



The Antrim Reporter



VOLUME L NO. 51

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1933

5 CENTS A COPY

Derby Stores Inc.

Antrim, N. H.



100 NEW DRESSES!

For Fall and Winter

These dresses will be in this store till Saturday

\$1.98 - \$2.19

Blankets 89 cents

It's Going To Be Colder!

Work Shoes, Heavy Rubbers

Most popular shoe and rubber in the Country

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Winter Underwear for Men

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Flannel Shirts - 98 cents, \$1.19

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 Pork Roasts Chime, lb. 19c, Rib, lb. 18c
 Swift's Premium Lunar Loaf lb. 29c
 Premium Daisy Ham Rolls, 1½-3 lbs. av. lb. 25c
 Main Steak, Top Round, Edge Bone Cut lb. 19c

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ANTRIM, New Hampshire

DO NOT NEGLECT A COLD

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Antrim Beauty Shoppe

Jameson Block

Antrim, New Hampshire

Marguerite C. Howard For Appointments
 Wilfred Graduate Phone 103-2 and 3



Musical Comedy "Heads Up" to be Presented November 16 and 17

A cast of nearly 100 Antrim and Bennington people, including the best amateur talent and all the popular favorites, has been assembled for the hilarious musical production, "Heads Up," which Wm. M. Myers Post, No. 50, A. L., will present, in town hall, on Thursday and Friday evenings, November 16 and 17. A special children's performance will be held at town hall on Wednesday evening, November 15, from 7 to 9 o'clock.

A. Wallace George is chairman of the committee for "Heads Up," and others on the show committee include Walter D. Cleary, Commander of the Post, Andrew Fuglestad, Robert Nyander, Fred Howard, Evann Day, Byron Butterfield, Kenneth Roeder.

The all star cast for "Heads Up" includes Geo. Edwards, Mrs. Dorothy Proctor, Ben Butterfield, George Curtis, Harold Proctor, Andrew Fuglestad, Rupert Wissell, Gerald Sweet, Henry Cutter, Henry Hurlin, Carl Robinson, Mrs. Vera Butterfield, Mrs. Mildred Zabriskie, Carl Brooks, Walter Rogers, Edison Tuttle, Eiof Dahl, Carroll Nichols, Edmund Dearborn, Calvin Patterson, Herman Hill, Theodore Caughey, Albert Poor, Wendell Ring, Alan Swett, Fred Butler.

Also W. H. Hurlin, Archie Swett, Alwin Young, Everett Davis, Arthur Kelley, Herbert Wilson, John Thornton, Morris Cutter, James Patterson, Fred Raleigh, Harvey Balch, Charles Prentiss, George Hildreth, Paul Clark, Lewis Hatch, Lawrence Black, Fred Howard, Dick Miner, Dalton Brooks, Dick Brooks, Al B. Bennett, Dick Gasperoni, Austin Paige, John Newhall, Ernest McClure, Howard Humphrey, Hadley Allison, Ralph Rokes.

The High school girls' chorus includes the Misses Jaleen Conley, Marion McClure, Gertrude Clark, Beatrice Smith, Myrtle Harriman, Barbara Butterfield, Dorothy Sawyer, Martha Dziengowski, Maybelle Caughey, Pearl Caughey, Marjorie Grant, Mary Muzzey, Hilda Cochrane, Virginia Worthley.

A chorus of older girls will also appear in "Heads Up," as well as a chorus of Grammar school girls and boys.

"Heads Up" is under the direction of Miss Lillian Supove, of New York.

Antrim - Boston Party Enjoyed by Former Antrimites and Friends

The former Antrim people who are employed and reside in Boston, and vicinity, have each year enjoyed a get-together party, and extended the invitation to any from this town who wish to attend. This year, the party was again held at the Y. W. C. A. rooms, on Clarendon street, and the attendance was an average one, some sixty being present. Of course, not all who are eligible attend, but many of the regulars are sure to be there and often new ones attend. A season of visiting together is the most popular number on the program, and of course this is certainly done to the "Queen's taste." And, it might be said that the next best number is the refreshment hour; and the sandwiches, cake and coffee, were given the attention they deserved.

A business session was held, as is the usual custom at each party; previous to which a long and interesting letter from Mrs. Hattie Goodwin, of Santa Monica, Cal., was read by Miss Ethel Muzzey. This was thoroughly enjoyed, for next to having the author present was listening to her characteristic expressions. A new presiding officer is elected annually, and the one to serve this year is Roy Elliott, and Forrest Appleton will look after the finances. There are expenses that go with giving the party, and those who attend pay their proportionate share. The "Antrim Song," written a few years ago for these occasions by Potter Spaulding, an Antrim native, was sung by everyone present, with Erwin Cummings accompanist. Mrs. Ethel Roeder favored the guests with two

At the Main St. Soda Shop

Just Arrived - Forty-eight Only

"Wearever" Hot Water Bottles!

Made by Faultless Rubber Company; these bottles sold for \$1.50. Made of one piece of rubber - seamless.

These bottles guaranteed for one year.

Our Price While They Last 79 cents each

Don't miss this chance to own a good bottle. Satisfaction guaranteed or a new bottle free.

At the Main St. Soda Shop

Walter E. Butcher, Proprietor

FOR SALE!

500 N. H. RED PULLETS!

From Tested Stock, Heavy Layers, Large Eggs.

Why not fill up that old hen house and get your eggs at cost this winter. One dozen of these birds will furnish you all the eggs you can eat. Available about November 1st. Price \$1.50 per bird. Carefully selected.

STONY BROOK FARM

Telephone 26-5

Bennington, N. H.

Special Precinct Meeting, Friday, November 17, Engine House Hall

As briefly noted in these columns last week the Commissioners have posted a warrant calling for a Special Precinct Meeting November 17, for two specific purposes; these appear in the Articles as published herewith in the Warrant:

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE Hillsborough, ss.

To the Inhabitants of the Antrim Precinct, qualified to vote in Town Affairs: Whereas, the Superior Court, under date of October 30, 1933, has granted Antrim Precinct permission to hold a special Precinct meeting:

You are hereby notified to meet in the Engine House Hall, in said Precinct, on Friday, November seventeenth, 1933, at 7:00 o'clock in the evening, to act upon the following subjects:

1. To see if the Precinct will vote to take advantage of the National Recovery Relief Act, for the purpose of renewing the pipe lines of the water system; accepting from the United States Government a grant of thirty per cent of the cost, the Precinct to give its notes or bonds for the remainder of the cost in form acceptable and payable to the United States Government, with interest at four percent per annum, or pass any vote relating thereto.

2. To see if the Precinct will authorize the Commissioners to borrow a sum not exceeding three thousand dollars for the purpose of repairing and renewing existing pipe lines, or take any action thereon.

There is no denying the fact that the renewing of the pipe lines within the Precinct is needed and before very long may be an absolute necessity. The pipe

now doing service has lasted long and well—forty years is a long time to be in constant use for all purposes, and it may be of use a number of years more. It is reasonably sure that before very long something must be done, but how best to do it is the question for the voters of the Precinct to decide.

In Article No. 1 is presented a possibility that in an emergency may be wise to take advantage of, but the question at once arises: Is ours an emergency of sufficient importance to finance the proposition in this way; there may be arguments for and against. When a Town or Precinct finances its own improvements or activities of any sort, there is an independence about it that is quite satisfactory. But here is presented an opportunity to be considered and settled as the Precinct may think best. There is plenty of time before the Special Meeting for everyone to think the thing through carefully and be ready to vote intelligently on the matter.

So far as the Second Article is concerned, there would seem to be no question; needed repairs are constantly having to be made, and possibly iron pipe will not again for some years be purchased at the price it is now selling for. During the past few years the Commissioners have made purchases of pipe and relaid certain sections to the advantage of the system, and here appears to be a matter that has an element of economy in the outlay.

The Commissioners are asking the advice and cooperation of the Precinct in the matters coming up for consideration at this Special Meeting, and it is hoped that a large number of voters in the Precinct will attend this meeting and seriously consider these propositions.

OFFICERS ELECTED

At Hillsborough County Farm Bureau Annual Meeting

William E. Melendy of Bedford was reelected president of the Hillsborough County Farm Bureau, at the annual meeting held in that town last week. Former directors were elevated to the vice president posts, with J. A. G. Putnam of Lyndeboro, first vice president, and Mrs. Roy Campbell of Litchfield, second vice president. Four new members of the official board were elected and are Mrs. Sumner Merrill, Amherst; Robert L. Groves, Hudson; E. C. Wheeler, Hancock; and Arthur C. Wilson, New Boston. Members of the board renamed include Mrs. C. H. Nichols, Franconstown; Malcolm Atherton, Greenfield; Charles Spaulding, Hollis; Christy Pettee, Franconstown; Nash Tampons, Nashua; James P. Cassidy, Nashua; and Mrs. N. E. Henderson, Merrimack.

vocal solos, with Forrest Appleton at the piano; as usual, all enjoyed these pleasing numbers.

The principle feature of the evening (aside from visiting) was the lecture by Erwin D. Putnam, who also showed colored pictures of native wild flowers and many scenes of beautiful autumn foliage in New Hampshire, than which there is nothing more handsome anywhere. Mr. Putnam, with unusual artistic taste, has gotten together a collection of colored views which surpass anything yet shown in these parts, and has a nice way of telling about them. This part of the evening's program received the commendation that it should, and the committee was fortunate in being able to include this attraction. The entire program was good, and thus another Antrim party passes into history.

Seventy Years Since the Gettysburg Address

How paper and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a battlefield of blood, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they here have left unfinished for us. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

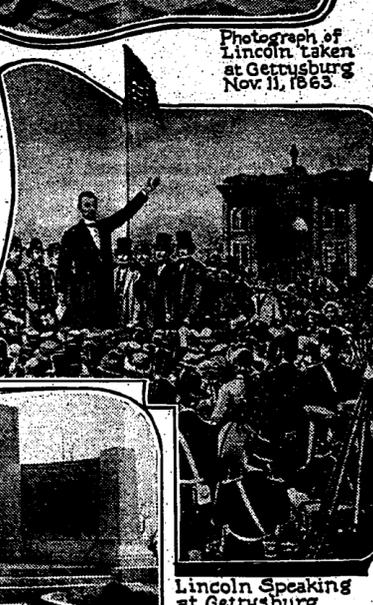
Manuscript of the Gettysburg Address in Lincoln's Own Hand



Photograph of Lincoln taken at Gettysburg Nov. 11, 1863.



Edward Everett



Lincoln Speaking at Gettysburg



Where Lincoln Spoke

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

IT WAS just 70 years ago that Abraham Lincoln, standing on the battlefield of Gettysburg, made a speech of exactly 272 words that has been called "a classic which will endure as long as the English language is spoken." And that is one of the mildest tributes amid the shower of extravagant praise which has been lavished upon a speech in which the speaker himself said "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here," thereby proving himself a poor prophet indeed, no matter how great he was in nearly every other respect.

So much has been said about Lincoln's Gettysburg address and so much has been written about it (including a 254-page book about a 272-word speech!) that it would seem that we Americans, who are proud to claim this masterpiece of modern English eloquence as the product of one of our own kind, would know everything about it even down to the minutest detail. But it is probable that most of us know little more about it than the fact that Lincoln did deliver an immortal speech at Gettysburg a few months after the battle, and we have a more or less clear remembrance of some of the phraseology of the speech, beginning with the sonorous "Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal" and continuing to the magnificent climax of "that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." But beyond those things, the average American knows very little about some of the facts connected with the speech which make it one of the most amazing paradoxes in history.

Most Americans know that Lincoln was something of an "also-ran" so far as the choice of the committee in charge of the celebration at Gettysburg that day was concerned. They remember that the honor of being the "orator of the day" fell to Edward Everett and that his one-hour-and-fifty-minute speech has been forgotten, while the three-minute speech of Lincoln seems destined to immortality. But even though Everett's speech has been forgotten, how many of his fellow-countrymen know that the man himself was important enough in American history to deserve escaping the oblivion that has engulfed his speech? So it seems worth while to devote a little space to him before continuing the narrative of the event in which he played a leading part even though the honors of the day went to another man.

Everett was born in Dorchester, Mass., April 11, 1794, a member of one of the leading families of New England. After several years of travel in Germany and England he returned to this country to occupy the chair of Greek literature at Harvard and to become the editor of the North American Review. One of the earliest examples of the "scholar in politics," Everett became successively congressman, governor of Massachusetts, minister plenipotentiary to England and, after a brief interim as president of Harvard, secretary of state in President Fillmore's cabinet.

In the country, it is easy to understand why those in charge of the dedication of the Gettysburg battlefield cemetery should have invited him to deliver the oration at the dedicatory ceremonies.

So important was Everett that when, in reply to the committee's invitation to be present on the date which they had set (October 23, 1863), he wrote that it would be impossible for him to be prepared in such a short time, the dedication, to suit his convenience, was postponed nearly a month, to November 19.

Perhaps it should be explained that at this time Gettysburg was not the national cemetery which it later became, even though the corporation which controlled it was called "The National Soldiers' Cemetery." This corporation had a board of trustees, made up of representatives appointed by the governors of northern states, 18 in number, from which had come the Union dead at Gettysburg. Although these trustees had general charge of laying out the cemetery, of the work of removal and reinterment of the bodies of the Union dead and of making the plans for imposing dedicatory ceremonies, the directing force in all of it was David Willis, a citizen of Gettysburg and the representative from Pennsylvania on the board of trustees.

After the date for the dedication ceremonies had been finally set, formal invitations to attend the ceremonies were sent to President Lincoln, to the members of his cabinet, of both houses of congress and of the diplomatic corps, to Generals Meade and Scott and to many other prominent citizens. "President Lincoln's invitation to be present was not a written individual request such as had been sent to Edward Everett and others," says Doctor Barton in his book, "Lincoln at Gettysburg." "It did not occur to any member of the commission that such a missive should be addressed to him. What was sent to him was a printed circular of which many hundreds were mailed and was in no respect different from that sent to the most obscure congressman from Minnesota or a consul from Patagonia. The sending of it to the President was a mere formality. When Mr. Willis informed his fellow officials of Mr. Lincoln's acceptance, that group was very greatly surprised, and they cannot be said to have been overjoyed."

The statement, made earlier in this article, that Lincoln was an "also-ran" at the Gettysburg dedication is based upon both verbal and written statements of the late Clark E. Carr, member of the board of trustees from Illinois. It was Carr who suggested to the other members of the committee that the President be invited to speak and we have his word for it that his suggestion was not received with any great enthusiasm by some of the other members. In his book, "Lincoln at Gettysburg," Carr says:

"The proposition to ask Mr. Lincoln to speak at the Gettysburg ceremonies was an afterthought. The President of the United States had, like the other distinguished personages, been invited to be present, but Mr. Lincoln was not, at that time, invited to speak. In fact, it did not seem to occur to any one that he could speak on such an occasion.

"Scarcely any member of the board, excepting the member representing Illinois, had ever heard him speak at all, and no other member had ever heard, or read from him, anything except political discussions. When the suggestion was made that he be invited to speak, while all expressed high appreciation of his great abilities as a political speaker, as shown in his debate with Stephen A. Douglas, and in his Cooper-Institute address, the question was raised as to his ability to speak upon such a grave and solemn occasion as that of the memorial service. Besides, it was said that, with his important duties and responsibilities, he could not possibly have the leisure to prepare an address for such an occasion. In an-

swer to this, it was urged that he himself, better than anyone else, could determine as to these questions, and that, if he were invited to speak, he was sure to do what, under the circumstances, would be right and proper.

"It was finally decided to ask President Lincoln after the oration" (that is to say, after Mr. Everett's oration) as Chief Executive of the nation, to set apart formally these grounds to their sacred use by a few appropriate remarks. This was done in the name of the governors of the states, as was the case with others, by Mr. Willis; but the invitation was not settled upon and sent to Mr. Lincoln until the second of November, more than six weeks after Mr. Everett had been invited to speak, and but a little more than two weeks before the exercises were held."

So Abraham Lincoln, accepting this tardy invitation, went to Gettysburg to make his "few remarks" which the dubious members of the committee hoped, although they were not sure, would be "appropriate." Even Lincoln himself was probably a bit dubious about it for, as Doctor Barton says, "he was painfully aware that on the next morning he must make a speech from the same platform that was to be occupied by a scholarly and eloquent orator."

There was only one hotel in Gettysburg and it was so crowded that there was no room in it for the President of the United States. So he became a guest in the home of David Willis. In his room that night he made a first draft of the speech which he proposed to give and the next morning he made a few alterations and copied it over.

The next day he rode on horseback to the battlefield, albeit on a horse which was too small, so that he was far from being an impressive figure. So, all in all, it would seem that the fates were bent upon making one of the greatest events in American history a veritable comedy of errors. And then when he did arrive at the cemetery it was discovered that Mr. Everett had not yet arrived. So the exercises began an hour late.

But eventually they were under way and at last the great moment for which the crowd had been waiting arrived. Edward Everett stood before them and the thrilling voice of a trained orator began. "Standing beneath this serene sky, overlooking these broad fields now reposing from the labors of the waning year, the mighty Alleghenies dimly towering before us, the graves of our brethren beneath our feet, it is with hesitation that I raise my poor voice to break the eloquent silence of God and Nature."

But there seemed to be no hesitation as the rich voice of the eloquent New Englander went on and on, breaking the "eloquent silence of God and Nature" for a matter of one hour and 57 minutes, at the end of which his listeners, if we are to believe the statements of some who were there, were somewhat wearied of the flow of oratory. There was a certain revival of interest when the President arose to speak.

"Four score and seven years ago"—the high-pitched voice shrilled out over the crowd and before his hearers could become accustomed to it, he "stopped just as they thought he was beginning. After Everett's oration the President's speech seemed almost no speech at all. People were disappointed."

"Everett, a great man himself, could recognize greatness in another. 'I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near to the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes,' he said. But not even this tribute could cheer the Man of Sorrows. He went back to Washington depressed in mind as he was sick in body. For he thought he had failed. He did not know, and he could not know, any more than the hundreds who heard his words but failed to grasp their significance, that those 'few appropriate remarks' of his would go ringing down the years to deathless glory."

(By Western Newspaper Union.)

ROADSIDE MARKETING

By T. J. Delohery

CO-OPERATIVE ROADSIDE MARKETS

ROADSIDE markets are individually owned as a rule, but where a number of farmers are engaged in the production of different lines of crops but don't produce enough to keep a roadside market supplied through the season, co-operatively owned wayside stands have been established and successfully operated.

Probably the most extensive and best-managed of co-operative roadside markets is the chain in southeastern Wisconsin, which was started by the first fruit growers association in that section of the Badger state. More than a dozen markets, spread over several counties in the fruit belts, have shown a healthy increase in business for each of the three years they have been in operation.

While the members are primarily fruit growers, some of them are now growing patches of vegetables, own small flocks of poultry and several hives of bees. Thus they are able to supply the markets with a good line of food which keeps them open during the outdoor season instead of a short time in the late summer and fall when fruit is ripe.

Each market handles the products of from six to ten farmers. Management and sales are left in the hands of the grower on whose property the stand is located, or with a hired salesman. Much caution has been used in the selection of salesmen and market managers, with the result that the representatives have been a great help in the increased business which the markets report.

The chain of roadside markets is the outgrowth of the farmers' efforts to increase local consumption of their fruit after they had put on a campaign to improve quality. The first step in the marketing campaign was to exhibit apples, pears and plums in various food shows.

After canvassing possibilities of several outlets, Mr. Fallet decided on a co-operative roadside market; but before proposing it to the fruit growers, he and C. L. Knohner, state fruit specialist, made a trip through the fruit belts of Wisconsin and Michigan to study the various phases of the business. Returning, he suggested a co-operative roadside market, and upon approval, built a portable stand which was first exhibited at the state fair.

"The Fruit Market," the official name of these stands, is a portable affair made of a striped green canvas roof, green woodwork and shelving which permits the display of several dozen harmoniously colored baskets of apples, pears, plums and crab apples, with a background of golden cider. The first one cost \$60 to build and won \$125 in prizes at the fair.

During fair week thousands of people stopped at the booth of which "The Farm Market," fully equipped,



Fruit Market.

was a part. Numerous questions were asked and answered by the county agent who was in attendance.

"Opening on Sunday when motorists were out in full force, the market clicked right away," said County Agent Pallet. "In fact, we sold out early in the afternoon, and it was necessary to phone a dozen farmers to rush in more fruit. The color scheme of the stand, the baskets of well-graded fruit, all of which had tags telling the variety and the price, made a picture which undoubtedly influenced a number of purchases."

The success of the first "Fruit Market" is responsible for the establishment of the others. Hired salesmen, operating a few of these markets, are permitted to handle eggs, vegetables and honey if the farmers do not produce these foods. This concession has been found to be an incentive for the salesman who realizes that his earnings are based on sales of fruit with additional revenue in the other products.

Co-operative roadside markets are advisable also where they will eliminate competition and, as pointed out, give small growers a chance to get better prices than is possible at wholesale markets or where keeping open a roadside outlet would necessitate the buying of other things to complete the line. Of course, the success of group-supplied markets will depend largely on the manager or salesman and his ability to give each member a fair deal and maintain harmony among the contributors.

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Howe About:

Slouches Slow Improvement "He Means Well"

By ED HOWE

SLOUCHES everywhere who neglect their work have it in them to do about as well as anybody.

Men will cease to be slouches, loafers, bandits, drunkards, killers, when they learn these habits do not pay. That these habits cannot be made to pay is the surest thing in the world. Whether we shall ever be able to learn this truth, I do not know; in fact, I am rather discouraged.

I have long been interested in a man I see at intervals of four or five months. (As a matter of fact, he is my son, now more than forty-five years old.) I wish to pay him the highest compliment one man may pay another. Being my son, he has many weaknesses, but every time I see him I am able to remark that he has decreased the number a little, or more carefully hidden them. His general average intelligence is a little better; his conversation a little less tiresome. His general attitude toward me is a little better, and I am a little better satisfied with him.

A little improvement, persisted in, is enough. Knowing myself and others, I do not expect too much, and cheer a reasonable average.

Every day around noon a bell rings, and I know another temptation is beckoning: dinner. As I march downstairs to it, I utter this silent prayer: "O, Lord, grant me strength in the deal I am about to encounter, that I may not eat too fast, or too much, and select the most suitable food offered. Amen." (In my appeal to the Lord, I mean such intelligence and experience as I am capable of.)

The dinner usually is so good I soon forget my prayer, and violate my scripture. I am one of the great army of which we say of the soldiers: "He means well."

A compliment, possibly, but indicating a poor devil who does not do very well.

The first thing I remember is that ours was a farm family called Howe, and that I was called Ed to distinguish me from a brother Jim, who arrived earlier. Next I heard of a school and a church in the neighborhood which we all attended with some reluctance. Probably a little later I first heard the neighbors talk about a town, a considerable distance away, and which they liked to visit, that they might tell tales of its wonders. (An elaboration of this talk about the town included occasional references to a place called the city, which most of the neighbors themselves had only heard of.)

I estimate I was around five years old at that time, and at six began hearing of a still greater thing, still further away and more mysterious than the town or the city. The neighbors called it "The World."

Since the old Sugar creek days, now 75 years in the past, I have visited the town, the city and the world, but the facts have not changed much. There has been elaboration, but Sugar creek facts merged naturally into town facts, town facts into city facts, and city facts into world facts.

Life has never been a very great wonder to me; its mysteries have soon explained themselves. The Sugar creek neighborhood is still there, with its old facts; so is the town and the city, and the world still performs in its usual way. It is I who have worn out, in discussing old things with Sugar creek men, town men, and world travelers. I might have done better, and with less trouble, had I behaved better, worked harder, and acquired more of the sound education and common sense offered daily in my journey from Sugar creek to Mandalay.

The old quarrel between the sexes is as complicated as the old quarrel between the nations.

Every woman indicts the men; every man indicts the women.

Peace, disarmament, getting rid of war, soldiers and guns would seem the easiest thing nations might accomplish, yet war has always been the worst curse of the human race.

Germany tells a terrible story on France, but France tell a worse one on Germany, and increases its armament. Germany is only trying to recover now that it may whip France; another war between these two countries is as certain as that there will be other wars between husbands and wives.

What crimes have been committed by men against women, when women tell the story; what crimes have been committed by women against men, when men are goaded into breaking into the conversation, as they always do. Every one believes in peace, yet there is no peace, and no prospect of it.

A public speaker lately said to a large audience: "We have exhorted youth to succeed by hook or by crook."

Most of the literature of the radical disturbers is false. I have never received such advice from anyone in my life; I have never read any such advice. Mothers give daughters no advice more persistently than fathers warn their sons against crooked methods when they go out in the world as men; the scarlet woman is no more marked example of failure among daughters than is the thief or loafer among sons.

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SUCH IS LIFE—Bad, Ol' Pop!



By Charles Sughrue

If Past 45 and "Low" and Upset Look for Acid Stomach

HERE ARE THE SIGNS: Nervousness, Frequent Headaches, Neuritis, Feeling of Weakness, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Loss of Appetite, Mouth Acidity, Nausea, Sour Stomach, Auto-intoxication. WHAT TO DO FOR IT: TAKE 2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia...

The Household

By LYDIA LE BARON WALKER

House guests enjoy a certain amount of freedom from entertainment. It is well for hostesses to remember this when they are planning a round of entertainments for visitors.



They are too taxing. The last place I visited I felt like a prisoner. I couldn't even go out to mail a letter. One of the maids was sent to do it, or some one in the family went if the maids were all busy.

Acquaintance With Affairs. Another thing which visitors like is to be informed of plans somewhat. They like to know when the hostess will be occupied. If they don't, they

Heads Legion Women



Mrs. William H. Biester, Jr., of Drexel Park, Pa., was unanimously elected president of the Women's Auxiliary of the American Legion at the convention in Chicago.

will feel like lost sheep, wandering about thinking any moment they may be wanted to do something or go somewhere. There are few hostesses who can be every waking moment with house guests.

Another thing which will help visitors to enjoy being entertained is to have some sort of time schedule for them to keep. For example visitors should be told about hours, of meals, and any established routine of the home which they would be expected to follow.

Kind Words and Sarcasm. Speaking well of others is the essence of good taste in conversation. It is a fundamental principle. Unkindly remarks weigh against the speaker.

Some of the things to avoid in conversation have been dwelt upon more at length than what to use, because flagrant errors are distinct barriers that not only ban one from the aristocracy of good taste as indicated through conversation, but from the best society.

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Woman Leaves Baby at Gate of Palace

Sofia.—Late on a recent night police noticed a woman lurking furtively near the palace gates. Seeing that she was observed, she put down a large package she carried and hurried away.

The woman explained that she could not support the child, so had decided to leave it where King Boris might find it. She believed, from what she had heard of his joy when Princess Marie Louise was born in January, that he is fond of children, so she believed he would take care of her baby, too.

LIQUIDITY By LEONARD A. BARRETT

The dictionary defines liquidity as the state of being liquid, a condition in which all particles move freely among themselves. When the word is applied to economics it means a financial condition in which money can move freely.

Many of the banks which failed during the last few years were not in a liquid condition even though they may have been solvent. Their money was invested in loans which were called frozen because the borrowers, even though perfectly good and reliable, were not able to pay.

Such being the case, who is next in line? None other: if you please, than the world's most famous baby girl who reached on Friday, April 21, 1933, the advanced age of seven.



Coach Anderson of the Notre Dame football team hopes that in Tony Mazzotti he has found a quarterback who will follow in the footsteps of the great Carideo. Tony is a sophomore and hails from White Plains, N. Y.

Liquidity is a condition which does not create itself nor is it the result of mere chance or luck. The state of being liquid is perhaps one of the most difficult to attain. This is true of the individual as well as banks and business concerns.

People are susceptible to the same temptations and mistakes as are banks and business concerns. Liquidity when applied to our personal finances simply means that we spend a little less than we earn. If we are more concerned about the security of capital than exorbitant interest returns and avoid all extravagance we may create a reserve sufficient to forestall bankruptcy.

Birthplace of Calvin Is Restored as Museum

Noyon, France.—If John Calvin were to return to his home here he would find it exactly as it was when he was born in 1509. The house was destroyed during the World War, but has been re-constructed and transformed into the Calvin museum.

A small chapel has been created inside of the Calvin home; a library of Protestant history has been installed.

Queen Likely to Rule British Empire Again

Daughter of York Third in Line for Throne.

New York.—Will the prince of Wales—the prince of youth, as the world hails him—be England's first bachelor king in nearly two centuries?

That is the query which runs through the British empire as apprehension grows about the state of health of King George V.

For fourteen years the world has been romantically speculating as to the prince's choice for a companion on the throne which must inevitably be his if he outlives his father.

England has come to believe that the prince of youth has become a convinced and convicted bachelor, and to have privately made up his mind to go it alone and mount the throne the first unmarried king since George III was crowned in 1760.

She is the blue-eyed, golden-haired granddaughter of George V and Mary, his queen, and today stands third in succession, after the prince of Wales and her father, to the rule of the greatest empire since the Rome of Augustus Caesar.

From the moment of her birth Princess Elizabeth has been wrapped about with the love of parents and devoted grandparents, of cousins and uncles and friends. She has been the object of admiring affection from thousands in England and beyond the seas who have never seen her even.

The world's best known little girl is being brought up as simply as her position will permit.

She has been going to church since she was five, because Queen Mary is a great believer in teaching children to sit still and to listen. Her training more and more assumes the character of the training that must be given to the presumptive ruler of more than one-fourth of the population of the earth.

The throne today would pass thus: (1) prince of Wales; (2) duke of York; (3) Princess Elizabeth; (4) Princess Margaret Rose, second daughter of the duke of York; (5) duke of Gloucester; and (6) Prince George. Princess Elizabeth can be deprived of the succession only by a younger brother if in due course he should arrive.

It is one of the puzzles of the world as to why the prince, nearing forty, has side stepped bell, book and candle. He Will Never Wed?

The tunic suit-dress of red wool crepe needs only a muff to match its fur collar and it may be worn late into the fall.



The tunic suit-dress of red wool crepe needs only a muff to match its fur collar and it may be worn late into the fall.

The "Turnspit" Dog. The breed known as "Turnspit" is practically extinct. The dog was somewhat like a dachshund, and was used in the kitchen of a great house to turn the spit upon which meat was roasted before an open fire.

He Has Been Mayor for 41 Years



Harry Woodring, ninety years old, a veteran of the Confederate army, who has been mayor of Danville, Va., for 41 years, receiving a plaque of appreciation of the League of Virginia Municipalities from Mayor J. Fulmer Bright of Richmond at the convention held at Danville.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode

FASTEST FLYER — FASTEST TRAIN IN THE WORLD TO-DAY IS ENGLAND'S "CHELTENHAM FLYER", RUNNING TO LONDON, WHICH AVERAGES 70 MILES PER HOUR, WITH A TOP SPEED OF 85. PHILADELPHIA'S CYPRESS FOREST EXCAVATORS IN PHILADELPHIA HAVE FOUND CYPRESS STUMPS 17 FEET IN CIRCUMFERENCE. APPLES TO KEEP POTATOES — POTATOES STORED WITH RIPE APPLES IN CLOSED BINS WILL NOT SPROUT TOO SOON.

1 JAR RESINOL HEALED SEVERE ECZEMA

"More than 35 years ago, when I was a child, I developed a severe case of eczema behind my left ear. In spite of all the remedies used the disease spread rapidly over my head. Finally our doctor, one of the best in Kansas City, told Mother to try Resinol Ointment as he knew it was good. It was wonderful and after using a full jar the affection was entirely healed. Since then I have been an ardent user of Resinol for burns, cuts, and all manner of skin affections, and have never known it to fail. There is nothing like it for the skin diseases of babies, it is so soothing and healing."

Have to get up at night? Take Warning When Bladder Irritations Break Rest. GREAT promptly bladder irritations, frequent night calls and burning or too frequent passage. They may warn of some disordered kidney or bladder function. Try Doan's Pills today. Successful for 50 years. Used the world over. Sold by druggists everywhere. Doan's PILLS A DIURETIC FOR THE KIDNEYS

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Weekly News of Interest From
a Few Towns Surrounding Antrim

DEERING

Charles Fellows, of Sandwich, is visiting his granddaughter, Mrs. Walter Dutton.

Friends of Miss Annie Dutton have received word from her that she is now located in Saco, Me.

Mrs. Annie Nally, who has been living at Deering Center, has left there for California. Her husband, who is serving an enlistment in the Navy, is now on the West coast; and Mrs. Nally will make her home there. Mrs. Nally's mother and brother will carry on the farm in town.

The road at the Locke Corner, at Deering Center, always a blind corner for automobile drivers, has been widened by about six feet, and the visibility considerably improved. Work by the town crew is now being carried on at West Deering, on the stretch of road between the schoolhouse and Holton station.

Three small bears have been reported as seen crossing the road near the Frank Loveren farm in North Deering a few days ago. A similar report has recently come from Weare, and it is surmised that this is the same group. Needless to say, it is many years since the town has had such visitors. Hunters in this and neighboring towns, though far from convinced that any bears are in the vicinity, are on the watch for them.

Notices have been posted for a special town meeting to be held on Friday, Nov. 10, at 1 o'clock, to vote upon articles authorizing the issuing of bonds to finance the building of an electric light line, remodeling the Town hall, and

GREENFIELD

The annual Congregational church dinner and meeting was held Friday, Oct. 27. Dinner was served to about 150 persons including the school children.

At the business meeting all the officers were reelected: Moderator, Dr. N. F. Cheever; clerk, Mrs. Lucy Brooks; treasurer, Malcolm Aatherton; executive board, Elywin Smith, Mrs. Fanny Hopkins, Dr. N. F. Cheever. It was voted to have the executive board and the distributing committee act as deacons of the church this year.

Rev. Richard Carter reported on the activities of the 35 young people who meet every Friday.

The Ladies' circle and the Missionary society on invitation met with the Bennington Missionary society November 2.

building sheds to house the road machinery owned by the town. It is imperative that those citizens who are in favor of these improvements should be on hand and cast their ballots at the coming meeting.

Roland Cote, son of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Cote, and a pupil in the graded school at Hillsborough, was seriously injured when a car driven by Carlton Chamberlain, a neighbor, collided with a post. Three other children of the Cote family, who were also in the car, escaped with slight injuries. Mr. Chamberlain carried the little fellow in his arms from the point at which the accident occurred to the Cote home; a distance of approximately three miles and medical aid was summoned. Fifty stitches were required to close the cuts made by flying glass. Roland is now reported to be doing well.

Sp. ed Responsible For Large Per Cent of the Automobile Accidents

The State Motor Vehicle Commission, Hon. John F. Griffin, is doing everything possible to keep down the number of accidents in our state, particularly the fatal and more serious cases, and calls upon the help of motorists to accomplish his purpose. The Reporter gladly gives place to the following article to arouse the interest of our readers.

Convinced that speed, in its various forms, has been mainly responsible for the major portion of motor vehicle accidents in this State for 1933 resulting in ninety-six deaths to date as compared with seventy-nine for the entire year of 1932, the Motor Vehicle Department with the cooperation of the various police departments throughout the State has launched an active campaign against the fast driver. In addition to the unwarranted increase of fatalities over two thousand persons have suffered serious injuries from various types of auto accidents in which speed has predominated.

Reckless driving, a rather broad term but one which has speed as its main factor, was indulged in during eighteen percent of our fatalities and five percent of those injured. For example, a driver in going up a hill, passed a car near the top of the grade, continued over the top and then drove off the road into a tree killing one passenger. The speed of this car was out of proportion with the surroundings; namely, a hill with a car ahead and a curve.

Sp. ed too fast for conditions may result in fatal accidents. Take the road that is covered with wet leaves. The car may be equipped with four wheel brakes which will stop the car in a reasonable distance under ordinary conditions, but here we have a road surface

that is as slippery as though grease had been poured all over it. Many operators do not appraise these conditions properly, therefore, believe they can stop as quickly on this type of road surface as they can on a perfectly dry road.

Speeding through a downtown street with pedestrians of all ages trying to cross the street is another inexcusable example of speeding when conditions do not permit. When we are pedestrians we are ready to have such drivers fined in court for their disregard for our safety. Why not turn the tables around and think of such things while we tear down the street.

Speed too fast at intersections is absolutely apparent when two cars come together at right angles and the operators state that they saw the other car but could not stop in time to prevent a collision. Is it not reasonable to assume that the speed of one's car at any intersection, at any time of day or night, should be such that a stop could be made if another car appeared unexpectedly. This will seem reasonable to many but the impression is not lasting. Many feel, when they get behind the wheel, that they are immune from any danger; that it is the other fellow who is at fault.

Evidence that motor vehicle accidents are on the increase is found in the following figures: During the first six months of 1933 we had 1,033 accidents and thirty-nine fatalities; during the next three months, July, August and September, we had exactly the same number of accidents (1,033) and the same number of fatalities (39). In other words, we have had the same accident experience statistically for the last THREE months as we did for the SIX months previous.

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Wednesday, Nov. 8, 1933

Entered at the Post-office at Antrim, N. H., as 2nd-class matter.

Long Distance Telephone

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

Cards of Thanks are inserted at 50c. each.

Resolutions of ordinary length \$1.00.



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression"

Ordinary 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

Maurice A. Poor has been enjoying a week's vacation from his labors at the Antrim Garage.

W. H. Clark is spending a season with his brother, Freeman H. Clark, of Highland avenue.

Miss Pauline Whitney, a teacher in the Hampton schools, is spending this week at her home here.

For Sale—Hubbard Squash, Nice, Ripe; 3¢ per lb., 40 lbs. for \$1.00. Fred L. Proctor, Antrim. Adv.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Antrim Center church will serve a supper on Friday evening, November 10, at 6 o'clock.

The Woman's Mission Circle of the Presbyterian church will give a public supper in the church vestry on Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 6 p.m.

Mrs. George W. Hunt returned to her home here on Sunday, from a few weeks' visit with her daughter, Mrs. Robert Folsom and family, in Springvale, Maine.

Born, at Peterborough hospital, October 31, a daughter (Carol) to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dufrain, of Hancock, and grand daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Brown, of Depot street.

If you want a good Stove, in perfect condition, see my "Vecto" Circulating Heater, which I will sell at a very reasonable figure. Charles W. Prentiss, Antrim. Adv.

Erwin D. Putnam gave his lecture, "Picturesque New Hampshire," at the Odd Fellows Home, in Concord, on Tuesday evening of this week. It is certain that the residents of the Home would be particularly pleased with these handsome natural color views.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Eldredge, Miss Mabelle Eldredge, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Nay, Everett N. Davis, Carl H. Robinson, Mrs. T. F. Madden, Mrs. K. E. Roeder, Mrs. Edith Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Putnam were among those in attendance at the Antrim party, in Boston, on Saturday evening last.

The Antrim Garden Club met Monday evening, at the home of Mrs. Emma Goodell, with 21 members present. After a short business meeting, Mrs. Caughey took charge of the program. As the growing season draws to a close, our attention turns toward planting things for winter beauty. Evergreens are at their best now and fill a great need during the winter. Berried shrubs are not only useful for the birds but ornamental in our landscaping scheme. Suggestions were given for garden work in November. The next meeting will be held December 4, with Mrs. Cora Hunt, Merna Young, Secretary.

The Antrim Woman's Club meets in Library hall on Tuesday, Nov. 14, at 3 p.m. Mrs. Viola S. Smith, of Durham, president of the State Federation, will speak on "The Call of the Hour." Members of the Hancock and Bennington Clubs will be guests. Members of the Antrim Club are reminded of the rummage table conducted by the Club. The committee would like contributions, so that each month there may be something new. A pleasant afternoon was enjoyed at the home of Mrs. Ellen Thayer on October 24, by about 25 Club members and friends. These parties are proving successful, both from a social and financial standpoint. Mirlam W. Roberts, Pub. Ch.

For Sale

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

Mrs. William A. Nichols entertained a friend from Arlington, Mass., a portion of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Robinson, of Arlington, Mass., were recent guests of relatives in town.

The Halloween pranks by the younger set in this immediate vicinity were not many this year.

For Rent—Steam-heated room, with or without board. Apply at Reporter's office, Antrim. Adv.

Mr. and Mrs. James R. Ashford are anticipating going to Florida soon to remain for a few weeks.

On Friday evening of this week, the annual roll call of the Baptist society will be held in their church.

G. D. Tibbetts, M. D., relaid the water pipe from his residence, on Main street, to the main pipe in the street last week.

Miss Roanna Robinson and Miss Mildred Fitch, of Arlington Heights, Mass., were recent visitors at the former's home here.

Hiram Allen and daughters were in an auto accident recently, when their car was somewhat damaged; no one was injured.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Lamson, of Elkins, this state, were guests a portion of last week of Mr. and Mrs. J. Leon Brownell.

Road Agent Elmer W. Merrill, with a number of workmen, are busy improving the road from Clinton corner towards Gregg Lake.

Those few days last week were ideal Fall weather; it probably would be monotonous to have it all the time, but 't would be just grand to have more of it.

Mrs. J. G. Nims and Miss Gertrude Jameson are comfortably situated in the brick house, corner Main and West streets, where they will reside for the present.

David Hurlin, young son of Mr. and Mrs. William Hurlin, is in the hospital where he has had an operation for appendicitis. He is reported as making satisfactory improvement.

The lady who is to put on a musical show for William M. Myers Post, American Legion, is in town and busily engaged in its preparation. The dates are given as November 16 and 17.

With this issue of The Reporter is being enclosed a supplement, setting forth the virtues of the American Red Cross, giving some information that is not only interesting but instructive as well.

The drive for Red Cross memberships will begin on Saturday, November 11, which is a general proposition. The local drive will be taken care of by committees as usual; at this time The Reporter is unable to state who will attend to it.

On Monday of this week, Mr. and Mrs. Wyman K. Flint closed their Antrim home at North Branch for the season, and will spend the winter months at Hotel Sheraton, Bay State Road, Boston. They plan to return to Antrim in April, some earlier than in former years.

The November meeting of Molly Aiken Chapter, D. A. R., will be held on the 15th inst., with Mrs. Benj. F. Tenney, corner West street and Clinton-Hancock road. It will be a birthday celebration for the President General of the National Society D. A. R., Mrs. William Magna.

The editor of The Reporter extends his thanks to Antrim's Representative, Wyman Kneeland Flint, for a bound copy of the Laws of the State of New Hampshire, passed January Session, 1933. It is a valuable book of reference, containing 450 pages; nicely printed and bound. We are much pleased to have this volume.

Following the annual custom of the Antrim Reporter, we are making a special offer to new subscribers, of the price of a yearly subscription—\$2.00—New subscribers may receive free all the remaining issues of the present year; or, in other words, for the price of a year's subscription, the receipt to new subscribers will read to January 1, 1935.

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BENNINGTON

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

Mrs. Lawrence Parker was given a birthday surprise party, at her home, just recently.

Mrs. Harry Favor was given a surprise party at her home, on the farm, on Hallowe'en.

It looks just now as though the Creator had put the trees and stones in the wrong place; anyway, many of them are on the move in this section.

Steve Chase has purchased the house, on the Hancock Road, owned by Herbert Wilson, and recently occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Philip Richards, who have moved to Antrim. Mr. Chase is making repairs, in the way of a new chimney, etc., and will soon move in with his family.

The Woman's Club will be guests of the Antrim Woman's Club, at their meeting, on Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 14, at 8 o'clock. Those wishing to attend will please notify the transportation committee, Mrs. Harry Ross or Mrs. Louis Vassar, not later than Monday, Nov. 13. Cars will leave the drug store at 2.45 o'clock.

Fire of unknown origin did considerable damage to the Mrs. Philbrick house, on Thursday morning. The furniture was taken out by the firemen in safety, and a young boy who had just got home from the hospital where he had been operated on for appendicitis, was carried to a neighbor's home.

The committee who sponsored the Monte Carlo whist, at S. of U. V. hall, just recently, would like to thank the donors of the prizes given, which added so much to the success of the affair. They were F. A. Knight, George's Lunch, Clover Farm Store and the First National Store. Four dollars were added to the improvement fund.

The 48th annual meeting of the Missionary Society, held in the Congregational church chapel, on Thursday evening, was well attended, with a number of out-of-town guests present. The speaker, Mrs. Petty, of the Deering Community Center, gave a splendid address, stressing particularly the value of service. During the social hour all were given an opportunity to meet Mrs. Petty. She is a woman of charming personality, making everyone feel it a pleasure to say "how-do you do!" Refreshments of tea and sandwiches were served by the committee: Mrs. Seaver, Mrs. Perry, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Sargent and Miss Perry. The secretary, Mrs. Gerrard, gave the annual report; and the president, Mrs. Logan, presided.

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

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.

George's Restaurant

Bennington, N. H.

Good Food Quick Service
 All Kinds Sandwiches
 Home-made Pastry
 Special Dinner Every Day
 Hot Dogs 5c. each

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HARRY W. BROWN

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

Rev. John W. Logan, with his usual good nature, served as transportation committee for those who visited the Historical Society meeting, in Hancock, on Thursday of last week. First, there was served a bountiful dinner; each one brings cup, plate, knife, fork and spoon, so there are no dishes to wash; each one also, brings something in the food line, but a committee furnishes the cold meats, baked beans, etc. The program was an old-fashioned lyceum of fifty years ago. The paper read by Mrs. Maro Brooks, outlining the principles and objects of the lyceum, would be hard to duplicate today, as would the report of the secretary, Mrs. Tuttle,—this latter caused not a little discussion, and criticism of the chairman of the committee, Maro Brooks. George Goodhue ably presided as the president of fifty years ago,—all present being not over 20 years of age and schoolmates. The above is only a small part of the program we were privileged to hear. Besides the lyceum, there were recitations, declamations, essays, compositions, debate, lyceum paper, music, by former and present residents of Hancock. Oh, how we hated to leave and miss so much of it.

ANTRIM POST OFFICE

Mail Schedule in Effect September 25, 1933

Going North	
Mails Close	Leave Station
7.27 a.m.	7.42 a.m.
3.28 p.m.	3.43 p.m.

Going South	
9.58 a.m.	10.13 a.m.
4.00 p.m.	4.15 p.m.

Mail connecting with Keene train arriving at Elmwood railroad station at 6.20 p.m., leaves Postoffice at 5.40 p.m., and arrives at about 6.45 p.m.

Office closes at 7.30 p.m.

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church

Rev. William Patterson, Pastor
 Thursday, November 9
 Prayer and praise service at 7.30 p.m.
 Sunday, November 12
 Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock with sermon by the pastor.
 Bible school at 12 noon.

Methodist Episcopal

Rev. John P. Brooks, Pastor
 Friday, November 10
 Official Members and other interested persons will go to Peterborough for a Second Quarterly Conference, held jointly with Methodist churches of Hillsboro, West Rindge and Peterborough. The meeting will start at 6.40 p.m., with a dinner, after which speeches by laymen and ministers will be given. No official business will be considered. Dr. L. W. Stringfellow, district superintendent, will be in charge.
 Sunday, November 12
 Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock, sermon by the pastor. Topic: Paul's Hope for the World.
 Church school at 12 o'clock.

Baptist

Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
 Friday, November 10
 Annual Church Roll Call. Indian Christmas Tree, at 5 o'clock, with Indian pictures by stereopticon. Supper will be served at 6 o'clock, and the Roll Call service will follow. All members of the parish are invited.
 Sunday, November 12
 Morning worship at 10.45. The pastor will preach on Criticizing Christian Missions.
 Church school at 12 o'clock.
 Crusaders at 4.30 o'clock.
 Union evening service in this church at seven o'clock.

The union young people's meeting will be held on Sunday evening, at 5.30 o'clock, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Coughney, at Antrim



ANTRIM LOCALS

Miss Nellie McKay spent a few days in Boston last week.

Mrs. Arthur L. Poor and daughter, Miss Rena Poor, were in Boston on Friday last.

James G. Gould, who has been out of town several weeks, has returned to his home here.

The funeral of John S. Nesmith was held from his late home, on Main street, on Wednesday afternoon last, attended by relatives and a goodly number of friends; some twenty of more Odd Fellows attending. Rev. R. H. Tibbals and Rev. William Patterson were the officiating clergymen, and the ritual of the I. O. O. F. order was read to close the services at the home. The display of floral tributes were many and beautiful, showing love and esteem for the departed. Interment was in the family lot in Maplewood cemetery.

In spite of all that was staged in opposition, New York elected F. H. LaGuardia, Republican Fusionist, as Mayor; and Boston has elected Frederick W. Mansfield as Republican Mayor.

The Reporter received in this Wednesday morning's mail, too late for publication in today's issue, Governor Winant's Armistice Day proclamation naming Saturday, November 11, as the day to be observed this year.

Center. Transportation from Baptist church.

Little Stone Church on the Hill
 Antrim Center

Rev. J. W. Logan, Pastor

Sunday School at 9 a.m.

Sunday morning worship at 9.45.

The Antrim Reporter For \$2.00

From Now Until January 1935

To New Subscribers

EDWARD ELLINGWOOD

Junk Dealer

Peterboro, N. H.

Cold Winter Ahead!

William O. Farnsworth, Milford's weather prophet, says the winter of 1934 will be a very cold one, much colder than for several past seasons. He bases his prediction on the cold fall and rains. Says "Uncle Bill," "There will be but little snow next winter for it will be too cold to snow, but as days warm up at times there will be many sleet rains." He has predicted weather for years and sometimes hits the nail on the head.

Believe It or Not!

Once upon a time a man got up early one Sunday morning to let the iceman in and not being able to find his bathrobe, he slipped on his wife's kimono. When he opened the door he was greeted by a nice big kiss by the iceman. And the only way he could figure it out was that the iceman's wife had a kimono just like the one he had on.

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The Antrim Reporter Office

Typewriter Paper

We still carry a stock of Bond Typewriter Paper, cut 8 1/2 x 11 inches, at prices varying with quality. Extra by parcel post.

This we will cut in halves, if you desire, giving you sheets 5 1/2 x 8 1/2 in.

We also have a stock of Light Yellow Typewriter Sheets, 8 1/2 x 11, especially for Carbon Copy sheets. 75¢ for 500 sheets, 12¢ extra by parcel post. Pen can be used on this very well.

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"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

How I Broke Into The Movies

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BY JOHN GILBERT

MY MOTHER, Ida Clair Gilbert, was a noted stage star at the time of my birth at Logan, Utah. My early education was obtained in various cities because of my mother's travels. To complete my high school studies, I attended Hitchcock Military Academy, at San Rafael, Calif.

My stage career began early—to be exact, when I was one year of age. Eddie Foy using me in a show he produced. But when I was graduated from military school, I decided not to follow my mother's career. I obtained a position with the Goodrich Rubber Company in San Francisco and started out to be a business man.

I went through the various stages of clerk, bookkeeper and salesman, traveling out of San Francisco and later out of Portland, finally becoming a sales executive. But the love of the theatrical world was gained in me after all, heredity does shape destinies.

It was in 1915 that I first looked toward motion pictures. As an extra I made my first appearance before the camera in one of the late Thomas H. Ince productions at Inceville. Following this I achieved some notice as a principal and later was engaged as leading man for Mary Pickford in "Heart of the Hills." After several lesser features I was signed by Maurice Tourneur.

My engagement with Tourneur was as an actor, but my interest gravitated to scenario writing, and I took up this branch, having the good fortune of producing some of Tourneur's most successful scripts. This in turn

Fabric Elegance for Formal Gowns

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



ACCORDING to the present trend of formal fashions, no matter how sumptuous and glamorous your new evening gown may be, there is no chance of it overplaying a role of elegance. The program of after six o'clock dress for the now-present autumn and winter social season is just like that—trending toward an era of grande dame modes the equal of which have not been beheld for many a decade past.

Not only are fabrics, laces, jewelry, furs and all such elegancies which go to make for formality of the most luxurious sort this season, but the very stateliness of the new silhouette lends itself impressively to the scene. In this era of splendor for the evening mode, ladies are taking on sirenlike and statuesque "lines" which only sheath-fitting gowns which dare to flare not at all until they have reached a sufficient distance below the knee, can impart.

If there is one requisite more than another which a program of elegance in dress calls for, it is that the fabrics employed be as beautiful as looms and hand-weaving can make them. Which is eminently true in regard to the lovely velvets, the gleaming satins, the enchanting laces and the scintillating metal cloths which are glorifying the scene of action at the present moment.

If one can afford but one handsome evening dress by all means let it be of black velvet for as every knowing woman will agree there is nothing which so flatters as this lovely material. You will notice that the handsome velvet costume pictured to the left in this group adopts the very latest styling which calls for a flounced hemline. This article there is headed with a ruche which is lined with black taffeta. The pointed-at-the-shoulder long sleeves are also a significant style

feature. As to the extreme décolleté, this gesture of a high front neckline with a very low-cut line at the back is characteristic of the majority of the newest evening gowns. The velvet theme is accented in the gloves which are of this same—a thoroughly modern dinner gown this, in the strictest sense of the word.

The gown to the right in the picture is one of those adorable lace creations which add infinitely to feminine charm. Lelong gives this model outstanding distinction in that the lace is in the new and lovely wild blackberry shade and is of cobweb delicacy. Also the movement which places fullness at the back through cascades of the lace is very important, for the latest imports stress fanciful back treatments. Again we see the higher neckline at the front sloping to waistline depth at the back. As to lace as a medium for dressy dinner gowns and dance-party frocks too much emphasis cannot be placed upon its high-style standing.

The entrancing frock centered in the foreground is of gleaming, scintillating brocade silver lame, for, as we intimated before, metal weaves abound in the realm of evening materials. We may expect to see more beautiful gold and silver (particularly the latter) fabrics this season than usual. In fact the glittering note resounds throughout the entire evening dress program. Schiaparelli here interprets the new bateau neckline combined with a low back, and of course being formal this dress has a train.

BLACK SHEEP TWEED IS NEWEST FABRIC

The black sheep has come into his own. He always was a sort of romantic and interesting old fellow, and now he has given the coat of his back to make some of the season's most stunning sports clothes, to be worn by lovely ladies.

Black sheep tweed is the newest of the new fabrics, sponsored by Schiaparelli and shown in clothes made by American designers. A rough, rich, flecked tweed with homespun look. It uses the undyed wool of the black sheep, which isn't black at all, but a deep brown or gray. And is it a knockout? It is.

One of the nicest sports outfits of the season has a jacket of gray black sheep tweed flecked with yellow, with a gray skirt and a blouse of gray knitted silk Jersey. Black-sheep tweed also fashions a stunning full-length coat with a civet cat bow tie with long ends.

Another new fabric known as New Jersey, but having no connection with the state, is used in a gray sports suit with alternate blouses, one of red silk Jersey and the other of the same material in black.

Hem Takes on Importance on Longer Autumn Skirts

Hems never have been so important. The lengthening of skirts they have been made to wish with a vengeance by means of trimming them with all sorts of flounces, knife-pleating, box pleats, pressed flat, puffs of the same or contrasting materials and decorative folds. Bows pulled out from the waist and applied against the skirt somewhere between the knee and the ankle also are being used by many dressmakers to give a decorative look to the new swirling skirts—Mae Westish, of course.

Children's Clothes

Early showings for juveniles by special houses would indicate that this winter will see the pronouncement of velvets and ribbed materials for youngsters' fashions which follow more closely than ever the tendencies of the "haute couture" for grownups.

CHIN FLOWERS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



They are called chin flowers because you wear them right close up under the chin. They really began as an evening novelty and as such served admirably in adding a pretty touch to the new high-in-front necklines which so many of the smartest metal cloth and other rich fabric formal gowns feature. The favorite type for wear with these dressy night creations is the enormous velvet poppy which is positioned right up under the chin. However, the attractiveness of this fashion has led to flowers being posed in a similar manner on daytime frocks. At the top, in the picture, the young woman with the rust-colored wool frock which has braided epaulets is wearing conventional poppies made of deep nasturtium colored kidskin. Below, the chrysanthemums are clustered at the neckline of a black crepe dress.

Hug-Me-Tights Back

Hug-me-tight jackets such as grand mother wore are here again. Among the models displayed in fall fashion shows was a black wool frock topped by a sleeveless waistlength hug-me-tight jacket crocheted with heavy white silk and wool thread.

BEAUTY TALKS

By

MARJORIE DUNCAN

BRUSHES IN BEAUTY SCHEME

IN THE beauty scheme of things, brushes play a very active part. There's the hair brush, nail brush, clothes brush, tooth brush, eyebrow brush, shoe brush, bath brush and if the skin will stand it the complexion brush. These brushes are important accessories toward good grooming and as you value personal loveliness add these beauty aids to your toilettries. And keep them busy, too.

Now let us see what the requisites for the hair brush are: It should have long, flexible bristles, not too soft or the purpose of stimulating the circulation through the scalp, cleaning and polishing every strand of hair is defeated. On the other hand, the bristles must not be too stiff or they will irritate the scalp. As in all things the happy medium is preferable in the matter of brush bristles.

Harsh bristles should be avoided—whether in a hair brush, clothes brush, nail brush, etc. Such bristles are unkind to scalp, clothes and hands. This holds for complexion brush too. In fact, such a brush is only for the woman with an oily or heavy type of skin. When using it, the movements should be gently upward and outward. Remember that the skin can be soaped and cleansed, without scrubbing or harsh treatment.

The tooth brush we need not go into. Your dentist is the logical one to advise the type of brush you need. But here again medium bristles are advisable for the majority of people, and remember that the bristles should be so arranged that every tooth and every part of the mouth can be thoroughly cleansed. Every dentist will tell you that two tooth brushes are better than one—and every man, woman and child should own two and alternate them.

The eyebrow brush is a small affair with one or two little rows of bristles and this important accessory is so inexpensive that I know many women who keep two or three in their dressing table drawer. One removes any excess powder remaining on brows and one gives the brows and lashes a silky sheen after the mascara has dried. The way to brush the brows, you know, is first the wrong way, then into place. Lashes are brushed in semi-circular fashion, uppers upward and around as though you would curl every little hair under and the lower lashes downward and around.

THE CLEAN LOOK

EVERYWHERE you go in health and beauty circles you hear a great deal about "that clean look."

The phrase is becoming as popular as a sure-fire wisecrack or a first seller in slogans. It refers to much, much more than superficial cleanliness. It points to perfection and polish.

Some time ago in the course of a beauty lecture I referred to "that clean, crisp look."

I said two things were necessary to achieve it. Perhaps my audience expected me to say: Soap and brushes. But I had reference to: Respect for one's self and respect and thoughtfulness for those around us. And again I repeat that I do not mean merely bathing or washing face and hands. These are important—very important—yes. But they are elementary, fundamental. I take it for granted that every woman has made a habit of bathing every day and keeping her skin clean.

But that clean, crisp look goes further. It includes brushing the hair. The woman who can boast that clean look never has her hair disheveled. Every strand and wisp is in place. For trimness and neatness go with that clean look. Your coiffure may be elaborately intriguing or very simple. The arrangement does not matter—at least it is secondary in importance to a neat, "always-in-place" arrangement which is another way of saying "that clean look."

Brows must be brushed, too. They are an important factor in the perfect picture. And if a little wild hair, here and there decides to march backward or out of line it must be disciplined. If brushing won't help—then pluck. But, mind you, pluck only the unruly hairs, for natural brows are now the vogue.

A clean, clear complexion is another important factor. Discolorations, oiliness, shine, blackheads or eruptions all take something away from "that clean look."

Well-kept hands, perfectly groomed nails come in for their share of attention, too.

As for clothes—buttons should be where they belong, stocking seams straight, heels kept in repair and shoes polished, suits and coats brushed free from dust, and lingerie touches always fresh and dainty.

Even make-up when properly applied adds to that clean look.

Learn to relax. I know a busy executive who always looks rested, interesting and alert. The reason for this is: she has learned the value of relaxation. Before and after her luncheon she rests for a few minutes. Even if she is at her desk—she simply lets her mind become a complete blank. Then she "lets go" shoulders, arms, her whole body. Or while waiting for her lunch to be served she relaxes.

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SMART BIRD
A love bird, exhibited in England, can recite two poems and say twelve sentences; but wisely refrains from writing letters.—Detroit News.

WHIRLWIND'S FREAK
A whirlwind in northern Italy caused a waterspout on the shore of Lake of Varese, and this was followed by a rain of fish.

MEDICAL ADVICE

If you want to... keep the bowel action regular and comfortable... make constipated spells as rare as colds... avoid danger of bowel strain... use a liquid laxative

Can constipation be overcome? "Yes!" say medical men. "Yes!" declare thousands who have followed their advice and know.

You are not apt to cure your constipation with salts, pills and cathartics, or any habit-forming condition just by gentle regulation with a suitable liquid laxative.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin has the average person's bowels just as regular as clockwork in a few weeks' time.

Why Hospitals use a liquid laxative

The dose of a liquid laxative can be measured. The action can be controlled. It forms no habit; you need not take a "double dose" a day or two later. Nor will it irritate the kidneys.

The right liquid laxative will bring a perfect movement, with no discomfort at the time, or afterward.

The wrong cathartic may keep you constipated as long as you keep on using it!

In buying any laxative, read the label. If it contains a doubtful drug, don't take it. If you

don't know what is in it, don't chance it. The contents of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is stated plainly on the label; fresh herbs, pure pepsin, active senna.

Its very taste tells you Syrup Pepsin is wholesome. A delightful taste, and delightful action. Safe for expectant mothers, and children. Drugstores have it, ready for use, in big bottles.

THE TEST:

This test has proved to many men and women that their trouble was not "weak bowels," but strong cathartics!

First: select a properly prepared liquid laxative. Second: Take the dose you find suited to your system. Third: gradually reduce the dose until bowels are moving of their own accord.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin has the highest standing among liquid laxatives, and is the one generally used.

Dining Out
"No chicken a la king?"
"Not for me. Your cook hates kings."

The Last Number
"So you are going to keep bees?"
"Yes," answered Farmer Giles.
"I've been stung every other way."



There's Fels-Naptha's secret—every bar brings you two busy cleaners instead of one. Working together, its good golden soap and plenty of naphtha loosen the grimest dirt in jig-time. They get clothes clean clear through.

And it's thorough cleanliness like that that makes clothes white! Fels-Naptha's extra help saves hard rubbing. It saves clothes. It saves hands. Change to Fels-Naptha soap! Get some at your grocer's.

Personal..

The party who recently ordered a sack of Occident Flour that was not delivered will be interested to know that it was included by mistake with my groceries. It was a lucky error for me because it introduced me to Occident. I've never before had such wonderful baking results. I paid for this sack so one is still due you if you haven't received it by this time. J.R.H.

"Costs More—Worth It!"

TO MOTHERS whose children won't EAT

Nature knows best. Never coax a child to eat! Remove the cause of a youngster's poor appetite. When appetite fails, tongue is coated white, eyes are a bilious yellow, don't give small children a constipating cathartic that drains the system. California syrup of figs is all the "medicine" they require.

Specialists will tell you that a sluggish appetite almost always means the child has a sluggish colon. Correct this condition called "stasis," and see how quickly a listless, drooping boy or girl begins to eat—and gain! The only "medicine" such children seem to need is pure, undiluted fig syrup.

Children who get syrup of figs, now and then, soon have the appetite and energy of young animals! They keep well and avoid colds and sluggish spells.

Nature never made a finer laxative for children; and they all love the wholesome, fruity flavor of the real California syrup of figs. It's purely vegetable, but every druggist has it all bottled, with directions. Begin with it at once. The very next day, your child will be eating better and feeling better. Keep on with the syrup of figs a few days and see amazing improvement in appetite, color, weight, and spirits.

The promises made by the bottlers of California Syrup of Figs are true, and it will do the same for you, IF it's genuine CALIFORNIA. Don't accept substitutes.

MEMBER N. R. A.

What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND

She could have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "lagged out," "on edge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Constipation! The very morning after taking a box of Nature's Remedy, as she advised, he felt like himself.

Keenly alert, peppy, cheerful, NR—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective—works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box, 25c—at druggists.

TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, heartburn. Only 10c.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling—Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair—Cures Itchy Scalp—Prevents Hair Loss—Fights Greyness, N.Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balm. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents per box at druggists. Hicon Chemical Works, Paterson, N. J.

"EASE OINTMENT" for Piles. Try "Ease." It's different. Only 5c. 60c. the 1/2 oz. bottle. "Ease," P. O. Box 161W, Union City, N. J. Attractive agents on commission.

Coming to New York?

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

SHERMAN SQUARE HOTEL

704 & BROADWAY 714 &

In New York It Pays to Look

Don't be fooled on hotel accommodations in New York City. Come to a hotel like 14 EAST 60TH STREET where you get the most for your money whether you stop on a daily, weekly, monthly or yearly basis. Two-room suites as low as \$150 per month on lease. Daily rates from \$3.00 single.

Location is only one-half block from Central Park yet only five minutes to shops and theatres. Transient guests like our location, permanent residents our quiet. Both like our old world comfort coupled with modern service. The clientele is the finest.

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TANGLED WIVES

By
PEGGY SHANE

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WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

A pretty young woman finds herself in a taxi cab in New York with a strange man who addresses her endearingly and speaks of "an awful shock." He leaves her for a moment and she drives on, for she fears him. Her memory is gone. She stops at the Biltmore. From her expensive clothing and wedding ring she concludes she is married to a wealthy man. She meets a young woman who speaks of her desire to go to Reno for a divorce. If she can get the money. The woman vanishes with the nameless girl's \$300. An elderly woman, Mrs. Oscar Du Val, cordially greets the nameless girl, addressing her as "Doris," wife of Mrs. Du Val's son, Rocky. Rocky is abroad, and Doris, bewildered, is taken to the home of Mrs. Du Val and her sculptor husband, Oscar. Doris falls in love with Rocky's photograph, but cannot remember having married him. Discovering a trademark in her clothing, she visits a store, and is astounded when a saleswoman insists she hid from observation.

CHAPTER III—Continued

Doris found herself on the inside of a dark closet, with the door firmly closed.

What could be the meaning of this? She groped. The hard cylinder of a broom handle was beside her, and this other shapeless thing was probably a vacuum cleaner. Could it be that she was dreaming? The fantasy of a girl coming toward her, almost calling her by name, "Miss, I mean Mrs.—Val—she surely had said 'Val'—then, the crazy push into the closet: it was very like a dream.

Or possibly the salesgirl was mad. Or was Doris mad? She remembered that insane people sometimes thought every one in the world was crazy. She felt the blackness of the closet around her throbbing, throbbing. Why was she shut away in a closet, a "poor child" hidden from some unknown peril? Instead of leaving, her fright was increasing. As always in her moments of depression the vision of the man in the cab came to torment her. Now his face floated before her, very real, very menacing. Her imagination, unbidden, brought out a dozen suggestions: supposing he were out there? supposing he wanted to kidnap her? supposing he were a criminal, and she was his helpless tool—a criminal herself?

Her hand tightly clutching the broom handle, her reason telling her that this was all nonsense, she still felt wave after wave of terror plunge over her like great billows knocking her common sense over, choking down her efforts to be calm and rational. The salesgirl had recognized her, had called her Val. Outside Mrs. Du Val was waiting for her in the car. Everything was all right. What was she scared about?

Everything was not all right. What was the meaning of the salesgirl's terror? And why was she in this closet? Doris called herself a fool. Fate had taken her kindly into a safe haven where she could rest and be well treated until her memory returned. But she had not been satisfied. She had wanted to return to this alarming life she had once led. Why hadn't she been content with Mrs. Du Val in the country? She tried to think back to the impulse that had led her to this place where girls looked at her with stricken pitying eyes and pushed her into dark closets. She felt that if she ever got back to the country, she would never make any effort to leave again.

After what seemed a very long time she turned the handle of the door and looked out. The small reception room was empty. Evidently the salesgirl had left it so, that she might get away.

And outside sitting placidly in her limousine was Mrs. Du Val. Doris stood in the center of the room, hesitating. Try as she would she could not summon her resolution to go on. Out in the car lay sanity, rest, peace. If she went in again and looked up that salesgirl she did not know what would happen, but she could feel the terror the girl had spread like a contagion.

Doris knew that she was being cowardly but she could not help herself. Then she remembered that the salesgirl had used the word Du Val—or at least she had said it so quickly that Val something was all Doris heard. But it must be Du Val. What else could it be? And after all that was all she had come to find. Some proof that she belonged to the Du Vals. And that one word of the salesgirl's should be enough.

She ducked out of the door and raced breathlessly to the curb. She did not wait for Louis to get down, and open the door, but got inside quickly and sank down on the soft springy cushions. "I was beginning to worry," said Mrs. Du Val. "I did promise Rocky not to let you get out of my sight."

As the car rolled up the avenue Doris pondered this. Did Rocky know

of her danger whatever it was, and had he left these strange injunctions about her for her own safety?

Her mind went over and over the incident. "Miss," the girl had started to say, as if she had known Doris best for a long time as Miss Somebody. Then she had remembered, corrected herself and said Mrs.—Mrs. what? Oh it must have been Du Val, but in the excitement of the moment it had been said so quickly that Doris could not be quite as sure as she would have liked.

She was pale and exhausted from the fright. Mrs. Du Val was quick to notice this.

"Doris, the trip into town is a mistake. You could not stand the dentist, could you, today?"

Doris looked at her thankfully. "Whatever happens I'll always love you and be grateful to you," she said. "Such thoughts."

"I mean it. You have been wonderful to me."

"Whatever happens," she says, "you must not worry so. You are going to be all right."

Doris looked anxiously at Mrs. Du Val. What did she mean by that? She spoke as if she knew of the strange thing that was hanging over her. Surely she could not have known that a salesgirl would push her into a closet and call her a poor child.

"Doris' head was buzzing. If she could only talk to someone about all this."

She found herself falling back on her old hope: tomorrow she would remember. She had had a shock today—that ought to bring memory back.

Oscar met them in front of the house as on the night of Doris' arrival. He was delighted at their return. His first words were: "I have good news for you. Tonight there will be a stadium broadcast. It is very good. Do you like to listen to Beethoven, Doris?"

Doris said she did. Mrs. Du Val looked pleased. Doris felt unreasonably happy. Here she was secure and loved. The salesgirl had called her by name, so she could be sure she was all right. It must be that Rocky's coolness sprang from something she had done in her past to alienate his love. But she would win it back. In the future she would be a model wife.

These feelings were still in the ascendant when she unsuspectingly sat down in front of the radio after dinner. As Oscar Du Val turned the dial to find the concert there was a preliminary buzzing. A man's voice spoke with startling distinctness. It boomed its message through the room—a frightening monologue that set Doris' arms clenching the sides of her chair:

"Diane Merrall, the girl wanted for murder in Morristown, New Jersey—"

Doris was staring into space with wide glassy eyes. "—was reported seen in Detroit, Mich., at four-thirty this afternoon. The police are—"

Mrs. Du Val gave a low scream. Oscar switched the radio off. Doris had fallen back in her chair in a half daze. Wave after wave of black emotion was pulling her downward. The radio voice had spoken from her past and dragged her back to the no man's land of threatening circles, and menacing, purple rings.

Mrs. Du Val's fat little arms were around her, trying to embrace her. "At such a time you should not be listening to murders!"

She fell forward in her chair in a dead faint.

Doris came slowly back to her senses. She opened her eyes: the white canopy met her gaze. She was in bed then, but what was this frightening trouble clutching her?

She turned her head. Mrs. Du Val was sitting at the bedside leaning over with anxious eyes. Behind her the soft rays from a pink lamp fell on Rocky's picture, sent out gleams from the silver frame.

Doris felt better. The bad dream was gone. She was back with Rocky. Rocky's mother was patting her head. She managed a smile.

"Now, now you are going to be all right," whispered Mrs. Du Val soothingly.

Then Doris remembered. She had been sitting at the radio. Something had been said, something horrible. "What—what was it they were saying over the radio?"

"Now, now go to sleep, my Doris. It is all right."

Doris sat up and looked at Mrs. Du Val a little wildly. "But you've got to tell me. It's very important."

"Now, now Doris. Remember. At such a time you must not be thinking of murders!"

Murders! Doris fell back against the linen covered pillows. Murders! What had she do with murders? She knew that her past had yawned for one terrible second while the radio announcement was being made. And now her mind had turned away from it again.

She was thinking that the reason she had forgotten her past was because it was too agonizing for her mind to dwell on. Her loss of memory was a veil which nature in her great kindness had dropped across her life. Behind that curtain lay something dreadful which she could feel, even if she could not remember it. Now that she had had that one backward glimpse she felt that she could never be happy again.

"Tell me," she said, "what murder was it that was being talked about?"

"Mercy, mercy. And how should I know that? You must stop thinking of such things, Doris. It is bad for the baby, you know."

Mrs. Du Val was blushing furiously. "There now, Doris. You must forgive me. I have not been very delicate, have I? But I was so worried. Today has been too much for you. Now, now we won't mention it again. I

know that young girls are sensitive about such subjects."

Suddenly the meaning of the often repeated phrase, "at such a time," was clear. She looked with startled eyes at Mrs. Du Val. Of course. She might have known that was it. All those little worries about her exercise, her diet, taking care of herself, all those sly little looks: she was supposed to be an expectant mother! And of course she was not going to be a mother. Of that she was certain. Now the meaning of Rocky's words unraveled: "No need to worry about Doris." Did Rocky, too, think she was going to have a child?

She opened her mouth. "I'm not—" but the French woman's little ringed hand was already over her lips. "You must not say another word. You are too excited."

Doris' eyes, big and full of anxiety, looked at Mrs. Du Val. What was the use of trying to tell anything now? She would only be thought over-

wrought. Sooner or later she must straighten this thing out. Tonight there were other things she wanted to find out.

"But about this murder—" "No, no. No more talk."

In silence Doris allowed Mrs. Du Val to tuck the covers about her chin. She was thankful when the light was turned out, and she was left alone.

She tried to think why it was that she had never before thought of this explanation of Mrs. Du Val's solicitude. But how could she have supposed such a thing about herself?

Now she sat up in bed clutching at throbbing temples. If this were so, then she was Rocky's wife. Rocky's wife was some other forlorn wail. In her frenzy she pictured this other woman as a sort of Biltmore ghost walking, walking through the big lobby looking for a Mrs. Du Val that never came. The shapes and shadows in the room were assuming grotesque outlines, pointing accusing fingers. "You are not Mrs. Rocky, Du Val. You are not Rocky's wife at all. You belong to the man in the cab."

She tossed all night, not quite knowing whether she slept or dreamed waking nightmares. At dawn she rose with a painfully contracted heart and knelt down before the picture of Rocky.

In his pictured eyes she tried to read the truth about her relationship to him. He had grown so familiar to her that she could not believe that she had never seen the real man. Even though her mind conjured up no recollection of him that went beyond that silver frame, she still knew that image so well that she believed him to be her husband.

"You must be. You must be," she whispered. "Fate could not be so cruel as to give you to me only in make-believe."

The breeze coming in from the open window was sharp. She sneezed, and shivered. In the long mirror she caught a glimpse of her slim figure in its thin lacy nightgown. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks flaming unnaturally. She took hold of the corner of her dressing table to steady herself. "I must have a little fever," she muttered.

She crawled back under the covers and fell asleep.

She awoke to find Mrs. Du Val standing beside her bed. Mrs. Du Val looked anxious, and she knew she had something wrong with her. Her head felt hot and unnatural.

"It is nothing," said Mrs. Du Val cheerfully, "you have a little touch of gripe. You must stay in bed. You will be all right."

For the next few days Doris lacked the energy to bring up the subject of her supposedly approaching motherhood. Mrs. Du Val, like many fussy and worrying women, was at her best when there was actual illness to combat. She was a miracle now of optimism, as she nursed Doris.

Doris lay for hours listlessly watching the shadow of the leaves make changing patterns in the sunshine that came in through the long windows. Her hands lay clasped in front of her.

Once she took a daisy from the bunch of flowers that had been put near her bed, and pulling the leaves went through the familiar ritual of, "he loves me, he loves me not." The message of the flower was, "he loves me not." She did not like it. Superstitiously she felt that it proved that Rocky was not her husband.

"I suppose I really am slightly crazy," she told herself despondently. She fingered the ring which curled around her finger with tender reassurance. She had never taken it off since the day in the Biltmore. Now it suddenly occurred to her to look at the inscription inside again. She slipped it off.

"H. L. V. to D. M. May 10th, 1932."

D. M. That was Doris—? She did not yet know what her maiden name had been. And H. L. V. was—now panic overwhelmed her. Rocky's initials were R. D. V. She was not married to Rocky. She must be married to the man in the cab.

She tried to be rational. There must be some way that H. L. V. could be Rocky's initials. Sometimes people's initials were quite different from what you thought they would be, people who went by nicknames. Her brain whirled. She felt determined to prove to herself that she was married to Rocky. H. L. V.—R. D. V. There seemed no escape from those awful initials.

Why hadn't she thought of this before? She had often gone to sleep with her fingers on the small circle, thinking of it always as Rocky's present to her. She had remembered that there was a V and had taken it for granted that they were Rocky's initials. Now she accused herself guiltily. She had wanted to think herself married to Rocky.



TRULY TERRIBLE

"You must have had a terrible experience, with no food to eat and mosquitoes swarming round you," said a sympathetic friend to a mariner who had been cast away upon a tropical island.

"I had a terrible experience," the seaman acknowledged. "My case was worse than that of the man who wrote 'Water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink.' It was 'Bites, bites everywhere, nor any bite to eat.'"

Personal Benefit

Friend (on beach, as they watch girls exercise in bathing costumes)—Do you think this sort of thing is really any good for reducing?

Stout Party—Rather! Why, I walk three miles every day to see it—London Humorist.

Consistent

Guest—Your wife seems good at scramble eggs.

Hubby—Everything she tries to cook is scrambled.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

CAUTIOUS

"Senator," remarked a confidential friend, "do you propose to run for office again?"

"Of course, I do!" replied Senator Sorghum.

"Don't you think you had better say something about your attitude on political questions?"

"Myes. It might be well to remind people of my existence. But there is too much uncertainty to warrant my taking sides on any topic. For the present I guess I'd better stick to loving my country on general principles."

'Oops!

"Your husband evidently is the kind of man who brings home the bacon," remarked the caller.

"Bacon!" sniffed Mrs. DeSnob. "I should say not. We never have anything as common as bacon, and besides, our chef orders all our meat and has it delivered."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Apily Quoted

She had trouble with her car on the way to a bridge party, and arrived with her brand-new outfit sadly stained and dirtied. "H'mm," she commented, as she mounted the steps of the house where the party was being held, "behold the grandeur that was grease."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Just Stepping on It

"Whither is our younger generation headed?" asks a writer. "Can't say, but they certainly appear to be enjoying the trip."—Chicago News.

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WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM

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EVERYWHERE WE DO OUR PART

Almost Perfect. Controlled by sound energy, a clock has been designed to transmit time more accurately than ever before. An error of less than one thousandth of a second per day is said to be the clock's record.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Ease Pain Now In Few Minutes

1. I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO MISS THE DANCE AT THE CLUB TONIGHT. I'D LOVE TO GO, BUT I'VE AN AWFUL HEADACHE.

OH, DON'T GIVE UP! SEND OUT FOR A BOX OF BAYER ASPIRIN AND TAKE TWO TABLETS RIGHT AWAY. I'LL PHONE IN AN HOUR.

2. IN AN HOUR

WELL, DID BAYER ASPIRIN STOP THAT HEADACHE?

IT CERTAINLY DID—AND IN A FEW MINUTES! IT'S REMARKABLE BUT I'VE NOT A TRACE OF HEADACHE LEFT. COME RIGHT ON OVER!

A Discovery That's Bringing Fast Relief To Millions

Now comes amazingly quick relief from headaches, rheumatism, neuralgia, neuritis, the fastest safe relief, it is said, yet discovered.

These results are due to a scientific discovery by which a Bayer Aspirin Tablet begins to dissolve or disintegrate, in the amazing space of two seconds after touching moisture. And hence to start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

The illustration of the glass, here, tells the story. A Bayer Tablet starts to disintegrate almost instantly you swallow it. And thus is ready to go to work almost instantly.

When you buy, though, see that you get the Genuine BAYER Aspirin. For Bayer Aspirin's quick relief always say "BAYER Aspirin."

WHY BAYER ASPIRIN WORKS SO FAST

Drop a Bayer Tablet in a glass of water. Note that BEFORE it touches bottom, it has started to disintegrate. What it does in this glass it does in your stomach. Hence its fast action.

Does Not Harm the Heart

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Liability or
Auto Insurance
Call on
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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.

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IS OUR MOTTO.

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Tel. Hillsboro 71-3
Day or Night

Weekly Letter by George Proctor, Deputy Fish and Game Warden

Have a mighty interesting letter from Philip M. Tirrell of Morris-town, N. J. He is interested in finding a hunting partner to leave this section Nov. 7th for a deer hunting trip to Varnes' camps at Pittsburg, N. H. Any one with a car that's going up about that time let's know about it so Mr. Tirrell can go.

We sat in the other night at South Lyndeboro to a very interesting color photography lantern slide lecture of southern New Hampshire and all the lakes and mountains. All was in the natural colors and the fall views were the best we have ever seen. This was given by E. D. Putnam of Antrim, N. H. He is an expert with the camera and his show demonstrated the fact: We wish every school child in the State could see that wonderful set of slides. What a wonderful advertising stunt this would be to show in other states. The beauties of the Granite State.

It was a pleasure for us to attend a regular meeting of the Mill-ford Scouts the other night. This is Troop 22 and for a well behaved troop they yank the bun. Scoutmaster Dean is a live wire and the troop well show his teachings. This troop is 17 years old and one of the oldest in the whole state. Success to you fellows.

We have at hand a letter from J. Almus Russell of Mason stating that he is bothered with people hunting for hidden treasure in that town. He wants to announce to the world that if there is a treasure hidden in that town it's not in his back yard.

The 34th annual Game Law Summary of the United States and Provincial Statutes is off the press and is Farmers' Bulletin 1717-F. This can be had at the price of five cents from the Surt of Documents, Washington, D. C. It gives the laws of all the states and is a very interesting book. Well worth a look.

We were interested in reading an article in a recent sporting magazine to the effect that Maine had declared a closed season on moose. There will be no more moose killing, New Brunswick, Oct. 10th and Nova Scotia Oct. 10th. The dates are too late to call the bull so no more moose calling.

We have added to our rock garden collection a brick from Mr. Xenon of Lyndeboro and Jamaica Plain, Mass. This brick came from some bottle making kiln and one end is covered with rough green colored glass. A nice addition.

A big Russian wolf hound has been lost in Amherst, N. H. Get in touch with us if you pick up such a dog.

The second bobcat of the season was brought in by Kenneth Hilton of Antrim, N. H. This one would weigh about 30 lbs. and was a perfect specimen. With the help of "Peter" Frye, the well known coon hunter, we have that pelt on the barn door.

Run across Guv Reynolds of South Lyndeboro the other day and he wanted me to broadcast to the boys in that section not to shoot his three young Canadian geese which he raised this year. They are flying all over that town and are a great temptation to the gunner.

By the looks of things we predict that Ring Necked next spring will be worth good money. They are very scarce this fall, many of the breeders cleaning up their stock and are going into turkeys next year. The price on pheasants was so low this year that it discouraged the breeders.

That big bull moose that we mentioned in last week's column has got back to town. He went down and spent the week-end at Osceola pond in South Milford, but Monday morning he came back up over Abbott hill. He was seen by 16 different people, so we believe that a moose is with us. We traveled that section of the town several days pretty faithfully but not a glimpse did we get. At the Emmet farm he walked within four feet of three men working near the swimming pool. Is he wild? Not he.

H. Carl Muzzey
AUCTIONEER
ANTRIM, N. H.
Prices Right. Drop me a postal card.
Telephone 37-3

SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE
The School Board meets regularly in Town Clerk's Room, in Town Hall block, on the Last Friday Evening in each month, at 7:30 o'clock, to transact School District business and to hear all parties.
ALICE G. NYLANDER,
ARTHUR J. KELLEY,
ROSCOE M. LANE,
Antrim School Board.

Talk about your sporty towns! Well, Townsend, Mass., is just that. They believe in backing up the school and town teams in all kinds of sport—basketball, baseball, etc. Monday night I had the pleasure of sitting in with a large number of enthusiasts and starting off with an old-fashioned harvest supper and ending up with a get-together around the table talk. It just goes to show what a town can do when they have a bunch of live wires. I tried to sell them a little fish and game up over the line talk. Hope I made good.

Last week I mentioned the fact that I took a 70-mile ride in a Lincoln and that for back country roads I thought a smaller car was the cheese. Well, since then I have taken a 200-mile ride and for real pleasure and comfort, well, I am sold on the Lincoln now. Just page "Henry" and tell him where I live.

Am afraid that some of my readers do not understand the dog and cat situation. It's not my duty or business as a game warden to take care of every stray cat or dog. We do take care of them, but it's not one of the duties as a game warden. The reason I dispose of all stray cats is to keep that population down to a safe degree. The same with stray dogs. It's a conservation measure pure and simple. Stray dogs and cats must eat and they do at the expense of the hunters and the bird and small animal lovers. Hence we try and conserve on the wild bird and animal life by taking care of the strays.

We notice in a sporting paper where a man in Massachusetts counted 49 dead skunks on the Newburyport turnpike one morning last week. All jacked by the powerful headlights.

Peed hill in Wilton is noted for its stopping place for the birds that migrate. Last week George G. Blanchard, the well known naturalist, noted a great many species of wild birds rest for a short time before another long hop on the journey south.

Did you know it was quite a fine to shoot into a bunch of any kind of birds that are on the migration flight?

Now is just the time to build that dam that you have had in mind all summer. It will give the kiddies a place to skate and next spring you can stock it with trout.

Mrs. C. W. Carter of Hillsboro, a reader of this column, writes in a letter on game conditions in that section. She is forced to stay in bed for several weeks and would like something to read to while away the time. Here is another chance to be a good scout and send me some reading material. This is the same woman who years ago shot the beautiful buck deer with the perfect head.

Had a nice letter from Wilcox, the skull man, of Chester. He will send you a beautiful hand-painted seashell if you will send him the skull of any kind of a wild animal.

One of the most wonderful exhibits we have seen for a long time was at the Wilton bank last Saturday when the Hillsboro county 4-H clubs showed their stuff. What impressed me the most was the beautiful way in which some of those 10-year-old girls could darn stockings. A perfect job. Every boy and girl in the county should sign up in this wonderful project. Several years ago I was a leader in the 4-H club work at New Hampton and I got a real kick out of the project. Hats off to Mr. Gibbs.

Without doubt this is the best bird hunting season we have had for a number of years back. Last Sunday everyone had birds and one man said he could have got his limit easy. He left a few for another day. The woodcock flight is about due but the boys have found plenty of native birds so they are well satisfied. The rabbit hunters are not so well satisfied. However, the first fall of snow will bring them down from the hills. One party last Sunday on top of Greenfield mountain had fine luck. You go to know where to go to get 'em.

Last Sunday I was the means of making a lot of records. I found at least a dozen men that had hunted and hunted for years and years and never had been asked to show their licenses before. But they all admitted they had never hunted in my district before.

Ran across a man the other day that said he had hunted in Massachusetts, his native state, for years and never bothered to take out a license. He thought he would like to try New Hampshire fishing so he went up into Brookline and bought a license from Mr. Hall. He had not been on a brook more than 20 minutes when Friend Barnard appeared to him. He thinks that New Hampshire wardens are sure on their job.

Bumped into Phil Morris the other day of the Nashua club. He reports that the new pool owned and operated by the club was a big success and the boys took to it like a duck does to water. They are to build a club house later and a skeet shoot. That's a live club. Listen, if you are anywhere near Greenville Friday night of this

week you want to run into the town hall and see Oscar Greenwood and his side-kick, "Al-a-Wet" do their stuff in a local play run by the drum corps. These two boys when they pair off are a scream.

Nine of the 4-H clubbers found a big grey squirrel near the W. H. S. gym last Saturday. He had been hit by a car and died soon after.

If the person who wrote to me several weeks ago wanting an Irish terrier dog will write again I can tell them where they can buy them. We have been swamped with letters the past week. We are to answer every one of them but we hope you will bear with us 'till we get caught up so to speak. Thanks for the many complimentary ones. It makes the sun shine a little brighter to get such letters.

Received a card announcing the marriage of Major Arthur Erland Goyette to Miss Hazel Lovilla Nittrow, both of Peterboro, at New York city Oct. 27. This marriage is very pleasing to me as they are very dear friends of mine and we wish them all happiness. Just now they are on the ocean to far-away parts of the world. Bon voyage.

What is more valuable than a friend? You may have a million but without a friend you are worse than penniless. Heard a man say that during the war a man in Germany had a million marks and valuable property. After the marks slid a man paid off a mortgage worth \$6000 with the price of a loaf of bread. But he had friends and they put him back onto his feet again.

The trapping season started Tuesday. It's a wee bit early. Some of the furs are not even prime yet. Mink are now good as they live in the cold water most of the time. A fox killed last week was far from prime. It takes good snappy weather to make 'em good and prime.

Down in Concord, Mass., they have a big fish and game club and a woman is president. They have in their by-laws a clause whereby if a member is caught violating the game laws he is suspended forever from the club. They have a big membership.

The presence of Governor John G. Winant in this section last Saturday recalls a story which, if I have told once, will bear repeating. It was the first term of Gov. Winant and he had an engagement at Greenville to some sort of a big time. In those days the governor drove his own car with the two flags on the bumper. In passing through Wilton he picked up two thumbers on their way to Greenville. Nothing was said for several miles when one of the local fellows asked the governor what was the meaning of the two flags. To which he replied, "That blue one is the state flag meaning that this is the governor's car." More silence. Then the fellow in the middle pipes up, "Well, governor let me introduce you to my friend on the right, the King of Slam, while in me behold the Prince of Wales." The governor acknowledged the introduction. More silence. When the governor reached Greenville he was received in the manner in which a governor should be. I was standing nearby and one of the local men said to me, "Who is that guy?" "That's Governor John G. Winant of Concord." Were they taken back? Well, some. When they recovered they said, "Well, he is a real guy." The governor enjoyed that little trip as much as the thumbers.

Poultryman wants to know how to catch the horned owls. Easy. Place a pole about 20 feet high near your poultry yards. Place a small jump trap on top of pole and put a wire the length of the pole so when he gets caught he will slide down the pole to the ground. Won't hurt 'em a bit.

Old Timer says that the best fishing for November starts the 2nd and runs 'till the 8th, then from the 17th to the 21st. Have a fine letter from D. B. Madden of Washington, D. C. He wants to know if the fly squirrel is extinct in this state. Oh, no. I have seen quite a few the past summer. He says that he can hunt on a resident license but carries District of Columbia plates on his car. O. K. brother. The district is not a state. We mean the fellows that carry state plates. We nor the state police will ever bother you.

Production of Oysters. The oyster fisheries of North America yield each year about 73,000 tons of bivalves.

Momentous Thought. You can get along with last year's suit, umbrella, automobile, city directory and wife, but you must have this year's calendar.—Boston Transcript.

Spruce Is Strong Wood. The spruce and mahogany-plywood ribs in the wings of one type of pursuit plane can withstand a pressure of 100 pounds for each ounce of their own weight, although the ribs themselves weigh but a few ounces.

Fire's Out. American fire-fighting experts extolled a gas-well fire in Moreni, Rumania, after efforts that lasted more than three years. The flames were 300 feet high and could be seen for a radius of 70 miles.—Collier's Weekly.



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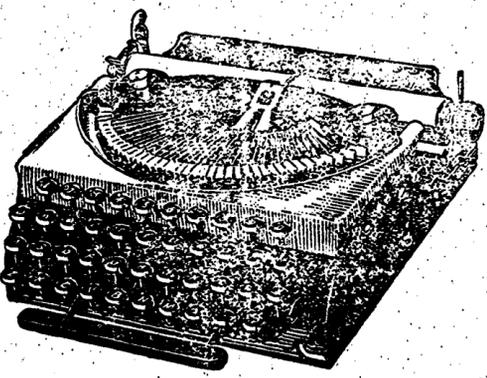
THERE'S an old saying, "A man is usually more energetic and resourceful in trying to get out of a serious difficulty than in trying to stay out."

People who do not procure adequate fire insurance protection suffer loss when fire damages their property. If energetic and resourceful enough to obtain sound insurance they will have no need to worry if fire occurs.

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AND all the pride of owning a real, honest-to-goodness Remington Portable is in that hail to "Skinnay". A real Remington—with a four row keyboard like the big machines in Dad's office.

Now it's fun to do school work and write letters and stories. And watch those school marks get better and better.

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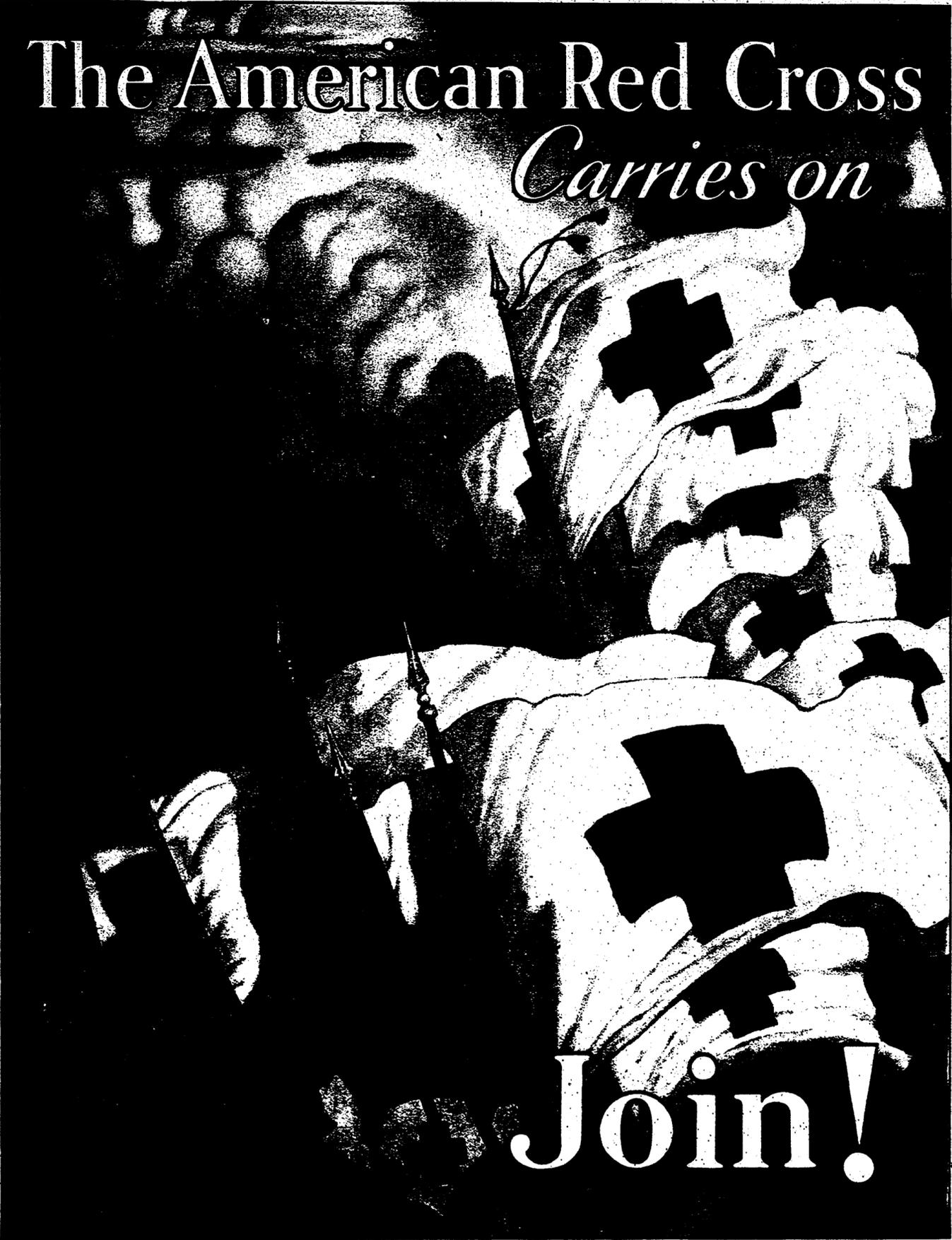
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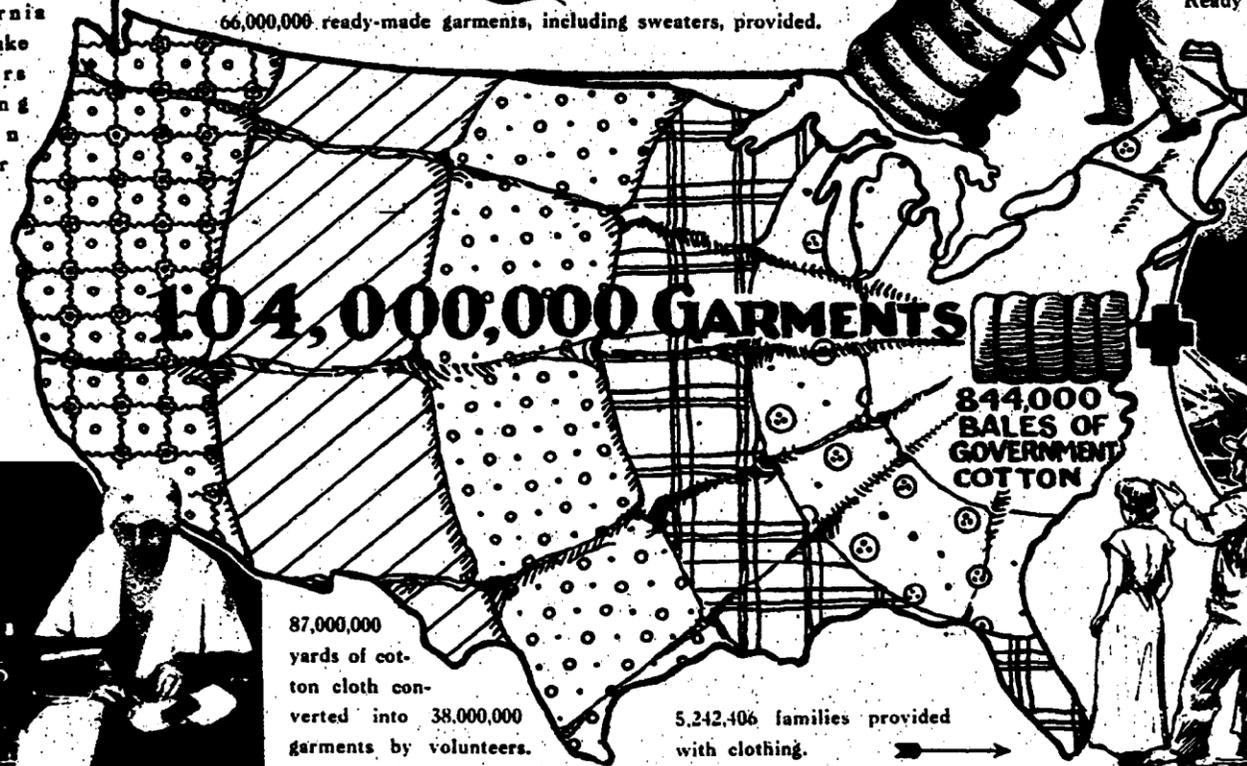


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Red Cross aids homeless after destructive fires in Maine.



Red Cross first aid on the highway.

Red Cross volunteers carry food to homes inundated by Ohio river.