



# The Antrim Reporter



VOLUME LI NO. 24

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1934

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### Declare War on Moths!

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Chicken, Fancy Milk-fed		27 cents per pound
Asparagus, New Green		2 pounds 25 cents
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Peas, Green		3 pounds 29 cents
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IGA Fancy Creamery Butter	per pound 33 cents
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Pure Lard	4 pound carton 39 cents

## Water Glass!

Now is the time to take advantage of the cheap price of eggs, and put them away with Water Glass for the day when they will cost more money.

We have our stock of New White Heavy Water Glass in any quantity you wish.

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## Boy Scout Court of Honor Held at Antrim Town Hall, April 27

One of the most successful Boy Scout Courts of Honor ever held in the Sou-

thern Division of the Daniel Webster Council took place at the Antrim town hall Friday evening, April 27. The hall was nearly filled with Scouts, Scouters and towns people. Scouts were present from Wilton, Milford, Amherst, Hollis, Temple and Antrim.

The program of the evening started with a parade of the several Troops headed by the Antrim band. The members of William M. Myers Post, No. 50, A. L. were escorts to the local Troop. The line of march began at the town hall, up Main St., down Elm St. and up Concord St., returning to the hall.

The Court of Honor was opened with prayer by Rev. William Patterson, followed by a brief address of welcome by Rev. Ralph H. Tibbals, Chairman of the local Troop Committee. Scout Jerome Rutherford gave a few words of welcome by Semaphore Signalling.

The roll call by Howard Locke, of Amherst, Secretary of the Division Committee, was next on the program; he reported 88 Scouts present.

A one-act comedy was presented by the following Antrim Scouts: Herman Hill, Paul Prescott, Albert Poor, Alan Swett, Wallace Nylander and Jerome Rutherford; it was full of laughs from beginning to end, and received much

applause from an appreciative audience.

The advancements and merit badge awards were made by Harold Wilkins, of Amherst, Advancement Chairman of the Division. The following were awarded local Scouts: Second Class, Jerome Rutherford, Ralph Zabriskie, James Cuddihy, Paul Prescott, Robert Swett, Norman Greenly; First Class, Frederick Hardwick, John Grimes, Calvin Patterson; Star, Herman Hill, Albert Poor, Wallace Nylander; Merit Badges, Neal Mallett, Earl Wallace, Albert Poor, John Grimes, Frederick Hardwick, Wallace Nylander.

"The Boy Scout March" was sung by six members of the local Troop, accompanied at the piano by Mrs. Elizabeth Felker.

The guest speaker of the evening was Clarence DeMar, of Keene Normal School, and famous marathon runner. He spoke on "Scouting and Good Citizenship" in a very interesting and pleasing way. He was enthusiastically received by everyone, and was kept busy for some time following the meeting signing his autograph for many of his young admirers.

The closing of the Court was in charge of the local Troop, using their regular Scout Meeting closing.

C. H. Dewey Smith, of Milford, Commissioner of this Division presided at this Court of Honor.

## Flower Gardens May be Made to Suit One's Own Tastes and Styles

"Gardening is the purest of human pleasures," and one of its most pleasant aspects is that every man may have a garden to suit himself, within the limits of his means and location.

There have been various styles in gardening, from that one where every inequality of the earth must be smoothed out to make gardens planted with geometrical precision; straight walks as wide as boulevards, with steps to match; terraces and parterres planted with intricate "embroidery" of flowers or green plants, or even colored earths, pounded brick dust, and bits of broken glass; — to the other extreme, which abhorred red straight lines and square corners, raised up hills where none were before; dug out artificial lakes and ponds and winding brooks; built grottoes, which were popular for many years, and one of whose furnishings was likely to be a hidden spring, which, touched inadvertently by some unlucky wight, showered him with water, to the ruin of his fine clothes and the huge delight of the onlookers. People even went so far in search of the picturesque as to set up dead trees, whose gaunt and weather-beaten arms would seem to call for oblivion rather than publicity, and to erect artificial ruins.

Now-a-days, however, most people concur in the opinion that the best results, both for beauty and for satisfaction, are to be obtained by each man's doing with his place what seems most natural to it;

and he may have the comfort of knowing that no place is utterly hopeless; that there are plants that will grow in practically any situation. I have seen pictures of a really beautiful rock-garden made from an abandoned quarry.

Soil too dry and sandy may be so improved by the addition of stable manure, leaf-mold, green manure or other kinds of humus, that many plants will reveal in its warmth and good drainage. Too wet a spot may be made into a bog-garden, with a pool and perhaps a tiny brook, and small fish to eat the mosquitos, and planted with rare and lovely plants that people will come from far to see: bog orchids and pitcher-plants, cardinal flower and fringed gentian, azaleas, bog irises and lilies.

A too shady place may grow a wonderful collection of ferns, from the smallest and most fragile to some that are as tall as a man's head, and many a beautiful plant that will not endure the full glare of the summer sun. A rocky slope may be made into a terrace and wall garden, or a rock-garden that even a landscape architect will admire, because it fits so perfectly into its surroundings.

Few of us are so situated that we cannot grow at least a few of the particular flowers we love best, and it frequently happens, that there is more interest to be found in working out a difficult problem of this kind than in making the easier and more ordinary type of garden.

Rachel E. Caughey.

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

Can anyone tell if New Hampshire is nearer a special session of the Legislature this week than it was a week ago? Just how many corners are there to turn before one reaches the end of the road, has been the query.

Many of our people are acquainted with Rev. George Carl, of Winchester, he having spoken here and has been connected with the Deering Community Center movement, and were pained to read in Friday's papers that his son, Robert, aged seven years, was instantly killed the day before in an au-

Continued on page four

## Chow Chow Puppies For Sale!

Mrs. H. C. Werden, Clinton Village, Antrim

## At the Main St. Soda Shop

Just Received!

One Hundred Sixty Genuine French Briar Pipes

Each Pipe in a Plush Lined Case!

All pipes have genuine amber stems. These pipes were formerly sold for \$2.50 and \$2.75. Our asking price is

\$1.00 each

This would not pay for the amber stem alone. Do not miss this chance to own a good pipe for the price of one dollar.

Chesterfield, Camel, Old Gold, Lucky Strike

Cigarettes - 2 pkgs. 25c, Carton \$1.19

## "Three Strikes-You're Out"

A Big League Comedy in Three Acts

Benefit of Senior Class, A.H.S.

Friday Evening, May 4, 1934

Curtain at Eight o'clock

At Town Hall, Antrim, N. H.

### Cast of Characters

Mrs. Samuel Phelps, who is superstitious..... Vera Butterfield  
Samuel Phelps, her husband..... Andrew Fuglestad  
Lois, their daughter, devoted to baseball..... Mildred Zabriskie  
Minnie Hanks, maid at the Phelps'..... Rachel Caughey  
Dizzy Wynne, "dizzy" about baseball..... Benjamin Butterfield  
Mrs. Ethel Potter, Mrs. Phelps' sister..... Ida Maxfield  
Edward Potter, her husband..... Carol Nichols  
Mortimer Weldon, who despises baseball..... Eloy V. Dahl  
Lita, his daughter, a young flapper..... Pearl Caughey  
Russell Rogers, a young civil engineer..... Lester Hill  
Hester Trader, studious and imperious..... Arline Whitney

### Synopsis of Scenes

The entire action of the play takes place in the living room of the Phelps family in a small town

Act I. Late afternoon in June.  
Act II. One week later. Noon.  
Act III—Scene I. Ten minutes later.  
Scene II. Three weeks later. Late afternoon.

Produced by special arrangement with Samuel French

## DANCING AFTER THE PLAY

MUSIC BY DEFOE'S ORCHESTRA

Reserved Seats, 45 cents On Sale at Antrim Pharmacy  
General Admission, 35c Children, 25c

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Antrim, N. H.

# OUTLAWS of EDEN

... By Peter B. Kyne ...

WNU Service.

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### SYNOPSIS

At the close of the Mexican war, Robin Kershaw, with his bride, rode into northeastern California. Here he found an ideal valley for cattle raising. They christened it Eden Valley. Below Eden Valley is a less valuable tract which Kershaw's wife names Forlorn Valley. Joel Hensley settles in the lower half of the valley. There is bad blood over fences and water. 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. He goes to help Lorry in her car and finds her father has died of heart disease. Silas Babson, banker, schemes to control the irrigation and hydro-electric possibilities of Eden Valley. Nate tells Lorry he and Owen, Lorry's brother, met in France just before Owen was killed, and Nate promised that if he survived Owen he would look after Lorry as a brother might do. Babson makes legal application for the allocation of flood waters to the Forlorn Valley irrigation district. With money advanced by Nate, Lorry cleans up her indebtedness to Babson. Nate finds he is falling in love with Lorry. Babson discovers Nate is behind a rival power project. Nate tells Lorry he loves her. She admits she loves Nate, and they become engaged. Babson orders Joe Brainerd, editor of the local paper, to attack Nate as an enemy of the people. This Brainerd refuses to do. Nate comes to Brainerd's rescue financially. The editor celebrates by punching Babson's head.

### CHAPTER IX—Continued

—11—

"Well," Joe Brainerd answered slowly, "I'm certainly glad you're my friend and not my enemy. Do you want me to spread the glad tidings of your contemplated philanthropy to Forlorn Valley?"

"No, keep that news bottled up. I want to have the people meet me with all the acclaim a Roman mob was wont to accord the entrance of the Christian martyrs in the Coliseum. I want Babson to lead them on to make fools of themselves, so I can show him up later for a false leader."

"Almost everybody here calls the other fellow by his first name. My name's Joe. May I call you Nate?" he said.

"The pleasure is mutual, Joe. You may."

They shook hands. And then Joe Brainerd glanced at the clock. "Excuse me, Nate. It's five minutes of three and I have just time to get to the bank and deposit this manna from Heaven. I'll fill your check in for six thousand"—and he did.

Babson glared at the editor as the latter came into the bank, but said nothing until Brainerd was about to depart.

"Brainerd, this bank doesn't want your business! Close out your account."

"Thanks for the information. I have just deposited Nate Tichenor's check for six thousand dollars. It's on a San Francisco bank, and as soon as it has gone through clearing I'll give you my check for what I owe the bank and then clean the balance right out. I wouldn't keep tin money in a bank I know is going to bust."

"So you're sold out to Tichenor," Babson jeered.

Little Joe Brainerd's face grew red; he swelled like a turkey gobbler. "You insulted me yesterday and I

puffing into the bank in response to the stenographer's summons, Mr. Rooney was crouching in his locked cage, while the demon editor strove to climb over the steel wire netting to get at him.

"Joe, you stop that." Mr. Rooney commanded, grasped the little madman by the seat of the trousers and jerked him down. "Boy, you ain't actin' right."

"You serve Babson's writs of attachment, you fat fool," Brainerd shrieked, and presented Mr. Rooney with a decoration commonly known as a mouse on the eye. Out of his good eye Mr. Rooney observed that his quarry was weeping with rage; so he folded Brainerd to his ample abdomen and carried the lunatic out of the bank, screaming and kicking, and secured him in the local bastille.

"It's war," Brainerd screamed, as Rooney turned the key in the lock. "Babson accused me of selling out. Selling out! Understand? He said I'd sold out! I'm free! I'll print the news, but—you watch my editorials. I'll sizzle like a Roman candle, because I'm free. I'm free, I'm free..."

He was stretched out on a bench weeping childishly when Nate Tichenor came over and balled him out. "The war is on," he sobbed. "The war is on, Nate, and I've fired the first gun."

The power of Silas Babson in Valley Center was very apparent to Nate Tichenor when, having called upon Anson Towle, who combined with harness and saddlery and notary public the duties of local justice of the peace, he was informed that Babson had sworn to a warrant charging Joe Brainerd with assault and battery, malicious mischief and disturbing the peace, and that bail had been set at one thousand dollars in each case.

"Better lower it, judge," Tichenor suggested amiably.

"That feller," his honor replied, "will stay in Bill Rooney's jail until somebody hands me three thousand."

"Orders from headquarters, I suppose, judge."

"You fixin' to get yourself into jail for contempt o' court?"

Nate leaned across Towle's desk. "Yes, I am. And what are you going to do about it, you brainless invert-brate? You're not holding court now, are you? The limit of bail to be set in such cases is five hundred dollars on each charge. Here's fifteen hundred dollars, and you take it and give me an order on Bill Rooney to release Joe Brainerd, or I'll go over to the jail, hog-tie Rooney and take Joe Brainerd out of jail myself."

Probably no man in Forlorn Valley knew less of the law than this village justice of the peace; but he had heard of the Hensley clan and here was the last of that tribe of killers glaring at him so ferociously his honor trembled.

"Well, rather than git into a row with you, young feller, an' have to kill you in self-defense," he decided, "I'll set the bail at the minimum figger. Case comes up for trial at ten o'clock to-morrow mornin'."

"If you're scheming to send Joe Brainerd up for six months without the alternative of a fine I'd advise you to change your mind. And how's that for contempt of court?"

The case was called at ten and at ten-thirty, when Silas Babson, the complaining witness, had not appeared. Nate Tichenor, acting as Brainerd's attorney, rose and moved Anson Towle that the case be dismissed for lack of evidence. "Take my word for it, your Honor, neither Mr. Babson nor any of his witnesses will appear. Mr. Babson has—as I assumed he would—thought it over and decided to let bygones be bygones. The message your Honor carried to him from me yesterday evening was very convincing."

"Fined two dollars for contempt of court. Case dismissed."

"Will the court please state in what manner I have been guilty of contempt?"

"You're intimatin' that I carried Si-

Babson a message tellin' him to lay off Joe Brainerd or he'd git himself in trouble."

"You should read up on the law. You can't fine me for contempt alleged to have been conveyed in a mere suspicion on the part of your Honor. I shall not pay the two dollars and what is your Honor going to do about it?"

A guffaw went up from the crowded courtroom, nor could all of Bill Rooney's pounding on a table quiet it. As an officer of the court, L. E. bailiff, Mr. Rooney felt that his own dignity had been more or less assailed by Nate Tichenor when the latter had so adroitly managed to upset that of the court.

"You just wait a minute, Tichenor," Bill Rooney's voice was as honey. "I'll just fan you, young feller, an' see if you're carryin' a concealed weapon. Carryin' a gun without a permit don't go in my jurisdiction."

"I am carrying a gun, Mr. Rooney, so I'll spare you the effort of searching me and produce my gun at least one second before you produce yours."

Bill Rooney went white and then pink; he wet his lips, and his glance flinched from Tichenor's and roved over the courtroom. Then the deputy sheriff had a brilliant idea. "It happens I ain't wearin' my gun this mornin', Tichenor."

Before the words were fairly out of his mouth he was gazing down the barrel of Nate Tichenor's pistol. "Stand up, turn your back on the crowd and lift up your coat-tails," came the ringing order.

Tichenor advanced upon the deputy sheriff, thrust his gun in the official midriff, and, with his left hand, unbuckled a belt at Rooney's waist and removed a pistol in a holster. Then he walked up on Judge Towle's dais, broke his own pistol and exhibited a single empty chamber to the gaping crowd.

"An empty pistol is not a more lethal weapon than any other piece of hardware and when worn in a shoulder holster or under the coat-tails, doesn't come under the head of concealed weapons. Here's your gun, windbag"—and returned the wretched Rooney his pistol. "This weapon of mine, which you thought was an army automatic, is the latest model air-pistol. It shoots a tiny pellet that will kill a bird, and I bought it recently to practice pistol shooting by killing blue-jays around my ranch."

He turned his back on Rooney. "And now, fellow citizens, you know how brave Mr. Rooney is—in his mind. And you know just what peculiar thoughts occasionally flit through the mind of your justice of the peace. Your local law mill is in bad shape and ought to be reorganized." He moved down the aisle toward the door, and Joe Brainerd followed.

"Nate," said Joe Brainerd. "As one outlaw to the other tell me why you made such pitiful monkeys out of Towle and Rooney?"

"Well, that fool justice of the peace had it coming to him for trying to take up the Babson cudgels against you. I concluded to strike another blow for the editor. As for Bill Rooney—well, I hold an ancient grudge against him. At school I used to carry a gun for Owen Kershaw. The teacher found it out and told the principal, who ordered me to leave it home. I refused, because I thought I couldn't afford to risk obedience in those days; so the principal told Bill Rooney on me. He was the night watchman then, so he frisked me, took my gun away from me and gave me a first-class thrashing. I hesitated at making reprisals until I should be older and stronger, when I planned to give Bill a thrashing with his own belt. Today was my first opportunity."

"Your clan had a reputation for cold-blooded courage and ferocity, Nate—and you've revived it. So today you're a hero in Forlorn Valley, but when you organize to deprive this valley of the water from Eden Valley creek you're going to be the most hated man in this county."

"But I'm not going to deprive For-

lorn Valley of Eden Valley water. I've assured you of that already."

"Oh yes, you are. You'll have to, if not for your own sake then for the sake of Lorry Kershaw. I'm going to let you in on a secret—now that Babson is my enemy. He plans, after organizing the irrigation district, to tap Eden Valley creek at the head of the Handle, up in the public domain, lead the water west through the public domain and down to a natural reservoir in the hills off to the west; thence into Forlorn Valley."

"But, Joe, it would be silly of Forlorn Valley to tap the stream up in the Pan. I have a splendid dam site and it is to my interest to see the



Before the Words Were Fairly Out of His Mouth He Was Gazing Down the Barrel of Nate Tichenor's Pistol.

dam erected there. In that way Miss Kershaw and I, with our ranches upstream from that dam, will always be assured of an abundant supply of irrigating water."

"Exactly. But if Forlorn Valley taps the stream above your ranches, Miss Kershaw, you, and the Mountain Valley Power company will be out of luck. Then, too, the reservoir of the Mountain Valley Power company would never have sufficient water to fill it and your company would be deprived of the ability to manufacture power."

"I don't know the law in the premises, Joe, but this is what I plan to do. I'll attend that mass meeting, listen to what is said and, if it appears to be the sense of the meeting that an irrigation district shall be formed and the water supply secured from Eden Valley creek up in the Handle, I'll tell the people to forget all that bother and expense, that I'll put in a dam on the Mountain Valley Power company's property at my own expense, provided they will enter into contract to purchase water from me and provided, of course, that we can come to terms. My plan is economically sound, and I think they'll be glad to entertain it."

"I hope so, Nate, but before you commit yourself in public I suggest that you make certain of your rights. If I were you I'd consult some eminent firm of attorneys whose specialty is water law."

"I shall. I suppose I can find the right lawyers in San Francisco."

The following morning Tichenor was in San Francisco and, acting upon the advice of his attorney, he sought the offices of Messrs. Brooks, Gagan and Brooks. Gagan received him and listened without interruption while Nate outlined the situation.

"I know all about that Eden Valley proposition, Mr. Tichenor," he then announced. "A Mr. Silas Babson, of Valley Center, interviewed me on the subject recently, but he did not retain us. In fact, certain aspects of the advice I gave him appeared to conflict with his own opinion of the situation."

"Well, he's liable to be around later to retain you, although I hope to restrain him by employing peaceable and profitable measures. Meanwhile, I haven't any business for you, save to outline for me the legal rights of Miss Kershaw and the Bar H Land and Cattle company in the premises. I'll pay your fee for that, so please fire away."

"You can win any suit filed against you with the exception of a condemnation suit," Gagan said.

"I was quite certain of that before I called upon you, but merely desired to have an expert verify my suspicions. A non-riparian community—Forlorn Valley—is about to form an irrigation district on the strength of a promise of the state water commission that it will allocate to the proposed district the storm, flood, freshet, or so-called waste waters of Eden Valley creek. Miss Kershaw and I make beneficial use of all of the overflow waters of Eden Valley creek every spring, and no waters are waste waters until after they have flown over our lands. The irrigation district purposes tapping the creek near its source in the public domain and appropriating the flood or waste waters before such waters have flowed over our lands."

TO BE CONTINUED.



### DISAPPEARING TRICK

At a party a necklace a woman was wearing was much admired. She took it off to show it better and it was passed from hand to hand. Later, it was not forthcoming. "The joke has gone far enough," said the host. "I'll put this silver dish on the table, turn out the electric light, count one hundred, and expect to find the necklace on the dish when I turn up the light again."

When he turned up the light the dish also had vanished!

### One Sure Way

Higgs was worried about his garden.

One day he met an old market gardener.

"Just the man I want to speak to," he said. "I don't seem able to tell my garden plants from weeds. How do you distinguish between them?"

"The only sure way is to pull them out," said the market gardener. "If they come up again they're weeds."—Stray Stories.

### No Sense of Humor

Wearry Sam—Alas, Dusty, what caused the family to throw you out on your ear and call the dog?

Dusty Rhodes—Alack, Sam, I scarcely know. I was to saw some wood in return for a pie, and when I asked the lady was it all right with her if I sawed the pie and ate the wood, all at once she seemed to get sore.

### Comfort Before Art

Lady (to musician with bass horn wrapped around his neck)—How is it that a little man like yourself learned to play such an instrument?

Street Musician—Well, ma'am, on a cold day it's much warmer than a fiddle.—Toronto Globe.

### GOOD TRADE LOST

Mrs. S. is a faithful peruser of "Swap ads." Her stock in trade is a cornet. When one of the ads ended—"or what" she hastened to the phone.

Diplomatically she suggested: "If the party advertising has a young son he might be interested in a cornet."

Promptly the voice at the other end of the wire replied:

"Well, I'm the son, and I don't want my mother to start me taking lessons."—Indianapolis News.

### Ideal Neighbor

Smith entered a big London store and made his way to the gardening department. "I want three lawn mowers," he said.

The assistant stared hard at him. "Three, sir?" he echoed. "You must have a very great estate."

"Nothing of the kind," snapped Smith grimly. "I have two neighbors."—Pearson's Magazine.

### SYMPATHY



"I inherit my features from my father."

"Too bad he didn't make a will and cut you off."

### What a Calamity

Nigh—Do women always have the last word?

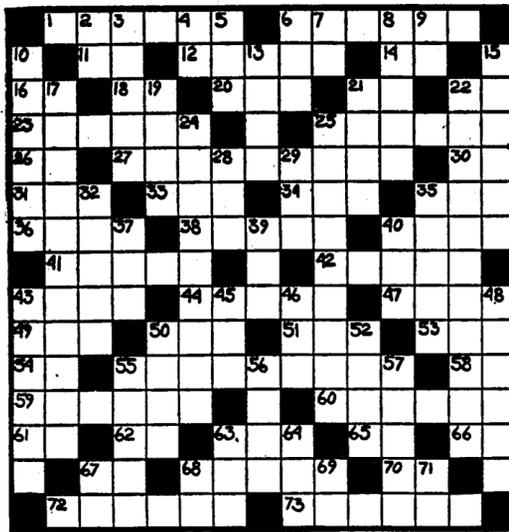
Romh—Certainly not. Sometimes a woman is talking to another woman.—Pathfinder Magazine.

### Late Proposal

"I've come," said the woman politician, "to ask you to support me."

"I'm sorry, miss," replied the man, "but you're too late. I've been married for years."—Toronto Globe.

### CROSSWORD PUZZLE



Copyright.

- 1—Untidy or slovenly
- 2—Lava whose surface is rough and scorificous
- 12—A preparation of herbs or vegetables
- 14—Each (abbr.)
- 16—A preposition
- 19—A southern state
- 20—A hole in the ground
- 21—An academic degree
- 22—Two (Roman numerals)
- 23—Pertaining to old age
- 24—A kind of fruit (plural)
- 26—An exchange compliment (slang)
- 27—An Italian artist of the sixteenth century
- 28—Use loud pedal (music)
- 29—Half-croquet (abbr.)
- 34—Suffix denoting one who professes some "ism"
- 35—The gold monetary unit of Roumania
- 36—An interjection (English)
- 38—A kind of cheese (plural)
- 40—Contexts
- 41—One who goes on horseback
- 42—A hobnob
- 43—A decorative head dress
- 47—Dry and withered
- 49—Appropriate
- 51—One of a tribe of Siouzan Indians
- 53—A large body of water
- 54—A New England state
- 55—Most deceptive
- 59—Initials of a former President
- 59—A sea between Asia Minor and Greece
- 60—To render insensible
- 61—Doctor
- 62—A symbol or emblem of Christ
- 63—A fowl
- 65—Acetyl (symbol)
- 66—A prefix denoting separation
- 67—Samaritan (symbol)
- 68—A drawing room
- 70—A Catholic organization (abbr.)
- 72—A day of the week
- 73—A group of utensils required for serving a certain beverage
- 8—A musical instrument
- 9—An exclamation of surprise
- 10—A royal residence
- 13—A famous Italian watering place
- 15—A circular plate of some heavy material
- 17—One who transmits wireless messages
- 18—To strike the hands together
- 21—Fidelity
- 22—Translated
- 24—To amuse
- 25—Stated incorrectly
- 28—A title of the pope (abbr.)
- 29—Vigor
- 32—A blemish
- 35—Makes cripple
- 36—A southern constellation
- 40—Existed
- 43—Bread crumbs boiled in milk and flavored
- 45—United (abbr.)
- 46—French for king
- 48—Gained by labor
- 50—To catch in a snare
- 52—A biblical name
- 55—Native of a southern state
- 56—A longitudinal timber at the bottom of a boat
- 57—Nails
- 63—Dried and moved grass
- 64—A negative Italian—Is such a manner
- 68—A continent (abbr.)
- 69—A point of the compass
- 71—Civil engineer (abbr.)

Solution



### Tests Show Women Lead Taking Hints, but Men Found Better at Reasoning

If women do not reason as well as do men they are better at taking hints with the result that they may more nearly approach the achievements of men. This is one conclusion drawn from a series of reasoning tests given 384 students at the University of Michigan by the university psychology department, reported in the British Journal of Psychology.

Using students in the beginning psychology course as subjects, they were divided into two groups, one of which received some general hints on what not to do when solving the problems presented. The second group received no suggestions. The hints were given in connection with one of these problems and it was solved by twice as many individuals as the other problem.

Because the suggestions were in general advice against depending on habitual patterns of thought and blind persistence in attempting to solve

problems, and because the tasks were best done when the hints are given, it is concluded from the experiments that the type of reasoner most successful in problem-solving is the one who can suppress or inhibit his habitual line of thought to allow free play of new ideas and thought patterns.

The women students were regularly poorer than the men in problem reasoning, even though all the problems were not of a "mechanical" nature, which might be more favorable to men. Those in the group receiving suggestions, however, raised their solving average markedly, apparently benefiting comparatively more from the hints than did the men in the same group. The men's scores in this group rose decidedly, but the women scored higher.

### Civilization

Civilization is as much a matter of the heart as of the head.



"Henry! Help, help," Babson shrilled to his satellite.

poked you twice for it," he screamed. "Now you've insulted me again and I'm going to clean up on you." Then he leaped. In reality, he bounded like a tennis ball clearing the railing and landing beside Babson's desk.

"Henry! Help, help," Babson shrilled to his satellite. "Call Bill Rooney," he ordered his stenographer. Then he went down under the impact of Joe Brainerd's furious onslaught, whereupon the editor crawled him and hampered him until his fists hurt him, after which he grasped Babson by the throat and bumped his head against the floor. He was like a desperado of the olden days who, having cleaned out a barroom, could not be happy until he had shot out the lights. He had landed heavily twice on Henry Rooney when the latter interfered, and when Deputy Sheriff Bill Rooney came

# Much Admired Windswept Prints

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



fade or run in washing and they iron smooth and perfect just like magic. Another grand thing about crepes of this type is that they are such a joy to work with. The texture is so firm and dependable—never pulls out at the seams and stays "put," which makes it easy for the home-sewing woman to handle.

**IT'S** smart to be windswept. Either and thither the winds of fashion do blow until most everything in the spring and summer mode is being made to express a very poetry of motion.

The amusing part about the breezes which waft through fashionland is that they are so well trained, blowing ever forward during the daytime hours while at night they completely reverse the order of things. Of course, it is all due to the artful manipulation of pleats and flares and various other devices which designers position at the front of the coat or dress or hat to be worn during the day until you look as if the wind were carrying you forward, while smartest evening fashions take on airplane draperies at the back or fan-spreading trains or similar details which make it seem as if mildy were winging her way in the very face of the winds.

Even fabrics themselves are yielding to the touch of fashion's elusive breezes. There are the new "windswept prints" for instance, which are certainly a step forward in this current vogue. These perfectly fascinating prints are developed in flower patternings, but with a distinct difference between the new florals and those of previous seasons. In the modern "windswept" versions flowers are shown bending over on slender stalks as if swayed by gentle breezes.

You'll love these swaggy windswept prints. In the new chulla construction they are as practical as they are good-looking. And do they wear well! There's scarcely any "wear out" to them. Neither will the delicate color

The three adorable dresses pictured are made of the new windswept prints. Those dainty white accents at neckline and sleeves—well now, we ask you, aren't the frothy, filmy neckwear fashions simply thrilling this season? The print to the right is that gloriously colorful a mere word picture cannot do it justice, and when one stops to think that this print will wash like new, what more is there to be desired in the way of a perfect print? The filmy white organdie rolled-edged petal collar and cuffs add the climaxing touch. The self-fabric stitched belt drawn through a gay colored ring is worth noting.

There is a modest beauty about the spring poses with their delicate tendrils so gracefully windswept in the print to the left which will carry special appeal to the woman of discriminating taste. In any of its color combinations this print is charming, but in navy with a strain of lighter blue running throughout, together with dainty white spring poses spotted with fresh light green, it is irresistible.

The ankle-length frock with contrasting fitted jacket admirably solves the problem of what to wear for semi-formal occasions. Worn with its jacket of solid color you have the feeling of being correctly attired most any hour of the day. Remove the jacket and the dress goes just formal enough to tuck in to most any afternoon occasion. It has quaint drop shoulders and cunning wee puff sleeves. The pliant little velvet tie about the throat is reminiscent of the "gay nineties." The windswept print which fashions it carries a very animated patterning.

© by Western Newspaper Union.

## DAYTIME EFFECTS ON EVENING DRESS

A new evening frock which August-bernard makes of her blackish green crepe marocain has a daytime neckline and short sleeves that are gathered into the shoulder seam at the edges. The front of the bodice is draped into a full-length panel, caught under a rhinestone buckle at the right side front of the waistline.

Along fashions the skirt and jacket of this, an evening suit, of black wool, and the latter has revers of sable and sleeves that are unusually wide between the deep-fitted cuffs and the elbows. The skirt is a simple ankle-length mermaid skirt. The blouse of this suit is made of flowered satin, pinks and greens on a black background.

## Grand New Nighties of Satin in Floral Prints

A visit to the shops will disclose lots of new ideas. A few minutes in one shop showed grand new nighties of heavy satin in floral prints, so well done that the result looks like panties.

Then there are tailored pajamas of heavy crepe de chine with three-quarter length coats of similar fabric. These are done in white or pastel shades and are piped in a contrasting color.

## Modern Jewelry Adds to Attractiveness of Costume

A leading sportswear shop shows costume bracelet and belt sets tricky enough to renew any costume. These come in narrow and spacious widths, one set in coral, natural color, others in either silver or gold mesh.

The silver combination is accented with white metal trim. Another clever ornament here is a dog's head clip—to be attached to one's hat, neckline or waist.

## EXQUISITE LACE

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



The summer program heralds a widespread vogue for lace, with special emphasis placed on the gown which is fashioned of the finer sort of lace of delicate cobweb mesh. Molyneux creates this lovely dinner gown of black lace, with its subtle tracery of flowers and leaves on an enchantingly sheer background. The gown gives delightful expression to the new silhouette which calls for crispness and animated lines (the lace is stiffened with horsehair), knee-length tunic, and fullness which interprets a fan-spreading movement, just now so much admired, toward the back.

# The "Empire" State



A New York State Glove Factory.

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

**A** RECENT census report reveals that New York state has 89 cities with a normal population of more than 10,000 each, of which seven stand in the 100,000 class and six in the 50,000 class. New York city has more than half the population of the whole state. Buffalo, the metropolis of Erie county, with its splendid system of parks connected by drives, boulevards and parkways, ranks ninth among the industrial centers of the United States and is one of the ten leading ports of the world, although it lies at the foot of an inland lake.

No one could visit Rochester, with its falls, its beautiful parks, and its busy industries, without agreeing that here is one of America's most livable cities. Rochester makes enough "movie" film every year to belt the earth eight times. Kodak park has to "cook" four tons of silver every week, transforming it into nitrate of silver to make the emulsion for the films and photographic paper Eastman produces. Nearly 7,000,000 pounds of cotton lint are used in the making of film, and there is a saying that on the smooth side film is first cousin to cotton and on the emulsion side cousin-german to sterling silverware.

Cleanliness must be next to godliness when motion-picture film is made. A speck on Greta Garbo's nose or a smudge on Mary Pickford's cheek would ruin a picture. So the smokestacks of Kodak Park are among the highest in America, and 20,000,000 gallons of water a day are pumped out of Lake Ontario. The gelatine on your film is as chemically pure as that in the dessert on your dinner table.

It is an impressive sight to see Bausch and Lomb melting tons of sand, mixed with chemicals according to the most accurate of formulae, and then pouring the great pots of white-hot liquid upon a table and rolling it into the giant pancakes from which come most of the spectacles of America. For forty years the two founders of this concern toiled away before their business began to grow. But now Bausch and Lomb are known the world around and have one of the largest optical works on earth.

Syracuse is a radiant city in a beautiful land. Salt gave Syracuse its start, but today the community takes rank as one of the most versatile in America. Famed for its typewriters, air-cooled automobiles, office furniture, and other nationally used products, Syracuse is also distinctive as the capital of the Six Nations. Here the sachems of the several tribes meet in "The Long House," as they met centuries ago, to consider the problems that have changed so vastly since these powwows began.

A pitiful remnant of a once mighty nation they constitute. Their reservations are islands in the jurisdiction of the State of New York.

Yonkers Comes Fifth. It is doubtful whether one person in ten would guess the fifth city of New York. It is Yonkers. Adrian van der Donck, who once owned its site, was a young Dutch nobleman, or Jonkheer, and it was an easy transition to Yonkers from Jonkheer's land. The city has some of the largest carpet factories, sugar refineries, and elevator plants in America.

Few states have capitals so fortunately located or capitals with such a history. Four of New York's six Presidents have been governors of the state—Van Buren, Cleveland and the two Roosevelts—and have lived in Albany. Another son of New York who won the presidency by vote of the people, but lost it at the hands of the electoral commission, was Governor Samuel J. Tilden.

Utica, a fair city of the Mohawk valley, is a center of the knitgoods industry in America.

Schenectady made a bold bid for position among the cities of the state in the 100,000 or more population class, under the 1930 census, and came only a few thousand short. As the home of the General Electric company, where Steinmetz, Coolidge, and Longmuir have delved so deeply into the mysteries of matter and have made many an apparently unobtainable secret arise to serve the needs of everyday life, Schenectady has become a household word in America.

Binghamton, which is strikingly located astride east branch of the Susquehanna, is making a bid for a place beside Rochester in the manufacture of photographic supplies. The shoe factories of the neighboring town of Endicott turn out footwear known far and wide.

Troy is a mild-mannered city; but for all that, it makes America and much of the world wear its collars. In one factory there one finds a museum

of autographed collars with the signatures of such notables as Theodore Roosevelt, Ramsay MacDonald, the Prince of Wales, Woodrow Wilson, Georges Clemenceau and Admiral Togo. Four-fifths of all of the collars made in America are manufactured in this city at the head of navigation on the Hudson. Troy is also noted for shirts.

Mark Twain's Resting Place. As one of the homes of Mark Twain, Elmira has made the world its debtor. Quarry Farm is a shrine of New York as much as Cooperstown and Irvington. Mark Twain's ashes rest in the local cemetery, but his spirit roams wherever people love humor.

After extensive investigations, the National Glider association selected the Elmira section as the ideal spot for its annual meetings and competitions. With a terrain closely answering to the needs of gliding contests and with air currents meeting the conditions required for powerless aviation, Elmira was a ready choice. A prize recently has been set up for the first racer who will make the full 166 miles from Elmira to New York city in a single glide.

As the home of the American-La France fire engine factory, Elmira has given protection to almost every city in the land and has quickened the pulses of small boys who have watched fire apparatus answering an alarm. Jamestown is a famous center of metal furniture manufacture. A large colony of Scandinavian metal workers has settled there, and the annual output of the furniture factories of the city and surrounding country was valued at \$27,000,000 by a recent census.

Chautauque county, of which Jamestown is the principal city, is at once New York state's major grape-producing area and its most historic meeting place of summer religious and educational assemblies. On the shores of the beautiful lake of the same name, the Chautauque idea was born. It swept to the ends of the nation before its growth was arrested by the modern competition of motion pictures and automobiles.

Poughkeepsie, with her boast as the Queen City of the Hudson and her intercollegiate boat races, and Amsterdam, the second city in the world in the production of rugs and carpets, are important communities.

Home Town of Five-and-Ten. Watertown, where the five-and-ten-cent-store idea was born, when Frank Woolworth persuaded a local merchant to let him set up a five-cent table in the former's department store, is the largest city in northern New York. All Americans hold Newburgh in reverence as the place where Washington repelled the idea of a crown, and for its Hasbrouck house, now a state shrine, where he bade his army farewell.

It is pleasant to wander up to Rome, where old Fort Stanwix stood, for here the American flag received its baptism of fire under circumstances that will be forever heroic in the hearts of the American people.

Either came Colonel Peter Gansevoort to defend the Mohawk valley from the invasion of the British, Tories, and Indians, who were marching to the Hudson for a junction with Burgoyne under St. Leger. Out of a commandeered white shirt, a drafted red petticoat, and an impressed blue blouse, they were able to fashion a flag of accepted design.

Mount Vernon, New Rochelle, and White Plains, triple towns of Westchester; Auburn, Ithaca, and Geneva, a triad of gems that beckon the Finger Lakes; Corning, with its plants specializing in high grade glass; Gloversville, with its hundred glove factories; Oswego, with its dreams of becoming the Great Lakes gateway to the Hudson; Oneida, with its striking organization that has made Community silver famous throughout America; Cortland that overlooks most cities in the state in point of elevation—all of these municipalities bear witness to the versatility of the Empire state and prove that the esthetic and the industrial can march hand in hand.

Nor can one forget Seneca Falls, where bloomers first bloomed, where woman's rights exponents held their first convention, and where enough pumps are made every year to win for it the jocose nickname of Pump-town.

There are literally scores of other live communities like Auburn and Batavia, Canandaigua and Dunkirk, East Aurora and Fulton, Geneva and Hornell, Ithaca and Johnstown, Kingston and Lockport, Malone and Norwich, Olean and Penn Yan, Rye and Salamanca, Tonawanda, Valley Stream, and Whitehall, that are pleasing stars in New York's galaxy of municipalities.

# MOTHER HAPPY! BOYS WONDERED

Mothers who may have wondered just how they "alze up" in the estimation of their little ones will appreciate this pen picture of an incident which has a real significance, apart from its humorous side:

"Whenever I get a glimpse of myself through my children's eyes, it gives me a severe jolt. Am I really the solemn, ancient, unhappy adult that they think I am? Their viewpoint releases the self-same feeling that inevitably overcomes me when I have my picture made, and am looking at the proofs for the first time. The horrible creature photographed never seems to bear the slightest resemblance to me. I'm perfectly certain that I never saw that lifted nose before, that moony face or that saccharine smile. The last one sent even my closest friends into gales of laughter, and they derisively dubbed my likeness as 'Stepping Heavenward.' I was considerably embarrassed, but after all you can tell your friends where to go, whereas you are perfectly helpless before the bald honesty of childish observations.

"The last time I stood face to face with my two small sons' opinion of me, I came back from my work in a hilarious mood. A couple of nitwits drove me home, and when they dumped me at the door I was howling heartily. A particularly effective jibe sent me flying up the steps to escape their razzing, and I slammed the door behind me and stood there snickering.

"David looked up in amazement. Such high spirits, such unseemly conduct in a parent, was more than he could comprehend. His freckled face reflected my laughter as accurately as a mirror and he began to lope round the room shouting at the top of his lungs: 'Bobbie! Come quick! Mother's happy!'

"Bobbie caught his enthusiasm in a second, and the two grabbed my hands and made merry to the detriment of furniture and rugs. 'Mother's happy! Mother's happy!' In the words of a cinema comedian, 'Was I mortified!' What, I asked myself, was so unusual about my gust of laughter? What manner of solemn owl did my own children take me to be? Had I never before laughed in their presence? My heart condemned me when I realized their indictment was just. I come home every evening preoccupied with my own affairs. No doubt I am often guilty of tactlessness. Although I put up with the radio, I make no bones about my boredom at being obliged to eat dinner while it is going. If I so much as open my mouth to ask for the salt, while the program is on, the children shush me. Therefore, any tendency on my part to act human came as a great surprise to my young.

"The moment they saw the customary look of reflection appear in my face, they protested vigorously. 'Oh, mother, please stay happy!' Poor dull, dumb adults, they do not know how to play. They cannot escape the serious business of living by leapfrog, mud battles or other grubby games. 'I never play with them,' I thought, feeling like a hydra-headed monster. And I resolved to take the evening off for pure monkey shines.

"My good resolution, however, had no power to dim my sense of the practical. If play we must, we might as well kill two birds with one stone. The boys hadn't had a good scrubbing at my hands for ages, not since I realized that they were plenty able to take their own baths. Hence I decided that we could take the curse off the scrubbing by singing a fugue together. Since 'Three Blind Mice' is the only fugue I know, I taught them the tune as I tactfully took off their corduroys.

"From eight o'clock on our bathroom was more like a cell in the lunatic asylum than anything else. Bobbie standing in one end of the tub, soap in hand, struggled manfully to carry the tune of the first two bars of 'Three Blind Mice' while I moved on to the second. 'See how they run,' David, languishing idly in the suds found it flatly impossible to start his part with Bobbie and me rattling on to the conclusion. The

laughter was enough to dislodge the plumbing, and I confess I didn't have to assume it when Bobbie made an embarrassing error in the lines, so that you couldn't tell exactly whose tail was cut off with the carving knife. At this point Bobbie thought it fitting and appropriate to add a touch of slapstick, falling down in the suds.

"The only thing about starting something like this with your children is the difficulty of stopping it. Long after the bedtime deadline, I was still shouting 'Three blind mice' in a worn weak voice. Even after the boys were in bed, and I was downstairs at last, hoping to get just a little work done in what remained of the evening, David called down, 'Let's sing it just once more, mother.' With a powerful effort of the will, I raised my voice once more in song. This business of being a happy mother is a hard, heart-breaking, voice-cracking job. I always did hear that humorists had a hard life!—"G. A. C." in the Indianapolis News.

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 Antrim, N. H.

### The Antrim Reporter

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Advertising Rates on Application

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Wednesday, May 2, 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 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.



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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

Do you still need the furnace fire?

Mrs. Fred L. Proctor is visiting relatives in North Orange, Mass., for a short time.

Clarence Elliott and family, from Connecticut, are spending a week with relatives in this place.

For Sale—No. 1 Green Wood, four foot and stove length, \$7 and \$8 per cord. Fred L. Proctor, Antrim. Adv.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Lamson, of Elkins, have been guests the past week of Mr. and Mrs. J. Leon Brownell.

For Sale—An Estey Piano, like new; price is very low for a nice instrument. More particulars at Reporter Office. Adv.

Miss Dorothy Knapp, R.N., of New York City, is at her home here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edw. M. Knapp, for a two weeks' vacation.

Mrs. R. H. Tibbals and Miss S. Faye Benedict have been in Boston this week; the former remains for a longer stay, and the latter returns today.

Rev. R. H. Tibbals is spending two weeks at the New England Baptist hospital, in Boston, where he will have a minor operation and receive treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Faulkner have returned to their home in this village, after having spent the winter months with their son, at his home in Water town, Mass.

Henry Colby, who was a resident of North Bennington in his youth and attended the Antrim schools, died this week at his home in Concord, in which city he has resided many years.

All kinds of typing and secretarial work, at reasonable rate; also available during Summer months. Student at Concord Business College. Gladys Newhall, Bennington, N. H., Telephone 17-2. Adv.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Smith have this week arrived at their Summer home, Alabama Farm. For the winter, they occupied rooms at Westminster Hotel, Boston; and made a trip to South American points of interest.

Mrs. M. E. Nay and daughters, Miss Eckles Nay and Miss Fredrika Nay, were at their home here on Saturday last. Mrs. Nay resides with Miss Eckles, who teaches in Lynn, Mass., and Miss Fredrika is a teacher in the Saugus, Mass., schools.

Howard Humphrey is representing Waverley Lodge, No. 59, and Mrs. Harold Sanborn is representing Hand in Hand Rebekah Lodge, No. 29, at the annual sessions of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows and the Rebekah Assembly, being held in Concord this week.

The announcement of the approaching benefit play for the Senior Class, A. H. S., appears on first page of the Reporter today. The cast of the three act comedy is in the adv., as well as other particulars. Read the announcement of "Three Strikes--You're Out" and plan on buying your reserved seats early.

Schools reopened on Monday morning after a week's vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Vivian S. Fournier are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, April 14.

Miss Pauline Whitney spent a week at her home here, from teaching duties at Hampton, this state.

Owing to Thursday being a holiday, the local branch of the Hillsboro banks were open on the day following.

Not much notice was taken of Fast Day in town this year—almost everyone who had a chance to work was doing so.

Mrs. A. Wallace George and son Ralph, spent a few days the past week at her former home in Dover, with her parents.

Miss Dorothy Pratt, a teacher in the Moultonboro public schools, has been spending a week's vacation at her home here.

Several Odd Fellows and Rebekahs were in Concord the first of the week attending the annual sessions of the Grand Lodge and Rebekah Assembly. Some took in the annual banquet at the Masonic Temple and a goodly number witnessed the degree work in the high school gymnasium.

The poverty party given by a special committee of Hand in Hand Rebekah Lodge, in Odd Fellows' hall on Wednesday evening last, was a success in every way and enjoyed by a goodly number of members. At the next meeting, May 9, a salad supper will be given, Mrs. Nellie Hill, Mrs. Jennie Dearborn and Mrs. Mattie Proctor being the committee. This early notice is given that the membership may know of the coming event and arrange to be present. In the past, suppers of this kind have been fairly well attended; they being so well and tastefully prepared and served, should be even better attended than is the regular custom.

### Topics of the Day

Continued from page one

Automobile accident, in his home town.

The 39th annual meeting of the N. H. Federation of Women's Clubs will be held in the United Baptist church, Pleasant street, Concord, on May 9 and 10. All sessions begin on daylight saving time. An unusually interesting program has been prepared, beginning at 2.30 on Tuesday afternoon, with a meeting of the board of directors and an informal dinner at 6.30, continuing through Thursday evening.

The editor of the Reporter was favored one day last week with a copy of the "Irish Press," printed in Dublin, Ireland, dated April 12, 1934, sent us by Wyman K. Flint, Esq. The special article "red-penciled" to which our attention was drawn was headed "Snow Peril to Antrim Sheep Flocks." We were interested in reading the article, as it told of the Dublin water famine and that snow had fallen to the depth of several inches on the Antrim mountains. The high hills along the coast are covered and shepherds are experiencing much difficulty in saving their sheep and young lambs. As most people here know, our Antrim, which we think so much of, took its name from County Antrim, as well as the town of the same name, above referred to, and our town was settled by Scotch-Irish, referred to often in the early history of Dr. Whitton's and later in the history written by Dr. Cochrane.

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## Weekly News of Interest From a Few Towns Surrounding Antrim

### DEERING

Miss Marie Johnson has been at home from Keene Normal school for a week's vacation.

Mr. Kenney, widower of the late Mrs. Faustina Otis Kenney, has been in town, arranging for the burial of Mrs. Kenney, which took place in the Appleton cemetery on April 29.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Holden entertained over a recent week-end Miss Mary Cusick of Brookline, Mass., and Mrs. Beatrice McKinney, Miss Lillian McKinney and Albert Barnes of Malden, Mass.

On Sunday morning, April 22, in the absence of the pastor, a special service was carried out at the Deering Center church, under the direction of Mrs. A. Ray Petty. Mr. Brockway is having a two weeks' vacation.

Allan Parker, son of Ralph Parker, of East Deering, has arrived in Australia. The 12-year-old boy made the journey alone from New York to Fremantle, Australia, where he was met by his grandparents, with whom he will make his home.

On her return from a trip to the Mediterranean countries, Miss Al-

### FRANCESTOWN

The Campfire Girls recently gave a social and dance at the hall.

Mr. and Mrs. George Millar and daughter, of Springfield, Mass., have been in town.

Miss June Clark, who is attending Keene Normal school, has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Koetter and Miss Mathilda Clement, of Everett, Mass., were at their summer home over a recent week-end.

The Woman's Alliance met on Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Carroll Clark. Miss S. S. Perkins was the guest speaker.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanton Slack, of Keene, and Miss Nellie Nutting, who is attending school in Manchester, spent a week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Nutting.

Medi Holmes found her East Deering house opened, fire burning in the stoves, and a meal awaiting her in the dining room. The pleasant affair was arranged by her East Deering neighbors.

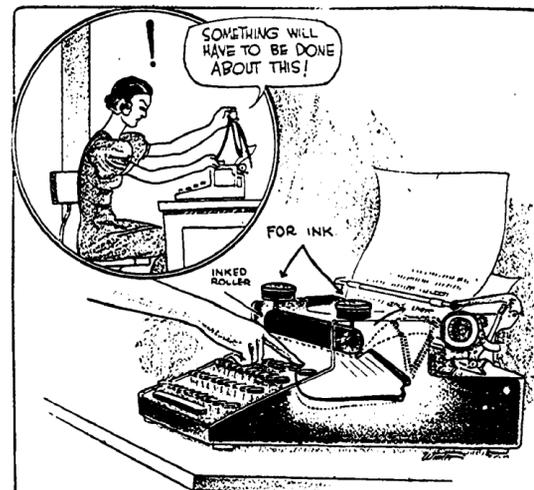
## A List of the Many Government Bureaus Created During Past Year

Very likely some of our readers have kept tabs on the various government bureaus as they have been put out so rapidly during the past year; they have increased wonderfully in the past few months, so that they now number sixty — or did when the list was prepared — maybe there are others by now. Here is the list and their respective code letters; kept at hand for future reference, they may prove valuable, or interesting to say the least:

- AAA Agricultural Adjustment Administration
- CAB Consumers' Advisory Board
- CC Consumers' Council
- CCC Civilian Conservation Corps
- CCC Commodity Credit Corporation
- CSB Central Statistical Board
- CWA Civil Works Administration
- DDC District Directors of Compliance
- DMC District Marketing Corporation
- EC Executive Council
- ECNR Executive Council for National Recovery
- ECPC Executive Commercial Policy Committee
- EHFA Electrical Home and Farm Authority
- FACA Federal Alcohol Control Administration
- FCA Farm Credit Administration
- FCT Farm Coordinator of Transportation
- FDIC Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation
- FEAPW Federal Emergency Administration for Public Works
- FEHC Federal Emergency Housing Corporation
- FLRA Federal Emergency Relief Administration
- FESB Federal Employment Stabilization Board
- FFCA Federal Farm Credit Ass'n
- FHLBB Federal Home Loan Bank Board
- FRA Federal Relief Administrator
- FSHC Federal Subsistence Homesteads Corporation

- FERC Federal Surplus Relief Corporation
- GSC Grain Stabilization Corp'n
- HOLC Home Owners' Loan Corporation
- IAB Industrial Advisory Board
- IERT Interdepartmental Board on Reciprocal Treaties
- ICC Interstate Commerce Commission
- ITPC Interdepartment Trade Policy Committee
- NAB National Advisory Committee
- NCB National Compliance Board
- NEC National Emergency Council
- NIRA National Industrial Recovery Act
- NIRB National Industrial Recovery Board
- NLB National Labor Board
- NPB National Planning Board
- NRA National Recovery Administration
- NRDTA National Retail Drug Trade Authority
- NRTC National Retail Trade Council
- NRTEB National Retail Trade Economic Board
- PAB Petroleum Administrative Board
- PCC Production Credit Corp'n
- PRA Presidential Reemployment Agreements
- PWA Public Works Administration
- PWEHC Public Works Emergency Housing Corp'n
- RDTA Retail Drug Trade Authority
- RFC Reconstruction Finance Corp'n
- RTA Retail Trade Authority
- RTC Retail Trade Council
- SAB Science Advisory Board
- SBPW Special Board of Public Works
- SHB Subsistence Homestead Division
- SRB State Recovery Board
- SRC Surplus Relief Corp'n
- TCTP Temporary Committee on Foreign Trade
- TVA Tennessee Valley authority

## CAN IT BE DONE? : By Ray Gross



### RIBBONLESS TYPEWRITER

AN INVISIBLE INKED ROLLER INSTEAD OF A RIBBON SUPPLIES THE INK TO TYPEWRITER KEYS. THE ROLLER MAY BE READILY RECHARGED WITH INK AND REMOVED WHEN NECESSARY FOR CLEANING.

CAN IT BE DONE?

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

## ADVERTISE

In THE REPORTER

And Get Your Share of the Trade.

**The FIRESIDE PHILOSOPHER**  
By ALFRED BIGGS

Don't take beauty at its face value.  
No man ever realized his full potentialities.  
We often do good to salve our consciences.  
Happiness is a state of mind open to everybody.  
Let tomorrow take care of troubles which may happen.  
It takes a finer character to endure prosperity than adversity.  
We reprove faults in others which are different from our own.

**Bennington.**

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

Early risers saw a white frost on April 30th.

The Benevolent Society meets in the vestry, at 2 o'clock, on Thursday afternoon.

The Missionary Society meets with Mrs. Frank Taylor, this Wednesday afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock.

Don't forget railroad and post-office are on Daylight Saving Time, which means one hour earlier than Standard Time.

Mrs. Nellie Dodge Jennison and a young woman whom we once knew as Miss Colby (but may have changed her name by this time) were visitors at church from Milford last Sunday morning.

This has been a dusty period in the construction work. The roads were in a fair condition for Sunday traffic; but how did we ever stand the old time dust, flying in all directions, as the horses kicked it around.

About 50 people sat down to a May Day breakfast, at the Congregational church vestry, served by the ladies of the church. The menu consisted of fruit, cereal, hot fish cakes, buttered toast, doughnuts and coffee. It was the first time this has been tried and was a success in every way. Mrs. Favor was chairman of the efficient committee in charge.

**Where Ministers Are Sent**

At the conclusion of the annual session of the New Hampshire Methodist Conference, held last week, at Manchester, the appointments were read, and several of the ministers known to many of our readers received the following appointments at the hands of Bishop C. W. Burns and the Cabinet. They will serve these churches for the coming year:

- Antrim—Rev. John P. Brooks
- Hillsboro—Rev. H. A. Cooper
- Henniker—Rev. W. R. Pierce
- Peterboro—Rev. R. E. Thompson
- Keene—Rev. C. M. Tibbetts
- Milford—Rev. William Weston
- Raymond—Rev. M. V. Granger
- Grafton—Rev. William Magwood
- Concord, Baker Memorial—Rev. G. E. Thornton
- Concord, First Church—Rev. Richard Kellogg
- Manchester, First Church—Rev. E. T. Cook
- Manchester, S. Paul's—Rev. Wm. E. Lowther
- Dover—Rev. Leon Morse
- Marlboro—Rev. Herbert Foote
- Winchester—Rev. George T. Carl
- Colebrook—Rev. R. S. Barker
- Claremont—Rev. E. A. Durham
- Amesbury, Mass.—Rev. F. J. Andrews
- Haverhill, Mass.—Grace Church—Rev. H. D. Hawver
- Methuen, Mass.—Rev. J. N. Seaver

The two District Superintendents remain as last year: Rev. LeRoy W. Stringfellow, D.D., Southern District; Rev. Edward F. Miller, D.D., Northern District.

The next year's session of the N. H. Conference will be held with the First Methodist Episcopal Church, in Rochester.

**Adam Zapple**  
HE FIXED IT  
By JACK ROMER



**CHURCH NOTES**

**Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches**

Presbyterian Church  
Rev. William Patterson, Pastor  
Thursday, May 3  
Bible School Workers' Conference. Lunch at 6 p.m., followed by business meeting and conference.  
Sunday, May 6  
Morning Worship at 10.45 o'clock with sermon by the pastor.  
Bible school at 12 noon.

Methodist Episcopal  
Rev. John P. Brooks, Pastor  
Sunday, May 6  
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock. The pastor's sermon topic: Divine Witnesses.  
Sunday School at 12 o'clock.  
Union evening service in this church at 7 o'clock.

Baptist  
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor  
Thursday, May 3  
Prayer Meeting 7.30 p.m.  
Sunday, May 6  
Church school at 9.30 a.m.  
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock.  
Rev. William E. Blake, of Manchester, will preach.  
Crusaders at 4.30 o'clock.

Young People's Meeting, Sunday afternoon at 5.30 o'clock, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Phillips. This will be a Song Service. The monthly offering will be taken at this meeting.

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 Grand Lodge**

And Rebekah Assembly of the Order of Odd Fellows met in annual session this week, in Concord, closing with the meeting of this Wednesday afternoon. Only the highest officers in each branch is here given, owing to lack of time, and a report somewhat in detail will be given in these columns next week:

- Grand Lodge Officers  
Grand Master—Preston J. Carver  
Deputy Grand Master—Lawrence F. Haley
- Grand Warden—Edwin T. Cook  
Grand Secretary—Ernest C. Dudley  
Grand Treasurer—Harry F. Davis
- Rebekah Assembly Officers  
President—Bessie V. Nutting  
Vice President—Bessie Torr  
Warden—Bessie M. Snow  
Secretary—Martha Sargent  
Treasurer—Nettie Smith

**The Antrim Woman's Club**

Will hold its annual luncheon in the vestry of the Presbyterian church on Tuesday, May 8, at 1 p.m. The luncheon will be followed by the annual meeting and election of officers.  
Miriam W. Roberts,  
Publicity Chairman.

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.

**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

**Antrim Locals**

For Sale—50 Red Oak Posts, 6 ft. long, suitable for State road. Craig Farm, Antrim.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie H. Nudd, of West Hopkinton, and Clark A. Craig, of Durham, were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. George P. Craig.

"Three Strikes—You're Out," is a play now rehearsing, under the direction of Mrs. Larrabee, to be given for benefit of Senior Class, A.H.S., at town hall, on Friday evening, May 4. This is said to be a pleasing play, the cast is a good one, and our people will be anxious to witness the performance.

**"Listen to Me!"**

"Listen to Me!" is the musical comedy, in two acts, to be presented at Antrim town hall, on Thursday and Friday evenings, May 17 and 18, under the auspices of the Antrim Baseball Club. The director, Miss Baker, is already here and with the committee in charge, is very busy getting this production in readiness for presentation. Committee in charge: Guy O. Hollis, Austin Paige, Benjamin Butterfield, Rupert Wisell, Howard Humphrey, Lawrence Hilton, Edward Moul, Charles Cutter, Earl Wallace.

**Memorial to War Nurses**

A bronze and marble memorial was recently dedicated in the garden of the new American Red Cross headquarters building in Washington in honor of the 225 American nurses who died in the World war.

**"Sick Sailors"**

The term "sick sailors" is applied to people making emergency parachute jumps from airplanes in the United States. They are also spoken of as belonging to the Caterpillar club.

**Indian "Exchange Rate"**

According to the "rate of exchange" in Canada in 1670, an Indian would trade a beaver for six knives, one quarter of a pound of powder and a fathom of tobacco.

**Roman Relic in London**

Workmen excavating for a building in London found a stone altar used by some family worshipping Roman gods in Britain in the First or Second century A. D.

**Volcano Lures Suicides**

The mysterious lure of the volcano Mt. Mihara, on an island outside Tokyo bay, causes men and women to leap to death in its smoldering abyss.

**Polk Memorial**

Relics have been placed in the little brick house where James K. Polk lived at Columbia, Tenn., before he became President of the United States.

**Fish Scales Useful**

Fish scales, which most people throw away, have a part in industry, many articles and lacquers being made from fish scale essence.

**Ladies-in-Waiting**

The ladies and women of the bed chamber belong to the household of the queen. "Ladies-in-waiting" is the term for both. The former are always peeresses, and the latter generally daughters of peers and earls rank. The principal duty of the ladies is to attend the queen at state functions, while one of the women is in ordinary daily attendance on her majesty. Also there is a maid-of-honor, sometimes the daughter of a peer of minor degree. If not, she is given the style honorable.—Montreal Herald.

**Big Heads, Receding Chins**

The old ideas still exist that a big head indicates great intellect and a receding chin a weak character. Both of these distinctive features have to do with the bony framework of the body and bear no innate relation whatever to mentality or disposition, says a writer in How to Live. It is possible, however, that these notions affect the attitude of parents, friends and associates and react upon a child, causing him sooner or later to adopt the same point of view. The psychology involved tends to operate to the advantage of the big-heads and to build up an inferiority complex in those with the retiring chins. Early mental influences play a great part in the future of every individual.

**TOWN OF WINDSOR**

**Interesting Facts Taken From Annual Town Report**

The town of Windsor joins Antrim on one side and our people know somewhat concerning it, but only a few probably have seen the town report of last year, and therefore missed the information and the statistics it contained. Herewith is given an article that will interest our readers, — those who know Windsor now and have known the town in years past:

Windsor, one of the smallest towns in the state, both in point of territory and population is looking up in the latter respect. Its report for the past year shows 18 poll taxes collected, while not so many years ago, it was difficult to muster half that number. There were also two births and two marriages reported in the town's vital statistics, while only one death was recorded during the year.

The town's income was derived largely from its non-resident tax payers, who own 4,672 acres of land, and whose real estate is valued at \$15,775. Resident property holders own 605 acres, and real estate owned by them is valued at \$11,755. Five horses and eight cows are owned in town. Four dog licenses and 13 automobile permits also add to its revenues. The total tax valuation was \$57,155, from which taxes amounted to \$1,636, the tax rate being \$2.79 per \$100.

A considerable item was the \$33 paid on 135 hedgehogs. There was an appropriation of \$75 for work on blister rust. Emergency Relief expenditure for highway maintenance amounted to \$175, and \$1,102 was expended on state aid construction. Town officers' salaries constituted an item of \$115. The fire department expended \$8.28 and \$3 was spent on cemeteries.

Trust funds amounting to over \$2,800 stand in the town's name, most of the income from which is used for general purposes. The school district spent \$1,049, although there are no schools in town. Nine children are attending school in the neighboring town of Hillsboro, and their tuition and transportation charges are the main items of expense in the school account.

Now that the number of citizens has increased, offices are more generally distributed, and the duplication which prevailed so long is not now necessary. Among them, however, are those who have lived longest in Windsor and understand its affairs best, and who hold its more important positions.

Charles Nelson, a lifelong resident of the town holds the offices of selectman, town clerk, health officer, trustee of trust funds and school board member. Mrs. Nelson is supervisor and member of the school board, while the son of the family, Stanley Nelson, is the collector of taxes. Another family prominent in town affairs is that of Lester Chapman. He too is a member of an old Windsor family. Mr. Chapman is moderator, selectman, trustee of trust funds, police officer and treasurer of the school district. Mrs. Chapman is town treasurer, supervisor, and school board member.

Windsor has no town hall, but the North school is used as such, and, from its location on the improved road which runs through the town, is easily accessible for public gatherings. No school has been kept there for some years.

There was formerly a church in the town but the attractive brick building erected for that purpose is now a private residence. The old cemetery, which was founded several Revolutions ago, and other early settlers.

**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.

**Executor's Notice**

The subscriber gives notice that she has been duly appointed Executrix of the Will of Mary E. Burnham late of Bennington, in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.

All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.  
Dated April 21, 1934.  
GRACE A. BURNHAM

**Antrim Locals**

Mrs. E. E. Smith has been at Alabama Farm a few days of late, getting the family summer home in readiness for occupancy a little later.

Patrolman Hugron and workmen were patching the poor places along the black road the past week, and carting away the sand and dirt on the roadsides.

The Boy Scouts, in charge of Scoutmaster Dahl, went on a hike on Fast Day of several miles; a lunch in the open on a nice Spring day was greatly enjoyed.

The May 4 meeting of the Molly Alken Chapter, D. A. R., will be held with Mrs. Sanford Tarbell, one of its out-of-town members, at her home in Winchester, this state.

Rev. William Patterson, Deacon Hayward Cochrane, Mrs. F. J. Wilson, Mrs. G. W. Nylander and Mrs. A. M. Swett attended the meetings recently of the N. E. Presbytery, at Newburyport, Mass.

A few of the local American Legion boys went to Manchester on Tuesday evening last to be present at a reception tendered the National Commander of the American Legion, Edward A. Hayes.

Raking of lawns, digging dandelions, fishing for trout, and talking about baseball, have been the pastime the past week or so; and many have been getting the gardens ready. Always something doing the spring of the year.

The Antrim Band has received three visits recently from Arthur Nevers, the celebrated band master of Concord, who is giving the members some instruction along musical lines. These visits are sure to benefit the boys and the instruction will be greatly appreciated by them.

**STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE**

Hillsborough, ss.  
Court of Probate

To the heirs at law of the estate of Clarrie K. Brooks, late of Antrim, in said County, deceased, intestate, and to all others interested therein:

Whereas Edson H. Tuttle, 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 held at Peterborough, in said County, on the 25th day of May 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 17th day of April A.D. 1934.  
By order of the Court,  
S. J. DEARBORN,  
Register.

**STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE**

Hillsborough, ss.  
Court of Probate

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

Whereas Ralph G. Smith, administrator d.b.n.w.a. 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 held at Peterborough, in said County, on the 25th day of May next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

Said administrator d.b.n.w.a. 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 17th day of April A.D. 1934.  
By order of the Court,  
S. J. DEARBORN,  
Register.

**ANTRIM POST OFFICE**

**Mail Schedule in Effect April Twenty-nine, 1934**

Going North	
Mails Close	Leave Station
6.29 a.m.	6.44 a.m.
2.28 p.m.	2.43 p.m.
Going South	
8.58 a.m.	9.13 a.m.
3.00 p.m.	3.15 p.m.

Mail connecting with Keene train arriving at Elmwood railroad station at 5.17 p.m., leaves Postoffice at 4.40 p.m., and arrives at about 5.45 p.m.  
Office closes at 6.30 p.m.

**Resolutions of Respect**

On Death of Brother Charles L. Otis, by Waverly Lodge, No. 59, I. O. O. F.

Whereas, our respected brother, Charles L. Otis, of Hancock, has in the fullness of years been called from his earthly home to a higher abiding place; and whereas, Waverly Lodge members will miss the occasional visits of our oldest member; therefore

Resolved, that in our loss of a worthy brother, we are again reminded of the certainty of death; and the importance of living a useful and busy life,—one true to the principles of our Order.

Resolved, that this action of our Lodge be entered upon our Lodge books, that these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family of our deceased brother, and a like copy be published in the Antrim Reporter.

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

**HOTEL BELLEVUE**



BEACON STREET  
BOSTON

Ideal location on Beacon Hill, beside the State House, and overlooking Boston Common and Public Gardens.

**RESTAURANT**

a la carte and table d'hotel  
Club Breakfast  
Lunch  
Dinner

**CAFETERIA**

Pleasant outside location facing Bowdoin and Beacon Streets. Modern and up-to-date. A variety of foods moderately priced.

**EUROPEAN PLAN RATES**

Rooms without bath \$2.00 up  
Rooms with bath \$3.00 up

Special rates for permanent occupancy

**BOSTON**

**EDWARD ELLINGWOOD**

Junk Dealer  
Grain Bags  
Peterboro', N. H.

# DAVY CROCKETT

## Still "GOES AHEAD"

# Fifty Famous Howe About:

By  
ELMO SCOTT WATSON

How War Starts  
A Typical American  
Family Quarrels

© Bell Syndicate—WNU Service

By ED HOWE

The Man Who Knew No Fear

WYATT EARP is one of the few men I personally knew in the West in the early days whom I regarded as absolutely destitute of physical fear. That was the tribute of Bar Masterson, whose wide acquaintance among peace officers, outlaws and gun-fighters made him an authority on the subject of courage as it was exemplified on the frontier.

A native of Illinois, Earp was taken to California by his family as a youth, and at the early age of eighteen became a stage driver from San Bernardino to Los Angeles and then to Salt Lake. Later he worked in a grading camp that was building the Union Pacific across Wyoming, and in the early '70s he was a buffalo hunter in Indian territory and Kansas. That led him to the wild cow towns that were just beginning to spring up in the latter state.

For one brief hour Earp was marshal of Ellsworth, Kan., and in that hour he took his first step to fame by disarming and arresting the notorious bad man, Ben Thompson, a feat of cool courage which has few equals in border history.

Such exploits as these had something to do with his being made assistant city marshal of Dodge City, Kan., in 1876, and so great was his reputation as a dead shot and an officer who had to be obeyed, that during his career in Dodge City he found it necessary to kill only one man to maintain his authority. From Dodge City Earp went to Tombstone, Ariz., where that gold camp was truly "wild and woolly." He became marshal of Tombstone, known facetiously as "Hellorado," with his brothers, Virgil and Morgan, as deputies.

His first test was when he faced a mob of 500 men intent upon lynching a character known as Johnny-Behind-the-Deuce and bluffed them out. Later he disarmed a noted outlaw named Curly Bill and hustled him to jail, there to stand between him and another mob.

But the most famous of all his feats and the most desperate encounter he was ever in was the culmination of the Earp-Clanton feud which ended in the historic "fight at the O. K. Corral." In that the three Earps and "Doc" Holliday faced five men of the Clanton-McLowery faction, and after a battle of blazing six-shooters which lasted less than a minute, three of the Clantons were dead and the other two had fled. Earp died in Los Angeles January 13, 1929, at the age of eighty, one of the last of the old-timers of the West and one of the few famous gunmen who ever "died with their boots off."

### A Forgotten Patriot

MOST Americans are conscious of their debt of gratitude to Lafayette, the Frenchman; Kosciuszko and Pulaski, the Poles; and Von Steuben, the German; but the chances are that not one in a hundred realizes the greater debt to Francisco Vigo, an Italian. Yet, if it had not been for him, the chances are that George Rogers Clark could not have won the Old Northwest for the American flag during the Revolution, nor have held it after he had won it.

Vigo was born in Mondovi, a Piedmontese town, in 1744. In his youth he went to Spain, became a muleteer in the Spanish army, saw service in Cuba, drifted to New Orleans, joined the Spanish militia there and became associated in the fur-trading business with Don Fernando de Leyba, governor of Upper Louisiana with headquarters at St. Louis. This association was responsible for his becoming known as Francis (instead of Francisco) Vigo, a "Spanish merchant" and one of the wealthiest men in the Illinois country with agencies at Kaskaskia, Vincennes and Mackinac, when George Rogers Clark appeared on the scene at Kaskaskia in 1778.

This merchant prince at once allied himself with the patriot cause and proved that he was willing to back his faith in it with his money. For when Clark confessed that he was without funds to pay his men so that he could go on to capture Fort Sackville at Vincennes, the key to British occupation of the West, it was Vigo who advanced the American commander the money. Not only did he do that but he made a journey to Vincennes, prepared its inhabitants for the coming of Clark and brought back to him the information which made possible the capture of the British post.

Greater contributions followed: Vigo pledged his own fortune to sustain American credit in the newly-won wilderness. But his patriotic efforts only brought disaster upon himself. Virginia, which had sent Clark on his expedition, couldn't or wouldn't repay Vigo the money, amounting to more than \$20,000, which he had advanced to Clark.

The claim was passed on to the new federal government and it was successful of such claims. Despite the endorsement of such men as Clark, General Knox and Gen. William Henry Harrison, governor of Indiana, the "Vigo claims" dragged on for a century before they were paid. And then they were paid, not to Vigo, but to his heirs. He had died in Vincennes in 1838, a poverty-stricken, embittered old man of ninety-four, repeating endlessly: "Everybody has forgotten me—everybody!"

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THE lower animals fight on very slight provocation, but I have not seen two men fight in years. I wonder where the war spirit comes from. Surely not from ordinary citizens, who get along reasonably well with each other. Does it come from the professional soldiers we support from generation to generation by means of public taxation? If a man devotes his life to soldiering, of course he must believe in war. He must invent new methods of attack and destruction, and tell how effectively they will work in practice. He writes in the free spaces of the newspapers about his trade, and of his inventions: How he will fly over an enemy country, and destroy cities with a special kind of bomb he has thought up; how he will place germs in a special shell to be fired at the enemy, and cause the women and children, as well as the men, to die of plague. . . . Then the soldiers of other countries make reply by telling what they have thought up in the way of destruction. Finally we hate the Germans because of what their military men are willing to do to us, and the Germans hate us because of the terrible things our military men are willing to do to them. A dispute between nations arises, and as the professional soldiers make a chance to use their new maneuvers and shells, they swagger around and boast, instead of "getting together," as sensible men should. Then some one steps on a cat, and millions who never had a fight in their lives spend years in killing men they do not hate, and have no wish to harm. . . .

A man who wanted a loan was asked: "How do you spend your income?" And he replied: "Oh, about half for the car and the house; another half for food and clothing, and a third for miscellaneous things."

"But that means your outgo is a third more than your income?"

"That's right—that's what I spend."

In quarrels between husband and wife the main trouble usually is that one party to the quarrel is a man, and the other a woman. Partners in business frequently quarrel, and tell hard tales on each other, but the details of marriage are more complicated than selling butter and eggs; its disputes more difficult to get over. . . .

One of the oldest incidents related in history is that the gold of a rich man was melted and poured down his throat. The essence of every party platform is hatred of rich men, and our religion teaches that the heaven we hope to achieve finally will not be polluted by the presence of such offal.

I have never known anyone asked to give his philosophy of life, who did not mention the unequal distribution of wealth as a great wrong. Yet it is unequal distribution of wealth we are indebted to for civilization. It is not wrong for a man to work hard, save his money, and build a house with three chimneys, although a neighbor may be willing to hunt and fish, or play games, and carry off his smoke with one.

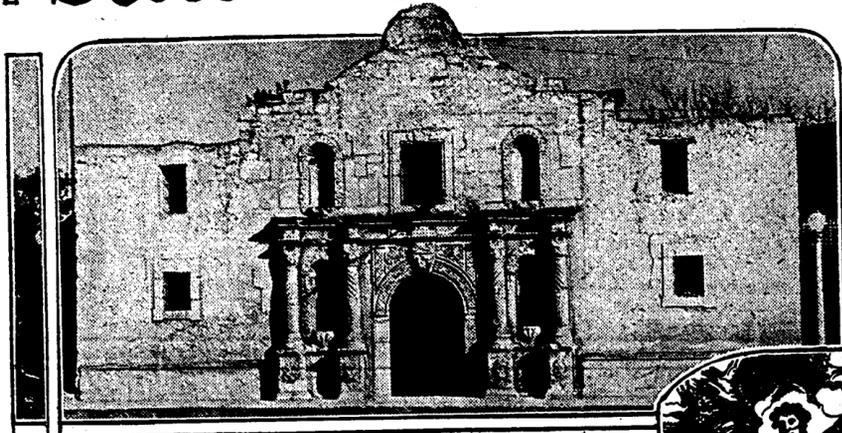
A fair consideration of history seems to indicate that it was hatred of the rich that inspired every enormous destruction of human progress in the past. It was poor and unprogressive barbarians warming themselves at campfires, who looked with hate on beautiful Athens and destroyed art work that has never been equaled and never will be. . . .

One of the old men who frequently annoy me with memoirs once wrote: "The history of the human race has been shame!" . . . What have we just cause to be ashamed of? So far as I am concerned I blush most because of opportunities neglected. I have annoyed and harmed more people than I should have. I could have been more comfortable and prosperous myself had I behaved better to others. I began in a poor rural section, and thus learned slowly, but, in the most modest surroundings, finally learned the great lesson: that men must better support the civilization their ancestors found an improvement on the savagery from which they sprang. . . .

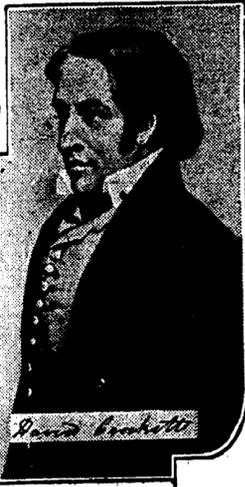
It has been charged against me that I have peculiar notions. One of them is that during times like the present, it is more important to feed the hungry than it is to buy memberships for young men in the Y. M. C. A. I so told a solicitor today. No doubt he went away thinking ill of me. . . . My next caller was a ragged old man with a wooden leg. This solicitor did better with me; he said I provided for his necessities for a week. . . .

The annoying unnaturalness in men is due to their desire to make themselves appear well in the eyes of the gods and the ladies. . . .

What a great number of experiences humans may have! There is the adventure of birth; surely wonderful, if traced back to its beginning. And from then on there are interesting happenings until the final wrestle with death, which should satisfy anyone as an experience. . . . The silliest thing ever said is the most commonly said: that life is dull.



The Alamo



Davy Crockett



Col. Crockett Beat at a Shooting Match



Davy Brings Home a Turkey



Davy in School



"Remember the Alamo!"

Notes on the pictures: Photograph of the Alamo and portrait of Crockett, courtesy Howard C. Smith, San Antonio, Texas. "Davy Brings Home a Turkey" and "Davy in School," drawings by Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr., U. S. M. C., in "The Adventures of Davy Crockett," courtesy Charles Scribner's Sons. "Remember the Alamo!" drawing by James MacDonald in "Davy Crockett," courtesy Harcourt, Brace and Company; "Colonel Crockett Beat at a Shooting Match," an old wood-cut reproduced in Blair and Meigs' "Mike Fink: King of Mississippi Keelboatmen," courtesy Henry Holt and Company.

A FULL century has passed since he, a typical "rough-and-ready" frontiersman, was being lionized in half a dozen eastern cities as the most-talked-of American of his day; it has been 98 years since he died magnificently, in a manner that was a fitting climax to his turbulent career; close upon his moccasined heels as he flashes across the page of history come pressing a whole line of "Wild West" heroes whose renown might easily have eclipsed his; yet, in this year 1934 the name and fame of Davy Crockett still "goes ahead."

Down in Texas they are getting ready to celebrate, two years hence, the centennial of Texan independence from Mexico and during that celebration the dominant figure in memory will be, of course, Sam Houston, the George Washington of the Revolution of 1836 and the first president of the Lone Star republic. But there will also be occasion to "Remember the Alamo!" and to recall again the names of its heroic defenders—Bowling and Bonham and Travis and, most of all, Davy Crockett.

For in the minds of most Americans Davy Crockett is the apotheosis of the Alamo and he is second only to Sam Houston as the most memorable figure in the fight by Texas for freedom from Mexico. Why?

Perhaps the best explanation can be found in the book "Davy Crockett" by Constance Rourke, published recently by Harcourt, Brace and Company. In the foreword to this volume, the author says:

"When a country is young it discovers its heroes, and these are not always leaders in battle. They may only be men who have had the adventures others long for. They may show admired traits, or strange ones. They may talk or laugh in a fashion which others enjoy. Always stories are told about them.

"Davy Crockett knew wild life as few have known it, and he became the most noted hunter of his time. Even when he was an obscure backwoodsman comical tales and high talk could be heard about him, and his own humor had fame among the people of his region. When he emerged from the wilderness and appeared in the East as congressman, he suddenly seemed to the popular imagination all that had been known or guessed about life in the western woods or on the western waters. There was truth in this; even in the most soaring of the many tall tales about Crockett there was truth. "About no single American figure have so many legends clustered. After Crockett's death whole cycles of legendary tales were told about him that form a rich outflowing of the American imagination. . . ."

In those words is a definite clue to the reason why the figure of Davy Crockett is still green in the memory of his fellow-Americans though a hundred years have passed since he stopped living and laughing his way into the hearts of a people. The fact that he "had adventures others long for" is not enough to guarantee his immortality. Daniel Boone had those adventures. He also could "show admired traits." And these, taken together, were enough to make him the outstanding symbol of pioneer life, of the American frontier. But Davy Crockett had something also which Boone had not—that gift of humor which gave him "fame among the people of his region"—a fame that soon spread to other regions as well. He was both a teller of "tall tales" and an actor in them. So the legends began to cluster about his name, for frontier America loved its "whoppers." And, for that matter, because this so-called "modern" America is still so near to the frontier phase of its national life, it still loves them.

Perhaps another reason why this fact-and-fiction hero, Davy Crockett, is still such a vivid figure in our national consciousness is because of two words which we associate with him: "Go ahead!" We Americans love mottoes, slogans, catchwords and all such things. Almost all of our popular heroes have tagged to them some phrase that has become historic. Repeat the words of that phrase and instantly the figure of the man who uttered them rises in the mind of the hearer.

So Davy Crockett, unconsciously perhaps, was guaranteeing his immortality when he adopted as his motto "Be always sure you are right, then go ahead." It was a particularly apt motto for his time. In Crockett's day America, and particularly the American frontiersman, was "going ahead." He had but recently surged over the barrier of the Alleghenies. He was engaged in the conquest of the great interior basin of North America, the Mississippi valley. He was already gaining longingly across the Father of Waters toward the western plains and another huge barrier, the Rockies. Lewis and Clark had proved that that barrier could be scaled, so nothing less than the Pacific ocean was his ultimate goal.

And he was sure of his rightness in doing all this. The mere fact that the original inhabitants of all this country, the Indian, opposed him wasn't enough to change that belief. From that period of our history dates our "Indian policy" of taking the red man's land by any means, fair or foul. For this was the beginning of an era of treaties made only to be broken and of "Indian

Wars" which seem always to have "broken out" just after the white man had discovered another bit of particularly desirable country.

If Davy's motto was an apt one for his times, it seems to be equally so for the America of today, even though we may have lost sight of its true meaning. For a belief, amounting almost to a certainty, in the rightness of our country in all things seems to be an essential part of the American credo. We like to think that we are the greatest nation on earth, that we have "gone ahead" of every other nation. We have translated Davy's "go ahead" into "get ahead" and that we have done—sometimes as ruthlessly as did the frontiersmen of his time. But whether we have interpreted his motto wrongly or rightly, the fact that he gave it to us and that we associate the admonition in it with his name is perhaps another reason why he is so well remembered.

When did Crockett first use this motto? Miss Rourke in her book dates it from shortly after the close of the War of 1812. Crockett, home from service under Jackson against the Creeks, had settled on new land near Shoal creek in western Tennessee. It was wild country with dangerous characters, both red and white, roaming through it. A regiment of militia was organized by the settlers and Crockett was elected colonel. A little later they decided to set up a form of local government and urged Davy to accept the position of magistrate. Says Miss Rourke:

"Finding that he would be obliged not only to write his name but to make out warrants and keep a record of his proceedings, Crockett began to read whatever he could find and to practice the art of handwriting. This was slow work, but he made progress. It was at this time that he began to inscribe a motto at the end of documents. 'Be always sure you're right, then go ahead.'"

Having proved his ability as a local magistrate, Crockett was next prevailed upon to become a candidate for the Tennessee state legislature. He was elected. Next they sent him to congress. And it is in regard to his career there that this new biography brings out a part of the significance of Davy Crockett in American history that other biographers seem to have missed. Commenting on his role as the champion of the settlers as against the speculators, in what was then the West, Miss Rourke says:

"Crockett achieved a homely statesmanship. His bill dealing with this question was carefully thought out and well phrased, and he supported

it with a wealth of ready argument. . . . His bill was defeated, as was an important amendment of his to another measure bearing on the same question. . . . None the less Crockett stands head and shoulders above the average thinker of his time, even above many in high places, because of his grasp of a fundamental principle and his willingness to fight for it. The cause was lost, but it was a great cause."

Thus it may be seen that Davy Crockett was something more than a "coonskin congressman," something more than a picturesque bear-hunter from the wilds of the West who, by some political accident, had a chance to participate in shaping the beginnings of our democracy. But if later Americans have failed to appreciate his significance in that period, his own people apparently were also blind to his true worth. Because he dared oppose Jackson, who was then rising on his high tide of popularity, on both the land question and the Indian question, they denied him re-election in 1831.

But two years later he was again elected and more than before he became an outstanding figure in congress. He was now an out-and-out anti-Jackson man and an increasingly dangerous obstacle to Jackson's plan of handing the Presidency to Martin Van Buren when "Old Hickory" should retire from the White House. In the spring of 1834 Crockett started on his tour of the eastern cities which became a veritable triumphal progress—to Baltimore, to Philadelphia, to New York, up into New England, then through Pennsylvania, Ohio and Kentucky. He made such an impression wherever he went that there was even talk of running him for President.

Then came the anti-climax. At the end of the summer he was a candidate for re-election. But his enemies were busy. The full strength of the Jacksonian partisans in Tennessee was unleashed. Playing upon sectional prejudices, they used his journey to New England against him. In a bitter campaign in which personalities outweighed the real issue at stake Crockett was defeated by a narrow margin.

"Crockett had reached a turning point. In the six or seven years just past his entire course had been changed; he could hardly return to hunting and farming. . . . All his life he had been on the move and he had repeatedly gone from one frontier to another. He made a quick decision. 'I'm going to Texas,' he said."

It was his last journey. The end of it is one of the classics in American heroism. In the epic drama of the Alamo, as elsewhere back along the trail of his life, Davy Crockett held the center of the stage. "In the wild confusion Crockett seems to have been everywhere at once," writes Miss Rourke. "A story was told afterward that as he leveled and fired his famous 'Betsey' he sang invitingly to the Mexicans: 'Won't you come into my bowyer?' This would have been like him; perhaps he was heard singing this song in the earlier days of the siege. But when the final attack began there would have been no time for song, nor could any tune have been heard in the terrific din."

The Mexicans could kill Davy Crockett, the man, but they couldn't kill Davy Crockett, the hero, half man and half myth. "Stories about Crockett are still told in Kentucky and Tennessee and in the Ozark mountains," says Miss Rourke. "Even now people in the Ozarks talk about him as though he were still living just over the next ridge."

The other day a newspaper book reviewer began an article thus: "Twice in two weeks Davy Crockett crashes through, once in his own story, once in this brilliant biography by Constance Rourke." The reference to "his own story" is to the fact that Charles Scribner's Sons had issued "The Adventures of Davy Crockett: Told Mostly by Himself," which includes Davy's Autobiography, first published in 1834, and his "Texas Exploits and Adventures," first published in 1886. In it Davy Crockett speaks from his unmarked grave in the "Thermopylae of America." Out from between the covers of these two books steps the typical American frontiersman. Davy Crockett still "goes ahead."

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SUCH IS LIFE—Pretty Mad!



By Charles Sughroe

Simple Exercise for Adding to One's Height

Abraham Lincoln was 6 feet 4 inches tall; Washington was 6 feet, 2. There can be no doubt that large men, physically, have a great advantage over small men, other things being equal, says a writer in the Washington Star.

We knew a man small physically, but able intellectually, who found his lack of inches a great disadvantage. He went on a shoemaker's bench when thirteen years old, which undoubtedly stunted his physical growth, and so was handicapped all his life. He had a grandson who as a boy was undersized and feared he was to be physically like his grandfather. But that learned man suggested to him that he get into the habit of stretching out to his full length whenever he went to bed. He did that, and almost immediately began to grow taller. In a few years he became stalwart, and is now about 6 feet tall. By "taking thought" he increased his size, beyond a doubt. One of his playmates, who loomed above him before he entered his teens, is now a short man.

We suggest this to all boys who are backward in growth, as a possible way to grow tall, with all its advantages in later life.

Astronomers Will Check Moon Weight

Observatories of World to Take Measurements.

London.—Headed by Dr. H. Spencer Jones, the astronomer royal, eighty-seven observatories throughout the world are now making a co-operative survey to discover the weight of the moon and determine the scale of the entire solar system four times more accurately than at present.

The planet Eros is being used as the key to the solutions.

The International Astronomical union, under the chairmanship of Doctor Jones, is looking after the little planet Eros, which three years ago made its nearest approach to the earth—a distance of some sixteen million miles.

Although Eros is only about twenty miles across, it is the only planet which is bright enough and comes near enough to the earth for its position to be surveyed.

Problem Baffling.

But the "baseline" of this celestial survey is nothing less than the diameter of the earth and when the astronomers have completed their task they will have weighed the moon, a feat which has always been regarded as extremely baffling, and, determined the scale of the entire solar system four times more accurately.

The astronomers commenced their survey in 1925 and hope to complete their job by 1938.

"The first task," Doctor Jones explained in an interview, "was to work out the expected path of Eros across the sky."

"It was then necessary to obtain as

accurately as possible the position of some 900 'background' stars near which Eros would pass in its track first across the northern hemisphere and then south across the southern sky.

"From October, 1930, to May, 1931, the eighty-seven observatories were engaged in taking photographs of Eros. Most of the photographs did not include enough reference stars from which the position of Eros could be measured, so a further series of photographs had to be taken.

"In the meantime," added Doctor Jones, "Doctor Witt, the Berlin astronomer, who first discovered Eros, has just completed a calculation of what its observed path would have looked like from the center of the earth."

Points Out Error.

A number of observatories are now taking advantage of Doctor Witt's work.

"The final answer," Doctor Jones said, "will be, not the distance of Eros from the earth, but the distance of the sun from the earth. The possible error is now about 50,000 miles in 93,000,000 miles. We hope to reduce it to a quarter of this figure.

"All other distances in the solar system will be similarly affected, and we also will know the mass of the moon with greater accuracy.

"The mass of the moon comes into nearly all astronomers' calculations. This is because the earth as well as the moon is always moving round their common center of gravity, which is about 3,000 miles up towards the moon from the center of the earth. In fact, the moon's gravitation is pulling the earth, as well as the earth's the moon."

"PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE"

By LEONARD A. BARRETT



An incident which occurred in the boyhood life of Lincoln is not found in many of his biographies. It runs like this: "I can remember," says Abraham Lincoln, "going to my little bedroom after hearing the neighbors talk with my father and spending no small part of the night trying to make out the exact meaning of their sayings. I was not satisfied until I could repeat it and

put it into language plain enough for any boy I knew to comprehend." This very remarkable practice explains the clearness as well as the convincing, sincerity of Mr. Lincoln's addresses. A boy can understand them and yet they challenge the thought of the wisest of men. One of these speeches is the Gettysburg address. It is a classic and has a permanent place in American literature. Edward Everett, who spoke on the same platform with Mr. Lincoln, at the time the latter gave this address, wrote to Lincoln as follows: "I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near to the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes."

Simplicity of speech is difficult. It

The Household

By Lydia Le Baron Walker



Antique Lamps With Porcelain "Wool" Resear as Chimney Ornaments.

THE balance of geometric and realistic motifs in decoration is in a constant state of adjustment. Sometimes it is so perfect as to be scarcely noticeable unless one is on the alert for it. And again it is weighted in one direction or the other so that a vogue is accentuated. Just now there is an interesting balance being struck between lines as found in plaids and other primal conventional arrangements, and in images of animals, especially domestic animals. There is in the balance as instanced in decoration the decided impression of one being a complement of the other as if too much realism would be bewildering and too much conventionality tiresome.

Old Treasures Reinstated.

As this is an era of straight lines in furniture which is severe decoratively, there is needed the relief which is present in animal figurines, and bird ornaments and especially as produced in ceramics and metal craft. There was a time not so very long ago when these statuettes and figurines, however choice, were relegated to a top shelf in a closet. Today they are brought forth as treasures, either crude and

quiet, or as handsome examples of workmanship, some worthy of museum collections. There are little woolly lambs and dogs principally Staffordshire, since they were once featured in this ware. There are Parian statuettes, few of the real marble, but many of the ware of this name. There are plants and animals of Chelsea and figurines, some of exquisite color painting with much gold introduced. And there are all sorts of wee statuette and figurines of present-day manufacture which have nothing to do with these older and rarer wares, products of factories, some of which are still in existence and some of which have gone out.

Today one may find fascinating dogs in all sorts of wares, from glass of fragile beauty to those of stolid pottery and terra cotta. There are cats of high lineage and ordinary alley cats of amusing styles suggesting the Cheshire Cat of Alice's wonderland. There are elephants of lucky significance and monkeys, sacred in some parts of the globe. In fact, there are whole menageries from which to choose when introducing these units into decoration.

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On Silver Survey



With President Roosevelt's approval, the treasury is sending Prof. James Harvey Rogers, money expert of Yale university, to China for a study of the silver situation.

Nebraska Gives Prizes for Hunters of Crows

Lincoln, Neb.—Nebraska nimrods have been invited to participate in a state-wide crow shoot, sponsored by the Nebraska Isaac Walton league. Predictions have been made that the large, unloved, black plumed birds will fall in great numbers during the contest, which will continue throughout 1934. Awards are to be made to the crow hunters turning in the largest number of "scalps" for the year.

Bottles From Past Found by Workmen

Avincourt, France.—French military workers engaged on construction of the steel and concrete ring of underground defenses came upon a rare find recently while mopping up some old German pill-box fortifications near here. Including personal belongings and accoutrements of the defenders, a score or more bottles of Delbeck champagne were found. It was of the vintage of 1912. It is thought to have been seized back of the French lines by German raiders during the World war.

Spectator Sports Coat



The center front closing in redingote effect and the flat rippled collar, together with the unlined fabric, Dutch blue and white checked tweed, contribute to the smartness of this spectator sports coat.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode

**SPECIALS**

- Supper 35
- Hot Chicken 40
- Roast Beef 25

**AMERICAN LACK OF PROPER NUTRITION.**

THE U.S. PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE HAS FOUND THAT TWENTY PER CENT. OF ALL AMERICANS, 24,000,000 PEOPLE, SUFFER FROM SOME FORM OF MALNUTRITION.

**ART QUARANTINE—GERMANY QUARANTINES ALL NEW ART OBJECTS TO PROTECT AGAINST DISEASE AND MOLD.**

**TEXAS OCEAN—THE OCEAN'S WATER WOULD COVER TEXAS TO A DEPTH OF 1,250 MILES.**

is worth all the effort necessary to attain it.

Misunderstandings are the cause of much of our worry, and particularly of our domestic troubles, which could be avoided if every person would put his thought into language "plain enough for any boy to comprehend."

The use of a wrong word in an important sentence may change its entire meaning. Many an important lawsuit has been settled on the interpretation placed upon a single word. Frankness of expression is the essence of permanent friendship. Our actions which are the reactions of our thoughts many times convey a different meaning than was intended. Avoid this by cultivating clearness of thinking and expression.

One way to cultivate clearness of expression is to do just what Lincoln did—think in terms of the other man's point of view, see the problem as he sees it, try to feel the pulse of the argument as he feels it. In other words, put yourself in the other person's place.

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**The Molly Maguires**

The Molly Maguires were members of an Irish secret society organized in 1843. They dressed in women's clothes, blackened their faces, or otherwise disguised themselves, to prey upon agents employed to enforce the payment of rent. A similar secret society in the mining districts of Pennsylvania was known by the same name about 1877.

Harvard Students as Nursemaids



Many students at Harvard university, finding it difficult to make both ends meet, are accepting house work jobs, to enable them to defray expenses. Caring for babies, cooking, sewing and housecleaning are all in line in the jobs sought by more than 1,100 undergrads. In the above photograph Anthony Small (left) and W. B. Bersenberger, are two of the students working as nursemaids and are shown at one of their duties, keeping baby amused.

WHISPERED Great Complexion Secret!

"To her friend she confessed the secret of her flawless clear white skin. Long ago she learned that no cosmetic would hide blotches, pimples or sallowness. She found the secret of real complexion beauty in **DR. TUMS** Tablets (Nature's Biscuits). They cleaned and cleared the eliminative tract—corrected sluggish bowel action—drove out the poisonous wastes. She felt better, too, full of pep, fighting with vitality. Try this mild, safe, dependable, all-vegetable corrective tonight. See your complexion improve, see headaches, dullness vanish. At all drug stores—only 25c.

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

If Mothers Only Knew

Thousands of Children Suffer from Worms, and Their Mothers do not know what the trouble is.

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

Mrs. E. W. Stephan, 31 Kanberma Road, Dorchester, Mass., wrote:—"My little girl's freedom from children's diseases, colds, constipation, etc., I attribute in a large measure to the use of Dr. True's Elixir."

Dr. True's Elixir Laxative Worm Expeller

A pure herb medicine, not a harsh stimulant; natural relief from constipation. Successfully Used for 8 Years

SKIN IRRITATIONS

Itching of eczema, ringworm, chafing, pimples, minor burns, etc., quickly relieved by soothing

Resinol



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and assure yourself of a pleasant visit. One of New York's most popular hotels. Near all important business, shopping and theatre centers. If you will fill in and mail the coupon below, we shall reserve one of our nicest rooms, with private bath, at \$3 a day, \$4 for 2 persons. This includes the use of the famous swimming pool and the gymnasium.

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Auto Insurance

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Antrim, N. H.

**SELECTMEN'S NOTICE**

The Selectmen will meet at their  
Rooms, in Town Hall block, on Tues-  
day evening of each week, to trans-  
act town business.

Meetings 7 to 8

HUGH M. GRAHAM,

JAMES I. PATTERSON,

ALFRED G. HOLT,

Selectmen of Antrim.

**SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE**

The School Board meets regularly  
in Town Clerk's Room, in Town Hall  
block, on the last Friday Evening in  
each month, at 7:30 o'clock, to trans-  
act School District business and to  
hear all parties.

ARTHUR J. KELLEY,

ROSCOE M. LANE,

MYRTIE K. BROOKS,

Antrim School Board.

**Advertising**

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

Try the REPORTER.

Weekly Letter by George Proctor,  
Deputy Fish and Game Warden

In answer to a bunch of letters  
we will report on the condition of  
that boy who held down a cot in  
the Nashua hospital four weeks. He  
is now home and doing fine. It  
might be of interest to know that  
he got letters from about every  
state in the Union and from people  
that he or the family never heard  
of. That goes to show what a little  
newspaper ink will do for a fel-  
low.

It won't be long now to the time  
that you want to put out that tur-  
tle trap. The snapping turtle is the  
worst enemy of the trout and  
should never be allowed to return  
to the water. Turtles have a value  
and if you live near a city you can  
get from two to four dollars for a  
turtle according to the size of the  
fellow. The State of Connecticut  
caught tons of them last year  
through their warden force and  
gave them out to the needy of that  
state.

Don't forget the big time of the  
Souhegan Valley Rod and Gun club  
the evening of May 9th. Banquet  
room of the Wilton town hall. The  
time is 7:30 p. m. Important busi-  
ness. Surprise entertainment. Out  
of town talent. Come and see!

For the benefit of all the fellows  
that love lake fishing will say that  
the ice is out of Newfound lake at  
Bristol. Went out last Thursday.  
So reports Pat Johnson, and Pat  
knows.

Well, we still have that smile.  
Down from Hill comes a member-  
ship in the New Hampshire Fox,  
Coon and Rabbit Hunters' asso-  
ciation. It's signed by C. W. Focht  
and reads "life membership". These  
little cards are very pleasing to the  
Game Warden.

In the town of Lyndeboro just  
over the Wilton line is the most  
wonderful patch of flowering dog-  
wood in southern New Hampshire  
according to Mr. Putnam of An-  
trim. A little later in the spring  
about apple blossom time this is  
one of the beauty spots of southern  
New Hampshire. Thousands of  
people drive up over this road to see  
this wonderful sight.

The boys at the Peterboro Fly  
Fishing pool were out in force and  
they all got all the trout they  
needed for a good meal. It's a  
fascinating sport and boy, it looks  
easy to cast, but just try it.

This pool on the Currier land  
and near the McDowell property is  
closed to public fishing and is  
well signed. The fine for fishing  
this pool if you are not a member  
of the club is one hundred cold  
plankers and we are here to see  
that it's enforced to the limit. This  
club has been to great expense to  
lease, stock the pond and they hold  
a State breeder's permit which en-  
titles them to the Game Warden's  
attention. Nuf Sed.

Over in Mason is a tract of wild  
rhododendron that in some cases  
is higher than some trees. Our  
friend Putnam calls it a small  
tract. Well, I know better for I  
have been over there and got prop-  
erly lost and it took me two hours  
to find my way back to the car. A  
few years ago a man showed this  
tract to a commercial florist of  
Boston. When the man came out  
he unwound a ball of string so he  
could find it again. The guide  
discovered the trick and made an-  
other trip the next day and he  
fixed that ball of twine so it ran  
in a circle. That Boston man never  
found the tract again. It no  
doubt saved the plant from de-  
struction.

If you are interested in the work  
of the CCC boys you should see the  
special CCC camp edition of the  
Forestry New Digest edited at  
Washington, D. C. by the American  
Tree association. It's a snappy  
little sheet of 16 pages.

Run into my old friend Arthur  
F. Rockwood of Kingston, Mass., at  
the Boston show, who formerly  
raised apples at Temple. He is now  
running a roadside stand and is  
making a name for himself in road-  
side beautification contests. He has  
won every year and has entered  
again in the Herald contest. He  
sends a picture of his place before  
and after. Some contrast.

Did you hear about the hen up  
in Temple that sat on the dozen or  
more hail stones thinking they  
were eggs. Several hours later she  
hatched out a quart and a half of  
water.

A friend of mine sends me a clip-  
ping about a man in Massachusetts  
who at one sitting ate 60 eggs and  
then another man in the same  
town recently ate a whole bunch of  
bananas and was still hungry.

Here is a story of a man round-  
ing up his ducks in the big storm  
and hearing a noise in the rear of  
the boat he turned around to see a  
11-inch pickerel flopping on the  
bottom of the boat. Like a good  
port he returned the fish to the  
water.

Out in Berkeley is a rooster that  
lays eggs. He crows, has a large  
comb and wattles, but no spurs.  
And brings home the egg for  
breakfast. If you can believe that  
you can stand another one.

In the past few days have had  
quite a few complaints about

young fellows hunting crows with  
rifles. The fishermen do not like  
the idea of bullets whizzing over  
their heads. Be careful fellows.

To you horsey fellows. Did you  
ever see the booklet gotten out by  
the New Hampshire Horse Associ-  
ation? It's a snappy little booklet  
and the headquarters of the asso-  
ciation are at Walpole. I met the  
secretary the other day and he is  
a live wire and he hopes that every  
town in the State will have its  
quota of horseback riders this com-  
ing summer. He is Donald Mac-  
Naughtan of Walpole, and can he  
talk horse?

Talk about your rare treats, and  
this is FREE to all. The Garden  
club of Wilton is to have a free  
show at the Wilton town hall the  
afternoon of May 3rd at 3:15. E. D.  
Putnam and his famous lecture  
"Our Native Wild Flowers". All  
the school children will attend in  
a body. Don't forget the date.

Dr. Rice, the secretary of the lo-  
cal garden club hands me a circu-  
lar gotten out by the N. E. Wild  
Flower Preservation society. The  
title of the circular is "Helpful  
Hints in Conserving Wild Flowers".  
I wish that everyone had this little  
circular as it tells what flowers to  
pick and what to save.

If all the Women's clubs and the  
Garden clubs keep up the fight  
against the commercial billboards  
they will be much less next year  
than now. Many of the boards are  
installed on private property and  
cannot be disturbed. Many states  
have enacted laws to rid the high-  
ways of this curse. Let the women  
of New Hampshire boycott every  
article advertised on the billboards  
and see how quick they disap-  
pear (we mean the billboards). We  
know of one man who has changed  
his brand of cigarettes because  
they stuck up a big sign on his  
neighbor's land. Another man has  
changed his gas trade to another  
station. Just tell the dealer you  
object to roadside advertising. It  
works. Try it.

Have a nice letter from Licabel  
Boy of Hillsboro. She tells about  
the Caroline A. Fox Bird Club  
which is 31 years old and doing a  
wonderful work in that town. She  
herself has been studying birds  
for the past 35 years and still at it.  
We enjoy such letters. Thank.

In the May number of Hunter,

Trapper, Trapper, is a fine editorial  
by the editor. It's entitled "Crow  
Control". If you have any doubt  
in your mind that the crow is any  
benefit to the human race, just put  
on your "specs" and read that ar-  
ticle. He hits the nail plumb on  
the head.

In another article the same edi-  
tor tells about the Spring burning  
and what it does to harm the  
nesting birds and small game ani-  
mals, also the damage it does to  
grass lands. This editor knows his  
forest fires.

Have at hand a letter from a  
man in Antrim asking where he  
could buy trout to stock the brook  
on his farm. When a man is good  
sport enough to want to stock a  
brook at his own expense why we  
sure told him on return mail where  
and all about it. That's the kind  
of a man we like to link in with. A  
real sport.

Remember this is the season of  
forest fires. Dropping lighted  
matches, cigarettes or cigars from  
moving motor vehicles is against  
the law. Building a fire near wood-  
land is liable to a heavy fine unless  
you have a permit from the local  
forest fire warden. Let's play the  
game safe.

I wonder how many of the  
thousands of people that smoke  
and drive a car know that it's  
against the law to throw out a  
lighted match or any kind of  
smokes?

The feeling for a State Police  
force is gaining strength every day  
and we predict that by the time of  
the next legislature that a bill and  
a law will become a fact. In many  
ways we think that perhaps the  
general public will expect too much  
of a State-wide police force. But  
to have one will give the rural peo-  
ple more peace of mind and will  
to a great extent curb this petty  
stealing.

We would like to pass a word of  
warning to the people that go out  
and pick the Mayflowers and the  
other Spring flowers. Take along a  
small pair of snippers or shears  
and cut stems. Do not pull them  
up by the roots.

Every so often we have an epi-  
demic of slingshots and air rifles.  
As you know these are on the black  
list and we take them up wherever  
found. To sell an air rifle in this  
State is punishable by a fine of  
fifty dollars.

We see where the Nashua Fish  
and Game club have taken up ar-  
chery and have started the ball  
rolling at their new club grounds.  
After the wonderful exhibition that  
I saw at the Boston Garden last

week by the champion of the world  
when he broke toy balloons at over  
200 feet--well, I do not feel in his  
class.

In my trip around over the tar-  
via, cement, and the rough country  
roads I see many signs that arch-  
ery is coming back strong. Targets  
are seen everywhere which shows  
that people are getting interested  
in this wonderful sport.

Over in Mason along last month  
Charles E. Emerson and his son  
found a silver black fox buried in  
the snow and had apparently been  
shot along in February. Owing to  
the bad roads I was unable to get  
over to investigate the case till this  
week. It looks like a fine pelt and  
just how such an animal got over  
there we know not. Mr. Abbott of  
Abbott hill reported last year as  
seeing a fox that was very dark. No  
doubt this was the one that he  
saw. Two weeks ago Tim Barnard  
picked up a black fox over in Hud-  
son. Too bad some hunter didn't  
get this one when he was prime.

I sure missed out on a wonder-  
ful time one day last week. It was  
the Beaver Fish and Game club of  
Derry. It was a big time that  
night but we had to go elsewhere.  
However "Tim" sat in for me.

Are they catching trout? Well, we  
will say they are. And how, and  
when and mostly where. Sunday  
morning last Stony Brook was lined  
with cars and fishermen. It was a  
cold day and the catches were light  
but everyone had a good time. Even  
the fellow that fell in.

Public opinion has changed a lot  
in regard to the sucker. Time was  
that traps were stuck into every  
brook and the suckers taken out by  
hundreds of pounds. Then  
someone realized that the trout  
spawn in the fall and the suckers  
in the spring. Instead of the suck-  
ers eating the trout eggs the trout  
eat the sucker eggs. Then the  
small suckers make wonderful feed  
for the trout.

Don't lose sight of the fact that  
they are still on he job out there  
in Washington, D. C., in the lobby  
trying hard to deprive the sports-  
man of his guns. The slogan  
seems to be "Take the guns away  
from everyone and we will stop the  
crime wave". The crooks are well  
armed now. Let Mr. Average Citizen  
have his guns and be prepared.

I agree with some of the Senators  
that some of the men are not fit  
to own guns but they are in the  
small minority and really don't  
count.

Anyone seen a very small Boston  
terrier female lost last week? Let  
us know if you find one.

Can You Answer  
These Questions?



Number Four  
of a Series

Does the  
Lessee Lose  
His Rent?

IN THE event of fire  
what value has lease-  
hold insurance for the  
lessee of a building or  
part of a building,  
for which rents are  
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