204, Bennington, N. H.

George B. Colby  
ELECTRICAL SERVICE  
Hillsboro, N. H.  
House Wiring a Specialty

# TODD'S EXPRESS!

Boston and Manchester Daily  
All Loads Insured  
10 Years of Service Furniture Moving Contract Hauling  
Egg Transportation, 50c. case  
Call Hillsboro 41-12

J. D. HUTCHINSON,  
Civil Engineer,  
Land Surveying, Levels, etc.  
ANTRIM, N. H.

John R. Putney Estate  
Undertaker  
First Class, Experienced Director and Embalmer,  
For Every Case.  
Lady Assistant.  
Full Line Funeral Supplies.  
Funerals Furnished for All Occasions.  
Call day or night promptly attended to.  
New England Telephone 14-2, at Best.  
Hillsboro, Corner High and Pleasant Sts.,  
Antrim, N. H.

Junius T. Hanchett  
Attorney at Law  
Antrim Center, N. H.

James F. Cady  
The Live Wire  
Auctioneer  
Conducts All Kinds of Sales, Large or Small  
143 Howard St., Keene, N. H.  
Tel. 311

James A. Elliott,  
ANTRIM, N. H.  
Tel. 53

# COAL WOOD FERTILIZER

Coal is as Cheap Now as it probably will be this year, and this is the month to put your supply in the bin. Quantity of Fresh Fertilizer.

When In Need of  
FIRE INSURANCE  
Liability or  
Auto Insurance  
Call on  
W. C. Hills Agency  
Antrim, N. H.

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE  
The Selectmen will meet at their Rooms, in Town Hall block, on Tuesday evening of each week, to transact town business.  
Meetings 7 to 8  
ALFRED G. HOLT,  
HUGH M. GRAHAM,  
JAMES I. PATTERSON,  
Selectmen of Antrim.

The Golden Rule  
IS OUR MOTTO.

Currier & Woodbury  
Morticians  
Funeral Home and all Modern Equipment  
No distance too far for our service  
Where Quality Costs the Least  
Tel. Hillsboro 71-3  
Day or Night

## Weekly Letter by George Proctor, Deputy Fish and Game Warden

To you fellows that have a good dog it will be interesting to know that the Profile Kennel Club is to run a sanctioned show at Nashua Sept. 21st. This club has put on a number of fine shows in different places and they have been good. Watch this one.

From now on the Fish and Game Department is going to quit guessing. It is to make a complete survey of all the lakes, ponds and brooks in the state and will plant fish only suitable to that certain lake, pond or brook. No more bass will be put into a trout pond. You, Mr. Fisherman, are to be asked about your favorite stream. We need your cooperation.

It is rumored that the State Motor Vehicle Department is to declare a war on speeders. So watch your step when you drive through a town where machines are parked on both sides of the curb. Twenty miles an hour is the limit so watch your step.

All signs fall in a dry spell. Well, whoever heard of a pout fisherman getting his limit on a bright full of the moon night? Well, that little stunt was pulled off the other night on one of my ponds. Beat that one!

We know of another place where all signs fall. There is a street in our town where stop signs have been installed by the State Highway Department. The other night I nearly got smashed up just because I believed in the signs and the other fellow did not.

I know where there is a saddle horse that is a saddle horse and no guess about it! Style galore and the price is right. If I had the price I would own that "girl" myself.

Had a friend that wanted an English bull pup. I heard of a litter in one of my towns so when I was near I dropped in to give 'em the once over. After I heard the price I dared not look again. \$250. each, nine weeks old. O, boy!

Two weeks ago there was a severe hail storm at Hancock, N. H. During that storm several dogs got lost and have not returned home as yet. That storm did many thousands of dollars worth of damage to the orchards. Whole crops ruined.

An outboard motor on a small lake or pond is bad for the fishing and just as bad to the state of mind of the people spending a vacation on said lake. But this is not half the story to the people on a long two-mile lake where there is a big speed boat or two with built in motors and exhaust above the water line. Complaints have been sent in to us in regard to these big boats but it is not up to us but the Public Service Commission with offices at the State House, Concord.

No doubt many of our summer guests do not realize that they are breaking the Game Laws by bringing into the state hunting dogs and then letting them run at large all summer. In the past week we have been obliged to notify about a dozen of these people and in every case they were real willing to cooperate with us in keeping the dogs confined. Some of the local people who know better are getting a wee bit careless and letting their dogs run. There is a fine of twenty dollars.

You have heard the old saying, "Let George Do It". Well, it looks as if the Wilton Garden club had adopted that motto. For a close inspection of their male members the name "George" appears very often. Sure, I am a full-fledged member now. Come on in, fellows, and give the club a boost!

Here is the story of a man down in Massachusetts who used suckers for fertilizer to grow his corn. The corn started but about that time all the dogs, skunks and cats in a radius of miles knew that suckers had been planted and he was minus a corn field. Every hill was

dug up to get that sucker. The Indians might have made a success in this stunt but they did not have as many dogs and cats as we have now.

The Wilton Garden club's show will be at the W. H. S. gym on Aug. 16th and the one at Peterboro, N. H., the 19th.

Just listen to this one. And don't you feel glad you don't live in Maine? Down over the line they have a new law and boy, it's some law. Listen. A man who is so careless as to let a Game Warden catch him with short fish in his boat or illegally killed game in his car will be shocked to learn that the regular penalty for thus breaking the law will be the least of his troubles. Under the new regulations the warden may seize the boat, canoe or car in which the game is found, label them, and if just cause is found, declare them forfeited to the state. Another state, in the middle west, has just passed a similar law but also adds all equipment, such as guns and fishing equipment. If you go to Maine study the law very closely.

According to Seth Gordon of the American Game Association of Washington, D. C., the State of Ohio is raising raccoon in large numbers for re-stocking their woodlands. They have one of the largest raccoon ranches in the world.

Had one of the greatest compliments in my young life one day last week. Had an invitation to go back and speak before the Peterboro Golf club in their new hall. This is the third time I have had the pleasure of addressing this wide-awake club. They have a very beautiful lay-out now on the hill. A large and growing membership and a wide-awake official list. This is one of the best clubs that I know of in the state. They cooperate with our Department 100% and always are ready and willing to do their bit in any worthy cause. Long live the golf club.

Talk about your champions. Wilton in the past has had plenty of them. Hen pickers, bicycle riders, and now we still have another, "Normie" Conrad who is still knocking 'em right and left with his wonderful "left" and still wears the world's championship crown. It's going to take a good boy to knock it off. We mean the "crown".

Did you sign up for 1933 in that nearest Fish and Game club? This is the year they need you more than at any other time.

One of the most interesting things I saw last week was a bit of tree surgery at Wilton center in the yard of Mrs. D. A. Gregg. This was a huge maple tree which had lost one limb leaving a huge scar of over 14 feet. This was being healed up by Charles R. Stearns, my neighbor, who is an expert at this kind of work. It's very interesting to note the manner in which he goes about this work. The space to fill is 14 feet long, 18 inches wide and from three to 14 inches deep. When completed Mr. Stearns says it will not be noticed even across the lawn. Stearns objects to the title of Doctor of Trees. Better call him the tree surgeon.

One day last week I came right up to first hand work with the Boy Scouts. A man was lost and the Scouts were called out. Although the boys worked all day on a false clue, however it just goes to show what they can do if they have to. The boys should be highly complimented on that day's work. This was Troop 10 of Wilton.

A 49-pound snapping turtle was caught by bass fishermen at Burton pond one day this past week. This pond which is situated in Lyndeboro has turned out some wonderful bass the past week. "Pete" Frye of Wilton got a fine string twice last week at this pond. The old pond yielded a fine mess of pout last week.

If your brook is shallow, dump in a big log or a lot of large stones and the action of the water will do the rest. It will create a hole and that's just another place for that nice trout to lay. Plenty of these holes will increase your trout fishing 100%. Don't cut the brush along the brook. Trout need shade and a protection from their air enemies.

William Benson of Wilton is a trout fisherman of note. What Bill doesn't know about trout isn't worth knowing. Well, Bill says that vermin and not fishermen are getting the trout. He was fishing a brook several weeks ago and saw a number of mink, blue herons, snakes, stray cats, turtles. Another time he saw a huge otter making the trout step lively in a small pool.

This week a large number of girls from Nashua are attending the fresh air camp at Gregg's camp on Sunset lake, Greenfield, N. H. I wish that every Nashua citizen could just take a peep into that camp at "eats" time or "swim" time. They would dig even deeper into the old jeans for 1934. Some sight.

Just a word to you sportsmen, and in fact to you who never went hunting and fishing. Right in your neighborhood is a man or boy who is unable to go fishing this season just because that license is just beyond his reach. Two dollars is a lot of money to some fellow who has not worked for a few months. Your town clerk knows who has not been able to buy a license this year. One day last week a fellow came to me and said something like this: "You know me, Warden. I am over seventy and have always bought a license every year without fail. I love to fish. Would you pinch me if you caught me on such and such a pond without my papers?" What would you do? The next time you are downtown run in and see the agent who hands out the licenses and see if you can't make someone happy. And at the same time you will help the State Department get out of the "red". This message is not for just fishermen and hunters. It is for everyone that reads this column. In one of my towns over 70 have not bought licenses yet this year. Another smaller town over 100 have not yet signed on the dotted line. But they all want to go fishing and hunting.

A mother skunk and five little ones is a sight seen every day at the farm of George Warren up in Lyndeboro. They are very tame and make a very pretty procession crossing the lawn.

Could have placed over a dozen dogs over the wee-end. No matter what kind, they will take 'em. Had several letters last week asking for breeders of Great Danes, Russian wolf hounds. Can you supply them?

Oh it won't be long now. School is just around the corner and then comes the fall hunting and the trapping season. How the old summer has breezed along.

Of all the letters I received last week! A great many tips, others just neighborhood scraps. Well, one man wants a Great Dane puppy. Another, and in fact several ladies want an angora kitten.

By the way, if you want to know all about a neighborhood just get a family scrap started and we know both sides of the question and then we retire if we can. They do just love to get a game warden mixed up in this sort of thing and when the argument gets real hot they forget their troubles and both jump the poor warden. "Time to retire. Put on a Kelly."

If you have lost a pup let us know. We know of several found this past week. And we know of three that have been lost. A phone to me may return your dog in no time.

A fellow the other day asked why I was so interested in dogs. The lost and found kind. Well, it's because we don't want lost dogs running all over our covers that are well stocked with game birds and animals. This is the closed season and one hunting dog just now will do more damage than a regiment of men later on. The wild game are yet young and cannot defend themselves against a bird dog or big hare or fox hound. That is why we take the interest to keep them tied up.

We know of a hare hunter that lets his four dogs run all the time. Oh, no, he does not live in my district. That fall he could find no hares. His hounds had killed all the increase. Now he knows better. His dogs are in a large wire enclosure. Education is the word that must be brought into practice. If a man is shown he will profit by it. Some have to be shown by a judge.

Have a party that wants to own a setter puppy. What about it fellows?

We are glad to report that bob white quail have been heard at three places in Wilton and two in Lyndeboro. Some of those planted by Jim Peck of Massachusetts are coming up into a good state to live.

The story got around that Bill Callahan of Keene, the veteran warden, was about to retire. Well, I got a phone message from him since Aug. 1 and he was then still on the job and rarin' to go places. Leave it to Bill.

Heard quite an argument the other day about the duties of a game warden. One man said a warden had no right to assist any other department official in the state. Well, brother, you are, in the language of the street, "All wet." If any state official, no matter what department, asks me for assistance he will get it 100 per cent any time of the night and day. So that's that.

You know things have changed a lot in the past few years. I knew a time when a warden could not even hire a boat on a pond or lake. Now they are willing to let you have anything without cost and even help you carry the oars when you carry the outboard.

Have not said a word about that little Johnson outboard this year. Well, she is working just as well as last year. But if you don't turn the gas on she don't go quite as well. She will put one of those big 16-foot rowboats of Patterson's of Hollywood lodge across Otter Lake in a hurry.

Most of the owners of boats know that the warden is working with them instead of against them as was the feeling a few years ago.

## FAMILY TRAITS

By H. IRVING KING

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(WNU Service)

NETTIE HAVENS has got a bean at last! The news was all over the town. It was rather an important piece of news, too, for Nettie owned a full dozen or more houses, was a stockholder in the local bank and ran the "Emporium," the biggest department store in town.

Nettie was all business. From the time she was sixteen until her father's death she had been his business associate, and after his death had gone right on managing for herself. No time for frivolity and love making had Nettie had. Her mother had died soon after her father, and Nettie lived alone with a couple of old servants in a great Colonial house on the hill, a fine old mansion—but it needed painting.

At sixteen Nettie had come back from the school on a vacation, outwardly all that her mother could wish. She was not exactly what you would call a beauty, but she was comely enough and art and cultivation had rendered her a being of whom her mother said: "She could shine in any drawing-room. A few years more and she will be perfect."

But Nettie announced that she was not going back to school. She had had enough of it. She wanted to learn her father's business so that she would be able to handle it when, in the course of time—which she graciously said she hoped would be a long time—it came into her hands. Her mother had wept. Just as Nettie had aroused in her the only ambition she ever had in her life she now caused her to experience the only grief that she had ever known. What Jonathan thought about it did not count. He was rather disappointed on account of his wife; but he was secretly satisfied on his own account.

So that is how Nettie Havens came to go into business. She dressed plainly, almost shabbily; wore her hair in an unbecoming manner, seemed to delight in making herself look as plain as she could—and succeeded admirably. She laid her little, pleasing airs and graces away in moth balls and became a sharp, decisive young person; no nonsense, all business.

And now Nettie at thirty—and looking forty—was a rich woman. But in spite of her wealth the young men of the town would no more have thought of making love to her than they would have thought of making love to an adding machine. There was the goggle-eyed, anemic, young man with adenoids, to be sure, who officiated as her chief clerk and who, allured by Nettie's bank account, often wished in secret that he could muster up enough courage to ask her to be his bride. But shucks! Philander Liscomb could not muster up enough courage to say boo to a goose; much less enough to propose to Nettie Havens.

On her thirtieth birthday Nettie, coming into her store and walking slowly down the main aisle and looking about with keen business scrutiny was suddenly aware of a young man, about thirty-five years old, well dressed and bearing every mark of breeding, standing at the glove counter. Passing through the town he had accidentally lost one of his driving gloves out of his car, a bright blue roaster which stood outside, and stopped to get a new pair. Nettie gasped—then stood stock still and stared. He turned and saw her. A look of recognition gradually came into his eyes.

Nettie was the first to speak. "Basil," said she, "come into my office—I want to speak to you." He bowed and followed her. "Take a seat," she commanded. "You haven't changed much, Basil," she said, looking at him intently; "a little older looking, of course—but to me you look just the same as you did fourteen years ago."

"There is one thing, Nettie," he replied. "In which I have not changed and never shall; my love for you."

"It is pleasant, of course," she replied. "To hear you say so; but fourteen years is a long time, and I have changed. Can you not see it?"

"In appearance, yes," he answered. "You look old, and worn, and tired—and lonely. Oh Nettie, why did you throw me over the way you did? You know there was nothing in the absurd story to excite your jealousy."

"I have found it out since," said she slowly. "But I was young and foolish then, only sixteen. And now it is too late. But we shall be friends just the same, shall we not?"

"Friends?" he cried; "we shall be more than friends."

"Philander," said Nettie to her adenoid head clerk a few days later, "do you think you could run this shop if I gave you full charge of it?" Philander mustered enough spirit to reply in the affirmative. "Well," she went on, "I am going away for two months. Do the best you can."

## Twin Tips

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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(WNU Service)

CONNIE pulled on her sensible little hat and glanced down to see that her low-heeled walking shoes were clean, and tidy, put her check book into her bag with a little flutter of the heart and started off to inspect a small farm in New Jersey that had been advertised in the morning paper.

And in a tiny flat, at the opposite side of the city, a sturdy, well-set-up man, cast a swift look at himself in the mirror to see that his tie was straight, felt in his inner pocket to make sure his check book was safely placed and went out with a slight feeling of elation. He was going to New Jersey to inspect a small chicken farm that had been advertised in the morning paper.

And these two from the opposite ends of the city caught the same ferry boat across the Hudson, boarded the same train for the suburban village on the outskirts of which lay the farm and arrived at the local station at the same time.

As a matter of fact there was only one sporting taxi beside the wooden platform, and both Connie and John McGuire went swiftly toward it. "I want to go to Orchard farm," said Connie and looked up and into the steady eyes of the man whose words almost echoed her own.

The taxi driver scratched his head. It was McGuire who sensibly settled the question. "I'll sit outside with the driver if you don't mind—since our destination is the same."

Each hoped the check book, so joyously brought on this trip, would be sufficiently indicative of wealth to allow the purchasing of Orchard farm—should it prove the ideal spot.

"Oh," exclaimed Connie to herself as the taxi stopped, "What a heavenly place!"

"Ideal" was McGuire's inward comment, "but a bit far from the station. I'd have to motor everything in." And by "everything" McGuire referred to the hundreds of dozens of eggs and chickens he hoped to be producing for the city restaurant.

"I suppose you want me to wait," said the taxi driver.

The situation was certainly funny but somehow Connie and McGuire took it all very calmly and entered the old farmhouse and asked the price.

Connie's face fell and so did McGuire's when they heard that price. Five thousand dollars was more than either had bargained for. Each had saved three thousand five hundred dollars.

"I wanted to raise poultry and make butter and jams to sell to the tea-room where I work," lamented Connie. "I have it all fixed up with the owner—she will buy all I can supply."

"And I had fixed up with my boss," confided McGuire, and tried not to show his keen disappointment.

"I'm so fed up with carrying trays of food to people that I don't see how I can go through with it," moaned Connie. "And this farm is simply the place I've had in my dreams for years. Some one else will surely get it before I save enough to make up the difference."

"You've said it," groaned McGuire. "I've gone to bed nights just planning a place like this and thinking of getting up at dawn while the dew's on everything and the sun coming up behind that hill and feeding the chickens and the cows and lighting the kitchen fire. Instead of that it means carrying dinners to business men for another year or two."

They both agreed and sighed heavily as they emerged from the house after giving the caretaker a tip for showing them all over the small farm.

"If you don't mind I'll sit inside on the way back," said McGuire, "perhaps we can cheer each other up a bit."

And inside the taxi there was a tremendous amount of conversation going on. The two farm seekers had become very intimate regarding their financial status.

"If we could just have pooled it," laughed Connie, "it would have been easy, and we'd still have two thousand dollars to buy stock and carry us along until things got going properly."

McGuire turned and looked very steadily into Connie's honest eyes and had a brainstorm.

"How would you like to pool in with me? I'll buy the farm, start it going and get everything in fine shape in a month and maybe—maybe—" McGuire hesitated a bit and Connie's eyes flared downward. "We might sort of get better acquainted and—well, you never can tell, we might—"

Connie laughed softly because he was getting so mixed up with a problem that was as plain as the nose on Kathie's face.

"Don't be silly," she said laughingly. "I don't think there's any 'might' about it. I liked you the very minute you were so thoughtful about sitting outside on this taxi."

"And I liked you the minute you let me come along—it almost looks like what folks call 'love at first sight.' My name is John McGuire," he added, "what's yours?"

"Connie—Connie Weldon."

"I say—Connie—shall we tell this driver to take us back so we can put down a deposit for our farm, and what do you say to calling it Twin Tips Farm?"

"Fine," said Connie, and McGuire called out to the driver.