

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME LI NO. 16

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1934

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"Here Comes Patricia" Presented by the Senior Class at Town Hall

The Senior play, which is annually given by the graduating class of the local high school, was presented in the Antrim town hall, last week Friday evening, March 2. The play title was "Here Comes Patricia" and rehearsals had been faithfully going on for some time past, under the instruction of Miss Annie Louise Carlson, of the High school faculty. It was unfortunate that on two different occasions this play was necessarily postponed, owing to illness of members of the class. But the presentation showed that good work had been done by those who took part and likewise the coach. The play was well attended and enjoyed by everyone. The following was the personnel of the cast:

Cast of Characters

MRS. CARROL.....Martha Dziengowski
ELSIE CROWDER.....Edith Linton
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
BUD FLANNIGAN.....Philip Lang

Synopsis

Scene — Living room in the home of Mrs. Carrol, in Fern Lawn.
Time—The Present. Spring.
Act I—Week later than Act I.
Act II—Week later than Act II.
Act III—Week later than Act II.
Playing Time—Approximately 2½ hours.

Communications Regarding the Town Meeting on Next Tuesday

Voting the Budget

March 1st, 1934

Dear Mr. Eldredge:
I know your space is extremely valuable next week but I hope a place can be found for my enclosed letter:

Statute law requires that a town budget be prepared and posted beside the warrant calling the March meeting. That law does not require that the voters pay any attention to it after that, officially or unofficially, and as a matter of fact the budget is not submitted formally to the meeting and discussed. This is not well: there should be discussion.

The warrant article involving the budget is the one calling for a vote to raise money for all purposes by a tax on property. The moderator lays the article before the house and must thereafter await the will of the meeting. It is not his duty to bring forward the budget or refer to it.

Nothing can be done until a motion is made. That motion has always been that a certain sum be raised under the terms of the article. The motion is never debated or amended. One year I made the motion but believing that it should be debated, briefly set out how the sum named had been made up and analyzed a few items. There was no follow up and yet this article is the most important in the whole warrant.

This year, for the first time, the budget is made up by a committee chosen by the voters. By the vote creating it no town officer was eligible to serve. This is not well. There should be at least one selectman on the budget committee. If no committee be named, the selectmen become the budget committee, and this has been the case until this year. It is well that the committee be not limited to the selectmen alone. It is not well to exclude them entirely. They know the needs of the town and have the carrying out of the spending.

The present budget committee, of which I am a member, slashed the item of police expense. It is safe to say that the selectmen would not have done so I gave my assent in the belief that this act would force the meeting out of its rut and bring about a debate on the budget. However, it should be said that no debate or even a vote amending the budget, would give this or any other expense item of the budget the force of an appropriation. Such a vote would have great influence with the selectmen but would not bind them. Under the article of the warrant the town can only "raise" money, not appropriate. To appropriate money the voters must be duly "warned" that money is to be appropriated for a purpose named and clearly specified.

Besides the police expense there are other important items, such as town-house expense, town officers' expenses, town officers' salaries, the town poor account, and lesser items: in all some \$3,000. This money is spent without appropriation under statute authority or under the general powers of the selectmen. Debate on the budget opens up these subjects.

The machinery of the ordinary motion is not suitable for dealing with

The Tuttle Library

Antrim, March 3, 1934.

Editor of the Reporter:
Dear Sir:—The Trustees of the Jas. A. Tuttle Library wish to place before the citizens of Antrim the needs of the library for the coming year. At the time of the Town Meeting, we will have about \$50.00 in the treasury, which is \$100.00 less than we had a year ago. This year we have to renew the subscriptions to the magazines, making an additional expense of about \$65.00. The patronage of our library is now double what it was in 1931. In order that we may continue the present service, we shall need an appropriation of \$400.00 from the Town. We hope that this amount will be voted at the coming Town Meeting.

Very truly yours,
Trustees James A. Tuttle
Library.
H. B. Pratt, Sec'y.

The Beer Referendum

Editor of the Reporter:

The alcoholic content of beer is so small that many people think there is no harm in drinking or selling it, but there is enough alcohol in beer so that the persistent use of it results in the formation of the alcohol habit.

On Town Meeting day we vote whether we will permit the sale of beer in Antrim or not.

Many good citizens of our Town have devoted much time to the work of the Scouts, 4-H Club, and similar organizations, in order that our boys and girls may get a good start in the formation of character and good habits.

Will other citizens seek to devalue their work by placing under the very noses of our young people that which in the past has proven itself anything but an asset to the well being and success of youth?

Fred A. Dunlap.

the complex budget. If free and open debate is to be had, the meeting must resolve itself into a "committee of the whole house" to receive the budget report and to recommend to the meeting the sum to be voted as tax. In the freer atmosphere and rules of a committee the voters may tinker the budget in any way they please, perhaps a single vital item, or perhaps several items. At least the voters will have a chance to say something as to the composition of the forty-odd thousand dollars they are required to tax themselves.

Junius T. Hanobett

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

Mayor Charles E. Carroll must be quite highly thought of in Laconia, where the Republicans have nominated him for the fifth time to be their candidate for Mayor of that city. Mayor Carroll is one of Governor Winant's Council.

That this is the "on" year in New Hampshire politics is brought to the attention of the public by Secretary of State Enoch D. Fuller, through his publication of the official "political calendar" for 1934. The first date listed is February 28, when the checklist and warrants for the annual town meetings March 13 must be posted. In May the registration of voters by parties is posted and opportunity given for change. Between July 13 and August 1 candidates file for the primary election held on September 11. Election day is November 6.

Willie E. Shedd, 85-year-old eccentric character of Stoddard, left \$50,000, his entire personal estate, to the Elliot Community hospital, in Keene, in appreciation for treatment received four years ago when he fractured a hip, his will, filed February 28, showed. Shedd, who was a timber operator in his youth, had more or less lived at the hospital for the past four years. He died on February 19 and when his affairs were examined it was disclosed he had accounts in 22 banks in New England. Mr. Shedd had distant relatives in Keene, and many of our older people remember seeing him in town at different times.

Notices regarding the hearing of protests against the proposed closing of the Keene-Elmwood section of the Nashua division of the Boston and Maine railroad have been posted. The hearing will be held by the Public Service Commission, in Concord, at 11 a. m. on March 8. The several towns served by the railroad will be represented by Atty. Orville E. Cain of Keene and City Solicitor John R. Goodnow will represent the city of Keene. The Farmers' Exchange will also enter a protest against the proposed closing of the road. The distance of the line which the railroad seeks to abandon is approximately 25 miles. No trains have been running over this branch since the landslide near Hancock early last month and passengers and mail are now being taken by bus between Peterborough and Keene. The road has filed an application with the Interstate Commerce Commission for permission to discontinue the service.

Much interest appears to be manifest in this matter, for the traveling public will be considerably effected should this piece of road be abandoned; and incidentally the people in our immediate vicinity are more or less interested, it being only a short distance away.

Holes and small washouts are reported in the black roads in different places and frost has heaved cement roads. The present has been an unusual winter for improved roads, as well as every other kind,—so much frost has had its effect. "Depression" is everywhere present, and the roads now have their share.

After all that has been done and said, now President Roosevelt wants to be the only one to have anything to say about the tariff. Well, maybe when everything is all over, and we again start at the beginning, it will be possible to build more wisely and perhaps just as well—or better. History repeats itself, and experiences are sometimes bitter while passing through them. To the younger generation this does not have the same meaning as it does to those of us who have passed the meridian of life.

The annual meetings of the State Tax Commission with Selectmen and Assessors for the consideration of assessments and tax administration will be held at the places and on the dates listed below. By law it is the duty of every Selectman and Assessor to attend. Tax collectors are also invited to attend. Only the names of nearby places are herewith given, and these town officials may attend the meetings most convenient for them:

Concord, State House, Thursday, March 15, 9 a. m.
Manchester, City Hall, Friday, March 16, 10 a. m.
Keene, Court House, Monday, Mar. 19, 12.30 p. m.
Claremont, Court House, Tuesday, March 20, 9.30 a. m.

In a recent State Relief Administration news release, the total amount of County Relief from July 1, 1933, to January 1, 1934, for Hillsborough County was given as \$398,012.45; of which sum \$89,065.56 was for special relief. This latter amount represents total expenditure in the County for board and care of dependent children and adults, old age assistance, cash allowances, needy blind, and cancer cases. In the towns listed separately, the amounts opposite their names represent total expenditures in these respective communities for unemployment relief only. Herewith are listed our own town and a few located nearby:

Antrim, \$188.30; Bennington, \$526.72; Deering, \$63.50; Franconstown, \$297.55; Greenfield, \$116.31; Hancock, \$228.53; Lyndeboro, \$368.40; Peterborough, \$3,332.75; Hillsboro, \$2,919.98.

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"Princess Alice Remembers—"



Alice Roosevelt Longworth and her daughter Paulina

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON



ALTHOUGH America is a democracy, believes that it believes firmly in that phrase from the Declaration of Independence which says "all men are created free and equal" and has elected more than one President because he was "born in a log cabin" or some such humble dwelling place, there have been times when it has not been averse to intimations of royalty in affairs of government. It has accepted dictatorships and despotism—sometimes benevolent and sometimes not so—in fact if not in name, and in various other ways it has departed rather far from the tradition of pure democracy.

It would resist to the utmost the conferring of any such title as "king" or "emperor" upon its Chief Executive, but once upon a time it conferred the unofficial title of "princess" upon the daughter of a President and rejoiced in doing so. And for a time "Princess Alice," daughter of President Theodore Roosevelt, was a symbol in the minds of the American people quite as much as the prince of Wales is a symbol in the minds of the English. The reasons which could be assigned to that fact are various.

Perhaps the best one lies in the fact that she appeared on the scene at the "turn of the century" when, as one writer has expressed it, "America was just beginning to feel its international oats," so "the public that idolized her father made of Princess Alice a heroine after the pattern of its own desires and dreams." And they felt somehow justified in conferring royalty upon the daughter of their President when, a few years later, she went on a grand tour of the Orient and "everywhere was received like a crown princess and presented with lavish gifts." Another possible explanation lies in the fact that, like her father, she was a vivid personality which naturally attracts attention to itself but which remains unspiced by much lime-lighting and keeps the "common touch" without condescending. So the American public accepts such a personality as "one of our own kind" and then, paradoxically, exalts it to a pedestal of hero-worship or invests it with robes of royalty.

When Alice Roosevelt was a child she "could spend hours of time pretending I was a fiery horse, preferably cream-colored, like Cinderella's horses, able at a bound to cover vast regions of the earth, and also able at will to turn into something quite different, such as a princess with very long hair, or an extremely martial prince." There's something a bit prophetic about that, for in her future career she was to cover some of those regions, to become a "princess" by popular acclaim, to "talk with cowboys and kings, emperors and empresses and gypsies, to behold a multitude of pageants and all sorts of people and things." So it's quite appropriate that she should choose for the title of her reminiscences the two words "Crowded Hours" and that book, published recently by Charles Scribner's Sons, is a record of the crowded hours in the life of Alice Roosevelt Longworth, she who was—and still is to many Americans—"Princess Alice."

To some extent a political history of the United States during the last quarter of a century, in that she has been a participant in, as well as an observer of that history during that length of time, "Crowded Hours" is even more interesting as a lively memoir of the great and near great whom she has encountered in that center of all political activity, Washington, D. C. Before her father had left the White House she had married a man destined for future political importance—Nicholas Longworth, congressman from Ohio, later speaker of the house of representatives and a man whose friendships among all political factions made him unique. So, as his wife, the "reign of Princess Alice" continued long after her father had left the White House.

"Princess Alice" was initiated into politics when she was only six. Her father was appointed federal civil service commissioner and she was taken to the White House to meet the first President she was to know—"the small, bearded Harrison; and later I have a memory of Mrs. Cleveland there—young, lovely and friendly." Some of her characterizations of later Presidents and their First Ladies are not so kindly, but they are the opinions of a strong personality—strong in dislikes as well as likes—and interesting because of that as well as because they are based upon first-hand knowledge.

The first of the vivid memories of "Princess Alice's" crowded hours are of the Spanish-American war, which was a sort of a glorified picnic to Alice and the other young Roosevelts. A visit to Camp Wyckoff, where her father's regiment was stationed, was an exciting experience in more ways than one. "At fourteen and a half, if I was in love with one Rough Rider, I was in love with twenty, even though I did have a pig-tail and short dresses."



President Theodore Roosevelt

The Rough Rider colonel returned to ride into office as governor of New York. "That was the first campaign in which we had the indescribable excitement of our father running for office. . . . It was a purely personal and emotional interest centered on my father. He was Right, and Van Wyck, the Democratic candidate, was Wrong, and that was all there was to that."

The governorship of New York is commonly regarded as a stepping-stone to the Presidency. But some of the politicians tried to sidetrack Theodore Roosevelt by sending him, albeit unwillingly, back to Washington as vice president. That meant more excitement for "Princess Alice" and the other young Roosevelts.

"I remember how that night (of the inaugural ball) I perched on the arm of a chair until someone suggested that I ought not to, as Mrs. McKinley was seated in it, a fact of which I was totally unaware. When I was amused and stimulated by an occasion, I was never very conscious of those whom I did not know who made up the occasion. At father's own inauguration in 1904, I stood in the front of the box and gesticulated exuberant greetings to the friends I recognized in the crowd until father rather firmly told me to sit down. I had not had the slightest idea that I was 'making a show of myself.' I sat down, feeling reproved and resentful. He had been greeting friends whom he recognized in the crowd—so why should I not do likewise?"

Her father's accession to the Presidency was no surprise to Alice. "I was as superstitious as any savage, and as ruthless. . . . I had made magic from the time my father was nominated to the vice presidency; I made them as busily and believably as any primitive man, so when the news came, though I had a proper sense of horror at the crime (the assassination of McKinley) on the civilized side, on the savage it brought a sense of fulfillment."

But she took it so much as a matter of course that she wasn't especially impressed by going to live in the White House whose interior "at that time was both ugly and inconvenient." She made her debut in the White House, but the mustard-colored carpet then on the East room floor, took some of the edge off her joy.

By this time the little pig-tailed Alice had grown up into "Princess Alice." Then came the coronation of King Edward in England and talk of her going to England for the event. But her family asked her not to go because there was so much "absurd discussion" as to social precedence and what rank she would take.

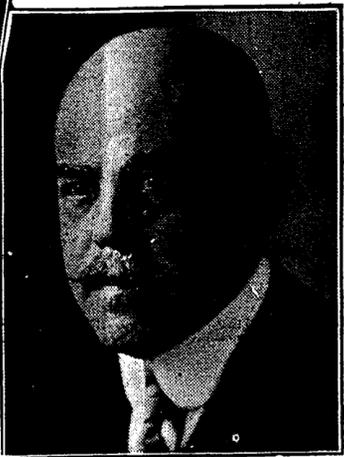
A trip to the Orient with a congressional party, headed by William Howard Taft, then secretary of war, promised to be less spectacular as a theme for gossip but it got an amazing amount of newspaper space for those days. It was a series of delights for "Princess Alice." She was presented to the emperor and empress of Japan and to the old empress dowager of China. Everywhere presents were showered upon her—"Alice's loot," her family called it when she brought it home.

The trip had one important result for Alice. One of the members of the party was young Nick Longworth of Ohio. They were together a great deal and the amiable secretary of war was much puzzled as to their status. "A plaint of his from time to time was, 'Alice, I think I ought to know if you are engaged to Nick,' to which my reply was 'More or less, Mr. Secretary, more or less,' and that ended that. . . . I had not been back long before Nick and I decided that we were engaged. . . . I felt shy and self-conscious about telling the family."

Then "Princess Alice" became a White House bride and the whole country took a personal interest in every detail of her costume. But she remembers that her going away dress was "hideous and unbecoming." The wedding presents were about what any bride might get, only more so; the kaiser sent a bracelet with his miniature, apparently having forgotten that he had sent a bracelet with his miniature when Alice christened his yacht; and the king of Italy sent a mosaic table so large that she has never found room to



Alice Roosevelt Longworth



Nicholas Longworth

display in any house she has lived in since.

The campaign of 1912 was a difficult one for this daughter of one leader and wife of another who were going separate ways, although that never made the slightest difference in the personal relations of the two men nor their respect for each other. Nick Longworth stayed on the stand-pat Republican side of the fence, to save his own political life, and this fact made it more or less impossible for Alice to campaign openly for her father.

Throughout her father's career she was a loyal, passionate and complete partisan of his. Those who succeeded him in the Presidency were somehow usurpers in her eyes. So when the break between Roosevelt and Taft came she took something of a savage delight in the defeat of Taft in 1912. She regarded him as an "amiable and good-natured" follower of her father who had been quite outside his rights when he had broken away from T. R.'s policies.

"To me there was something not quite pleasing in the idea of 'my dear Mr. Taft' as a great man, and still less pleasing as a great President, rubbed in by my in-laws, too! . . . There was also an unmistakable attitude on the part of members of his family of 'here he is where he ought to be,' and 'we don't owe so very much to Roosevelt anyway; he could have got along quite as well without him.'"

In reply to an invitation to the White House inaugural lunch, Mrs. Longworth explained to Mrs. Taft that she might not be able to attend, as she was seeing her father off for New York at noon. "Mrs. Taft said most civilly that was all right and in case I did decide to come, she would send me a ticket, so that I should be able to get into the White House. . . . I flew shouting to friends and relatives with the news that I was going to be allowed to have a ticket to permit me to enter the White House—I—a very large capital I. . . . Indeed, I gave myself over to a pretty fair imitation of mischief making."

Woodrow Wilson was her father's political enemy, so he was her enemy, too, and so "when President Wilson got back from Paris . . . I went down to the station and parked on the outskirts of the crowd. It was a sparse crowd . . . there was very little cheering. . . . I hurried uptown to see how many people turned out to greet him as he entered the White House grounds. There were not more than two or three hundred. I got out of my motor and stood on the curbstone, fingers crossed, making the sign of the evil eye, and saying: 'A murrain on him, a murrain on him, a murrain on him.'"

As for succeeding Presidents and administrations, "Princess Alice" has some rather acid comments: "Harding was not a bad man. He was just a slob." "Coolidge changed the atmosphere of the White House from that of the back room of a speakeasy to that of a New England parlor." "I should say that his (Hoover's) nomination was primarily owing to the huge publicity organization that he and his supporters had built up and kept on the job for him." "The present President Roosevelt has the name of Roosevelt, marked facial resemblance to Wilson and no perceptible aversion, to say the least, to many of the policies of Bryan."

The much-talked-of Gann-Longworth "social war" she lays to a foolish mistake by newspapers. It was not a matter of social precedence between her and Mrs. Gann, she says, but a question as to whether Mrs. Gann, as "hostess" for Vice President Curtis, should precede wives of foreign ambassadors at official and semi-official dinner parties. "It seems to me the word hostess has lost its meaning, or acquired a new one, since it has become associated with night clubs and hotels," she adds by way of comment.

The immediate cause of the whole affair was a dinner at the Eugene Meyers, a "dry" house—and Speaker Longworth seized upon the Gann precedent quarrel as an excuse for not going to this "dry" dinner party.

"Of course, obviously, there never was any row; anyone who knew me was aware that rank and conventionality were things I always fled from and shirked. I could not very well tell the true story—that Nick had seized a straw to avoid a dry dinner, so all I could say was, 'I have really nothing to do with it.'"

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TRANSVAAL TREASURES



Native "Digging" South African Gold.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.
AFTER 29 years' search, the Transvaal, South Africa, has given up what is believed to be the "other half" of the famous Cullinan diamond, the largest diamond ever found. The "other half" was picked up in two parts; one a 500 carat diamond of good quality, and the other a 726-carat stone which is flawless.

The Transvaal rightly has been called the treasure-house province of South Africa. It has earned the right, as well, to be called a famous treasure region of the world, for out of its hills and plains have come billions of dollars worth of gold and diamonds, not to mention other valuable minerals.

The Transvaal is young in history. Its oldest town, Potchefstroom, now an important South African educational center, will not round out its first century until 1939.

One has but to glance at Johannesburg, the province's capital, to get the spirit of the Transvaal. Strangely impressive, as one approaches the city, are miles of mine dumps surrounding the Witwatersrand, the mountainous backbone of the province. Across the vast plain they stretch like avenues of mammoth monuments, as if promising a climax of prehistoric grandeur.

Yes, grandeur—but of what land? For sometimes they align themselves in a great wall, recalling China's. Or, again, you catch in their outlining vista a resemblance to Egypt's pyramids or to Mesopotamia's ziggurats. Or, yet again, their sloping, sand-hued masses suggest military fortifications on a scale the world has never known.

The colossal picture tempts one's fancy. If the Rand's gold mines crumbled to nothingness, leaving only the dumps, some writer a millennium hence might conceivably describe them as "those mighty works, reared perhaps as defenses or patriotic monuments by the ancients of the Twentieth century."

If you ask a local statistician to give you some approximate idea of the dumps' tonnage, he may ask in turn: "Would you prefer it in ocean greyhounds or in Egyptian pyramids? Twenty thousand Mauretania's would about equal and 12,000 Leviathans would somewhat exceed the dumps' tonnage. Or, shifting the comparison, that tonnage would be approximated by aligning across the Rand 102 replicas of the great pyramid."

Stumbled on Ten Billions. Stubbing one's toe against a ten-billion-dollar gold reef is an experience reserved to the few. It was in 1886 that George Walker, out for a stroll, accidentally kicked into a gold-bearing outcrop of what proved to be the main reef of the Witwatersrand. Here, shaped like a vast bowl imbedded face-upward, was a 70-mile stretch of gold-impregnated rock that, if you believe in Kismet, had awaited George Walker's intrusive toe ever since early geologic times.

And now upon that treeless, uninhabited no man's land there appeared a tawdry mining village of tents and covered wagons. Telegraph wires hummed and the village became a raw, tin-shack town of 3,000 people. The prevailing crude process lost half the gold worked. Yet who cared, since the reef seemed inexhaustible? Supplies were teamed from 300 miles away. Yet who minded fancy prices? And, as to the water shortage, "All right; let's bring in champagne!"

Thus began the babyhood of Johannesburg, which today, though a mere youth in years, is a giant in achievement. The largest African town south of Cairo and chief commercial plexus of the Union's hinterland, "Joburg" has a municipal area of nearly 82 square miles and some 300,000 people.

In the Deep Mines. The Witwatersrand mines, whether at work or play, present a unique sight. Here one is in work hours descending by "skip" (lift) into the interior of the earth at the speed of an express elevator.

Johannesburgers dig holes as grandly as Americans rear skyscrapers—more grandly, in fact, for your alighting point proves to be one and one-third miles below the earth's surface. Your impression of this subterranean electric-lit town, with its avenues and cross-streets, where thousands of men are drilling or loading the auriferous conglomerate, is one of cleanliness, neatness, and—thanks to the giant ventilators—of a not-too-uncomfortable warmth.

You stay long enough to watch a surface hoist start off with its 9½-ton load, which it will lift up that mile or more of shaft, to the crush-

ing and reduction plant, in about two minutes. Then you regain the skip and ascend once more to what, measuring holes by skyscrapers, the cable operator might conceivably announce as "Two hundredth floor, last stop!"

That which you have glimpsed is but a tiny corner of what is, in effect, a vast subterranean city, whose axis measures 70 miles, whose workers number 190,000, and whose shafts, avenues, and streets total 4,000 miles, or approximately the length of the African continent. And the business of this super-mole city is to disgorge over one-half of the world's annual gold production.

How to handle that grand total of 212,000 men, 90 per cent of them Bantu, who, either above ground, or under it, work on the Rand?

Recreation—whether golf, tennis, bowls, swimming, or native dances—is universal, with inter-mine sports as a corollary. As to health and safety, each man regularly undergoes medical examination, first aid is taught to many thousands, while that cheery organ, the reef, advises you on everything, from keeping fit to giving accident-prevention tips to American visitors in what is thought to be Americanese, as thus:

"Say, folks, we're right here at a real slap-up gold mine. Lady from Memphis, please don't eject your gum down the shaft. That pellet will accomplish a velocity of 5,000,000 miles per second and give some one a headache."

Huge Cost of Supplies. Whoever presides over the mines' commissariat must at times develop a genuine housewife's headache. Let us imagine a symbolic Mr. and Mrs. Transvaal Goldmines making up their household books at the close of 1928: "Hum! Six millions of dollars' worth of food for our native boys. Rather steep, my dear!"

"Let me look, papa. Oh, 23,000 tons of meat, beans, and fish—that accounts for it."

"Hum! I suppose 400 tons of soap for baths and 3,000 tons of candles are correct? . . . Here's \$200,000 for the boys' clothing, slickers, and boots. Hum! Spring cleaning—that's the paint and tar—\$130,000. But what's this extra \$20,000 for?"

"Salt, papa. The boys love their pinch of salt, and—"

"Salt! Just salt! Why, mamma, do you realize that our little household is costing us in stores, \$74,000,000 a year?"

As to recreation, the "boys'" weekly war dance rivals a circus, a rodeo, and a football match combined. Here is a native compound disgorging its thousands of black Shangaans who are welcoming other thousands of black 'Mchopis, the former tribe's invited guests.

Intriguing, too, are such borrowings of white man's "medicine" as armlets of Red Cross buttons, fountain pens thrust through ear lobes, and medical charts stuck on like mustard plasters.

But the Transvaal, like South Africa in general, is as varied in respect to treasure houses as was ancient Delphi, with its "treasuries" in the Pretoria region, and also near Rustenburg and in the "Bushveld Complex." There are apparently unlimited iron resources, while the last-named region promises to yield one of the greatest platinum deposits in the world. The Transvaal's annual production values in gold, silver, platinum, and the base metals total something like \$15,000,000.

Diamonds May Be Anywhere. And then there are the ever-cropping-up diamonds—one might almost say, those irrepressible South African diamonds. Really, one never knows where they will turn up next. Here is the Transvaal's famous Premier mine, an even larger crater than its defunct forerunner at Kimberley. In about a quarter of a century the Premier has produced some 6½ tons of diamonds, including the famous Cullinan. Its longest dimension was 4½ inches, its shortest was 2 inches, and it was cut into nine large stones and scores of smaller ones.

Blasting hour at the Premier, as beheld from the crater's edge, is a striking sight. At the given moment a red flag flutters, a bell clangs, and antlike multitudes of workmen are seen scurrying for shelter. There ensues a veritable barrage of some 2,000 dynamite charges, hurling successive masses of blue earth in air; then the explosions die down, the workers reappear to load the debris on trucks that ascend to the crushing plant, and the day's big diamond "offensive" is over.

By Charles Sughroe

SUCH IS LIFE—Oh—Oh!



Kidnaping Is Old Stuff to Indians

Savages in Colombia Have Ideas on Subject.

Panama.—Kidnaping is not confined to the United States or other civilized countries. The savage Indians who inhabit the Goajira peninsula in Colombia have some advanced ideas on the subject, according to discoveries made by the Weston-Carr expedition now engaged in exploring this little-known region of Colombia.

Recently a young girl was carried off by an enterprising young Indian of another tribe and as a result the offended tribe demanded a big indemnity in the form of several horses and cattle, the return of the girl being of secondary importance provided their wounded pride was suitably compensated.

This the offending tribe refused, and their refusal being tantamount to a declaration of war, the others lost no time in swooping down upon one of their enemy's outlying villages while the men-folk were away hunting, and carrying off several women and more than a dozen young children whom they threatened to put to death unless a very large ransom were immediately forthcoming. They also made it clear that any attempt at rescue would result in the early death of all the prisoners.

Tribes Lacked Money.

As it turned out, the tribe to which the women and children belonged was not wealthy and was unable to raise the required number of animals de-

manded as ransom. They therefore made up their minds to fight and try to recover the captives by force.

At this juncture, news of the impending inevitable deaths of the captured women and children reached the handful of Capuchin monks who, not far from the small border town of Riohacha, have established a small orphanage for abandoned Indian children where the children are trained to fend for themselves in farming and so forth.

A couple of the monks were dispatched posthaste to the scene of the impending conflict with instructions to save the lives of the captured children at all costs. This was easier said than done. The chief in whose power they were was quite willing to surrender the children if the ransom, amounting to a large number of cattle, were paid, but on no other terms.

The monks thereupon got busy in true Christian spirit, and returning to their headquarters, they and their fellow-workers mustered all the wealth of the orphanage in terms of cattle and had these delivered to the Indian chief in exchange for the children, who were promptly rushed away to the safety of the orphanage.

Fighting Lasted Three Months.

Unfortunately, the meager resources of the monks made it impossible for them to ransom the women, whose own people, persisting in their endeavors to rescue them, led both tribes into a deadly tribal conflict which lasted fully three months, during which many Indians were killed on both sides.

Eventually the Capuchin fathers again intervened and managed to persuade the two tribes to make peace, which was done to the accompaniment of considerable palaver and a vast exchange of cattle, which, although impressive to the eye, really left both tribes no better off than they were before. Peace, however, had been achieved.

The monks having already paid the ransom for the children, it was agreed by the Indians that the children belonged to the monks by right of purchase, and as the self-sacrificing Capuchins considered the welfare of the children of more importance than their lost cattle which had been used for the ransom, they decided to allow the children to remain in the orphanage, where they are now being educated.

"OUR WORST ENEMY"
By LEONARD A. BARRETT

There is a fable which runs like this—A man was confronted with a veiled figure which haunted him day and night. He acquired wealth but the veiled figure took it away from him. He attained fame only to be deprived of it in like manner. His health was taken from him by the same veiled figure. And on his wedding day, when the ceremony was about to take place, the figure cried aloud, "I forbid the bans." In his despair the man cried, "Who are you?" Tearing away the veil from the face of the figure, he saw his own face.

In hours of misfortune we are most likely to blame others rather than ourselves. If unsuccessful in any particular adventure we seek an excuse for our failure in conditions over which we have no control. When we meet an accident our first impulse is to blame the other fellow.

Many persons place the blame for the depression upon economic condi-

Sets World Record



Mrs. Joan Rattkin of Cleveland, Ohio, has a right to smile broadly, for she set a new world's record for women bowlers, making 775 in a three-game series. The former record was 759, made in 1927 by Mrs. Floretta McCutcheon.

tions beyond human control. The real explanation, however, is that the depression was a natural reaction from an extravagant and luxurious period of prosperity. The pendulum of a clock swings an equal distance in both directions. So with the law of compensation in the field of economics. When we arrive at normalcy we doubtless will discover that the line of depression was as far below the line of normalcy as the line of prosperity was above it. The responsibility for the depression was not the veiled figure of an economic law but rather the way we forced that economic law to operate contrary to reason and common sense.

The tendency is to blame some veiled figure for all our mistakes and failures. The truth remains, however, that the fault lies within rather than without. When we correct the error of our own mistaken judgment and perverted moral norms, we shall have taken a long step forward toward the return of a permanent contentment and real prosperity.

"To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."
© by Western Newspaper Union.

Adopts Stern Measures to End Permanent Waves

Tsinanfu, China.—Gen. Han Fu-chu, dictator of Shantung province, has decided that artificially curled hair and permanent waves are unbecoming to Chinese women, and that he will not tolerate these innovations among the 30,000,000 people who live in his domain.

So he has ordered the police to arrest on sight all Chinese women with curled hair, shave their heads, "and turn them out onto the streets bald-headed and ashamed."

A few years ago bobbed hair became the rage among the girl students and sing-song girls. It is they who have lately become addicted to the use of curling irons and the acquisition of permanent waves.

The Household
By Lydia Le Baron Walker

THERE is a desire on the part of every woman to be smartly gowned and look stylish. It is possible for everyone to succeed. The following suggestions are important. First she must know what is becoming as well as what is the mode, and wear only those things which make her look her best, whether in the morning, the afternoon, or evening. It is a mistake to feel it is unimportant how one looks about the house, but of supreme importance how one looks when gowned to go to a party.

The matter of knowing one's style and keeping to it cannot be over-emphasized. To be smartly gowned, the dress must be so well suited to the person that it seems in character. There are women who look best dressed in severe costumes. Sport things set them off to advantage, and when afternoon dresses and evening gowns are chosen they should have a certain severity. It is becoming to them.

There are other women who require dainty things to give them the smartness which must accompany style in order to give the desired effect. Such women look incongruous in mannish clothes. They detract from rather than add to their charm. Fortunately for these women, the fashions are turning in their direction. There is a grace of femininity which is creeping into styles which have pushed the mannish costuming to the point where a change to bring variety is needed to stimulate styles.

Avoid Over-Elaborateness.

The dainty woman must stress her type, and not attempt to wear excessively severe costumes which clash with her personality. The frock should never be "fry" or over-elaborate, which is always in bad taste, but rather have the grace of soft lines.

It is as important for one group of women to realize what is becoming as for the other, since the greatest hindrance to smartness is the failure to dress in accord with what suits the personality. It is by no means enough that a hat is modish or a frock is in the height of style. It must be right for the woman herself.

Another essential to smartness is carriage. Unless a woman carries herself well nothing she can put on will impart smartness to her. A round shouldered woman misses out. She must straighten up. The way she holds her head is imperative to stylishness. The head must be held erect, erect yet not stiff, but supple. The feet must be kept close together, the elbows be close to the body and the



Fashions Go Mexican



As we look forward toward the fashion trends of the coming spring, what do we find? Well, we discover that the dictators of the modes are going south of the Rio Grande for their ideas. Here is a pull-over blouse of gaily Mexican colors in stripes on a soft silk fabric. It is something like this that goes rather well with a natural shantung coat and skirt or a town and country tweed.



Young Man—Mr. Smith, your daughter has promised to be my wife. Mr. Smith—it was your own fault—what else did you expect if you kept hanging round here every night?—Der Lustige Sachse.

Fair Exchange
He leaned over the garden fence. "I say, old fellow," he said, "I understand that you have Thomson's new rake." The neighbor nodded. "Good," said the first. "If you'll let me borrow that occasionally, I'll let you use Jones' roller whenever you need it."—Stray Stories.

Learn to Cook, Brother
"Rise every morning," a magistrate advised a man in court, "with the fixed determination to make your wife realize that you are master of the house and see what happens." We know what will happen. He'll have to get his own breakfast.—Boston Transcript.

Very, Very Bad
Dianne, age seven, had just returned from a movie, and her aunt wanted to know how she liked it. "Oh, you ought to see it, auntie," said the child. "But if you go you better take a lot of handkerchiefs. It's awful sad—one dies and two get married."—Chicago News.

Evidently Not
"Well, my wife has divorced me." "And I remember the time when she used to wave her hand to you every morning when you left the house." "Well, you see, it wasn't a permanent wave."

THAT EMPTY SPACE



Hubby—There's always room at the top.
Wife—My, my! Have you got that rattling of the brain again?

Facial Expression
First Actor—Why did they change the show from "Hamlet" to "Macbeth"?
Second Actor—The hero needed a shave and he didn't have the necessary funds.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Explanation
Customer (to butcher)—Those sausages you sent me had meat at one end and bread at the other.
Butcher—Yes, ma'am; in these hard times it's difficult to make both ends meet.—Pearson's Magazine.

Might Try Blindfolding
"Last week a grain of sand got into my wife's eye and she had to go to a doctor. It cost me three dollars."
"That's nothing. Last week a fur coat got in my wife's eye and it cost me three hundred."—Munich Jugend.

He Gets It All
The Flat Hunter—What's the objection to children in these apartments?
The Flat Owner—None at all. Only after paying our rents you won't have anything left for the support of children.—Brooklyn Eagle.

On His Heels
Simpson—How much are they asking for your rent now?
Timpon—About twice a day.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM

A FAMOUS FLAVOR

5¢ EVERYWHERE

To Govern Hawaii



Joseph B. Poindexter of Honolulu was appointed by President Roosevelt to be the governor of Hawaii. He is a leader of the Democrats in the islands, a former United States district judge there and is now a practicing lawyer and president of the Hawaii Bar association.

Gambling Costs English Two Billions a Year

London.—The gambling spirit of Old England is indicated by the estimated figure of two billion dollars which is turned over each year in betting on horses, dogs, and football.

While indications are that the government will remove its ban on betting on the more respectable dog tracks, Sir J. Lelshman, a member of the recent royal commission on lotteries and betting, claims that dog racing fulfills no other purpose than to provide opportunities for organized betting for private commercial profit.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode

GREAT TUSKS—THE TUSKS OF AFRICAN ELEPHANTS SOMETIMES WEIGH MORE THAN 200 POUNDS EACH.

QUICK HEALING—EXPOSING WOUNDS TO OZONE HAS BEEN FOUND TO SPEED THE HEALING OF THE WOUND.

DRAWING MOVIES—10,000 TO 12,000 DRAWINGS MUST BE MADE FOR A SEVEN-MINUTE ANIMATED MOVIE CARTOON.

WNU Service

Bahai Marriage Ceremony



Mirza Ahmad Sohrab, Persian poet and philosopher and one-time secretary of the Persian legation in Washington, officiating at a Bahai marriage ceremony in New York city uniting Hamid Obidie of Bagdad and Yvette Nadeau. The ceremony was conducted in the Persian language.

Weekly News of Interest From a Few Towns Surrounding Antrim

GREENFIELD

DEERING

Miss Winifred Cheever, of West Springfield, Mass., has been with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. N. F. Cheever, for a vacation.

Miss Minnie Reynolds has returned to her school in Quincy, Mass., after a few days' visit with her brother, George Reynolds, and family.

Miss Ella Hopkins, supervisor and teacher of music in Fairhaven, Mass., spent her vacation with her brother, Donald Hopkins, and family.

Dr. and Mrs. Leroy Miner and two of their children, Robert and Dorothy, with four friends, were at their summer home here from Wednesday to Saturday of a recent week.

Funeral services for Daniel O. Flynn were held in the Catholic church at Bennington. Many friends attended from the surrounding towns. Requiem high mass was said by Rev. John Bonifav, curate of St. Mary's church in Hillsborough. Burial was in Holy Cross cemetery. Bearers were Daniel, Sherman, Paul and Henry Flynn, all sons of the deceased.

FRANCESTOWN

Mrs. Carr and son are at Mrs. Carr's home here.

George Lemancher, of Boston, spent the week-end with his family.

Oak Hill Grange held its regular meeting last Thursday evening.

The citizens' Caucus was held last Wednesday afternoon at town hall.

The Woman's Alliance met last week at the home of Mrs. C. E. Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Morse and family of Wellesley, Mass., spent a recent week-end at their summer home.

The Benevolence society met last

The School Warrants designate the afternoon of Town Meeting day as the time of the annual School District Meeting.

A letter recently received from William Kimball, U. S. N., states that he has returned to California, after being stationed for a time in the state of Washington.

The Democratic caucus preceding the annual town meeting was held Saturday morning, March 3. The Republican caucus was held in the afternoon of the same day.

The regular meeting of the Community club was held Wednesday evening, February 28. On account of drifted roads the usual dance was omitted on Saturday evening.

About 60 of the townspeople defied traveling conditions to attend the Washington's birthday social at the Community Center. Supper was served in Judson hall and games and a social hour followed. Several were present from Clinton Grove. Rev. W. P. Brockway, pastor of the local church, showed moving pictures, as an additional feature of the entertainment.

All available men have been employed in opening the roads. A special crew was put on to open the road over Clement hill, to make available the services of a doctor for Mrs. Lucy Stevens, who is ill at her home in that neighborhood. Another group shoveled through the drifts at East Deering, to allow a resident of that village to make a trip to the hospital. The roads at West Deering were opened by the tractor from Bennington, which was hired in the emergency that kept the Deering equipment busy in other parts of the town.

Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Walter P. Brockway.

Vote Against the Manufacture and Sale of All Alcoholic Beverages

Before the next issue of The Reporter goes to press, the Annual Town Meeting of 1934 will have passed into history, regardless of whether all the activities of the voters have or not. The newly elected officers of the School District and Town Meeting will have qualified and taken up their new duties. No great difference will be noticed as a result of a few changes along this line. It is generally known that the affairs of the Town and School District will be administered well and as they should be, for this is the way the public spirited citizens of Antrim do things.

We desire to take this opportunity to remind our voters of the one big chance they have of registering their protest against the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages in town. This matter will be voted on at the same time and with the same ballot used in voting for Town officers; it will be placed at the bottom running across the entire ballot. It will read like this:

Local Option:—
To see whether beer or other lawful alcoholic beverages shall be manufactured or sold locally as permitted under this act.
Vote yes or no.

After the words Yes and No there will be a square and in this each voter is asked to mark a cross against one of the words he or she may choose; make only one cross in the square following which you wish to vote. As is usual in a ballot of this kind a small vote is cast; it is hoped a large vote will this time be polled. Let every one mark in

one of the squares at bottom of the town ballot.

We received a letter the past week from a man in town who has this matter very close to his heart and much in mind—a man whom our people greatly respect and one who has our highest esteem—and is grieved that it will not be advisable for him to be present at the polls and vote on this all important question. Here are a few of the words he used in writing to us: "I glory in the fact that I am a crank on this question and find the coming meeting is an important time for all friends of temperance, and I hope they will not worry any to be called cranks, when it is remembered that the only man from our town to be elected to the office of Governor of New Hampshire was called a crank for a good many years in defending the temperance cause—Gov. D. H. Goodell."

In the matter of voting on this question, be sure and don't miss it—at the bottom of the ballot for Town officers—mark a cross in the square at the right of the word No! Don't even look for anything else! Find the word No and the square following the word and mark a X in it. You will be so doing render a distinct service to your Town, the merchant who is in the store business, the institutions that are being maintained for the betterment of society, the rising generation who will in a few years become the leading men and women of the Town, and everyone generally. In short, don't forget to vote on this question, and be sure and Vote No!

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Advertising Rates on Application

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Wednesday, Mar. 7, 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 advertisements by the line.

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



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression"

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

What Has Happened and Will Take Place Within Our Borders

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy C. Vose, of Watertown, Mass., were week-end guests at the Maplehurst.

The Hillsboro Steam Laundry again reminds our readers that it is making calls in Antrim and Bennington every Monday and delivering on Wednesday. Read adv. on this page today.

The Town basket ball team went to Bradford on Monday evening, to play the "Indian" team of that place. The boys are not saying much about it, but it is rumored they met defeat.

Mrs. Howard Hawkins and daughter, Frances, of West Somerville, Mass., were guests of relatives in town a few days the past week. Arthur Hawkins was here for the week-end.

Morris H. Wood was in Nashua on Monday of this week to visit his brother, Frank Wood, a resident of Wilton, who is in a hospital in that city. He found him a very sick man, with conditions quite unfavorable.

The Season Will Soon be Here—All orders for Maple Sugar Cakes will be promptly filled, during the sugar season. Phone or drop a postal card to Benj. F. Tenney, Antrim, Telephone 11-5. Adv.

Members of Mt. William Lodge of Odd Fellows met members of Waverley Lodge in the local lodge hall here, on Saturday evening last, in a challenge game of indoor base ball. A very pleasant evening was passed, and to close same all present enjoyed one of Ed. George's delicious oyster stews; he had plenty of good helpers in serving.

Next week come the annual meetings of the Town, when the business of the year will be transacted. The School Meeting will occupy the entire evening, on Monday, the 12th, coming together at 8 o'clock. The following day, Tuesday, the 13th, Town Meeting will take a full day, beginning at ten o'clock in the forenoon. The following evening, Wednesday, the 14th, the Precinct Meeting will be called to order at eight o'clock. All meetings will be held in the Town hall.

At the annual election of officers of Woods Chapter, Royal Arch Masons, in Henniker, last Friday evening, these Antrim members were elected to the following offices:

- Carl H. Robinson—High Priest
- Frank E. Wheeler—Captain of the Host
- Hiram W. Johnson—Secretary

Public Meeting at Town Hall to Discuss Town Warrant

A public meeting at Town hall is called for Friday evening, at 8 o'clock to discuss the Articles in the Town Warrant. The Selectmen will be in charge to give any desired information. It is hoped that this meeting will be largely attended.

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.

"OUR BEAUTY SHOPPE"

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

Miss Dorothy Pratt has returned to her teaching duties in the Moultonboro schools.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rokes, Concord street, have welcomed to their home a young son, George, Jr., born Feb. 24.

Miss Clementine Maso, after a few weeks' stay with Mrs. J. A. Elliott, has returned to her employment in New York city.

The young friends of Miss Norine Warren are pleased to know she is making recovery from an operation, at the Grasmere hospital.

Malls on Friday morning were an hour and a half late at this place, owing to a derailment of cars on the railroad near Winchendon station.

Mrs. F. I. Burnham is receiving encouraging reports from her son-in-law, Alfred Anderson, of Phoenix, Arizona, who is now recovering from pneumonia.

Mrs. Rosena Wagner has been at the Margaret Pillsbury hospital, in Concord, where she has had an operation, from which she is making satisfactory recovery.

Lewis D. Hatch, Ellsworth Bennett, Guy Clark, Miss Jane Pratt and Mrs. Harold Proctor were among those who were confined to their homes a few days the past week by illness.

Mrs. Frank Wheeler was employed at the local postoffice several days the past week, because of the fact that Miss Evelyn Parker was confined to her home, on Concord street, by illness.

Mrs. William Patterson and daughter, Miss Marion Patterson, left Antrim on Tuesday morning enroute to Tucson, Arizona, to spend a season with her son, William. They will be absent from their home here for several weeks.

Mrs. Georgia Norris, who formerly resided at East Antrim and for several years since lived in Sutton, was married February 21 to Charles M. Ferry of Marlboro. Mrs. Eva Thompson, Mrs. Henry George and daughter, Leona, attended the wedding.

The entertainment at the close of Hand in Hand Rebekah meeting on Wednesday evening last, was one especially for the mothers of the lodge. The committee in charge was composed of the Noble Grand, Mrs. Emma W. Nay, and the Recording Secretary, Mrs. Ethel Roeder. The program consisted of readings, vocal duets, looking over and admiring photographs of members taken in former days, doing jig saw and other puzzles. At the close of a social hour sherbet, saltines, and fancy cookies were enjoyed by about thirty members, who expressed their pleasure with the success of the evening's entertainment.

Mrs. E. A. Bigelow

Mrs. Hazel H. Bigelow, direct descendant of Gen. John Glover, who piloted George Washington across the Delaware River, died on Sunday, at her home in Winchester, Mass. Mrs. Bigelow was born at Swampscott, on Sept. 30, 1868. She was graduated from Salem Normal School in 1886, and taught school a few years in her native town. On Sept. 1, 1891, she was married to Edward Alden Bigelow, president of the E. Howard Clock Company, of Boston. She is also survived by one son, Henry Glover Bigelow. Deceased was a charter member of the Boston Chapter of the D. A. R., and all her life was active in this line of work and in church work as well.

Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow have been summer residents of Antrim for a number of years; they have many friends here who will regret to learn of her passing. The sympathy of our people goes out to the bereaved husband and son in their affliction.

For Sale

Fifty cords of Dry Pulp Wood; makes extra nice Stove Wood. Will deliver sawed for stove, at \$10 per cord.

A. A. YEATON,
Tel. 135-2 Hillsboro, N. H.

Read The Reporter; subscribe for a year, \$2.00.

SALE!
FINAL CLEAN-UP

On Odd Lots of Shoes and Rubbers

The very last sale of our "left-overs" starts on Saturday, March 10, 1934, and continues through the following Saturday.

Prices will be way below replacement costs.

Nothing on this sale will carry any guarantee and merchandise may be exchanged only during the period of the sale.

Watch for the Sale Flyers!

BUTTERFIELD'S STORE
Telephone 31-5 - Antrim, N. H.

Hillsboro Steam Laundry

We Are Here to Serve You

Calls Made in Antrim and Bennington on Mondays
Deliveries on Wednesdays

Wet Wash—12 lbs. 50 cents, 12 lbs. to 20 lbs. 75 cents

"Let Our Telephone Line Be Your Clothesline"

Telephone Hillsboro 24-2 - A Postal will Reach Us

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.

May We Suggest—
HOTEL BELLEVUE

BEACON STREET BOSTON, MASS.



Located on Beacon Hill Next to the State House

Just a few minutes' walk to the theatre, financial, and shopping centers.

New Lower Rates

Rooms without bath, \$2.00 up; with bath, \$3.00 up
Complete Restaurant and Cafeteria Service

Wonders of Science and Invention

OVER 400 PICTURES

Pictures tell the story. The articles are short, concise and fascinating. Here are a few subjects covered:

Arts and Craft Work—Astronomy—Automobile Repairing—Aviation—Best Building—Care of Tools—Chemistry—Electricity—Home Made Furniture—Hunting, Fishing—Ideas to Make Money in Spare Time—Jigsaw Work—Metal Working—Model Making—Motion Pictures—Radio—Toys—Wood Turning.

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Told In Simple Language

Would you like to keep posted on all the new developments in this remarkable world of ours? The new Inventions—the latest Scientific Discoveries—the amazing Engineering Feats—the progress made in Aviation—Radio—Electricity—Chemistry—Physics—Photography, etc.? These and many other fascinating subjects are brought to you each month through the pages of POPULAR MECHANICS MAGAZINE.

Something for Everyone!

Special departments are devoted to the home craftsman and practical shopman. The radio enthusiast has a large section filled with news and helpful information on construction and maintenance of both transmitting and receiving sets. For the housewife, there are scores of hints to lighten her daily tasks. It is the one magazine everyone in your family will enjoy.

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POPULAR MECHANICS
200 E. Ontario, St. Dept. N. Chicago

CAN IT BE DONE? : By Ray Gross



WHAT DID I DO WITH THOSE RAZOR BLADES? I JUST BOUGHT THEM LAST WEEK!

A RIBBON RAZOR BLADE

SIX FEET OF KEEN RIBBON BLADE ARE COILED IN THE HANDLE OF THIS RAZOR. AS THE STRIP IN THE HEAD PULLS THROUGH USE, IT IS PUSHED OUT BY A SCREW IN THE HANDLE. A NEW PART OF THE BLADE IS THUS MOVED UP IN PLACE AS THE OLD IS EASILY BROKEN OFF AND DISCARDED.

CAN IT BE DONE?

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

The FIRESIDE PHILOSOPHER
By ALFRED BIGGS

Think. Don't think you think.
Obstacity is first cousin to stupidity.
Better to add life to your years than years to your life.
Believe all "they say" and you'll go to the bughouse.
Fits of temper make us hot—they leave others cold.
Folks are always "down" on the things they're not "up" on.
Nothing in the world is important enough to worry about—not even death.



Briefly Told
The fine art of living is doing nothing too much.
Value of Columbus' Fleet
The entire fleet of Columbus was worth only \$3,000, and the explorer's salary was \$300 a year.

Bennington.

Town Meeting is drawing on space; and on Tuesday, the 13th day of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, the meeting will be called to order, in the Town Hall, and the following are the Articles in the

TOWN WARRANT

- 1—To choose all necessary Town Officers for the year ensuing.
- 2—To see what sum of money the town will vote to raise and appropriate for Memorial Day.
- 3—To see what sum of money the town will vote to raise and appropriate for highways and bridges.
- 4—To see what sum of money the town will vote to raise and appropriate for lighting the streets with electricity.
- 5—To see what action the town will take in regard to State Aid Construction.
- 6—To see if the town will vote to authorize the Selectmen to borrow such sums of money as may be necessary in anticipation of taxes.
- 7—To see whether beer or other lawful alcoholic beverages shall be manufactured or sold locally, as permitted under this Act. Laws of 1933, Chapter 99, Section 22.
- 8—To see if the town will authorize the Selectmen to administer or dispose of any real-estate acquired by town, through Tax Collector's deeds.
- 9—To see what sum of money the town will vote to raise and appropriate to finish the sidewalks approaching the new bridge.
- 10—To see if the town will vote to repair the Bandstand, and raise and appropriate money for the same.
- 11—To see if the town will vote to discontinue the road leading from Main Street to Frankestown Road through the property of the Congregational Church.
- 12—To see what sum of money the town will vote to raise and appropriate for Evergreen Cemetery.
- 13—To see if the town will vote to use the Australian ballot system hereafter, at the Spring elections.
- 14—To see if the town will vote to rescind that part of the vote taken at the Special Town Meeting December 11, 1933, pertaining to the Federal grant and loan.
- 15—To see if the town will vote to construct, manage, maintain and own suitable water works and ratify the action taken on behalf of the town in that connection.
- 16—To see if the town will vote to extend its water works system in order to procure an additional supply of water.
- 17—To see if the town will vote to borrow on the credit of the town such sum of money as the meeting may deem necessary or expedient for the purpose of extending its water works system in order to procure an additional supply of water and authorize the issue of notes or bonds of the town, as provided in the Municipal Bonds Statute, so called.
- 18—To see if the town will vote to make the necessary changes to the Town Barn and scales, and raise and appropriate money for same.
- 19—To see how much money the town will raise for statutory requirements and to carry the articles and the appropriations of the School Meeting into effect.
- 20—To transact any other business that may legally come before this meeting.

Revenue to the State, in January, from the gasoline road toll was \$150,187.56, a gain of \$8,623.13 over the amount of \$131,564.43 collected in January, 1933.

Warrants as Posted for Annual Town, School, Precinct Meetings

TOWN WARRANT

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

You are hereby notified to meet at the Town Hall, in said Town, on the THIRTEENTH DAY OF MARCH, 1934, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to act on the following subjects:—

- 1—To choose all necessary Town Officers, Agents and Trustees for the ensuing year, and to vote on Section 22, Chapter 99, of the laws of 1933.
- 2—To hear the report of the Auditors on the Town Officers' accounts, and act thereon.
- 3—To see how much money the Town will vote to raise and appropriate to tar and surface the gravel roads and streets built during the past year, or take any action thereon.
- 4—To see if the Town will vote to authorize the Selectmen to borrow such sums as may be necessary in anticipation of Taxes.
- 5—To see how much money the Town will vote to appropriate to assist the William M. Myers Post, No. 50, American Legion, in properly observing Memorial Day.
- 6—To see if the Town will vote that a discount be made to those who shall pay their property taxes within a period to be fixed; and to fix the amount of such discount and the limit of the period.
- 7—To see if the Town will vote to discontinue, subject to gates and bars, the cross road from the Ella Robinson corner to the main road by Ira P. Hutchinson's; as provided for in Chapter 79, Section 1, of the public laws of New Hampshire.
- 8—To see how much money the Town will vote to appropriate for the support of the James A. Tuttle Library.
- 9—To see if the Town will vote to have the Invoice and Taxes printed for the ensuing year, and appropriate a sum of money therefor, or take any action thereon.
- 10—To see how much money the Town will appropriate for the repair of Roads and Bridges for the ensuing year.
- 11—To see how much money the Town will appropriate for snow removal for the ensuing year.
- 12—To see if the Town will vote to raise and appropriate the sum of \$1500.00 to continue construction of the road from the residence of G. H. Caughey to the Cunningham Corner of No. 9 Highway, and accept the provisions of House

Continued on page eight

WILLIAM W. BROWN
Passes Away at His Main St. Home This Morning

It was not wholly unexpected when the sad news was circulated this Wednesday morning that William Brown had died at about five o'clock, for he had been seriously ill for more than two weeks, and under the care of a registered nurse. His illness was of such a nature that the best of medical attendance and most loving care could not keep him from gradually slipping away, and his suffering must come to an end.

Deceased had spent most of his life in Antrim, and had been a valued employe all these years of the Goodell Company. He was much respected by everybody and his associates greatly revered him. He leaves a widow to mourn a great loss, and she has the sympathy of all. His age was 65.

Funeral services will be held from the Baptist church on Saturday afternoon, at two o'clock, and will be an Odd Fellows service.

Paul W. Prentiss

Charles W. Prentiss was called to Hartford, Conn., on Saturday last, by a telegram stating that his son, Paul W. Prentiss, had died at a hospital in that city.

Paul Wellman Prentiss was born in Antrim July 30, 1896, elder son of Charles W. and the late Mable Sawyer Prentiss, and received his education in the local schools and at Kimball Union Academy. For some years he was employed in New Haven, Ct., and was last employed as office manager for a Hartford refrigerator sales company. While a resident of Antrim he was one of our exemplary young men and well liked by everybody, especially his young friends. He was married about four months ago, and is survived by the widow and father, who have the sympathy of all in their bereavement.

Antrim Woman's Club

Will observe its annual Guest Night on Friday evening, March 16, at eight o'clock, in the Methodist church. As this year marks the 20th anniversary of the founding of the Club, there will be special features in observance of this event. The program will include music, the Club history, and a dramatic sketch. The speaker will be Mrs. Louis Elkins, of Concord and Deering.

On Tuesday evening, March 13, the Club will hold a card party at Maplehurst Inn, to which the men are invited.

Miriam W. Roberts, Pub. Chairman.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss.
Court of Probate

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

Whereas, Morton Paige, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County, the final account of his administration of said estate:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Milford, in said County, on the 30th 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 19th day of February, A. D. 1934.
By order of the Court,
S. J. DEARBORN, Register.

BENNINGTON

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

The Sportsman's Club gave a supper at the Auxiliary hall, Thursday evening, at eight o'clock.

The Auxiliary gave a public supper at the Auxiliary hall, Saturday, March 3, which was very well attended.

In the two games of basketball last Wednesday evening, in the local town hall here, Bennington won both games. The girls' team was successful in the final plays by a score of 15-12, from the Antrim girls. In the boys' game, Cubs vs. Antrim Hill-Billies, our Cubs won 33-24. These were both good games to watch and were much enjoyed by all.

The Mt. Crochted 4-H Club held a meeting Saturday afternoon, at the home of Mrs. Earle Sheldon. There were ten girls present. It was decided to send a book to Florence Perry. The meeting adjourned at 8.25 o'clock, then we played games and sang songs, then went home.

Hattie Parker, Club Reporter.
During the Thursday evening service at the Congregational church this week, Mrs. A. Ray Pettee, of Deering, will give an interesting account of her trip through Palestine. This, of course, will be at seven o'clock, in place of the usual prayer service, but why not come at six-thirty and enjoy the informal cafeteria style supper? After Mrs. Pettee has completed her talk, all will join in the singing of some of old, familiar gospel hymns. Everyone is cordially invited to be present at this meeting; come and bring your family and friends.

Water Rents

The Water Rent Collector will be at the Town Office, Bennington, on the first Tuesday of each Month, from 7.30 to 9.00 p.m., for the purpose of collecting Water Rents.

WALTER E. WILSON, Supt.

George's Restaurant

Bennington, N. H.

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

Lost Savings Bank Book

Notice is hereby given that the Hillsboro Guaranty Savings Bank, of Hillsboro, N. H., has issued in the names of Addie E. Y. Elliott and James A. Elliott, of Antrim, N. H., its book of deposit No. 8054, and that such book has been lost or destroyed and said Bank has been requested to issue a duplicate thereof.

ADDIE E. Y. ELLIOTT.

Dated, Antrim, N. H.,
February 15, 1934.

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

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The Woman's Club met at the S. of U. V. hall on Tuesday afternoon, February 27. After a short business session the remainder of the afternoon was devoted to entertaining the children.

The feature of the program was the moving pictures of Camp Life shown by Miss Eva Beaveley, of The Tall Pines Camp. The pictures of farm animals and out-door activities were a treat to the children, as was evident by their merriment.

The program, in charge of Mrs. Seaver, was opened with a chorus of six girls singing "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," with Miss Annie Lind say at the piano. Earl Sheldon played two violin solos, "Over the Waves" and "Barcarole" from the Tales of Hoffman.

There were eighty-five children present and thirty adults. Ice cream and cookies were served the children, sandwiches and coffee to the adults. Hostesses were Mrs. Robert Powers, Mrs. Eunice Thurston, Mrs. Robert Clafin and Mrs. Tracy Clafin.

Home Talent will be the feature of the March meeting, and the Ways and Means Committee will conduct a sale of home made pies. The proceeds will be added to the treasury.

Marie A. Vassar,
Press Correspondent.

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Rev. William Patterson, Pastor
Thursday, March 8
Communicant's Class meets at 4 p.m., at the manse.
Prayer and praise service at 7.30 p.m. Topic: Renewed Consecration.
Sunday, March 11
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock, with sermon by the pastor.
Bible school at 12 noon.
The Young People's meeting will be held at 6 p.m., in this church.
Union evening service at 7 o'clock, in this church. Stereopticon Views.

Methodist Episcopal
Rev. John P. Brooks, Pastor
Sunday, March 11
Morning worship at 10.45. Sermon by the pastor, on the topic: Supreme Moments in Christian Church History.
Church school at 12 o'clock.

Baptist
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, March 8
Mid-week prayer meeting at 7.30 o'clock p.m. Topic: Asking—In What Spirit?—John 14: 13, 14; 15: 16; 16: 23, 24, 26.
Sunday, March 11
Morning worship at 10.45. The pastor will preach on: The Meaning of Faith.
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.

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.

OUTLAWS of EDEN

By
PETER B. KYNE

WNU Service.

Copyright by Peter B. Kyne.

SYNOPSIS

Ranceford Kershaw, last male member of the Kershaw clan, dies suddenly while riding with his daughter, Lorry. Years before, at the close of the Mexican war, Robin Kershaw, with his bride, rode into northeastern California. Here he found an ideal valley for ranching and cattle raising. They christened it Eden Valley. Below Eden Valley is a less valuable tract which Kershaw's wife christened Forlorn Valley. Joel Hensley, a Texan, settles in the lower half of the valley. There is bad blood over fences and water for irrigation. Kershaw kills Hensley and the blood-feud is on. By 1917, Rance Kershaw, his son Owen, and daughter Lorry are all that remains of one clan. Nate Tichenor is the sole survivor on the Hensley side.

CHAPTER III—Continued

Rance Kershaw's not too stable heart leaped in triumph. "Keep your check," he ordered harshly, "and I'll keep my water."

Lorraine Kershaw came out of the house. Straight down the little gravelled walk she came to the gate. Nate Tichenor noticed how straight she walked; noticed, too that she had been weeping recently. She was a strikingly pretty girl; her hair was jet-black and shiny; her eyes large and dark and lustrous; her skin a pale ivory with a faint rose radiance seeping up through it.

"The Hensley apology is accepted," she cried in a clear ringing voice. "And you may keep your check. That fence was charged off to depreciation before you and I were born. Please give our compliments to your mother and your aunts and say that the Kershaws will be very pleased to see that hereafter the Bar H ranch gets all the water the Circle K can give it."

"They won't, either," old Rance shouted. "Pay no attention to father," the girl admonished, in a tone meant for young Tichenor's ears alone. "He can't help holding his ancient grudge. But the Bar H shall have the water. I give you my word of honor it shall. This morning at eleven o'clock I became the foreman of the Circle K, and I'll keep the floodgates closed at our diversion dam and turn the water into your irrigation ditches when we're done with it, instead of diverting it back into Eden Valley creek. Run along now, Nate Tichenor, and may God bless you and protect you and bring you safe back to your mother in Eden Valley."

He stared at her. And then he blinked because the tears of emotion were in his boy's eyes. He held out his hand across the gate. "Good-by, Lorry Kershaw," he said with difficulty. "I thank you with all my heart. You're mighty sweet."

She accepted his hand, to the great scandal of her father; she stood at the gate and watched him jog away down the valley, sitting very straight in his carved and silver-mounted stock-saddle.

"Come, come, old settler," she said. "It's time to cease hurling maledictions and start praying. And I promised him the water."

He was silent at that. Then: "Well, I suppose it won't hurt us to let 'em have it." He must have thought then of his own gallant stripping son. "Just as well to take things easy now, Lorry. Even if they both come back they'll never shoot each other. If that Tichenor pup's a fair sample, the Hensley clan ain't run to seed in this generation."

Nate Tichenor's farewell sentence came back to her. She patted her father's cheek. "You're mighty sweet," she said.

Nathan Tichenor had come back to Eden Valley. He arrived in a glittering limousine, driven by a liveried chauffeur, beside whom sat a dignified middle-aged individual any Forlorn Valleyite would have accepted as a banker or railroad president but who was in reality Nathan Tichenor's English valet.

Arrived in the grass-grown farmyard of the deserted Bar H headquarters, Tichenor alighted.

"Well, lads, this is where I was born and raised," Nate Tichenor spoke solemnly.

The house reeked of that indescribable odor inseparable from closed and deserted houses, but a cursory inventory satisfied Tichenor that the contents had not been molested.

"Bring in the meats and groceries I purchased in Gold Run, Darby," he ordered the chauffeur. "There should be firewood in the woodshed. Start a fire in that fireplace. Joseph (to the valet), get busy and organize our housekeeping, while I take a run up the valley to call on a neighbor."

When Nate returned from his visit up the valley, Joseph had the house swept and aired, beds made, and a luncheon in preparation. Tichenor was prowling around the venerable home of his ancestors, reviving old memories, when upon his ears impinged the steady, insistent tooting of an automobile siren. "Somebody up on the valley road wants something," he decided.

Tichenor glanced out the window and saw an automobile with two per-

sons in it halted on the main road just outside the entrance to the Bar H headquarters.

"They must want me," he decided. "Now, how do they know I'm here?" He pondered. "Ah, yes. Smoke is rising from my chimney. Kershaws, I wonder? Must be the Kershaws or they'd drive in."

He took a heavy pistol from his bag, fitted it into a shoulder holster, put on his coat to conceal the weapon, went to the garage, backed his car out and whirled away up the ranch road to the gate, where he alighted and lifted his hat to Lorry Kershaw.

"I'm Lorraine Kershaw, Mr. Tichenor, and I am in trouble. My father has just died."

"Where?"

"Here, beside me—against my shoulder. He's so heavy and limp—I can't handle him—can't manage to drive."

Nate Tichenor opened the gate, came around to the side of her car warily, for he suspected a trap, stepped up in the running board and looked into Ranceford Kershaw's face, over which the sickly pallor of death was already spreading. He reached for the old man's pulse.

"Yes, he's dead, Miss Kershaw," he announced. "What do you want to do? Take him back into Valley Center or home?"

"Home," she replied brokenly.

He stepped into the tonneau, lifted the dead man back over the seat and laid him gently down on the tonneau seat. "Drive slowly and I'll follow in my car," he said.

He alighted and stood beside her. "I'm very sorry," he said. "I regret that he has passed away before I had an opportunity to talk with him. I was up at your ranch-house this morning, but there was nobody home."

"You—you called on us! Why?"

"To tell you and your father I was coming back to Eden Valley—to stay—and to suggest that we become neighbors—at last. I'm tired being an enemy. It's a job I never relished."

"Is that why you didn't demand additional security when father renewed his note to you, even though you knew the value of the cattle originally mortgaged had shrunk more than half?"

He nodded.

"I wish—I wish—we'd known. He thought—when he saw the smoke coming from your chimney—he thought—"

"He thought I'd turned up at last to smash him! Poor man! I've been dilatory. But is that any reason why we shouldn't shake hands, Miss Lorraine?"

She took his proffered hand in both of hers and now she was no longer brave. "Oh, Nate Tichenor," she sobbed, "I'm alone—all alone—alone!"

"No, you're not," he reminded her. "But have your little crying spell all out, just the same."

He stepped upon the running board, put his arm around her shoulder and drew her head over to him. "Weep on the breast of a friend," he urged. "Probably it's a privilege you've never enjoyed before."

While she sobbed against him he cautiously unbuckled the shoulder holster with the pistol in it, slipped it down under the tail of his coat and tossed it across the road into the grass.

CHAPTER IV

While Fate was busy staging a long-drawn tragedy in Eden Valley, Forlorn Valley had not been overlooked by the land-hungry. By 1880 practically every acre had been homesteaded; the district developed into a dry farming section and later into "mixed" farming.

Gold Run was the county seat, and in the heart of Forlorn Valley a settlement known as Valley Center had gradually developed into a village of

about five hundred inhabitants. The entire valley was stagnant and drab until a large hydroelectric company erected its steel pyramids across the valley. Thereupon an enterprising farmer had a deep well drilled on his ranch and developed a surprising flow of water which rose almost to the surface; with a cheap centrifugal pump driven by a ten-horse power electric motor he was enabled to irrigate his quarter-section farm, seemingly without appreciable effect on the water level.

Almost at once Forlorn Valley was the victim of a boom. Gradually the brown lands became checkerboarded with vivid green patches, as the planting of alfalfa developed. Orchards were planted; the raising of hogs and cattle for beef and dairying increased; an adventurer from nowhere appeared and laid out a subdivision of the "thriving city" of Valley Center.

A former Middle West bank clerk, Elias Babson, who had inherited an Iowa farm from his parents and sold it for seventy-five thousand dollars, came to Valley Center and started a state bank. The Bank of Valley Center was successful from the start.

Babson was a son of the soil; witty, shrewd, rapacious, competent. From banking he reached out and interested himself in such local enterprises as creameries, a lumber yard, the largest local garage with the agency for a popular cheap automobile and pumps; he sold insurance of all kinds.

Only once had Babson lost his perspective on values and that was during the World war, and for this it would seem he was not to be blamed, since all his fellow countrymen lost theirs simultaneously. The rapid advance in the price of farm commodities had brought the usual boom of prosperity to Forlorn Valley. The bank, sharing in the general and unusual prosperity, presently had a glut of money on deposit and, since banks exist by loaning the funds deposited with them, Babson, with so much money on hand, and faced with the problem of making that money pay dividends, let down his guard, so to speak, and loaned money on farm mortgages.

The post-war deflation period arrived and the values of farms and farm products dropped almost overnight below the pre-war marks. As he contemplated the bank's unsecured notes and frozen assets in the shape of mortgages on farms for 80 per cent of their present value and that value an exceedingly doubtful one, Babson had a very clear vision of hard times in the immediate offing.

If he foreclosed his mortgages he would have the farms on his hands—likewise their taxes and the loss of interest.

For the succeeding four years Mr. Babson's commercial progress was tintured with caution. Then the pendulum commenced to swing the other way very slowly, and one day a brilliant thought leaped into his harried brain.

He decided to transfer his financial burdens to the capable hands of the rightful receiver of all gold bricks, to wit, the government. From the joint land stock banks established by the government to aid the stricken farmers and stock raisers he would induce his debtors to borrow on mortgage, at 5 1/2 per cent, sufficient funds to pay off the existing mortgages at 8 per cent held by the Bank of Valley Center. In order to sweeten the deal Mr. Babson even considered waiving the accumulated and unpaid interest for a couple of years. All he wanted back was the principal of his foolish loans, for with that in his vaults he knew his bank would be quite safe.

Promptly he bulldozed a farmer into making application for such a loan, and with commendable celerity a government farm appraiser came up from San Francisco to inspect the

proffered collateral. It required something less than thirty seconds for this individual to make his appraisal and decision.

"The government," he said, "will not consider loaning money on California farms which are listed as dry-farming lands."

"But these lands are irrigated," Mr. Babson reminded him.

"Yes, so I observe, but from deep wells. But as more and more wells are bored and the farming in this valley tends more and more toward intensive cropping, thus requiring more and more water for irrigation, the water levels will recede and the cost of pumping the water to the surface will increase proportionately with the lift until a point will be reached where the water will be tintured with red ink. Hence, such lands as these are listed as dry-farming lands and constitute a loan risk the government is unwilling to assume. It will loan only on lands that are surface irrigated and with an assured and continuous source of water supply."

"So I've loaned money on dry farms because I was jacksass enough to consider them irrigated farms," Babson almost moaned.

He made a survey of the water situation and discovered to his horror that the water levels were indeed receding.

"Creeping paralysis! That's what it is," he soliloquized. "And the Bank of Valley Center is the richest patient and will have to pay the heaviest bill for medical attention."

But the old ability to scheme his way out of a tight hole did not desert him. He reduced his situation to its lowest common divisor. If surface irrigation, from a never-falling and ample source of water supply, could be brought to the lands of Forlorn Valley, then Forlorn Valley lands would be classed by the government as irrigated lands, whose value would immediately return to the old wartime figure. And the federal farm loan banks would then have no hesitancy in loaning up to 60 per cent of the appraised value.

Therefore, the thing to do was to secure surface irrigation for Forlorn Valley.

"Eden Valley creek," Babson cried aloud. "A dam in that gorge in the lower end of Eden Valley, kept perennially at a high level by the flood waters of Eden Valley creek and led through a tunnel or a canal cut through the low hills on the northern rim and down into Forlorn Valley, will do the trick."

The next problem was that of acquiring the water, but this Babson did not regard as a difficult one. He had but to acquire the dam site from young Nathan Tichenor, sole owner of the Bar H Land and Cattle company. The land which would be inundated by the lake which would be formed when the dam should be built was next to worthless; Babson decided the Bar H Land and Cattle company would be delighted to get rid of it at a price not exceeding ten dollars an acre, although as grazing land it was not worth that. There were hydro electric possibilities inherent in the enterprise that would be worth millions alone. He must approach this delicate matter cautiously.

Tichenor had been an absentee landlord ever since leasing the Bar H ranch to Rance Kershaw. That argued he would scarcely be interested in returning to Eden Valley again and engaging in the cattle business.

Rance Kershaw was a financial wreck and could not possibly continue his lease of the Bar H, and it would be several years, doubtless, before a new tenant could be found for it. Yes, Nate Tichenor would sell the Bar H at a fair price—exorbitant, considering the present status of the cattle industry—rather than hang on to a frozen asset and pay taxes on it.

Mr. Babson decided instantly to buy the Bar H, if he had to pawn his wife's piano to aid in raising the money for the enterprise. With the title to the ranch vested in him—no, a dummy, for Babson must not appear in the deal—it would be a simple matter to sell the dam and lake sites to the Forlorn Valley Irrigation district for a cash consideration that would leave him the remainder of the ranch without cost!

He considered the Kershaw ranch and decided he would not bother to acquire that, even if he had the money to buy it cheap. It was worth not a penny less than a million dollars, but the Savings Bank of San Francisco held a two hundred and fifty thousand dollar first mortgage on it, the mortgage was due, Rance Kershaw (Babson knew) could not meet it, Babson doubted if he could refund it in these trying times, and hence, it would be foreclosed. Well, he might pick it up for the amount of the mortgage at the sheriff's sale. He did not require the Kershaw ranch for the sake of its water rights, but in order to control the water it was an absolute necessity for him to acquire the Bar H. Once the water had flowed down through the Kershaw ranch the Kershaws had no further interest in it; but it had to be impounded on the Bar H before it escaped off into the bad lands to the east and was lost.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Howe About:

Speeches
Doc Tilden
Hard Work

© Ball Syndicate.—WNU Service.

By ED HOWE

EVERYBODY knows we are all equal; it is in the Constitution, which nobody doubts or fails to honor.

At the speakers' table in my home town in Kansas I recently followed Henry J. Allen, formerly governor and United States senator; a well-known poor boy who worked his way through a university, and into the best home and newspaper office in Wichita.

The party was given by my neighbors and friends to note that fifty-six years before I had arrived among them. There were flowers, an orchestra of forty, Swiss yodelers, distinguished guests from out of town; policemen out in front handling traffic, messenger boys bringing in telegrams. Remember it was my party, not Henry's!

Yet Henry Allen made the best speech I ever heard in my life, and I made the poorest one. I made as poor a speech as I made in New York in 1927, when a hundred and fifty friends honored me with a dinner at the Blitmore hotel. As we were going out, Irvin Cobb, who had presided, said to me:

"Did you get your watch?"

And I asked: "What watch?"

"The watch we had such a devil of a time raising money to buy you," Mr. Cobb replied. "Haven't you heard about it yet?"

I had been unconscious through it all; when on my feet trying to express my thanks, and when the watch was given me.

Henry Allen is so much smarter than I am, he is unconstitutional. I'll appeal to the Supreme court, or the NRA. If that does no good, I'll join others not as smart as Henry is, and riot. We haven't been treated right under the constitution.

Old Bill White, of Emporia, a plain man of the people, was also present. He's constitutional, all right; I can make as good a speech as he can.

I have been hearing a lot about old Doc Tilden of Denver, and have looked him up. He seems to be eighty-two years old, and to have as much sense as he ever had, with strong indications he has always had a good deal. After practicing his profession in the regular way many years, he became convinced all our tinctures, ointments, pills, lotions, powders were harmful, and since then has been quarrelling with the doctors. Oh, yes, science has been marvelously developed, says the old doctor, but the people will have none of it when it interferes with the old voodoo remedies for poverty, colds, pains. We have all become so big feeling, so proud, we have forgotten not only our manners, but the old common sense. If we are a cold, we want a pill cure. If we are poor, the voodoo remedy is easy; print more money. If we are in danger, we knock on wood for luck, and go in deeper. Plato was an old fogey; the old man next door with his talk about getting back to safety, is another.

My investigations seem to indicate that old Doc Tilden is a good man; pays his debts politer than the average old man, and believes in all the decencies of life. Those who hear of him believe he is a disagreeable fanatic, but around Denver, where he has lived many years, he stands rather higher than the average.

Charles Darwin was an educated, candid and worthy man I greatly admire. Still, he was compelled to occasionally guess, as I am compelled to do. He believed all progress comes from peculiar individuals; "sports," as men of science call them, or the "heaven sent," as rhetoricians prefer to style them. . . . I disagree with the great Darwin with an apology. I believe progress comes through the ages; from reasonably good fathers handing down to sons the results of their experience. I believe that the "great genius" who invents a convenience apparatus and blesses mankind—as Bell invented the telephone, Edison the electric light—is only a hard working man and behaves reasonably well as a citizen while about it. The most useful and agreeable men I have ever known have been notably industrious and well-behaved. Of course, Edison and Bell were what we call "smart men"; but every community is full of them. There are millions of tramps and vagrants who might have become notably useful citizens had they appreciated as much as Edison and Bell the importance of hard work and character.

I believe the doctrine lately advanced that a man who works hard and behaves is thus strengthened in brain power and character. I believe the social cripples are due mainly to their failure to accept the truth all experience has proven: that honesty is the best policy; that every average man may easily achieve sufficient success than what we call failure.

I am willing to put an agreeable man a little more than a grinch; I like the man who, when I buy meat, suggests a free bone for the dog. He has a lot of worthless bones to throw away. Why not make some use of them?

The most sincere admirer I have lived in a neighboring town. He wrote me yesterday that lately he drove past my house, and although he greatly wished to see me, was afraid to come in. . . . So I'm leaving this morning to drive down to see him.

Dalmatia Still Holds Festival of St. Blaise

Few people have heard of St. Blaise, yet he was the most popular saint in England before the Reformation, and is specially regarded as the patron of the inn. The Benedictine of St. Blaise, still given in Roman Catholic churches, is reputed to be effective in cases of throat trouble. Legend claims that St. Blaise was a bishop martyred in the Third century. His skull and a miraculous crown, one of the most beautiful jewels in the world, are preserved in Ragusa, Dalmatia, a city he saved from capture by a miracle.

Crowds of pilgrims go to Ragusa at the beginning of February to take part in the festival of St. Blaise, held in the ancient Dalmatian city just as it was in England in older days. They still have the processions of relics, magnificent church services, lotteries, and dancing as of yore. The only break in the observance is the liberation of all prisoners in jail.

St. Blaise still has a shrine in London, at a church at Hatton Garden, where the blessing of St. Blaise is given.—London Answers.

The Family Quilt

When a family preserves records of its history, it is generally done in the family Bible or album, says the Boston Post. But a woman in Sussex, Wis., hit upon a strange family record. She made a quilt of transparent silk. Under the silk pieces she sewed old records, letters and family mementos. The records can be read through the silk and are well preserved.

HERE ARE THE USUAL SIGNS OF ACID STOMACH

Neuralgia Feeling of Weakness
Headaches Mouth Acidity
Nausea Loss of Appetite
Indigestion Sour Stomach
Nervousness Sleeplessness
Auto-intoxication

WHAT TO DO FOR IT!

TAKE 2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water every morning when you feel the usual signs of acid stomach. After eating, and another before you go to bed. . . . Take the new Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets—one tablet for each teaspoonful as directed above.

If you have Acid Stomach, don't worry about it. Follow the simple directions given above. This small dosage of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia acts at once to neutralize the acids that cause headache, stomach pains and other distress. Try it. You'll feel like a new person. But—be careful you get REAL milk of magnesia when you buy—genuine PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia. See that the name "PHILLIPS'" is on the label.

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Relieves discomforts of simple headache, rheumatic neuralgia, resulting from cold or exposure. 50 cents. ELM DRUG AND SURGICAL CO., 26 Broadway, New York.

Wool Hosiery. Men's, women's, children's virgin wool, best quality, all kinds, colors and sizes. 50c pair and up. Satis. guar. Newtown Wool Hose Co., Newtown, Ct.

COLORADO BLUE SPRUCE
A big package of seed for 25c. Plant now. H. D. Belcher, Brook Forest, Colorado.

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

SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE
The School Board meets regularly in Town Clerk's Room, in Town Hall block, on the Last Friday Evening in each month, at 7.30 o'clock, to transact School District business and to hear all parties.
ALICE G. NYLANDER,
ARTHUR J. KELLEY,
ROSCOE M. LANE,
Antrim School Board.

Advertising
It costs money to advertise in paper of circulation and influence in the community. Every business man who seeks to enlarge his trade, recognizes the fact that advertising 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.

Warrants as Posted for Annual Town, School, Precinct Meetings

- Continued from page five
- Joint Resolution No. 128 as passed by the Legislature of 1933.
 - 13--To see how much money the Town will appropriate for the repair of Sidewalks the year ensuing, or take any action thereon.
 - 14--To see what money the Town will appropriate for the construction of Sidewalks, or take any action thereon.
 - 15--To see how much money the Town will appropriate for Street Lighting for the ensuing year, or take any action thereon.
 - 16--To see if the Town will vote to raise and appropriate a sum of money necessary to purchase one Dual Wheeled Steel Dump Truck for Town Highway Department, and appoint a committee to purchase same.
 - 17--To see if the Town will vote to purchase a V-Type Snow Plow, appoint a committee, and appropriate money to purchase same; the amount appropriated not to exceed \$450.00.
 - 18--To see if the Town will vote to appropriate the sum of \$30.00 to provide for suitable care and maintenance of Public Cemeteries within its confines, which are not otherwise provided for as required by Chapter 55, Section 4, of the Public Statutes.
 - 19--To see if the Town will vote to, raise and appropriate the sum of \$30.00 for care of Parks and Playgrounds for the ensuing year.
 - 20--To hear reports of Committees, and act thereon.
 - 21--To see how much money the Town will raise for statutory requirements and to carry the above Articles and the Appropriations of the School Meeting into effect.
 - 22--To transact any other business that may legally come before this meeting.
- Given under our hands in said Antrim, this twenty-fourth day of February, 1934.

ALFRED G. HOLT,
HUGH M. GRAHAM,
JAMES I. PATTERSON,
Selectmen of Antrim.

SCHOOL WARRANT

To the Inhabitants of the School District, in the Town of Antrim, qualified to vote in District affairs:

You are hereby notified to meet at the Town Hall, in said District, on the TWELFTH DAY OF MARCH, 1934, at 8 o'clock in the afternoon, to act on the following subjects:—

- 1--To choose a Moderator for the coming year.
- 2--To choose a Clerk for the ensuing year.
- 3--To choose a Member of the School Board for the ensuing three years.
- 4--To choose a Treasurer for the ensuing year.
- 5--To determine and appoint the salaries of the School Board and Truant Officer, and fix the compensation of any other officers or agent of the District.
- 6--To hear the reports of Agents, Auditors, Committees, or Officers chosen, and pass any vote relating thereto.
- 7--To choose Agents, Auditors and Committees in relation to any subject embraced in this Warrant.
- 8--To see if the District will vote to make any alteration in the amount of money required to be assessed for the ensuing year for the support of public schools and the payment of the statutory obligations of the District, as determined by the School Board in its annual report.
- 9--To transact any other business that may legally come before this meeting.

Given under our hands, at said Antrim, this 23d day of February, 1934.

ALICE G. NYLANDER,
ARTHUR J. KELLEY,
ROSCOE M. LANE,
School Board of Antrim.

PRECINCT WARRANT

To the Inhabitants of the Antrim Precinct, qualified to vote in Town affairs:

You are hereby notified to meet in the Town Hall, in said Precinct, on MARCH FOURTEENTH, 1934, at 7.30 o'clock in the evening, to act upon the following subjects:—

- 1--To choose a Moderator for the year ensuing.
- 2--To choose all necessary Officers and Agents for the year ensuing.
- 3--To hear the report of the Auditors on the Precinct Officers' accounts, and act thereon.
- 4--To hear the reports of the Commissioners, Fire Wards, and Agents, and act thereon.
- 5--To see what sum the Precinct will vote to pay the members of the Fire Department for their services for the year ensuing, and appropriate a sum of money therefor.
- 6--To see what per cent. of the water rates the Precinct will vote to collect for the ensuing year.
- 7--To see how much money the Precinct will vote to raise to defray the expenses and pay existing debts for the year ensuing.
- 8--To do any other business that may legally come before said meeting.

Given under our hands, in said Antrim, this twenty-sixth day of February, 1934.

ALBERT E. THORNTON,
MAURICE A. POOR,
HIRAM W. JOHNSON,
Commissioners of Precinct.

Weekly Letter by George Proctor, Deputy Fish and Game Warden

At last we have a letter from our old friend W. L. Hopkins of Greenfield but who is spending the winter at West Palm Beach. He says the temperature Feb. 15th was: Water, 68 degrees; air, 71 degrees. Florida is full of visitors. He counted eleven people from his old home town there. He sent up a fine likeness of Norman Conrad who is making a great hit with the fans of that section.

From Florida we switch to sunny California. Have a nice letter from the children who live in Los Angeles. They tell us that it's the hottest winter for the past twenty years and to back up the statement they send pictures taken Feb. 11th crowds in swimming at the beaches and everyone in shirt sleeves.

Button, button, who has the button? Every fisherman in the State of California in 1934 must have a button to fish. Orange denotes an alien. Red, a resident. Light green, for non-residents. Many of the west and middle west states are now using a button.

Have a nice letter from J. Almus Russell, director of State Planning Board Land Use Department at Concord. He wants to find out about the old muster fields in the state. If you know anything about them drop him a line. The one at West Wilton is now owned by Vernon Greeley. What about the one at Lyndeboro and Temple?

That new Fish and Game club at New Andover put on a wonderful supper one night last week. This club just a few months old has out several hundred 10 inch rainbows. They expect to establish a game refuge in that section soon. The club has a big membership and is rarin' to go.

We see by the press that our old friend Arthur L. Clark, State superintendent of Fisheries and Game in Connecticut is flying with a licensed pilot and feeding the birds from a plane. He estimates that he will save the lives of 25,000 ducks their food supply being cut off by the blizzard.

It is with great sorrow that we announce the passing of two very good friends of mine. Supt. of Schools Lawton Chase of Peterboro, N. H., and Malachi W. Tarpey of Fitchburg, Mass. Mr. Tarpey was Chief of Police of Greenville for a number of years and was a fearless man. Mr. Chase held a very important position in his town and was a great help to me many times. We shall miss them.

Believe it or not but all trout have scales. Also did you know that bass will swallow snakes and like it?

Field and Stream, a nationally known sporting magazine, bawls out New Hampshire for not protecting their bears. All the other states have a closed season on bear. They claim we reneged on the issue.

Seth Gordon, the president of the American Game Association and the best known man on conservation, says that February and March are the zero months and if we want to save our game we must feed, feed and then feed some more.

The State of California is going out and buying bear and stocking its wild land. This is some different from New Hampshire which is paying a bounty on their heads.

By the looks of the woodlands we think that woodchuck must have seen double and that we are in for 12 more weeks of winter.

The more bird houses put up the more birds, and the more birds the less insects. Moral: Build and put up a bird house.

Did you ever see a sharp skinned hawk? Well, my neighbor George W. Perham, brought one down the other day that he shot. He was too familiar around his feeding station.

Believe it or not. But in all this U. S. A. there are but 11 pair of birds to the acre. If encouraged by winter feeding and the erection of bird houses this can be increased to 59 pair to the acre. Will you do your share to increase them?

That new duck bill that has just passed Congress will, it is claimed, bring in over a million dollars, as in the U. S. A. are seven million hunters and out of that one million hunt waterfowl only. Then taking in the stamp collectors the income will be worth while.

All signs fall sometimes. Just now we have seen chipmunks out and red squirrels. Ex-Senator Tolford of Wilton saw some skunks playing in his barn and then the next night it went down way below zero and then the big storm came. What are we to believe anyway?

Honest, fellows, you want to buy a copy of "Outdoors" edited by Ed Dreier of Grand Rapids, Mich. He is a brother of "Tom" who edits the "Troubadour" our own N. H. booklet. This man out West has a chatty way of writing his editorials.

Get a copy and see for yourself. Letters about St. Bernard puppies. Write to Mrs. Bernard Keegan of Jaffrey or to Mr. Dunklee of Nashua. Both have wonderful dogs.

Principal Beals of the East Jaffrey High school has an interesting collection of frogs, toads, fish of all kinds in his laboratory at the school.

Did you know that there are in the U. S. A. 800 distinct kinds of birds? 22 classed as water birds, 7 shore birds, 5 upland game birds, 5 birds of prey, 36 land birds. Do you know them all?

Dogs can run at large till April 1st if they do not do damage. Many just now are devoting their time to running deer. It's the worst time of all as a deer has no chance to get away from a pack of dogs. If you hear or see any dogs running in a pack give us a ring. Or the nearest Game Warden.

April 1st is the dead line on all kinds of self hunting dogs. This does not mean that a hound is the only dog that's a self hunter. Oh no. Some of the worst deer dogs I ever run up-against was a pack of German shepherd, Alredale, Collie, old-fashioned Shepard and a part bull-Alredale cross. And could they kill deer? That bunch was all killed but not before they killed a lot of deer and a few neat stock.

In the February issue of Fish and Game notes from the pen of Rae Hunt, Chief Warden of the N. H. Fish and Game Department is an editorial on page three by Commissioner Finley in regard to the dreaded rabbit fever "Tularemia" which they claim has affected the hares and foxes of Maine and may be down in this state. He advises no one to touch a hare or fox without gloves. No hares will be stocked this year in this state owing to this trouble. Two deaths have taken place in Maine owing to this dreaded fever.

If you have a flat roof it may be flatter if you don't shovel it off. Over six feet I found on one of my roofs last week and more snow since.

By the way who wants to buy a bunch of bobcat pelts? I have a bunch of them that I want to sell at once. Some are good and some are not so good. Come see them and make me an offer.

Who lost a big English setter and a small beagle hound? Don't all speak at once.

Have heard more about the buck deer law the past few weeks. There seems to be a strong sentiment for such a law.

The Greenville Sportsmen's club has installed a device onto the intake of their rearing pool to prevent the intake pipe from freezing up. The pipe is boxed in with a five by three box and it works to perfection. Other clubs should check up on this invention. President Blanchette is ready to give any club blueprints on this box. They have five thousand beautiful trout in that pool.

Got some nice letters on my stand to make the pheasant season the same length as the ruffed grouse.

Have you shot any snowshoe hares that were marked by the Fish and Game Department. If so report to Concord where and when and how it was shot. The Department is keeping records. None were marked in this part of the State.

March 1st ends all the hunting with the exception of the bobcat, crow, quill pig, starlings, owls, hawks, English sparrows.

More bounty on quill pigs and less on bobcats would be better all around. That twenty dollars bounty is by far too much. Just as many cats would be brought in for a five spot as the twenty now paid. Not a regular cat hunter in my section. A bounty of four bits (fifty cents) on quill pigs would bring in a raft of them. In some places the quill pigs are getting into the orchards.

The little white by winter and brown by summer weasel is also a pest and a bounty should be tagged to him. More game is killed by them than by hunters.

For over twenty-five years a fireman myself I appreciate good work by firemen at a bad fire. The best fire fighting I ever witnessed was one night last week when there was a bad fire in my home town. Badly handicapped by snow the local firemen did a wonderful job. Hats off to Chief Hickey and his men.

Dog racing in southern New Hampshire the past week has given a great interest to the sport and it is rumored that several local young fellows will have teams next year.

Four birthdays within three weeks in this family will keep the old ice cream freezer working overtime.

Not long to town meeting.



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