



The Antrim Reporter



VOLUME LI NO. 26

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1934

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Woman's Club Annual Luncheon and Business Meeting on May 8th

The Antrim Woman's Club

Met for its annual luncheon on Tuesday, May 8, in vestry of the Presbyterian church. The annual business meeting followed the luncheon. The annual reports of officers and standing committees were read and approved. The officers for the coming year were elected, as follows:

President—Mrs. Ethel B. Nichols
Vice President — Mrs. Gertrude Thornton
Recording Secretary — Mrs. Abbie F. Dunlap
Corresponding Secretary — Miss S. Faye Benedict

Treasurer—Mrs. Hazel M. Sanborn
The Club voted to have a lawn party and to continue the monthly parties. It was also voted to sponsor the singing of Christmas carols, as so many shut-ins enjoyed them last year. The Club voted to sponsor a dental clinic. It was decided to hold next year's meetings in Library hall, and

to leave the date of the annual meeting with the board of directors.

The next Club party will be held in Library hall, on Tuesday, May 22. At this time, Mrs. Dunlap, who was the delegate to the Federation meetings, will give her report, instead of waiting until the October meeting.

The Club also voted to have printed a list of the donations made the past year, which is as follows:

School Victrola Records	\$20 49
Children's Aid and Protective Society	10 00
Scholarship Fund	5.00
Ex Service Men	3.00
Franklin Orphan's Home	2.00
N. H. Tuberculosis Association	5.00
Traveling Library	1.00
School Piano	37.00
Daniel Webster Council Boy Scouts	5.00
N. H. Memorial Hospital	5.00
Piney Woods School	2.00

Miriam W. Roberts,
Pub. Chairman.

Musical Comedy to be Produced By the Antrim Base Ball Club

The two-act musical comedy, "Lis-ten To Me," will be presented tomorrow and Friday evenings, at the Town hall, Antrim. The presentation is under the auspices of the Base Ball Club, with Howard Humphrey, Austin Paige, Charles Cutter, Earl Wallace, Eddie Moul, Guy Hollis, Lawrence Hilton and Ben. Butterfield as committee.

The curtain will rise at 8.15 both evenings, with the introductory number by the opening chorus, which will feature Estelle Deacon, Enid Coch-rane, Fred Butler, Roger Hill, Martha Dziengowski, Doris Dunlap, Cecil Ayer, Ernest Ashford, Madeline Sturtevant, Gwendolyn Sudbury, Calvin Patterson, and James Cochrane.

The scene of the play is the Shel-ton Hotel. Byron Butterfield, as "Banks," is manager; Ialeen Cregan is "Billie," the maid, and Rupert Wisell is "Bill," the bellhop. Ben-

Butterfield and Ida Maxfield take the leads as heirs to the hotel. Charles Cutter acts as villain in the play in the role of Frank Weldon. The guests of the hotel are Beatrice Smith, as Mrs. Sylvester; Arlene Whitney, as Miss Stuart; Wendel Ring, as Twiss; and Ralph Rokes, as Corey, the lawyer.

Dancing and singing specialties will be presented throughout the drama. Dance specialties of "Let's Put Out the Lights and Go to Sleep," "I'm Sure of Everything but You," "You're Just About Right For Me," and "Swanee River," will be given by Dorothy Sawyer, Marion McClure, Norine Warren, Gertrude Clark, Evelyn Moul, Eleanor Moul, Catherine McClure, Myrtle Harriman, Mildred Newhall, and Doris Rockwell. Virginia Worthley will also give a dance specialty between the acts.

The performance on Friday evening will be followed by a dance.

Topics of the Day Presented to Reporter Readers in Concise Form

The Reporter regrets to learn of the death of Mrs. John Templeton, wife of the owner and publisher of the Exeter News-Letter, at her home in Exeter, aged 83 years, and offers condolences.

Combined figures of the gasoline road toll revenue for the first three months of this year showed a total of \$48,000 in excess of the figures for the same months in 1933. March receipts were \$150,566.

Strange as it may seem, about all the pictures seen of "Mothers"—calling especial attention to Mother's Day—picture them as advanced in years. Many of the mothers that we know are not gray-haired; the older looking are grandmothers, and sometimes they look quite young—and appear that way also.

Every one of the 30 County Commissioners of the State gathered in Concord for the annual meeting of their association, at which Miss Grace Richardson of Keene, New Hampshire's only woman County Commissioner was re-elected secretary, and Arthur Britton, Concord, retired from the presidency, which he has long held, and John Gadd of Plymouth is the new head of the association.

Mrs. Mary J. Wilkinson, of North Main street, Antrim, and Mrs. Annie Lindsay Putnam, librarian at Hancock, who have won local recognition for their work in genealogical and historical research, have been honored by being in-

cluded in the list of the leading active genealogical researchers in the United States, in The Handbook of American Genealogy recently issued by The Institute of American Genealogy of Chicago.

As evidence how the new way of handling the liquor business is working out in Massachusetts, the Boston Globe of Monday morning of this week stated: "Topsy driving on the increase: State records for April show 68.7 per cent. rise."

It is presumed that some day the gravel that was put upon outside roads last winter will harden down and make a fairly good road. It really seems at the present time to be a question which is better, the old or the new? Soft shoulders are on both sides of the road, and autolists have to use considerable care in turning out or in leaving cars parked by the side of the road. These gravel roads will have to receive much care by the Road Agent to keep them in right condition. While it would be a large expense to oil these roads, this is the only thing now that will make them what they should be. It is probable that many will not agree with this presentation, but the statement is correct nevertheless, and riding over these roads this season is much different than in former years. Very likely at another Town meeting it will be easier to get an appropriation to oil these roads.

At the Main St. Soda Shop

One Cent Sale!

Ends Next Tuesday Night

Over seventy-five items on this sale. See our show windows for full display of goods on this sale. Do not miss this chance to save money on your purchases. Last sale of this kind till next Fall.

At the Main St. Soda Shop

Walter E. Butcher, Proprietor

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At Right Prices
Better get your's Now!

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Poem Expressing the Views of a Jury-man Just Home From Duty

Antrim, May 12, 1934.
Editor of the Reporter:

This little poem is respectfully dedicated to those of my fellow citizens who have rendered service to those who bring their trials and tribulations into Court, and at the same time I would admonish those who can settle their differences out of Court to do so.

I recently read this poem to my fellow sufferers in the jury-room, at Manchester, and they were practically unanimous that my description of a juror's experiences ran true to form:

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
They drew him for a juror,
And thought they had drawn a prize.
They ask him to appear at 10 o'clock,
And then to wait and wait and wait
Of all the jobs I ever struck,
This trims them up to date.
As the days go by each juror's chair
Gets harder all the time,—
It is hard to describe just how they feel
In such a short little rhyme.
When we get drawn we sit up straight
And try to look very wise;
As we listen to the evidence,
And decide who wins the prize.
Of course all the witnesses tell the truth,
And try to get it straight;
But how the truth can vary so,

I haven't solved, at least to date.

The lawyers have been admitted to the Bar,
And are very truthful men;
But they twist the truth occasionally,
Although only now and then.

These lawyers make most eloquent pleas,
Just to try and get our goat;
But we old duffers have cut our eye-teeth,
And don't let them rock the boat.

When the Judge makes his charge,
He talks good common sense;
While the lawyers' hot air fades away
In the light of the law and evidence

After the sheriff locks us up,
Of course we try to agree;
Yet we often emerge from the jury room
Looking as though we had been on a spree.

Some decisions made in the jury room
Should keep the jurors out of heaven;
And make both plaintiff and defendant
Kick themselves from noon until half-past seven.

Yet we try to do justice all the time,
Even though we get more lazy each day;
But we will try and stick it out,
And hope to draw our pay.

Fred A. Dunlap.

OUTLAWS of EDEN

... By Peter B. Kyne ...

SYNOPSIS

At the close of the Mexican war, Bobie Kershaw, with his bride, rode late northwestern California. Here he found an ideal valley for cattle raising. They christened it Eden Valley. Babson 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 remain 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 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. With money advanced by Nate, Lorry clears 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 him, 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. Pitt River Charley, a half-breed, makes an attempt to assassinate Nate.

CHAPTER X—Continued

"Who hired you, Charley?" Tichenor kept repeating patiently, while Tenney's arm rose and fell, with a momentary pause to give the killer time to answer.

"Babson—of the bank."

"And the price?"

"Five hundred—half down."

"You killed Jim Hensley eighteen years ago, didn't you?"

Silence.

"Guilty as hell," Mr. Tenney murmured. "Court's adjourned. Slip the loop of the riata off'n his hands an' around his neck. I'll hit him with that hoss yonder."

"Not for a white man's sins, Rube. He's just fined two hundred and fifty dollars." He turned to Pitt River Charley. "You beat it the best way you know how down to Valley Center and have Doc Donaldson fix you up. Tell him to send the bill to Babson. And when you're well, fork your horse and get out of this country, because if I ever catch you inside the limits of this county I'm going to pull and get busy on you without further warning. Understood?"

The killer nodded humbly, they cast him loose and, sans his rifle, he shambled off down the road.

"What's Babson got ag'in you, Nate?" Rube Tenney demanded.

"Nothing. The poor fool thinks he has."

"You'd better let me down an' tunnel him," the practical Tenney pleaded. "He sure wants killin' an' when they ask for it that-a-way, I'm in favor of accomodatin' 'em."

"Shut up, you loyal, lovable simpleton, and ride that horse of Joseph's back to the Circle K. He's cast a shoe. Set it and send him back to Joseph in the morning. Here comes my car. Good night, Rube, and thanks for your assistance. And remember! This thing never happened."

"There's fools, an' durned fools an' tarnation scdlots, an' imbeciles," Mr. Tenney roared, "and you're all four rolled into one."

Hope was again springing eternal in the Babson breast. He hoped, during the day, to have good news from Eden Valley, and for a Christian man he was faintly amazed at himself as he considered the fortitude with which he awaited the expected tidings.

His pulse was considerably shattered, therefore, when Nate Tichenor strolled into the bank and greeted him cordially. "Nice growing weather, Mr. Babson," he opined, as he took the visitor's chair beside the banker's desk.

Babson was wondering if this cool, well-bred worldling had escaped Pitt River Charley, and, if so, had Pitt River Charley told? How much did this devil, Nate Tichenor, know?

"Pitt River Charley made my aunt a widow, and I've been trying to figure out why you sent him to make me join my ancestors," said Nate. "I think I know the reason. You're afraid of me. You think that with me out of the way you can get the Eden Valley water without fuss and feathers."

"I—I don't know—what you're talking about, Nate."

"Well, listen to me just the same. If you want a fight, you can have it, and I'll be sporty about it, too. I'll not put Pitt River Charley in the witness chair. Word of honor, I'll not fight you on the merits of the case and may the best man win. But don't send another killer after me. Do you know what I'm talking about now?"

"I think I do, Tichenor."

"After a while you'll be sure of it. Remember, whatever you do, short of murder, is O. K. with me. I'm more than nine years old and can take care of myself. Well, good-by. I'll see you at the mass meeting this afternoon."

By the time the bank closed at

twelve o'clock, Babson had recovered his composure. Strange fellow, this Nate Tichenor. So he was going to fight the fight on its merits, eh? Well, if he'd stick to that resolve Babson knew he would defeat him. . . . Said he'd be at the mass meeting, eh?

"Henry," Babson called in dulcet tones, "come here."

Mr. Rookby obediently reported at his master's desk.

"Henry, this fellow Nate Tichenor is going to fight us all over the lot this afternoon if we give him half a chance," he began. "He must not have that chance. I want you to scatter around in the crowd and plant quite a number of hecklers and interrupters. I'll open the meeting and before I get through with Tichenor they'll want to lynch him. Then when he tries to address the crowd I want him cried down, booed off the platform, rough-housed, if necessary."

"Leave it to me," Mr. Rookby assured Babson. "I owe the skunk a poke myself. I know just what to do."

Shortly after luncheon at the Circle K ranch as Lorry Kershaw was about to enter her coupe and drive to Valley Center, Rube Tenney came out of the house with two six-shooters in shoulder holsters under his arms. Lorry saw them as he struggled into his coat.

"Well, who are you out to kill today, Rube?" she queried jocularly.

"Nobody, I hope, but somebody if I have to. You heeled, Miss Lorry?"

"Certainly not. Why should I be?"

"You're goin' down to that mass meetin' in Valley Center, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"So's Nate Tichenor. I listened to some talk while I was in town the other day an' it seems folks got an idea Nate's goin' to try to keep from Forlorn Valley the water they're fixin' to grab out of Eden Valley creek. Somebody's worked up an undercurrent feelin' ag'in Nate. I'm sorter cautious; I like to have a few capable friends in a crowd that ain't friendly to me."

Lorry got out of the car, entered the house, strapped a six-shooter, with a full belt of cartridges, around her waist, slipped on a light coat to conceal her armament and got behind the wheel again. Rube Tenney slipped in beside her, and they rolled away for Valley Center.

A crowd of perhaps five hundred persons occupied the temporary board benches Babson had provided in the plaza and Babson was on a raised platform just opening the meeting when Rube and Lorry arrived.

He was a good speaker, clear and incisive, and had a trick of uttering those catch phrases which aroused the unthinking. Babson proceeded to outline the method of organizing an irrigation district, reminded his listeners that there was but one source of supply, to wit, the waters of Eden Valley creek, down which hundreds of thousands of acre-feet of water went to waste annually, as well they knew. More applause. Babson next proceeded to dilate on his plan for tapping Eden Valley creek in the Handle, leading it to the natural reservoir he had discovered and thence down into Forlorn Valley. Adroitly he painted a picture of future prosperity, of bumper crops, of increased land values, of happy homes and the smiling faces of little children. And then, suddenly, suddenly, suddenly he yelled:

"But this silver cloud we see before us has a dark and dismal lining, my friends. We have in Eden Valley three riparian owners, Nathan Tichenor, the Mountain Valley Power company, of which this same Tichenor is also sole owner, and Miss Lorraine Kershaw, sole heir to the Circle K ranch. They have conspired to deprive us of those waste waters for their own selfish ends. Nate Tichenor informs me that his company plans to erect a power station below his proposed dam and manufacture hydro-electric power. I say, here and now, to Nate Tichenor, that I think he lies. He proposes erecting that dam for the purpose of impounding the flood waters and sell-

ing them to Forlorn Valley at an exorbitant rate.

"I have here a petition to the county board of supervisors, requesting permission to organize the Forlorn Valley Irrigation district. It is necessary that every farmer in the valley whose lands are susceptible to inclusion within the district should sign the petition before this meeting adjourns. This way, my friends. Don't crowd."

Nate Tichenor walked quietly upon the platform, bowed to Babson, and then to the crowd. "I am that Nate Tichenor of whom you have just heard," he began.

"Throw him out!" a voice cried harshly.

A dead cat sailed over the heads of the crowd and struck Nate in the face. Override tomatoes and canteloupes followed in a veritable barrage and, as with one voice, the crowd shouted: "Throw the outlaw out. . . . The dirty killer, throw him out. Does he think we're crazy? Kill him. Lynch him. Tar and feather him!"

"That's right," a voice cried shrilly. It was Henry Rookby's. "We haven't any tar handy, but up the street a block they're spreading crude oil to bind the top dressing of gravel on the highway. Give him a bath in that, spill a feather mattress over him and send him back to Eden Valley."

There was a rush of a dozen men toward Tichenor. They swarmed over him, punching and kicking him; presently, bloody and disheveled, he was on their shoulders and they were running up Valley Center boulevard with him, with the crowd following. At the tail of the crowd Henry Rookby fitted, cheering on the work.

"So you organized this, did you?" Lorry Kershaw's voice spoke in his ear. "Tag! You're out!" And she brought the barrel of her pistol down on his head. He screamed and staggered and with the fury of a vixen she struck him again and felled him to the pavement. Then a huge form thrust into the crowd.

"Gangway, animals," Rube Tenney was roaring, striking out left and right with his guns and clearing a path for himself and Lorry, who, with drawn pistol, guarded her henchman's rear. A man grabbed at her weapon and instantly she fired, the bullet taking effect in the man's leg.

At the sound of the shot the crowd scattered like quail. To left and right they fled, into shops and vacant lots; and up the street Tenney and Lorry saw a dozen men spilling crude oil over Nate Tichenor, while another stood by ripping open a pillow. This one Lorry Kershaw dropped where he stood, while Rube Tenney ran forward and commenced smashing into them. They dropped their victim and closed in on Rube; they got one of his guns and beat him over the head with it; when he fell they kicked him. But not for long. Lorry Kershaw, standing forty feet away, brought her gun up five times; five times she fired—and in the center of Valley boulevard Rube Tenney lay, face down, with five men stretched around him. Behind the girl Henry Rookby and one other man were stretched.

Swiftly the girl reloaded her gun and came down the street, seeking in the crowd on each side for Silas Babson. They knew whom she was seeking, knew that the blood of generations of fighting Kershaws flamed in her veins and that, if she found Babson, she would kill him.

From his office in the little town calaboose Bill Rooney waddled forth, six-shooter in hand. "Put up that gun, Miss Kershaw," he commanded. "You're under arrest."

"So you took pains to hide yourself while this outrage was being consummated, didn't you, Rooney? You knew it was going to happen. The whole thing was planned." She brought her gun up and fired; Rooney's high pinched but few off his head and he scuttled back to the haven of his jail office, leaving Lorry Kershaw to parade down one side of Valley boulevard and up the other, searching for Silas Babson.

Very shortly after the inception of a riot, a doctor and a newspaper man will be found at the fringe of the disturbance. Doctor Donaldson, hearing shouts, screams, and pistol shots, locked his office and, familiar black bag in hand, descended hurriedly into Valley boulevard. Joe Brainerd, swept along with the mob, raced for his office and returned with his camera in time to see Lorry Kershaw shoot Bill Rooney's high sombrero off his head. Not realizing that the girl was doing trick shooting, both Brainerd and Donaldson ran after her—an action which in all probability, saved Silas Babson's life, for Lorry had located him in the plaza and was hurrying to get to closer range before opening fire on him. Joe Brainerd grasped her shooting arm and Doctor Donaldson grasped her left.

"No, no," the little editor soothed. "Nothing like that, Miss Kershaw. It's too expensive—ah, besides, he'll keep."

The girl burst into tears of futile fury and struggled with the two men. "They've killed Nate and Rube, and Babson organized the killing," she wailed. "Let me go, let me go. There's

nothing left in life for me now except to kill that man. I'll avenge Nate! I'll avenge him, I tell you. Hear me? I'll even the score if I hang for it. Let me go! This isn't your party. The Kershaws pay their debts; Babson said Nate and I were outlaws, and I'll make good on that."

"All right—but tomorrow, after you've thought it over and made certain Nate is dead," the doctor objected. "Come now, don't be a little wildcat. You've killed enough men for today."

"I haven't killed anybody. I've just wing-tipped them," Lorry protested sobbingly. "I've run the Kershaw brand on them, so they can't get away and we'll catch them and hang them; but Babson dies today."

The doctor twisted the loaded pistol out of her grasp. "He'll keep, I tell you, Miss Kershaw," he roared, and shook her roughly. "And if Tichenor hasn't been killed, Babson belongs to him."

Her fury passed as suddenly as it had mounted. "You're right, doctor, that scoundrel will keep. No good killing him unless the job's worth while." She looked up at him with brimming eyes. "But if his people have killed Nate Tichenor, they've killed my promised man and if they've killed Rube Tenney they've killed my hired man—and that's a killing matter with the Clan Kershaw. We don't forget," she panted. "We pay our debts. Oh—oh—oh, if Owen were only here—we'd—we'd—run this mob into—the hills!"

"Here's a shoulder to cry on, girl," Joe Brainerd told her. "Doc, on your way. Babson's work is done and yours is just commencing."

In a minute Lorry pulled herself together. "Cry-baby! I hate cry-babies," she ground out rebelliously. "Give me my gun, Mr. Brainerd"—for the doctor had handed the weapon to the editor—"and I'll promise not to kill anybody except in self-defense."

He returned the gun, and the girl started resolutely up the street. At the scene of the oil-and-feather episode, Doctor Donaldson, assisted by his lone colleague in Valley Center, was dragging Rube Tenney clear of the fallen; standing aside, swaying on his feet, naked to the waist, filthy with road oil, disheveled and bloody and swollen of face, Nate Tichenor stood looking on. Swiftly Lorry ran to him; dirty, oily, and gory as he was, she took him in her arms and kissed him—and Joe Brainerd marveled at the calmness of her tone as she asked:

"Are you badly hurt, darling?"

"I think I could do with a week in bed," he muttered thickly. "I'm punched and kicked apart. Side and back hurts—broken ribs, I think." He fingered his nose. "Seems O. K. but the teeth in my left jaw feel loose. Who—who did all the shooting?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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TO BE CONTINUED.

Famous Duel Between Henry Clay and John Randolph Made Them Good Friends

A noted duel took place just over the Chain Bridge, on the Virginia side, between Henry Clay and John Randolph of Roanoke, recalls a writer in the Washington Star.

Henry Clay, an American statesman, was born in Virginia, April 12, 1777. When he was twenty-one he was admitted to the bar, and began practice at Lexington, Va. He was very successful, and was made United States senator in 1806. In 1811 he was elected speaker of the house of representatives.

During John Adam's administration, Henry Clay was secretary of state and performed the duties of that office with great ability. He was candidate for the Presidency several times but was not successful.

John Randolph was also an American statesman and a great politician. He was born in Virginia June 2, 1773. In 1779 he was sent to congress and became noted for his wit, his fluency, and the sharpness of his re-

marks. He seemed to take pleasure in annoying Clay.

The duel between them was the result of a speech John Randolph made in which the word "blackie" was used in connection with the administration. Clay resented it and took it as a personal thrust.

John Randolph insisted upon fighting the duel in Virginia. To this Clay agreed. Randolph chose pistols. The distance was ten paces.

The law in Virginia prohibited dueling, and this was mentioned to Randolph, who replied that as Henry Clay would be the only one to shoot, the statute could have no personal application to himself.

Fortunately no one was hurt, as Randolph fired into the air, as he had said he would.

Clay put a ball through Randolph's coat. He had a very narrow escape, as it grazed his side.

They left the field apparently good friends.



OVERSTUDY

"A man must be a student all his days to hold a position like yours," remarked the admiring constituent.

"That is true," answered Senator Sorghum, "and, like a student, I get so weary of hard lessons that I am going in for more recreation. I am going to organize a movement to include a sports page in the Congressional Record."

Nuisance

"How did you happen to let that man break jail?"

"I wouldn't exactly say he broke jail," answered Cactus Joe. "But he complained of the bill of fare and then he kicked about the wine card till we just naturally got tired of him and threw him out."

Ought to Be Good

"What is your husband working on now?" the inventor's wife was asked.

"He's trying to design a car that will jump over a fast train at the crossing instead of arguing with it about the right of way when the driver thinks he's in too big a hurry to wait," sighed the weary wife.

Your local dealer carries Ferry's Pure Bred Vegetable Seeds. Now only 5 cents a package. Adv.

Plain Dumb, Maybe

"What makes you think he was an amateur in crime?" asked the chief.

"Well," replied the cop, "there was a filling station on one corner, a speak-easy on another and a popular beauty parlor in the block, and yet he goes and robs a dinky gents furnishing store."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Horn O. K.

"Go easy. This hill's not too safe."

"Can't slow down—the brakes are not working."

"You don't mean to say—"

"Oh, don't get panicky, the horns all right."—Toronto Globe.

HAS GOOD CHAUFFEUR

Captain Fried, hero of many ocean rescues, reaches New York but once a month on an average. The other day a friend asked him how he got from the ship to his home in Tuckahoe.

"By machine," he answered.

"How long does it take?"

"Less than an hour."

"You must have a good chauffeur," the friend said.

"Yes," said Fried, "but she won't let me drive!"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Another?

She had just accepted him, and they were blissfully discussing the "might-have-beens."

"Darling," he inquired in the confident tone of one who knows what the answer will be, "why didn't you accept that little donkey, Jones?"

"Because," she answered, dreamily, "I loved another."

DIVIDED TASKS



"Are you going to have a garden this year?"

"No; it isn't my turn to make a garden. I'm going to keep chickens this year and let my neighbors make the garden."

Poor Credentials

Hurja—Say, I was a fool to tell that dentist that you sent me to him.

Sincepaw—Fool—what do you mean?

Hurja—Well, he just made me pay cash in advance.

Good Start

An old-timer, meeting a young fellow at the racetrack, affably inquired: "Joe, how are you fixed?"

"Well, I've got five tips in a six-horse race."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Different Kind

London child (on her first view of a rainbow)—Oo-mummy—what is it, advertising?—London Tatler.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11				12		13		14	
15			16					17	
	18		19				20		
21	22	23		24			25	26	
27			28			29			
	30					31			
32					33	34		35	
36				37		38	39		
				40			41		
42	43		44					45	
46	47		48				49		
50						51			

- Copyright
- Horizontal.
- 1—A country in Europe
 - 4—Shifts
 - 11—Name given to a lion
 - 12—A passageway
 - 15—A measure of area
 - 16—Smiles in a silly affected fashion
 - 17—An exclamation used to startle or frighten
 - 21—Ireland
 - 22—A box or carton of anything
 - 27—Capulas
 - 30—Leaving (plural)
 - 31—A girl's name
 - 32—A spice
 - 33—That girl
 - 34—A kind of rock
 - 35—Abbreviation of a man's title
 - 44—A rustic
 - 45—To cut short, as hair
 - 46—To correct
 - 48—Amalgamated Society of Engineers (abbr.)
 - 51—Drenched
- Vertical.
- 1—Pat down
 - 2—Over (poetic)
 - 4—A sharp-pointed implement
 - 5—A kind of coin (plural)
 - 6—Rested
 - 8—A negative
 - 9—A large container for water
 - 10—Scarfs worn by church functionaries
 - 12—A country in Europe
 - 13—Hot, dry winds that blow in Arabia
 - 14—Spend
 - 15—A man's name
 - 16—Behold!
 - 18—To hold
 - 19—A stupid fellow
 - 20—Filled with crumbs
 - 23—To follow
 - 24—Cried like a dog
 - 25—Counterfeits
 - 26—A large antelope of Africa
 - 40—Beheld
 - 41—Combining form meaning "within"
 - 42—Eggs of fish
 - 43—To employ
 - 47—An academic degree
 - 49—Waltz

Solution

P	O	L	A	N	D	S	H	U	N	T	S
L	E	O	A	I	S	L	E	O	U	T	
A	R	S	I	M	P	E	R	S	B	O	
C	S	L	E	A	P	S	C	L			
E	R	I	N	S	I	T	C	A	S	E	
D	O	M	E	S	N	C	A	P	E	S	
L	O	R	E	S	M	A	R	I	A		
C	L	O	V	E	S	C	D	I	T	T	
R	O	M	E	S	H	E	B	A	S	E	
U	S	S	H	A	L	E	L	L			
M	R	P	E	A	S	A	N	T	U	P	
B	O	B	E	M	E	N	D	A	S	E	
Y	E	A	R	N	S	D	O	U	S	E	

WRIGLEY'S GUM

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

THE PERFECT GUM

SWEETENS THE BREATH

The Standard of Quality

Print With Plain Is Style Formula

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



THAT new style formula which calls for gay print combined with a monotone weave is taking the world of fashion by storm. The idea has so captivated designers they are working their imagination overtime in order to play up dramatically to this challenge to their genius. The three fetching costumes in the illustration tell an eloquent story in regard to this new and thrilling print-and-plain movement.

Let us consider first the perfectly charming model in the center. It requires genuine artistry to produce anything like this. The manner in which the daisy motif of the print is worked to relieve a straight waistline and to unify blouse and skirt is nothing less than a stroke of genius. The lining of the jacket which, by the way, reflects the very fashionable coolie-coat influence is also of the daisy print. White gloves, a navy hat and pocketbook and navy shoes carry a last word style message.

Did you think it a redingote ensemble—the costume to the left in the picture? It does look the part, we will admit, but in reality it is a voguish one-piece dress of navy sheer with a swish of startling print dashing its way down the entire front of the frock. The collar may be worn open to show revers. Of course you have made mental note of the jaunty little white Breton sailor which this fashionable young woman is wearing. The wee feather brings just the right color note to this nobby headpiece.

Surprise number one is that the costume to the left is not a redingote ensemble and now for surprise number two which is to the effect that the costume to the right in the group is

just that—a redingote model. This redingote of unusual styling buttons at one shoulder and down the side under the arm. While it looks as if it might be a one-piece dress it is really an entirely separate item and can be worn as a coat with any frock. A black sheer fabric fashions it and it tops a print crepe gown in yellow and black. Her black Milan straw Breton sailor is definitely chic.

So high does enthusiasm run for this alliance of print and a solid color you will find all sorts of neckwear fancies and accessories to wear with your one-color dresses made of gay Mexican and Roman-stripe or plaid prints. The new bib collars with cuffs to match are animated with cunning pleatings and bright buttons. Plastrons of print silk which cover the entire front of the bodice and are tied about the waist are quite the rage. Try one of these with that navy or black frock which calls for a freshening spring touch. You will be elated to see what one of these neckwear sets of startling print can do to a hitherto somber frock.

Here's another suggestion, why not a bouffantiere with gloves to match of multi-colored or checked print to wear with your spring tailored suit? Perhaps an audacious plaid or stripe scarf tied in a huge bow to wear with your navy or brown swaggar suit is more to your liking. By the way, had you heard about the increasing popularity of brown prints? This movement is worth watching. Many of these smart brown prints are patterned with lovely fresh spring yellows and vivid orange with a dash of pure white.

© by Western Newspaper Union.

STRIPE VELVET

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



Summer velvets are proving a great attraction to the style-conscious woman who is looking for the newest and the smartest materials. It can readily be seen from this picture that summer velvet in two-color stripe makes an exceedingly smart swaggar sports coat. You can visualize this in navy and white or brown and beige or other combinations, for this most desirable velvet comes in various color alliances. The hat is trimmed, in a most effective manner, with a two-color velvet ribbon.

NUN INFLUENCE IN PLAYTIME STYLES

Playtime costumes for modish moderns recalling the habits of cloistered nuns have stepped upon the fashion stage as a novel note in spring fashions.

Though the black dinner costumes were lightened by gayer touches than a nun ever donned, and gold necklaces and earrings brightened the ensemble, the long-sleeved dinner frocks with demure high necks, the halo hats worn by the mannequins, the serenity of their faces and walk, lent a touch of the habit worn by the French "religieuse."

Madame Lanvin showed a long-sleeved, high-necked dinner gown of scarlet red crepe with an instep length black fallie coat and a black halo hat. The mannequin, whose hair was swept serenely back from her face, wore two great gold ball earrings and a belt of golden nail heads. Another striking costume combined a long-sleeved frock of black lace, a long black fallie coat and hat.

Mannish Lines Disappear in Latest Spring Suits

Femininity is the essence of that new spring suit.

Though a trimly tailored effect of simplicity is still the rule, the hard mannish line in vogue for several seasons has been tossed on fashion's scrap heap. Wools are often a little softer, silhouettes look less as though they had been sketched by hard black crayon on white paper, accessories such as golden snail or silver seashell fastenings are decidedly feminine.

Metal-Threaded Organdy

Organdy gowns, woven with metal threads or splashed with shimmering sequins, are designed with full sweeping hems which billow about the wearer's feet.

Howe About: Dainty Desserts in Order

Silerius' Third Wife Minding Your Business American Waste

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

By **ED HOWE**

SO FAR as my reading goes no one has ever more candidly, intelligently or fairly discussed the relations of married couples than Silerius, who lived near the time of the most famous outrage on women recorded in history; that suffered by Sabine women who were carried off by invading soldiers. Some authorities claim Silerius himself was a general in the conquering army concerned, and that a screaming Sabine woman was delivered at his tent as his part of the loot.

As near as can be learned from the vague history of that time this woman, so violently courted, became the third wife of Silerius; and although carried from her own country to a strange one by a conqueror, with no other preliminary than being suddenly seized by rough invaders, she was so capable in looking after her own interests that her abductor later married her; indeed, she became prominent and respected in the inhospitable city in which her husband lived.

In his memoirs Silerius gives the impression that his third wife pleased him more than any of the others, to two of whom he was married with elaborate ceremonies, and after very sentimental courtship. In writing of his experiences with women, Silerius tells in a rather amusing way of the gentle and cunning arts his third wife exercised in bending him to her will, and I get the impression that she loved him more sincerely than any of the wives he acquired in a more conventional way.

What part of your attention do you give to your own business? Say you are merchant, lawyer, doctor, mechanic, farmer. What per cent of your enthusiasm goes to your business, and what per cent to politics, vacations, clubs, automobile, radio, moving pictures, welfare work, social affairs? Many a good business has been wrecked by its head man neglecting it for other things. It is charged that one of the most notable of American commercial enterprises is on the rocks because its head, in receipt of an enormous salary, neglected it for outside activities. The same principle applies to those occupying fifteen, twenty or forty-dollar-a-week jobs. Very few Americans mind their own business.

A doctor connected with the government says that 71 per cent of the hospital cases now being cared for by the government were not cases that in any way could be traced to the great war; that the Veterans' Disability act was the greatest steal ever put over on the American people.

Here is another startling illustration of the waste and dishonesty in American public affairs; in this case, in relieving twenty-nine men honestly entitled to relief, the politicians, relieved seventy-one not entitled to it.

The figures hold in everything else in American public affairs. I have no doubt that for every twenty-nine dollars the government necessarily spends in its operation seventy-one dollars are wantonly and villainously wasted.

The only way for the government to properly balance the budget is to cut off 71 per cent of taxes already levied, and wasted, instead of adding new burdens.

I do not know just when, but some of these days I intend to confess I am as tired of my writing as others are, and no longer hold on to the coat tails of the drunken world in attempts to better it.

And in my final notice I think I shall pay the people who have dismissed me a good many compliments. Millions of them are admirable. My final message to them will be: "Keep the few good things you have accomplished, and try to accomplish a few more. All the comforts and pleasures we have come as a result of men succeeding in doing a little better."

When I know what women expect of men, I am willing to grant it. Just how much attention from men do women decide is proper? I have been in doubt at times. . . . There is in my town a woman who is very strict; she promptly resents the slightest familiarity from men, and frequently talks indignantly of their boldness. One day I learned, from the private talk of the women, that a friend of mine had squeezed her hand, and that she was very mad about it. Later, when I was in her company, the name of the bold wretch came up, and I felt that she would vigorously denounce him. She didn't know I had heard of the affront offered her, but I was certain she would express a very unfavorable opinion, knowing she was very strict. . . . And this was what she said: "He is the most entertaining man I ever met in my life."

I have long wondered that the doctrine called Communism has persisted through so many centuries, although every reasonably intelligent man acknowledges it is foolish and impractical. I think the explanation is we are all natural Communists. Children impose on parents, and everybody else, until broken of it. Some children impose on parents until fourteen, eighteen or twenty-one-two-three-four years old; some continue to believe in Communism long after they have families of their own, and trouble with the police.

Suitable Warm-Weather Confections, With Ice Cream and Other Materials Easily Available Take the Place of Heavier Delicacies.

With the summer almost upon us, the housewife's mind naturally turns to the idea of lighter desserts. Here are some recipes that are both appetizing and healthful, recommended by culinary experts:

Fresh Strawberry Ice Cream.
 1/2 cup sweetened condensed milk
 1/2 cup water
 1 cup strawberries
 1/4 cup confectioners' (4X) sugar
 1 cup whipping cream

Blend sweetened condensed milk and water thoroughly. Add strawberries which have been crushed and sweetened with sugar. (The average strawberries require about 1/4 cup sugar.) Chill. Whip cream to custard-like consistency, and fold into chilled mixture. Pour into freezing pan. Place in freezing unit. After mixture has frozen to a stiff mush (one to two hours) remove from refrigerator and scrape from sides and bottom of pan. Beat two minutes. Smooth out and replace in

freezing unit for one hour, or until frozen for serving. (Two to five hours, total freezing time.) Serves six.

Marshmallow and Coffee Pudding.
 1/2 (9 oz.) package dry condensed mince-meat
 1/4 cup water
 1 cup strong coffee
 20 marshmallows
 1 cup whipping cream

Break the dry condensed mince-meat into pieces. Add cold water and stir until all the lumps are broken up. Bring to a brisk boil and continue boiling for three minutes or until the mixture is practically dry. Pour one cup of coffee over the marshmallows, which have been cut in small pieces, and stir until they are dissolved. Beat the mixture until frothy, using the egg beater. Fold in the prepared mince-meat, which has been cooled, and then fold in the cream, whipped. Pour into sherbet glasses and allow to set until solid. Serve chilled.

Mince-meat Molasses Cookies.
 9 ounce package dry condensed mince-meat
 1/2 cup water
 1/2 cup butter
 1/2 cup brown sugar
 1 egg
 1/2 cup molasses
 3 cups flour
 1/2 teaspoon soda
 1/2 teaspoon salt
 1/2 teaspoon ginger

Boll dry condensed mince-meat and 1/2 cup of water until almost dry. Cream butter and sugar together. Add beaten eggs and molasses. Mix and sift flour, soda, salt and ginger. Add dry ingredients to butter mixture gradually. Fold in cooled mince-meat. Drop by spoonfuls on buttered cookie sheet and bake ten minutes, or until brown in a moderately hot oven (375 degrees F.). This recipe makes 4 1/2 dozen cookies.

Splay Ice Box Cake.
 Nine ounce package dry condensed mince-meat
 1/2 cup cold water
 Six ounces (two packages) cream cheese
 8 large graham crackers

Break the mince-meat into pieces. Add cold water. Place over the heat and stir until all lumps are thoroughly broken up. Bring to a brisk boil. Continue boiling for three minutes or until the mixture is practically dry. Allow to cool. Blend mince-meat and cream cheese with a silver fork. Spread the prepared mixture generously on the graham crackers, making two piles of four crackers each. (Do not put the mixture on the top cracker.) Place in the refrigerator to chill eight hours or over night. Cut in slices to serve. Garnish with whipped cream. This recipe serves six. One-half cup of nut meats may be added if desired.

Chocolate Ice Cream.
 1 1/2 squares unsweetened chocolate
 1 cup sweetened condensed milk
 1 cup water
 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
 1/2 cup whipping cream

Melt chocolate in the top of a double boiler. Add sweetened condensed milk and stir over boiling water for five minutes until mixture thickens. Add water and blend well.

Primitive Coal Mining
 Coal was first dug in the British Isles on the south shore of the Firth of Forth. For centuries there were no means of draining coal pits, and early coal was obtained in hilly districts, where it could be reached by tunneling. In some places shallow "bell pits" were dug. In 1719 the deepest coal mine in the country was only 360 feet deep. Gunpowder was first used to blast coal in that year.

In pits where firedamp accumulated, it was exploded each morning by "a resolute man of purpose," who went down clothed in rags saturated with water and provided with a long pole at the end of which was a lighted candle. There was no form of safety lamp until the year 1815.

ATTRACTIVE FROCK, DESIGNED FOR THE MATRONLY FIGURE

Complete, Diagrammed Sew Chart Included.
 PATTERN 9568



Soft lines, planned carefully to give slenderness of appearance—that is an achievement in the designing of dresses for the heavier woman. And here is the pattern that does the clever trick. It can be made up in one of the fresh new prints, preferably with a small-figured design in it. Or it can be made of plain silk in any of the new spring shades. The jabot finish at the yoke-line is particularly good, covering a full bust and lending interest to the dress in an unobtrusive way.

Pattern 9568 may be ordered only in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards 39 inch fabric.

Send FIFTEEN CENTS in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Be sure to write plainly your NAME, ADDRESS, the STYLE NUMBER and SIZE.

Send your order to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 232 West Eighth St., New York.

Chill thoroughly. Add vanilla. Whip cream to custard-like consistency and fold into chilled mixture. Pour into freezing pan. Place in freezing unit. After mixture has frozen to a stiff mush (one to two hours) remove from refrigerator and scrape from sides and bottom of pan. Beat for two minutes. Smooth out and replace in freezing unit for one hour or until frozen for serving. (Two to five hours, total freezing time.) Serves six.

Ferry's Seeds are sold only in fresh dated packages. When you buy Ferry's Seeds you are sure of the finest quality available. Adv.

Clocks "Speak" German
 The Neue Linie, a German periodical of fashion, contains this remarkable advertisement, writes the Vienna correspondent of the London Sunday Observer: "Every day, every hour we hear our clocks strike: Bim-bam . . . bim-bam. One puts up with it as something unalterable, but consciously or unconsciously a certain resistance has been rising within us for a long time against this foreign, hollow bim-bam. Now at Klenzle's, in the town of Schwenningen, men have found a way to supply the German clock with a German voice. Thus two clockwork striking tunes were called into being for the goings of the new Klenzle clocks. Each half hour the German clock strikes the opening bars of the Horst Wessel song, the Potsdam gong strikes the melody of the chimes of Potsdam Garrison church. Henceforth our clocks will speak to us only in German."

Cuticura Ointment Soothes and Heals

skin irritations quickly and easily. Let it be your first thought in treating itching, burning affections, eczema, pimples and other disfiguring blotches. No household should be without it.

Price 25c and 50c
 Sample free. Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 155, Malden, Mass.



Stop at the Shelton

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.

HOTEL SHELTON

Lexington Avenue & 49th Street
 NEW YORK

HOTEL SHELTON
 New York
 TO THE MANAGER, Please reserve one of your nicest rooms with private bath. Will arrive _____
 Name _____
 Address _____

FOR BETTER GARDENS **FERRY'S** PUREBRED VEGETABLE SEEDS 5¢ NOW

In fresh dated packets at your local store

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

FROM \$2.50 daily **HOTEL EDISON**
 47th ST. West of 5-way NEW YORK
 1000 ROOMS EACH WITH BATH, RADIO AND CIRCULATING HOT WATER

Your Advertising Dollar Buys something more than space and circulation in the columns of this newspaper. It buys space and circulation plus the favorable consideration of our readers for this newspaper and its advertising patrons. Let Us Tell You More About It

Men's Slacks!

Sanforized
White with dark stripes
Two designs
Just the thing for
Summer wear
\$2.00 pair

Moccasins!

Genuine Moccasins
Oil tanned
without sole \$2.75
with sole and orthopedic
arch \$3.25
Men's light weight Caps
All white cotton mesh
Light brown mixture
Cotton duck
At 25 cents each

All White Nu-buck Shoes, Black and White, Brown and White, right up-to-the-minute in style, very good fitting lasts, and economically priced at \$3.75.

BUTTERFIELD'S STORE

Telephone 31-5 - Antrim, N. H.

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Dual - Automatic

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Flat Top

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Arriving Soon At

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Call and See Them!



You won't need to worry about getting spots on your walls when they're coated with Lowe Brothers MELLO-GLOSS. For smudges, stains, even ink spots slip right off of this semi-gloss finish with a solution of mild soap and water or a good cleaning compound.

Before you paint, be sure to let us give you a copy of Lowe Brothers free book on Home Decoration.

Main St. Soda Shop
W. E. Butcher, Prop.

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

District Rebekah Meeting

Mrs. Bessie V. Nutting, of Greenville, president of the Rebekah Assembly, and her board of officers conducted a school of instruction on Tuesday afternoon of this week, at 2 o'clock in I. O. O. F. hall, in Peabody. This meeting was largely attended and proved to be a very profitable gathering.

A supper was served at 5 o'clock in the Town House banquet hall. The menu was an attractive one and attended by a goodly number.

A reception followed the supper, and at 8 o'clock the regular meeting of Peterborough Rebekah Lodge, No. 5, was held in the Town House, with Hope Rebekah Lodge, No. 20, of Hillsboro, conferring the degree.

The Rebekah Lodges of Peterborough, Jaffrey, Hillsboro and Antrim were the hostesses lodges, and these lodges were guests: King's Marshboro, Milford, Marlow, Wilton, Hinsdale, Greenville, Aiscow, Winchester, Troy, Walpole and Hollis. The Assembly and Grand Lodge officers, and past presidents of the Assembly, were also guests.

From Antrim, a number of the Rebekah officers attended the meeting in the afternoon; several attended the banquet; and a goodly number of members attended the meeting in the evening. All report a most pleasant occasion. The conferring of the degree by Hope Rebekah Lodge was of a high order and received the commendation it deserved from the Assembly and Grand Lodge officers.

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.

The Antrim Reporter
Published Every Wednesday Afternoon
Subscription Price, \$2.00 per year
Advertising Rates on Application
H. W. ELDRIDGE, PUBLISHER
H. B. & C. D. ELDRIDGE, ASSISTANTS
Wednesday, May 16, 1934

Entered at the Post-office at Antrim, N. H., as second-class matter.
Long Distance Telephone
Notices of Concerts, Lectures, Entertainments, etc., to which an admission fee is charged, or from which a revenue is derived, must be paid for as advertisements by the line.
Cards of Thanks are inserted at 50c. each.
Resolutions of ordinary length \$1.00.



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression"

Voluntary 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

Mrs. B. G. Butterfield is assisting as clerk in the Derby Stores, Inc.

Plan now to see "Listen To Me," on May 17 and 18, at Antrim town hall.

Miss Clementine Maso, from New York, spent the week-end with Mrs. James A. Elliott.

Mrs. Henry P. Warden has returned to her home, at Antrim Center, for the Summer season.

Miss Rena Poor spent the week-end at her home here, from Boston, where she has employment.

Mrs. D. H. Goodell is treating her home buildings, on Main street, to a fresh coat of white paint.

Kenneth Locke has recovered sufficiently from his recent operation to be able to return to his home in this place.

"Listen To Me," and don't miss Wendell Ring as Elbert Twiss, the Englishman, in the Base Ball Club show.

The families of Leroy Vose and William Wilson, from Watertown, Mass., spent the week-end at their Summer home here.

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

Mrs. R. H. Tibbals, Mrs. Ivan I. Felker and Miss Elizabeth Felker accompanied Miss A. Louise Carlson to Boston on Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stone spent the week-end at their Summer home here, coming from Hyde Park, Mass., where they passed the Winter.

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.

The family and undertaker removed the remains of the late J. A. Elliott from the tomb and interred them in the family lot in the Marlow cemetery, on Saturday last.

Waverley Lodge, No. 59, I. O. O. F., conferred the second degree, on Saturday evening last, on one member of the local lodge and on one member from Crescent Lodge, of Henniker. After the meeting, refreshments were served in the banquet hall. On Saturday evening, May 26, Waverley Lodge will confer the third degree.

Byron Butterfield has become a hotel manager. See how he works—"Listen To Me"—May 17 and 18, at Antrim town hall.

The fifth annual Symphony Concert, by the All New Hampshire High School Orchestra, will be given this week Friday evening, at 8 o'clock, E. S. T., at the Stevens High School, Claremont. Frances Tibbals, Betty Felker and Herman Hill, of the Antrim orchestra, will be among the 250 players, and Walter Smith, trumpet soloist, and his two sons will be the assisting artists. This annual concert is one of the most interesting and enjoyable that is ever given in the State and is well worth considerable trouble to attend. Admission is only 25c.

The first real thunder shower of the season visited this section on Thursday afternoon of last week.

Mrs. Edith Sizemore and little daughter have been spending a week with relatives in Boston and vicinity.

Mrs. Harriet Palmer, aged 95 years, has been ill of late with a hard cold; she resides with her daughter, Mrs. L. G. Robinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sanborn were in Nashua on Wednesday last, to attend the funeral of an uncle of Mr. Sanborn.

Mrs. Annie Smith is spending a few weeks with relatives in Gardner, Mass. She resided in that city at one time a number of years ago.

Mrs. Byron Butterfield and Mrs. Kenneth Roeder recently favored the members of the Frances town Woman's club with vocal solos and duets most acceptably.

Mrs. Alva Shephardson and three children of Barre, Mass., have returned to their home, after visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wallace, for a week.

Miss Mildred Cummings, a missionary to Chinese and Japanese living on the Pacific coast, was the guest recently of Mrs. Emma S. Goodell, and spoke at a Thursday evening meeting at the Baptist church.

Rehearsals are in full swing for the "Listen to Me" production in aid of the local baseball club. This musical comedy promises to be a splendid thing and should draw crowded houses both nights of the show, Thursday and Friday, May 17 and 18.

There was a good attendance at the salad supper, given by Hand in Hand Rebekah lodge, on Wednesday evening last at Odd Fellows banquet hall. At the close of the next meeting, May 23, it will be guest night; each member has the privilege of inviting one guest.

Tomorrow, Thursday, May 17, is the wedding day of Miss Roanna Robinson, daughter of Mrs. L. G. Robinson, and Edmund Dearborn, at the Robinson home on North Main street. The contracting parties are Antrim young people, although they are both employed in Boston.

The Mother's Day stamp, a new issue this year, has been on sale at the local post-office the past week. The stamp is oblong, purple, and of the three-cent denomination. It bears a likeness of the famous "Mother" painted by Whistler; the inscription being: "In memory and honor of the Mothers of America." This stamp was issued in recognition of the twentieth anniversary of Mother's Day.

At the recent meeting of West Hillsborough County Association of Ministers, held in Peterborough, Rev. William Patterson, of Antrim, was elected scribe pro tem. to fill the position in the absence of Rev. R. H. Tibbals. Rev. John W. Logan, of Bennington, presided. It was voted to express sympathy to Rev. Tibbals, whose absence was occasioned by a pending operation at a Boston hospital, and to Rev. George Carl, of Winchester, a recent guest speaker, upon the death of his son.

From a leading State contemporary, the following bit of information is gleaned: Frank Baldwin of Charlestown has passed away aged 71 years; he was born in Antrim, grew to manhood in Acworth and lived most of his life in Charlestown. A daughter, Eleanor, survives him.

Mrs. Porter will be at the home of Miss Anna Duncan every Wednesday afternoon, beginning today, with a good assortment of latest styles in ladies' hats; also corsets and hosiery.

Now is the time to bring in your Lawn Mowers and have them sharpened; old ones made to cut like new. Make a hard job easy! H. E. Wilson, Grove St., Antrim. Adv. 26-4

"OUR BEAUTY SHOPPE"

Telephone 66

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

"When Better Waves are Given, We'll Give Them"

Weekly News of Interest From a Few Towns Surrounding Antrim

GREENFIELD

Mr. and Mrs. Elwin Smith spent a recent week-end in Plainville, Mass.

The Woman's club observed Gentlemen's night Thursday. Supper was served at 7 o'clock.

Miss Florence Thomas recently underwent an operation for appendicitis at Peterboro hospital.

Rev. Richard Carter and Mrs. F. W. Gould were delegates to the Congregational conference held in Dover May 14 to 16.

Miss Bessie Carter, Miss Mabel Greenough, and Lena Davis, all of Andover, Mass., were recent guests with Rev. and Mrs. Richard Carter.

Mrs. Nellie Schofield, who for some time has been assisting in the home of Dr. Stevens, in Frances town, has returned to Greenfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Elwyn Smith have been passing a few days in Plainville, Mass., where they were guests of Mrs. Smith's brother, O. P. Brown.

Rev. and Mrs. Richard Carter are happy in the birth on Monday afternoon of last week at Peterboro hospital, of a son whom they have named Richard, Jr.

School Teachers' Night was observed in the local Grange at their last meeting. An enjoyable program was arranged by Mrs. Watson. Mrs. Burke and Mrs. Schofield.

Dr. Henry Hopkins, of Hartford, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Tiffin, of West Newton, and Miss Ella Hopkins, of Fairhaven, Mass., enjoyed a recent week-end with their mother, Mrs. Mary Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Baten of Ryegate, Vt., were last week Sunday visitors with their daughters, Mrs. Herbert Holt and Miss Christine Batten. Another daughter, Miss Katherine, who came with them, remained with her sisters until Wednesday.

Miss Eunice Patch, State direc-

DEERING

Violet Putnam is employed at Frances town.

Mrs. Ermine Smith is visiting her grandson, Ernest Goodall, in Milford.

Jesse Brown, who has been ill at the home of Frank Loverin, has been taken to the County hospital at Grasmere.

Mrs. Sarah Webb is at her home in East Deering, after passing most of the winter with her son in Arlington, Mass.

Miss Alice Scruton is enjoying a vacation at her home in Rochester, and will return to Deering about the first of June.

Mark McClintock and Warren Fisher of Hillsboro are building an addition to the caretaker's house at the Long house. Dr. and Mrs. D. A. Poling are expected at the Long House the present week.

Funeral services for Agnes Nellie, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dutton, who died after a two days' illness, Saturday morning, were held Sunday afternoon, May 6, from the home of her parents. Rev. F. A. M. Coad, of Smith Memorial church, Hillsboro, officiated, and burial was in the family lot in the Wilkins cemetery.

A large number from here attended the Rural Life Sunday exercises at the Congregational church, Frances town, the congregation from the Deering Center church uniting with the Frances town church in the observance. The morning sermon was by Rev. Walter P. Brockway. Dinner was served. At the afternoon service the new organ was dedicated.

of relief, is confined to her home in Frances town by illness and is compelled to take a leave of absence from this work during recuperation. Her place is being filled by Mrs. Abby L. Wilder of Rindge, as temporary director of relief.

SPECIALS!

Thursday, Friday & Saturday
May 17, 18 & 19

- Sugar 10 lbs. 48 cents
- Pastry Flour 1-8 bag 93 cents
- Confectionery Sugar 9 cents
- Ivory Salt 9 cents
- Dixie Vanilla Cookies lb. 19 cents
- Dixie Chocolate Cookies lb. 19 cents
- Ammonia large bottle 20 cents
- Monarch Strawberries 20 cents
- Monarch Raspberries 20 cents
- Big Boy Vegetable Soup 13 cents
- Big Boy Tomato Soup 13 cents
- Eggs dozen 18 cents and 21 cents
- Potatoes peck 35 cents
- Smoked Shoulder lb. 14 cents
- Old Kentucky Root Beer and Mug 20 cents
- Macaroni 9 cents
- Spaghetti 9 cents
- Big Ben Washing Powder 22 cents
- Toilet Paper 5 rolls 25 cents
- Monarch Peaches large can 18 cents
- Fruit Salad large can 24 cents
- Tooth Picks 5 cents

Antrim Cash Market

J. M. Cutter, Prop.

A DOLLAR'S WORTH

Clip this coupon and mail it with \$1 for a six weeks' trial subscription to THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

Published by THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PUBLISHING SOCIETY, Boston, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

In it you will find the daily good news of the world from its 750 special writers, as well as departments devoted to women's and children's interests, sports, music, finance, education, radio, etc. You will be glad to welcome into your home so fearless an advocate of peace and prohibition. And don't miss Snubs, Our Dog, and the Sundry and the other features.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR, Back Bay Station, Boston, Mass.

Please send me a six weeks' trial subscription. I enclose one dollar (\$1).

(Name, please print)

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(State)

Bennington.

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

Kenneth Bartlett visited his relatives here last of the week.

Howard Chase, who has been at his home here for some time, has gone to Rhode Island for a visit.

The married members of the Grange presented a clever Minstrel Show, at their recent meeting, which is most favorably commented upon.

Eugene Scarbo is sick abed at his home on the Hancock road. Mrs. Riddell, of Wilton, is with her mother, helping to care for him.

Mrs. Marie Vasser attended the Federation of Woman's Clubs Thursday, taking with her Mrs. Martha Weston, Mrs. Lena Seaver, Mrs. Gertrude Ross and Mrs. Daisy Ross. The president of our local Club, Mrs. Logan, was unable to go, as she did not feel quite up to the mark this year.

A very much interested young man is still trying to enthrone the people in the public play-ground. A plan has been drawn, which gives a very good idea of the location, etc., and if the various organizations take it up, it should go through within two years, for the majority are in favor of it already.

The old bridge was taken down on Saturday, so all traffic goes over the new stone bridge. We are still using sandal roads, and the dust nearly equals the sand storm of the past week, which was by the way plainly visible over the south end of the mountain, but generally thought to be smoke from a fire.

Two sudden deaths have occurred in our midst this week, both were from heart failure. Abner Avery, who is well advanced in years, has lived in town for a long time, and was a cutlery worker for a number of years; he died on Monday. Miss Grace Burnham also died on Monday, at her home in the village; she was living alone, her mother having recently passed away. Time is too short to give a more extended notice this week.

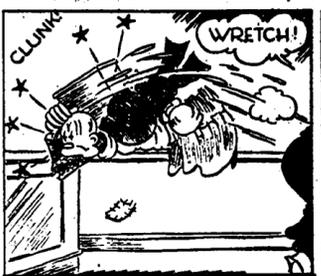
TOWN PLAYGROUND

Following up an item of news in the Reporter of last week, it is found that there really is considerable of a movement on foot looking towards a Town Playground, in Bennington, while the proposition is in its infancy and details have not been worked out, yet enough has been done to make interested ones feel that it is a feasible project and is being well received by all the townspeople who have been approached with reference to the matter. Our town has not had what is desirable along this line, and the very meagre beginning that has been advanced appears to be something that if satisfactorily worked out may prove a good thing for the younger portion of our community, and will likewise be enjoyed by those who are a bit older.

A rough plan of the proposed Town Playground has been drawn and is being shown to interested parties; the location is very near the central part of the village, and if it materializes as is now in the minds of the promoters, it will add greatly to the beauty of the town and the improvement to the property will add much to the surroundings.

Just at this moment the plans have not advanced sufficiently to give much more information to our readers than is here contained, although it is safe to say that progress will be constantly made, and as details are advanced Reporter readers will be given such information. It is a matter that will need much thought in preparation of details; and it would seem that the promoters are interested sufficiently—and the need is obviously apparent—to gain headway to such an extent that soon it will take on workable form, and something tangible may be announced. When this time arrives, it is very evident that the Playground will be the talk of the town.

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



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.

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
 Rev. William Patterson, Pastor
 Wednesday, May 16
 Women's Mission Circle meets at 3 p.m. Public supper at 6.

Thursday, May 17
 Prayer and Praise Service at 7.30 p.m. Topic: The Prince of Promises, Romans 8: 28.
 A meeting of the Session and Board of Trustees will follow this service.

Sunday, May 20
 Morning Worship at 10.45 o'clock, with sermon by the pastor
 Bible school at 12 noon.

Methodist Episcopal
 Rev. John P. Brooks, Pastor

Friday, May 18
 Church Fellowship, starting at 6 p.m. with supper
Sunday, May 20
 Morning Worship at 10.45. Sermon topic: The Atmosphere of Pentecost
 Sunday School at 12 o'clock.

Baptist
 Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor

Wednesday, May 16
 Annual business meeting of church at 7.30 p.m., with election of officers
Thursday, May 17
 Prayer Meeting 7.30 p.m. in charge of Mrs. F. A. Dunlap

Sunday, May 20
 Church school at 9.30 a.m.
 Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock.
 Rev. E. L. Converse will speak
 Young People's meeting at 5.30
 Union service at 7 o'clock

Little Stone Church on the Hill
 Antrim Center

Rev. J. W. Logan, Pastor
 Sunday School at 9 a.m.
 Sunday morning worship at 9.45.

By Silas A. Rowe, Auctioneer, Real Estate and Insurance Agent, Henninger, Concord Office, 2 1/2 North Main Street.

AUCTION SALE

Of Personal Property, in Bennington, N. H.

The subscriber, residing out of town and vacating his dwelling, will sell by public auction, on Hancock St., on **MONDAY, MAY 21, 1934** at one o'clock p.m., E.S.T. This sale will consist of a general list of used Furniture, few Tools, etc., in part as follows:

Small Coal Stove, Two Dining Tables, Radio Table, Small Tables, Morris Chair, Rocking Chairs, other Chairs, Organ, Two Small Talking Machines, Beds, Bureaus, Commodes, Art Square, Crockery, Glassware, Stone Crock, Fruit Jars, Lamps, Oil Cloth, Ice Chest, Ice Tongs, Jack Screws, One Man Saw, Tall Vice, Chains, and so on. Not a large amount to sell, but we shall need your assistance. Please come.

Terms Cash.
 Adv. **GUY KEYSER.**

Antrim Grange, No. 98

On April 26, thirty-three members of Antrim Grange visited John Hancock Grange, and presented an interesting program.

After the business of the evening, a delightful supper was served the visitors, and dancing enjoyed until a late hour.

May 2 was District School. Recitations, readings and a spelling match formed the program; and some of the costumes were very amusing.

May 16 is Mother's Night. It is hoped all Grange mothers will be present to enjoy this program dedicated to their day.

Evelyn Clarke,
 Grange Reporter.

A Continuation

In Mrs. Sawyer's "Washington Trip," in these columns last week, omissions inadvertently were made we are informed, and the following ought to have appeared with the letter:

At Arlington Ridge, overlooking the Potomac, we saw the beautiful white marble creation being erected by the Masons of the United States, as a George Washington National Masonic Memorial.

From Arlington, we drove down through Alexandria, over the old King's Highway, traveled so many times by Washington, to Mount Vernon.

Mount Vernon was impressive! A peaceful dignity seems to permeate everything. So many things are so intimately connected with the family life as it was lived there, that it all seemed hallowed ground. The Coxwood hedges in the gardens are said to have been set out a century and a half ago.

Who Pays the Taxes?

Under the above caption, the Manchester Union of May 10 contained the following editorial which is given herewith for our readers to peruse and digest as best they may:

A statistician has estimated that if you smoke an average of a package of cigarettes a day you pay the government \$22 a year in taxes.

Now this computation is interesting in itself, but its real pertinency derives from the understanding it affords of the whole tax structure. No one is exempt from tax payments; yet too often some such thought as this is heard: "Why bother about taxes and the tax burden? I'm not affected. All I have to pay are poll taxes."

As a matter of fact, property taxes, income taxes, inheritance taxes and other major levies constitute only part of the tax story. If you play cards, you must pay the government for the privilege of opening a new deck. And so on. But let's not say that. Let's continue to be specific.

Last year the Treasury received revenue to pick out a few items at random from club dues, theatre admissions, matches, tires and inner tubes, toilet preparations, articles made of fur, jewelry—watches, clocks, opera and field glasses, etc.—radio sets, phonograph records, etc., mechanical refrigerators, sporting goods, cameras and lenses, firearms, shells and cartridges, candy and chewing gum, telephone, telegraph, radio and cable facilities, leased wires, etc., and checks, drafts or orders for the payment of money. To this internal revenue list, which is by no means complete, is to be added the 1934 processing tax on farm products.

Back in 1920, Sidney Smith wrote of the schoolboy who whipped his taxed top, of the youth who managed his taxed horse with a taxed bridle on a taxed road, and of the dying Englishman pouring medicine which had paid 7 per cent into a spoon that had paid 15 per cent. His was a vivid pen, just the kind that is needed today to tell folk in general that nuisance taxes are well named and that exemptions are like hen's teeth—scarce.

And yet you'll continue to hear: "The tax burden has nothing to do with me."

"Burning the Clavie" Is Sacrifice to "Fire God"

"Burning the Clavie," a sacrifice to the "god of fire," which, according to tradition, dates back to the sacrificial fires which Druid priests offered in their stone circles over 2,000 years ago, was observed some time ago by the fishermen of Burghhead. The clavie is an Archangel tar barrel affixed to a salmon fisherman's pole by a specially prepared nail, and was driven home, in the days of the Druids, by a stone. This ceremony is almost the last public survival of many superstitious practices which formerly ruled the lives of the fishing folk around the Scottish north-east coast. The rites are supposed to put to flight for the ensuing year all the evil spirits which haunt the mastsheads and rigging of fishing vessels, and while little faith is attached to the powers of the modern ceremony, it is no less fascinating than formerly, when great solemnity marked the occasion. It is interesting to record that a member of the same family held the position of "clavie skipper" for nearly a century. The charred fragments are looked upon as lucky tokens, and many pieces find their way to the uttermost parts of the world.—Montreal Herald.

Some Cheese in History That May Be Recalled

Lucullus, whose feasts were the talk of Rome, topped off his parties with goat's milk cheese. Napoleon leaned from his saddle to kiss the peasant girl who first introduced him to Camembert. Edward the Seventh found Roquefort an ideal aftermath to mushrooms and pancakes de luxe.

Doctor Johnson, whose life Boswell celebrated, had his companions drink a toast to the gorgeous cheese set on the dining table. Melted cheese, mixed with sugar and spice, spread on toast, whetted the appetite of Louis XVI in the dining room of the Grand Trianon. Marie Antoinette played at creating Neufchatel cheese, known as Saint Gervais in her day, on her Versailles farm.

Liederkrantz, a cross between Camembert and Limberger, was named by its inventor, an American, after a singing society to which he belonged.—Cheese Reporter.

Chinese History

The Chinese tradition carries the story of civilization in eastern Asia back to the year 2832 B. C., with a legendary ruler, Fuhsi, who is said to have been the organizer of society in the time when the people lived by hunting and fishing. Later emperors appear as ideal rulers who taught their people the arts of agriculture and the simpler processes of manufacture and gave them precepts of conduct and government. The Chou dynasty ruled from 1122 B. C. to 256 B. C., and was followed by the Chin dynasty, from which China takes its name. The inventive faculty of the Chinese is well known; they were the first to use gunpowder, paper, silk, movable blocks for printing, porcelain, the magnetic needle, etc.—Detroit News.

Agriculture in the Orient

Agriculture in the Orient is totally different from that of this continent or Europe. The population is so great that every inch of space has to be utilized to the limit. The latitude of Shanghai is that of a sub-tropical climate but the immediate proximity of the sea softens the extremes of temperature. Winter is cold and dry for the country is wide open always to the north and is in no way sheltered from the icy winds that come down from Siberia. In summer there are warm and moist winds coming from the East Indian archipelago which winds are known in the China Seas as typhoons. Rainfall is unevenly distributed throughout the year.

World's Fiercest Dog

The Tibetan mastiff is considered the world's fiercest dog, exceeding in savagery the half-wolf huskies of the Arctic. In its native country it is never left off the leash from puppyhood and this may account for its ferociousness. It is surly, suspicious and of rare strength, and is used solely in Tibet as a watch dog, having been bred for centuries with this one idea in mind. The dogs resemble our Newfoundland in some respects and possess a heavy coat of black and tan or black and red.

The Prime Minister

After taking the oath, every member is required to sign the Roll of Parliament. The papers comprising this roll are kept permanently in the two boxes on the table. By tradition, the prime minister always occupies the seat which faces the box to the right of the speaker and—also by tradition—he uses the box as a means of emphasizing his views. Marks of the signet ring worn by Mr. Gladstone are to be seen on this box—showing the "force" of his arguments!—Montreal Herald.

Antrim Locals

Kenneth Hayward, clerk at Derby Stores, Inc., has been in Concord with the Swift Co., receiving instructions in meat cutting.

Miss Mary Swain has returned to her home on Clinton Road, after passing the winter with her brother, Eugene Swain, in Waltham, Mass.

Family gatherings were many here on Sunday—Mother's Day—among the larger ones being a party of sixteen for dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Dunlap. Four generations were present.

Miss Frances Wheeler, of Antrim, a student at Boston University's college of music, is to take part in the last recital of the college year tomorrow afternoon, at 3 o'clock, in the college assembly hall, 178 Newbury street.

Hymn Festival

Last Sunday evening, the regular service at the Baptist church, at 7 o'clock, was under the direction of Mr. Augustus Zanzig, of the National Recreation Association, who conducted what he chose to call a Hymn Festival. The church was comfortably filled, and all present enjoyed an unusual musical treat in singing hymns with expression; Mr. Zanzig is a conductor of great ability, and could do things with his singers. Mrs. Felker played the organ.

Grenfield, Frankestown, Peterboro', Hancock, Bennington, Deering, and Hillsboro, were represented, and the hour was most profitably spent.

Antrim Locals

Mr. and Mrs. Hedley Allison are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, May 10.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Myers, Shelburne Falls, Mass., were guests in town a day or two the past week.

The Antrim Ball Club is giving a show on May 17 and 18. Don't miss it! Adv.

Mrs. A. W. Proctor has been called to Greenfield, Mass., by the death of her mother, who passed away quite unexpectedly.

Rev. R. H. Tibbals returned to his home here on Tuesday afternoon, from the N. E. Baptist hospital, in Boston, where he was operated on for goiter; he is getting along nicely, his many friends are pleased to know.

Friends here of Mrs. H. Burr Eldredge, of Athol, Mass., will be interested to know that she is making satisfactory recovery from an operation for goiter, at the Decones hospital, in Boston; the operation was performed on Saturday last.

Two men in a Ford car which is registered in the name of J. A. Ives, Hillsboro, were making too much speed in a zigzag fashion, on Antrim streets, late Saturday afternoon, in consequence of which Roger Hilton, State motor officer, took charge of them, lodging them in Town quarters till Monday morning, when they were taken into Court and dealt with as the Judge thought best.

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

You Wouldn't Have Time for All This Reading . . .

Every American wants to know more about the building of his nation than the schoolbook histories tell him, but few of us have time to pore over the many volumes necessary for that.

The illustrated feature articles by Elmo Scott Watson which appear regularly in this paper offer an answer to that need.

You will find in them a wealth of interesting information on little-known chapters in American history—fact stories more fascinating than fiction. These articles also cover other fields—popular science, sports, industry, the fine arts and literature; in fact, every phase of American interest. This newspaper considers itself fortunate in being able to give its readers such articles as these by one of the leading feature writers of the country today. Tell your friends about them if they haven't seen them yet.

TO SCHOOL CHILDREN:

Teachers find these articles helpful in class. Some students are making scrapbooks of them. Tell your teacher and your classmates about them!

CAN IT BE DONE? — By Ray Gross

WHAT DID I DO WITH THOSE PIPE CLEANERS?

VERY SIMPLE JOE JUST PULL ON THIS AND SHE'S CLEANED

SELF CLEANING PIPE

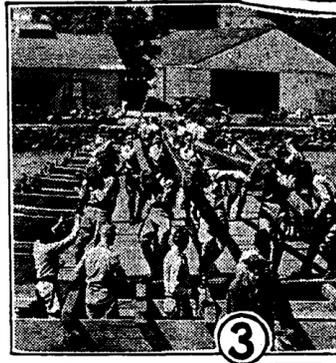
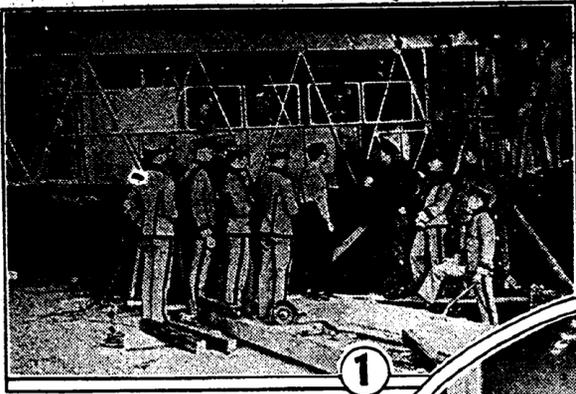
THE FITTED END IS A PART OF THIS PIPE AND WHEN PULLED OUT AN ATTACHED BRUSH DRAINS AND EMPTIES THE STEM; BRUSH IS THEN TAPPED CLEAN AND REPLACED.

CAN IT BE DONE?

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

Where They Make "Officers and Gentlemen" — but, Most of All, — MEN!

Washington Digest
National Topics Interpreted
by William Bruckart



1. Cadets receiving instruction in aerodynamic design and construction.
2. "Chow" time in the mess hall at West Point.
3. Cadets building a pontoon bridge.
4. Instruction in the ordnance machine shop on mechanical engineering subjects.
5. Learning surveying by doing it.
6. Cadets on an artillery hike untying a horse that has overstepped his traces and become tangled up in his harness.

(All pictures, courtesy United States Military Academy.)

years at the academy—goes on a furlough which lasts until the resumption of classes in September. Meanwhile, the new first and third classes move into tents in a summer camp, located on the edge of the parade-ground, and overlooking the beautiful Hudson river. And here begins that phase of cadet life which West Pointers always remember as most ideal.

Drill and play are in order, with no studies to interrupt the latter. Drill, held only in the forenoon, signifies more than the mere forming of ranks and execution of evolutions on the parade. This drill means learning how various weapons and arms, studied theoretically during the winter, behave in practice, out in the open and on the road. The cadet will spend his mornings in pursuits, always varied, always interesting.

He will learn to adjust a McClellan saddle on horses of odd shapes and dispositions. He will do scouting, trotting alone down a country lane; he will ride through villages, whose alleys and rooftops hide imaginary snipers. Or he will control a team of wheel horses; behind him and on both sides, will roll guns and caissons. He will be a cannoneer, helping in the swift process of unlimbering and going into action. He will lay miles of wire, across creeks, under roads, through underbrush, so that military units may feel and speak to each other.

Or, perhaps, in the quiet of a camouflaged observation post, he will turn the cross-hairs of a telescope upon an enemy target, and by science, will compute the data necessary to bring down artillery fire. Then again, he will be transported to an army flying field, where he will learn to follow maps and spot targets from a great altitude.

During the last week of August, the entire corps takes the field in a grand final maneuver. Under conditions approximating as nearly as possible those of war, cadets learn how various arms co-ordinate in battle; they begin to understand the difficulties of feeding and supplying large bodies of troops. If it rains, if their feet grow cold and wet and blistered, so much the better, for they learn the limits of human endurance, and will know what demands can be made of men in war.

Although West Point has as its primary object the training of young men to be officers in the United States army, it gives an academic education as well as the fundamentals of military training. Its purpose, which has been followed

since its beginning, was best expressed by George Washington when he advocated the military academy. He said that what we need is a school from which we can get an educated officer.

Although discipline is maintained in the class rooms, the academic training is purely for the education of the cadet. The course of instruction is planned so that a graduate will have what corresponds to a bachelor of science degree at the average university.

But more important than the fund of technical and academic information which the cadet has acquired during his four years at West Point is another kind of training which he has received. Soldierly qualities are built upon a foundation of character and manliness.

The development of that character is accomplished through many different channels. As his military and academic education progresses, his social and cultural side is not overlooked. He has a regular course in gentlemanly conduct and etiquette. His social activities are under intelligent supervision and his opportunities for contact with the officers and their families on the post are frequent. After all, he belongs to the only profession in the world where conduct unbecoming a gentleman is an offense triable by court-martial. So, "officer and gentleman" is not just an empty phrase. It is an ideal to be lived up to; and at West Point it is a livable reality.

And to crown the character-building process which this picked body of young Americans undergo at the academy is the system there of placing responsibility upon the cadet from the day he arrives and teaching him to accept responsibility in an increasing measure throughout his four years.

As the cadet's instruction advances, he is given more and more opportunities to show his capacity for accepting responsibility. He commands at drills and ceremonies, instructs cadets of the lower classes and assumes more and more the duties of an officer as the day of his graduation approaches. As an officer he will be entrusted with the control of others, so by the time he has spent four years at the academy he has shown that he can control himself.

At West Point they make "officers and gentlemen"—but, most of all, they make MEN!

© by Western Newspaper Union.

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

DURING the past few weeks at a score of places in different parts of the United States several hundred husky young Americans between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two have been taking the examinations for admission to the United States Military Academy at West Point. They are the men who have received appointments to fill the vacancies in the Corps of Cadets up to its maximum authorized strength of 1,374, these vacancies existing by reason of graduation, resignations and dismissals from the academy.

If those who received these appointments are successful in passing the rigorous mental and physical entrance examinations—for there is no place in the world where the demand for a "sound mind in a sound body" is more imperative than it is in Uncle Sam's school on the Hudson—they will enter the academy during the first week of next July and begin that four years' course of intensive training which makes "officers and gentlemen"—but, most of all, MEN!

Where do these 1,374 cadets come from? Well, they come from every part of the United States and from every stratum of American society. Nearly half of them are from the farms of the North and the East, the ranches of the West and the plantations of the South. A check-up on the occupations of the parents of the cadets at West Point in recent years showed the following: farmers and planters, 1,149; merchants, 772; lawyers and judges, 645; physicians, 367; army officers, 362; mechanics, 341; manufacturers, 151; clergymen, 128; bankers, 80; and one each for the following: auctioneer, author, chief of police, cook, hatter, iceman, inventor, justice of the peace, pilot, teamster and warden of a prison.

From different strata of society the newcomers to the academy may be when they get off the train at the little station at West Point next July, but 24 hours later the son of the teamster, the son of the iceman, the son of the judge, and the son of the army officer are exactly on the same plane. They are all "plebes" and, as such, are placed in the "beast barracks" to receive their preliminary training. Rich and poor, college man and high school graduate, they are all treated alike. They all rise at five-thirty in the morning and go to bed at nine-thirty in the evening. So far as equality is concerned, it is democracy to the nth degree.

The course of instruction during the period of two months before September classes begin is designed to give the new arrival a sound, erect body, and teach him the fundamental principles of military discipline and drill. Throughout this phase, the cadet has little or no time of his own. In what might be termed his moments of leisure, he is required to learn the cleaning and care of his rifle and equipment.

The great melting pot is at work; the egotistical and conceited are brought down; the weak are strengthened; the surly and indifferent are taught to obey and act quickly—a democratic group of youths is ready to join the Corps of Cadets and start the school year. The first phase is over—the "beast" becomes a cadet.

The corps is organized into a regiment of 12 companies, in each of which members of all four classes are arranged according to height. In cadet argot, the second battalion, composed of the short men, are called "the runs," while the first and third battalions are termed "flankers," as descriptive of their station on the flanks at parades and other functions.

Cadet commissioned officers and sergeants are appointed from among the first-classes (seniors). The highest in rank performs the duty of regimental commander, and is titled "first captain"; subordinate grades range down through battalion and company commanders to lieutenants, who command platoons, and to sergeants. All these appointments are based on the cadets' ratings in leadership, military science, academic standing, conduct, and personal appearance.

The "mass molding" of these men is carried to no extreme; it ends with the military organizations and disciplinary drills. In all other activities, individual character-building, self-reliance and initiative are stressed. A cadet never loses sight of the great primary aim of West Point—the development of personal integrity.

Academic sections are formed with never more than 16, usually 12, cadets to one instructor. After the instructor has discussed the lesson to explain any parts which are not clear, each cadet prepares a blackboard assignment, and later recites orally from the material on his blackboard. Every cadet recites and is graded each day. His assignment customarily includes original work, develops thorough understanding of a topic, rather than the mere ability to memorize, and the language of his oral recitation must be precise and correct. Thus he acquires that quality most essential to his later career—self-reliance.

At West Point, participation in athletics is not the special privilege of the swift and the strongest. Every fall and every spring throughout the entire four years, each cadet is enrolled for some sport, which he attends twice a week. During the hour and fifteen minutes of each attendance, he receives instruction from competent coaches, and, after short preliminary training, plays on his company team in competition with other companies. In this system of intramural athletics, no cadet repeats a sport; accordingly, in four years he becomes familiar with eight different sports which, after he graduates, he will employ for the physical training of enlisted men in the army.

After the first class has graduated in June, the new second class—which has completed two

Washington.—There is a rising tide of belief here in Washington that President Roosevelt's policies are leading more and more away from the things that marked them as the "New Deal," a year ago. It can be doubted no longer that he is veering away to some extent from the experimentation that constituted the program advanced by the myriads of professors with whom he surrounded himself at the start of his administration. Professors are not carrying the water on their shoulders that they did awhile ago, and it has been noted that Mr. Roosevelt is less and less willing to leap before he looks.

Upon the cut of the fabric at this time, I believe the consensus to be that Mr. Roosevelt is turning to a more stable, as distinguished from a theoretical, foundation for the future. The developments have been predicated apparently on a swing in public sentiment. Obviously, without public sentiment behind any plan, there will be a dearth of confidence. By all and sundry, it is said the President is seeking to establish confidence. Most of all, and finally, it seems he has arrived at the necessity for winning confidence of business people, big and little, so that distinct changes can be expected through the summer when congress is not here to worry him.

Doubtless, the trend towards the conservative instead of the more radical course he followed earlier, is due to the fact that the bulk of the people now feel they have a right to state objections. Surely, objections are being stated to a greater extent than at any time since he took office. In other words, the theories of the professors have proved bad in spots, and any nation of ambitious people eventually will tire of preachments. The danger is that the pendulum will swing too far, and that the good and practicable things of the New Deal may be washed out by a wave of conservatism and reaction.

There are numerous things to which attention may be called in demonstrating that Mr. Roosevelt is not going to experiment too much in the future. His flat-footed stand against nationalization of silver is one. His determination to tinker no further with the currency is another. A third indication is the President's decision to see that the capital goods or durable goods industry can have some relief, and another intimation is the way congress has acted about the legislation to control the security exchanges. The President could have made congress put teeth in the stock exchange bill if he wanted to do so. But he has held off. Likewise, he has taken a position against payment of deposits in closed banks by use of inflationary schemes. All of these things are the vehicles of those who would go far on the radical courses.

Mr. Roosevelt has not stressed NRA expansion as his radical followers thought he was going to press it. Those who conceived NRA still do not admit that NRA has ground down the little businesses in the interest of the big ones, but Mr. Roosevelt apparently sees it. He is represented in high places as hoping that the NRA board of review will show up the weaknesses of the codes so that modifications can be made where necessary. Many of the "NRA crowd," as they have come to be known here, are disgruntled about it. They think that NRA, like the king, can do no wrong. Being a keen student and a master psychologist, Mr. Roosevelt sees those things and he has taken hold of them apparently before they have become so bad as to destroy whatever benefits that may accrue.

What is the cause for the change in the scenery? There are two reasons of which I hear discussion most frequently. Many of the plans were too idealistic for use universally among a practical people, and, the second, there is a tendency to write "Thou shalt not" into too much legislation and regulation for carrying out the recovery program.

The American people, as I judge them, will obey orders that change their lives around for just so long. Then, they blow up in a big way.

For an example of what I mean, the congress recently passed the so-called Bankhead bill that will limit the production of cotton in the United States to ten million bales annually. It is compulsory. Unless a cotton farmer agrees to reduce his acreage and comply with the other terms of the law, "thou shalt not" market what is grown without the payment of a heavy tax, a tax so burdensome as to remove any possibility of profit. Mr. Roosevelt signed the bill and gave it his blessing, but I heard any number of newspaper correspondents and observers remark when they read his statement that he was saying merely that he "hoped" it would be of some value. Surely, he did not predict its success.

All through the various recovery laws and regulations, one finds so many "Thou shalt not" that one of the eastern metropolitan newspapers printed a cartoon, captioned "Dreams of Forgotten Age." The chief character in the cartoon was that figure so famous as representing "Prohibition." The thought behind the cartoon was deeper in the minds of some than just the humor and lesson that it portrayed. Therein was a story of "too much Washington." Sooner or later, unless I have misread my history, there is to be a broadside of reaction rise up against "too much Washington" in the way lives are lived. The current period seems to be the high point, but it had its beginning, in my opinion, when the Constitutional amendment was adopted providing for direct election of senators. That was followed some years later by enactment of the law creating the Federal Farm Loan system, and then during the last decade we saw other things of the same type put through by congress. President Hoover proposed the Reconstruction Finance corporation and President Roosevelt expanded that and a lot of other things. The result: Regulations, red tape, dictation, orders, countless agents, inspectors, investigators, examiners, and much amateurish administration of the decree "Thou shalt not."

There was, if you pause to remember, a general disgust with the steady procession of indictments, arrests and trials of minor liquor law violators. Even consistent and conscientious supporters of prohibition now and then burst forth against the administration of it when men and women, otherwise respectable in their communities, were convicted as criminals because they dared to take a drink.

The Department of Agriculture supplied the newspaper correspondents with an announcement a few days ago that two men in South Dakota had been arrested and had pleaded guilty to a charge of conspiracy to defraud the United States in connection with the 1933 emergency hog buying program. The announcement described the case as "of national importance and interest as similar fraud cases are pending in other federal courts," under this and other emergency programs handled by the Agricultural Adjustment Administration.

It will be recalled that there was quite a bit of cheating in the administration of CWA job planning. There was some stretch, too, in the handling of seed loans in two or three parts of the country, and there is plenty of complaint about some window-hox farmers who have been drafting regulations in AAA. NRA has been under fire from time to time because, in some instances, vast industries were compelled to sit across a table in drafting a code with a man who had had no experience whatsoever in that industry.

So what wonder is it that a man will do as one about whom I heard. He boasted about being a chiseler. That is, among friends, he said: "Of course, I am a chiseler. Of course, I am making money out of this code. But the reason I am doing it is because I am thinking of the next few years when the tax collector is going to take virtually all of the profits I make to pay up for this waste."

In my roaming around in Washington, I find more and more people who are asking which of the two major political parties, the Democrats or the Republicans, is going to have courage enough to pull the government back to Washington as a government, and allow the people to run their own business?

It is important to record, in this connection, that the Department of Agriculture already has taken a step in the direction of "backtracking" allowing private business to run its own affairs by its announcement that government control of dairy production is not to be attempted at this time. From the information I have been able to pick up here and there in high places, I suspect that dairy production control is never going to be attempted, but Secretary Wallace's announcement said only that control would not be attempted "for the present."

One can only guess whether this is the beginning of a trend, a backtracking, from the governmental control extreme to which some of the professors would like to have gone. They advanced the control idea to the ultimate in the Bankhead compulsory cotton production control law and they have pushed the control principle almost as far in wheat, tobacco, corn and hog industries. With regard to the dairy business, however, they ran into difficulties. The stumbling blocks and obstacles met in that attempt illustrate better than anything that I know that industries in the United States have interests too divergent to permit of a universal regulation. I mean by that: practices and problems vary in every locality and there are few industries which can be lined up under the same rules of operation without some of them being handicapped as others profiting unduly.

The dairy industry gave proof of this fact, according to the announcement by Mr. Wallace which said there would be no attempt to undertake a production control program without the support of a substantial majority of the industry.

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SUCH IS LIFE—Foolish Answers



Seeds of Black Locust

Food for Game Birds
The many-purpose black locust tree, which has been widely planted in this country, is especially valuable as a producer of winter food for game birds.

The seeds are rated as one of the more valuable foods for bobwhite, Ruffed grouse, California quail, mourning doves in the West, and several of the larger nongame birds of the East also eat them.

Besides furnishing food for game birds, the black locust tree yields timber for the farmer and nectar for the honey bee. It grows rapidly to post, pole, and timber size.

With these several points in its favor black locust is one of the favorites for planting woodlands, groves, eroded areas and odd pieces of waste land about the farm.

Dog Pays Back Rescuer

The life of Jack Sands of County Down, Ireland, has been saved by a dog which he had rescued from a trap. The boy fell into a ravine and broke a leg.

Mako Is Fiercest of Finny Fighters

Gives Greatest Thrill in Fishing, Says Author.

New York.—When it comes to undiluted thrill in fishing there is, according to Zane Grey, nothing that swims which compares with the great mako of New Zealand waters.

In the eyes of Mr. Grey, who is regarded as one of the world's foremost anglers, the great mako is so swift and ferocious a fighter that it is more like a torpedo than a fish.

"Never in my life," writes Mr. Grey in the current issue of Natural History, journal of the American Museum of Natural History, "have I seen such a magnificent fish spectacle as his leaping. He is a stubborn, strong fighter, too, and must be put in a class by himself."

"One morning, trolling, we had one of the marvelous leaping makos strikes which makes this sport exciting. This mako, which weighed 488 pounds, struck our bait and came out in a magnificent leap, shining in the sunlight, a beautiful blue-and-white shark, thrilling to see. He dropped back in a huge splash and heeded.

"We ran as close as we dared, but

nothing happened. I began to fear that this particular fish was not going to perform of his own accord. In cases like this I usually grow impatient and relax vigilance, when as a matter of fact, the thing is to be all the keener.

"He came out slick and fast, without a splash, and as he swept upward, stiff as a poker, gleaming blue-white, with wide pectorals spread and huge tail curved, his great savage head narrowing to a spear point, he was assuredly a spectacle to fire any angler."

"Then came the second leap—a long, low greyhound bound over the sea, ending in a furious white splash as large as my boat. He shot out so close to our bow that he could have been touched, and he went up to half the height of our mast, 15 feet above the water, and turned in the air to smack down with a resounding roar. Then he split the water just opposite the cockpit and frantically close. We waited, tingling with suspense, but he did not leap again.

"All this happened in a few seconds. But he did not break out again. He stayed down and wore himself out in the succeeding half hour, so that when we finally hauled him up to the boat and got the gaff he had only one wag left.

"Our next notable experience with a mako occurred some days after that. We sighted one on the surface and circled him with a bait. He took it. That mako flashed straight for the boat, coming like a streak on the surface. He seized the rudder in his powerful jaws and churned the water into seething foam in his efforts to bite it off. It was iron, of course, and he could not do much damage, except to his teeth. Neither was he huge enough to tear the rudder off, as the sharks do at Suva. But he got away."

"During the months of New Zealand fishing, Mr. Grey caught about 70 mako. Ten of these weighed about 400 pounds, while one weighed 580 pounds.

Improvised Tea Wagon
Rubber tired casters may make a convenient tea wagon of a table too low or too small to be of much use otherwise.

OUR PROBLEM

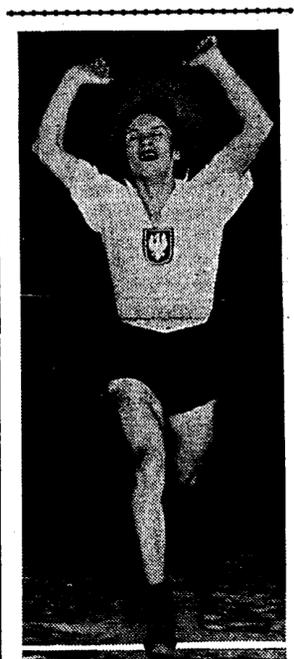
By LEONARD A. BARRETT

Whatever may be our attitude toward the security of western civilization, it is very certain that no drastic change will take place instantly.

The verdict of history is that it has always taken a long time, centuries in some cases, for a civilization to become exterminated. The disintegration of a civilization is caused by certain forces which like the "mills of the gods grind" slowly but they grind exceedingly small.

The very nature of the forces prove that they cannot easily be destroyed. Good is always more potent than evil; character more stable than immorality; and integrity more enduring than dishonesty. Civilization has a tremendous

Stella Sets Record



Stella Walsh, the sensational Polish-American speed queen, is shown winning the 200-meter event at the women's national indoor track championships in the Brooklyn naval armory. She covered the distance in the world record breaking time of 26 seconds flat.

reserve in the moral order of her citizenship, and while this may be heavily drawn upon in a crisis, it is not readily exhausted.

The fear of a disintegrating civilization is due largely to the loss of faith in economic values. Many persons believe that when securities go to pieces and the value of money is discounted, the end is perilously near.

It is not an economic problem but very definitely a racial and moral problem. By common consent, western civilization is attributable to the culture and character of the white race, and our real problem is its enduring quality.

Ernest Loebell, chief research engineer of the Cleveland Rocket society, pictured holding the completed model of the rocket ship, and the full-size motor for the proposed ship of space. The finished rocket will be twenty feet long and two feet in diameter.

The Household

By Lydia Le Baron Walker

WHEN there is need of instilling zest into a company of adults at a party, try the following games. They are suggested for their novelty, and because a large or small group can play them equally well.

It is not easy to costume a woman when four colors are not permitted to be mentioned. Each time any one of them is named it scores five against the player. The one whose score is lowest wins the game—and a prize of anything the hostess happens to have on hand, such as a box of fancy crackers, half a dozen homemade cookies, a jar of preserves, a glass of jelly, a new handkerchief, etc.

One player is the salesperson and she asks three questions of each person, the questions being of her own choosing. The following are suggested: Can I help you get a dress? What kind? What color? Or it may be a hat, gloves, shoes, lingerie, stockings, etc.

you get a dress? What kind? What color? Or it may be a hat, gloves, shoes, lingerie, stockings, etc. The question may be: What costume do you wish to buy for your spring wardrobe? The questions following depend on what the buyer has chosen, but always the question of color should come in.

Bouquet of Spring Flowers. The hostess provides six or seven different colored sheets of tissue paper, scissors and library paste. Each guest cuts several circles from the papers, having them about 1 1/4 inches in diameter. Each represents a flower, and should be held in the center and pulled toward the circumference to give a flower-like formation.

A large sheet of wrapping paper is thumb tacked to the wall or a door. On the paper is drawn a large circle, marked off into one inch squares. This represents the bouquet. Each player is given a number, and when the hostess calls it, the one called puts a dab of paste on the center of her flower and goes to the bouquet and sticks it in any one of the squares, before the hostess finishes counting ten. Failure to do this scores minus five.

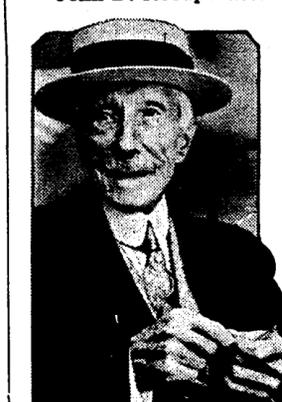
any adjacent square already having its colored flower in it. At first this is easy, but it becomes more and more difficult as the squares fill up with flowers. The one who puts a duplicate flower in an adjacent square, either in a straight line with it or diagonal to it, scores minus ten. When the bouquet is filled with flowers, the one whose score is lowest wins the game.

Antiques. For the person who wishes to furnish a house with beautiful old things at moderate cost, good auctions are a boon. But she is wise if she goes many times and buys little until she gets to know the auctions of hand-some old things and those of what are known as second-hand pieces. Many of these are excellent, and low-priced, but just now we are considering antiques, and their present-day acquiring.

The Beauty of Ages. Antiques have had long wear and usage, and their very appearance indicates this in a mellowing of the wood or other materials, and in the peculiar overlay which time puts on certain substances and which is called patina. Woods take on a deeper hue, while textiles fade and grow duller. Both of these things, according to their kind lend beauty to the materials. Fortunately for us articles were sturdily fashioned in by-gone days, and textiles were hand woven and made from choice yarns and silken threads. Their very endurance proves their fine make.

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John D. Recuperates



John D. Rockefeller absorbing the warm rays of the sun on the porch of his Florida home at Ormond Beach. His annual trip to the South was much delayed by an attack of influenza, but he is now recuperating.

Picturesque Gown



Disks of black tulle form a wide ruching on the skirt and border the little double-breasted capelet of August-bernard's picturesque gown.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode

Advertisement for '4 YEARS OF WEATHER' featuring talc use, saving food from light, and a wanted notice for women.

Advertisement for 'THE EASY WAY TO IRON!' featuring Coleman Self-Heating Iron.

Advertisement for 'Comparatively Speaking'.

Advertisement for 'What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND' featuring N-R medicine.

Large advertisement for 'Rocket That May Reach the Moon' featuring Ernest Loebell and Sherman Square Hotel.

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SELECTMEN'S NOTICE

The Selectmen will meet at their Rooms, in Town Hall block, on Tuesday evening of each week, to transact town business.
Meetings 7 to 8
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 transact 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 a paper of circulation and influence in the community. Every business man who seeks to enlarge his trade, recognizes the fact that advertising is a legitimate expense. It is not the cheapest advertising that pays the best. Sometimes it is the highest priced newspaper that brings the largest net profit to the advertiser.
Try the REPORTER

Weekly Letter by George Proctor, Deputy Fish and Game Warden

As this is the time to license that dog or dogs it would be wise to pause and read the law in regard to Kennel licenses. According to the Assistant Attorney General a man cannot use his dogs for hunting that have been licensed under a kennel license. Hunting dogs which are not under your control at all times will have to be licensed under the single dog license. This means that all coon, fox and rabbit hounds that are used to hunt with cannot be registered under a Kennel license. A well trained setter or pointer does not come under this ruling provided the dog is well trained and under the complete control of the trainer or hunter. We know of many men who have several dozen dogs and license them all under one license. This is all wrong.

Just now the city of Nashua is having a dog scare and it would be wise if all dog owners in this section should check up on their dogs for the next two weeks at least.

We have at hand a fine letter from Colin M. Heath of Canterbury, N. H., who claims to be 16 his next milestone. He writes a real letter and from his tone is a great out of door fellow. He agrees with me that a bounty of 50 cents (or 4 bits) should be put on quill pigs. Make the bounty big enough to be an object.

Speaking of Quillpigs. Up in Hancock, N. H., H. H. Newell has a fine fruit farm way up in the air and with a fine view. Last winter something got into the two very large maple trees in his front yard and stripped most of the bark off of the limbs. In the rear of the house over a dozen other maples are nude in the upper branches. He thinks Quillpigs is the cause of all this but others say grey squirrels. Down in Hancock Village is similar damage to maples and one man there claims he saw the greys doing it during the winter. Has anyone else had a similar experience this past winter?

We have on hand a complete report of the President's committee on wild life restoration. If interested we will let you read it.

Here is a fine letter from F. V. Dickinson of Hill N. H. He is a large property owner and is greatly in favor of a 50 cents a head for the Quillpigs. He says that every year they do him a heavy damage to trees.

Did you know that quill pigs kill a great many sheep and in some cases cattle that are turned out in the spring and not taken up till the next fall.

One of the bob cats that was brought into me for the bounty one night last winter had the head full of quills.

One day last summer Lester Ellsworth the well known wild animal trainer of Sharon saw what he thought was a small dog trotting down the road. When it got up closer he saw it was a fox and was that fox full of quills. It took Lester two hours to get him cleaned up.

We are still clock conscious. Here comes another letter from John Carrol Chase of Fort Sumter Hotel Charleston, S. C. He being the great great grand son of Isaac Blaisdell of Chester, N. H., the well known clock maker, he has a clock made by him dated 1788 and in the family ever since. This is still doing business at his apartment at Brookline, Mass. His cousin in Derry, N. H., has two made by David Blaisdell the father of Isaac made in 1754-1756 they are in running order. Who is next?

Ever see any Norwegian Elkhounds, well Bayard Boyesen of Richmond, N. H., is raising them. They are a smart looking dog. His kennel is not far from the big State rearing station.

If you are interested in the White pine blister rust read the booklet gotten out by the American Tree Asso. Washington D. C. It's interesting and tells the story well.

Musk oxen that were planted in Alaska in 1930 have produced and on April 29th two young animals were born. This is a world's record. Never known before.

You have heard the expression used about making a man eat his own words. Well, that's what they are doing to Emil St. Goddard at the Peterboro hospital. Emil is flat on his back on a cot and boy, they are feeding him "mush, mush". But he is doing well from a serious operation. Downstairs in a ward is Bob Paquet, the well known ball player and treasurer of the town of Peterboro. "Bob" says they are using him fine in the hospital but he had rather be out sitting in the bleachers. Both these fellows would appreciate a card. Thanks.

Up from the sunny south I received a box the other day marked "glass". A dozen small glasses of southern made marmalade. The pride of Miami. And boy, were they good. We are thanking Major A. Erland Goyette for this taste of the sunny south.

Have at hand a fine letter from W. O. Robinson of Washington, D. C., who sends a clipping from San Antonio, Texas, where a man gets his eight point buck with a bow and arrow. Mr. Robinson says he has shot the big jacks at Leon Springs in that state. I know the Leon Springs country very well, having been stationed near there for several months.

The rivers and the brooks are beginning to give up the evidence of the tragedies of the past winter. A big doe deer was found washed up onto an island in the Contoocook river near Noone's station in Peterboro. A big female fox hound was found in Miller brook by trout fishermen. What was the cause of their fate will never be known.

Way up on Norway Hill in Hancock lives Eric Strombeck. From his front door he has the most wonderful view of the eastern country for miles around. He has a wonderful apple orchard. He was hard hit with the hail last year but he hopes to make good this year. He brought me down a box of apples the other day. And were they good? Ask the boys.

For the past few years my old side kick Don Tuttle up in the State Capitol and myself have tried to get a law on the statute books of New Hampshire compelling people to walk on the left hand side of the highway to face traffic. A bill to effect such a law was introduced into the last legislature and it died in committee. Since then a dozen of the largest states in the Union have passed such a law. To the fellow who told me "was all 'wet' I will simply say 'Who is loony now?' I hope he did that made that crack at me reads this item.

Dumping rubbish beside the main highways and state roads is against the law and will be punishable by a heavy fine. Most every town has a town dump and that's the place for it.

If all the garden clubs in the state would only get together on this wasteful picking of the wild flowers much good can be accomplished. A good organized effort will have a great bearing on the case at the next session of the legislature. Many species of wild flowers are about gone in some sections and unless some legal ac-

tion is taken it will be too late. E. D. Putnam of Antrim tells us that there are over 1800 different kinds of wild flowers found in this state.

Boy, o boy, but are they having good luck on old Nubanusit in Hancock this year. The past few years it's been kinder lean fishing but the past week—as I said before, "o boy what salmon".

E. D. Putnam of Antrim gave his photo colored wild flower show at the Wilton town hall to over 700 people. It was through the courtesy of the local garden club. Did the younger children enjoy that show. Ask 'em.

They tell us that the herd of a dozen elk liberated in Washington, N. H., a few weeks ago are making themselves at home on the hills of that town and Stoddard. They sure have plenty of out of doors to travel in. Not cramped a bit.

Here is a brand new one on us. A fellow caught some nice trout out of a mill pond where a lot of pine logs are in the water. In fact he caught them right from the logs. When they dressed those trout they smelled so piney that the family could not eat them. We have heard of the liver taste but we pass on the pine tree odor.

Out of my 20 towns in my district only one has gone 100% daylight time. One 50/50 and one 40/80 and we are still wondering what it's all about.

Have been asked my position on the daylight saving time. Very simple. Being a state employee also a town official in most of my towns it's up to me to uphold the law no matter how it hits the majority. Many funny laws are now on the books but as long as they are there we are bound to uphold them. Daylight Saving is an outlaw and should be treated as such.

To Mrs. R. W. L., I would refer you to circular No. 18 written by Gilbert Pearson, its entitled "The Problem of the Vagrant Cat." That tells the story better than I can, published by the National Association of Audubon Societies. Nuff sed.

At one time I was a great champion of the idea of having all cats licensed but the more I see of that in some other states I think the idea is all wet. Now a cat has no standing what ever off its owners back fence. They can be killed at any time when found doing damage and the owner thereof can whistle but no redress.

If cats were licensed they would have the same rights as dogs and owners could collect if they were

injured or killed. The law suits me as it is now.

The National Cat Society is trying hard to get a national law through to have them licensed.

In the past week we have notified at least twenty men that their dogs were running at large in wood lands inhabited by game birds and quads. This is against the law. In a few days we are going to make a personal check to see if the dogs have been tied up. If not, well the judge will have a busy day. A fine of \$20.00 per dog and cost added for good measure. Take the tip while the taking is good. We sure mean business.

Speaking of interesting places to visit, I thought Benson had a wonderful place but Arthur Doucette on the Nashua road in Milford has a place that's a real show place. Just now Arthur has about ten small goats. Some a day old and others a week. Then he has two litters of small racoons but not for the public showing yet. He has about a dozen very small "Foms" and the Springer Spaniels puppies that he has to the number of seven are about the finest I ever saw even in the show room. If in need of one of these kind of dogs look no further. Arthur has the goods. O Yes he had a pen of Ring Neck pheasants and a big pond of gold fish.

Yes the smelt are now running in Black Brook in Sanbornton, N. H., near Laconia. Down around in this section the smelt have not run owing to the cold weather. One night at Dublin lake they run so that one man got 3 pounds but since that night they are keeping in the lake. Don't forget to plant a few goards this spring to make your bird houses next year.

Our old friend the bird man James P. Melzer of Milford came near losing his home and automobile by fire a few nights ago, but for the efficiency of the local fire department it might have been serious.

Stutzman the trout man from Taunton, Mass., went through this section with a big load of beautiful trout for private ponds in Vermont. Stutzman is the man that sold the state so many beautiful trout a few years ago, and does he know his Trout?

One of the most interesting houses I ever went into is at Bennington, N. H., owned by Col. A. J. Pierce of that town. Its walls are covered with pictures of old artists and the subjects range from horse trots to ballet dancers. It would take several days to examine them the way I would like too. A most wonderful collection.

Can You Answer These Questions?



Number Six
of a Series

Replacing
the Lost

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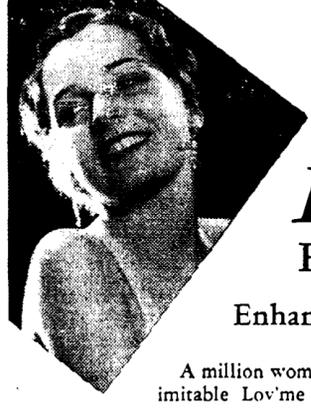
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