



The Antrim Reporter



VOLUME LI NO. 13

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1934

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BE AN OPTIMIST

(Detroit Free Press)

We should be optimists and strive
To see the glory of the sun,
And thank the Lord that we're alive
And in a world so full of fun.
Time was I used to fret and frown,
The way so many people do.
My eyes were always looking down,
And I was always sour and blue.
But now I smile and gayly say
The wine of joy is in the cup;
I am an optimist today
My early radishes are up!

We should rejoice that we are here,
And bear our wrongs with patience
sweet.

We ought to dry the bitter tear
And smile at every one we meet:
The world is good and men are kind,
There's every reason to be glad.
Some comfort we can always find;
For every ache that makes us sad;
I am an optimist today
I've put away grim care and doubt,
With head up high I shout "Hurray!"
My lettuce has begun to sprout!

I've ceased to be a pessimist
I have no patience with the crew
Of men who every day insist
That life's intolerably blue
They ought to drop their cares awhile,
And go their way, the same as I;
They ought to glory in a smile,
And cease to frown and cease to sigh,
They ought to give Fate blow for blow,
Refusing in the fight to flinch,
What is it makes me take on so?
My early beets are up an inch!

One of Antrim's Long-time Business Men Passes Away Suddenly

James A. Elliott, one of Antrim's well known and highly respected citizens and business men, died very suddenly of a heart attack at his home on Forest street, on Thursday forenoon last. He has been a great sufferer from rheumatism for a few years, some of the time not being able to be away from his home; but very patiently did he bear this affliction. A quiet, unassuming person, he had the respect of all, and his business was conducted with care and with a view to service for the one with whom he was dealing. He was most ably assisted by Mrs. Elliott during his poor health.

Deceased came here from Marlow when a young man and has since remained here. For several years he held the position of Road Agent in Antrim, and as a faithful, hard-working and pains-taking official he was not excelled. He conducted a coal and teaming business for a long term of years, and was generally and favorably known by all our people. His age was 71 years.

While residing in Marlow, he connected himself with Forest Lodge, No. 69, I. O. O. F., and was a Past Grand of that lodge; and was a member of Mt. Crocheted Encampment, No. 39, and

Hand in Hand Rebekah Lodge, No. 29, of Antrim. He was a frequent visitor at the meetings of the different branches of Odd Fellowship in this place, and greatly enjoyed his fraternal connections; and was almost certain to attend the District meetings which were annually held. His church connections were with the Methodist society, where he had served several years on the board of trustees.

The widow survives, and in addition a foster daughter, Miss Clementine Maso, a resident of New York, and a foster son, Fred Butler, living in the home. The sympathy of all goes out to the bereaved family in their affliction.

Funeral services were held at Methodist church on Sunday afternoon, attended by a large number of our people; local Odd Fellows attended in a body. The three local pastors had a part in the service and Mrs. Byron Butterfield sang; Miss Florence Brown was accompanist. The remains were placed in the tomb and later interment will be made in the family lot in Marlow.

The Thirtieth Anniversary of the Local Methodist Church Observed

It was not planned to have an extended program, observing the thirtieth anniversary of the dedication of the Woodbury Memorial Methodist church, but that a fitting notice should be taken of it. Some of the music used thirty years ago was sung by the choir of today. Letters of encouragement were read from a few who were present at the dedication.

Rev. John P. Brooks, present pastor of the church and who is now on his second year with this society and who very recently received a unanimous call to return to this church for the next conference year beginning the coming April, delivered the anniversary sermon on Sunday morning upon the subject "Working Together With God". As is his usual custom, Rev. Brooks preached a good sermon and his hearers were delighted with the lessons he brought them. In his accustomed manner he was brief, but his thoughts being presented in a

concise form were practical and well worth remembering.

In 1904, the last service held in the old church, which after being sold and remodeled is now a tenement block adjoining the school house on the south side, was on January 31; the following Sunday no service was held by this society, and on Tuesday afternoon and evening, February 9, the dedicatory exercises were held, making an all day observance. The pastor of the church at that time was Rev. J. Edgar Montgomery who at present is a resident of West Dennis, Mass., having retired relations from the N. E. Southern Methodist Conference.

The program as given in the afternoon of February 9, 1904, was:

Organ Anthem, "I Was Glad When They Said Unto Me"

Continued on page five

WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY DINNER

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1934

At Six o'clock p.m.

MENU

Roast Turkey Dressing Gravy Mashed Potatoes
Mashed Turnip Celery Cranberry Sauce
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Entertainment — Orchestra

One Act Play under the direction of Dorothy Proctor

Adults 50c - Children, under 12, 35c

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MRS. SMITH-PORTER Maybelle Caughey
ANGELINA KNOOP Mary Muzzey
MINNIE KNOOP Beatrice Smith
PATRICIA GRAYSON Dorothy Sawyer
JIMMY CLARK Fred Butler
ELBERT HASTINGS Calvin Patterson
ADAM WADE Lawrence Raices
TIM HOPPER Wendell Ring
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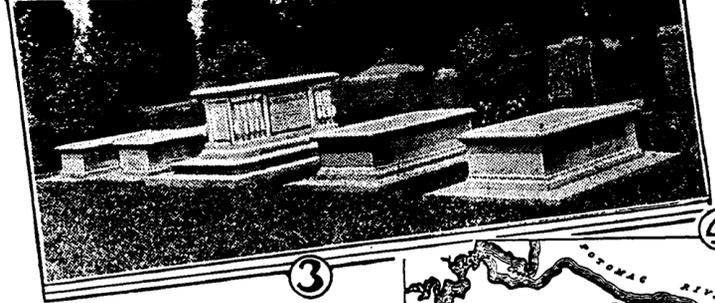
A Representative of the Hillsboro Banks is in Antrim
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The Birthplace of Washington



By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

WHEN was George Washington born? Most Americans believe that it was on February 22, 1732, and that's why we observe February 22 as Washington's birthday.

As a matter of fact he was born on February 11, 1732. But the reason why we observe February 22 instead of February 11 as his birthday is because of the tinkering that man has done with the calendar down through the ages. Without going into all the technical details of the calendar's early history, suffice it to say that in 1582 the Julian calendar year (established by Julius Caesar and modified somewhat by Augustus Caesar) was ten days ahead of the true solar year. So Pope Gregory XVIII ordered that October 5 be regarded as October 15, thus dropping out 10 days, and also made some changes in computing leap years.



But it was not until 1752 that the Gregorian year was adopted by Great Britain and her colonies. Then 11 days were dropped between September 3 and September 14. Twenty years before this a boy, to whom had been given the name of George Washington, was born in England's colony of Virginia in North America. That event had actually taken place on February 11 under the old calendar system but when the Gregorian calendar was applied and the calendar pushed up 11 days it made his birthday February 22. So that is why we celebrate on that date.

Where was George Washington born? Just as he had "two birthdays" so did he have "two birthplaces"—that is, if we listen to the assertions of different "authorities"—and just as a matter of 11 days of time separates his "two birthdays," so does a matter of approximately a mile of distance separate his "two birthplaces."

Back in 1923 there was organized in Washington, D. C., by Mrs. Josephine Wheelwright Rust, a descendant of John Washington, the original Washington emigrant to this country, and by other interested persons an association known as the Wakefield National Memorial association which was incorporated under the laws of Virginia for the purpose of restoring Wakefield, the house in which Washington was supposed to have been born.

Through the generosity of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and other donors a large part of the plantation of Capt. Augustine Washington was purchased and improvements made on it. In 1930 the federal government appropriated \$50,000 for the removal of the granite shaft, erected in 1896 to mark the site of Washington's birthplace, and for the construction of a replica of Wakefield and the improvement of the grounds. All of this was established as the George Washington Birthplace National Monument and placed under the jurisdiction of the national park service.

But during this time there was advanced the disturbing theory by several specialists in Washington that the association had improved the wrong site as the birthplace of the Father of His Country! He was not born at Wakefield on the northwest bank of Popes creek, so they said, but more than a mile away near the southeast bank of Bridges creek, where the Washington family graveyard is located. The association was positive enough that it was right to go ahead with its work and the federal government seemed satisfied. But at the same time that disturbing theory would not die.

It has remained for Dr. Charles O. Paulin of the division of historical research in the Carnegie Institution of Washington to make a search in contemporaneous documents and to uncover evidence which seems to settle the question conclusively and to prove that the Wakefield site actually was the birthplace of Washington.

The story of the investigation which Doctor Paulin made, the evidence which he found and the conclusions which he reached from them are contained in a recent press release from the Carnegie Institution, upon which the remainder of this article is based. He says, in part:

The first land owned by the Washingtons on the Popes Creek-Bridges Creek peninsula was purchased of David Anderson in 1664 by John Washington (I), the emigrant and great-grandfather of George. On this tract, which contained 150 acres and which lay on the southeast side of Bridges creek, John established his home and graveyard. When he died in 1677, John (II), one of his sons, inherited the Anderson tract or home plantation. Twenty years later it passed to the wife of John (II) at his death, and at her death to their son John (III).

On the death of John (I) another son, Lawrence, grandfather of George, inherited lands near the Potomac some miles northwest of Bridges creek. In 1695 Lawrence purchased of the heirs of David Liston 400 acres on the northwest side of Bridges creek adjoining the lands of his brother John (II). On Lawrence's death in 1698 the Liston tract and other near by lands fell to Capt. Augustine Washington, father of George.

Augustine was married in 1715 and his first child was born in the following year. In 1717-1718 he

purchased of Joseph Abbington 150 acres of the Popes Creek-Bridges Creek peninsula, lying on the northwest side of Popes creek and including the site of the recent improvements at Wakefield. The tract may have had a residence on it, for the purchase included "all houses, edifices, buildings, tobacco houses, fences, orchards, (and) gardens."

I have discovered no document stating what improvements, if any, Augustine made on the Abbington tract, or giving the date of his removal to it. That he was living there on February 23, 1732, we know certainly by a "deed of uses" of that date made by himself and his wife, Jane, of the one part, and Lawrence Butler and George Eskridge, of the other part, in which occurs the clause, "whereas the aforesaid Augustine Washington is seized in fee simple of one parcel and tract of land, being the land where he now lives, which land he the said Augustine purchased of one Joseph Abbington."

Six years before the birth of his illustrious son he is therefore known to have been living in a house on the Popes creek side of the peninsula. He is also known to have spent the last years of his life first on the Hunting creek (Mount Vernon) plantation in Prince William county and later on the Strother plantation near Fredericksburg. Three of his children were born after he left Westmoreland county. Almost every year between 1733 and 1739 has been given as the probable date of his removal. I have established the date as certainly between March 25 and November 13, 1735. It is therefore conclusive that Augustine was living in a house near Popes creek between 1726 and 1735; his son, George, was born in 1732. The early maps locating George's birthplace near Bridges creek and the numerous writers locating it elsewhere than near Popes creek are certainly erroneous.

After his purchase of the Abbington tract Augustine Washington continued to increase his holdings on the peninsula. In 1725 he bought 215 acres on the Potomac river, and in 1734 25 acres of lots, islands, and marshes at the mouth of Popes creek. In 1742 by an exchange of lands with his cousin, John (IV), he obtained a tract on the southeast side of Bridges creek which included the graveyard and the ancestral home-site, and for the first time all of the Popes Creek-Bridges Creek peninsula was in the possession of a single Washington.

The ancestral home-site at Bridges creek, therefore, could not have been the birthplace of George, since his father did not own it until 1742. The date of its abandonment as an ancestral residence is not known.

On the death of Capt. Augustine Washington, April 12, 1743, the Popes Creek-Bridges Creek plantation fell to his son Col. Augustine, who lived and died there.

George Washington, who regarded the genealogy of his family as of "very little moment," wrote of Col. Augustine, his half brother, that he "lived at the ancestral mansion seat in Westmoreland county, where he died, and was interred in the family vault."

Col. Augustine represented his county in the House of Burgesses from 1755 (or 1754) to 1758. On his death his widow Anne (Aylett) Washington and her children, including her eldest son, William Augustine (1757-1810), who inherited the plantation, continued to occupy its residence.

The widow is described by her illustrious brother-in-law as an "heiress" and in May, 1771, when he visited her, as of "Popes Creek," thus locating her residence as on or near that creek. William Augustine Washington was living in the house when it burned. When he died in 1810 it fell to his son, George Corbin Washington.

The possessions of George Corbin Washington did not include the whole of the peninsula inherited by his grandfather, Col. Augustine Washington, in 1743. It did include the plantation known at this time as Wakefield, first so called by William Augustine Washington, according to the authority of William Lanier Washington, who died in 1933. The designation is known to have been in current use as early as 1773.

In 1813 George Corbin Washington, then a resident of Georgetown, D. C., sold to John Gray of Stafford county, Virginia, for 6,229 pounds and 10 shillings the Wakefield plantation, containing 951½ acres, together with two other small tracts. Later Wakefield came again into the pos-

1. Washington as a young colonial militia officer. From the miniature by Charles Wilson Peale.
2. The colonial mansion and grounds at Wakefield near Popes creek in Westmoreland county, Virginia. The building, typical of Eighteenth century architecture, was erected by the Wakefield National Memorial association in co-operation with the federal government on the site of the house in which Washington was born.
3. The ancestral burying ground of the Washingtons situated near Bridges creek in Westmoreland county, as restored by the Wakefield National Memorial association and the federal government. Here lie the bodies of the father, grandfather, great-grandfather and other relatives of Washington.
4. Map showing the area (shaded) designated by the government as the George Washington Birthplace National monument.

(All pictures, except portrait of Washington, courtesy National Park Service.)

session of the Washingtons through its purchase in 1846 by John F. Wilson of Anne Arundel county, Maryland, and by its gift to his son, John E. Wilson, who married Betty, a granddaughter of William Augustine Washington.

Of great interest is the following provision in the form of a memorandum found at the end of a deed made by George Corbin Washington to Gray: "The said Washington further more makes over to the said Gray all his right and title as derived from his father, William Augustine Washington, to the marshes in Popes creek, but reserves the family Burying Ground at the Great Quarter (slave quarters), also sixty feet square of ground on which the house stood in which General Washington was born."

The title to the reservations passed from George Corbin Washington to his son, Lewis William, and thence in 1858 to the state of Virginia, which in 1882 transferred it to the federal government. In 1883 the government increased its holdings by the purchase of eleven acres adjacent to the site upon which Custis had placed the slab. In 1896 it erected a granite monument, 51 feet high, on this site, after exploring and mapping the foundations.

There is no known contemporary description of the original house on the Custis site near Popes creek. The nearest to one that I have found is that given about 1835 by an ancient resident of the neighborhood, who remembered that it was a "low-pitched, single-storied, frame building, with four rooms on the first floor and an enormous chimney at each end on the outside." An anonymous visitor of 1851 found the site in the "midst of a two-hundred-acre corn field, marked only by an old brick chimney, a mammoth fig tree, and a freestone slab" (Custis' memorial).

On October 31, 1878, anticipating the acquisition of the site by the federal government, Secretary of State William M. Evarts with a party, which included Gen. W. T. Sherman and Charles C. Perkins of Boston, made a trip to Popes creek from Washington on board the U. S. S. Tallapoosa. Sherman made a rough and not altogether accurate map of the region and Perkins a sketch of the remains of a brick chimney, identifying it as belonging to a kitchen that stood behind the house, the site of which was then bare.

In 1896 the army engineer corps explored and mapped the foundations of the original house. Additional explorations at Wakefield have not revealed any other foundations of importance on the Abbington tract. That this house is the birthplace rests upon the evidence of these explorations, of the tradition that it is the true birthplace, and of the chain of facts that confirms the evidence and the tradition. It must be so accepted.

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Howe About:

Drinking and Smoking
Policemen
Sane Writing

By ED HOWE

A MAN of thirty-five lately wrote me he drank so much he lost his job. If he could quit two weeks, he said, he could overcome his bad habit, and again become a salary earner and respectable citizen.

In my reply I said if he would quit drinking, and write me in six months, I would quit smoking, a habit in which I had indulged many years. Something I wrote seemed to encourage him; he replied later he had passed the critical two weeks, was again on the pay roll, and doing well. He further said he, too, was a smoker, and if I'd quit right away, he would.

In replying, I said: "Another of my bad habits is to put off until tomorrow that which I should do today; so I beg you will grant the delay I ask. In addition, I suggest you do not overload yourself in good endeavor. Would it not be wiser for both of us to have the solace of smoking while thinking of the great reform we have promised to accomplish in six months?"

Everyone has probably remarked how bold policemen are in arresting citizens disposed to obey the law. Such a man, I learn from the Associated Press, was lately arrested and fined three times in ten minutes. The man said in court he had been a taxpayer forty years, and had never before been arrested. The judge fined him a fourth time for that. The offending citizen had bought a pistol, owing to the prevalence of burglars, and was taking it home. Also everyone has probably remarked how slow policemen are in arresting men who not only carry concealed weapons, but machine guns, or sawed-off shot guns, which cannot very well be concealed about the person.

I am greatly interested in a manuscript sent me lately for criticism. The author says in an accompanying letter that I once suggested that a writing entitled "The Autobiography of a Failure" might attract public favor; that he has prepared such a writing, partly while an inmate of an insane asylum (where he spent ten years), and partly while an inmate of a poorhouse (where he is at present, troubled with palsy, rheumatism and bad eyes). As to the merit of the writing, I will let the reader judge, by giving several examples. The author confesses he may occasionally quote unconsciously from others, of which the reader may also judge from the following paragraphs: "It is quite a job to maintain a sane policy in an insane world. He is a prudent man who is not only undelivered by apparent stability or instability, but is able to forecast the lines on which movements will take place. . . . An optimist is one who believes that nothing will happen but materialization of his dreams. . . . How unanswerable history proves that nothing inspires bad faith like perfect faith! . . . Though I would not part with such scraps of education as I have learned at school, I do not place the same store by them as of certain odds and ends I came by in the streets. . . . If nobody dropped out at the eighth grade, who would hire the college graduates? . . . Ambition beyond capacity is the first American weakness. . . . The only semblance of equality is found in an insane asylum. There all are treated alike; it is socialism in action. . . . One woman outlived three husbands, each leaving her a fortune. When she died, her money was left to spread a screech from the grave of man's worthlessness. . . . Buy at a second-hand book store a few books of 'deep thought' in which the former owner has marked numerous passages. Leave them lying about your room. The chambermaid will see them, and be awed by your learning. She will tell the neighbors; they will tell everybody. . . . Judging a man by what he reads is as wrong as to say he swallows all he smells. . . . No man is a complete failure until he delights to think his virtue is what keeps him poor."

Something I once heard I have carried along in my mind for years, as new, important, and inspiring hope. I cannot remember whether I read it in newspaper, book or magazine, or heard some one say it; nor can I recall the name of the author. . . . Briefly, the statement was that if a man practices good behavior for its own sake (because it is finally easier and more profitable than bad behavior, and renders his success in life more probable) such practice improves his intelligence; strengthens and betters his brain, as other organs of the body may be improved by exercise. . . . Thus a well-behaved man has a double advantage: 1. His good conduct pays him, in increasing his comforts; 2. He is pursuing the course in life best calculated to improve his intelligence and his character.

O. O. McIntyre often writes of old country boys who have made good in the city. I wish he would reprint this case: A man named Roy Roberts was born in Atchison county, Kansas, where I live, and made so good in the city that he became president of the Gridiron club in Washington; the only club the members of which have the privilege of making fun of Presidents to their faces. . . . And when members of the Gridiron club tell Presidents the truth, the Presidents do not recognize it; they think it a joke.

Excuse me, young lady," said one of the officers, sarcastically, "do you know anything about driving a car?" "Of course," said the bright young thing, "what's your trouble?"



AN EXPERT

During the holiday traffic rush, two speed cops, noticing a young woman who was driving dangerously, shot ahead of her and drew up their car broadside, so that the culprit had to stop.

"Excuse me, young lady," said one of the officers, sarcastically, "do you know anything about driving a car?" "Of course," said the bright young thing, "what's your trouble?"

Very Knowing

History was the subject of the morning lesson in the boys' school. "Tommy White," said teacher, "tell the class what you know of the peculiarities of the Quakers."

The boy got falteringly to his feet, but not a word came from his lips. "How does their way of speaking differ from yours and mine?" the teacher put in coaxingly.

"Well, sir," said Tommy, "they don't swear."

Women and Baseball

Mrs. Green (at ball game, as pitcher and catcher hold a conference)—What are they talking about?

Husband—About what to throw to the next batter.

Mrs. Green—But they aren't allowed to throw anything except the ball, are they?

THAT MUCH, ANYWAY



"George, tell me truthfully before we are married, am I the only girl you ever loved?" "Well, you are the only one I ever had the nerve to go this far with."

Sometimes Not Enough

Irate Caller—You spoiled my article by a misprint. Editor—I'm very sorry. What did we get wrong?

Caller—A proverb I employed. You printed it "A word to the wife is sufficient."—Boston Transcript.

All the Policeman's Fault

Magistrate—The traffic policeman says you got sarcastic with him.

Mr. Nagger—But I don't intend to be. He talked to me the way my wife does, and I forgot myself and answered, "Yes, my dear."—Stray Stories.

Safety Camouflage

Neighbor—Why are you painting one side of your car red and the other blue?

Speed Fiend—It's a fine idea. You should just hear the witnesses contradicting one another.—Stray Stories.

New Reducer

History Lecturer—(Can anyone tell me what makes the Tower of Pisa lean?)

Stout Lady—I don't know or I'd take some myself.—Capper's Weekly.

Quick Thinking

Pa—Johnny, what is this "60" on your report card?

Johnny—I think that's the temperature of the schoolroom.—Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

Coastal Wild Life



A Loggerhead on a Florida Beach.

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

IN SPITE of man's destruction of forests and building of great cities, the face of nature has changed but little along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts of North America.

A number of large or otherwise noteworthy species of wild animals originally here have disappeared, but these were of kinds apparently unfitted to survive in a populous country. Among them may be mentioned the bison and the elk, which once roamed the eastern forests, and the wolves and cougars which preyed upon them and other wild things. In addition, among the birds, the great auk, the Labrador duck, the heath hen, passenger pigeon, and parakeet have vanished.

As again at this there is a marked renewal of forests in progress and large numbers of species of wild creatures have adapted themselves to share their world with civilized man. Moose and caribou hold their own in some of the wilder places, and the white-tailed deer is probably more numerous than at any previous time in its history. Each yearly hunting season, within a radius of 300 miles of New York city, sportsmen take more than 40,000 of these deer. In Pennsylvania their increase has been so great that the entire stock of deer has been threatened with starvation, owing to lack of sufficient forage.

Probably the total number of small birds now is vastly greater than existed in the day of the Pilgrim Fathers, owing to the increase of food available on farms and in second-growth forests. Millions of migratory wild fowl continue to troop southward every fall to winter in the coastal waterways and marshes.

Many small creatures of field and forest have developed such an insight into man and his ways that they outwit him at times when their interests conflict. Cottontail, swamp and snowshoe rabbits, squirrels, muskrats, beaver, mink, otter, raccoons, bobcats and other small mammals, and even the black bear, are common in many places. Doves, wild turkeys, ruffed grouse, and bobwhites continue to lead the hunter's life.

Tropical Beasts and Birds.

So far we have had to do only with the creatures of more northern latitudes, but within our southern limits come such tropical beasts as the jaguar, ocelot, jaguarundi cat, coatimundi, peccary, and prehensile-tailed porcupine, with parrots and other strange birds and a very different plant life, that make a new world to the northern visitor.

With so much of the original capital in wild life to go on, it is especially pleasing to note the great awakening that has taken place among the people of the United States during the last twenty years in their recognition of the value of wild life as a great national asset that must be maintained and perpetuated. This change from comparative indifference has come as the direct result of an educational campaign conducted for years by many organizations.

The survival of so much wild life along the eastern coast and its bordering hinterland is due largely to this region's physical characteristics. To the north, in Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Maine, are vast, thinly peopled, forested areas abounding in streams and lakes. There travel is still so largely by rough roads and small boats that conditions remain favorable to wild life. The rock-bound coast and outlying islets also provide homes for countless sea birds, just as do similar conditions on the shores of the North Pacific.

Beginning near the mouth of the Hudson, a great coastal plain extends southward to eastern Mexico. To the north it begins with a width of only a few miles, broadening to from 100 to 250 miles in places, until it narrows again near Tampico. In this entire distance there are no outcroppings of metamorphic rocks and apparently none of sedimentary formation except the coquinas of Florida. Long stretches of this plain are fringed by sand beaches penetrated here and there by bays, sounds, inlets, and the mouths of rivers. Back of the exposed beaches lie many great marsh areas and shallow bays, with numberless sand bars, low islands, and mud flats.

Fine for the Water Fowl.

In such places thrive aquatic plants with myriads of fish, crustaceans, and other food which in winter sustain millions of swans, geese, ducks, gulls, waders, and other wild fowl. Fortunately for these birds, the

broken shore line and submerged lands have prevented the opening of highways and limited agricultural development. Large areas are occupied only by fishing villages and by hunting clubs in Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Louisiana, and Texas.

One chronicler records that at the time of his first visits to eastern Canada, in 1906 and 1907, the amazing numbers of caribou in Newfoundland and their annual migration across the island each fall were recognized as one of the marvels of American wild life. At the same time the moose of New Brunswick were extraordinarily abundant.

Although this region had long been accessible with comparative ease, yet its unsuitability to agricultural development had left vast areas so sparsely occupied that they remained true wildernesses.

The coming of the World war brought a period of intensive pursuit of big game in all this region for its meat value. This slaughter of moose, and especially caribou, dangerously lowered their numbers. Probably the migratory herds of caribou will never again troop across the barrens of Newfoundland in anything like their former numbers.

With well-enforced protection, however, caribou in Newfoundland and moose in New Brunswick and Maine may be maintained in fair abundance. Caribou appear to be going forever from Maine, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, the white-tailed deer having taken their place in many districts. The deer continue to extend their range.

Protected by Treaty.

At the present time it would seem that the shore birds have returned in large numbers along the eastern coast since the migratory bird treaty became effective, and while many of the species go into Mexico, and even South America, to winter, most of them are too small to attract the pot-hunters of those regions.

The great flights of geese, swans, and ducks that annually sweep south and southeasterly in the fall through the eastern states and along the Atlantic coast mainly congregate in and about Chesapeake bay and Currituck sound, N. C. Many of these birds, however, remain about Long Island sound and Barnegat bay until the coming of severe weather, when most of them also move down the coast.

Georgia and Florida, having few shallow fresh-water bays and little wild-fowl food along the Atlantic coast, form a rather marked area of almost complete separation between these two groups of migrants which winter along the Atlantic coast and those of the Gulf; the Atlantic geese and swans in particular not usually being found farther south than the Carolinas.

Currituck sound is an ideal home for wild fowl during the winter months. It is shallow, surrounded by marshes, bays, and ponds of almost entirely fresh water in which various kinds of excellent wild-fowl food plants abound. Fish, shellfish, and crustaceans are also plentiful.

On its deeper and more open waters are thousands of canvasbacks, numerous redheads, scaups, and golden-eyes, while in the shallow bays and connecting ponds are to be found great numbers of marsh ducks, such as black duck, mallard, wildgeon, pintails, and teal, which usually assemble in smaller flocks than species frequenting deep water.

One of the most interesting birds on the Currituck is the whistling swan. The local estimates of these birds vary from a total of fifty thousand to nearly one hundred thousand birds. Although the swans are undoubtedly very numerous, yet these estimates are no doubt far too high. As a matter of fact, they probably do not reach the lowest number given. Fifteen or twenty years ago, in this region, through overshooting, the swans were becoming dangerously reduced in numbers.

While this swan is found on the Chesapeake and other neighboring waters, the main concentration is in Currituck sound.

The increasing number of swans under rigid protection presents a difficult problem, for if the local minimum figure of fifty thousand is accepted, this means approximately twenty thousand breeding pairs. As each breeding couple produces from two to four young, it seems certain that, figuring on nonbreeding birds and every form of casualty, the young swans, known as cygnets, would probably amount to more than ten thousand yearly.

Flair for Stripes, Dots and Checks

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



FASHION calls to stripes and dots and checks in every type of fabric. And you do not have to lay your ear to the ground to catch the message either. Even at this very moment whole armies of stripes and dots and checks are literally swarming in to answer to roll call.

The proclamation concerning the vogue for stripes is fairly being shouted from the housetops on styledom's domain. As to these widely heralded stripes some like 'em Roman, some like 'em blazer, some prefer gay little candy stripes, while others lean to diagonal stripes either done almost invisibly in the weave or coming out bold and wide a la zebra.

Even now with the spring season scarce under way stripes are peeking out from under winter coats or audaciously staring at you in guise of hat-and-scarf sets, while gorgeous stripes scintillating with gold and silver are leading a gay night life as they go dancing o'er waxed ballroom floors or shine forth in theater and restaurant gatherings.

Such is the craze for stripes we even know of a certain clever blouse made of a heavy upholstery Roman-stripe fabric. Smile if you will at the idea but it certainly was stunning. It was striped wool jersey in Roman colors gay which Chanel recently used for a blouse to accompany a velvet

suit and the result was simply too attractive for words.

For spring sportswear and utility costumes there are certain types being shown which are nothing less than ideal for the purpose. Not alone pictorially do they capture one's fancy for you know at once from their look and their feel that they will wear like iron. See in the picture how smartly these new striped and dotted and checked materials adapt themselves to the new shirtwaist fashions and anything more voguish than a shirtwaist costume for immediate wear it would be hard to find.

Blazer stripes turn in a winning score for the chic and winsome two-piece sports frock of bemberg mixture which is shown to the left in this group. It is tailored, has saddle-shoulder full sleeves, action back, inverted front skirt pleat, and trim grosgrain bow and belt. You are given choice of navy, red, green or brown in these bemberg stripes.

The classic shirtwaist and skirt-dress centered in our illustration is interpreted in three-color hairline checks of bemberg mixture. It is conspicuously good looking and carries appeal in that it is expertly styled for maximum comfort and freedom. A casual polka dot foulard tie and belt afford a bright accent. This check is available both in vivid and pastel colorings.

For sunny days on land or sea the one-piece shirtwaist frock shown to the right is fashion-wise and flattering. It is beautifully tailored of a novelty circular dot-patterned fabric of bemberg mixture, with pleated bosom and carefully styled mannish sleeves. The soft tie of self fabric may be worn high or low.

© by Western Newspaper Union.

PASTEL COLORING

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Pastels enter the knitted field. The color scheme for this attractive cruise costume is pastel green with gray. White is interknitted in the jacket. Tailored white kid opera pumps with perforated tabs and a brimmed white felt hat are smart accessories. Another foremost color is honey-comb yellow. Match this up with quality-kind kid footwear and the effect is most gratifying.

Rings Match Bracelets
Rings are coming back. The new set idea is matching rings and bracelets, especially in sports materials and designs.

MEN OF WEIGHT IN THE NATIONS BELOW THE LINE

In the assassination of President Sanchez Cerro, "Little Colonel of Peru," the world witnessed the exit of another intensely dramatic character from the political amphitheater of South America.

Of all the soldiers and dictators who have strutted their brief moment in that changing pageant, none was more colorful in temperament and background than the fallen President. A short, swart soldier and leader of forlorn hopes, he carried in his veins the blood of both the Inca race that built a mighty empire while Europe was still struggling through the Middle Ages, and the daring conquistadores who looted, then toppled that empire into the dust.

His accession to the presidency in 1930 was a double victory. It lifted to power not only a repressed political party but a representative of the race which white conquerors had doomed to centuries-long obscurity.

No South American title, however, exceeds in charm and implication that of Juan Vicente Gomez, venerable President of Venezuela, widely known as "The Happy Dictator." But that's only one of his sobriquets. He is also "The Patriarch" and "The Well-Deserving."

One of the outstanding Gomez accomplishments consisted of shattering an odd tradition that all battles must be fought on Tuesday, the Day of Mars. As a military leader he sent his troops into battle on whatever day seemed propitious—which to enemy troops, disturbed at their sleazas, seemed as unsportsmanlike as it proved disastrous.

The Happy Dictator is not only a statesman and a warrior, but a movie fan as well. He likes to grin at apostles of the Merry Heart. He also likes progress. "Blood and Iron" seems to him an outmoded slogan. Instead he has given Venezuela the motto "Peace and Work"—a philosophy of government which might be adopted with profit by many nations in both the Old world and the New. —Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Beware of Doubling in Making Contracts

Early in the eighteenth century, says a writer in the London Morning Post, a farmer made a contract which he thought was a good one for him. He undertook to deliver for the sum of £5 two grains of rye on the following Monday, four grains a week later, eight grains the week after that, and so on for a year. All went well for some weeks, but presently he found that his final delivery at the end of the year would require more rye than was sown in the whole of England. A lawsuit took place over the contract. What the farmer had not realized was that though twice two are four, two multiplied by itself fifty-two times comes to nearly ten thousand billion. This number of grains of rye would represent about eight thousand million bushels. An acre of rye produces about ten bushels, so one can work out how many acres would have been required to fulfill the contract. Another famous "two times" case was that of the blacksmith who undertook to shoe a horse for a payment of one farthing for the first nail, a half-penny for the second, a penny for the third, and so on. At first sight this seems quite a reasonable charge—but try working it out!

Soul Barrenness

It is easy to understand why ordinary people are so bored, sick and tired of themselves; also why they like to mingle in company and crowds. These people suffer from barrenness of soul. Their mind has no movement. It is wanting in elasticity. They resort to drink, sensual pleasures or some other form of excitement to stimulate it. If they fall in this they are miserable and fall into an intolerable solitude and dull lethargy.

With a person whose mind is active and given to reflection it is quite different. Solitude—what the Germans term einsamkeit—does not bore the intellectual type of man. He has his thoughts and fancies. He is like an artist who gives a concert as the sole performer—playing a single instrument which is a little harmonious orchestra in itself.—Exchange.

DID YOU EVER HEAR THIS..



TATTLE-TALES were disgraced publicly in Colonial times. Nowadays women are learning that clothes, too, can be tattle-tales. For gray clothes on the washline say very plainly that **DIRT** is still HIDING in them—and others notice!... Yet "**TATTLE-TALE GRAY**" can be banished easily with **FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP**. Its golden richer soap and plenty of NAPHTHA, working together, get out ALL the dirt. Change to whiter, sweeter clothes—change to **FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP!**

UNSOLICITED

"Occident Flour is certainly a wonderful all-around flour... Folks believe I have a special white bread recipe but I have not. Occident Flour makes my bread so good, and goes so far."

Mrs. G. B. E.
Manchester, N. H.



"Costs More—Worth It!"

Semiformal Sweater Is Suggested for Evening

An evening sweater for semiformal wear has been launched by an intrepid American designer who is giving her Parisienne sisters a grand run for their money in the matter of originality. Her newest and most daring inspiration has so recently appeared that it is impossible to say as yet what measure of success it will have. The sweater is the jumper type, made of red silk braid combined with white wool crocheted bands. It looks quite slithering and gay when worn with a floor-length skirt of black satin, fitted in sculptured lines over the hips and released at the knees in voluminous fullness.

Tiny Felt Hat With Plume Is Now Popular in Paris

The femme Parisienne wears: A little felt hat that goes up in a point at the tip of her head, and from which sprouts a tiny plume. Her morning shopping coat has an inserted section covering the shoulders, partially over the upper arms, and incrustated over the chest and back—this of a flat fur, breitschwanz say, or caracul. For sport she wears a wool frock, plaid or plain, and designed so simply she could hold a tennis racket, golf club, or hockey stick and look right.

BASKET BALL EQUIPMENT

We can furnish you with anything in Basket Ball Equipment you may need
Quick Service and Cheapest Rates

We will gladly furnish you with all Ski, Snowshoe, Skate and Hockey Equipment you want

"It's going to be a long, hard winter!"

BUTTERFIELD'S STORE

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Top Antrim Reporter
Published Every Wednesday Afternoon
Subscription Price, \$2.00 per year
Advertising Rates on Application
H. W. ELDRIDGE, PUBLISHER
H. B. & C. D. ELDRIDGE, ASSISTANTS
Wednesday, Feb. 14, 1934



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 advertisement 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 rate; also list of presents at a wedding.

Weekly News of Interest From a Few Towns Surrounding Antrim

DEERING

Mrs. Beatrice Stevens and daughter, Mary, has been visiting relatives in town.
Supt. A. A. Hodlen visited his Washington schools last week and attended a meeting of the Washington School Board.

Owing to the weather and difficult traveling there was a small attendance at the evening meeting of the Community club, held in the town hall.

Several of the children from North Deering who are attending the East Deering school are boarding at East Deering for a short time, until the traveling becomes better.

The selectmen were in session at the Town hall last week closing the town books and preparing their annual report. It is stated that in comparison with some other towns in this vicinity Deering has been unusually successful in collecting the taxes assessed for the year 1933. With notably few exceptions, people have paid up. A meeting of the trustees of the trust funds with Mrs. Edward Colburn, chairman, was held to settle accounts for the year.

GREENFIELD

This town of the Monadnock District seems to be growing more and more popular each year. It not only attracts both summer and winter visitors, but also people seeking permanent homes. During the past few years more than a dozen farms have been purchased and seven new houses have been erected.

The Young Men's Christian Union of Boston have a large camp at Otter Lake where sports are enjoyed both winter and summer. Also near this lake is Holly-wood Lodge where parties are entertained the year around. At Zephyr Lake are the large ice houses of D. Whiting and Sons of Wilton.

Camp Watanook at Sunset Lake is an especially charming place where many Nashua children are privileged to enjoy a vacation each summer. Along the opposite shore are many private cottages. While the majority of the townsmen are engaged in various branches of farming, a number find employment at the Hopkins grain mill, from which plant many car loads of grain are shipped out each month.

Social life does not lag even in cold weather.

What Has Happened and Will Take Place Within Our Borders

Mrs. George A. Sawyer was called to West Medford, Mass., on Monday, by the death of Mrs. Albert Baker, a niece.

Miss Clementine Maso, from New York, is spending a season with Mrs. James A. Elliott, having been called here by the death of Mr. Elliot.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Raleigh have gone to Woodstock, where he has a position as time keeper on a State job, in the employ of the Highway Department.

After a two weeks' illness, at his home on Bennington Road, Henry I. Raleigh has again opened his place of business, Waverley Nook, and is "carrying on" as usual.

By an adv. on our first page to-day, readers are informed that the annual Washington's Birthday Dinner will be given on February 22, at the Presbyterian church; this will be a turkey dinner with all the fixings. Read the adv. for particulars.

Miss Frances Wheeler, of Antrim a student at Boston University, is to be one of the musicians providing entertainment at Open House night festivities, to be held at Fox hall, Boston University's women's dormitory, on the evening of February 16.

Owing largely to the extreme cold weather and difficult outting, there was not a large attendance at the poultry meeting, in Library hall, on Thursday of last week. A most interesting program was carried out, and those who braved the unwelcome wintry cold felt they were well repaid for the effort.

Word has been received of the death on January 26, of Max C. Davila, at his home in Westfield, Mass., after a long illness. Funeral was held from his late home on Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, Rev. Edward Upson Cowles, of the 2d Congregational church, officiating. He leaves a widow, Hattie Templeton Davila, formerly of Antrim, and two brothers and a sister in Waterbury, Conn.

Mrs. Geo. A. Sawyer received the sad news on Monday morning that a niece, Mrs. Albert Baker, had passed away, at her home in West Medford, Mass., that morning, aged 41 years. She had been ill since last July. Besides her husband, she leaves three sons; also a father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Fred O. Little, and other relatives. Remains will be brought to Antrim, for interment in Maplewood cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Poor recently visited friends in Winchendon, Mass.

Junius T. Hanchett, Esq., is recovering from a recent fall which kept him confined to his room for a few days.

Fred Howard, who has been confined to his home on West street by illness for a week or more, is reported improving.

William Robinson, of Arlington Heights, Mass., has recently been a guest of his grandmother, Mrs. S. R. Robinson.

Miss Elizabeth Robinson has returned to her home here, after spending a brief season with Mr. and Mrs. Louis Carpenter, in Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. Emily White, who has been quite ill for some time at her home on North Main street, is somewhat improved in health at this writing.

The Antrim Town Basket ball team played a return game in Greenfield on Thursday evening last, and met defeat 18 to 16. The first game in Antrim was won by the local boys.

A number of the village people attended the chicken pie supper and entertainment at the Center on Friday evening of last week. A splendid supper and pleasing entertainment was reported to have been enjoyed by all.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Putnam spent three days last week in the White Mountain region, two days in Bartlett with Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lane. Mr. Putnam gave his lecture, illustrated by colored slides, before the Conway Woman's club and their guests, and the Rotary Club on Tuesday evening. There was a large and appreciative audience. Mr. and Mrs. Putnam went through Pinkham Notch and secured some fine pictures of the mountains in winter dress.

William W. Brown is confined to his home, on Main street, by illness, since Monday.

This Wednesday evening, at Odd Fellows hall, Hand in Hand Rebekah Lodge will entertain a visiting Past President, and confer the degree on two candidates. Supper will be served at 6:30 o'clock.

Topics of the Day

The only appointments made at last week's meeting of the governor and council were of Drs. James W. Jameson, of Concord and Antrim, and Robert Kerr of Manchester to the state board of health.

It was a pretty cold night last Thursday but the Royal Purple degree team from Mt. Crooked Encampment, No. 39, I. O. O. F. braved the elements and went to Hillsboro where they conferred this degree for North Star Encampment, No. 11, and a most enjoyable evening was passed. After the degree was conferred, a supper was served. Sixteen members of the local Encampment made the visit.

From a copy of a Wayne, Nebraska, Herald, of a recent date, we clip the following item of news:

Rev. W. E. Braisted, who has accepted a call to the Holdrege, Neb., Baptist church, will preach his last sermon in Wayne church February 11 and plans to take up his work at the new charge the following Sunday. Rev. Braisted has served the Wayne church four years. The Holdrege church to which Rev. Braisted is called is somewhat larger than the local congregation.

Our readers will remember that Rev. Braisted occupied the Baptist church in Antrim a few years, and later preached for a few years at Red Bank, New Jersey.

Peter B. Kyne Knows the West He Depicts in

OUTLAWS OF EDEN

Peter B. Kyne, whose absorbing Western romance, "Outlaws of Eden," will be published in this paper as a serial, has no peer as a writer of romantic, stirring, swift-moving tales, and particularly of those dealing with the West. Every publisher considers himself fortunate when he is able to secure a Peter B. Kyne story for his readers.



Peter B. Kyne

The faithful characterization of all Peter B. Kyne fiction undoubtedly is due to the wonderfully varied career of the writer, a career which has brought him into close contact with all classes of people in many parts of the world. As a newspaper reporter and as a soldier, serving first in the Spanish-American war and later in the World war, he has had abundant opportunity to read human character under many conditions and in many environments. As a native son of California and long-time resident of the West, he has the background which enables him to write the particular type of Western tales of love and action for which he is famous.

"Outlaws of Eden" is a story of today and the scene is a California valley. Romance, gun-play, a spirited heroine, a two-fisted hero, a scheming villain, a battle over water-rights and a delightful, surprising ending form the ingredients of this dashing tale. It is told in the vivid and vigorous fashion characteristic of the author of "Money to Burn," "The Gringo Privateer," "Webster - Man's Man," "Jim the Conqueror" and other stories which have been big newspaper serial successes.

4-H Club to Present "The Call of The Klondike"

The Antrim Top Notchers 4-H Club will present a movie and dance on Friday evening, February 23, at the Bennington town hall. A sound system has been rented for the occasion and will be installed soon. Transportation will be provided to and from the town hall. "The Call of the Klondike" is a thrilling tale of the courage of an almost human police dog, who aids the Mounted Police in "getting their man." Taking place in the North Country, where men are men and women are absent, this picture is sure to thrill and exhilarate you. Music for the dance furnished by Harry Brown's Melody Men. Read adv. on fourth page today.

Antrim Grange, No. 98

Antrim Grange held its regular meeting on Wednesday evening, February 7. It was voted to hold a Pie Social at Grange hall on Feb. 17.

The Master appointed a supper committee for the next meeting, which will be deputy instruction. Scott Eastman, of South Weare, is our new deputy, and we hope all Grangers will be present to welcome him. Instruction is to be on the 1st degree.

The members of the ladies' degree team are making new costumes and will soon announce their official name and date of their next performance.

After the business of the evening, there was a social hour, during which there were recitations, readings and singing, in honor of St. Valentine's. In the search for the stolen hearts, Mrs. Eliza Merrill found "Treasure Island" and the lost sweetheart. Original Valentine verses were written and exchanged. Miss Betty Caughy won the prize for the best, Geo. Smith for the funniest, and Herman Hill for the longest. No one had suspected the poetical talent to such an extent in our members, and now we fully expect to read their names in "Who's Who" some time.

Evelyn Clarke.

Grange Reporter.

CAN IT BE DONE? : By Ray Gross

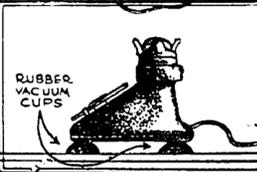
SORRY - WRONG NUMBER - THIS PHONE SLIPS ALL OVER THIS GLASS TOPPED DESK AND I LOSE MY NUMBER EVERY TIME!



VACUUM CUP BASE FOR DIAL PHONES

PHONE WOULD NOT MOVE AROUND WHEN DIALED, IF THIS VACUUM CUP RUBBER BASE WAS ATTACHED.

CAN IT BE DONE?



Do you think this idea is practical? Write Ray Gross in care of this newspaper.

"OUR BEAUTY SHOPPE"

Cor. West St. and Jameson Ave.

Antrim, N. H.

Telephone Antrim 66

"THE CALL OF THE KLONDIKE"

Thrilling motion picture of the courage of an almost human dog and the Mounted Police in the frozen North

Also Selected Short Subjects

Benefit of Antrim Top-Notchers 4-H Club

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, AT 8 O'CLOCK P.M.

BENNINGTON TOWN HALL

Dancing After the Show with Music by Harry Brown's Melody Men

Tickets Now on Sale - Transportation will be provided

Adults 25c - Children, under 12, 15c

No Favoritism Shown in Hiring or Working on the PWA Projects

Press Release No. 469, in part:

Jobs on non-Federal construction projects being built by States, Counties, Cities, towns and other public agencies with money from the Public Works Administration will be without benefit of "loaded" or "padded" payrolls, nor will they be controlled by political preference.

The safeguards created by PWA have worked so effectively that many complaints are being received by the Department of Labor to the effect that workmen on PWA jobs are not being hired on a political basis. The complaints are coming from officials and political leaders who say that party workers are not being given the anticipated preference in filling jobs.

In hiring men either from the lists submitted by the employment service agencies or through local unions, preference must be given, in the following order:

1. To ex-service men with dependents when they are qualified for the work to be done.
2. To bona fide residents of the municipality or other type of political subdivision where the work is to be done.
3. To bona fide residents of the State in which the municipality or other political subdivision is located.

The two latter requirements are designed to prevent workmen from being

imported and thus preventing the citizens and taxpayers of the community from obtaining the maximum amount of employment benefit from the expenditure of money which they must later repay.

Contractors who hire men in other than the specified ways will be met with refusal to pay the wages of men irregularly hired.

Inspectors employed and paid by the Public Works Administration will be assigned to each job from the time it gets under way until it is finished, and part of their duties are to see to it that workmen are hired in the manner required.

If an inspector on a project suspects that favoritism is being used in the hiring of men but is unable to detect it, he will report the matter to the Division of Inspection of the Public Works Administration in Washington, and secret service operatives will be assigned to investigate.

Should the residents of any locality where a project is under way suspect that there has been favoritism in the hiring of men or any other irregularities in the construction of it, but that it has not been reported because of collusion between contractors, local officials and the inspector in charge they should write to Administrator Ickes in Washington and the complaint will be investigated immediately.

PIE SOCIAL!

Where? Grange Hall
When? Feb. 17, 8 p.m.

There will be all kinds of Pie—Mince, Apple, Pumpkin, Lemon, Chocolate, Butter Scotch, Cream Pies, and others.

The pie walk is at eight o'clock. Sixteen chances to win your favorite pie for 20 cents.

Auction of pies afterward, and dancing.

No admission charged except for the pie walk and dancing.

Come and watch the fun and get one of those delicious pies.

LEDGE VIEW POULTRY FARM

We are in a position to supply Baby Chicks from the highest producing New Hampshire Reds. Also chicks from our own high quality Single Comb White Leghorns. All chicks from large sized eggs—24 ounces and over. Our Leghorn breeders are two years old and of proven value.

Price \$12.00 per hundred, subject to change, owing to demand and date.

Arthur L. Poor, Prop.
Antrim, N. H.

Administrator's Notice

The Subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Clarrie K. Brooks, 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 January 22, 1934.

EDSON H. TUTTLE.

Executor's Notice

The subscriber gives notice that she has been duly appointed Executrix of the Will of Charles L. Holt, 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.

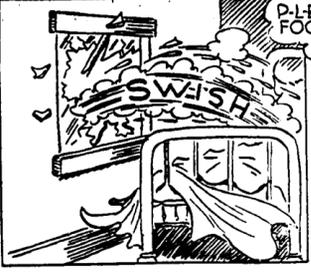
Dated Antrim, Jan 27, 1934.

LORA S. HOLT.

The FIRESIDE PHILOSOPHER
By ALFRED BIGGS

What you own, owns you.
Big minds are always open.
The richest man is he who wants nothing.
Moderation in all things is the best beauty preparation.
Charitable bequests are generally a salve to the conscience.
The greatest landowner will have to be content with six feet of earth.

Adam Zapple
THERE AINT NO JUSTICE
By JACK ROMER



Unusual Weather Checked
As far back as 1644, a clergyman at New Sweden, Del., was keeping check on "our unusual weather."

The Thirtieth Anniversary of the Local Methodist Church Observed

Continued from page one

Scripture, Rev. O. S. Baketel, D. D.
Prayer, Rev. G. M. Curl
Notices, Pastor
Solo, "Dream of Paradise"—Mrs. Jennie Jameson Nims
Sermon, Rev. L. B. Bates, D. D.
Offering
Service of Dedication, Rev. E. C. Hitchcock
Doxology
Benediction, Rev. H. B. Copp
In the Evening
Organ
Anthem, "How Amiable Are Thy Tabernacles"
Doxology
Responsive reading, Rev. W. A. Loyne
Glória
Prayer, Rev. Thomas Whiteside
Solo, "The Lord is My Might"—Mrs. Jennie Jameson Nims
Scripture, Rev. J. E. Robbins
Sermon, Rev. E. C. Hitchcock
Offering
Hymn
Benediction, Rev. I. C. Brown

Of these men on the above program, four have been presiding Elders or District Superintendents as they are now known, of the N. H. Methodist Conference. Rev. Thomas Whiteside, a student preacher here in 1889, held this position in the Maine Conference and is now residing in that state. In the thirty years just passed time has made great changes and many of the men and women who made the erection of this new church possible, have gone on to their reward. Their memory is held in much reverence.

The Methodist church as an organization has been in existence in town since 1838, nearly a century ago, and the first preacher was Rev. Ezra Wardwell. The first church was built in the fall of 1864, since which time there have been



Rev. John P. Brooks

about thirty different men stationed over the society as pastors, all sent from the N. H. Conference and some fifteen or more District Superintendents have been on the district.



Woodbury Memorial M. E. Church

Woman's Christian Temperance Union

On Tuesday, Feb. 6, at the home of Mrs. Emma Goodell occurred the regular meeting of the W.C.T.U. Since this month marks the anniversary of the birth of Frances E. Willard, honored founder of the organization, certain of her favorite passages of scripture were read by Mrs. Abbie Dunlap. There was also read a statement relating to a Willard Memorial Fund. Mrs. Alice Nylander made report for the Committee on Secular Education, with the backing of Mrs. Louis Elkins, member of the State Board of Education.

The contributions of current items, one of which referred to candy drops with high alcoholic content, together with consideration of letters and literature, provided the major portion of the program and furnished grounds for animated discussion. Because one week in February has been named as a period for education against all forms of narcotics—alcohol, opium, heroin and other habit-forming drugs, the study period was set aside to make way for the presentation of certain features along that line, the article being furnished and read by Mrs. William Patterson.

Mrs. Goodell has again offered the use of her home for the next meeting which is scheduled for Tuesday, Mar. 6. F. L. Brown, Sec'y.

Woman's Relief Corps

President Josie Coughlan has announced the following committees:
Relief—Anna Edwards, Lillian Edwards, Jennie Proctor.
Executive—Ethel Tewksbury, Beatrice Hugron, Grace Mayrand, Viola Kidder, Eunice Werden.
Auditing—Mattie Proctor, Julia Proctor, Grace Burnham.
Conference—Emma Nay, Mattie Proctor, Florence Ring.
Child Welfare—Cora Ordway, Lizzie Smith.
Social—Wilma Allen, Sadie Munhall, Ethel Whitney, Mary Warren.
Legislative—Julia Proctor.

The next meeting will be held at Library hall on February 20. This is to be an old-fashioned costume party. Two new members will be admitted at this meeting.

The Corps will hold a Food Sale at Presbyterian vestry on Saturday, at 3 p.m.; also a Valentine Party at the home of Mrs. Ethel Tewksbury on Friday evening. E. Werden.

First Dramatic Presentation
The first dramatic presentation in history was a passion play given annually by the Egyptians 4,000 years ago in which they depicted the martyrdom, murder, and resurrection of their god Osiris.

The Original Dry
A camel can go without water from twelve to fourteen days, without impairing its traveling or working powers.

Gobi Desert More Arid
The Gobi desert, one of the driest regions of the world, is growing more and more arid, and is steadily advancing into northern China.

Antrim Locals

Ivan I. Felker has returned to British Columbia, after spending a few weeks here with his family.

Miss Evelyn Parker, assistant postmaster, has been confined to her home on Concord street by illness for more than a week past.

A. L. Poor has a new adv. in this paper today, telling about Baby Chicks that are started on Ledge View Poultry Farm. Read more about them in line adv.

The Antrim Grange will hold a Pie Social at Grange hall on Saturday evening, February 17, at 8 o'clock. Read about this novelty social in display adv. in this paper.

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

ANTRIM POST OFFICE

Mail Schedule in Effect September 25, 1933

Going North	Leave Station
Mails Close 7.27 a.m.	7.42 a.m.
3.28 p.m.	3.43 p.m.
Going South	Leave Station
9.58 a.m.	10.13 a.m.
4.00 p.m.	4.15 p.m.

Mail connecting with Keene train arriving at Elmwood railroad station at 6.20 p.m., leaves Postoffice at 5.40 p.m., and arrives at about 6.45 p.m. Office closes at 7.30 p.m.

Like A Flash End Coughs and Colds

It costs only a few cents to knock out a cough or cold with BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE (triple strength) because Buckley's is so supremely good that only a few doses are needed to subdue the toughest cough or cold. And Buckley's can be diluted with three times its volume of water making it go still further.

Will not upset your stomach. Safe, sure, instant relief from coughs, colds or bronchitis. Buckley's is sold everywhere and guaranteed. 45c and 85c. Antrim Pharmacy will be glad to supply you.

Administrator d.b.n.w.w.a. Notice

The Subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator d.b.n.w.w.a. of the Estate of Tristram W. Paige, 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 February 1, 1934. RALPH G. SMITH.

Administrator d.b.n.w.w.a. Notice

The Subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator d.b.n.w.w.a. of the Estate of Elizabeth M. Paige, 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 February 1, 1934. RALPH G. SMITH.

Administrator's Notice

The Subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Priscilla C. Whitmore, 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 February 1, 1934. RALPH G. SMITH.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss. Court of Probate

To the heirs at law of the estate of Elizabeth M. Paige, late of Antrim, in said County, deceased, testate, and to all others interested therein:

Whereas, Ralph G. Smith, administrator of the estate of Priscilla C. Whitmore, who was executrix of the will of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County, the account of her administration of said estate:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Manchester, in said County, on the 20th day of March next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

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

Given at Nashua, in said County, this 9th day of February, A.D. 1934. By order of the Court, S. J. DEARBORN, Register.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss. Court of Probate

To the heirs at law of the estate of Tristram M. Paige, late of Antrim, in said County, deceased, testate, and to all others interested therein:

Whereas, Ralph G. Smith, administrator of the estate of Priscilla C. Whitmore, who was executrix of the will of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County, the final account of her administration of said estate: Also his account as Admr. D.B.N.W.W.A. of said estate:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Manchester, in said County, on the 20th day of March next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

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

Given at Nashua, in said County, this 9th day of February, A.D. 1934. By order of the Court, S. J. DEARBORN, Register.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss. Court of Probate

To the heirs at law of the estate of George W. Hunt, late of Antrim, in said County, deceased, intestate, and to all others interested therein:

Whereas, Cora B. Hunt, administratrix of the estate of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County, the final account of her administration of said estate:

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

Said administratrix 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 31st day of January A. D. 1934. By order of the Court, S. J. DEARBORN, Register.

Administrator's Notice

The Subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Ralph J. Loveren, late of Hancock, 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 February 1, 1934. GEORGE M. LOVEREN

BENNINGTON

Congregational Church
Rev. J. W. Logan, Pastor
Sunday Morning Service 11 o'clock.
Sunday School 12 o'clock.

Will Griswold was a visitor in town last week.

The fire department has been quite active this week putting out chimney fires.

Mrs. Kurke, of Philadelphia, is ill with a cold at the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Sargent.

The Woman's Club will entertain the school children of the town at their February 20th meeting.

Mrs. Frank Seaver's nephew is working for her while Eli Cossette is unable to on account of illness.

The Woman's Club held a progressive party on Tuesday. Meeting at Mrs. John Logan's, the went to Mrs. Annie Burns' for the entertainment, and from there to Mrs. Marie Vassar's for refreshments. A very enjoyable time was had by all.

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

The regular meeting of the Woman's Club will be held at S. of U. V. hall on Tuesday afternoon, February 20, at 2.30. Following the business session, the afternoon will be devoted to entertaining the children. All the children of the town are cordially invited to attend, as a surprise is in store for them. Refreshments will be served by the hostesses, Mrs. Eunice Thurston chairman, assisted by Mrs. Robert Powers, Mrs. Robert Clafin and Mrs. Tracy Clafin.

S. OF U. V. AUXILIARY

The Sons of Union Veterans Auxiliary held their regular meeting on Monday night, February 5, ten sisters being present. It was voted to have our inspection on March 19. It was also suggested we have a box lunch on the night of inspection and each lady bring enough for two, and the boxes be auctioned off. We are also looking for some way to earn a little money to help fill up the hole in the treasury. Sister Thurston said she had a top to a quilt which was about half done, and if the Auxiliary would finish it up, we could have it; that will bring in a few dollars, and every little bit helps. After the meeting brothers Parker and Richards came in. A lunch of sandwiches and coffee was served by the committee, sisters May Wilson and Pearl Richards. A good time was enjoyed by all present. Hattie R. Messer, Press Cor.

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.

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

George's Restaurant
Bennington, N. H.

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

LENTEEN SERVICES

Thursday evening at 8 o'clock all who are interested are invited to attend the Lenten Service at the Congregational church vestry. Those who come are to bring something for supper; this will be placed on a large table and all will pass around and put what they want on a plate and sit anywhere they like and eat. After supper the younger folks will go into the parlor for a half hour of study, and the older folks will meet with Mrs. Logan. This will be followed by a short song service. Those who cannot come for the whole service are urged to come to the prayer service at seven o'clock.

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Rev. William Patterson, Pastor
Thursday, February 15
The Communicant's Class meets at 4 p.m.
Prayer and praise service at 7.30 p.m. Topic: The Presbyterian Church

Sunday, February 18
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock, with sermon by the pastor.
Bible school at 12 noon.
Y.P.S.C.E. meets in vestry of this church at 6 p.m. Topic: The Place of Youth in the Church.
Union evening service at 7 o'clock, in this church.

Methodist Episcopal
Rev. John P. Brooks, Pastor
Friday, February 16
At 7. Church Fellowship Night. Bring light lunch, which will be served at the close of the recreation period.

Sunday, February 18
At 10.45. Washington - Lincoln Memorial Service. Sermon by pastor. Topic: The Deathless Goals.
Church school at 12 o'clock.

Baptist
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, February 15
Mid week meeting at 7.30 p.m. Topic: Asking and Receiving. Matt. 7: 7-11.

Friday, February 16
World Day of Prayer for Missions. Union prayer service for women at 3 p.m. in the vestry of this church.
Children's World Crusade in home of Mr. Emma Goodell, at 3.30 p.m.
World Wide Guild, in Parsonage, at 4 p.m.

Sunday, February 18
Morning worship at 10.45. The pastor will preach on: Christ Our Example.
Church school at 12 o'clock.
Crusaders at 4.30 o'clock.

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

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.

EDWARD ELLINGWOOD
Junk Dealer
Grain Bags -
Peterboro', N. H.

TANGLED WIVES

By Peggy Shane

Copyright by Peggy Shane.
WNU Service

CHAPTER XII—Continued

"I felt as if that's what I'd be doing if I married him. I knew George was in earnest, and I couldn't convince Howard."

Rocky nodded. "I understand. It's just as you say to someone who wants to leave your house in a rainstorm. 'I don't want to give you pneumonia.' Was that it?"

"Oh yes, I'm afraid I'll never be able to make anyone understand about that note."

"I'll call up the hospital and get them to put George Mortimer under arrest."

The wedding rehearsal was finished, but most of the party were still gathered around the bishop discussing it.

Rocky followed Doris over the long green path that led to the house. They came to the small side porch that belonged to Beatrice, and entered it through a screened door.

In the small sitting room inside it, Rocky rang up the hospital. He got the doctor immediately.

Rocky scowled. His distressed eyes were on Doris. "He's gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes. Doctor's a bit upset. He put the receiver in his holder. 'Had a broken shoulder bone, you know, and a fever. They told him to stay in bed.' He drew down the ends of his mouth, stared at Doris with lowered head. 'If he gets away there may be trouble for you.'"

She was bewildered. "You mean—they won't take my word for it?"

"I don't know. We must get in touch with the police. Where was he going?"

"Toward Canada, I think. He came down here to find me. He saw the story about the arrest in the papers."

Rocky tapped nervously on the telephone desk. "Of course he's crazy."

She looked frightened. "If I marry you—you won't be safe. He'll come at you sometime out of some bushes. Her features worked convulsively. 'You see, I did kill Howard. I ought never to have married him!'"

"Nonsense. That's morbid. He won't get me."

Doris went to the door and looked out on the gray screen porch. Her eyes were blank. "That's the way Howard talked."

Rocky rose, and put his arm about her. "But darling, the police are sure to get him."

Her voice was dry, constricted. "Until they do—he mustn't find out about us. I tell you he's not normal. He'll do something awful to you."

Rocky kissed her averted head. "Don't you worry. The police will have an easy time. He won't know the alarm is out for him. And with his arm in a sling—" He let go of her, and turned back toward the telephone. "He'll be stopped at the border."

He sat down and put his hand on the receiver, but did not take it up. "Now the great thing is to get in touch with the right people. If I simply call for the police, they'll have the news all over the world in no time—George Mortimer will be warned—and then he may never be caught. The big thing to avoid is publicity—and that ought not to be hard if—"

He did not finish his sentence because three newspaper reporters walked into the room. They had come to write up the St. Gardens wedding, but they knew a good story when they saw it.

There was a dead moment in which Doris looked at the girl reporter expressionlessly. The two men reporters stood still, staring. One was a young blond boy in baggy gray clothes. The other was shorter and older with very large ears, and hair that needed cutting.

The girl reporter spoke first: "My G—d!"

The blond young man rubbed his chin with a grimy hand. "You're drunk!" he said. "Or am I drunk?"

The man with the big ears spoke with a slow New England drawl. "Do you see what I see?"

The girl reporter smiled her nicest smile, showing white teeth and crinkly blue eyes: "And I thought I was covering a society wedding!"

Rocky left the telephone stand and went to Doris as if to protect her. She was no longer afraid. She knew who she was now. Besides, she liked the girl reporter's looks. She smiled at her now, courageously. "Yes, I'm Diane Merrell."

The girl reporter sighed happily—a prayer of repletion—as if she had just eaten the best dinner of her life. "I just can't believe it."

The man with the big ears drawled, "It looks like our big chance."

"Big chance! You said it! Fame, glitter. Boy—here's where you leave the stix! We'll get her away before the other guys wise up. There's a mean guy in every paper in the country before we can get through on long distance if we aren't careful!" He pushed the other man away and moved toward the phone. "Let me get to that telephone."

Rocky held Doris in a vise. He was beyond speech. He was the frightened one. Her face was pale and drawn but she held it high as she said, "I didn't shoot Howard Valery."

The reporters paid no attention to her statement. They were too dizzy with joy at finding her to think of anything else but getting the credit for their discovery before the glory of it was snatched by a faster thinker.

While they argued Rocky quietly took possession of the telephone "Look here—" he tried to intervene in the talk. It was useless. Beside the dazzling possibility of an exclusive story their situation was as nothing.

Rocky held a firm grip on the telephone. "Is there any way of making friends with you people? Aren't you human at all? If you want a story I should think you'd listen to it. We've got one that will knock your eyes out—maybe you can help us decide what to do."

Before anyone could answer, the telephone's ring pealed through the tiny room. Rocky answered.

"Are we human?" shouted the boy, Charley. "Of course we are. Aren't we offering—"

"Hello," said Rocky into the tele-



"Yes, I'm Diane Merrell."

phone. Suddenly he smiled at Doris. "It's Reno. Yes—"

The rest of his words were lost in the hullabaloo made by the reporters. Rocky hung up the phone. "It's all right. It's all over," he said to Doris.

A door opened on the screened porch.

"What's that?"

"It's the wind."

Rocky, holding his place by the telephone, interrupted with some firmness. "Before anything else happens, this lady and I are going to be married."

"Oh, Rocky."

"Yes. There is a bishop just coming in from the garden. Can't you hear his firm tread on the stairs?"

"Have you got a license?"

"No—but—"

"I'll get it for you," said Charley. "How's that for friendship? Now let me get New York on the phone. All I'll say is that Diane Merrell is on her way to give herself up to the police, and will reach New York late this afternoon."

"That won't give us time to get married."

This time every one heard the step on the porch. A man sprang from behind a huge chair—a dark shape looming in the doorway.

The face of the man in the cab showed above a white bandaged arm. Doris screamed.

"You're going to marry him—after everything?"

His eyes gleamed strangely. His left hand held a small revolver. "I knew you'd come back here. I knew you were crazy about that man."

The two men reporters stood like statues. The girl sagged against the portiere and clung there. Rocky half rose from the telephone bench. Doris stared into the muzzle of the wavering pistol.

"I've been looking for you for six weeks. I went to Detroit after the girl that was found out there—calling herself Diane Merrell. I saw the two girls they picked up in New York. Then just as I'd given up hope—" his voice was thick like that of a drunken man—his overtones were heavy with self-pity. "I made a mistake—a big mistake when I shot Howard Valery. I should have shot myself instead—myself and you."

Doris turned terrified eyes on Rocky for one short moment. She could feel his tenseness even across the room, and she knew he was going to lunge in front of her. Rocky would be killed. That would be the second man dead on her account. Strangely enough she felt no fear for her own safety. She wanted George to shoot her. If only he wouldn't get Rocky.

George Mortimer laughed—the shrill high note of insanity.

"You first—then me!"

Rocky threw himself. He seized the shaking wrist and pointed it upward as the gun went off. George Mortimer fell straight back without bending.

Rocky spoke out of the side of his mouth. "Here's your real scoop. He's the murderer of Howard Valery."

Charley had recovered some of his poise. "So we gathered from his general conversation. What shall we do with him? He's a looney—and dangerous."

Doris had opened the clothes closet where Beatrice had locked Molly. "That's a good idea."

It took all three men to lift him and put him in the closet.

When Beatrice St. Gardens' wedding was over, Rockwell St. Gardens was drinking a quiet glass of wine in the seclusion of the rose arbor with his good friends Oscar and Adoree Du Val. Beatrice had ridden safely away with the governor's son. Most of the guests had gone, though the bishop was still there, quietly resting after his day's work.

"It was so beautiful," sighed Mrs. Du Val sentimentally. "Never have I seen a wedding go so smoothly—and well. Really it was like a play."

Oscar Du Val lifted his glass and watched the fading light change and deepen the color of his wine. "My only regret was that Doris and Rocky weren't here."

"Ah yes," said their host. "It was too bad. She seems a very nice girl, but I hardly saw her when she was here. She is in bad health, poor girl, isn't she?"

Mrs. Du Val leaned her fat elbows on the table and looked meaningfully at St. Gardens. "Yes—she is—that is true she has not been well." Her cooling voice rejoiced and mourned alternately. "It is a sickness we do not mind seeing a young bride having—n'est-ce pas?"

St. Gardens lifted an eyebrow. "I did not know. Congratulations."

Mrs. Du Val beamed happily. "Come, Oscar. It is now we drink the health of your grandson that is coming!"

As the three lifted their glasses to drink, a strange young man bounced through the gate. His blond hair was wild, and his gray suit needed pressing, but his blue eyes were dancing with excitement. "Mrs. Du Val! This is Mrs. Du Val, isn't it?"

The good lady rose, her eyes widening with alarm. "Something has happened to Rocky! Tell me. I can bear it."

"Nothing. He's getting married. And he wants you to come quick!"

St. Gardens rose. Oscar Du Val ran his hands excitedly through his white hair. "But no—"

"It is not possible."

"He is married to Doris!"

"Oh that's all right. He divorced Doris today. He's marrying Diane Merrell. Get it—"

In his exuberance Charley went so far as to give Mrs. Du Val's well-cushioned ribs a poke. "Diane Merrell. The Diane Merrell!"

Mrs. Du Val gave a low scream. Oscar Du Val caught her in his arms. "Divorced Doris!" she moaned. "Why did I ever give birth to such a boy!"

"We will soon stop this," said Oscar Du Val.

"Yes—yes. Perhaps it is not too late. Oh, that poor little Doris!"

St. Gardens followed the Du Vals into the house.

Meantime the bishop was being roused from his quiet meditations. Two insane people were pounding on his door. Rocky and his friend Mike. Charley had got a marriage license which was now in Rocky's pocket, and there was a very important wedding to be performed downstairs, they told the good man. His "Mercy me!" his "Oh my goodness," his "This is not quite in order," were as disregarded as if they had never been said. But when he saw the two that he was to marry he had nothing more to say; a holy man, it was his business to say, "Whom God hath joined together," so he knew from their faces that it was all right. He made no more inquiries. He prepared to do his duty.

But before he could begin Rocky's parents came in, followed by St. Gardens. Mrs. Du Val was so relieved to see Doris that she burst into tears.

"They told me you were divorced—but now I see it was only a cruel joke."

"No, it wasn't a joke. Rocky and I are getting married. And we want you to—want Mr. Du Val to give me away."

There was no time for any more explanations then. The Du Vals watched their son being married in a kind of stony amazement.

Doris had given herself up to the police, but she had been released, and George Mortimer was being held. So well had she been guarded by her three reporters that not a hint of what had happened disturbed the wedding.

Rocky and Doris got into their car. Not half the story had been explained to their parents, but as Rocky said, it would take far too long to go into it all, and as Oscar Du Val never read the newspapers he would not even know who Diane Merrell was. Charley would explain after they were gone.

"Good-by, good-by." The gears slid into place and the car started down the long pine-fringed way toward the cement pavement.

"Diane Merrell," said Oscar Du Val to himself slowly.

Then, as his son had suggested, he went in the house and began to look at the newspapers.

The first thing that caught his eye was his own name—

DIVORCES SON OF OSCAR DU VAL

Offspring of Famous Sculptor Was Stingy, Doris Du Val Avers.

Settlement Made Out of Court.

Oscar Du Val settled himself to read. There was a good deal to explain to Adoree, and he might as well begin to find out what had happened.

[THE END.]

Fifty Famous Frontiersmen

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

"Original Leather Stocking"

THE author has often been asked if he had any original in his mind for the character of Leather-Stocking. In a physical sense, different individuals known to the writer in early life certainly presented themselves as models through his recollections; but in a moral sense this man of the forest is purely a creation.

Thus wrote J. Fenimore Cooper in the preface to his immortal "Leather-Stocking Tales," and that statement should pretty well dispose of various historical characters whose claims to being "the original Leather-Stocking" have been advanced from time to time. One of them is Tim Murphy, the famous Morgan Rifleman and Scout of the Schoharie.

But if you would look upon a faithful likeness of the man who probably was most in Cooper's mind as he created the character "Leather-Stocking" in "The Pioneers" (the first published of the Leather-Stocking Tales) or "Deerslayer" in the book of that name, go to the town of Caroga, N. Y., and gaze upon the heroic bronze statue of Nicholas Stoner which stands looking out over Canada lake.

The son of old Henry Stoner, a pioneer settler of Broadbalt, N. Y., young Nick became a crack shot with the long rifle almost as soon as he was big enough to carry one. At the age of fifteen he enlisted in the Continental army with his father and brother and fought at Saratoga, Oriskany, in the Rhode Island campaign, was at Valley Forge and shared in the triumph at Yorktown.

Toward the close of the Revolution old Henry Stoner returned home only to be killed and scalped by the Indians and leave to his sons a heritage of hatred for the red men. After the war Nick Stoner became the most celebrated hunter and trapper in New York and his fame was spread by Simms in his book, "The Trappers of New York."

At the outbreak of the War of 1812 he marched away to battle again, serving for three years, most of the time as chief of scouts for General Dodge of the New York militia. When the war was over he went back to his hunting and trapping, and his friendship with Cooper during this period adds plausibility to the theory that he was the principal "original" of Cooper's famous frontier character. Although he served in many county offices until his death in 1853, the statue which stands at Caroga is the best symbol of his place in history—as a hunter, a trapper, an Indian fighter and as nearly the personification as any man ever was of the typical frontiersman created by a great American novelist—"Leather-Stocking."

Leader of the Lost Trappers

ONE of the most romantic stories of the Old West is that of Capt. Ezekiel Williams and his "Lost Trappers." The story had its beginnings in the Lewis and Clark expedition when those two famous explorers, upon their return to St. Louis, brought with them a Mandan Indian chief, named Big White. The chief was royally entertained in St. Louis but in a short time he asked to be sent home.

An escort of 20 men was enlisted for this duty and they were placed in command of Capt. Ezekiel Williams. On April 25, 1807, they set out from St. Louis and proceeded up the Missouri until Big White was once more among the Mandans. This duty done they could have returned to St. Louis. But Williams and his men had another idea and that was to "explore the country on the waters of the Missouri, to trap for beaver and even to penetrate and cross the Rocky mountains."

So on up into the Yellowstone country they went. There they were set upon by hostile Blackfeet and lost five of their number. Retreating southward, they fell in with the Crows, who killed five more of their number and took all of their horses.

The party, now reduced to ten men, hastened on foot toward the headwaters of the South Platte where they hoped to find a better pass through the mountains than Lewis and Clark had found. That winter and the next spring the remnant of the expedition spent near the sources of the Arkansas river and here they fell in with hostile Comanches who picked off their men, one by one, until at last only three of the original 20 were left. These three were Captain Williams, James Workman and Samuel Spencer.

By this time they had no idea of which direction to take to reach a settlement. Captain Williams was sure they were on the Red river but the other two were equally certain that they were not far from Santa Fe. So they decided to separate. Williams continued down the river and eventually reached Fort Cooper on the Missouri.

Workman and Spencer headed toward the Wind river mountains and in a short time were hopelessly lost in the wilderness. After many weeks of wandering they finally struck the Colorado river and fell in with a Mexican caravan which took them to Upper California. The following spring they went to Santa Fe, where they remained as traders for the next 15 years. History has forgotten them now but they should be remembered—as the first Americans to float upon the waters of the Rio Colorado and the first to cross the Rocky mountains south of Lewis and Clark's pass.

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LIFE IN COUNTRY SHOWN TO HAVE MANY ADVANTAGES

"Increased earnings and enjoyment of country life are the principal advantages of living in the country, and transportation costs and lack of conveniences are the chief disadvantages."

These reasons were given most frequently by 700 part-time farmers in six New York counties, says Kenneth Hood of the New York State College of Agriculture, who is making a study of the advantages of the rural home for the city worker.

Locations on hard-surfaced roads are preferred because of lower transportation costs, more modern conveniences and opportunities to cater to tourist trade and to sell garden produce at roadside stands.

Newcomers from the city say that actual living costs in the country are about \$250 a year lower than in the city, and that the chief reduction is in house rent. Also garden, poultry and dairy products supplement the regular income.

"A few acres of good soil prove the best investment and a large acreage of poor, abandoned land the most disastrous," Mr. Hood says. He also points out that "the experiences of these part-time farmers show that it is more economical to buy a farm with buildings than it is to buy land and build on it, and that city persons might do well to rent for a year or two before buying."

The six New York counties covered in Mr. Hood's survey are Albany, Chemung, Rensselaer, Saratoga, Schoenectady and Tompkins counties.

Too Tidy
Some women demand that all magazines and papers be carefully kept in the receptacle provided. This should be a breakable rule. People like to have papers to hand, but naturally forget to replace them, and a few magazines here and there give a "lived-in" look to a room.

The Usual Insect
Wife (hearing husband arrive home after hours)—Who is that?
Husband—Er-hardly anybody, dear.

Much of World's Gold Utilized in Industry

Only about half of the world's gold production since the discovery of America can now be definitely located, says the director of the United States mint.

Since 1492 the world has mined \$22,418,757,117, as officially reported. Of this, about 90 per cent was produced since 1850. But today the world's nations hold, as monetary gold stock, only about \$11,940,000,000.

What, you ask, has become of the rest of it? Where are the missing ten billions or more? It went, much of it, just as in olden times. In 1851, for instance, of roughly \$49,000,000 of gold mined in the United States alone, about \$29,000,000 was consumed in industry.—Frederick Simplich in the National Geographic Magazine.

"Splitting" Headaches
Until she learned why she was always miserable—and found out about MR. TABLETS (Nature's Remedy). Now she gets along fine with everybody. This safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative brought quick relief and quiet nerves because it cleared her system of poisonous wastes—made bowel action easy and regular. Thousands take MR. TABLETS each a sure, pleasant, corrective. Mild, non-habit-forming. No bad after-effects. At your druggist's—5c.

NR TO-NIGHT
Quick relief for acid indigestion, flatulency, heartburn. Only 10c.

PIMPLES HEALED
Skin made clearer, smoother, finer, the easy Resinol way. For free sample of Resinol, Dept. 62, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol

Picture Frames: \$30 pieces each, regular twenty-five cent seller; interesting subjects. Special offer: twelve for \$1.00 postpaid. LASCALLE, 420 4TH AVE., NEW YORK.

Silk Remnants, beautiful materials, approximately 1/2 yard each; full width goods, 12 remnants, assorted, \$1, postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Lascalle, 420 4th Ave., N. Y.

Here's Quickest, Simplest Way to Stop a Cold



1. Take 2 Bayer Aspirin Tablets.
2. Drink full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.
3. If throat is sore, crush and dissolve 3 Bayer Aspirin Tablets in a half glass of water and gargle according to directions in box.

Almost Instant Relief in this Way

The simple method pictured above is the way doctors throughout the world now treat colds.

It is recognized as the QUICK-EST, safest, surest way to treat a cold. For it will check an ordinary cold almost as fast as you caught it.

Bayer Tablets Aspirin

DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

Amazing Value!
FOR THIS FINE NEW YORK HOTEL \$250 A DAY

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Cheerful, cozy rooms, each with private bath, shower, radio, circulating ice water and many other features you'll be happy about.

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SINGLE from \$2.00 DOUBLE from \$3.50

Garage 75c per night

H. H. Cummings, Manager

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Removes Dandruff, Stops Hair Falling, Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. Sold at 15c a Bottle.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. All goods by mail or at drug stores. H. H. Cummings, Works, Patuxent, N. Y.

Grace Roosevelt and Her Fiance



Col. and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt have announced the engagement and approaching marriage of their only daughter, Miss Grace Green Roosevelt, to William McMillan of Baltimore. This exclusive photograph of the betrothed pair was made at the home of Mrs. Walter Dent Wise in Baltimore, mother of the prospective bridegroom, with whom he makes his home. The marriage will take place on March 3, in Christ church, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

Honor Livingstone in South Rhodesia

To Erect Bronze Statue of Noted Explorer.

Washington.—David Livingstone will be honored soon by a bronze statue to be erected in Victoria Falls Park, Southern Rhodesia, beside the great waterfall which he discovered in 1855. The noted explorer and missionary is depicted with cane in one hand, Bible in the other, and field glasses at his side. The statue will be placed so that it constantly will be bathed with mist and spray from the roaring waterfall below.

"Victoria falls is the most famous scenic attraction and one of the most unusual geographical features of the continent of Africa," says a bulletin from the National Geographic society. "Geographers consider it one of the three greatest waterfalls in the world, rivaled only by Niagara in North America and Iguazu in South America. Although a score of other waterfalls excel it in height, Victoria possesses many aspects which at once set it apart.

Lacks Majesty of Niagara. "From immemorial times an atmosphere of mystery and superstition has hung over these African falls. Livingstone had the greatest difficulty in persuading his followers to accompany him, as they believed the region to be the home of monsters and devils of destruction. Vestiges of these traditions still exist, although the Cape-to-Cairo railroad, which crosses the river less than half a mile below the falls, is rapidly dispelling them.

"Notwithstanding the magnitude of Victoria falls, the first view of them is disappointing. Although they are nearly a mile in width and 400 feet in height, the grandeur of their proportions is eclipsed by the sudden disappearance of the river, as it plunges into a narrow, rocky fissure extending across its entire width. Only at a single central point is there a breach in this fissure through which the falls can be seen and appreciated in their full proportions, where the converging waters rush madly to the zigzag canyon below.

"So restricted is this view that there is an entire absence of that awe-inspiring and almost paralyzing effect which strikes the visitor dumb with wonder and amazement when Niagara

Huge Quantities of Gas Wasted in Texas Fields

Houston, Texas.—Enough natural gas goes to waste each day in the East Texas oil field to supply fuel for Cleveland and New Orleans.

The computations were made from oil men's estimates that approximately 100,000,000 cubic feet of gas is burned daily in flares lighted near producing oil wells. The gas, after forcing the oil from the well, is piped off to the side and burned as a safety and a health measure.

Often many wells are linked in a network of pipes that carry the gas to a central point where it burns in a continuous flame.

From approximations it was computed the wasted gas would supply fuel for the average daily demand of a city of about 1,700,000 population.

Texas' five largest cities, Houston, Dallas, San Antonio, Fort Worth and El Paso, have a combined population of 1,058,000. Toss in ten cities the size of Galveston and gas burners in all of them could be lighted with the waste fuel from the East Texas wells.

At Beaumont, where approximately 2,000,000 cubic feet of gas is burned daily in flares in the surrounding district, efforts have been made to interest communities in laying pipelines to the fields and bargain for waste gas to be used for fuel.

Right of Teacher to Paddle Upheld

Lancaster, Pa.—The right of a school teacher to administer an old-fashioned paddling to unruly students was upheld recently by a jury in Quarter Sessions court when it acquitted Mrs. Ruth Weitzel, a country school teacher, of charges of spanking twelve-year-old John Wasserlein.

The youngster testified from the stand that the teacher "broke a paddle on me and bounced me up and down on the chair, hard." Then schoolmates also testified. John was said to have become involved in a fight when he attempted to separate two other youths who were fighting.

In charging the jury, Judge Benjamin C. Atless said: "I am still one of the old-fashioned kind who believes that paddling is necessary."

Rhodesia in November and continues in the form of tropical showers until April, the best time to see the falls is in May, when the seething torrents are at their flood. November also has its attractions, when the river is low, for then the chasm is comparatively free from mist, disclosing vistas and views of the great abyss of rare beauty, which before were wholly obscured by the whirling columns of spray.

"The bridge of the Cape-to-Cairo railroad is the favorite point selected by artists, as the picture through the narrow gap at Danger Point exhibits the full extent of the angry waters as they leap from the precipices to the abyss below.

"There is a hotel near the railway. From its verandas an observer can behold a magnificent panorama of the canyon and Batoka gorge. A walk of half a mile brings one to the 'place where the rain is born,' as the natives call the Rain forest. This is a phenomenon of rare beauty and interest, especially to the botanist, for here the tropic heat and constantly falling spray produce a wealth of vegetation of wonderful luxuriance and variety.

"But the most thrilling scene is from the eastern extremity of the Rain forest at Danger point, where the treacherous vines and grasses, clinging to the rocks with hungry, desperate roots, tempt one to the very verge of the precipitate cliffs that seem to tremble with the terrific shock of the cataract. So dense here at times is the mass of vapor hurled from the seething cauldron that the sun's rays can no longer penetrate it, and complete darkness envelops one as he is deluged by the downpour, while the terrific thunder of the falls drowns all other sounds and makes his own voice inaudible."

One Failure Laid to Scotland Yard Only

Record for 1933 Shows but One Crime Unsolved.

London.—Scotland Yard had only one unsolved murder during 1933, a year which in all probability will be recorded as the most memorable in the history of the Metropolitan police force.

Although the policies of Lord Trenchard, commissioner of police, have been violently assailed and ridiculed in the press and by caricaturists, progress has been made with his unique schemes of reorganization.

The year saw the beginning of what will prove to be a complete reorganization of the whole Scotland Yard's administration.

But what has been of more international importance is its initiation of plans for closer co-operation between

the detective forces of the Yard and its continental neighbors.

For the first time in history Scotland Yard officers flew to Amsterdam to meet and co-operate with officers from Belgium, France and Germany, and in so doing brought to justice a clever gang of international thieves.

The success of the idea was not confined to forgers. The whole ramification of international crime was discussed, and a "working arrangement," in code, of course, was established, which provides the different police forces with a complete itinerary of international jewel thieves.

Throughout the year there were 21 murders, 15 of them occurring in the first half of the year.

Eleven other cases were those of murder and suicide. The remainder were mainly the murders of children, which aroused intense public feeling.

On one or two occasions during the year gunmen made their appearance, but their careers were brief and their sentences long, one receiving 14 years' penal servitude for shooting at a policeman.

Apart from actual crime, the greatest interest was in the alterations that took place within the force itself. Lord Trenchard continued the work begun by Lord Byng of "cleaning" the force, and during the year many officers, some of high rank, were dismissed from the force.

Scientist Seeks Snake Venom for Cancer Cure

Bombay.—A French scientist, Robert Hemardinger has arrived here with an unenviable task to perform. He wants to collect a kilogram—roughly just over two pounds—of snake venom.

Experiments in the Pasteur Institute in Paris have led scientists to hope that snake venom may be used successfully in treatment of cancer.

The poison, mixed with other drugs, is injected into the infected part. As yet, investigations are in the experimental stage, and more venom is needed to continue the work.

Hemardinger says he needs 5,000 snakes for the required amount of snake-bite poison, so he has decided to collect 500 snakes. A snake farm has been established at a scientific institute here.

Minnesota Hen Deserts

Chicks to Nurse Kittens Maseppa, Minn.—A buff leghorn hen on the Fred C. Busse, Jr., farm has deserted her own family to nurse six kittens and their mother. Whenever the mother cat protests by moving the kittens, the hen follows. The hen refused to care for newly hatched chicks.

BEST GIRL PLAYER



Here is America's ranking girl tennis player, Miss Bonnie Miller of Beverly Hills, Calif. She was named the country's No. 1 girl singles player in rankings recently announced by the United States Lawn Tennis association, which will be submitted for final approval at the annual United States Lawn Tennis association meeting in February. With Frances Herron of Los Angeles, Miss Miller also was ranked No. 1 in the girls' doubles. Miss Miller is eighteen, and has been playing four and a half years.

BEAUTY TALKS

By MARJORIE DUNCAN

MASQUES AGAIN POPULAR

A FAMOUS French beautician, recently arrived in this country, tells me that masques are regaining popularity.

So I went to her hotel to learn what was new in masques. I was very much surprised to see a little bit of a box with small packages in it. "All ready, see," she said, "just to add an egg and use a white stocking, if we wish."

It was all very interesting. The white stocking, she explained later, was optional, but she always liked using one, cutting out holes for the eyes and nostrils and then slip-stitching them very quickly so that they would not stretch out of place very much. This secures the masque if complete relaxation is desired or a nap possible. The latter she endorses very heartily.

For the new wrinkles that come with frowning, scowling or fatigue, a masque is splendid to whisk them away. For that yellow, muddy look that follows temporary indisposition, fatigue or exposure, a masque is just the thing. For sluggish skin, it draws the circulation to the surface. It wards off perspiration, removes scarf-skin. A pink, healthy, glowing color should take the place of that heavy leaden look. For relaxed skin or muscles it is astringent but not too drying.

And here is the thing that intrigued me. The French woman of our story owns several salons in Europe, the Orient and this country. An experienced operator applies the masque, while the client lies back and relaxes luxuriously. "That is fine for those who have the money," as one of my readers wrote me recently. But as the creator of the mask said: "This, what you call depression, it is in our country as well as yours and we too serve ourselves and save."

The masque works in very nicely after our cleansing step, and the rest of the treatment remains quite the same.

If you are troubled with broken veins you should not apply excessive heat or cold to these areas. Use the most soothing of creams and do not use strong astringents to such spots.

The care of the skin is a simple thing if you use intelligence and the best of cosmetics. Don't buy things only because they are cheap or only because they are expensive. Find out whether or not they are good for you.

BE YOURSELF!

WHEN Peggy was five years old, she promised to be an individual. She had definite ideas as to the colors she liked best, the way she wished her hair cut, the length of her socks and so on. What Sister Jane or Cousin Helen chose didn't matter. "Why must I do what they do, or wear what they wear?" she would say.

As she grew older, more and more people would say: "There's a person, interesting, individual."

Very suddenly something happened. Some one made the mistake of telling Peggy that she looked very much like one of the prominent screen stars. And Peggy was sixteen then, and self-conscious. She started an intensive campaign of imitation. As the screen star was reported to wear her hair, Peggy wore it.

From another source Peggy learned that her luminary liked extreme gowns, which was all very well for the screen star, but quite otherwise for young Peggy.

The subject of our sermon spent more time studying her idol than she devoted to her school. The soap she used, the lipstick she chose, the powder she preferred, the style of her gowns, the arrangement of her hair; all these Peggy not only knew, but imitated.

Study your own possibilities, not your neighbor's or your screen star's. It is fine to imitate a shining example of loveliness, but be sure that type and circumstances are sufficiently similar and that a full measure of success may be expected.

What if platinum blond or reddish auburn is the trend; your raven locks are an outstanding feature with you. Play up the color. Be different. Be yourself. Standardization is beauty's destruction. If you are one of the few individuals who look strikingly smart with straight hair, refuse to curl. One can look smart without looking old-fashioned; one can be individual without being eccentric. Study your own skin, your own figure, your own coloring and let your own needs decide what preparations, what exercises, what make-up you should use. Emerge a successful and beautiful "original" instead of a poor, ludicrous "carbon copy."

Don't rub your powder on—it causes enlarged pores and grinds small particles into your skin. Nobody should be afraid of soap on the face—does anybody take a bath without soap? Even dry faces need it.

The skin is an important factor in feminine charm. This must definitely be on the asset side for a woman to really look her loveliest. A dry skin can be nourished to smooth beauty, oiliness corrected, sagging muscles firmed, blackheads and eruptions cleared away, enlarged pores refined and a dull, heavy skin stimulated to new life and vitality.

© Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

VAST CEMETERY IS WAR MUSEUM

Impressive Remembrances of Italian Valor.

Caporetto!

Those who are old enough to remember the October of 1917 recall the great retreat of the Italian army through Caporetto to the Piave river. Under the direction of the German high command, the Austrians attacked the Italians over a wide front "beyond the Alps" with such vigor that resistance was for a time impossible. The retreat quickly assumed the proportions of disaster. Britain and France, themselves sorely pressed, had no other alternative than to rush reinforcements to the Italian front.

Just when it seemed that Italy would be put out of the war, her soldiers and her allies made a stand at the Piave river. Italy was saved and the allied cause did not suffer the calamity which threatened. The Globe has gathered a collection of pictures taken in a war cemetery at Redipuglia, Italy, near Montefaucone (not Montfaucon, France, near which is the American cemetery at Romagne).

The unusual thing about the Italian cemetery (which is the final resting place of 30,000 soldiers, of whom only 5,800 were identified before burial) is that it also is an impressive war museum. The markers are made of things military, the debris from many battlefields.

One of the pictures shows the graves of a father and son. Beneath the photograph appears verse, which, freely translated, reads:

Look at my breast, Father. Are you glad? Albert, more now I feel I Am your father: But your poor mother Is left alone. Another mother, Italy, Will console her.

Over the grave of one is set up a shielded machine gun taken from the field of battle to mark the place where a soldier lies. Above the mound that shrouds the other stands a cross, fashioned also from war relics—shell-casings.

Throughout this memorial book there are scattered pictures similar to the one shown and described here. The cemetery at Redipuglia is more than a burial ground, it is a national shrine.—Boston Globe.

Alligator Electrocuted

An alligator nine feet long ended his life, threw the Santa Cruz island barge repair station into darkness and shut off the power by grounding the current in a cable crossing the Panama canal at Gamboa. A cable splicer found the big 'gator with his jaws clamped over the cable, from which its teeth had torn the insulation, causing a short circuit and its electrocution.

Read the "Ads" but don't ignore medical opinion



If you want to—relieve constipation gently and safely—take the exact dose suited to your need—avoid danger of bowel strain

A doctor will tell you that the careless use of harsh laxatives will often do more harm than good.

Harsh laxatives often drain the system, weaken the bowel muscles, and even affect the liver and kidneys.

Fortunately, the public is fast returning to laxatives in liquid form.

Can Constipation be safely relieved?

"Yes!" say medical men. "Yes!" say thousands who have followed this sensible medical advice: 1. Select a good liquid laxative. 2. Take the dose that you find suited to your system. 3. Gradually reduce the dose until bowels are moving regularly without assistance.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a prescription preparation containing senna, a natural vegetable laxative which relieves constipation gently and safely. Why not try it? Some pill or tablet may be more convenient to carry. But there is no "convenience" in any cathartic that's taken so frequently, you must carry it wherever you go!

What is the "Right" Laxative?

In buying any laxative, read the label. Not the claims, but the contents. If it contains doubtful

OXYGEN FROM THE SEA

A device to enable submerged submarines to draw oxygen from the surrounding water has just been tested at Madrid. The invention consists of a small metal vessel shaped like a buoy and just large enough to hold one man. It is hermetically sealed before submersion. By a device connected with this chamber oxygen can be taken in from the sea for an indefinite period. The inventor, Adrian Ruiz, recently had himself submerged before thousands of interested spectators and reappeared four hours later unaffected by the experience.

Face Full of Pimples Could Not Go Anywhere

Healed by Cuticura

"My face was full of hard, red pimples. My skin was very sore and red and I could not go anywhere without everybody looking at me. The pimples were very itchy and I scratched them until they bled. I lost my night's sleep so many times I was disgusted.

"I tried different things, but without success. I happened to see an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. I bought more and after I had used three cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment my face was completely healed." (Signed) Miss Anna Krouchick, 480 Emmett St., Scranton, Pa.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold everywhere. One sample each free. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. R, Malden, Mass."—Adv.

One Grateful Mother's Tribute

"I feel that it was very possibly instrumental in saving the life of my third oldest boy one night when he was one year old." Mrs. A. G. Weldon, Medford (Mass.).

Dr. True's Elixir

Laxative Worm Expeller

Signs of Worms are: Constipation, deranged stomach, swollen upper lip, offensive breath, hard and full stomach with pains, pale face, eyes heavy, short dry cough, grinding of the teeth, etc.

Dr. True's Elixir is made from purest herbs, contains no harmful ingredients... cleanliness as it clears the intestinal tract... It is a mild medicine safe for children or adults.

Four generations have proved it.

GRAHAM MCNAMEE FAMOUS RADIO ANNOUNCER says: "I'll announce to the world that THE EDISON is a great Hotel!"

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will be this year, and this is the
month to put your supply in the bin.
Quantity of Fresh Fertilizer.

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

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

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 trans-
act School District business and to
hear all parties.
ALICE G. NYLANDER,
ARTHUR J. KELLEY,
ROSCOE M. LANE,
Antrim School Board.

Advertising
It costs money to advertise in a
paper of circulation and influence
in the community. Every busi-
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trade, recognizes the fact that ad-
vertising is a legitimate expense.
It is not the cheapest advertising
that pays the best. Sometimes it
is the highest priced newspaper
that brings the largest net profit
to the advertiser.
Try the REPORTER

Weekly Letter by George Proctor,
Deputy Fish and Game Warden

Down from Peterboro comes a pamphlet from Major A. Erland Goyette entitled "Fifty Years of Bird Protection in the U. S." This is a very interested booklet edited by Gilbert Pearson. Every one of you bird lovers should read it.

Here comes a letter from Utica, N. Y., with a fine clipping on a vermin hunt sponsored by the Izank Walton league of that city. Started Feb. 1 and ending June 1. A long list of the different vermin and the number of points credited for each.

R. C. Goodell of Santa Barbara, Calif., sends us a nice reading from his home city. He formerly lived in Antrim, N. H., Thanks.

Cheese rind is recommended to hitch to a tree and see how the birds will flock to that tree. Try this one at your feeding station. They say it's a knockout.

One day this past week we received a membership card for the year 1934 from the Granite Fish and Game club of Milford. Leo Comhill, secretary, Roy Wasto, treasurer. One of those little cards means a lot to a game warden. It means much more than a membership in the club, but it calls for 100 per cent cooperation from that club. Thanks fellows.

We will never learn. Ran into another town last week that's having its quill pig troubles. They have been paying for noses and boy, they paid well for 'em. Bet they won't have so many bounties to pay if they insist on the head and not noses. One pig will make a lot of noses.

One day last week I took a ride with Sheriff Desrosiers of Greenville and what a ride it was! We tried five times to get out of Greenville and at last we made it towards Mason. Had Hamilton or Hilton, the motor cops, ever seen our tracks up past that Greenville rearing pool it would have been all up with us. But that hill was the least of our troubles. When we got within two miles of our destination we had to leave the car in the ditch and do the shank's mare act and that was the longest two miles I ever traveled. Glare ice and in a blinding snowstorm. We were hunting deer-chasing dogs and if we had ever seen any kind of a dog it would have been just too bad. The old saying goes that the wicked stand on slippery places. Well, I guess Joe and I can well qualify.

The Profile Kennel club, a club of doggy people, will stage another dog show at G. A. R. hall in Nashua the evening of Feb. 23rd. This is one of those Plan "D" shows which are now so popular. For two years I was the president of this club, and strange to say, it's still alive and well. The Big Boston Dog show is Feb. 21-22 and the Manchester Dog show is sometime in March. Boy, but won't Nashua go to the dogs Feb. 23rd.

The fans will have a chance to see some real wood chopping at the coming winter carnival Feb. 19. Most of the champions—state, county and towns—will be on hand to swing the axes. Nice money prizes are up this year.

One day last week I went for a ride with Game Warden Tim Barnard and Humane Officer John E. Miller of Nashua. At Greenville we picked up Sheriff Desrosiers and that quartet is enough to make any group of men sit up and take notice. If you study your game laws very carefully you will find that several of the cruelty to animals cases bring the game wardens and humane officers in on the same case. And when they get to working together—not a Chinaman's chance has the guy that abuses his animals, either wild or domestic.

Have you seen the circular No. 13 issued by the National Audubon society? It's written by Gilbert Pearson and the title is "The Problem of the Vagrant Cat." We were surprised that many of the states have cat laws now. We will quote Maryland laws, they being the shortest: "Any person may, and it shall be the duty of any deputy game warden or other officer of this state, to humanely destroy any cat found hunting or killing any bird or animal protected by law and no action for damages shall be maintained for such killing." There you are and it's not a very long time when every state will have a similar law. In 1931 the International Cat society was organized in New York city and they are out to protect the cat by inducing all towns and cities to have a cat ordinance to license all cats. All cats to wear a collar when at large, properly marked with a tag.

One of the largest Fish and Game clubs in the west, several thousands of members, also some of the state Audubon societies do not want cats licensed as that would make them property and would be protected. Now, cats are not protected off of the owner's property.

The Granite Fish and Game club of Milford is to hold its second annual Italian supper at the town hall in that town Feb. 15. Their first banquet is still being talked about and if this is better it's to be a wow! Those Milford boys sure

know how to put on a real banquet. Leo Flanagan is the president of this wide awake outfit. Better get in touch with him or Leo Comhill, the secretary, if you want a seat.

If you are at all interested in water fowl you want to see a copy of the 66-page booklet issued by the Game Birds in America, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York city. It's entitled "Small Refuges for Waterfowl." I read the whole booklet in one sitting and it's worth several times more reading. The best thing this society ever put out. It's yours for the asking. Better send 'em a stamp.

Oh yes, speaking of sending 'em a stamp, I wish that the readers of this column would enclose a stamp in asking questions. As you know, all the wardens have received a 50 per cent cut in their pay and now we have to count the pennies. We are obliged to pay all our own expenses. We hope this won't last for long, but it's up to the sportsmen themselves as to how long it will last. If every one who bought a license last year would come across right now the department would soon be out of the red. Have a heart you fellows.

"A duck on every puddle" urges President Roosevelt's committee on wild life restoration, "but we must first get the puddles." There are hundreds of old bog holes now full of mosquitoes which if dammed would make a breeding place for ducks and get rid of the mosquitoes. Wild ducks love the eggs of the mosquitoes and soon clean them up. Mary Hugron of Peterboro, R. F. D. No. 1, has a beautiful shepherd dog that she wants to find a good home for. Also Mrs. G. H. Williams of Bondville, Vt., has a good watch dog for a good home.

We know of several more big dogs that want to be placed in good homes on a farm. It might be a very good idea for the owners of a big young German shepherd dog and two older shepherds or part collies in Mason or Brookline to check up on same. Such a trio of dogs is running wild in Mason and Brookline. It's better to be safe than sorry later.

Just now is a very bad time for the deer. The crust in the woods will hold up a dog, but the poor deer breaks through at every step. The ponds and rivers are frozen over so that the deer have a hard time just now. That's why we are checking up on the dogs that are now running.

Quite a few people have written to find out what to feed the pheasants and wild birds. Pheasants like poultry scratch feed, stale bread, old apples, corn on the cob, sunflower seeds.

Mountain lions in California are decreasing. In 1932 they paid for 325 pelts but last year they only paid for 269. One reason for the falling off is the fact that in 1932 34 per cent of the pelts were from female lions.

Ten thousand men will work two and one-half months in the states of Georgia, Alabama and Texas to destroy rats under the supervision of U. S. Public Health Service.

Did the old "chuck" see his shadow? I'll say he did if he came out at all. The shocking events in the past few days shows how foolish it is to enact a law taking the guns away from Mr. Public or Private Citizen. The crooks will have them anyway. Why not let every citizen have as many guns as he can pay for and be able to shoot it out with the public enemy. Be sure to write your Congressman and Senator and tell them just how you feel about it.

We have application blanks on hand for you fellows that want to be licensed guides in 1934. This does not carry a deputy warden's commission this year. Just a licensed guide and nothing more. This guide's commission costs one dollar, same as last year. If you guide any hunter or fisherman without one of these—we'll it costs a lot more than that.

It makes us laugh to hear some of these fellows try and tell us that Old Man Winter is on his backward run. Don't take 'em off yet awhile. The Wilton High school will have baseball in 1934. Last year funds were low, but this year basketball has put things on the right side of the ledger. The boys made over \$30 on the Peterboro game. Nothing puts the spirit into a school more than a good baseball team.

If there is anything that will draw a second look it's a fellow out on Main street shoveling snow with the mercury flirting at 10 above with a straw hat on. Must be some publicity stunt. He sells hats.

The dog team races in southern New Hampshire this year will have some well known drivers and the races will be hotly contested. About 20 teams are expected to compete at Wilton Feb. 18 and 19.

If you want to see action any Saturday or Sunday-run up to the parking space on top of Temple Mountain on the Peterboro side and if you don't see plenty of action—Skiing parties that know how to ski. They were all there last Sunday, snow or no snow and there was snow.

Love and Salesmanship

By FRANCES COWLES

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JUSTINE CARR was certainly not made of the stuff whereof good salesmanship is compounded. But it was absolutely necessary for her to go to work that summer, and the only job available that promised more than a bare living was this job of taking orders for women's gingham dresses. It was in the real country where she got most orders, but there she had to walk endlessly to get to the next house. Really, she ought to have had a flivver.

One very hot day in July she was "doing" the country section near Melrose. She had spent a day and a half without a single order and she had to pay for a night's lodging in Melrose besides. Justine wore a fresh pink frock herself. One of the sort that sold for \$2.08. She looked so fresh and pretty in that inexpensive dress that women seemed to want to buy one like it. But the woman at the last farmhouse had slammed the door in her face and she had walked a good half mile to the next house. She rang an old-fashioned doorbell. After waiting quite a while the door was opened and there appeared a very warm-looking young man holding a frying pan in one hand and a broom under his arm.

"Good morning," said Justine, using the most ingratiating tone of voice. "May I have just a word with your wife?"

"You could if I had one," said the young man bluntly.

"I should have known," said Justine—"then the lady of the house."

"The lady of the house, if that's what you call her, has gone to Europe. Personally, I think she was no lady."

"Maybe there's some other lady here," purred Justine. "You see, I'm taking orders for gingham dresses. This is one I'm wearing—it cost only \$2.08."

The young man whistled. "Gee," he said. "It looks like a hundred dollars to me. But I'm sorry there isn't a lady or a woman in the whole house. If there was I wouldn't be—doing this."

He nodded toward the frying pan in one hand and broom in the other. "Well, I'm sorry," said Justine, throwing aside her suave manner. "About how far is it to the next house in that direction?" She waved her hand toward the dusty road beyond. Meanwhile she set down her portmanteau and mopped her brow with a dainty handkerchief.

"About a mile," said the young man. "You don't mean you're taking it on foot? Great Scott! That's terrible!"

"Oh, I don't mind the walk—only no one seems to want to order any dresses."

"That certainly is a fine dress you're wearing," he said and then: "Say, it occurs to me that maybe I might order some—I know my sister would like them. You come on in and get a drink of ice water."

"You see, my sister wanted to go abroad with her husband," the young man called from the kitchen while he was getting the water, and then resumed as he came in the living room, "and she asked me to come out and hold the house down. She had a cook and another girl—said they had promised to stay. You see, there are three children. Well, I was going to spend two months writing a survey of an expedition I took in South America last winter. I thought I could do my work here as well as anywhere. Well, I managed all right until last week. Then the girls had a row with each other and it ended by their both leaving. They hate it off here in the country. I can't get anyone to come out and help me for love or money. I'm doing all the work."

There was a pause and then the young man and Justine spoke at once, and each said, "I was thinking—" Peter said that he was thinking that he could get away long enough to drive Justine on up to the next farmhouse. It was a shame to think of her walking on such a day; and Justine said with some confusion that she was thinking that if Peter really did need a woman to work for him she would be willing to take the position. "I can cook and wash dishes and look after the children," she said.

So Justine stayed. She just took off her hat and went out into the kitchen, found an apron and began washing dishes. Later she sent home for a few belongings. Peter insisted on paying her the salary that had been left for the two maids who had departed—because as a matter of fact she was doing as much as they both had done—and Peter was left undisturbed to work on his survey. Only sometimes he chose to go out into the kitchen and dry dishes with Justine. One day he told her he loved her. He finished drying a plate and then said he wanted to marry her. Justine went on washing dishes. Then he put down the dish and pulled her away, with her hands all covered with soapuds and dripping with water, and held her in his arms.

"But just think what a shock it would be to your sister to come home and find that you'd got engaged to the cook."

"Well, then, let's spare their feelings. Let's get married—and when they come home I'll just say that I got married and my wife came home to help hold the house down."

Cure Belief for Spider Bite Was Start of Dance

Late in the Middle Ages southern Europeans became obsessed by an unreasonable fear of spiders, says a writer in the National Geographic Magazine. They dreaded particularly the European tarantula, a medium-sized wolf spider, Lycosa tarantula, the bite of which was supposed to cause dizziness and nausea, followed by depressing melancholy and eventually death. Popular superstition held that only the "medical" choreographers could save tarantals (bitten persons). If only the right tune could be found, music and the dance would do the trick. The choreographers possessed ability to select suitable music for any "patient."

Skipping and cavorting "with great vigor and variety of steps" made the patient perspire freely, and supposedly the deadly poison left the body with the perspiration. In the wild antics devised to shake off the dread tarantism originated a charming dance, the tarantella.

Superstition and quackery gave way slowly before scientific experiments that proved the tarantulas of Europe really rather harmless. But meanwhile the white settlers of America had come in contact with much larger and more ferocious-looking spiders.

We know today that there is little justification for fear of our true (American) tarantulas. One member of this group, however, the giant Sceloporus communis of Central America appears to be an exception in regard to its venomous nature.

Sterling Silver in Use Long Before Year 1350

One of the commonest trade terms in the United States is "sterling silver." What is the origin and meaning of this phrase which indicates a standard of quality?

The word "sterling," says the National Geographic Magazine, means solid silver of a definite fineness. Pure silver is too soft for use. But add just a little copper, only 7 1/2 per cent, and you have substantial, enduring sterling. These proportions were used long before 1350 and have never been changed. "Sterling" on a piece is restricted by law in the United States and some other lands to silver which is 925-1,000 pure, and it is a guarantee that metal used in the piece is genuine.

Sterling is an ancient word. It is a contraction of "Easterling." In the Twelfth century there flourished in Germany the Hanseatic league, comprising certain free towns. These towns issued money of their own, and in trading with English merchants gave their silver coins for British cattle, sheep and grain.

The British soon learned that money from these Hansa towns was always the same, always dependable. Soon they came to insist on the coins of the Easterlings, or those from the east of Britain. Later "sterling" was made the standard both for English money and for the manufacture of solid silver—the standard of highest quality.

Europe's Whispering Gallery

Czechoslovakia's geographical situation indicates its high political significance. Its western part, the ancient kingdom of Bohemia, is a huge Slav peninsula thrust out in the sea of German territory. Its central portions abut on Poland, under the Carpathians in the north, and on Austria and Hungary toward the Danube in the south. At the east is Rumania. If such a queer-shaped country can be spoken of as a center, says a writer in the London Saturday Review, Czechoslovakia is the center not only of Central Europe, but of the continent, and responsive to every sound, and listening even to every whisper in Prague, its capital.—Literary Digest.

First to Girdle Globe

The first to accomplish the feat—girdling the globe—so far as the space but not the time is concerned—was Ferdinand Magellan, son of Portugal, but sponsored in his adventure by the king of Spain, who established the first round the world record in a Sixteenth century sailing ship, though the ship returned from its famous voyage without its intrepid master. It was Magellan's evil fate, with victory in sight, to end his career tragically in the Philippines, while the ships that had carried his daring hopes sailed off on the last link of the globe-girdling voyage.

Ireland's Worst Storm

Probably the worst storm in the history of modern Ireland occurred on the night of January 6, 1839, and for two days after. Hundreds of houses were blown down by the gale in Limerick, Galway, Athlone and other places, while many others were destroyed by fires spread from those blown down. A great deal of damage was caused to shipping in the Irish sea. For a long time thereafter the people were accustomed to divide history into two periods, before and after the big wind.

Socrates Backed Critic

There is a good anecdote regarding Socrates which merits repetition. A certain goppyrus who profited himself on the ability to read the mind's construction in the face once before a group, including Socrates, enlarged on the vices reflected in the face of Socrates. Most of those in the group disagreed with the face reader, the philosopher, however, remarking, "He is right—the vices are there; only reason has dethroned them."

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