

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME L. NO. 41

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1933

5 CENTS A COPY

Derby Stores Inc.

Antrim, N. H.



A Real Good Store — with Real Good Values!

Just a Reminder!

We Handle
 Dry Goods Hardware Paints and Oils Lime
 Linoleum Cement Men's Furnishings
 Grain Groceries and Meats

Be sure you get a circular this week because there's a coupon on it worth dollars to you!

Meat Specials This Week-end

Hams, 10 to 12 lbs., whole or half per lb. 19c
 Legs of Lamb, Genuine Spring per lb. 21c
 Rump Roast per lb. 18c
 Frankfurts, Swift's Premium lb. carton 23c
 Tongue and Corned Beef Roll per lb. 23c
 Sliced Ham, Swift's Premium 1/2 lb. 21c

Monday is a Holiday, so Stock Up

IGA Salad Dressing qt. jar 25c
 Hydrox Sunshine Cookies lg. pkg. 19c
 Underwood's Deviled Ham sm. can 5c
 Rath's Pork Sausage 8 oz. tin 20c
 Orange Pekoe Tea 10c pkg. 9c, 1/4 lb. 20c, 1/2 lb. 39c
 Raspberries No. 2 can 17c
 IGA Sandwich Spread 8 oz. jar 15c
 Lobster, new pack No. 1/2 can 27c
 Pickles, Sour or Dills qt. jar 19c
 IGA Chicken, boneless 3 1/2 oz. jar 35c
 IGA Fruit Syrups pint jug 21c
 Stuffed Olives 2 4-oz. bottles 19c

Derby Stores Inc.

Antrim, N. H.

WILLIAM F. CLARK
 PLUMBING = HEATING
 OIL BURNERS, STOVES, ETC.
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This is the Season to
PRESERVE FRUITS AND VEGETABLES
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 We Have for Your Use:
 White and Black Mustard Seed Celery Seed Dill Seed
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M. E. Daniels, Regist'd Druggist
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 Facials, Manicuring, Permanent Waving

Antrim Beauty Shoppe.
 Jameson Block
 Antrim, New Hampshire
 Marguerite C. Howard For Appointments
 Wilfred Graduate Phone 103-2 and 3

Topics of the Day Presented to Reporter Readers in Concise Form

"Modern banking is a 50-50 proposition," a leading banker recently stated. Yes—the banks take 50 per cent of the depositor's money and let him have 50 per cent, if it suits them, says an exchange.

As a result of the fierce storms that prevailed along the Atlantic coast last week, particularly in the territory of the Capes, this section was visited by heavy rains, leaving the earth soaked with much more water than it was able to take care of. Vegetation was damaged to some extent by too much water.

Lloyd H. Cogwell, of Warner, was re-elected president of the New Hampshire Veterans Association at the annual meeting held at the encampment at the Weirs last Wednesday. The other officers named were:

Harry C. Lougee, Concord, vice president; Frank N. Sawyer, Ware, secretary; David R. Lang, Lakeport, quartermaster; Wilfred Marsland, Laconia, treasurer; Albert D. Scoville, Manchester, president emeritus; Ralph McCarthy, Portsmouth, judge advocate; Rev. Percy D. Eschelder, Pittsfield, chaplain; Harry Dudley, Tilton, William S. Reley, Laconia, Oscar G. Lonerquest, Manchester, auditors; Dr. Robert O. Blood, Concord, representing the American Legion, and Edward C. Loiselle of Laconia, representing the Veterans of Foreign Wars, directors.

Herewith are given the figures of the Salem Race Track returns to the financial credit of the State: 1st. Meet, 28 days, State's per cent, \$183,500; 2d. Grand Circuit, 15 days, State's per cent, \$27,000; extras, \$2800; total \$213,400. From this amount must be deducted an expense sum, leaving a net return to the State of \$205,000. This amount can only be used to pay State bonds and the interest on same.

The cost of living during July, as compared with June, showed an increase of 3 1/2 per cent, owing to higher prices for food, clothing, fuel and light. This was a result of research work in a nearby state, and doubtless is the same in New Hampshire. The greatest increase in cost affected food, particularly flour and potatoes. Coal advanced slightly less than 1 per cent. The July buying power of \$1 was equal to 80 1/2 cents as compared with 1913.

Baltic avenue, at Atlantic City, N. J., was paved with wooden blocks. The storm of last week brought an 8 inch rainfall which worked underneath the base of the blocks, and thousands of them floated away. Residents donned bathing suits and worked all night in the storm, laying in next winter's fuel supply. This was a very odd occurrence, even on the Jersey coast. It will cost around ten thousand dollars to repave the street.

How the NRA Code Will Affect Several of the Large Retail Stores

In the consideration of details concerning the code as it affects the retail stores, the following is part of a Washington dispatch bearing on this subject:

Labor's appeal for more liberal wages and shorter working hours than the industry proposed was laid today before the Recovery Administration in hearings on a proposed trade code for America's retailers.

C. C. Coulter, secretary-treasurer of the Retail Clerks' International Protective Association, urged a 40-hour week instead of 44 as proposed by the retailers, and pay rates running from \$15 to \$20 weekly instead of \$12 to \$14.

Miss Rose Schneiderman of the N. R. A. labor advisory board, endorsed Coulter's proposals and said they were necessary to restore part of the country's buying power in carrying on the general recovery campaign. A 40-hour week, she estimated, would put 400,000 of the unemployed retail store workers back in their jobs.

A. D. Whiteside, deputy administrator conducting the hearings on the complex retail code problem, shortly before had been told by Dr. Paul Nystrom of New York that a work week based on the hours of operation would put 1,000,000 back to work in 30 days.

Nystrom, for years marketing professor at Columbia University, proposed a 40-hour work week for stores operating 52 hours or less, 44 hours for those open from 52 to 60 hours and 48 hours for 60 hours or more. He represented the Limited Price Variety Stores Association.

Miss Schneiderman told the retailers they had "lost enormously in good will and public confidence," by the changes

made in their code as revised Aug. 14, from a previous code proposing a 40-hour week. As the retailers had explained this was necessary for small-town stores, she suggested stores in towns of 10,000 and less could operate on the longer period, while those in cities of more than that population should have a 40-hour week. Coulter advocated the only exemptions from the hour and wage provisions of executives who earn \$40 a week or more in cities of 500,000 or more, \$35 a week in cities between 100,000 and 500,000, and \$30 in any town less than 100,000. Miss Schneiderman approved.

She objected to inclusion of permission for children between 14 and 16 to be employed three hours daily, explaining the exception made the child labor prohibition "not enforceable and it won't mean a thing."

To put back to work every man and woman employed in retail stores in 1929, Miss Schneiderman said no employee should work more than 35 hours a week, but the retail industry was not asked to go the whole way on hours now.

The code's present exception of executives earning \$30 weekly or more from the labor provisions, she said, was dangerous and would permit "the vicious 10th of employers which seems to exist in every industry to give a flock of clerks fancy titles and then work them any hours they please, and we would get about 1-10th of the reemployment."

She objected also to exception of delivery men and the like. She objected to permitting longer hours at Christmas time when she said stores did 25 per cent of their annual business and contended these would reduce the reemployment and keep stores from hiring extra help.

Reporter Reader Asks Following Question: "Will Fools Sober Up?"

Not long ago an Antrim citizen remarked to me: "A drunken man will sober up, but a fool is always the same." This might be so if all fools were the same, but I am convinced that there is a chance for some of us to improve.

I once heard a distinguished Boston man lecture on "Fools." He said he delivered his famous lecture in the assembly room of an institution that cared for this class of people, and as he described the different kinds of fools that there are in the world, they would point a finger at one another with that uncanny instinct that fools possess.

This gentleman described with his customary clearness the different kinds of fools to be found in Antrim, but I refrained from pointing my finger at anyone, for it pays to be polite. The dictionary tells us that a fool is one who acts in a foolish manner so we are all fools occasionally.

The fool disease is very contagious. We

ream around with people who do foolish things, we get the germ, and the first we know we are acting just as foolish as our companions do. There are some people who just cannot help doing what other people do, and as a result there are many who will follow the extreme kind of styles: if their friends gamble, they must gamble, and if those they associate with invest all their money in stocks, they must dabble in the stock market also, even if they do not know as much about stocks as an old setting hen.

If there had not been so many fools in 1929 the crash would have been averted. If the treasurer of the Merrimack River Savings Bank had followed New Hampshire law, and not invested the depositor's money in the sage-brush of the wild and woolly west, this bank would be a going concern today.

Have we learned anything since 1929, or will we teach young men at the side of the Salem Race track to go out and

TAKE IT FROM

EXPERIENCED PAINTERS



Take the word of men who have painted many homes with many kinds of paint. They will tell you that LOWE BROTHERS HIGH STANDARD House Paint is the enduring and economical paint to use on your home.

For painters the country over find that HIGH STANDARD outlasts ordinary paint... that it keeps its beauty from four to five years, thus eliminating frequent repainting, and lowering the average cost per year.

Come in and get a free book on Home Decoration.

At the Main Street Soda Shop



YOU'LL CHEER UP WHEN YOU SEE...

150 FROM MEN TO LEGAL PEOPLE 150

"WORLD'S ALL RIGHT"

SOMETHING DIFFERENT

Town Hall, Antrim
 Thursday and Friday

September 7 and 8, 1933, 8 p.m.

White tickets are to be exchanged for Reserved Seat tickets at Antrim Pharmacy, Wednesday, September 6.

be fool gamblers after they get to be trustees of savings banks.

Yes, the drunkard will sober up, but the first thing he wants is another drink. Pat's friends thought they would scare him out of a bad habit, so they put him while dead drunk into a casket in an undertaker's rooms, and one friend got into a casket, beside him, and waited for things to happen. When Pat recovered sufficiently he sat up and said: "Where am I?" His friend sat up and said: "You are dead"; and Pat, with characteristic Irish wit said: "Begorry you have been here longer than I have, can you tell me where I can get a drink?"

We are trying to get out of this depression, and we have adopted codes and price-fixing; we have adopted a few laws which indicate that we are really trying to sober up, and if we really get back to normal, will we, like Pat, ask for another drink; or try to get \$17.50 for two dollars at the Salem races; or will we be sober enough to do some good honest work, without a drink?

Fred A. Dunlap

Chic Hairdress a Necessary Luxury

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



AS YOUNG-LOOKING, as smart-looking, as good-looking as your "permanent" is a beauty secret which is no longer a beauty secret, for we are all discovering for ourselves how greatly are our charms enhanced via a perfect hairdress.

You are expected to put yourself in the hands of beauty specialists these days who study your features with a view to giving you a hairdress which will make you good-looking even if you are homely. They can do it, too!

Perhaps you have heard about the new machineless permanent wave. It is proving nothing less than a sensation in the realm of beauty culture. It is so simple and comfortably done as to be almost unbelievable. A clean odorless vapor takes the place of electric current. The entire procedure is that simple one can actually walk around or play the piano while getting one's permanent wave.

As to this matter of playing up to individual type in dressing the hair we feel that the illustrations here-with are particularly well-chosen to demonstrate that point. What a difference! These lovely, fluttering, delightfully comfortable coiffures as compared to the burdensome hair-pin-laden long tresses of yore. Nowadays instead of scraggly necklines and unsightly "scolding locks," law and order and beauty prevail. Then, too, if your particular type of beauty calls, perhaps, for a little soft curl here and there to lessen the suggestion of over-high cheekbones or, mayhap, a clever exposure of a well-shaped earlobe might "turn the trick"—whatever the accent required the trained hair dresser is alert to the fact which is happily assuring as to this matter of playing up one's own individuality.

If you are very, very young and

without a furrow on your brow the brushed-back-from-the-forehead hairdress and "bob" shown in two views at the top of this group is for you. Note the fetching softly curled lock over the temple.

Just to convince you that older women are in on all the beauty secrets and that they are not forgotten in the scheme of things, we have included in this galaxy of attractive femininity a charming white-haired lady. Hers is a most gracious and inspiring example of the artistry with which one's hairdress may be suited to type. Can't you just fancy to yourself what a lot of compliments she will be receiving as to her lovely wave, when she presides at the next meeting of the woman's club?

We would especially call your attention to the lovely feather-blown wave which is pictured to the right center. Do not get feather-blown confused with windblown, for they are different. The type shown glories in soft wisps of hair which flutter caressingly yet orderly about the features in a manner flattering to most women.

The call of the hour is for masses of ringlets at the nape of the neck. This reigning vogue is aptly illustrated (two views) in the model below.

And now just a word or two more of this beauty discourse—some one has said of the French woman that when she leaves her boudoir she is "finished." So sure is she of herself and her appearance that she finds no need to resort to a lipstick or powder puff in public. We thought that possibly there might be somewhat of a moral to be gleaned from this message for some few of us.

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NEW-LENGTH CAPE

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



This lovely simple ensemble, which might well be called a Paris classic, comes from the atelier of Lanvin. Its simplicity is its charm. There is a note of embellishment in the soft bow of wide metal ribbon which ties on one shoulder. A handsome dark velvet cape contrasts the exquisite pastel tone of the frock. Velvet capes of this new length are in high favor, with the smart Parisienne. Discriminating women take particular delight in choosing them with a view to providing a perfect color accent to their costumes.

NEWEST NECKLINE DIAMOND SHAPED

If you don't want to appear dead on the vine—the fashion vine, that is—you'd better start making your neckline go diamond shaped. We all can wear diamonds of this kind even if we can't claim any set in platinum, and the trick is very simple, after you know how. Schiaparelli's most potent example of this mode is done with curled cire feathers set in a row, pointing down the back, points over the shoulders and pointed in the front where it meets.

Another way of convincing the public that you are "on the team"—fashionably speaking—is not to forget to attach "Angel Wings" to your best coat or jacket. Sometimes the wings are set in from the back of the shoulder and fly forward rather than the reverse.

Down in Front and High in Back, Fall Hat Mode

Down in front and up in back is the rule for fall hats. The high crowns of this summer have compromised with the general masculine protest, and have come half way down to normal—that is, they have come down in front.

High-backed turbans appear to be the order of the day, some of them built up in points and angles, others achieving the high-back effect by means of quills and drapes.

The beret in satin or velvet continues to be the big news of the early fall showings, however, pulled down over the eyes, with slightly more height in back.

Machine Stitching

Never "help" an article through the sewing machine. Let the feeder do its own work. If pulled through, the stitches will be irregular and it usually means broken or bent needles.

The Silver Flute

By **Lida Larrimore**

CHAPTER XII—Continued

"Atlantic City is exciting. We're staying at a gorgeous hotel. But the smell of the ocean makes me homesick. I wish we were back in Provincetown. I guess a gypsy girl can't turn into a Social Butterfly. Uncle Stephen is lovely to me but, somehow, I'm lonely all the time. I love you very much."

"**BABBIE**"

"**Thornhedge**"

"**March 10th**"

"**Bruce Darling**"

"Don't write me letters like that. They make me so unhappy. I don't love the children more than I love you. But I can't desert Uncle Stephen now. It's my fault we are here. I can't just run away and leave the children on his hands. You see, he depends on me so. Sometimes, when it isn't all so new and strange to him, I'll tell him about us. But it wouldn't be grateful now. Please try to understand."

"Hasn't the silver flute learned any new songs? You haven't sent me one for so long. It doesn't really matter. I like the old one best. I hear it every night before I go to sleep. . . . I love you, little gypsy girl with the roses in your hair. . . ."

"Oh, I do love you, Bruce! But it's all so confusing. Please try to understand."

"**Your Babbie**"

"**Thornhedge**"

"**March 12th**"

"**No, Bruce. I can't. I can't.**"

CHAPTER XIII

Spring was dancing on toward summer. There were peonies in the garden and the rose bushes were starred with tight little pink-tipped buds. Bees hummed in the honeysuckle and in the blue wisteria blossoms.

The children lived out of doors. Alfred leveled and rolled the croquet ground bordered with hedges of box. New willow chairs, for lazy reclining, appeared on the terrace behind the house. The old place took on an atmosphere of gaiety and youth.

Stephen felt as though he had cast off a number of dreary years. He had no regrets about keeping the children. Life moved to a quickened rhythm. It seemed to him that he must have been only half alive before the children came. He had thought that he dreaded changes. He found them, on the contrary, stimulating and pleasant.

There was but one thing to mar his satisfaction. He felt, as May tripped past in a succession of balmy days, that Barbara was unhappy. She was more quiet than she had been in the winter. She looked at him so often with a wistful expression in her eyes.

"Aren't you happy, dear?" he asked as they sat on the terrace one evening after dinner. "I've wondered." He moved his chair closer to hers. "You're so quiet, Babbie. Is something troubling you?"

"No," she said slowly. Then she smiled, the April smile that was close to tears, and slipped her hand into his. "No, Uncle Stephen," she said.

"I want you to be happy." The touch of her hand was disturbing. "Is there anything I can do?"

"You've done so much." She looked up at him, her eyes wide and dark. "I'll always be grateful. Always, as long as I live."

"I don't want you to be grateful," Stephen said gently. "I want you to be happy."

"I am happy," she said. But she wasn't happy. There was always a lump in her throat and she didn't sleep very well. She hadn't heard from Bruce for nearly three weeks, except a note to tell her that he couldn't get away for a week-end at "Thornhedge." Bruce didn't believe that she loved him. He thought she preferred to stay with Uncle Stephen.

But she couldn't tell Uncle Stephen. It didn't seem grateful or polite. She talked brightly enough after that. They laughed and were very gay. But during the days that followed, Stephen watched her closely. Sometimes when she rode with him, her cheeks flushed under the jaunty three-cornered hat, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, he thought that he was mistaken. But there were other times when he knew that she was worried about something. He found her one afternoon by the lily pond weeping over a letter.

"It's from Martha," she explained. "Martha says that a storm last winter broke one of our willow branches. I love our willow trees. . . . Bruce had given her the ring with the small gold heart under the willows."

"Oh, Bruce! It just exactly fits!"

"It should. It was made for you. The heart is to match your face."

And the sound of the wind in the willows was a song that was happy and sad. . . .

She was homesick, perhaps, Stephen thought. The gray-shingled house she mentioned so often was very dear to her.

"Would you like to go back?" he asked, wanting to make her happy. "All of us?"

"We can drive up this summer." She shook her head.

"Thank you, Uncle Stephen." The lashes that curved against her cheeks were stuck into points by tears. "I don't think I want to—just yet."

He took her to a concert one evening. She seemed to enjoy it at first, but suddenly, when the orchestration became a low accompaniment for the clear silver notes of a flute, he heard through the liquid music, a small heart-broken sob.

"Babbie!" he whispered, startled. "Babbie, what is it?"

"Let's go." She was struggling against the sobs that distorted her face. "Please, Uncle Stephen, let's go."

"What was it, Babbie?" he asked, when they had left the hall and were driving home in the car. "What made you so unhappy?"

"It was the flute, Uncle Stephen," she said in a small weary voice. "I—I couldn't bear it."

The sobs decreased in violence. She drew a long quivering breath.

"I'm sorry I made a scene," she said, slipping her hand into his. "Was it dreadful, Uncle Stephen?"

"Don't think about that." He held her in his arms, felt her hair soft and silky and faintly scented, brushing across his cheek. He thought that she might explain. She didn't.

Perplexed and troubled, Stephen confided in Natalie.

"Babbie isn't happy," he said. "I've noticed that." Natalie came often to see the children. She had noticed that Barbara seemed unhappy.

"Why?" she asked. "I wish I knew."

Natalie glanced up, touched by the troubled tone in his voice. Stephen was gazing down across the lawn to where Barbara sat on the grass leaning against the trunk of a tree. A book lay open in her lap. But, from the terrace, she did not appear to be reading. There was something wistful in her position. There was a wistful expression in Stephen's eyes.

"I want her to be happy," he said. "What can I do?"

"She needs to be more with young people," Natalie ventured to suggest. "Boys and girls her own age. You're selfish, Stephen. You can't guard her like a watch dog. After all, she's eighteen."

"Perhaps I have been selfish," Stephen agreed. "Well, what do you suggest?"

"Give a party for her. A dancing party outdoors."

"Will you manage it for me?"

"Gladly." Natalie smiled at Stephen's worried expression. "There was an old woman—" she teased.

"I pity her," Stephen said, "if all of her children were girls!"

There was a moon for Barbara's party, a round June moon that netted the lawns with black and silver shadows. The terrace was floored for dancing. There was an orchestra and a refreshment tent. There were voices and laughter and hummed snatches of popular songs. There was Barbara in a dancing frock all filmy floating white tulle.

It was going very well, Stephen thought, watching the dancing from an unobtrusive position. Barbara seemed to be having a happy time. How lovely she was in that filmy white frock. Was it necessary for the young cub in the uniform to hold her so closely? This was a dancing party and not a football game.

"Will you dance with me?" Stephen asked through the applause that clamored for an encore.

She turned from the uniform. She slipped into his arms all misty with tulle and glowing cheeks and darkly shining eyes.

"I didn't know you could dance," she said, her hand against his shoulder.

"I manage to get around." Stephen guided her smoothly among the circling dancers. "But I don't know this modern technique," he confessed. "In my day dancing was dancing."

"You're not that old, Uncle Stephen," she said with a gay little laugh.

How old did she think he was? He felt ancient compared with these flippant youngsters who tried so desperately hard to act like men of the world.

"Happy?" he asked. "It's a lovely party."

"Happy?" he asked again. She lifted her face and he saw that there was pain beneath the shining in her eyes. Something troubled her, something that a party could not banish. Babbie. His arm tightened about her. Lovely child. . . .

"Pardon me, sir." That was a youth, snatching her away.

"It's called 'cutting in,'" Barbara explained, smiling over the boy's shoulder. "You can do it, too."

Stephen did not take advantage of the privilege. The boy's respectful "Sir" had put him in his place. She belonged with the youngsters tonight, with the youthful men of the world who snatched her from each other and snatched her back again. Stephen mingled with other guests and when he returned Barbara had disappeared. He did not see the small graceful figure in filmy white among the dancers on the terrace. He walked rapidly down the lawn under the lanterns, across the lawn netted with black and silver shadows.

He found her beside the lily pond at the far end of the garden.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



COMMON EXPERIENCE

"As I understand it," said the stork, "a church calls a minister to preach the gospel."

"That's the idea," sighed the parson, "but he's sometimes apt to get the feeling that he's only been called to have somebody around that everybody in the church will be free to pick to pieces."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Setting Her Right

Mrs. Cornwallis—You're looking better than I had expected. I heard that your health was very poor.

Mrs. Nurich—My health has been impaired, but there is nothing poor about us.

A Long-Felt Want

"The wrist watch has done much for our trade."

"Where is your trade?"

"It is mostly in Africa. Formerly we couldn't sell a native a watch because he wore no pockets to carry it in."

Family Finance

A Kansas child, eight months old, the other day paid his father's traffic fine in Kansas City, Kan. The father was arrested for passing another car on the intercity viaduct. He did not have \$5 with him and was permitted to go home for it. He returned with the amount in pennies. He had borrowed it from his son's bank.

"I'll put it back on payday," he promised.—Vancouver Province.

LONG WAIT IN PROSPECT

A young man bounced into the office.

"I wish to see the manager," he demanded.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the clerk, "but the manager is not in. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I don't deal with juniors," was the rude reply. "I'll wait for the manager."

Nearly an hour passed.

"How much longer will that manager be?" demanded the visitor impatiently.

"Nearly two weeks, sir," quietly replied the clerk. "He's gone abroad on business."

Liar

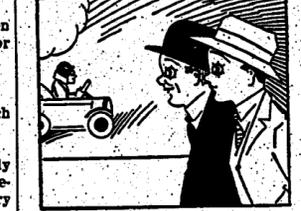
Ethyl—He told me I was the first girl he ever loved.

Myrtle—When was that?

Ethyl—Saturday night.

Myrtle—Then he told me a He Sunday night.—Fathinder Magazine.

HER STATUS



"Is Jane a careful driver?"

"Not exactly careful, but exceedingly fortunate."

Easily Fixed

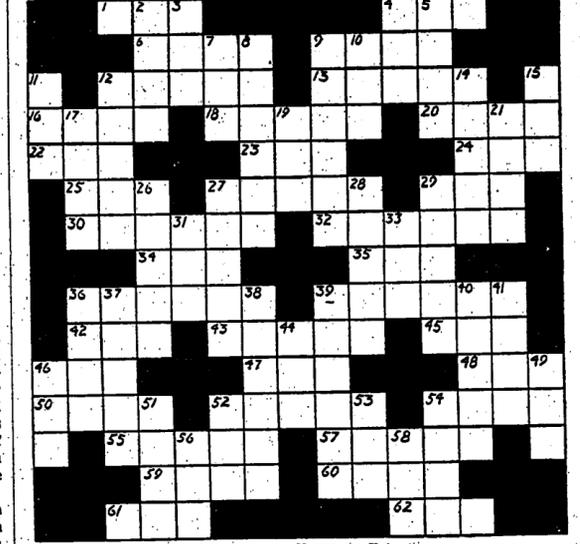
"I'm sorry, madam," said the passport official, "but there has been a mistake made in your application form."

"What is that?" she asked.

"The color of your hair has been put down as dark instead of fair."

"Oh," she said, with an obliging smile. "Will you alter it, or shall I?"

CROSSWORD "TEASER"



- Horizontal.
- March
 - Young goat
 - Deeply engrossed
 - Organs of head
 - Dull, spiritless person
 - Purchasable
 - Exclamation of regret
 - Passives
 - A quick pull
 - Having been victorious
 - Small room
 - Fish eggs
 - Tart
 - Girl's nickname
 - Long period of time
 - One who follows up
 - Boy's first name
 - Old horse
 - To pull with force
 - Hit
 - University official
 - Prevaricate
 - Becomes fatigued
 - Boy's name
 - Distress signal
 - Mixture of earth and water
 - Unclosed (poetic)
 - Shoemaker's tool (pl.)
 - Yellow
 - Belonging to a person
 - To run off
 - Acquiesce by labor
 - Impressed
 - Flesh
 - Nickname of martyred President
 - A weight
- Vertical.
- God of love
 - Short sleep
 - To know (Scottish)
 - Englishman's salutation (two words)
 - Projecting piece of wood
 - Dealer
 - Happening
 - Affirmative
 - Face bone
 - Mansion
 - Dig
 - To care
 - Parted with
 - Came face to face with
 - Christmas carol
 - Prefix meaning by means of or through
 - Author of "The Inferno"
 - Acquire
 - Belonging to an eastern university
 - A drill
 - Domestic animal
 - Cup
 - Forcible stroke
 - Passageway
 - Darkened
 - To make amends
 - Holiday
 - Metal stamp
 - Chafe with friction
 - Carpenter's tool
 - Latin or French for "is"
 - Thick slice of anything
 - To falter
 - Girl's name
 - Upon
 - To be in debt
 - Rodent
- The solution will appear in next issue.
- Solution of Last Week's Puzzle.
- | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A | Z | A | N | F | L | A | R | D |
| V | A | N | V | I | A | B | O | A |
| O | X | H | A | R | R | T | R | |
| W | H | A | S | E | E | L | E | |
| M | E | T | E | A | W | A | Y | |
| S | E | A | | | | S | E | T |
| W | R | A | P | C | E | S | S | |
| F | S | L | I | L | O | O | Z | |
| J | A | G | E | R | G | M | E | N |
| I | R | O | N | E | Q | U | A | Y |



Plan Tail Lights for Pedestrians

Montreal.—Pedestrians who walk along highways and country thoroughfares in the province of Quebec at night soon may be carrying tail lights.

The province of Quebec safety league, according to Arthur Gadbourey, general secretary, is launching a campaign, urging all those who travel afoot on country roads to wear a small reflector on their breast and back in order to avoid being hit by automobiles.

First Bible to Reach

Australia Still Used

Sydney, N. S. W.—The first Bible and Prayer Bible taken into Australia were used at the recent service in St. Phillip's church. The books were carried by Rev. Richard Johnson when he landed, 145 years ago.

Mr. Johnson was the first chaplain of the settlement founded in Sydney Cove by the first fleet bringing settlers to the new continent.

Both books bear the inscription, "Botany Bay, 1788," but as the sailing of the fleet was delayed they were first used in Australia on January 27, 1788. Ten years later they narrowly escaped destruction in a fire which burned down the first church.

Find Weather Forecasts

90 Per Cent Correct

Salt Lake City, Utah.—Forecasts of weather men are 90 per cent correct. It was estimated from discussion of meteorologists during the recent American Association for the Advancement of Science convention here.

Dr. Herbert W. Kimball, of Harvard university and president of the American Meteorological society, told of modern methods of predicting the weather. Efficiency is nearly 90 per cent, he said. Many new facts have been learned from recordings taken from instruments released in free balloons. The instruments are often carried ten miles into the air and often become lost in the stratosphere.

Brita Is the Ideal Girl of Sweden



Miss Brita Jakobsson, who was selected as the most representative girl of her native country in a recent contest in Stockholm.

Boy Appeals to Judge to Help Save His Dog

Twin Falls, Idaho.—Bobbie Glade, Twin Falls boy, appealed to Police Judge Chester Wise to help him save his "valuable dog."

"I want a job so I can buy a license for my dog," the lad, only five years of age, told the judge.

"Is he a good dog?" the judge asked. "You bet he is," the boy replied. "I just paid a nickel for him."

brought to Addis Ababa for export to Europe and America; stacks of coffee bags; piles of elephant tusks; and bales of American cotton piece goods which are a principal import.

"A ride of twenty minutes on mule or horseback or five minutes by motor takes the visitor to the main part of the city of the 'New Flower.' On one of the two principal elevations of the city is the ever-interesting market place. There once stood the great tree which served for generations as a gibbet. In bygone days it sometimes bore as many as seven criminals, generally thieves. On the site now is a fine equestrian statue of the late Emperor Menelik.

"Near the market are legations, consulates, hotels, and many modern business buildings. The city has about 200,000 inhabitants, about 5,000 of whom are foreigners, including about 50 Americans.

"The other elevation of Addis Ababa is crowned by the group of buildings which make up the imperial palace.

"Ethiopia claims to be the oldest Christian sovereign state. Christianity was introduced about A. D. 330. There are about 15,000 Christian state churches in the empire. A single church may have as many as 300 priests.

"After the profession of priest and soldier, farming is the principal occupation in Ethiopia. The country is very fertile, though methods of cultivation in many districts are still primitive."

How I Broke Into The Movies

Copyright by Hal C. Herman

BY AL JOLSON

I DON'T believe I "broke" in the movies at all. I think I sauntered into them through a front door that was left open by the Warner Brothers. And there was a "welcome" mat in the hall! At least I did a lot of "looking" before "leaping."

I "looked" into the movies several times during the years that immediately preceded the development of Vitaphone pictures, but I couldn't be convinced that the silent screen was a proper medium for me to use to reach an audience.

Several producers and directors tried to persuade me but I was always dubious. I went so far as to make tests to plan a story, but I was still dubious and finally decided that the silver screen was for me.

I'm still skeptical—about silent pictures—but the public has been kind in its approval of "The Jazz Singer" and "The Singing Fool."

I had resisted some tempting offers to try the silent picture and was on the road with my show "Big Boy" when the suggestion that I make a "singing" picture was first discussed. We were in Denver with the show and before we left there I had thought the proposition over and decided to make the experiment.

Warner Brothers who had just then perfected the Vitaphone and who had approached me with the proposal that



Al Jolson.

I make their first full length talking and singing picture, were notified that I would accept their offer to make one Vitaphone picture. During the rest of the tour of "Big Boy" we planned the story of "The Jazz Singer" and when the road show closed I went to Hollywood for the first tests.

I was not easily won away from my intention to make the legitimate stage the only medium between the public and me but Vitaphone offered me an opportunity I could not resist.

The success of "The Jazz Singer" is motion picture history. It did "break" into the movies with a loud bang, and I found a new and satisfactory way of reaching a vastly increased audience.

Having made the break and having learned that the public approved of the break, it followed naturally that Warner Brothers wanted more pictures and that I was willing to make them.

In a way I have "gone Hollywood." I have a home there and will probably always spend a part of my time and energy making pictures. I looked a long time before I leaped, but once the leap was made into the movies I had no regrets.

WNU Service.

Buck Jones Has Played in More Than 300 Features

Buck Jones has been a successful screen star for more than twelve years. After ten years with Fox, he left that organization to produce independently. Three years ago he joined Columbia pictures and today holds the remarkable record of having appeared in more than 200 feature screen plays.

A fan poll conducted a year ago by a national magazine, revealed that Buck Jones was the most popular outdoor screen star in the opinion of the millions of the publication's readers. The rapid development of the Buck Jones Rangers clubs attests to the star's appeal to the youth of America. Some 3,000,000 Rangers are enrolled throughout the country, in these boys' clubs with a goodly portion of them meeting regularly in more than 500 theaters.

Hobart Bosworth Played Leads to Notable Stars

Hobart Bosworth started his stage career in 1885, subsequently appearing as leading man for Minnie Maddern Fiske, Julia Marlowe and Henrietta Croaman. Mr. Bosworth had the distinction of starring in the first picture ever made in Los Angeles, in 1909, "The Sultan's Power." A few months later he wrote, directed and played the leading role in "The Sea Wolf." He has appeared in "Blood-Ship," "Flight," "Dirigible" and "Hurricane." His most recent pictures include "Fanny Foley Herself," "Carnival Boat," "County Fair," "Phantom Express," and "The Miracle Man."

Dead Texan Aids Town Museum

History of Bad Man Finances Big Building.

Banders, Texas.—Sam Bass would turn over in his outlaw's grave if he knew how his deeds of violence had been utilized by a peace-loving society in the establishment of one of its most tranquil institutions—a museum.

For Sam Bass, whose career of crime added to the color if not the well-being of early-day Texas, was the foe of peace, and his nature was by no means compatible with the musty, static atmosphere of a repository for dust-gathering relics.

Sam was forced into his inconsistent role by J. Marvin Hunter, whose "The Frontier Times" has made this community, 47 miles distant from a railroad, known wherever the magazine is circulated.

PREPARING FOR GRID



Roy Engle, captain-elect of the University of Pennsylvania football team, keeps in condition during the summer months by laying electric conduits in Philadelphia.

Hunter, a little more than ten years ago, left the composing room of the San Antonio, Texas, Express, and came here to buy a small country weekly. With him he brought an idea and a scrapbook—and little else.

The scrapbook was filled with first hand, autobiographical accounts of stirring events in Texas history written by the pioneers who lived through them. His idea was that these events, supplemented by accounts of others he expected to gather, would make an interesting reading for Texans everywhere and for others for whom the making of a great state might hold fascination.

"The Frontier Times" prospered, gained thousands of readers throughout Texas and the nation and abroad. Books came in their course to supplement the magazine, all published here.

Along with the multitude of colorful facts he dug up, Hunter collected items redolent of Texas, including fossils, peculiar rock formations, Indian relics and museum pieces from the era of pioneers. The collection finally overran the small print shop.

Hunter determined to build a museum to house his collection. But a museum would have to be financed. Here Sam Bass, long in his grave after the battle of Round Rock in which he was killed, came to the rescue.

Hunter had written a book, "Authentic History of Sam Bass and His Gang." Hunter decided to market enough copies to pay for the museum building.

Among the museum pieces are hundreds of relics including rifles, pistols, muskets, spinning wheels, saddles, cooking utensils and farm tools, lariats, spurs, powder horns, bullet molds, and photographs of early Texans including rangers and desperadoes.

Old Coin Cache Found
Visby, Sweden.—A cache of ancient gold coins has been found near here on the Swedish island of Gotland, in the Baltic sea. Some of the coins date back to 1411.

In Class by Himself
Kansas City, Kan.—Anders Mindedahl had a commencement all his own in graduating from the Maywood rural grade school. Anders was the only graduate.

Ethiopia Is Melting Pot for Many Races

Claims to Be Oldest Christian Sovereign State.

Washington, D. C.—"Ethiopia, native land of Prince Desta Demtu, special ambassador of Emperor Saile Selassie I, who recently was a visitor at the White House, is 350,000 square miles (more than seven times the area of New York state) of rich and productive northeastern African plateau," says a bulletin from the National Geographic society.

"Also commonly known as Abyssinia, Ethiopia is mainly a mountainous region, much broken by deep valleys. Arid, semi-desert country surrounds it on every side. It does not touch the sea, although some Ethiopian feudal chieftains like to grasp a marine telescope as they pose for a formal photograph.

"In the empire there are about 10,000,000 inhabitants, about one-half of whom are Christians of the true Ethiopian (Hamitic-Semitic) type. They are the inheritors of an ancient civilization under whose feudal form of government are estimated to be several million Moslems and pagans. The latter are mainly negroes.

"Ethiopia is surrounded by African colonial possessions of Great Britain, France, and Italy. As the Ethiopia of Solomon's time, it probably included all of these adjacent territories, with an Egyptian frontier, and that part of southwestern Arabia known today as the Yemen and Hadhramaut.

Melting Pot of Races.

"The traveler is not long in Ethiopia until he is aware that the country is a sort of melting pot of Africans and Asiatics of many races. Some of the blood came from ancient Palestine, some from Arabia, and some from the shores of the Caspian. The Ethiopians claim with pride a strong relation to the Semites.

"Ethiopia's front door is the French port, Djibouti, French Somaliland. Viewed from an approaching steamer, the port town's small group of white-washed stone and mud buildings and pyramidal piles of salt glisten and sparkle in the tropical sun. Evaporating salt from sea water is Djibouti's leading industry. There is just a suggestion of the immediate background of tawny desert and of the purplish mountain shapes of Ethiopia in the far distance.

"Djibouti is the terminus of the 500-mile railway that links the port with the Ethiopian capital, Addis Ababa. The railway is Ethiopia's only modern connection with the outside world.

"The railroad right-of-way skirts the Harar district of Ethiopia, the center of production of Ethiopian coffee. The coffee bean produced there is of excellent quality and ranks next to Mocha in the world's markets. It is called 'longberry Mocha' and is sold to a discriminating clientele in the United States.

"Although the Harar plants are descended from seed introduced from the Mocha district of Arabia, Ethiopia is the home of coffee. The tree was found originally by Arab travelers in the Ethiopian province of Kafa, from which it took its name.

Life's Plan Not Based on Speed

Each Forward Step Taken Means an Improvement Achieved.

A lesson for those who may be discouraged by the seeming slowness made in the advancement of the world is contained in the following pertinent observations by a noted American woman writer:

"Nine thousand miles a minute! That's the speed the earth is making. Nine thousand miles a minute, scientists tell us now, around the center of its star system.

"Were you overcome when they told you about the air races, where they tried to push past the mark of 300 miles an hour? Compared to 9,000 miles a minute that doesn't look so big.

"There are two ways of looking at that. One woman I know would say, 'What's the use? Why put ourselves out—whatever we can achieve is nothing—we may as well take it easy. Silly, those humans, scurrying around like hysterical ants to beat each other to something, tearing themselves to pieces, breaking their hearts to achieve something here, improve something there. If you want to know what it all amounts to, just think of those racers breaking their necks to top the record by another mile, when the earth saunters around with no trouble at all at 9,000 miles to the minute!'"

"Then there is the woman I know who would smile wisely and say, 'If all men and women had felt that way about it we should still be wearing skins and hunting our food with

stones and clubs. The difference between life, as it is today and the most primitive existence lies in the countless and almost imperceptible improvements attained at great cost, one after another, by brave and dauntless men and women who had their eyes on a goal and did not stop until they got there. It is not the isolated gain here or there, but the measure of the whole picture which gives us true perspective in the matter."

"For my part, I am inclined to agree with the woman who says 'What's the use?'—as far as those are concerned whose life is one unrestrained rush, who are in such a hurry to get somewhere that they miss everything that is worth while along the way, who are so intent on success that life passes them by. However, it is not what they are after that is foolish, but the way they are going after it."

"For, as our second friend says, no achievement, no improvement, no forward step is to be despised. That one mile of improvement over the last best record may be more important in the scheme of things than the nine thousand a minute which the earth tosses off with no trouble at all. For it signifies progress, a step forward. And when the efforts of man have had as much time as this old world of ours has had for experiment, who knows how contemptuously we may look upon that record of our universe which now points so proudly to nine thousand trips a minute?"

© 1922, Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Exact Definition

"He was a great writer. I hope he left posthumous works."

"What are posthumous works, pa?"

"Er—what we wouldn't buy when he was alive."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

My husband is a steam fitter and I am sure you know what that means when it comes to laundry work. Besides, I have two youngsters. My clothes aren't soiled—but dirty! And I believe I would throw up both my hands and quit if it weren't for Fels-Naptha. I've been using it for years now, and I always will!

EASIER washdays—cleaner, whiter clothes—that's what Fels-Naptha Soap can mean to you, too. It brings you extra help—good golden soap and plenty of naptha working together to speed away dirt in jig time.

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Plow old land now, seed Buckwheat—plow under in the Fall and seed again to Winter Rye and Winter Vetch.

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Removes Dandruff Stops Hair Falling Improves Color and Beauty of Hair and Facial Hair Grows and is of Proportion.

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Best for Baby's Daily Bath

Made of the purest ingredients and containing soothing and healing properties, it protects baby's tender skin and keeps it clear and healthy, free from rashes and irritations.

Price 25c

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Do you want to be sure it's absolutely All Wool—that it doesn't have any cotton in it to meet the low prices of today?

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Evening Dance to be at 8.12 o'clock

Band Concerts Sunday and Monday Afternoons

After Labor Day, Dances will be held on Saturday Nights only

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The Antrim Reporter

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H. W. ELDRIDGE, PUBLISHER
H. E. & C. D. ELDRIDGE, Assistants

Wednesday, Aug. 30, 1933

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

Long Distance, Telegrams

Notices of Concerts, Lectures, Entertainments, etc., to which an admission fee is charged, or from which 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

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Seymour have been spending a season with relatives in town.

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

Mrs. A. Wallace George and son, Ralph, are spending a week with her parents in Dover, this state.

Milo Pratt and daughter, Jane, have recently been visiting in Montpelier, Vt., where Mr. and Mrs. Pratt formerly resided.

G. Miles Nesmith has purchased the Baker residence, corner of Main and Grove streets. He will occupy it as a home at a not far distant day.

LOST—In or near Grange hall, Antrim, August 23, pair of Glasses with white gold bows, in case. W. H. Simonds, Antrim. Adv.

Schools will re-open its fall term on Tuesday, September 5. This applies to all schools in town. Children in the East Antrim district will be conveyed to the Village school.

Those who attended church on Sunday morning, in Antrim, were privileged to hear Rev. W. J. B. Cannell, of Lebanon, a former pastor here, who preached at the Baptist church.

Mrs. Porter will be at the home of Anna Duncan on Wednesday, Sept. 6, from 1 to 4 p.m., with a new line of Fall and Winter Hats, at reasonable prices. Ladies are invited. Adv.

Registration of unemployed will take place in Antrim on Thursday, August 31, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon (standard time), in the Selectmen's Room. Per order of National Employment Service.

The Class of 1928, A.H.S., held a reunion last Thursday afternoon and evening, at the home of Mrs. Rial Rowe, in Hillsboro. Five members of the class were present, also a number of guests. A bountiful supper was enjoyed by all.

The Antrim Woman's Club lawn party and sale will be held on the lawn of Mrs. Oscar Robb, on Friday, Sept. 1, at 3 p.m. There will be rummage and mystery tables, also food, ice cream, cold drinks, candy, vegetables, fruit and flowers for sale. Any baby up to two years of age may be entered in the baby show. There will be a prize for the baby whose mother draws the lucky number. In case of rain, the food will be sold at the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Felker. Donations for any of the tables will be gladly received by the committee.

SECOND HAND GOODS

Another Special Sale for This Week Saturday, Sept. 2

Having received many requests to do so, I shall be at my Sales Rooms, on West St., Antrim, all day on Saturday, September 2, 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 Earthen Ware; also lot of Books, many of them real old. Some Very Special Prices are placed on these goods for this day only.

CARL H. MUZZEY.

"Our Beauty Shoppe"

Cor. West St. and Jameson Ave.

Antrim, N. H.

Telephone Antrim 66

Miss Frances Wheeler has been visiting friends, in Windsor, Vermont, for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Kidder have been entertaining their granddaughter, Miss Jacqueline Kidder, of Keene.

Harry Chapelle, who has been residing in the family of Mrs. A. A. Chesnut for several weeks, has left town.

Mrs. J. Lillian Larrabee acted as one of the Judges at the flower shows last week, held in Milford and in Peterborough.

Mr. and Mrs. Otis Pike, of Schenectady, N. Y., have recently been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edson Tuttle, at East Antrim.

Misses Harriet and Nellie McKay have been entertaining a friend, Mrs. Davis, of Boston, at their home on Concord street.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Austin and infant son, of Saxtons River, Vt., have been recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Warren.

Miss Pauline Whitney and friend, Miss Gookin, last week made a tour of the White Mountains and journeyed into Montreal, Canada.

Miss Clementine Maso, from New York, has been spending a portion of her vacation in the home of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Elliott, in this place.

Rev. W. J. B. Cannell, a former pastor here, occupied the pulpit at the Baptist church, on Sunday morning. He is now located in Lebanon, this state.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Palmer and son, Howard, of Boston, visited his grandmother, Mrs. Harriet Palmer, at his aunt's, Mrs. L. G. Robinson, one day recently.

Mrs. J. R. Rabin last week entertained at her summer home, at Antrim Center, Dr. and Mrs. Francis Eaton and Mr. and Mrs. L. Brigham, from Randolph, Vermont.

This is the very last of August; some of our Summer people have returned to their homes and others will soon be going. They should stay another month for the fall foliage enjoyment.

Headmaster T. C. Chaffee was in Keene last week attending the institute for headmasters and superintendents of the State. The meetings were held in Park hall of Keene Normal school.

Mrs. Guy D. Tibbets and Mrs. G. H. Caughey, of Antrim, were among the patronesses of the Dublin gardens, which were recently opened to the public for the benefit of the Peterborough Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard L. Brooks, who have been residing for a few years in New Boston, have removed their family and household goods to Antrim and will occupy the Ella Robinson farm, at the Center.

The copy for the year book 1933-1934 for Molly Alken Chapter, D. A. E., is in the hands of the printer, and in a short space of time the pamphlets will be delivered to the committee having this matter in charge.

Mrs. George W. Hunt has spent the most part of a week in Peterborough, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Scott E. Emery.

Mrs. Jennie Dearborn is entertaining her cousin and son, from Pennsylvania, for a vacation period.

A number of members of Antrim Troup of Boy Scouts have been spending the past two weeks at the Byron Caughey Memorial Camp, at Gregg Lake. Scout Master Eiof Dahl was with them from late afternoon till the next morning. Robert Caughey, Assistant Scoutmaster was in charge of Camp during the two weeks.

Mrs. Louise Henderson Manville, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin C. Henderson of "The Henderson Place," sailed for a trip through the Panama Canal to San Francisco, Cal. She will visit friends on the Pacific coast and return by the way of Lake Louise, Bauff, and Canadian Rockies.

The District Meeting of the Encampments in the Concord District will be held in Concord, on the evening of September 19, Tuesday, at 7.45 o'clock eastern standard time. Included in this District is the encampment of Antrim, and as all members have a special invitation to attend this District Meeting, it is hoped a large number will attend. Meeting in Odd Fellows' hall.

With Apologies to an Unknown Author!

Between the decline and recovery, When the twilight of industry lowers, Comes a code for the day's occupations— "Bigger pay checks and shorter hours."

Weekly News of Interest From a Few Towns Surrounding Antrim

DEERING

Supt. and Mrs. A. A. Holden attended the Keene conference last week.

The regular meeting of the Community club will be held in the town hall this Wednesday evening, August 31.

In September, Clark Poling, who was graduated from Princeton last June, will enter the Yale Divinity school at New Haven, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Card visited Manchester, bringing home with them their infant son, who has been a patient at the Balch hospital.

Marie Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Johnson, North Deering, will enroll as a student at Keene Normal school in September.

Mrs. Louis P. Elkins, of the state Board of Education was one of the speakers at the conference of superintendents and headmasters held in Keene last week.

Dr. Daniel A. Poling occupied the pulpit at the Deering Center church Sunday morning, the service being largely attended. Mrs. Grace Sloan Overton, of New York City, was the speaker at the Community Center vesper service Sunday afternoon.

Minor repairs have been made on the schoolhouse in preparation for the opening of the fall term on September 11. A considerable amount of work has been

GREENFIELD

Charles Chase, Jr., has been spending a week with friends at North Hampton.

Mrs. Mary Kenett, who has been with friends in Nashua, has returned to her home.

Over fifty dollars was realized at the Fair given by the Ladies' Benevolent Association.

Mrs. John Martin and two children, of Brooklyn, N. Y., are enjoying a visit at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Lowe.

An interesting program including a farce, readings and vocal and instrumental music, was enjoyed at the meeting of the Grange on last week Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Conroy and Mrs. Helen Dwyre, of Nashua, with Mrs. Theresa Hoyt, of this town, were in Comstock last week Wednesday, attending a Church Fair.

Mrs. Ethel Colburn and Mrs. Justine Boissonade, West Deering, recently visited at the Colburn new home in Baldwinville, Mass. Martha Colburn will attend the Baldwinville High school. Warren Colburn, who is employed at the Chronicle office, in Athol, Mass., will live with the family in Baldwinville.

"The World's All Right" to be Staged in Antrim

Antrim Citizens Association to Sponsor A Very Unusual Production.

A committee representing Antrim Citizens Association headed by Hugh M. Graham as their vice president, met on July 28 with a representative of the Universal Producing Company, of Fairfield, Iowa, the World's Greatest Specialists in Amateur Productions, and made arrangements for the staging of an utterly new and different type of amateur production entitled "The World's All Right." This production is to be staged on Sept. 7th and 8th, in town hall, and one-half of the net proceeds is to be donated to the piano fund for the Antrim Schools.

"The World's All Right" is a sensational piece of entertainment and as it has been said you will cheer up when you see "The World's All Right." This production is an all musical show, utterly different from any other type of entertainment that has ever been produced in this community. The story of the production is laid in a radio broadcasting studio with the announcer acting as Master of Ceremonies. Before the audience is unfolded two hours of mirth and sensational entertainment in the form of a high class radio broadcast. The show is produced in eight gorgeous scenes, each scene set to music and each scene portraying an entirely different type of story, and plot. Such outstanding scenes as the Stars and Stripes Revue, the Dixie Cotton Pickers, the Collegians, the Vested Choir, the Irish Quartette, Tiny Tot Parade and other sensational scenes are produced.

"The World's All Right" is a better costumed production than any that has been staged in this community in a long time. Special lighting effects are furnished besides a great outlay of costumes. Many different songs are used in the staging of this production. You are sure to cure your "blues" when you see "The World's All Right." Wherever this show has been staged it has been a sensational success and promises to be the high spot of entertainment in Antrim this season. No one can afford to miss attending "The World's All Right," on Sept. 7th and 8th. Watch for particulars in regard to the cast and other details.

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

Top-Notcher Tips

A meeting of the Antrim Top-Notchers 4-H Club was held in the Firemen's hall Wednesday evening, August 23, with the vice president presiding.

The members voted to pull up the wild carrot on the Nolan lot Friday, the 25th, and thus receive the fund offered by Dewey Elliott and Fred Proctor. A committee of seven was appointed for this purpose.

Plans were also made for a Halloween Social; these were held over until the next meeting. After Indoor Baseball and Pass the Ring were played, the meeting was adjourned. The next meeting will be held on September 6th.

Arrangements were made to play baseball with Camp Wildwood, Saturday, August 26.

It was also voted to hold a Swim and Corn Roast at Gregg Lake on Saturday, and to invite the 4-H girls. Provisions were made for staying all night for the members who wished to.

The Top-Notchers' team swung bats against the Camp Wildwood team, but were on the short end of a 5 to 3 score.

After the ball game, the members went to Gregg Lake, where a swim and corn roast were held. The corn was donated by Edw. Coughlan, Jr., and Fred Proctor. The 4-H Girls were our guests. After the "eat's" boating was enjoyed. When it became dark, some of the members went home, the rest remaining over-night. After it was over, everyone thanked Carl Brooks for the good time.

Gratitude is expressed to the following for the use of their cars: Mr. R. H. Hutchinson, Robert Nylander, Ernest McClure and Ed. Coughlan.

Lawrence Raices, Club Reporter.

For Sale

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

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

The schools in this place will re-open for the Fall term on Wednesday, September 6.

Roland Taylor will enter New Hampshire University, at Durham, at the beginning of the Fall term.

Miss Frieda Edwards' name should have been mentioned among the local ladies who are members of the Antrim Garden Club.

Several of those who took part in the musical comedy "Breezin' Along," went to Mont Vernon to see the same comedy there.

The church sale was well attended, being held in the church rooms on account of rain. Nearly everything was disposed of.

Postmaster Ralph E. Messer attended a picnic of the Rural Carriers, at Brookline, on Sunday. In the afternoon he attended a service at the home of Congressman Charles W. Tobey, at Temple.

The last Auxilliary meeting, August Birthdays were observed, and a delicious cake served, which was made by Mrs. Doris Parker, who is to make the cakes each month for like occasions for six months. The oldest Augustite had a cake to take home.

Miss Arlene Edwards, who teaches in Briar Cliff Manor, N. Y., is at her home here for what is left of the summer vacation. She has visited the Century of Progress, at Chicago, then way up in the Black Hills of North Dakota, coming back through Canada. A card stated beautiful scenery, but bad roads.

Howard Cheney made a short weekend visit with his relatives here, and we had the pleasure of shaking hands with a real live aviator, which the last quarter century has sent forth from our community, together with a talented musician, Edmund Myhaver, and a graduate of Columbia University, Reginald Call, who we hope will excel in his chosen life work. Among the young women are seven (and perhaps more) graduate nurses, two from the Deaconess Hospital, Boston, one from the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, two from Memorial Hospital, Nashua, one from Bellevue Hospital, New York City, one from Peterboro and Worcester; one teacher in New York State, one welfare worker in Springfield, Mass. Also a wonderful school building, mill and power houses, bridges, roads, etc. This may sound like bragging, but it is just counting our blessings, in spite of all the depression, war, booze, and all the rest of it, which have been so much talked about. Yes, and a recent graduate of Plymouth Normal, Marion Diamond, will teach this Fall in Woodsville.

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.

Shop for Christmas

"The Scrap Bag"

Warner, N. H.

The Studio Open Afternoons for Tea

ANTRIM POST OFFICE

Mail Schedule in Effect May First, 1933

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

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

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

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Rev. William Patterson, Pastor
Sunday, September 3
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock with sermon by the pastor.
Bible school meets at 12 o'clock.
Union evening service in this church at 7 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal
Rev. John P. Brooks, Pastor
Sunday, September 3
Morning worship at 10.45, sermon by the pastor. Topic: "The Fellowship of Kindred Minds."
George Curtis will sing.
Sunday school at 12 o'clock.

Baptist
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, August 31
Church Prayer Meeting 7.30 p.m.
Topic: "Lessons from the Life of King Saul." See I Samuel.
Sunday, September 3
Morning worship at 10.45. Rev. W. S. K. Yesples, D.D., pastor of the Lake Ave. Baptist Church, Rochester, N. Y., will be the preacher.
Church school at 12 o'clock.

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

NORTH BRANCH

Albert Boutelle, of Winchendon, Mass., visited his brother, Henry E. Boutelle, the week-end.
Dan Nash and wife, also Mrs. Tinker and Mrs. Osborne, visited at M. H. Wood's last week.
Mrs. A. L. Cunningham entertained friends the past week.
Frank Cole is reported gaining from his recent illness.

OLD SCHOOL REUNION

The 11th Old School Reunion is now history, with the last Saturday in Old Home Week of August, 1934, for the next one. The weather man furnished an ideal day after the rainy week we had previous to August 26.

As usual, Mr. Flint opened his home grounds to the public, and many enjoyed a visit to the "Old School House." Thanks are extended to Mr. Flint by the committee in charge for his thoughtfulness.

At noon, a basket lunch was enjoyed by everyone and old friendships were renewed. At 2 o'clock, a call to the Chapel for business was responded to. Mrs. Wm. Dow, Mrs. Warren Dodge and John Dodge, all from Haverhill, Mass., were the principle entertainers. An election committee of three selected the same officers for 1934. As usual, several new faces were noticed, while others were absent, some having answered the Roll Call of the Great Master since a year ago. A short memorial was held for the ones who had the Reunion always first and last in their mind. We hope to meet all again who were present this year, as well as others who were unable to attend.

EDWARD ELLINGWOOD
Junk Dealer
Peterboro', N. H.

Antrim Locals

Miss Doris Ellinwood is spending a season at her home in this village, on Elm street.

George W. Nylander and family are spending a few days with relatives in Chatham, Mass.

Miss Ruth Bassett has returned to her home here from a visit with friends in Lempster.

Miss Mona Harriman is stopping in the family of Samuel White, on Clinton Road, for a time.

Charles D. White has the contract for carrying the pupils from the East District to the Village schools.

Miss Rebecca Willis, coach of "The World's All Right," while in town is stopping with Mrs. Elizabeth Felker.

Beginning Monday morning, September 4, the early morning train on the Hillsboro to Elmwood branch, will be discontinued, according to notices which have been posted.

The families of C. D. Eldredge and Guy Staples, of Winchendon, Mass., are spending this week at the former's cottage, at Gregg Lake, and will remain till after Labor Day.

For Sale

Small Farm; 1 1/2 m. from village; all kinds of fruit and berries; good land, which has a nice trout brook; electric lights and telephone.
BOX 161, Antrim, N. H.

Antrim Grange, No. 98

Held its Old Home Fair on August 23, with a large attendance; nearly 200 attended the supper, nearly all attending the entertainment. Several selections were played by the orchestra, with two farces by members of the Grange.

The usual fancy work tables were well patronized; the doily was won by Mrs. Rockwell and the pillow by Mrs. Warren. An auction of vegetables closed a very pleasant and we hope a profitable evening.

At this time the birthday bags are due, and we hope all will respond and return them to Mrs. Rogers, chairman of the Home and Welfare committee, before next meeting, Sept. 6.

Minnie M. McIlvin,
Grange Reporter.

Mt. Crotched County Club

T. J. Leonard, of Nashua, was winner of the 18 hole medal play handicap tournament, at Mt. Crotched Country Club, and turned in a gross of 80 and net of 72. Mr. Leonard plays with a State handicap of 8.

Richard Vaughan, of New Haven, Conn., turned in a gross of 84 and net of 73, giving second place for both gross and net.

Among those present at the dance, at Mt. Crotched Country Club, last Saturday evening, were: Mr. and Mrs. Carl Freeze, of New Haven, Ct.; Walter Carr, of Wellesly Hills, Ms.; Slayton Underhill, of Manchester; Walter Foster and Miss Daphne Foster, of Belmont, Mass.; George Henderson, of Brookline, Mass.; Misses Cleone and Frances Place, of West Newton, Mass.; Malin Mason and Miss Charity Mason, of Marblehead, Mass.

State of New Hampshire

Commissioner's Notice

The subscriber having been appointed 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 administered 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 December, 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.

FRONT PAGE NEWS!

A Real Remington for \$14⁹⁵

Think of it! Now you can buy a real typewriter for less than fifteen dollars.

Remington's new low-priced Remie Scout is sturdily built, with unusually legible and long-wearing type. A thoroughly practical typewriter—yet it costs only \$14.95

Dad, Mother, and the youngsters, all will find a portable typewriter the handiest sort of help with daily correspondence and other writing. Just ask them! Then, come in and try a Remie Scout for yourself.



See the other popular Remington too. Writes both small and capital letters—costs only \$34.75

On Exhibition and For Sale at
THE ANTRIM REPORTER OFFICE

Antrim Locals

A goodly number of Antrim people attended church in Deering on Sunday morning and heard Rev. Daniel Poling, D.D., preach. In the afternoon, several went to Temple, at Congressman Tobey's farm, and heard Bishop Dallas preach, and enjoyed a special musical program.

The local Branch of the Red Cross has on hand a limited supply of clothing, consisting of sweaters in sizes 30 to 46; pants for ages 7, 10, 11, 13, 15, 16 and 19 years; stockings, sizes 4, 4 1/2, 5, 5 1/2 and 9 for children; sizes 6, 7, 7 1/2, 8, 8 1/2 and 9 for boys; children's shirts, sizes 2, 3 and 5; and boy's union suits, sizes 24 to 42. These articles are to be had by those in need on application to Mrs. Emma S. Goodell.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss.

Court of Probate.

To the heirs at law of the estate of Henry P. Warden, late of Antrim, in said County, deceased, testate, and to all others interested therein:

Whereas, Katie S. Warden, executrix of the last will and testament of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County the final account of her administration of said estate:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Milford, in said County, on the 29th day of September next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

Said executrix is ordered to serve this citation by causing the same to be published once each week for three successive weeks in the Antrim Reporter, a newspaper printed at Antrim, in said County, the last publi-

Administrator's Notice

The Subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Charles F. Butterfield, late of Antrim, in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.

All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.

Dated, August 25, 1933.

Byron G. Butterfield.

caution to be at least seven days before said Court.

Given at Nashua, in said County, the 25th day of August, A.D. 1933.

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

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

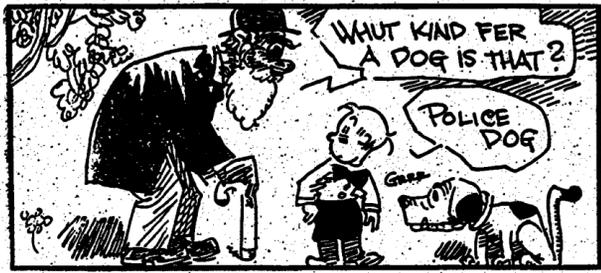
"Stop Advertising

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 customers—but to make new customers, for the old population 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 advertising 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

SUCH IS LIFE—In Disguise!



Howe About:

Marie Antoinette
Cats vs. Dogs
Ninon de Lenclos

By ED HOWE

I HAVE long taken great interest in the French Revolution, widely heralded as an uprising of the people against despotic kings. Finally I have read so much about it I doubt this uprising was against Louis XVI and believe it was actually against his queen, Marie Antoinette.

The French Revolution was founded on gossip rather than on the political wrongs of the people. You may believe you have heard vivid gossip in your time, but you do not know how terrible gossip may become unless you have read the story of Louis XVI's queen. One story was so brutal, improbable, that when told in court during the reign of terror, it shocked the most brutal audience ever gathered, and the prosecutor realized he had made a mistake in introducing it; the mistake almost saved the queen's life.

Marie Antoinette was a German, and French hatred of Germans was as great then as it is now. Of all the foolish women in history, Marie Antoinette ranks near the top. Her history reminds one of a country girl determined to go to the devil in spite of the warnings and prayers of a wise and good mother. In this case the mother was old Maria Theresa, empress of Austria. Women should read Maria Theresa's letters to her heedless daughter; stronger preaching for morality and common sense cannot be found. The old empress was a sound German, and over and over predicted her daughter's downfall because of follies even our modern fappers have not equaled. Fortunately old Maria was dead when her foolish daughter ascended the steps of the guillotine in Paris and left it with her head carried in one basket and her body in another.

I am coming to doubt the people will ever rebel against their political wrongs, or have ever engaged in such rebellion in the past. Besides every honest citizen walks a politician to control him; the politicians at the capitals are few. In number compared with the students of politics in small towns and cities posing as honest citizens.

Some one wrote (and somehow it attracted my attention) that a dog is a "yes" animal and a cat a "no" animal. Nearly everything suits a dog; almost nothing suits a cat. I have never been fond of many dogs, but have never known an agreeable or intelligent cat. . . . I do not like "no" animals; they are always cold, indifferent, clammy; I like the enthusiasm of a "yes" animal. If the owner of a dog is ill, the dog is distressed and wants to do something, but a cat, with its "no" disposition, is indifferent. Books tell of the death of a notable woman in a specially horrible way. The house cat was asleep at the foot of the bed through all the terrible scene. . . . It has been my misfortune to know many "no" men and women.

I am an old man, but there is so much to read I shall never get around to half of it. I never heard of Ninon de Lenclos, a famous French woman, until lately. Ninon early believed that there can be only one sexual law for men and women, and her father said to her: "Since you believe that women have a right to the same liberties as men, recognize equally with men all the obligations of loyalty, sincerity, and honor." She had many men friends, but was fair with all of them. When young and most charming, if an admirer was disposed to spend too much on her, she gently restrained him. If he too much neglected his wife because of her, she warned him against that fault also.

She disliked drunkards, gamblers, idlers, rude people generally, and her biographer goes so far as to say she helped rather than harmed her men friends.

When fifty years old she retired to a country place, and the most prominent people of France of three hundred years ago were her devoted friends. Tottering old men, former intimate friends, respected her in age and sincerely liked her. One old man said to her: "Ninon, a woman who has the qualities of an honest man is the most unusual character in the world."

Ninon de Lenclos was neither poetess, actress, reformer, nor mystic, but she had the natural charm of woman. She combined this with simple fairness, and behold, a book has been made about her! She exists in literature with women who bankrupted kings!

The huge racing automobile, often costing \$15,000, and which occasionally breaks a speed record or turns over on its driver, is not much of an automobile; the really useful and creditable machine is that in the middle class; which delivers useful service to millions at reasonable cost.

A friend of mine, a very old man, died lately. . . . I was able to think this of him: He had already done well; he had made an unusual record years before he died. It was a pleasure to so write his children.

Rembrandt was so busy with his art he never had time to marry the hired girl until the neighbors made a row, and demanded it in the interest of neglected decency.

Life's Dimensions
By LEONARD A. BARRETT

Length, breadth and height are not only the three dimensions of an object, they are also the dimensions which govern the development of human life.

The length of life is the period of years in which we do our work, achieve our success in a chosen field and perhaps accumulate a small competence which we leave as an inheritance to our children. In this dimension of life are found the economic struggles, financial failures, long hours of labor as well as the rewards for work successfully done. The length of life varies. To some is given many years beyond three score and ten, others are cut off long before they reach that age. The dimension of length, however, is not so important as it at first appears to be. Many persons have accomplished in thirty

Latest for Milady



A black satin frock with bodice top of pale blue crepe to match the jacket. The hat, purse and boutonniere are of paper-thin wood, bird's eye maple, to be exact.

Indians Look Forward to End of Hard Times

Once Rich Quapaw Braves Now Work on Roads.

Quapaw, Okla.—Prayers to the Great Spirit of the Happy Hunting Grounds—do they get results when delivered by tribal medicine chiefs? Older Indians will tell you yes. Prayers to the Great White Father at Washington—do they bring results when sent by the younger members of the tribe? Most certainly they do. Quapaw Indians, living on their reservation here, are much divided over the prayer problem. These Indians have been in a mess of financial trouble, and still are. The older Indians prayed to the Great Spirit while the

young men took up the matter with Franklin D. Roosevelt.

They asked for an increase in the price of lead and zinc and for a reopening of the mines on their allotments. Now relief has arrived and the Indians are rejoicing. Which of the two chiefs actually is to be given credit for the aforesaid relief is a disconcerting situation over on the Devil's promenade, where they are making ready for the annual stomp dance.

Here's just how bad things have been with the Indians: A prominent young Quapaw playboy has been reduced to riding in very small motor cars and a former wealthy Indian woman has had to forget a custom of giving birthday dinners about three or four times a year to several hundred relatives and friends. The price of liquor—due to the inability of the redskins to pay more, has come down \$2.50 a gallon. The price of a divorce to a white woman from an Indian man is now next to nothing, whereas a few years ago almost any old Indian was worth \$10,000 in the alimony racket.

While the Indian spenders used to be the petted ones of Picher and Miami society, now they are being thrown into jail for law violations. Only a few days ago a Quapaw speeder was placed in the Miami jail because he ran into a dump cart load of chat and upset it on the highway and went about his fast driving. A few years ago he could have paid off and upset another load of chat.

On the Devil's promenade a crew of men is working on a public highway and about half of them are Indians.

Throws Down Coat, Wren Builds a Nest

Garden, Mich.—Virgil Winter threw his coat down on the ground and left it there while he was working at some fencing on the Alex Mellon farm just outside the village limits the other day. When he went to get it again a few hours later he found that the garment had already been appropriated. A wren had started to build its nest in one of the pockets. Winter did not discover what had been going on until he pulled out a quantity of nesting material in lieu of some articles he had expected to find in the pocket. Most of the latter were picked up later from the ground nearby.

Wins Junior Title

Miss Alice Ann Anderson of Kenosha, Wis., who won the woman's western junior golf championship in the tournament that was held at Evanston, Ill.

A few years ago when the mines were all running and the Quapaws were drawing royalty checks every thirty days they could not be induced to labor. Now they are compelled to shovel gravel for flour and meat.

The Quapaws own about 7,000 acres in the heart of the Picher lead and zinc fields. They have been paid over \$7,000,000 in mine royalties and about \$3,000,000 is held in reserve and doled out in small sums. Some of the Indians do not receive any dole at all as their mining land has been turned over to them, without supervision by the White Father at Washington. These are the young redskins who appealed for relief.

Poor at the Start. When the Quapaws first came to Oklahoma and settled on the reservation they were painfully poor. In 1924 ore was found and since then several million dollars have been thrown away carelessly. No one can say the Indians have not done a good job of spending. The \$25,000 homes in the clearing, pink porcelain bathtubs, walnut radio cases, thick rugs, plate-glass mirrors, and solid silver table services, to say nothing of dozens of \$5,000 motor cars, tell tales of former hilarious prosperity.

But good times will come again to the Quapaws, for their lands are not denuded by any means of lead and zinc. Prices of ore have risen tremendously in the last few weeks, so the Indians are not so deeply bowed in grief they cannot see a rainbow in the sky. Most of them give the White Father at Washington credit.



Miss Alice Ann Anderson of Kenosha, Wis., who won the woman's western junior golf championship in the tournament that was held at Evanston, Ill.

Remember Their Ancestors. Gaya, in Bengal, India, is visited annually by 100,000 Hindu pilgrims, who pray for the souls of their ancestors.

The Household

By LYDIA LE BARON WALKER

Persons who have to use ingenuity and effort to secure what they need have a pleasure of accomplishment which is denied those who can buy what they want when they want it. This aspect is commonly overlooked, but it is too important not to have attention drawn to it. There is satisfaction in discovering ways of doing things which seem almost impossible.

This is the essence of invention. The woman who works out methods of doing things, or of making things from available material does not, nor can she, take credit for conceiving the idea toward which she is spending her efforts.

Her inventive scope is confined to methods. Even so, success in worldwide accomplishment savors of these things. Telegraphic communication with Europe was a matter of method in laying the Atlantic cable, although the telegraph was not the objective of the discovery. It was in use already at that time. But nations separated by oceans were brought into quick communication rather than that of weeks by the discovery of how to lay the cable.

A Household Triumph. The family on a ranch who wanted running water in the kitchen and had practically no money for the job, succeeded, nevertheless. A tank was made outside the kitchen. The sink was contrived from the gas tank of an old automobile and the connecting pipe was also from the old machine. A faucet was bought for a trifle. It is doubtful if any porcelain-lined sink in the best equipped kitchen gives the thrilling pleasure of this home improvised modern improvement. Imagine the joy of having a kitchen sink with running water all through your own efforts instead of having to lug the water indoors, and then have no sink when the water was brought in. This example of inventive ingenuity is not of long years ago, but of the past few months.

While there are few families in the United States who have to cope with the circumstances related, there are also few families who do not have to use some ingenuity in contriving ways and means to secure needed things, or longed-for objectives. The more the persons revel in success of such accomplishment, the more pleasure they get out of life. The brain is improved by exercise such as thinking out solutions of problems whether they be of mathematics in school and college, or of home improvement.

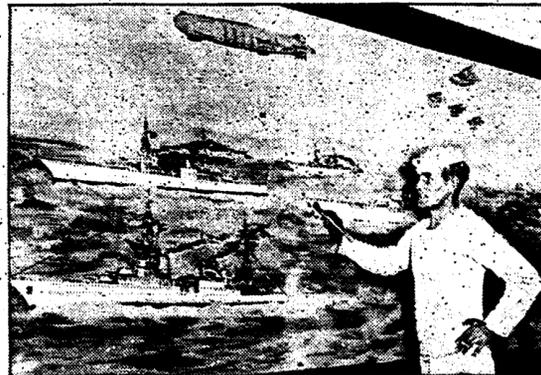
In the Best Taste. Complete poise requires indifference on one's own part to being thoroughly understood. That you yourself know the truth of a circumstance, and have acted justly upon it, may not mean that you are given credit for so doing. Let the credit part of it go, or wait for more perfect understanding. Forbearance of this sort is for one's own sake, but life usually adjusts matters in the favor of the one who takes this high-minded attitude. Sometimes the process is slow, but a happier road is traveled by those who do not go in too much for complicated

Household Closets. Closets are filters of confusion for articles which would otherwise collect in rooms. Through the doors the articles filter to their proper places, provided persons take the trouble to put things where they belong. It is for the homemaker to decide the most convenient closets for different kinds of things, and also places in the closets for the different articles assigned to them. Where there are few closets it is no light task to plan disposal of contents in them. One closet will have to do double duty.

The hall closet should be large enough to accommodate coats, hats, rubbers, raincoats, and umbrellas for the family. A closet under the stairs with a shelf, or possibly two, for hats may be feasible when other space is scarce. Now that the closet can be lighted with electricity, the darkness, which used to be a barrier to this arrangement, can be dispelled. In the dining room closet or the butler's pantry there should be plenty of drawers to provide places for the table napery to filter into. Without such drawers or inclosed shelves, the tablecloths, napkins and all textile furnishings for the table cannot be conveniently kept in neat array. The sideboard drawers help out, but should not be expected to hold all the napery. If one lives in an apartment, the dining room linens may be combined with the other household linens and be kept on the shelves of the one linen closet. But a linen closet of some sort is one of the household necessities for convenience and order.

The Great Man. A great man is great by thinking great thoughts; and if we cannot think his thoughts, we cannot know his greatness.

Sailor Paints Mural of the Fleet



John Allen of Pana, Ill., attached to the U. S. S. Indianapolis, has painted a mural of the fleet on the wall of the recreation building in the Philadelphia navy yard. Allen, who makes painting and modeling his hobby, completed the mural during his spare time ashore. He is shown here with part of the painting.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode

MOST FIERCE!
THE FIERCEST OF ALL ANIMALS IS THE BLACK LEOPARD.

SPRING BOMB
A BOMB OF COMPRESSED SPRINGS HAS BEEN DEVELOPED TO IMPEDE SUSPECTED AUTOS.

MODERN LINER
A NEW OCEAN LINER DOES AWAY WITH BOTHERSOME DECK VENTILATORS BY HAVING A SINGLE STACK, CARRY AIR TO ALL PARTS OF THE VESSEL.

WNU Service

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. McMINNISON 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.

John R. Putney Estate Undertaker First Class, Experienced Director and Embalmer, For Every Case. Lady Assistant.

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

Three flower shows are now in progress: Milford, Peterboro and Wilton. Sure, I took them all in and what an eye-full we got at each one. At the Wilton show I overheard a lady from New York city remark, "I never saw anything better in the big city."

The Worcester County League of Rod and Gun clubs held its annual field day at Sportvale, Paxton, Mass., about eight miles from Worcester, last Sunday. The big event was the trick shooting of Mr. Hill of Clean Bore Co. The way he broke eggs was a caution. Then he began to shoot marbles—and washers with a .22 rifle. The big thrill was when he broke cans of tomatoes and this was a hit in more ways than one with the crowd: One man thought he was killed when he looked at his shirt but it was only tomatoes and not blood. Eight thousand people attended this big event.

Well, this past week has been one big "complaint." Skunks eating up gardens. Hedgehogs and muskrats doing the same thing. Crows eating apples right off the trees and squirrels picking apples and going for the seeds. Besides that dogs chasing deer and running at large.

R. C. Goodell of Santa Barbara Cal., sends us a very interesting lot of newspaper clippings for the western coast papers. Thanks.

Who wants a big two-year-old fox hound, male? He is yours if you go and get him.

Last Sunday the Greenville boys put on a corn roast near the town. I was unable to attend this year but from past times I know it was a big success.

Never heard of a story which featured the Game Warden as the hero. In the Country Gentleman for September is such a story. Better read it.

We have another worm that's causing a lot of worry. It's a black cut worm and works from the top of the plant. About an inch long and like a wire worm.

One of my neighbors called me in the other day and showed me where the crows were raising their young. Beautiful big red Mackintosh with the tell-tale marks of Mr. Crow. He knows it as crows as he has watched them at work. Then under a tree we saw the marks and the remains of thirty-three apples where the red squirrels had eaten for the seeds. Spraying with real lead is the only remedy in this case.

Then another fruit grower says that the grey squirrels are trimming his peach trees. They don't care so much for the peach but they want the stone inside. Oh, it won't be long now to Labor Day and then school and then a few weeks to the hunting and trapping season.

There are times when a man can be too good at a certain thing. For instance here is a man and his pal went on a hunting trip. One claimed that he could mimic a bird or animal so that it would come right down to see what it was all about. Well, he tried the bobcat call and before long the campers were surprised to see a huge cat looking at them across the fire. They left camp to the cat. Never again will he call for a cat.

Speaking of a red hot fight between a big cat and a line man at the top of a forty foot pole. In the fight the cat moved onto a couple of wires that carried 50,000 volts and the fight was soon over. Here comes a letter from a lady way up in Vermont state. She heard I was a dog expert and could get her any kind of a sky poodle. Well, she wants either an

English Bull or a smooth haired fox terrier and she wants a good one and she is willing to pay the express. As either one of these breeds such as she wants run into the hundreds of dollars just now I think she will wait some time.

In the past month we have seen some fine dogs which have come up from the Animal Rescue League of Carver street, Boston. This society is doing a wonderful work in this line and they do, in a year's time, run across some wonderful dogs.

We have talked with a number of people who roam the woods even more than we do and they all report that the game birds and animals this fall will be more plentiful than ever before. One game animal, however, is on the decrease and we must do something soon to stop the extermination of the raccoon. They are growing less every year. Not a raccoon have I seen this year, either old or young, in my travels. Have seen all other kinds of game but not a raccoon. Other sportsmen report the same thing. Other states are raising them in large numbers and turning them loose into the wilds. Either that or a shorter open season on them.

The Profile Kennel Club of New Hampshire is to hold a dog show at Nashua the evening of Sept. 21. This show is an all-breed show and they offer some fine prizes, so get your dogs ready for the big show. Just now and for the next few weeks a fellow would be quite busy attending all the field trials and meets to be pulled off by the different Fish and Game clubs in New England. Something doing every minute. "Lyn Bill" in the Boston Globe last Saturday had a list as long as your arm of events to take place soon.

Why now a four-pound bass is an every day occurrence at Burton Pond, Lyndeboro, Otter Lake Greenfield, and Willard Pond, Antrim. Several Wilton fishermen the past week have shown up some fine bass—some well over four pounds.

All these bodies of water have been well stocked every year by bass as I can well vouch for. Some of these places I have carried a big can on my back nearly half a mile as the road was impassable for a car.

What I said a few weeks ago about digging down for a fishing license for some poor fellow who was out of work and could not afford it has borne fruit and I know of some fellows that think the old world is not so tough as it was a few weeks ago.

The fruit men are going to have their troubles when the quill pigs find their pear trees. They sure do love pears. Over in Lyndeboro the other night the Proctor brothers found three in one pear tree. One they captured alive and he is sure some mad about it and does a lot of talking.

One party in Hancock knows that quill pigs and dogs do not mix well at all. They thought it would be fun to set the pet dog onto a small quill pig. Well they think different about it now. A good-sized bill from the "vet" and well, they will steer clear of quill pigs from now on and so will the dog.

Some wonderful catches of salmon and trout were reported from Nubunsic Lake at Hancock last week and the week before.

Last week in answering a letter in regard to the 70-year license clause. It should have read "any soldier or sailor over 70 years of age is entitled to a license free of any cost." Pension papers or your discharge papers will prove to the agent that you are entitled to it.

Every session of the legislature for the past few years has had a bill to grant to any citizen over 70 the same right that a sailor and soldier enjoys. It has always passed the House but the Senate steps on it hard. That's a habit the Senate has.

We know of several projects in my district where small and large dams are to be built across fine trout streams and made into trout ponds. This is as it should be. I would like to see a lot of them built. It will mean more fish and better fishing for all. If you own all the land and the land where the brook starts you have a right to build any kind of a dam and hold back the water into a pond or lake.

We know a party that has a private trout pond and one day recently he shot a heron that was feeding in said pond and when he opened up the bird it had 24 trout in its throat and stomach. We understand from reliable authority that an adult bird requires six pounds of fish a day to keep it alive. And they prefer trout.

The State of Connecticut Fish and Game department offers a reward to the warden that catches the largest amount of snapping turtles and they have taken tons of them from the waters of that state.

An interested reader of this column sends me down a recipe to cook quill pigs, woodchucks and turtles. Well, brother, I thank you for the tip but give me chicken.

Have a friend that has a real, honest-to-goodness St. Bernard puppy to sell. Will grow to be big as a small horse.

No, you can't tell how much a dog can eat by its size. Oh no. The other day I picked up a small beagle hound pup about a year old. The same day I ran across a big fox hound eight times the size of the beagle. Well, when I got them home I had hard work to fill up that little beagle. He was empty and but for the kindness of friend Boak of the First National at Wilton, who sent me up some near-stale bread, I would have gone broke trying to fill him up. The big fox hound was all done with two loaves of bread. But that little fellow! I hate to tell you what he put away. But he lived.

Take a great Dane or a St. Bernard or an Irish wolf hound. All big dogs. They don't eat any more than a smaller dog when you get them filled up. After that O. K. But try and fill 'em up when they are growing.

The dog is right on the front page of every daily the past week. Saving the lives of people from watery graves and barking to save a family from burning up. But still they are but dogs.

This is the season of the year when the dogs need a lot of attention. It's flea time and they suffer a great deal from these pests. Wash at least once a week with a good flea soap.

How would you like to get a message something like this, over the phone mind you, "Hey you lover of the meek and lowly skunk come up to my house P. D. Q. or I will blow your friend to kingdom come?" To which I replied, "Is this an order or a request?" What he said would not look well in print. I went.

Sure, I have the rock garden bug. Am trying to build one for one of my girls. So if you miss a nice looking rock from your stone wall you will find it in my garden. If you have any nice old hens and the seven chicks shoot 'em along. I can use 'em. Thanks a lot.

About Ourselves We have to let things go sometimes to keep them.

Human Lungs The lungs of the human body weigh approximately 4 1/2 ounces.

Chile Favors High Tariffs Chile has greatly increased her manufacturing power during recent years by high tariffs.

Satan's Advantage He who will fight the devil at his own weapon must not wonder if he finds him an overmatch.—South.

The Certain Thing The thing certain is that nothing is certain, and nothing is more wretched and proud than man.—Pliny the Elder.

Waterfront Is Far-Flung There are 771 miles of waterfront in the port of New York—a basic reason for the maritime greatness of the western metropolis.

Mineral Foods The most important mineral substances required in food are the salts of iron, iodine, phosphorus, calcium, manganese, potassium and sodium.

We have an S. O. S. from a lady friend of ours that she is bothered with chucks and would like to have some of the chuck hunters come up and clean out her garden. Don't all speak at once.

Ain't it funny that some people when they have a fine place to swim abuse the right and thus deprive hundreds of other people the pleasure of that place. We know of three places that are to be closed to the public unless certain people come across with better manners. When they find the place boarded up and signs posted it's just too bad for them all.

No, we have not heard that big snake story yet from Pratts Pond. Have been up there quite often of late and have seen plenty of fishermen but the story is still lacking. Something wrong somewhere.

We know of a small pond that's so full of small pout that a man standing on the dam and squeezes the whole pond rises up and you would think it was raining hard. Now you tell one.

Had a letter from a man a long ways from here and he wanted to know why I had soured on the old Ford. Never a word out of you now about that puddle jumper. Well, brother, the department saw fit to hand me out another breed so I am off the puddle jumper for the time being.

Sure, we believe in giving a man a break. That's why in the past week we have notified over 20 men to tie up their dogs 'till the law says they can run. Now a self-hunting dog doesn't have to be a hound. It can be any breed of a dog. Any dog that hunts alone or in company with other dogs is a self-hunter and must be confined. Some farm shepherds and collies hunt worse than a fox hound.

A man asks me why I jump on the alreidae dog. I have no argument with that breed of dog. They are a fine dog if properly managed and trained. But I have, unfortunately, run into some bad ones.

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Brick Buys a Kimono

By KATHLEEN MALLORY

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BRICK has first seen the kimono two weeks ago. It wasn't really a kimono. That was just Brick's appellation. It was really a gorgeous blue chiffon velvet peignoir. Mr. Bonner had brought it. It was late at night, and Brick had tiptoed to the kitchen for a drink of water.

Drinking the water, he had overheard Mr. Bonner talking to Mummy. He liked Mr. Bonner. He never forgot to bring him something. It was always there on the breakfast table next morning. The most wonderful things. He was listening: "Jerry, you angel. It's too sweet of you for words, but I can't let you. You're a darling, the best friend a woman ever had. But it's impossible. I'll shut my eyes and pretend forever after that it's mine when I'm wearing that ragged, shabby old thing in there!"

Brick's breath expelled on a long breath that was almost a sob. He peeked through the crack of the swinging door to the living room. Milla mother stood facing him, holding the gorgeous blue "kimono" up to her shoulders. Regretfully, she began folding it carefully back into its tissue wrappings.

"Don't be absurd, Sylvia." Jerome Bonner was speaking, gruffly. "That's my birthday gift to you. I shall be away next month, and I wanted you to have it in time. Don't spoil my fun, please, old girl. I get such a kick out of doing it for you."

"Please, Jerry," Brick's mother said thickly, "don't bring me some little trinket that's inexpensive."

"Sylvia . . . let me take care of you . . . always! Please, dear. I love you so."

"Now, Jerry! You know how things are. I'm going to bring Brick up, first. My first duty is to him. And . . . why Jerry, I've a fine young man to take care of me. I want nothing in this world, beyond my home, here, and Brick!"

Brick had crept off to bed, shivering. Gosh. She had said he was enough. Then he saw it again. Three days later. It was in a shop window, and there was nothing else there. Only the blue kimono. Some way, somehow, he must get that blue kimono for Mummy.

He went in and priced it. He nearly fell over when the lady said twenty-five dollars. She might as well have said twenty-five hundred. Gosh. That was the same price as the bicycle. But now the bike was forgotten. Each night, when he was through peddling his papers, he went to stare, fascinated, at the blue kimono. Mummy's birthday was next week, too.

He used to worry about it, as he peddled papers. If someone else bought it, first! Seven bucks saved. Gosh, how could he make it? Three more days. He couldn't make it.

Then several things happened. Mummy was working in a store, part time, and he was alone one night. In the closet, looking for a book stored away he came across the picture. It was his father, he knew that. Mummy had told him. Her eyes had looked all scrutinizing when she told him. He never asked her any more about him. But he knew he was alive.

Then one day Brick's father bought a paper from him. Brick knew him instantly. The same face, only the hair was gray now. Expensive fur coat. Costly clothes. "A Post, sonny. Keep the change"—two dimes.

The day before Mummy's birthday, the man stopped again. It was cold. Brick's fingers were numb with cold. He dropped his papers, and his hat fell off. The man bit off an exclamation. "My God," he said, "the same hair even!" Then hoarsely, "Here, Sonny . . . get yourself something. A bike . . . shoes!" Brick stared at the fifty dollar bill, as the man jumped into a taxi and drove off. Only that noon he had seen the man's smiling face in the tabloids he had sold along State street. "Noted actor celebrates new hit by marrying leading lady."

He began to shiver, but not with cold. Frantically, he searched his paper bag and found the tabloid; the last remaining one. There it was, "State Street Theater," Brick started toward State street. He borrowed an envelope from the cashier. On it, he wrote his own name. It was also his father's. He knew that, now, from the tabloids. Rick Chandler, Star of New Moon. Inside, he tucked the fifty-dollar bill. It was his defeated hope of ever owning the blue kimono or the new bike. But he did not falter, mummy would want him to.

On the way he saw the sign. "We buy old bikes." Brick went in. He came out, minus his dilapidated old bike, but richer by ten dollars. He'd get another, some day. Now he'd get mummy a birthday present. A blue kimono.

Brick raced to the shop. He nearly suffocated with joy. Marked down to nineteen fifty! He stole into the house. In the hall, a glittering object arrested him. It was a new bike. It was the New Bike But Brick didn't stop. He took the stairs on high. "Hey, Mom! Hey Looky! I bought you a present!" "Brick, you angel!" Sylvia held up the blue peignoir. Tears sparkled in her lashes. "Brick, it's the most divine thing! How did you dream I wanted one?" Brick swaggered. He strutted. "Oh . . . girls like a kimono," he said nonchalantly.

Don't Let the Grass Grow

By OXLEY STENGEL

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"BETTER and better!" Ralph Wilcox exclaimed delightedly. "Why, I didn't believe you had it in you, Max!"

Max Crawford groaned aloud. "I say! Have a heart, can't you? Just because I tell you I spilled a cup of tea—like the clumsy ass that I was—spilling a dress and an afternoon for a pretty girl and generally making a fool of myself—you think it a huge joke."

"Drop a cup of it," Ralph corrected solemnly. His brown eyes twinkled. "Nevertheless wild horses couldn't have kept him away!" he exclaimed in an aside. "You see, she, the One-and-Only-Girl-in-all-the-World, asked him to go—there is the answer."

"What of it?" Max demanded fiercely. "She's asked others, too!"

"What of it! That's what I'm asking you, curly head," Ralph returned. "Why, man, I didn't think you were so clever!"

"Clever in getting myself in messes, yes. Say, Ralph, can't you let me alone?"

"Certainly, I can. But is it fair, I ask you, to begin a good love story and not finish it? I want to know how it is going to end."

Max did not follow his friend upstairs until the clock struck one. Had Mary really forgiven his clumsiness of the afternoon before? She had said so, of course.

On the 8:10 bound for the city the next morning Ralph made no mention of the tea and Max's part in it. For which Max was very grateful. But as they were parting at the Grand Central station Ralph reminded him that he could finish "that story" on Sunday. "Don't let the grass grow under your feet," he warned. "Dinner at two as usual. There may be company."

Acting on Ralph's advice, Max decided to call Mary up. He waited until evening, however. Miss Davis was out for dinner, he was informed to his dismay. That was Thursday.

On Friday morning Max was called out of town on business. He reached home late Saturday night. Too late to call Mary Davis! He tried at ten on Sunday morning. "Miss Davis is out of town for the week end."

Max started out and walked miles before catching the 12:32 for Tower Hill.

Max arrived at The Rookery just in time for dinner. Mrs. Wilcox greeted him cordially and ignored his silences. "Ralph is late, I'm sorry," she told him. "He drove down to the city early. He only said he would bring a girl home to dinner. I don't understand it at all, Max. I thought—"

"I thought so, too, Mrs. Wilcox!" Max volunteered. Then in answer to her questioning look: "I thought Ralph was in love with Elizabeth Darrow—and she with him," he simply added.

Just then they both saw Ralph's car coming up the drive. It stopped in front of the piazza and Ralph jumped out. He was followed by a girl, Mary Davis! For a moment Max saw red. Then he realized another girl was being assisted out of the car also. Elizabeth Darrow.

Dinner was a wonderful feast. Max was seated next to Mary. After dinner what was more natural than to wander over the hills of the Rookery with Mary? Ralph and Elizabeth had just disappeared.

It was nearing sunset. Max and Mary had been watching a sailboat on the Sound. Mary looked down at the carpet of green at their feet. "Why, you can almost see the grass grow!" she laughed, tossing her dear brown curls out of her face. "Oh, it mustn't!" Max exclaimed. "Stand on that rock, please, Mary!" "What do you mean?" the girl was puzzled.

"I mean—I don't want to let the grass grow under our feet—I don't want to lose you, Mary."

Then he held out his arms and Mary's dear head was on his shoulder. He drew her close. It was his hour. A golden hour on a golden afternoon. "Now, will you finish that story?" Ralph demanded when the two girls had gone upstairs with Mrs. Wilcox. "Yes. And they lived happily ever after—thanks only to you! But how in the world, Ralph, did—"

"How did I found out about Mary? Easy. She and Elizabeth are friends, you remember. But even with your good start you surely needed help, old man!"

"I surely did!" Max grinned. "Thanks, pal. But congratulations are due you, too. All the happiness in the world!"

"Well, I go after mine! Here are the girls now."

Carlebad Caves, New Mexico, were made a national park in May, 1930. They consist of a series of lofty, spacious chambers and connecting corridors, with alcoves extending to the sides, that are of remarkable beauty. The park has an area of only one square mile, although the caverns extend for miles underground. The most impressive portion of the caves is the Big Room, an enormous chamber 4,000 feet long, with a maximum width of 625 feet. At one place the ceiling rises to a height of 800 feet.