

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME LI NO. 3

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1933

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HOLDIN' ON

By Kathleen Wheeler Ross

The waters were rough, and the winds were shrill
And things looked bad for my friend and me,
For our boat had filled and turned about
But we'd held to its keel in the open sea.
Everything else in life seemed gone,
But I said to him, "Are you holdin' on?"

There was nothing left but those few small planks
We were done for, sure, and we felt downcast.
The waves were cold, and the wind was keen,
And we knew each moment might be our last.
So for time to time, as the day wore on,
I said to him, "Are you holdin' on?"

All our friends many miles away,
Mothers, sisters, and sweethearts, too,
No one to love us, and nothing to eat,
Trouble enough to make us blue
And my poor old chum he gave a groan,
So I chuckled and said, "Keep a-holdin' on!"

The night drew on, and no stars came out
The end, it seemed, was most awful near,
I could hardly speak, for too weak was I
Even to utter a feeble prayer
But I never had figured to die alone,
So "Bill," whispered I, "Are you holdin' on?"

He did not answer—I heard a shout
And something coming, with rush and roar
Then we both slipped into the briny deep
For my partner and I could hold on no more.
And the sailors, they said we were almost gone
When they sighted the pair of us holdin' on.

Oh! life is like that, don't let go your hold,
The bulldog can teach us a thing or two
He wins in the fight, cause he won't let go
Just try it and see, it applies to you.
When things are at zero, and hope near gone,
You will win out yet, if you're holdin' on!

Antrim Grange, No. 98, Observes Golden Anniversary This Week

On December eleven, 1883, Antrim Grange, No. 98, P. of H., was instituted, and on Saturday evening of the present week, December 9, members of this organization will observe the fiftieth anniversary in a fitting manner. The Reporter man has been approached and requested to make such announcement of this coming event as we think it should have; of course, we said we would. Not being a member of the Order (yet a sympathizer), and the first nine years of its young life being unknown to us, our knowledge of Antrim Grange began at about the time it purchased the old Town House, since which time we have had more or less knowledge of its activities and the good work it has accomplished in its special field.

However, we were not asked to write a history of this Grange, so am leaving this pleasant task to another, who will give an interesting paper; all Grangers, and others who possibly can will want to hear it, as something real good is in store. Being public, this anniversary should be largely attended. In addition to the history, visiting Granges will furnish entertainment numbers, and there will be orchestral music. Some of the Past Masters, of whom there are around twenty living, are to be present and take a part in the program. Messages of encouragement will be read from absent and former members. Other numbers will likely be given that we know not of at this time.

This occasion is a new one for Antrim Grange, and its members are anticipating it with a good deal of pleasure. It is likely that an occasion long to be remembered will be enjoyed by all who attend. The committee in charge is putting forth every effort to make this event a most enjoyable one.

Erwin D. Putnam Gives Popular Lecture for Local Troop of Scouts

"Picturesque New Hampshire" the illustrated lecture by E. D. Putnam, was given at Antrim Town hall, last Friday evening, before an appreciative audience.

The views were all very beautiful, showing New Hampshire's famous sea shores, mountains, lakes, historical buildings and our gorgeous autumn foliage and sunsets. These pictures were all natural colors, being taken on a special direct color plate, reproducing these color scenes very accurately.

First, Mr. Putnam gave a brief descriptive talk on New Hampshire, then following the pictures described them to the audience in a very pleasing and instructive manner, beginning with a sunrise scene, then showing important places of the state, also some local views of foliage and flower gardens, closing with a sunset, fading into darkness. This splendid lecture, being both entertaining and instructive, it serves a double purpose and is very worth-while.

The lecture was sponsored by the Antrim Boy Scouts and the proceeds will be used for Scout work.

This lecture has been enthusiastically received wherever it has been given throughout the state, and the committee were very much pleased to give the people of Antrim this opportunity of enjoying it, and thank them for their patronage.

At the Main St. Soda Shop

SELLING OUT!

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Topics of the Day Presented to Reporter Readers in Concise Form

What a splendid day, so far as weather was concerned, was Thanksgiving Day! And in every other way, no doubt, it proved to be a day long to be remembered.

A marked decrease in forest fires since July 1 in New Hampshire as compared with a similar period a year ago has been reported by the Forestry Department. In the period from July 1 to December 31 last year there were 202 fires. With but a month to go for a corresponding period this year, 85 fires have been reported. Officials attributed the decrease to cold weather conditions and to heavy rains.

There is still talk of a special session of the N. H. Legislature. The cost of same is a needless expense to the State at any time, and at the present is something else. Had the session performed its full duty last winter, there would have been no reason at all for such a thought at this time. And if there is an apparent need, nothing will suffer till the session of 1935 will assemble. The State can use its money to better advantage than holding special legislative sessions.

H. W. Eldredge, local agent for the Holyoke Mutual Fire Insurance Company, received by mail recently a box of twelve handsome red apples—all the same size—neatly wrapped in tissue paper. With them was a card, on which it was stated where the fruit was grown and that each apple conveyed a special wish for their Antrim, agent for each month during the coming twelve months of 1934, that health, happiness and prosperity should attend him.

The Antrim First Congregational Church Observes its Anniversary

Just forty years ago, at this time, the First Congregational church, at Antrim Center, was instituted, and on Friday evening of this week, December 8, the fortieth anniversary of its institution will be observed in a fitting manner. The exercises will all be held in the stone church which has been their dwelling place most of the time since they became a permanent organization.

As is customary at their annual meetings, a supper for the church people will be served as the first number on the program. This will be followed by a special program, arranged by a selected committee, with the pastor, Rev. J. W. Logan, in general charge. Only a very few of the first members are now living, and it is expected that those who can possibly be present will attend this service. It is sure to be a pleasing event, and the church is to be congratulated on having reached a milestone so near the half century mark.



Christmas Miracle. "DON'T you like it, all this?" asked Joel. "Oh, well enough," replied Sonia, without enthusiasm.

It was evening, but the snowy path through the woods was easy to follow. Their feet broke through the crust with a crisp crunching.

"I thought this would be so different," explained Joel, "I'm fed up on the usual Christmas parties. Sometimes it seems as if we were not trying to remember Christmas."

The spruce trees on either side stood silent, and laden with snow. There was no sound in them but an occasional soft sighing, as if they sighed in anticipation of some expected miracle.

"Noise, people . . . dancing . . . I've liked it all as well as you, Sonia. But lately I've wanted something more, I've felt as if I were missing out, letting important things get by, and not really knowing it."

Sonia walked with a light, quick grace. She wore a white sports suit topped by a red cap and a tassel. She was very quiet—Sonia the sparkling, the much-sought-after, the most popular girl at parties. Joel moved closer.

"I don't want to spoil your Christmas fun by insisting on this country stuff . . . but I sort of thought—" he tried to keep his voice from sounding wistful—"we might even understand each other better if we got away from routine pleasure. Look ahead there, dear . . . see? There's a faint, clear light in the east!"

Impulsively he put his arm around her. "Who knows? Maybe a star will rise for us!"

Sonia said maybe there would. Her tone was listless. She had too gracious a nature to be disagreeable, but Joel felt hurt at her unresponsiveness. He moved away, and they went on.

A rabbit darted across their path. An owl deep in the woods gave a faint, far call, almost human. "Come on, Sonia, let's sing a carol. I feel just like it. Let's sing a carol to the Christmas star," begged Joel.

"You're a silly boy," she said. But she kindled to his enthusiasm. "When shepherds watched their flocks by night, all seated on the ground," began Joel.

Sonia joined in. Their voices rang eerily through the white, silent woods.



A Step in the Snow at the Other Side of the Bridge.

The very trees seemed to listen. As the final note died away, thinking to a mere thread, they heard again that far, strange call of the owl.

"That's the loneliest sound I ever heard!" cried Sonia. "Wouldn't the gang at home laugh at us for this crazy stunt at Christmas Eve?"

The girl reached for his hand, her voice bravely taking up the refrain. On through the blackness they walked, and their voices seemed to reach ahead of them, instead of floating upwards.

"There, what did I tell you!" Excitedly Joel pointed to the top of a tree. Just at the tip hung a star, beautiful beyond belief, trembling with a clear radiance. An ice prism caught the gleam and shattered it into a thousand glancing rays. "Our Christmas star, Sonia," breathed Joel. So they stood a moment, both caught up in a bush of wonder.

"Forgive me if I sound too solemn, Sonia—but somehow I think of Christmas as being a time of reverence as well as revelry. I wanted you to feel this, too, tonight with me. When we're married we've got to have some fine things to hold to, something bigger than ourselves; something that means Christmas—the real spirit of it."

She smiled up into his face. "You're a funny boy, but I'm awfully fond of you. . . ." she broke off, startled.

A step crunched through the snow at the other side of the bridge. The figure of a man staggered into view. "Hey!" he called, as he clung to the bridge rail for support. His voice barely reached them; he was panting for breath. "Them carols you sang . . . heard 'em away off . . . mighty pretty . . . I lost my way . . . couldn't find the road. I kept a-hootin', hopin' someone would hear me . . . He swayed, caught himself. "I been a-walkin' and walkin' for hours, but when I heard them songs, it put new courage into me . . . and I stivered as fast as I could, straight for 'em! Maybe they saved my life . . . gittin' awful cold and still tonight . . . couldn't have walked much longer."

Sonia touched Joel's arm. "I see what you're driving at," she whispered, "something nearer the meaning of things. Let's help the poor man. He's exhausted."

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Cunningly Devised Fur Trimmings

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



FURCRAFT is making a spectacular gesture this season in the way of both novelty and style detail. Everywhere one turns in the realm of new furs the air is charged with that thrill of excitement which attends the seeing of out-of-the-ordinary fashions.

This is especially so in regard to fur used in a trimming way, likewise fur accessories—"little furs" as some one has been pleased to call the cunning detachable collar-and-muff sets, the little capelets which tie on, the "hel" boas which slip over the head and are worn like a necklace and the thousand-and-one other novelties which are simply breathtaking in their unusualness.

In accents loud and clear novelty in a trimming way speaks via the fur-bordered sleeves which distinguish the brown and beige wool crepe ensemble shown to the left in the picture. The designer of this smart outfit trims the sleeves of the long coat in bands of fox in contrasting colors—beige and dark cinnamon brown. This use of two-tone fox is frequently carried out in black and white and the effect is stunning. It is interesting to note that the smart bit of headgear worn with the suit pictured is of the identical brown and beige crepe of the costume itself.

From the handsome nink-trimmed cloth coat centered below. In this group some idea is gained of the novel and intriguing alliances which fur and cloth are negotiating for winter. Outstanding style points include an interesting sleeve treatment which gains fullness through the use of cartridge pleats. The coat is one of those straight up-and-down tube effects which is so slenderizing and which interprets the swagger-silhouette of the

moment. The fur on the sleeves is so arranged as to simulate a cape contour which is characteristic of many of the new fur treatments. The generous collar is a draped affair that may be worn in several intriguing ways when opened. The luxurious heavily furred appearance of this model is a feature accentuated in many of the latest cloth-plus-fur coats.

A theme widely exploited in current fashions is that of the dress which is fur-trimmed. Sometimes it is merely a matter of shoulder epaulets made of fur or a swatch or two somewhere on the waist or skirt, perhaps in form of an unexpected pocket or a decorative tab on rever or whatever the motif may happen to be. It only takes a dash of fur positioned just right to achieve a maximum style touch.

The pen-and-ink sketch of a Paris frock, appearing above to the left in the group, demonstrates the out-of-the-ordinary trends of voguish flat fur treatments. This stunning outfit, which, by the way, bears a Martini et Armand stamp, has its sleeves entirely of supple broadtail. A most unusual detachable neckpiece and a matching muff complete this story of high fashion.

The dress pictured to the right is also natively trimmed in flat fabric-like fur. It is a street or business frock of gun-metal gray lightweight woolen with a swath of Persian lamb on the skirt to correspond with the fur bertha which collars the waist.

In connection with the existing flair for flat fur trimmings we would especially emphasize the growing tendency to match the fur details on the dress with a hat of the same fur.

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TUNICS RETURN TO FAVOR FOR WINTER

The tunic again is the vogue. Molyneux uses it extensively, one very stunning model being of pale dull beige ribbed velvet for an evening, with a little coat trimmed with dyed martins. A yellow iris is the shoulder trimming.

The gown has that simple and slightly curved décolletage with very narrow shoulder straps—so typically Molyneux-ian—and the tunic comes low over the hips. The dull beige ribbed velvet has the ribs running diagonally and the skirt beneath the tunic falls in soft lines, increasing in width from the knees to the floor.

The jacket is a sort of cape-coat affair, with two bands of the martini where the cape curves around the arm to form a sleeve, and another band of martini in a circular movement around the neck and down each side, stopping at the waist.

Tailored Waist Newest Style for Evening Wear

The tailored shirtwaist for evening wear is one of the most radical ideas in a season noteworthy for its departure from the conventional. No matter how severe the lines of the shirtwaist, the material must be the quintessence of elegance. Lame, metallic and other gleaming materials are used with sensational success.

The brighter the shirtwaist, the fuller the skirt, seems to be the rule. Long, slim skirts, designed for these unusual bodices, are best when in mossy crepe, spongy woolen, or dull, deep-pled velvet.

Some of these two-piece evening costumes have jackets to match the bodice or shirtwaist. Most women seem to prefer a dark, dull jacket to match the skirt.

FOR RESORT WEAR



Paris collections all sound the note for resort wear. Molyneux uses corded turquoise velvet in an informal dinner gown for cruising or resort. The jacket is that cunningly constructed, it suggests the lines of a cape. No costume, so word comes from leading style centers, is complete without jewelry. The fair resortier in the picture is wearing a stunning bracelet, and since hair ornaments are the new set, she pins up her tresses with a star set with glittering stones of various colors.

BEAUTY TALKS

By MARJORIE DUNCAN

MAKE-UP WEARS WELL

WE HAD a complete series of lessons in the home facial. And—since no treatment, whether at home or in a salon is complete without the finishing touches—we will start today a series of lessons in make-up.

First, let us dispel several wrong conceptions—the better to understand the why and wherefore of make-up and its proper application. Happily, the groundless superstition that make-up is a wicked art is fast fading away, partly because natural make-up is the vogue, we are striving for that rosy, healthy quality of color that is natural—not the bold, artificial, too-too obviously rouged look. There's another reason why the old-fashioned notion (that make-up is bad) is losing favor. Both men and women prefer it. They have seen it make a unglorious and delightful change in wan, depressed, listless-looking faces.

Perhaps the reason make-up was once considered wrong is the fact that in the past too many women applied it too badly. Wrong colors were used—dead white powder for instance. Faces looked clownish. Vivid rouge—and only one or two shades. Now there are as many rouge shades as there are skin tones. There's still another reason for the uncomplimentary reputation make-up once won. And that is: too many young girls and women rely on powder and rouge to cover up blemishes instead of giving the body and the skin the necessary care to keep the blemishes away and to preserve a smooth, clear, fine and healthy skin.

In other words, make-up in itself cannot give you a beautiful complexion if you haven't a flawless skin to start with. But make-up can make doubly beautiful the skin that is systematically cared for, properly cleansed, toned and nourished every single day of our lives.

And this is one detail I want particularly to emphasize. Make-up will wear better on a clean and healthy skin. That is why beauty authorities tell you repeatedly: cleanse your skin before retiring. Cleanse again in the morning. Remove all make-up before applying a fresh dusting of powder or dab of rouge. If every woman stopped to give herself a quick facial before applying make-up, it would not be necessary to renew powder and rouge so many times—make-up wears better, and looks better on a clean, cared-for skin.

FINISHING CREAM

DRY skin needs a finishing cream—one that has a little oil in it to keep the skin lubricated and ward off any drying effect of powder, rouge or even exposure to the elements. But that does not mean a very greasy cream—encouraging shine and an unwholesome, oily appearance. In applying your finishing cream, remember that a little is enough. Use it sparingly and blend it carefully over face and neck, with the same movements you used for applying the cleansing and nourishing creams—upward and outward. Remember? Now with a cleansing tissue blot to remove any excess. Be especially careful to remove excess from around the eyes and nose.

If your skin is oily there is no need to burden it with a cream. There are delightful finishing lotions on the market. They give a velvety quality to the skin—soft, transparent, fresh-looking. And these lotions usually keep powder and rouge doubly clinging, warding off shine (women complaining of "shining nose" please note).

Seasonal changes come in for their share of consideration when foundation preparations are up for discussion. For in the summer, there is less complaint in general about "dryness." In the winter, on the other hand, even the normal skin tends to be somewhat dry. That is why the lotions are more popular during the summer and the creams during the winter.

Yet, even during the winter months—or should I say especially during the winter months?—the lotions are more popular for evening wear. Also if you should be making a firm trip, visiting a friend, or preparing for a busy round of social engagements the lotion is preferable. Master the art of applying it skillfully. Moisten a pad of absorbent cotton in cold water. Now pour a little of the lotion on the cotton. Shake the bottle thoroughly if directions say so. Work quickly. Pat face and neck and before the lotion has a chance to dry, smooth and blend very evenly with the fingers. If you let the lotion dry in patches before smoothing and blending—well, you won't have that nice finish I've talked about.

The young, fresh, fine and firm, perfectly normal skin needs no foundation cream or lotion. Skin tonic can serve that purpose.

With standards of personal loveliness going higher and higher our modern woman must look as perfectly groomed on an ordinary day as her forebears did on the very special occasions. And on the special occasions our modern woman surpasses even her own ideals of beauty.

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On the Funny Side

NEAREST TO IT She shut off the gramophone and turned excitedly to her father. "Dad," she exclaimed, "that is the latest kind of jazz record. Did you ever hear anything so wonderful?"

Country Gentleman—Here, hold my horse for a minute, will you? Senator—Sir, I'm a member of congress!

Country Gentleman—Never mind. You look honest.

His Foot in It Mrs. Ayres (gushing)—Do you know, Mr. Bootle, I'm often mistaken for my daughter.

Mr. Bootle (gallantly)—By Jove! Fancy you having a daughter as old-looking as you are.

Next Best Thing Daughter—No, Jack is not rich; in fact, he can hardly raise the money to keep going.

Mercenary Mother—Then I'd tell him to keep coming.

Made a Difference Dorrance—How far do you live from the station? Weed—Do you mean as the crow flies, the time flies or the money flies?

Maybe Stranger—What makes your cat so small? Boy—I guess it's because we feed it on condensed milk.—Pathfinder Magazine.

LIKE HIS ENGINE Bill, the engineer, was a radio enthusiast. Every moment of his spare time was occupied in building new sets. These he would proudly exhibit his long-suffering friends.

One day his brother-in-law called, and Bill brought out his latest effort and switched it on. "This is another one that I built myself," he said, turning the dial. "I can quite believe it," said his brother-in-law, as a piercing shriek issued from the loud-speaker. "It whistles at every station."

Child's Version A judge's little daughter, who had attended her father's court for the first time, was very much interested in the proceedings. After her return home she told her mother: "Papa made a speech, and several other men made speeches to 12 men who sat all together, and then these 12 men were put in a dark room to be developed."—Montreal Star.

Eighteen and— She wanted to be a private secretary. She was neither young nor pretty. She answered an ad. "And how old are you, Miss Nell?" the manager asked. "Oh," she replied with a blush, "I have seen 18 happy summers."

What an unhappy life you must have led!" he exclaimed sympathetically.—Tit-Bits.

A Mistake He—I say, I wish you wouldn't call me Mr. Jenkins. She (coyly)—Why don't you wish me to call you Mr. Jenkins?

He—Merely because my name's Robinson.—Pearson's.

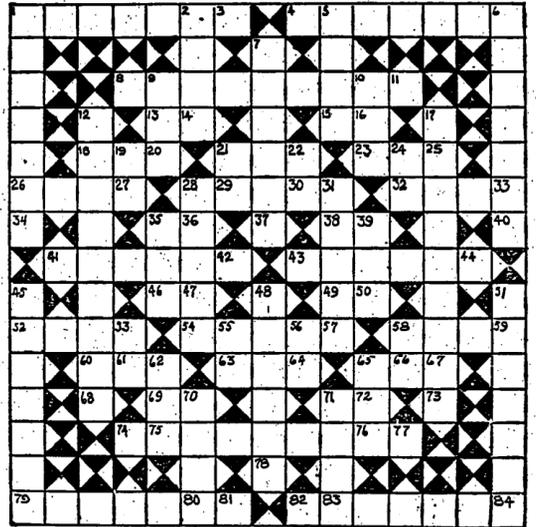
He's Used to It You can tell a bachelor from a married man. A married man doesn't look astonished when his shin is kicked under a table.—Los Angeles Times.

Temporarily "Out" "So your maiden aunt lost her head completely when she found a man in her room."

"Yes, she cried for help."

Small Comfort Asker—He calls me a donkey! Should I challenge him? Tellit—You might, to prove it!

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



Copyright.

- Horizontal. 1—Expressing superlative affection 4—Pertaining to a large division of land 8—Members of an institution of higher learning 13—To claim existence 15—Indicating that toward which there is movement 18—A color 21—Euphemism for a "short, ugly word" 23—A branch of continuity 26—Cooled 28—Brought forth 32—A bovine animal 35—Abbreviation for a state 38—A diminutive suffix 41—Longing 42—Pertaining to food 46—A prefix denoting "without" 49—Abbreviation for a measure of length 53—One who is opposed 54—Rudely spoken 55—An inellegant form of a tense of the verb "to be" 60—Combining form meaning "within" 62—In favor of 63—A beverage 69—Expressing denial 71—A conjunction 74—Annoyed 78—To loseuster 83—Bush and Schang

- Vertical. 21—A note of the scale 22—A verb 24—Chemical symbol 25—Qualifies for 31—To raise above mortals 32—Expressing route 38—A tennis term 45—One without visible means of support 48—To reach a certain place 51—To make stupid 53—A verb 56—A preposition 58—An interjection 59—A man's name, shortened 62—A slang item 65—A part of the verb "to be" 70—Poems 71—A girl's name

Solution



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Christmas Dinner On A Battleship



By Charles Frederick Wadsworth

MR. AND MRS. BLANK let us say, are having some of their kintfolks for Christmas dinner, on a farm, ranch or plantation, or in a cottage somewhere in America.

The conversation turns to a boy of the neighborhood who is in the navy. "I wonder what Frank is doing today," wonders Uncle George.

"And what he is having for Christmas dinner," Aunt Josie speculates. "Navy beans and sweetbreads, I betcha."

"Let's see," says Pa. "Frank's on a battleship, isn't he?"

"Yes, it's the Arkansas." This information from Ma.

"Then he'll have a swell feed," comments little-Bill, who reads a lot and thinks maybe he will join the navy himself some day.

Just to satisfy the curiosity of Pa and Ma, Blank, Aunt Josie, Uncle George, Grandma, Grandpa, little Bill, and the neighbors generally, suppose we all step into the quartermaster's office on the U. S. S. Arkansas and sit at a mahogany desk with Chief Commissary Steward Jimmy East and find out all about what the boys on a battleship have to eat at Christmas time.

"First," says Chief Jimmy, as he takes out his fountain pen and reaches for a sheet of letter paper with "U. S. S. Arkansas" printed at the top. "I'll give you the menu we served last Christmas."

Here it is:

- MENU**
- Celery Hearts, Olives, Sweet Pickles
 - Fruit Cocktail
 - Cream of Tomato Soup
 - Saltines
 - Roast Young Turkey
 - Oyster Dressing
 - Cranberry Sauce
 - Giblet Gravy
 - Washed Potatoes
 - Green Peas
 - Cauliflower
 - Candied Sweet Potatoes
 - Butter Sauce
 - Hot Finger-Rolls
 - Tomato and Lettuce Salad
 - Thousand Island Dressing
 - Assorted Fruits
 - Nuts
 - Hard Candy
 - Hot Mince Pie
 - Ice Cream
 - Chocolate Cake
 - Coffee
 - Cigars and Cigarettes

"That dinner," says Chief Jimmy, "was served to the crew of 1,100, at a cost of \$1.10 per man. In addition, the crew had as guests 200 orphans and other needy children."

"Is that customary?" Chief Jimmy was asked.

"Yes, the crews of ships in port make that a regular practice," was the reply. "Last Christmas the Arkansas was in port at San Diego."

It was suggested that the quantities of food required for Christmas dinner on a battleship might astonish some of the folks "back home."

And Chief Jimmy made this memorandum of the main items, reading each aloud as he put it down:

- Celery, 400 lbs.; olives, 20 gals.; canned tomatoes, 150 lbs.; crackers, 200 lbs.; turkey, 1,200 lbs.; cranberries, 300 lbs.; Irish Potatoes, 600 lbs.; sweet potatoes, 600 lbs.; green peas, 2,400 lbs.; cauliflower, 300 lbs.; hot rolls, 2,400; ham, 400 lbs.; lettuce, 300 lbs.; fresh fruit, 1,200 lbs.; nuts, 300 lbs.; candy, 500 lbs.; pies, 200; ice cream, 40 gals.; cigars, 1,100; cigarettes, 1,100 pkgs.; coffee, 100 lbs.

At this point Grandma might well have exclaimed: "My gracious! Six hundred pounds of Irish potatoes! It would take a week to peel them!"

"How about that, Chief? Do you have any labor-saving devices in the galley?" ("Kitchen" to landlubbers.)

"Oh, yes," says Chief Jimmy. "The potatoes are peeled by power peelers, of which we have two, each with a capacity of a hundred-pound sack in approximately five minutes. But the boys dig out the eyes with paring knives in the good old-fashioned way. We also have eight navy standard churning ranges, and twelve steam-bollers, each of sixty-gallon capacity, for vegetables and so forth. The meal is prepared under my direction by twenty ship's cooks and eight bakers. Fifty-five mess men serve it."

"Of course you serve a good quality of everything?"

"Only the very best," says Chief Jimmy. "Besides the regular government inspection, all foodstuffs are again inspected at ship-side, and any offering that is not up to specifications goes right back!"

And there you have the story of a Christmas dinner aboard one of Uncle Sam's battleships.

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Keeping to Desired Weight

Thing to Remember in the Important Point of "Poundage" Is That It Is Most Unwise to Permit Health to Be Injured by Improper Diet.

Fashion's dictum as to feminine "curves" calls forth the following eminently sensible remarks from a woman whose newspaper and magazine contributions are widely read: "Recently I had an experience which seems almost unbelievable in these days. In a group of five or six there were actually several persons who were bemoaning their weight, but this, of course, was not the surprising thing—they were bewailing the fact that they were under weight! Perhaps those of you who have been trying to keep down your poundage think this is a happy state. The contrary, however, is often the case. While figures are slender, bones may be too prominent, skin may wrinkle before its time, and energy may be low.

"It is really just as important to keep up to a normal weight, perhaps even more so than it is to keep down. What is normal weight? No one knows exactly what is the normal weight for an individual. Statistics have shown that average weight for height may be used for a general criterion. It has been shown that average weight for height increases with years. They have also shown that the average weight for thirty, considering height, is the best weight for persons below and above that age. Below that age it is therefore well to be slightly over average and if possible, after that age, to keep your weight at this stage.

"The condition of under weight, especially in the case of young girls, allows no reserve to be called upon in emergency. A severe attack of flu or pneumonia or typhoid fever will almost invariably have more serious consequences when this reserve is lacking. There has been a steady increase in the onslaughts of tuberculosis among young girls, some of whom are naturally thin and some of whom have partially starved themselves to retain or regain that 'more than slender' figure which is the ideal of today.

This matter of body weight still has an element of mystery for the nutritionists. While authorities on obesity state with confidence that overweight is merely a matter of eating too much, we all of us know persons whose diet is very low in calories and yet they continue to gain. We know others who may be even thinner than our ideal, who devour all of the foods they like best, in large quantities, but yet never seem to gain a pound. Perhaps the authorities know more and have greater interests in cases of real obesity where persons are fifty to a hundred or more pounds overweight than they do about the question of a small excess of fat.

"In any case the foundation diet for every person, under weight or overweight, or normal, is the same. There must be plenty of fruits and vegetables, some milk, eggs several times a week and some meat or food of this type each day. Extra calories are added by fats in the form of butter, cream or oils, by sugars in the form of very sweet desserts and candies, by starches in the form of breads and cereals. The person who is under weight should increase the amount of milk, butter and eggs, rather than increase the amount of sugars and starches enormously. The person who is overweight may safely cut down on the latter foods; however, both of them must be sure of adequate amounts of minerals and vitamins as well as protein every day. Both of them will be wise to formulate a regular plan and, which is much harder, stick to it. Neither gain or loss of weight is accomplished in a few weeks. Persons on any sort of a diet must be sure of keeping enough roughage in the daily meal plan for the sake of better digestion. Vegetables, fruits and whole-grain cereals supply this most plentifully.

"The aid of a physician should be sought if the problem is at all serious. There may be a high or low metabolism which can be regulated by certain gland extracts, which, however, must never be taken except under the direction of a doctor."

Flaked Fish Baked in Potato Shells.
8 smooth medium-sized potatoes.
1/2 cup milk.
1 pound can flaked fish.
1 egg.
1 onion, chopped.
Seasoning to taste.
Lemon juice.

1 cup bread crumbs.
2 tablespoons butter.
Flake the flaked fish, add lemon juice to it and let it stand while the other ingredients are being prepared. Bake the potatoes. Remove a slice from the top of each and scoop out the contents. Mash thoroughly, adding the milk, egg, onion and seasoning. Add the flaked salmon and stuff the potato shells with the mixture. Put them into a baking pan. If desirable, a slice of tomato or pimiento may be put on top of each. Then cover with bread crumbs, dot with butter, and bake twenty-five minutes in a hot oven. Just before serving, a tablespoonful of catsup may be added to each shell.

Lemon Cake.
1/2 cup sugar.
2/3 tablespoon flour.
Grated rind two lemons.
1/2 cup lemon juice.
1 egg.
1 tablespoon butter.
Sponge cake.
Mix sugar and flour, add grated rind, lemon juice and eggs, slightly beaten. Melt butter, add mixture and stir constantly until boiling. Cool before spreading between layers of sponge cake. Cover with whipped cream.

Ginger Waffles.
1/2 cup shortening.
1/2 cup sugar.
1 egg.
1 cup bran.
1 1/2 cups flour.
1/2 teaspoon salt.
1/2 teaspoon soda.
1 teaspoon ginger.
2 teaspoons cinnamon.
1/2 cup sour milk.
1/2 cup molasses.
Cream shortening and sugar together. Add the egg, beat well. Add the bran. Mix and sift the dry ingredients and add them to the first mixture, alternately with the sour milk and molasses. Pour into hot waffle iron and bake until firm.
© 1932, Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Curious Laws Once in Force on Isle of Man

At the present time the deemsters are the Judges on the Isle of Man, and there are two now existing. In former times they pronounced doom or judgment, and were named deemsters from the Norse Dömi. They were formerly elected by the people, and received no salary, but were entitled to a fee from each landowner, to be paid to their collectors, who were known as bonnacks.

The deemster's warrant or summons was simply a stone on which his initials were written and handed to the officer of the court. In this more enlightened age the two deemsters of the island—who are appointed by the lieutenant governor—receive a salary of £1,200 (about \$3,000) a year each.

Amongst the old laws were some that were exceedingly curious. One of the most ancient laws arose from the miserable dwellings of the common people. They were without doors or windows, and a person who entered a house without first speaking and saluting the occupier was regarded as a felon.

At one time sheep stealing in the Isle of Man was a capital offense. Not only so, but ordinary thefts were punishable by death, and this was the law until the middle of the last century. A felon's goods were forfeited to the lord of the island, but by a quaint custom the lord's wife was entitled to all the felon's goats—if he had any.

STOP ITCHING

It's amazing how this tormenting trouble—wherever it occurs—yields to soothing Resinol



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Removes Dandruff, Stops Hair Falling, Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair, and is 100% Pure.

HEROES REST IN MARSHY SOIL OF OLD LOUISIANA?

A persistent legend which has become part of Louisiana folklore isn't legend at all to the natives who live along Barataria bayou. In this picturesque marshy country, about twenty miles south of New Orleans, the natives are convinced that Napoleon does not sleep in Les Invalides and that John Paul Jones' great crypt at Annapolis honors an unknown sailor. They will reverently show the visitor three grass-covered graves, which they announce with conviction, cover the ashes of the Little Corporal, of John Paul Jones, and of the pirate Lafitte.

It is, of course, historical fact that an expedition was organized to rescue Napoleon from St. Helena, but before the expedition under Dominique You sailed from New Orleans, Napoleon died. The Baratarians say differently, however. They declare that all the activity of You's expedition was just huggerrugger to conceal the fact that, while the show went on, Jean Lafitte was actually on his way to St. Helena. On the Isle he substituted a man closely resembling Napoleon, and smuggled the ex-emperor off St. Helena. But when the sloop was almost within sight of Louisiana on the return trip, Napoleon died, and Lafitte buried him at Barataria.

As to Jones—they insist that the great admiral joined Lafitte's forces after his sea victories, instead of going to Yucatan as history tells us, that he died at sea on an expedition and was buried beside Napoleon. The body buried at Annapolis is just some other fellow, identified only by a navy uniform coat. Skeptical visitors may smile, but the Baratarians—some of whom claim to be direct descendants of Lafitte—cross themselves devoutly before the graves and heap them high with flowers every All-Soul's day.

Earthworm Ranks High in Scheme of Creation

After more than a quarter of a century of observation Charles Darwin, in 1881 wrote his monograph on earthworms to prove that in all the scheme of creation mankind has no more valuable friends than these industrious delvers in the dark. Now, 52 years after Darwin, the United States biological survey gives information that the future of mankind depends very directly on the continued existence and activity of billions of earthworms. Without them there could be no vegetation, and without vegetation all the higher forms of animal life would become extinct.

Fertility of the soil depends on the presence of earthworms. The upper strata are constantly being disturbed and loosened by the worms so that the rain can penetrate; and in addition they pull down decaying vegetable matter into the soil. They are also active in reclamation work. Darwin observed how long it required for the worms to bury from sight an abandoned brick walk and begin the piling of fertility on top of it.

Aside from fishermen and robins the earthworms have very few enemies, and the prospect of their extermination is remote. For the present no prohibitory laws need be enacted against either robins or piscatorial sportsmen.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Reaching Conclusions
We believe by instinct and doubt by reason.

Coming to New York?

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Finds Imaginary Golf Conducive to Slumber

"Poppies is nothing to it," quotes a British enthusiast who finds that, when troubled with insomnia, he can put himself to sleep by playing imaginary rounds of golf.

Aware that others prone to lie awake may wish to adopt it, a humanitarian golf correspondent, says the Literary Digest, thus elucidates his technique. "First of all, he chooses a course he knows well, since, as I suppose, he wants to make no effort in recalling the scenery. Next, he always assumes that his tee shot is a good one. This is not because he always does hit a good one in real life, but because he has found that the missing of drives has some subtly wakeful influence.

"After that," he says, with an engaging modesty, "I play to form and

allow for many lapses from grace." He adds that he has found it great fun, and that only very seldom has he had to play a second round before sleep comes to his rescue.

Rushing this information to the London Times, the correspondent makes a little suggestion of his own. "A far better plan," he announces, "would be to go to bed and then give audiences, one at a time, to a series of players who have had bad luck. Surely such a narrative ought to numb the too active senses, if anything can."

Revised Bookkeeping

"You say you have gotten your accounts out of the red?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, "and by a very simple process. I have the bookkeepers enter my liabilities in solemn black ink and my assets in joyous pink."

A Quicker Way To Ease Headaches



HERE I AM... A BIG DINNER PARTY ON HAND... AND ANOTHER OF MY BAD HEADACHES. WHAT CAN I DO?

EVERY TRY BAYER ASPIRIN? TAKE 2 TABLETS AND YOUR HEADACHE WILL BE GONE IN A JIFFY!



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

Those 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."



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1000 ROOMS EACH WITH BATH, RADIO AND CIRCULATING ICE WATER

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I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S WRONG—LEFT-OVER DIRT

"LEFT-OVER DIRT"?—WHAT'S THAT?

LITTLE BITS OF DIRT THAT DON'T COME OUT IN THE WASH

TELL HER TO CHANGE TO FELS-NAPTHA

GOODNESS! WHAT CAN THE LADY DO TO GET IT OUT?

ITS GOOD GOLDEN SOAP AND PLENTY OF NAPHTHA GET CLOTHES CLEAN CLEAR THROUGH—AND DO IT EASIER, TOO!

YES, MA'AM—YOU GET TWO BUSY CLEANERS IN EVERY BIG FELS-NAPHTHA BAR. THAT'S WHY IT BRINGS YOU EXTRA HELP—WHITER SWEETER CLOTHES—WITHOUT HARD RUBBING. GET A FEW BARS AT YOUR GROCERS TODAY



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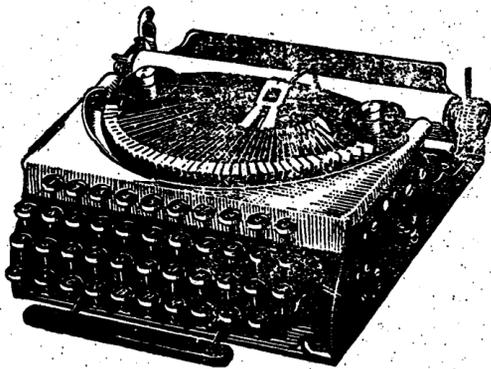
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Now it's fun to do school work and write letters and stories. And watch those school marks get better and better.

The only thing—Dad must not borrow it too often for his office "home-work". Nor Mother for her correspondence and other writing tasks. For this little machine will do just about everything you'd expect a portable to do.

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The Antrim Reporter Office

Our Antrim Reporter

Published Every Wednesday Afternoon

Subscription Price, \$2.00 per year

Advertising Rates on Application

H. W. ELDRIDGE, PUBLISHER

H. E. & C. D. ELDRIDGE, ASSISTANTS

Wednesday, Dec. 6, 1933

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

Long Distance Telephone

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

Cards of Thanks are inserted at 50c. each.

Resolutions of ordinary length \$1.00.



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression"

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

What Has Happened and Will Take Place Within Our Borders

Clarence Elliott and family, from Litchfield, Conn., visited relatives in town a few days the past week.

Henry A. Hurlin is having a garage built on his tenement property, corner of West street and Jameson avenue.

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

Miss Mildred Cram, a teacher in Manchester, visited at her home here over Thanksgiving and the week-end.

Miss Ruth Dunlap was at her home here a few days the past week, with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Dunlap.

The Grade schools re-opened Monday morning, after being closed one week, owing to so many cases of measles among the pupils.

Elmer W. Merrill and two sons, and Mrs. Eliza Merrill, of this town, and Miss Bertha Merrill, of Concord, spent Thanksgiving with the family of Leonard Merrill, in Peterborough.

Anyone desiring hand-worked pillow cases, luncheon sets, pillow tops, and other fancy articles, making splendid Christmas gifts, will find a selection at the home of Miss Mabelle Eldredge, on Grove street. Adv.

Word has reached our office that Miss Eleanor Lane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund M. Lane, formerly of Antrim, was married November 25, at The Howard, in Bartlett, this state, to John Chandler, of that town.

The Main Street Soda Shop is soon to close for the balance of the winter months and has made some low prices on goods in stock to close them out before this date. Read adv. on first page of this paper today for further announcement.

Grade Schools, excepting the Center school, were to close on December 15 for the holiday vacation, but will on account of last week's closing continue sessions through the 18th, 19th and 20th, closing with the afternoon of Wednesday, December 20. Schools will reopen on Tuesday, Jan. 2.

The Antrim Woman's Club will meet in Library hall on Tuesday, December 12, at 3 p.m. Rev. Robert G. Armstrong, of Concord, will have as his topic: "The Message of Thoreau to the Life of Today." The ladies of the Congregational churches, in Antrim and Bennington, are invited to be present. Miriam W. Roberts, Pub. Chairman.

Fires Were Set Twice

Two unsuccessful attempts were made on two different occasions, during the past week, to burn the buildings on the late Willard Manning home place, after the Wednesday evening fire. Fortunately for the residents of this immediate locality, nothing resulted of a serious nature.

The Reporter is informed that Eugene Cole, who was employed on the Colby Farm, near by, said he did the attempted firing, and on Monday of this week, after proper hearing, and consideration of the case, he was conveyed to the State Industrial School, at Manchester. The young man's age is given as 14 years.

"OUR BEAUTY SHOPPE"

Cor. West St. and Jameson Ave.
Antrim, N. H.
Telephone Antrim 66

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Hastings recently visited relatives in Nelson.

Mrs. B. J. Wilkinson recently visited relatives in Goffstown for several days.

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

Mrs. Clara Abbott and Robert J. Abbott recently entertained friends from New London.

Mrs. F. L. Proctor has recently returned from a visit with relatives in Massachusetts.

Mrs. H. W. Eldredge was in Gardner, Mass., on Friday, to consult Dr. Bone, the eye specialist.

With December first, John M. Burnham began his duties as janitor of the James A. Tuttle Library building.

Winslow Sawyer, from University of New Hampshire, Durham, was a recent guest at his home at Clinton village.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Humphrey recently entertained his brother, Samuel Humphrey and family, from Manchester.

Miss Ida Maxfield, who spent a brief time in Springfield, Mass., has returned to town and is employed in the cutlery shop.

Mrs. Mary Stevens has returned to her home in Livermore Falls, Maine, after a brief visit in town, where she formerly resided.

Miss Frances Wheeler, a student at Boston University, recently spent a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Wheeler.

Mrs. G. D. Tibbets and Mrs. J. Lillian Larrabee spent several days recently in Boston, and while there visited the flower show.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Burr Eldredge and Miss Jean Patnaude, from Athol, Mass., spent the holiday with H. W. Eldredge and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Austin and infant child are spending a season with Mr. and Mrs. George Warren at their home on Main street.

Charles L. Holt has been quite sick during the past week or two with an attack of pneumonia. He is improving slowly at this writing.

Owing to Thursday being Thanksgiving Day, the Hillsboro banks in Antrim were closed, and on Friday they were open and doing business.

As a result of a recent meeting, Miss Alice Scruton, of the Deering Community Center, a class will be formed with the new year in teacher training for the church school.

Mrs. R. H. Tibbals, Miss S. F. Benedict and Miss A. L. Carlson recently visited Miss Elizabeth Tibbals, who is a student at Mt. Holyoke College, at South Hadley, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton Paige, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Paige and son, Donald, and Mrs. Ruth Heath, spent Thanksgiving in Peterborough with the former's son, Howard E. Paige and wife.

Following the annual custom of the Antrim Reporter, we are making a special offer to new subscribers, or 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.

Early Wednesday evening last, the fire alarm was rung in and all the village people rushed to the South End to see where the fire was burning. The barn near the late Willard Manning's residence, just off Depot street, had from some unknown cause, caught fire and was being destroyed at a rapid pace. The firemen got water on the flames and soon the fire was under control. Adjoining property was in considerable danger, but nothing serious resulted.

Silver Tea!

The D. A. R. hold their annual Silver Tea at the home of Mrs. Henry A. Hurlin, on Friday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, December 15. There will be tables of useful and fancy articles, canned fruits, jellies, pickles and vegetables; also a food sale. Mystery packages for young and old will make fun for all who are present. This is an excellent opportunity to do your Christmas shopping. Everybody welcome; come and bring your friends. Adv. 2c

South America's Unexplored Regions.
The chief unexplored regions of South America are central and northern Brazil, the far reaches of the Amazon, northwest Brazil and the Selvas region; Venezuela and the source of the Orinoco, northwest Bolivia, El Beni, Chaco, and in southern Argentina, Chubut and Santa Cruz regions, Patagonia and the Capues region of Colombia. There are routes and trails across some of these areas.

The Earth's Motions
The earth has 11 principal motions, as follows: Rotation on its axis, revolution about the sun, precession of the equinoxes, motion around the center of gravity of earth and moon, nutation, variation in the obliquity of the ecliptic, variation in the eccentricity, motion of the perihelion, planetary perturbations, motion of the sun around the center of gravity of the solar system, the sun's motion through space.

Nickname Traced to Square
Boston's nickname, "The Hub" is traceable to Haymarket square, in the North End, from which no less than nine streets lead away in every direction, like the spokes of a wheel. The record number of streets leading from the square include Washington, North Washington, Merrimac, Haverhill, Cross, Union, Canal, Blackstone and Sudbury.

Maryland's State Flag
The crest on the State flag of Maryland is striking in design and in its history. Although it was not officially adopted until 1904, it has been in continuous use since the early days of the proprietary government of Maryland. It represents the escutcheon of the paternal coat of arms of Lord Baltimore.

Trade Ports Fly British Flag
The great trade ports of Asia—Aden, Bombay, Singapore, Hongkong, Calcutta, Colombo and Rangoon—all fly the British flag, and curiously enough, all these harbors amounted to very little until the British came along and developed them.

America Needs Just That
An epidemic of window robberies in London led to the adoption of an alarm which not only attracts the attention of police and passers-by, but is calculated to so startle the robber that he will abandon any thought of loot.

Napoleon Wed by Proxy
Napoleon Bonaparte and Marie Louise were married by proxy in Vienna in April, 1810. Later there was a civil marriage at Comperiene, and two weeks later the marriage was blessed by the Catholic church at Paris.

Tomato Plant Detects Gas
All British submarines are to carry tomato plants, as a means of detecting noxious gases. This plant, over 50 times as sensitive as the best chemical test, droops at the faintest contact with poisonous gases.

Bells Used in Prehistoric Age
Bells are of prehistoric origin and were introduced in England from Italy in the Seventh century. The first church bell known to have been used in England was placed in Wearmouth abbey in 650.

Plain Foolishness
"I likes to listen to plain foolishness sometimes," said Uncle Eben. "It don't gibe me no information, but I has de satisfaction of knowin' it ain't gittin' nobody into trouble."

Diameter of Star Mira
The diameter of the star, Mira, in the constellation of Cetus, is nearly as great as the orbit of Mars and would take 27,000,000 of our suns to fill it.

Turtle Eggs Are Hard
The eggs of the common snapping turtle are so tough that they can be thrown on the hard ground and rebound several inches without breaking.

Find Gold Minted 800 Years Ago
Rising from a historical background of pre-Civil war days, a fortune of Spanish gold-minted 800 years ago was discovered in southern Mississippi.

Wealth and Figures
"Wealth may become so great," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "that at last it may seem only a row of figures on a slip of paper."

Real Dreadnaughts
The dreadnaught class in boxing takes in those fighters who are 6 feet 2 inches or more tall and a minimum of 220 pounds in weight.

Light Out After 600 Years
The famous lighthouse on the Mofo of Naples, in the Mediterranean, was extinguished after burning every night for 600 years.

Brass Rail, Too, Maybe
Florentine, Italy, records show that the custom of drinking at a bar was popular there at least 300 years ago.

Dog Has Webbed Feet
The Abyssinian sand terrier has webbed feet, is hairless and looks like a large rat, but is really a dog.

Nassau City of Historic Interest
Nassau, the Bahamas, capitulated to the American navy during the Revolutionary war.

Has Good Hearing
One of the most sensitive of all animals to sound is the dog.

DONG, DONG!



"Then my welfare is of no interest to you?"
"Not so much as your farewell would be, Mr. Slow."

ARGUMENT ENDED



She—Your one idea is money, money, money.
He—Well, it's an idea every one is willing to accept.

MELTED HIM



"She gave him the icy stare."
"What did he do?"
"He slipped silently away."

NATURAL ENOUGH



"What became of the boy who was kept in at school?"
"Grew up to be the man who was detained at the office."

THE LAST WORD



"Do you believe marriages are made in heaven?"
"Probably. Heaven only knows why some are made."

OF THE SAME MIND



He—I like hunting and fishing.
She—So do I—hunting for a good time and fishing for compliments.

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. Alice Weeks is in Providence, R. I., on a professional nursing case.

Mrs. M. E. Sargent is entertaining a cousin, Miss Jaquith, from Philadelphia.

The food sale of the Woman's Club brought in between seven and eight dollars, most of which they dispensed in Thanksgiving cheer.

There will be a Christmas Sale and Silver Tea, in the Congregational church vestry, Tuesday afternoon, at 2.30 o'clock, December 12. Every body welcome.

Clarence Kochersperger visited his sister, Mrs. Maurice Newton, last week, and on Saturday Mrs. Newton returned with him to Lowell, Mass., for a few days' visit with their uncle, Mr. Page, where Mr. Kochersperger acts as chauffeur.

MT. CROTCHED 4-H CLUB

The Mt. Croched 4-H Club met Saturday, December 2, at the home of our leader, Mrs. Earle Sheldon. There were seven girls present. We elected a new treasurer and a new reporter: Treasurer, Esther Perry; Reporter, Hattie Parker. We voted to bring five cents a month for any purpose needed. We sewed for half an hour, then we had a social hour. All had a good time; then went home.
 Hattie Parker, Club Reporter.

S. of U. V. AUXILIARY

The Sons of Union Veterans Auxiliary met on Monday night, nine sisters being present. It was voted to have a play come from North Weare; name of play "Heart Cry," on Thursday, December 14. The play will be given under the direction of Mr. Baker. The Auxiliary also voted to have a Christmas tree this year for the members and their families, same as in years past. After the meeting a lunch of sandwiches and coffee were served.
 Hattie R. Messer,
 Press Correspondent.

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.

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.

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

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Bennington, N. H.

Good Food Quick Service
 All Kinds of Sandwiches
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 Special Dinner Every Day
 Hot Dogs 5c. each

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

EDWARD ELLINGWOOD

Junk Dealer

Peterboro, N. H.

Antrim Locals

Mrs. Elizabeth Felker was in Fitchburg, Mass., on Tuesday of this week, on business.

Harold Proctor, manager of the local Derby Stores, Inc., has been confined to his home by illness the past day or two.

Mrs. Homer E. Kilburn and three children, of Andover, this state, and Miss Bertha Merrill, of Concord, were recent visitors with Mrs. Eliza Merrill and Elmer W. Merrill.

Nine Antrim High school students have joined the Junior Beach Club, of Hillsboro, a federated music club of New Hampshire. At the November meeting, in addition to the regular

program, it was a pleasure to hear Mrs. E. H. A. Beach, the composer. Next Sunday, Dec. 10, from 2 to 2.45, the club is to broadcast from the Hotel Carpenter, Manchester. For this program, the Antrim members will furnish orchestral numbers, a trumpet solo and trios for violin, cello and piano.

Pratt - Hatch

Mr. and Mrs. Roswell F. Hatch, of West Hartford, Conn., announce the marriage of their daughter, Lois, to Henry B. Pratt, Jr., of Antrim, on Saturday, December 2.

The wedding took place at the home of the bride's parents, at two o'clock in the afternoon. Rev. Charles Graves of the Unitarian Church performed the ceremony. The bride, who was unattended, wore a traveling dress of blackberry crepe and a corsage of gardenias.

Following a reception Mr. and Mrs. Pratt left by motor for a wedding trip. They are now at home in Antrim.

Antrim Garden Club

The Antrim Garden Club held its December meeting with Mrs. Cora B. Hunt. Fifteen members were present. As this was the annual meeting the annual reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were read.

The following officers were elected for the year 1934:

President—Mrs. Anna B. Tibbetts
 Vice President—Mrs. Alice G. Nylander

Secretary and Treasurer—Mrs. Mattie Proctor

Librarian—Mrs. Ethel Davis
 Program Committee—Mrs. Rose Poor, Chairman, Mrs. Emma Goodell, Mrs. Mabel Brooks

Membership Committee—Mrs. Vera Butterfield, Chairman, Mrs. Lena Taylor, Mrs. Emma Nay

The Library books are to be at the Public Library under Mrs. Davis' care, to be taken out by Club members only. An interesting program followed. Mrs. Jennie Prescott read a very appropriate poem entitled "A Gardener's Christmas Vision", by Frances Bush. Mrs. Willis Brooks discussed very ably "Terrarium Gardens and Dish Garden's"; she had a very beautiful Terrarium on exhibition. Mrs. Tibbetts and Mrs. Wheeler told us a little about the recent Flower Show in Boston.

The next meeting will be held on January 1, 1934, with Mr. and Mrs. Everett Davis.

Rose Poor, Press Correspondent

Resolutions of Respect

Adopted by Waverley Lodge, No. 59, I. O. O. F. on Death of John S. Nesmith

Whereas, the Supreme Master of the Universe has removed from our membership one of our older members and one who greatly cherished the Order; and whereas, he had a large place in his thoughts for Waverley Lodge and its prosperity; therefore, Resolved, that in the passing of Brother John S. Nesmith, we as a Lodge of Odd-Fellows do submit to the will of an all-wise Father, and trust that the faithfulness to our Order of this brother will prove of lasting benefit to everyone who knew of this quality in his life. Resolved, that these resolutions be spread upon the records of our Lodge, that a copy be sent to the bereaved family, and that they be published in the Antrim Reporter.

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

Antrim Locals

Only 15 shopping days to Christmas; hurry up on your buying!

Wendall Crowell, of Hancock, Past State Commander, was in Antrim on Tuesday evening, and installed the officers of Wm. M. Myers Post, No. 50, American Legion.

There will be a meeting of the Antrim Citizen's Association on Monday, December 11, at 7.30 p.m., in Library hall. All members of the Association, and all citizens who are interested in the welfare of the town, are urged to be present. H. E. Wilson, Secretary.

Molly Aiken Chapter, D.A.R., held a very pleasant meeting Friday after-

noon, at the home of Mrs. Herbert Wilson, with Mrs. Wilkinson and Mrs. Robertson assisting. The 15 minute study period was followed by interesting talks on Colonial Homes. The Harrison Gray Otis House and the John Hancock Mansion, in Boston, being given by Mrs. Burnham, and "Kenmore," "Westover" and "Stratford," in Virginia, given by Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Poor. Refreshments of sandwiches, cake and coffee, were served, and as a special feature in keeping with the spirit of colonial times, Lafayette ginger bread, made by the recipe used by George Washington's mother and served to Lafayette. Inez Sawyer, Pub. Chrm.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Commissioner's Notice

The subscriber having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Hillsborough Commissioner to examine and allow the claims of the creditors to the estate of Harry S. Eldredge, late of Bennington, in said County, deceased, decreed to be administered as insolvent, and six months from the 30th day of December, A. D. 1933, being allowed for that purpose, hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties assigned him, at the Town Office, in Antrim, in said County, on the 30th day of December, 1933, and on the 30th day of June, A. D. 1934, from 1.30 to 3 o'clock in the afternoon on each of said days.

Dated the sixth day of December, A. D. 1933.

ARTHUR W. PROCTOR,
 Commissioner.

DEERING

Mrs. Florence Brown of Concord, Mass., has been the guest of Miss Ruth E. Clement.

Joseph and Carroll Green of West Deering have secured employment in Vermont.

Schools in town were closed Wednesday afternoon for the remainder of Thanksgiving week.

Erwin Holdner has rented the Raines farm from Mrs. A. Ray Petty and will shortly remove his family there from West Deering.

Miss Emma Ellsworth, who has been passing several months with her brothers, has returned to Massachusetts for the winter months.

Mrs. Angie Webster is ill at the home of her son, Gordon Webster, in East Deering. Her daughter has been summoned from New York.

J. W. and Arthur Ellsworth and their sister, Miss Emma Ellsworth, who is passing the winter in Massachusetts, were the guests of Mrs. Harry Whitney at a family gathering at Brookline, Thanksgiving Day.

At a special meeting of Wolf Hill Grange the first and second degrees were conferred upon a class of candidates, and at the regular meeting on Monday evening, Nov. 27, the third and fourth degrees were conferred.

Archie Cote met with a painful accident and was fortunate in escaping injury, when the bolt of a wagon in which he was driving broke, throwing him with great force to the frozen ground. He sustained cuts and a badly bruised hand.

The body of Robert Goodale, whose tragic death by fire in his home at Amherst took place late week, was brought here and buried in the Goodale family cemetery near Deering Center. Mr. Goodale was born in this town and lived here most of his life, going from here to Amherst only a few years ago. During the latter part of his residence here he lived in the house now owned by Arcade Dugal, and commonly known as the Dickey place. He is survived by a brother, George Goodale of Amherst.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

The Subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of John S. Nesmith, late of Antrim, in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.

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

Dated November 15, 1933

GEORGE M. NESMITH.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss. Court of Probate.

To Lawrence E. Newhall, of Bennington, in said County, under the guardianship of Charles A. Newhall, and all others interested therein:

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

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Hillsborough, in said County, on the 26th day of January, 1934, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

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

Given at Nashua, in said County, this 13th day of November, A. D. 1933.

By order of the Court:

S. J. DEARBORN,
 Register.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss. Court of Probate

To the Heirs-at-Law of John S. Nesmith in said County, formerly under the conservatorship of George M. Nesmith and all others interested therein:

Whereas said Conservator has filed the account of his said conservatorship in the Probate Office for said County:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Hillsborough in said County, on the 26th day of January next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

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

Given at Nashua in said County, this 13th day of November, A. D. 1933.

By order of the Court,

S. J. DEARBORN,
 Register.

For Your

Job and Book Printing
 Patronize the
 REPORTER PRESS
 Antrim, N. H.

"Stop Advertising

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

Says an authority on advertising. This is the history of merchandising, and many are able to recall cases of this kind. Every year there are vital changes in 14 per cent of our population and advertising must take these changes into consideration. A merchant must advertise not only to hold and sell his old 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

The Biggest Real Estate Deal in History



Thomas Jefferson



The Signing of the Louisiana Purchase Treaty



Napoleon

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

ONE hundred and thirty years ago the "biggest real estate deal in history" was closed in the city of New Orleans. On December 20, 1803, a crowd gathered in the historic Place d'Armes (now known as Jackson square). In the center was a tall flagpole at the top of which fluttered the Tricolor of France. Drawn up along one side of the square was a detachment of United States army troops. Facing them on the other side of the flagpole were Spanish troops and a few French officers.

A few hours before, Pierre Clement Laussat, French prefect of Louisiana, Gen. James Wilkinson of the United States army, and William C. C. Claiborne, former governor of Mississippi Territory, had met in the famous old Cabildo, which faces on the square. There the credentials of the two Americans were read, as was the authority of the Frenchman to hand over to them official possession of a certain tract of land; the keys of the city of New Orleans were given to Claiborne and he, dissolving the allegiance of the inhabitants of New Orleans to France, welcomed them as citizens of the United States.

Then the three men stepped out into the Place d'Armes. At a signal the Tricolor of France began to descend and the Stars and Stripes of the United States to ascend. Midway on the flagstaff the two banners met and were saluted. And when the American flag had reached the top of the staff and the French banner the bottom, it meant that the Louisiana Territory had changed hands for the sixth and last time and was henceforth American soil.

Thus the fitting climax to this "biggest real estate deal in history" in which Napoleon Bonaparte, the First Consul of France, had sold to Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States, for \$15,000,000 a veritable empire of 1,717,931 square miles. It doubled the original area of the new Republic and gave to that Republic the land which in the future was to be the following states: Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, the part of Minnesota west of the Mississippi, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, and most of Oklahoma, Kansas, Montana, Wyoming and a large part of Colorado. It extended our boundaries from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico and from the Rocky mountains to the Mississippi river, which henceforth was to be ours, freed forever from the menace of a foreign power holding one of our most important gateways to the sea—New Orleans.

Like so many important events in American history, the Louisiana Purchase had its origins in European politics and intrigue. The Louisiana Territory had first been claimed for France by the explorer, La Salle, who in 1682 had taken possession of it in the name of Louis XIV. In 1712 the Grand Monarch had "farmed" Louisiana to Antoine Crozat, the greatest merchant monopolist of his day; but Crozat, unable to make use of it, had turned it over five years later to John Law, the Scotch adventurer, whose bursted "Mississippi Bubble" had almost overnight transformed him from a hero in France to the most hated man in that country. So in 1731 the Louisiana Territory went back to the French crown again and in 1762 Louis XV had ceded it to Spain.

Spanish territory it had remained all the time the English colonies on the Atlantic seaboard were winning their freedom from Great Britain and taking their first faltering steps as a new nation. In the meantime stirring events had been taking place in France. The Bourbons had been dethroned, the horrors of the French Revolution had run their course and a new world figure had risen above the horizon—Napoleon Bonaparte, the First Consul of France.

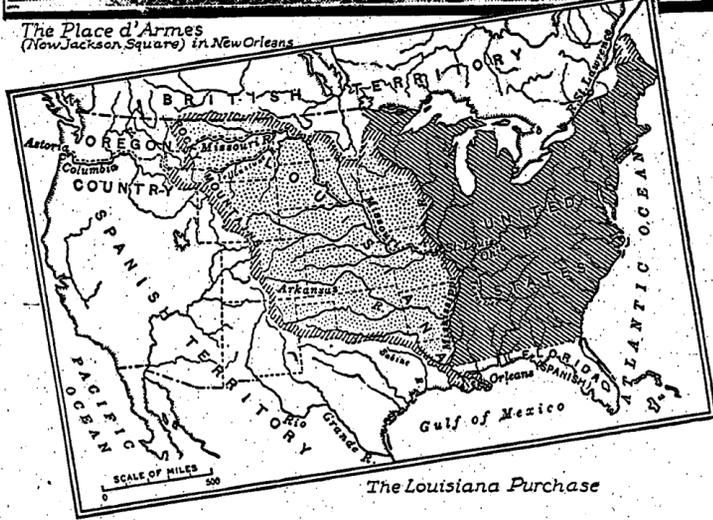
Within a year after, he had become virtually the master of Europe. He had crushed Austria and the states of the Italian peninsula. Peace with England was in sight and six weeks after his victory at Marengo Napoleon sent a demand to Spain to cede Louisiana back to France. The main reason back of that demand was his desire, along with his other plans to dominate the world, to rebuild the French commercial power in America and begin upon a policy of colonial expansion.

The treaty by which Spain ceded Louisiana back to France in 1802 was kept secret but soon after Thomas Jefferson became President in 1801 he suspected what was going on across the Atlantic. French control of New Orleans and French domination of the Mississippi would have a serious meaning for the United States, especially to the settlers of Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee. As early as 1790 they were sending down the river 120,000 pounds of tobacco, 10,000 barrels of flour, 22,000 pounds of hemp, 500 barrels of cider and as many more of whisky for shipment abroad.

So long as the Spanish were in control, this commerce would not be seriously affected for, even though there had been matters of annoyance between American commercial interests and the Spanish authorities, in general the Ameri-



The Place d'Armes (New Jackson Square) in New Orleans



The Louisiana Purchase

cans had not found the restrictions of the Spaniard oppressive. But with the arrogant Napoleon holding New Orleans, matters might be very different indeed.

Then Don Juan Ventura Morales, Spanish governor of New Orleans, preparatory to turning the Louisiana Territory over to France, closed the port to the Americans and the western settlers looked upon this as prophetic of what Napoleon's policy of strangling American trade and checking farther American expansion was to be. What Jefferson thought of it is reflected in the following letter to Robert Livingston, American minister to France:

"The cession of Louisiana and the Floridas by Spain to France works most sorely in the United States. . . . There is on the globe one single spot, the possessor of which is our natural and habitual enemy. It is New Orleans, through which the produce of three-eighths of our territory must pass to market, and from its fertility it will ere long yield more than half of our whole produce, and contain more than half of our inhabitants. . . . Spain might have retained it quietly for years. . . . Not so can it ever be in the hands of France. . . . Every eye in the United States is now fixed on the affairs of Louisiana."

He then went on to instruct Livingston and Robert Pinckney, American minister to Spain, to obtain West Florida from Spain and New Orleans from France. Congress was also fully aware of the necessity for action and it backed up Jefferson by appropriating on January 2, 1803, the sum of \$2,000,000 for the purchase of the desired territory. Jefferson also appointed James Monroe as minister extraordinary to Paris to aid Livingston in the negotiations.

In the meantime, however, events had been taking place in Europe, and also in America, which were destined to make Napoleon play squarely into Jefferson's hands. Although peace had been declared between France and England in 1802, Napoleon's belligerent attitude toward England was rapidly bringing about a state of mind which meant another war. Then, too, Napoleon's plan of colonial expansion was going none too well. The rebellion of Toussaint L'Ouverture in Santo Domingo had been crushed but at a fearful price and this made Napoleon realize the difficulties of carrying out his ambitious project for re-establishing French commercial domination in the New World.

With war with Great Britain imminent Napoleon knew that his problem was greatly increased. He was quick to see that England, mistress of the seas, could easily seize and hold Louisiana. Livingston had not had much success in his preliminary negotiations for the purchase of New Orleans with two of Napoleon's ministers, Talleyrand and Marbois. But on Easter Sunday, 1803, the First Consul announced an astonishing decision to his ministers. He would sell not only New Orleans but the whole Louisiana Territory to the United States!

A day or two after this Monroe arrived in Paris and Talleyrand told the two American ministers of Napoleon's astonishing proposal.

They could scarcely believe their ears when Talleyrand told them of Napoleon's decision. They suspected a trick. But when Talleyrand convinced them that the offer was sincere, they were more than willing to begin to talk terms.

However, their negotiations dragged on for some time, complicated by the fact that Monroe was ill and scarcely able to play his part in them. At last they began to reach a basis for agreement, and the two American ministers, unable to communicate with their government before it should be too late, took upon themselves the great responsibility of accepting Marbois' terms.

On April 30, 1803, Marbois, Livingston and Monroe signed the covenants by which the United States bound itself to pay directly to France the sum of \$11,250,000 and to assume debts owed by France to American citizens, estimated at \$3,750,000, making the total of \$15,000,000. It is said that after they had affixed their signatures, Livingston remarked, "We have lived long, but this is the noblest work of our lives. From this day the United States takes its rank among the powers of the earth."

The curious thing is that they could not realize that they had bought something of "a pig in a poke" in that the boundaries of the Louisiana Territory were not clearly defined so they had not the slightest notion of the vast extent of the territory which they had acquired for their country. Neither could they realize that no other American purchasers of territory would ever acquire so much for so little, for they got this vast domain for less than \$15 a square mile. Within a hundred years \$15 would not buy a square inch of some of that land!

In other respects it was a strange transaction. Livingston and Monroe had far exceeded their authority in buying Louisiana and, as a matter of fact, Napoleon had no right to sell it without the consent of Spain and his own assembly. Spain immediately made a protest that the sale was illegal—a protest which she did not care to maintain too stoutly, considering the nature of the First Consul. Many Frenchmen were also bitter about the sale.

Even in this country there was considerable criticism. Of course, the westerners were delighted. But the Federalists in the East, recalling how Jefferson had denounced Washington and Adams for using powers not expressly delegated to the President in the Constitution, were quick to denounce Jefferson for doing the same thing. And the President, assuming responsibility for what his envoys had done and dubious of the legality of the purchase, made the historic admission that he "had stretched his powers until they cracked."

But in October congress ratified the covenants and the next month Laussat arrived in New Orleans to assume authority over that city and Louisiana Territory, preliminary to turning both over to their new owners. The Spanish flag came down and the French Tricolor took its place, to stay there for only 20 days, then to give way forever to the Stars and Stripes.

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Fifty Famous Frontiersmen

By

ELMO SCOTT WATSON

"Father of the Texas Panhandle"

IT IS difficult to say which of the many feats in the career of Col. Charles Goodnight made him most famous. Is he best remembered as the man who blazed three important trails in the old Texas cattle driving days? Or as the head of the great J. A. ranch which once comprised more than 1,300,000 acres and had more than 100,000 cattle? Or as the founder of the widely-known "Goodnight buffalo herd" and the preserver of the last remnants of the countless millions that once roamed the plains of the West? Whichever it is, his fame as the "Father of the Texas Panhandle," a title which includes in it some elements of all three, seems secure.

Goodnight was born in Illinois on March 5, 1830—just three days after Texas, where he was to win his future renown, had declared its independence from Mexico. His parents moved to Texas in 1845, the year the Lone Star state entered the Union. So if there was ever a man who "grew up with a state," that man was Charles Goodnight.

During the Civil war Goodnight, the young ranchman, served with the Texas Rangers, fighting Indians, Mexicans and cattle and horse thieves and winning valuable experience for the stirring days that were to come. At the close of the war the Texas plains swarmed with cattle and the Texans had to find a market for them. Some of the ranchers had already begun to trail their cattle up to Abilene, Kan., for shipment East, but Goodnight saw a greater opportunity in New Mexico, Colorado and Wyoming, where there were Indian agencies looking for beef.

But between the Panhandle of Texas and these markets was a vast expanse of desert country inhabited by fierce Comanches, ready to pounce on white invaders, kill them and seize their cattle. Undaunted by these dangers Goodnight looked around until he found a kindred spirit in Oliver Loving and they, with 18 daring cowboys, gathered up a herd of several thousand cattle and started out. Two months later they arrived in Fort Sumner, N. M., with a 600-mile journey safely behind them.

This trail which they blazed immediately became known as the Goodnight Trail, and later it was extended through the Raton mountains into Colorado and Wyoming.

The second of the trails which Goodnight blazed ran from Alamo, N. M., to Granada, Colo., and this one soon became famous as the New Goodnight Trail. His third trail, laid out when he was head of the J. A. ranch, was the Palo Duro-Dodge City Trail, 250 miles in length, from his ranch to Dodge City, Kan.

Famous for an Act Not His

"COLONEL CRESAP, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!"

Do you remember it?—The Speech of Logan? In the old McGuffey's reader? Thousands of American schoolboys have recited that matchless oration and thereby perpetuated a grave injustice to a brave frontiersman. For Capt. Michael Cresap was not the leader of the party of whites who massacred the family of Logan, the Mingo chief, during Lord Dunmore's war of 1774, even though the immortal words of the heart-broken red man sent the accusation thundering down the years.

Born in 1742, the son of Col. Thomas Cresap, a well-known Maryland pioneer, young Michael early set up as a trader. But he did not come into prominence until the year 1773 when he went across the Ohio, became "squatter" on lands owned by no less a person than George Washington, and was the subject of several indignant letters by that future-great Virginian.

In the spring of 1774 it was apparent that another Indian war was imminent. Dunmore sent word to the frontiersmen along the Ohio to hold themselves in readiness to repel an Indian attack. Placing a liberal interpretation on these orders, a party led by Cresap ambushed some Shawnees and killed and scalped them. This was the first blood shed by the whites, and it is a blot on the record of Cresap, even though he was innocent of the murder of Logan's family, an affair which followed soon afterwards and for which Logan, confusing the two attacks, blamed Cresap.

In June, 1774, Cresap was commissioned a captain of frontier militia by Lord Dunmore and served with him throughout the campaign.

The next year when colonial resentment against the Mother Country at last broke out into open rebellion, Cresap led a company of Maryland riflemen, with "Liberty or Death" emblazoned across their hunting shirts, to join the Continental forces of His Excellency, Gen. George Washington, at Cambridge. But before he had a chance to distinguish himself, death cut short his career. He died in New York city in October, 1775, and was buried in the churchyard of historic Old Trinity. The headstone marking his grave has long since disappeared, and his only memorial is a famous oration with its unjust accusation of a crime which he did not commit.

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Howe About:

No Flow of Blood
The Devil Cracks Down
Really Good Men

By ED HOWE

IN LISTENING to conversations about the depression, I note that nearly everyone expresses the hope blood will not flow before the trouble ends.

Most of these gentlemen, I believe, really have a secret hope that there will be a flow of blood, that those who have wronged them may be properly punished.

I wonder it does not occur to these gloomy prophets that in case the reign of terror predicted comes about, there will be no selected list of victims. I will not be permitted to point out my special enemies, and order the executioners to dispose of them. Others will not have this privilege.

In the reign of terror in France for every king, aristocrat or financier beheaded, dozens of milliners, workmen, small home owners, agitators, politicians, lost their lives, or otherwise suffered the wrongs incident to rioting. The ruffians finally turned on themselves, and so many of them were disposed of that it became possible for reasonable men to restore order.

At the present blood atonement men should further remember that we are all about equally responsible for our present troubles. Great guilt attaches to men like Samuel Insull, Woodrow Wilson, but punishment is also justly due their heedless and dishonest followers.

In following bad measures and bad men, we are all guilty. The only remedy is for all to acquire better sense and morals.

There will be no flow of blood. The present universal suffering is sufficient for expiation of our sins; the present reign of terror enough to sober us.

A man called to see me lately, and complained bitterly because he was only making a living during the hard times. "That's rather good," I said; and might have added: "Considering how shiftless you are, and always have been."

Thousands of us should be more grateful than we are that we are able to make a living, in spite of the ruin our shiftless carelessness has brought about.

Let no one forget that a part of this blame we are now trying to place belongs to him. All Americans have long been raising the devil, and the devil has finally been forced to crack down on us. I think even the devil is sorry, our distress is so great, but we have acted badly so long, he couldn't avoid it.

The real wonder is that Americans have been able to continue as long as they have in their mad revel.

A long time ago, during perilous times somewhat like the present, an old fellow wrote: "There be not three good men in England; and one of them is fat and grows old." . . . Everyone has the notion that only a few really good men are left; and he is not entirely certain about the other three or four, or five, or half dozen. Usually he will admit they mean well, but somewhat doubts their honesty and courage. . . . That so much conceit exists is marvelous, but it is about the only marvel that has been proven. All appreciate themselves too much. We are like the Irish; it is said there never was an Irish brass band because agreement as to a leader could not be reached.

I lately saw a picture of a thousand picked men and their wives assembled at a banquet. Not one of them good looking. Yet all these people were well-behaved above the average; were above the average in general citizenship. . . . How we all try to be good looking, and how ugly we are! The first thing we remark about the people is their ugliness.

A country town man, living in a western state noted for hypocrisy, is in jail. He didn't get drunk. It was his boast he had never tasted intoxicating liquor in his life. From a boy up he had attended Sunday school and church. He married a good girl, and was profoundly shocked at the bold manner in which traveling men display carelessness of home ties. But parents, neighbors and teachers had never warned him against the stock market. When the explosion came, a neighbor said: "I have been noticing for sometime he has been doing more for the poor and the public good than I can afford." . . . He had been accumulating good by doing harm to himself.

An old newsman who spent years in Russia is now in Washington, and says the marching of negroes and old soldiers there remind him of St. Petersburg. . . . We are becoming like the Russians in many other ways; in some respects we are worse. I have not heard of judges being dragged from the bench in Russia, as was lately done by farmers in Iowa; our richest state. Nor have I heard of school teachers rioting in Russia for their pay, as was done lately in Chicago, our richest city. Labor union bombings and bank holdups are practically unknown in Russia, but almost as common in the United States as the ringing of church bells. The fact for serious consideration in America is that the people are without effective government or moral restraint.

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TANGLED WIVES

By PEGGY SHANE

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SYNOPSIS

A girl finds herself in a tangle in New York with a strange man who speaks of an awful shock. He leaves her for a moment, and she drives on, for she fears him. She stops at the Biltmore, wondering who she is. Her memory is gone. She has a wedding ring. The nameless girl 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 \$500. An elderly woman, 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. Visiting a store she is astounded when a saleswoman insists she hide from observation. Rocky returns. He demands to know who she is and why his wife sent her to his home. She cannot tell him. They agree, for the sake of his parents, to pretend, for the time being, they are husband and wife.

CHAPTER V—Continued

Rocky pulled a chair up to the table and sat down. "Draw up, dream girl," he said gleefully. "Rather, darling, let me arrange your pillows for you."

There seemed nothing else she could do about it, so Doris scrambled into bed. Rocky poked pillows behind her. "Jolly, isn't it?" "What?" "Oh—having our own little love nest like this and being so fond of one another—"

Rocky spoon poked tremulously into her grapefruit. She felt a little reckless about where the juice splattered. "It may seem jolly to you." She looked at him unsmilingly.

Rocky opened his eyes in pretended surprise. "You mean to say it isn't to you—with your love of adventure? Pickle woman, and on our wedding day you were so crazy about me!"

Doris was scarlet. For a moment she thought that Rocky meant they had had a wedding day. It was too confusing. If only he would stop teasing. It was baffling enough not to know what had happened to her.

"After breakfast we'll drive into the village," said Rocky. "I want to call up Doris without Mother finding it out."

"Go alone." "You don't crave my company." "Frankly I don't."

He looked at her. She saw that his captious mood was gone. He was hurt inexplicably, and angry.

"Well, I'm not so d-d keen about you either. It's to save Mother's feelings that I'm going to take you." His face looked pained, childishly so. "She thinks that we can't hear to be out of one another's sight!"

Doris didn't know what to say. His making fun of love infuriated her. She looked at him in stunned helplessness.

Who was she? What was she doing here? Where was the real Doris? Why wasn't she here instead?

Mrs. Du Val rapped at the door and came in. "Ah my children—like quiet little love-birds you sit!" She glanced at Doris' plate. "But you do not eat!" She shook a finger. "You are too excited. Rocky has talked to you too much."

violently on the starter. "Where do you suppose that woman is at this hour? Not home from last night's party, I expect."

"You—you're unspeakable." She drew herself to the farther side of the car. She was seething. Rocky seemed engaged in a bitter brooding. They said nothing more until he opened the door of the car for her to alight.

Doris retreated from his extended hand. "I can get out of this car quite well without assistance."

He seized her arm and pulled her out roughly. "Stop acting like a fool!" They stood eye to eye, Doris on the step above him, outraged, panting with fury. At that moment nothing but physical violence could have satisfied Doris. This man had her so completely at his mercy. She was so helpless. She had no place to go—no one to turn to. And he insulted her, humiliated her. She could not think of words to express her fury. Everything else had gone from her mind.

He too was filled with hate. His mouth was drawn into ugly lines. His eyes looked at her mercilessly.

"You—" he began. The cheery voice of Oscar Du Val boomed at them. "Ah, my children, home again! Good. I thought you might be late for lunch."

Rocky reached out his hand toward her, smiling hypocritically. It was the last straw. She raised her fists in the air and struck out desperately. In her madness she hit the umbrella stand. It knocked over, hitting Rocky violently.

Taken by surprise, he uttered a loud "Ouch."

"I hope it hurts!" Rocky whispered, venomously. "This is the limit. This ends everything." He rubbed his wounds tenderly.

"And not too soon for me, either!" said Doris.

They went in to lunch. Mr. and Mrs. Du Val noticed nothing amiss.

The meal seemed long and unendurable. Rocky was silent and brooding. Doris felt depressed. Where did she belong? Where should she go?

She considered taking Mrs. Du Val into her confidence. Rocky's mother had been so kind—had seemed such a

refuge. Yet had that not been partly because she was Rocky's wife, because she was supposed to have the Du Val seed flourishing within her?

Doris felt more unhappy than ever. She had known, at least, all along that she was not going to have a baby. Mrs. Du Val would be very angry when she found out how Doris had taken advantage of her sympathy and love.

What should she do? But the kindly Du Vals were perceiving at last that something had gone wrong with the newlyweds. Doris did not eat. Rocky glowered.

Oscar Du Val pushed back his chair. "Rocky you go off somewhere with Doris for a few days where you can be alone together."

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Du Val eagerly. "It is not good for young people to be always with us old ones—"

How, now, would she find her friends, her parents, her—(her mind shied away)—her husband? Then she thought again with terror of the man in the cab. If she did find her friends, it meant finding that man again.

Of course he was her husband. She looked at herself earnestly in the mirror. She was dressed in the tweed that she had worn on the day of her meeting with Mrs. Du Val. The face, young and anxious, looked back at her. She was absolutely alone in the world. And now she was going out in it—without friends, without money.

Rocky knocked peremptorily on the door. "Are you ready?" he asked curtly. "Certainly," she said promptly.

She gathered up her gloves. She took one look around the pretty faultless room. Her haven. "Good-by," she thought silently. "Good-by."

Bending her head so that Rocky might not see her face she left the room.

She took her leave in a daze. Mrs. Du Val full of admonitions, smiles and tears—Oscar Du Val neglecting his precious work to bid her farewell—the kisses, the smiling servants—Rocky at the wheel grim, saying little—then the grinding gears—and the last look over the shoulder—

Then she was riding over the road beside Rocky.

He spoke once on the long journey: "I'll take you as far as New York," he said unpleasantly. "But then I'm afraid we'll have to part company—"

Frightened, horrified, forlorn, Doris still felt that she would rather die than let him know how completely helpless she was.

"You can drop me at the Biltmore," she said. "O. K."

Doris' throat was dry, her cheeks hot from the sun. She hoped that she would not cry. It would be awful if she broke down in front of Rocky.

The drive was never going to end. Doris decided that she could sleep in the park that night. She could pawn her baggage and look for a job!

Rocky smoked cigarette after cigarette, his eyes squinting, his mouth sardonic and unhappy. The hills gave way to the Bronx River parkway.

Then Rocky turned off Fifth avenue into a side street and brought the car to a standstill. He got out, walked around the car and opened the door. She looked at him blankly.

"Well?" "Get out!" "But why—here?" "I've decided you're coming with me to have a showdown with Doris."

"Is this—is this where you live?" "As if you didn't know it!" Doris sighed. It was so hot. She opened her bag and drew out her powder case. "Come on," Rocky commanded impatiently.

"Oh—all right." She had small hope that Rocky's wife would be able to unravel the mystery, but the cool iron grill before Rocky's door looked so inviting.

He smiled at her. "I'm sorry for all my rudeness," he said. "Oh it's all right. I'm about ready to be handed over to the police anyway." She felt weary and reckless.

"There's something about you that drives me wild. I've seldom met a girl who could get my goat as successfully as you can."

SANTA FE TRAIL NOTICE!

TO THIEVES, THUGS, FAKIRS AND BUNKO-STEERERS, Among Whom Are

J. J. HARLIN, alias "OFF WHEEHER," SAW DUST CHARLIE, WM. HEDGES, BILLY THE KID, Billy Mullin, Little Jack, The Cuter, Pock-Marked Kid, and about Twenty Others:

If Found within the Limits of this City after TEN O'CLOCK P. M., this Night, you will be invited to attend a GRAND NECK-TIE PARTY.

The Expense of which will be borne by 100 Substantial Citizens. Las Vegas, March 24th, 1882.

When the Rope Was Law on the Santa Fe Trail.

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

A MARKER is to be placed at Ingalls, Kan., by the Santa Fe Trail association as a memorial to Jebediah Smith, one of the early pioneers of America's West.

The Santa Fe Trail, a hard, hoof-worn highway, often 100 feet wide, so beaten and packed that it couldn't be plowed, and with not a white settlement on its whole savage-haunted length, stretched across virgin land.

On buffalo meat alone the plainsman often lived, and from green hide he made clumsy, sacklike boots to save oxen's feet from stones and hot sand.

A good day's march was 15 miles. Over this amazing pathway of the plains drove the longest wagon trains the world ever saw. Trains often miles long, with four and even eight creaking wagons rumbling abreast.

What a colossal traffic it was, pushing out to win the West! At its peak, 3,000 wagons and 50,000 ox yokes used in one season!

Franklin, Mo., in Kit Carson's youth, was the outpost of civilization. St. Louis, with 4,000 people, was the only other large town in Missouri. From there clumsy boats, battling sand bars, snags, and muddy whirlpools, their passengers often firing at deer or wild turkeys on the wooded river banks, headed upstream to Franklin, where the Santa Fe Trail then started.

Franklin boomed with the fur trade. It fairly seethed with excited men, Oxen hawled; mules kicked and grunted. Through mud and dust of the crude town's crowded streets creaked heavily loaded wagons of Conestoga type, canvas-topped, schoonerlike wagons, loaded with bolts of calico, gingham, velvets, cotton goods, cutlery, firearms, tools, and light hardware, and drawn by four or five pairs of oxen or mules; and, breasting this west-bound stream, up from Santa Fe, from El Paso, even from far Chihuahua, pack trains came drifting in, laden with Mexican silver, with beaver pelts and buffalo robes. Big-hatted, swarthy "Spanish" men in red blankets and tight trousers—men who fought with knives and spoke a purring tongue strange to Missouri folk—mingled with returning caravans.

Little Left of Franklin. Far outpost of empire Franklin was in those exciting days. It saw the cheering legions pass. But now its symphony of life is lulled. Long ago the hungry river claimed most of it. Few, indeed, of the hastening host who pause now for hot dogs or cigarettes even dream what stirring scenes were staged here when the Mexican flag still waved from western Kansas to California.

Yet its name, like Daniel Boone's and Kit Carson's, endures in the annals of the West.

As for the trail itself, sweeping on from the Big Muddy to ancient Santa Fe, now it is busier and better than ever. Railroads and motor highways, paralleling its course, handle today's vast commerce. Now millions ride in speed and safety where pioneers beat their stubborn way against thirst and hunger, daring torture and death in the forays and ambuscades of Pawnees, Kiowas, Cheyennes, Comanches, Osages, and Arapahoes.

Where millions of buffalo roamed the plains with the thunder of stampeding hoofs and died from arrows, spears and rifle balls, now millions of meat-bearing animals lift bovine faces to stare at passing trains and motor cars—slow-moving, safe in fenced fields, chased by no wolves, Indians, or hungry white men on horseback.

Windmills, wells, and city water systems—lots of water now where men wild with thirst once vainly dug with bleeding fingers in dry stream beds, or walked out on parched plains to lie down quietly and die.

Kit Carson would find lots of changes, could he come back. "Lifting hair," as he called Indian scalping, is practiced now only in the beauty shops of towns along the trail. It is not easy now to trade beads or cheap firearms for hunks of virgin silver in Santa Fe; nor would the town cheer a mule driver arriving from Missouri or call a holiday should a dry goods peddler arrive.

The ancient tree-lined plaza, where pioneer freighters ended their long trip across the plains and unloaded their big wagons, is still the center of life in Santa Fe. At evening time, when soft breezes sigh among the trembling elm leaves, the local senoritas, dark-eyed and flirtatious, promenade this ancient plaza and smile as ravishingly as in Kit Carson's romantic day. But none of them would leave home now for a red-headed beaver trapper, even if the trapper had licked every other rival at the fandango.

How the Trail Altered. Originally the trail ran upstream from Franklin, crossed the Missouri at Arrow Rock, and stretched west through what is now Lexington and Independence, Mo. A rich region this, where, as settlers multiplied, a vigorous culture developed, with its familiar homemade walnut furniture, ash hoppers, big soap and sorghum kettles, looms, and spinning wheels.

Today, where Washington Irving saw myriad prairie chickens, or "parroquets," as pioneers called them, one passes big pens of white Leghorns. Endless "Old Trail" garages take the place of wayside blacksmith shops, where former pilgrims stopped to shoe a horse or set a tire. Where slaves tended hemp and tobacco, big dairy plants are busy now, their painted barns and silos replacing the weather-beaten tobacco sheds of other days.

As commerce grew, boats pushed farther up the Missouri, passing Franklin. By 1831 Independence became the starting point for traffic across the plains. Plying the river then was one government-owned boat used for exploring the Western Engineer. An early narrative says: "In place of a bowsprit she has carved a great serpent, and as the steam escapes out of its mouth it runs out a long tongue, to the perfect horror of the Indians."

Independence, in its palmy days, was the funnel through which westward travel poured. From here went not only Santa Fe traders, but Mormon trains for Utah and the thousands of covered wagons for the long Oregon trail to the Northwest. In "The Western Guide Book and Emigrant Directory" for 1840, is a rude map, showing all the great overland trails as starting from Independence, Mo.; but the big blank spots on this map and its meager details reveal how little we knew of our western country only 80 years ago.

Birth of Kansas City. A few miles up from Independence Landing, where the Kansas, long called the Kaw, twists north into the Missouri, fur traders and freighters found a flat, shelving rock, an easy place to land goods. Near here, by 1833, a new town, Westport, came into being.

In time it became the starting point for Santa Fe. Gradually, as merchants and farmers followed the fur traders, this colony spread through a gap in the bluffs and came to be known as "Kansas," after the local tribe of Indians. Incorporated as the "Town of Kansas" in 1850, its name was changed to Kansas City in 1880.

Southwest into Kansas the old trail runs; thence west along the north bank of the Arkansas river, which formed part of the boundary between the United States and Mexico until the war of 1840-48. A few miles west of where Dodge City stands the trail originally crossed the river, at Cimarron Crossing, following the Cimarron valley over southwest Kansas and on to Las Vegas, New Mexico. But this road crossed many miles of waterless land, and later pioneers blazed a longer but more watered path. This latter branch became in time the main thoroughfare, especially for wagons. It follows the Arkansas river into Colorado, through La Junta and Trinidad; thence over Raton Pass, and to Las Vegas and Santa Fe. Today the Santa Fe railway and the popular Santa Fe motor highway use this same route or closely parallel it.

From Franklin, Mo., to Santa Fe, the old trail is now well marked by monuments set up by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

BIBLE CHAPTERS ALIKE The two chapters in the Bible which are often stated to be alike are the 37th chapter of Isaiah and the 19th chapter of II Kings. They are not exactly alike, but there is very little difference. The 37th chapter of Isaiah has 38 verses, while the 19th chapter of II Kings contains only 37. Also large portions of the second chapter of Ezra and the seventh chapter of Nehemiah are identical. Two Psalms which are substantially alike are the 14th and the 53rd.



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

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Weekly Letter by George Proctor, Deputy Fish and Game Warden

Hey! If you should see a respectable citizen acting like a wild Indian throwing a dart at the woods, don't be alarmed, it's only one of the members of the indoor baseball league trying to brush up on his batting average. Oh yes, talking about indoor baseball, I played on a team one night last week. It was the American Legion that I played with and did we trim the Grangers? But those farmers say, "Youse guys just wait."

Did any of you fellows ever eat an apple pie baked by "Clem" Heron of Wilton? Well, Clem is the father of the 40 per day horn point and can he make an apple pie? He made me one last week and was it rich? Speaking of pie I will also mention a mince pie that I was fortunate to get a small portion of the other night at Rindge. Was that pie popular. Someone must have saved up some pre-war stuff. Talk about your bobcats! I ran into John Martin, the new warden at Keene, one day last week. He was taking a deer to Nashua that had been killed by a car. John says that in the past few weeks he has punched the ears and skinned 27 bobcats. Well, we can't beat that record, but we have had an even dozen brought in. Kenneth Hilton of Antrim had a 34-pound cat he got one day this past week. Biggest one yet.

As Will Rogers says, we see by the papers that John Wentworth, one of the wardens way up north, tells about a man having great luck killing skunks in the woods by the aid of a lantern. We don't have to go into the woods to get em, John. Any old back yard in this section is good hunting grounds. Sorry I was unable to run over to Manchester one day last week to wish Sheriff and Mrs. Jack O'Dowd our best wishes for their 50th anniversary. Jack is still going strong. Walter Young of Hillsboro, a sidekick of mine when we went to school in Wilton a few years ago, has got a litter of real collie puppies. Must be seen to be appreciated.

Down in Sanford, Me., one day this past week a 13-year-old boy shot a nine-point buck. He is in the seventh grade and holds the record for that state. In this state they won't let 'em hunt that young without a parent or guardian. Listen to this you moose hunters and weep. A big bull moose down in Greenville, Me., died from old age. What-der-ye-know about that?

You have heard of the expression, "Darker than the inside of a cow." Well that doesn't half express it when you drive into the town of Wilton after midnight. No money. No lights after midnight. Here is real news. A fox hound by the name of Big Coaster and owned by Winn Brothers of Nashua goes down to Mt. Sterling, Ky., and comes home national champion. That's something to talk about all winter and clear into the springtime. In a class of 118 dogs, the pick of the whole United States. "Wow. What a dog and what a man, Patrick J. Winn, who did the handling. Hats off to Coaster and Pat." We see by the paper that the Massachusetts division is only short a mere \$40,000, and they are to ask for \$100,000. What's that in comparison to what the Federal government is putting out in forestry work.

The annual game conference is to be held at Boston Jan. 13 and is to be attended by all the big men of the country. Some of the speakers are world-wide famous. We see that the Massachusetts people are complaining that the mink and mink have increased by leaps and bounds since the anti-trapping law was enforced so strictly in that state. This only goes to show that all kinds of wild birds and animals respond quickly to protection. That's conservation. Here is a good tip to the New Hampshire Fish and Game clubs. Down in Connecticut and Massachusetts they are working hand in hand with the farmers. They have rights that the farmer is the guest and they try to talk things over for the benefit of both.

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.

For a number of years we have, with the help of our good friend, Don D. Tuttle, of the Development department at Concord, tried to get a law to compel people to walk on the left-hand side of the road. The last legislature threw it down hard. Now we see by the papers that Commissioner Griffin comes out with the same idea. He says, "Face traffic. Step aside." Bully for the commissioner. "Did you ever see a pitcher plant in full working order?" In the window of the meat market of Maurice Cutter of Antrim is a real pitcher plant. As bugs and flies are now, at a premium he is feeding the six plants a pinch of suet or hamburger steak three times a week. They have a way of telling him when they are hungry. If you are ever up that way drop in and see this meat eating plant.

We see where Premier Mussolini of Italy has issued an order to stop the killing of all song birds. Wish he would extend that order to his people in the United States. We sure missed out on a pleasant evening Sunday night when the Nashua Fish and Game club had a business meeting and a short entertainment. Not for years have we encountered such thick fog as we struck Sunday night last, coming down Jive Temple Mountain. The white railings were life savers. Have you seen the new Byrd Antarctic Expedition three-cent stamp? Pretty nifty.

Got a letter the other day from Warden Jim Peck, better known as "Tull-of-the-Woods." He is now at Westboro, Mass., having been transferred from the Fitchburg district. He is still knocking 'em stiff. Have you seen a big English sheep dog? One is lost from Cambridge, Mass., and they have reasons to believe is somewhere in this section. Give us a ring if you spot him. A good example of road building can be seen just above Dublin on the way to Marlboro. The way they are cutting through hills and making the road straight is worth the trip to see.

Those rainbow pigs are still growing. Mr. Cook on the Hancock road reports 75 pigs, not a litter under seven and several 15 each. Believe it or not, but I don't believe that a trapper that catches three dogs in one week knows very much about fox trapping, and his license should be revoked forever. Just a word to those fellows that like to hit her up on the backwoods tarvia rodas. Watch your step. You will get just what a fellow at Keene got one day recently. A buck deer, without any reason whatsoever, ran out and was hit by this car. The deer was badly used up and was later killed by the warden. Now, what about the car? Well, that's up to the owner to pay his own damages. Just now is the worst time of the year. The deer have started to move and you are liable to see them at any time. At night your lights jack them and they won't move till you hit them. Remember you pay for your own damages and you don't even get the deer.

Ain't this old world a funny old world? Oh no, it's the people in it that are funny. One day last week we ran across a party that was not just what it should be. That was when the warden was the meanest man in the whole world just because he would not give them a break. We would like to get a little report from some of the bird banding stations in this section. I know their reports will be interesting to the many readers. The Tuttle Brothers on the Inter-lake road at Wilton have got out a bird feeding station that's a knockout. It's operated by a light wind and has glass-covered slides. Wait till you see the feeders that John Conrad's boys at the W. H. S. manual training class are turning out. Oh boy, Oh boy. If you see a domanas pincher and a big pointer, both females, with Hillsboro tags, hold them and give us a ring. A dozen or so hunting dogs are lost. Dogs are still chasing deer in this section. Better check up, you hunters, as it's quite a fine if we catch a dog on a deer track. Sure, we learn something new every day. Was over at Jason Sawyer's farm at Jaffrey the other day and he showed me triplet heifers—pure bred Jerseys. Never heard of such a thing. He had plenty of twins on the farm. He is a Jersey man and sure has a fine barn full of cattle. Samuel Gilman at Hancock has some cattle dog puppies that later will make wonderful cattle dogs.

Listen, is New Hampshire on the map? Norman Conrad is at Cleveland and will fight for charity this coming week. He also makes a big feature fight a week later. Then Wendall Crowell of Hancock is in the west breaking into his new three-year position with the National American Legion. And then last week Gov. John G. Winant was talking things over with Franklin D. I guess they will know

there is a state by the name of New Hampshire. The fellow that's obliged to travel the back roads the past few days has been out of luck. Never have the roads been worse. That warm day and the heavy travel have made the back roads nearly impassable. Very rough and hard on the tires. Will begin a night check-up of some of the dogs reported to have been running deer. That seems to be the favorite time for some dogs to run. Some of the raccoon hunters have run across many dogs running at night. Just a tip fellows. Things are not sometimes what they seem. The other day a lady was introduced to me and she said something like this: "Why, I thought you were a man six foot nine, and would weigh 200 pounds." I asked her why and she said, "My husband said you could throw the biggest bull, so I thought you must be a big man." Tut, tut. Had quite an argument the other day. I had orders to go to Windsor and several people said there was no such place in this state, as it was not on the map. I knew it was just seven miles from Three Ways at Hillsboro. Who ever heard of geese that would dress 50 and 60 pounds apiece? Well, we are in that class of "You have got to show me." A few years ago at the Boston Poultry Show were geese as large as that, but we have seen none since. Can any of our readers tell us of any one raising such geese? These geese are common in Scotland. One night last week we sat in with about 30 brother Scouts at the Parish house at Milford. For real live wires you have got to hand it to this bunch. Just drop around the evening of Dec. 21 at the W. H. S. gym at Wilton and meet this bunch of live wires. Strange as it may seem but Prince Toumanoff at Hancock is hatching and has a bunch of young wild mallard duck out now. This is very unusual as mallards as a rule do not lay as late as this. His turkeys are now in the pink and most of them were in the pot on the holiday. A trip to his farm is a pleasure—but remember the dog. Last week we had perfect 100 per cent cooperation with Chief Nylander of Antrim, Chief Pittman of Harrisville and Motor Vehicle Officer Hamilton of Goffstown.

A woman says to me: "Why should I support the Fish and Game department? I don't fish, hunt or trap." But you like to see the birds around. Well, if it was not for the warden service you would have few birds. She is going to buy a license. Plenty of robins are still with us and many other birds have not made the long trip as yet.

Summing It Up The cardinal of character are the four requisites: Truth, kindness of heart, honor, right feeling.

India India, as defined by act of parliament, comprises all that part of the great Indian peninsula which is directly or indirectly under the British rule or protection. Legally, therefore, the native states are a part of British India.

Subsoil Farming is Loss Subsoil farming is an impoverishing type of agriculture. It is bankrupt farming on bankrupt land. It means low average yields, often five to ten times below those obtained from virgin soil. Although producing a large aggregate of crops, the average yields at this low level of soil productivity are so pitifully meager that there is but slim opportunity for the operator to get ahead.

Bedrock Economies A student attending the Utah State Agricultural college drove to the institution in an automobile on which he had built a shelter offering some of the comforts of home. The craft was anchored on the campus and he saves room rent by using it for sleeping quarters. In this manner he managed to live at the minimum rate through the aid of weekly "rentalances" of fruit and vegetables from the home farm.

Coach Dog Slow Thinker The head of the coach dog is broad through from ear to ear, which is indicative of strong bodily forces, is always slow in developing the super or judgment areas. This type of brain thinks slowly, is ponderous in its processes and results in the type that is indecisive, and overcautious. It seems hard for them to center enough energy to drive through to a conclusion. They have a love of ease and incline to accept what is told them rather than to think for themselves.

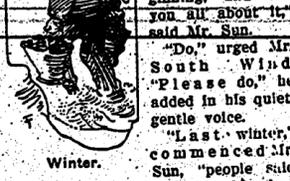
Height of Man Increasing It has been estimated that the height of man is increasing. An official of the Institute of Juvenile Research, in Chicago, says: "The American boys of today are at least two inches taller than their grandpas were when they were boys." Measurements of the heights of over 1,000 boys of American-born parents were compared with the heights of boys measured over fifty years ago by another scientist. The increase in height may be attributed to the increasing knowledge of health and disease control, it is said.—Washington Star.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By Mary Graham Bonner

CHANGING PEOPLE

"People are always changing," said Mr. Sun, "but I really consider it is very funny, and I consider they are funny, too."



He was speaking to Mr. South Wind, and Mr. South Wind wanted to know what amused Mr. Sun so much. "I will start right in at the beginning, and tell you all about it," said Mr. Sun. "Do," urged Mr. South Wind. "Please do," he added in his quiet, gentle voice. "Last winter," commenced Mr. Sun, "people said it was the coldest winter they had known in some time. They would look up at me and shake their fists and they would say: 'Why don't you shine harder and make it warmer!' And there I was—shining with all my might and main. Then the spring began to come along and the people liked me better. But, oh, what a winter I did have. People were cold, and when they felt cold they became cross and they'd scold and say that I was of no use at all. They said very harsh things—that in the summer I overdid it and that in the winter I was lazy. 'Yes, they said many cutting things.' 'Poor Mr. Sun,' said Mr. South Wind, gently. 'I couldn't help it because it was cold. That was Old Weather Man's fault, and you know the secret the Weather Man has—the great, great secret that is his own?'

"Well, in case you have forgotten I will tell you. The Weather Man says that his secret is the weather—that is why he is called the Weather Man. 'He says that he's not going to be told just what to do—that his secret is that he can do as he wishes, and that's a pretty good secret to have. 'It's not many who can do as they wish! 'But it really was funny the way the people complained of me for not shining enough. 'And you know we just have had a heat wave? Well, how they did complain then. 'They said the way I was shining was dreadful. That my heat was unbearable and that they wished I would divide myself up more evenly. 'There you have it, you see. The people are never satisfied. I'm either making them too warm, or not warm enough. 'When it is winter they long for the summer, and when it is summer they long for the winter. 'When it is autumn they find it too chilly, and when it is spring, they find it is too backward. 'There are a few who are different, but I find people very changing in their ways, yes, I do. 'And I should know, as I've known for many, many, many years now. 'You have indeed,' agreed the gentle south wind.

Sail-Skating in Norway One of the favorite sports in Norway is that of "sail-skating," and races are often held on the ice in this fascinating way. Each competitor is fitted with skates and a "sail," like the sail of a yacht, only smaller. Across the middle of this sail runs a bar, through which the competitor puts his arm, and a string lower down, which he holds in the other hand. Great speed is achieved by means of the sail, and with a good strong wind plenty of excitement is assured.



Slow Speed Grandad was slowly walking along the sidewalk, and Billie, aged four, was about 20 paces behind, trudging along on little fat legs. "Why don't you wait for me?" he called, aggrieved. "I am waiting for you," replied grandad, slowing up a bit more and turning around. "Well," said the panting youngster, "you ain't waitin' very fast!"

Defined Teacher—Alfred, you may spell the word neighbor. Alfred—N-e-i-g-h-b-o-r. Teacher—That's right. Now, Tommy, can you tell me what a neighbor is? Tommy—Yes, ma'am. It's a woman that borrows things.—Everybody's.

Hubby—I don't have to take any back talk from anybody in our office any more. Wifey—Then you've let your stenographer go.

Teacher—Alfred, you may spell the word neighbor. Alfred—N-e-i-g-h-b-o-r. Teacher—That's right. Now, Tommy, can you tell me what a neighbor is? Tommy—Yes, ma'am. It's a woman that borrows things.—Everybody's.

EFFICIENCY



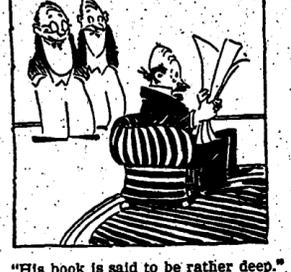
"Are you sure you love me, George?" "Not quite, but I want to find out if you love me before I spend any more on you."

SURE TO HAPPEN



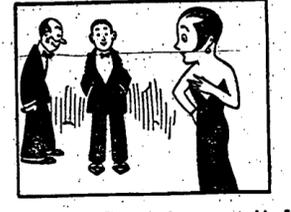
"The second generation has had to change its tune." "What do you mean?" "My daughter tells me that her husband says their cook's biscuits aren't nearly as good as his mother's cook used to make."

SHALLOW



"His book is said to be rather deep." "Can't be very deep. My daughter told me she managed to wade through it."

FATAL BLOW



"Then the Browns have parted! I thought it was a case of two hearts that beat as one." "Their hearts may have beat as one, but she couldn't accommodate herself to his dancing step."

CASH IN SIGHT



"If I marry that heiress, I'll pay you the fifty thousand I owe you." "Introduce me to the heiress and I'll call it square."

DEEP SEA CHATTER



First Fish—There goes that skate. He never spends a cent. Second Fish—Yes, he has the reputation of being a cheap skate.

GOOD GUESSER

