



The Antrim Reporter



VOLUME LI NO. 30

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1934

5 CENTS A COPY

Special—Old Kentucky Root Beer

with mug free 25 cts.

Ginger Ale, Orangeade, Root Beer
Birch Beer, Sarsaparilla
28 ounce bottle 10 cents
All Good Green Asparagus Tips
No. 2 can 23 cents

Monadnock Stuffed Olives

4 oz. jar 10 cts.

IGA Sandwich Spread 15c
Lake Shore Honey 16 oz. 21c
IGA Milk Chocolate... 2 1/2 lb. bar 29c
Corned Beef Hash 1 lb. can 19c
Health & Skin Soap 4 for 21c
Octagon Laundry Soap... 8 for 25c

Light Colored Ties

Special 15 cents

The very latest in styles!
Slacks \$1.49
Striped and Checked

All Planned Gardens

New 25 cts.

Rose Bushes 10c
Watering Pots 59c and 79c
Cement and Pulp Plaster

Friday Special Saturday Sirloin Roasts

per lb. 29 cts.

Lamb Fores 17c lb.
Lamb Legs 81c lb.
Round Steak 19c lb.
Minced Luncheon Meat..... 19c lb.

Ladies' Full Fashioned Silk Hosiery

per pair 49 cents

Slips 79c and 98c
Socks 10c, 15c, 19c, 25c
all colors and sizes
Children's Hosiery 19c
Bathing Suits and Supplies

Special! Large Towels

39 cts. each

Bath Mats 39c Woven Rugs 29c
Congoeum Mats 10c
Blankets — Marked down
Come in and see them

Fertilizer

\$1.85 per bag

Bone Meal Sheep Dressing
Pulp Plaster Lime
Cement

DERBY STORES, INC.

PHONE 28-11 - ANTRIM, N. H.

The Only Ice Cream

Tested and approved by the Good Housekeeping Magazine is "Fro Joy". We sell it, and nothing else. When you buy your Ice Cream get the best—it costs no more.

M. E. Daniels, Regist'd Druggist
Antrim, New Hampshire

WILLIAM F. CLARK

PLUMBING = HEATING

OIL BURNERS, STOVES, ETC.

Telephone 64-3 ANTRIM, New Hampshire

Marcel, Finger and Comb Waving
Shampooing, Scalp Treatments
Facials, Manicuring, Permanent Waving



Antrim Beauty Shoppe

Jameson Block
Antrim, New Hampshire

Marguerite C. Howard For Appointments
Wilfred Graduate Phone 103-2 and 3

Heavy Electrical Shower Causes Some Damage and Inconvenience

The shower of Wednesday last was the heaviest that has visited Antrim this year—we mean the first shower, the one when the office clock stopped at 2.25. Almost everybody was expecting a heavy shower, as it had been extremely hot for a day or two, and as far as heard from no one was disappointed.

The local transformer station of the N. H. Power Company was entered by the lightning and fire was at once seen in action, and in only a short space of time everything of consequence was a total loss; the building being of cement did not burn. Since this station was erected several years ago, this was the second time it has been set afire in this way, but the damage done on Wednesday exceeded the former one by considerable. It was thought by everyone that electric light and power would be a minus quantity for 24 hours at least; in a few hours however, Howard Humphrey, the local assistant manager, with his helpers had wires connected and service hooked up in a way to meet the needs of all users, and no further inconvenience was experienced. Sometime will elapse before all the damage done will be repaired as good as new.

At the farm home of George S. Wheeler, an electric bolt entered the barn and in its circuitous route struck one of the horses and killed him instantly; the bolt then went out of the building and did not set fire to it. In a number of instances bolts of lightning were seen falling to the earth, in some cases hitting trees, but no other damage was reported.

For a long term of years The Reporter has used electric power in printing its weekly edition and previously used water power. During that period of time a number of years ago we were obliged to use man power to turn the press once or twice in the person of Steve Gokey when water necessarily failed us—never since using electricity till Wednesday, and when the press stopped and Reporters were partially printed, it looked like a few hours' delay. Arthur Whipple kindly volunteered his services and once again man power was the means of overcoming a situation which was quite perplexing for a time, and the wheels of the newspaper press went around steadily and continuously till all our papers were printed. The mailing was a little late, but no delay of any great account was occasioned. No one cares to have the experience repeated.

Deering Community Center Has Arrangements Nearly Complete

1934 Vacation School Institute

This year at the Deering Community Center, in connection with the operation of the regular Vacation School, a unique experiment is being launched under the direction and supervision of Rev. Paul D. Eddy, Director of Vacation Church Schools for the International Council of Religious Education. The experiment contemplates providing a one week's intensive training for teachers, department superintendents, principals and supervisors of Vacation schools. As part of the regular routine of this intensive course, class groups will be organized for each Vacation School division, and will be under the supervision of expert instructors, with specialists in music, dramatization, craft, health, hygiene, and recreation.

Opportunities for observation in a normal Vacation School likewise will be afforded. In this proposed Institute, practicability of principles under discussion in class may be studied and discussed.

Enrollments for the Institute have been going forward for some time, and indications from the responses received thus far, make it highly probable that the Institute will have approximately 100 students on hand for the opening session.

To help meet the expenses of the Institute, which will be in session from June 22 to June 29 inclusive, a fee of \$7.00 has been fixed to cover registration, room and board. Persons interested in making application for admission to the Institute should communicate directly with Mrs. A. Ray Petty, Associate Director of the Deering Community Center.

The Institute Faculty is made up as follows:

Rev. Paul D. Eddy, Dean, Director Vacation Church Schools, International Council of Religious Education.
Mrs. Elizabeth M. Finn, Director Vacation School, American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia; and Mrs. Elfa B. Weaver, Director, Religious Education, New Hampshire State

Baptist Convention, Manchester, will lead the principals and supervisors.

For the senior and young people's department, Miss Ada Hill, specialist nurse, Assistant Director of Religious Education, Wilton, this state, will be leader.

In the Intermediate Department, Miss Louise Triplett, Director of Religious Education, Franklin St. Congregational church, Manchester, and Mrs. Lillian White Shepard, Writer and Specialist, Intermediate Church School materials, Yonkers, N. Y., are the leaders.

Heading up the Junior Department, will be Miss Sarah E. Green, Director Children's Work, Board of Education Methodist Episcopal Church, Chicago. Miss Margaret Winchester, Director Religious Education, First Congregational Church, Manchester, and Miss Florence Martin, Supervisor, Weekday Church Schools, Dayton, Ohio.

The Primary specialists are: Miss Edna M. Baxter, Professor Religious Education, Hartford Foundation School of Religious Education, and Miss Amy Clowes, Writer and Specialist in Children's work.

For the Beginners' Department, Miss Rosemary Roobach is the Kindergarten specialist.

Worship: Miss Gladys Hadley, Director Religious Education, N. H. Congregational Conference, Concord, and Miss Julia Denney, Vacation School Specialist, Vernon, Vt.

Music: Miss Ada Hill, Wilton. Craftwork: Mrs. Prien, Fellow Crafters' League, Boston, and Mrs. R. E. Bruce, Chairman Vacation School Council, Vermont Council of Christian Education.

Dramatization: Mrs. Isabel K. Eddy, President, Religious Drama Council, New York City.

Recreation: William Payne, City College of New York.

Health Education: Mrs. Margaretta S. Levet, Associate Director, Judson Health Center, New York City.

Hygiene and First Aid: Mrs. Margaret C. Lewis (M.D.), Deputy Commissioner for Girls Scouts, Eastern Division of Massachusetts.

Games Now Arranged

The ball games scheduled by the local management thus far, for this

season, are as follows:

June 16—Warner at Antrim
June 23—Peterboro at Antrim
June 30—Antrim at Warner

At the Main St. Soda Shop

Special Sale of

EVEREADY, FRANCO, YALE, and BOND

FLASHLIGHTS

3 Cell, regular \$1.75 Lights, all complete for \$1.29

2 Cell, regular \$1.00 Lights, complete for 59c

We repair all kinds of flashlights and lanterns. Bring in your light and let us look it over.

At the Main St. Soda Shop

Ruberoid Roofing!

Have a Lot on Hand
At Right Prices
Better get your's Now!

Arthur W. Proctor

Telephone 77

Antrim, N. H.

BANK BY MAIL

HILLSBORO GUARANTY SAVINGS BANK

Incorporated 1889

HILLSBORO, NEW HAMPSHIRE

A Representative of the Hillsboro Banks is in Antrim Thursday morning of each week

DEPOSITS made during the first three business days of the month draw interest from the first day of the month

HOURS: 9 to 12, 1 to 3. Saturday 8 to 12

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent \$2.00 a Year

Typewriter Paper

We still carry a stock of Bond Typewriter Paper, cut 8 1/2 x 11 inches, at prices varying with quality. Extra by parcel post.

This we will cut in halves, if you desire, giving you sheets 5 1/2 x 11 in. We also have a stock of Light Yellow Typewriter Sheets, 8 1/2 x 11, especially for Carbon Copy sheets. 75¢ for 500 sheets, 12¢ extra by parcel post. Pen can be used on this very well.

REPORTER OFFICE, ANTRIM, N. H.

The Public School Calendar for Antrim for the Year 1934 - 1935

The law requires that the schools shall be in session for thirty-six full weeks or one hundred and eighty days. Lately, so much time has been lost because of holidays and teachers' conventions, that the School Board has deemed it necessary to place both the high school and the elementary schools on the same schedule.

All Schools will open on	and	close on
Tuesday, September 4		Wednesday, November 28
Monday, December 3		Friday, December 14
Monday, December 31		Friday, February 15
Monday, February 25		Friday, April 19
Monday, April 29		Friday, June 14

Schools will be closed on the following days: October 12; November 11; Thanksgiving Day and the following Friday; May 30; other days will be announced as they arrive.

All children must be vaccinated or hold a doctor's certificate excusing them from vaccination.

Children must be six years old by January 1, 1935, in order to enter school this September.

Regular meetings of the School Board are held on the last Friday in each month, at 7.30 p.m., in the Town office. The Superintendent meets with the School Board.

ARTHUR J. KELLEY
ROSCOE M. LANE
MYRTIE K. BROOKS } School Board.

OUTLAWS of EDEN

... By Peter B. Kyne ...

WNU Service.

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued

Babson got out his life insurance policies and read their provisions carefully. He knew there was a clause in them which nullified them if the insured committed suicide, while sane or insane, within a certain period following the issuance of the policy. Yes, that period had now passed. He had two hundred thousand dollars' worth of life insurance in force and his wife was the beneficiary. His creditors could not levy on that. So he wrote his wife a letter, instructing her how to invest the insurance money safely to yield six per cent, enclosed this note in an envelope and returned it to the tin box marked "S. B.—Personal." This box he placed in the bank vault where it would be found readily; then he left a note for Mr. Bookby, got in his car and drove away up country.

Two weeks later Babe Tenney found his body floating beside the headgate at Lake Babson. A gentle wind was blowing across the lake and Mr. Babson's body was bumping the headgate gently and persistently, as if he still insisted it be opened.

CHAPTER XIV

When Elias Babson failed to come home for dinner the night the Bank of Valley Center closed forever, his wife waited until eight o'clock and then telephoned Henry Bookby. Upon Mr. Bookby immediately fell a suspicion that something tragic impended. He found Babson's tin box unlocked, so he opened it and found Babson's letter to his wife in the envelope with the life insurance policies.

Shaking slightly with apprehension, Mr. Bookby went into his cage and found there an envelope addressed to him. It was from Babson and read:

"Dear Henry: I can't stand it. If I live my wife and children will be paupers and I'll be the most hated man in this county. I could never beat back—and I'm too old to try. And I'm too tired. Look for me in Lake Babson. Good-by and good luck. S. B."

So Mr. Bookby telephoned the superintendent of state banks at the capital to send somebody up to take charge of the Bank of Valley Center. Then he pasted a notice on the window, announcing the closing of the bank.

The payment of the semi-annual interest had been due on July 1. Alas! The funds of the district had been deposited in the Bank of Valley Center, and all but 30 per cent of them had been lost in the collapse of the bank; so the district, not knowing what the holders of its bonds purposed doing, defaulted on the interest payment.

On July 2 the trustee for the bondholders notified the district that unless payment of the defaulted interest was made by August 1 legal action would be taken to foreclose the deed of trust given to secure the bonds.

The directors of the district held a meeting. They recalled Nate Tichenor's threat to buy the bonds from the original purchasers. Was he scheming to delude the farmers of Forlorn Valley into growing more and more alfalfa and planting trees, thus enriching his land to a point where his threatened foreclosure would make the disaster all the greater?

The secretary was instructed to write to Tichenor's attorney and ask him for a frank exposition of Nate Tichenor's intentions. Back came a prompt reply to the effect that Tichenor's intentions were unknown to his attorney; that Tichenor was in Europe.

A mass meeting was held, but while there was much talk there was no concerted action; since nobody knew what to do, nothing was done, and on the first day of August the interest payment was still in default. On the second day of August suit was filed by the trustee to foreclose the deed of trust, and Forlorn Valley, realizing that all was over, sat dumbly and patiently awaiting the end.

The farmers could do nothing else. They had no place to go, so they waited to be dispossessed formally by the sheriff.

On December 30 Nate Tichenor and his wife came home. Darby met them with the limousine when they got off the train at Gold Run and noticed that they were accompanied by a nurse who held a two-months-old baby in her arms.

"Hello," said Darby. "I see I got another boss."

"A boy, Darby. We had to have an heir to Eden Valley, you know."

"I suppose you've heard the news about Forlorn Valley."

"Yes, sir. Seems pretty bitter medicine, but they asked for it, as I like says, and they got it."

"You bet they got it. Have any of the farmers in the district moved out?"

"No, I don't think so. Joe Brainerd says they haven't any place to go, so they're hanging on, hoping the new owners will lease the farms back to them, sir."

"Well, that might be possible. Stow the bags, Darby, and let's go. We must be out in Eden Valley for luncheon."

Halfway through Forlorn Valley they met one farmer who had decided not to wait to be evicted. He was driving a four-horse team attached to a farm wagon upon which were piled his household goods, and on an old mattress atop the load four children sat. His wife was on the front seat with him and following up the wagon came a fourteen-year-old boy on horseback, herding before him some loose work horses, two milk cows and their calves. There was about the sorry cavalcade an atmosphere incredibly forlorn. . . . the woman was weeping; as the Tichenor car slid by, the farmer gazed at its occupants apathetically and raised his hand in a gesture that was half a greeting, half a farewell.

"There's one of them moving out, sir," Darby said over his shoulder.

"It's terrible of the bondholders to dispossess them in the middle of winter," Lorry declared.

"That's the man that kicked my ribs loose from my spine," her husband reminded her. "Still, now that his kicks are only a memory, I can't say I'm enjoying his pitiable condition as much as I thought I was going to."

"He waved to you, Nate. He didn't appear to be hostile."

"Oh, he knows me pretty well. I went to school with him. An ignorant chap but not a bad fellow. I wish him luck."

Her hand stole across and over his. "I always knew you couldn't hold a grudge, darling."

"I'm afraid it has to be fed regularly in order to thrive, Lorry, and my grudge against the people of Forlorn Valley has been starved for nearly a year. . . . Well, I went through with it, just as I promised them I would—just as I promised you I would. I can forgive my own enemies, I think, but forgiving yours is quite a different matter."

"I've felt the same about you and your persecutors, Nate. Still, I wish we hadn't met that man and his little family."

He stared stolidly ahead. "Would there be any sense in paying our debt of hate if we couldn't see our enemies suffer?" he demanded.

"Oh, Nate!" He looked at her and saw her eyes were moist with emotion. "We're still hillbillies, dear. We should have stayed outside several years more. We're not quite civilized yet."

"Are you chiding me, Lorry? I can't recall having heard you put in a kind word for these people heretofore."

"I know it, Nate. I had my share of conceit, too." The words came tremblingly. "I thought I could hold a grudge better than you could and I told myself I had to be strong—for your sake. I was afraid you'd weaken—and I wanted you to triumph in a big way."

"Well, I had figured on a very different sort of triumph, sweetheart. I wanted to let the people know that something fine could come out of Eden Valley. But my back is still a little weak; sometimes it hurts—just enough to keep my hate alive—just enough to make me think that mercy would be weakness."

"Poor dear! So you're been having a rough time, also? I'm glad. I think we ought to fight our fights together and in the open. I think, too, Nate, we ought to be strong for our son's sake. He is so dear to us, why shouldn't we forget our triumph over our enemies and teach him to love humanity, even if human beings often prove unlovable?"

"You're a quitter," he charged.

"There are two little cemeteries up in Eden Valley that are sound arguments in favor of quitting, Nate. We had our code—an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, and we lived up to it; but it seems to me we never derived any happiness from it. I can't be happy in Eden Valley any more, because every time I'll leave it I'll

have to drive through this—this desolation—this place where men have lived and loved and fought and struggled and dreamed their futile little dreams—and went away in despair. I'll never forget that wherever these dispossessed people may wander they'll always hate you and me."

"We can get along without their approval, Lorry."

"But can we get along without the approval of Nate Tichenor and Lorry Kershaw, young Robin Tichenor and those that, please God, will come after him?"

"Darby!"

"Yes, sir."

"Turn the car around and overtake that farmer we just passed!"

They passed the man and at Tichenor's command Darby stopped the car and Tichenor got out and walked back to the approaching wagon. The man pulled up, set his brake and waited for Tichenor to speak.

"Hello, Dan," said Tichenor. "You're Dan Clanton, aren't you? We went to school together in Valley Center."

Clanton nodded.

"Where are you headed, Dan?"

"God knows. I don't. The bondholders foreclosed on my farm and told me to go."

"Tell you what you do, Dan—turn around and go back to your farm and stay there until you're evicted. If that happens while there's snow on the ground you just pull out to the old Bar H headquarters in Eden Valley and put up there. The old house is furnished, and you can remain there until spring. You'll be very comfortable. January is a bad month to be out on the road with your wife and children. Besides, I think I can give you a fair job looking after our golf course. Turn around, Dan. You'll have time to get back to the old farm house, get your beds and the cook stove set up and be settled after a fashion before sunset."

"You mean that, Tichenor?"

"Of course I do."

"After what I done to you—"

"Tut-tut, Dan. That was a bully fight while it lasted. I would have forgotten it if you hadn't reminded me of it." He smiled at the man and his wife and entered his limousine, which had turned and was now waiting alongside Clanton's farm wagon.

In silence they drove on toward Valley Center.

"Drive around to Joe Brainerd's plant," Nate ordered Darby as they came into Valley Center.

Obedient to the imperious summons of the horn, Joe Brainerd came out and welcomed them. Tichenor explained, "Joe, I have a big story for you—so big I think it's worth getting out an extra and having it in the post office tonight. This is the thirtieth of December and the day after tomorrow will be New Year's day. I have a curious desire to give Forlorn Valley a Happy New Year, and I have also a curious desire to write the head for your story, which must be seven columns wide and in the biggest and blackest type in your shop."

"I'll run your head if I like it, Nate."

"You'll like it. The line is: 'Forlorn Valley Saved.'"

"That's a great head, Nate."

"I thought you'd like it." Dryly.

"Joe, I made up my mind to smash Elias Babson—and I did, but in order to smash him I had to smash his bank and in order to smash his bank I had to smash Forlorn Valley."

"Then something of tremendous importance happened. My wife presented me with a son, and I was so grateful to her I bought from that New York bank all of the lands of the Forlorn Valley Irrigation district which had come into its possession by foreclosure. I paid that bank just half what the lands had cost them and I have since deeded the lands to my

wife—just a little gift for presenting me with a son. Of course I haven't the slightest idea what Lorry intends doing with Forlorn Valley, but I wouldn't be surprised if she decides to deed back to those people the farms they have lost, taking a first mortgage to secure her for the amount each individual farm was bonded. That will give her better than a half-million-dollar profit."

"And then you'll let the farmers have free water, Nate?"

"Joe, you are much too optimistic. I haven't a word to say about that water. Last year I killed the Mountain Valley Power company and deeded the dam-site and the lake-site back to the Bar H Land and Cattle company. Just abandoned that dream. Then I married Lorry, and we merged the Circle K and the Bar H into a new corporation known as the Eden Valley Land and Cattle company, with powers, under our charter, to sell water. However, the Circle K was a larger and more valuable ranch than the Bar H—and after Lorry had thrown her cattle into the deal I'll be hanged if she didn't emerge from it with a controlling interest in the cap-

ing—"

"What did the wife say when you came rolling in at 2 a. m.?"

"Maybe you have time to spend three hours listening, but I haven't that long to waste repeating what she said, and she talks a heap faster than I do."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"What do you have there, Johnny?" asked the mother of her boy as he came home from Sunday school with a Bible text card.

"Just an advertisement about heaven," Johnny replied.—Exchange.

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CAP AND BELLS



PRINT FROCK THAT IS WORTHY PLACE IN ANY WARDROBE

PATTERN 1776

There's nothing like a print frock to suggest spring—to brighten up our wardrobe—and our spirits! We'd love the model sketched here in one of the colorful all-over designs so popular this season. It has truly flattering, feminine lines—the gracefully flared sleeves, the slim semi-belted waistline and length-giving skirt panel. With the neckline worn open, artificial flowers posed at the neckline add a chic note. For added interest, tiny buttons trim the back.

FIFTY-FIFTY

"The letter I gave you this morning—did you post it?" asked Mrs. Brown inquiringly.

Brown put his hand in his jacket pocket and drew out the letter.

"I'm afraid not, my dear," he said coolly enough.

"Of course you didn't!" she snapped. "And I told you that it was very important."

"Yes, I remember, dear," he returned.

"How like a man that is!" she continued.

"But, dear—" he stammered.

"Don't 'but' me. I'm angry," she snapped.

"But, dear, be reasonable. Look at the letter; you forgot to address it," he explained.—Stray Stories.

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Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
by William Bruckart

Washington.—The expanding influence of the federal government on the lives of individuals **Feel Effects of New Deal** throughout the United States suddenly has become a matter that is attracting attention, and more and more repercussions are to be noted in the National Capital. Some observers tell me they think it is an indication that the multifarious agencies that have been set up under the New Deal are at last in full operation and their effects are now reaching to the grass roots of the country. However that may be, it can be stated without equivocation that the so-called alphabetical soup (the various administrations and boards and commissions known only by initials) are making their presence felt for better or for worse in the lives of individuals.

I cannot agree with the exaggerated assertion by a leading Republican politician that "we are subject to Hitler decrees from a hundred different sources," but there seems little doubt of vast power being wielded by the various New Deal agencies.

For instance, Harry Hopkins, federal relief administrator, has decreed that there will be no drought relief funds for cattle owners supplied by the federal emergency relief administration unless the holders of any mortgages on those cattle agree not to foreclose such mortgages. And, he said, the mortgage holder who refuses to make such an agreement is up the well known stump. He can take the cattle, of course, when the mortgage matures, but if the mortgages have many months to run, the cattle are liable to die of starvation in the meantime. Without attempting to decide the merit of such a policy on the part of the federal government, the illustration shows the power that is wielded from Washington.

The Reconstruction Finance corporation has been exercising its influence with banks for some time. While RFC officials insist they are not attempting to control policies of banks, it nevertheless remains as a fact that they are exercising voting power in the boards of directors of numerous banking institutions. They went so far in the case of a great Chicago bank as to insist that the man they selected be elected by the board as its chairman. In addition, through the Federal Deposit Insurance corporation, the bank policies on loans are closely watched, and this is happening at a time when the President and some of his advisers are strongly urging the banks to make loans. From what I know of the banking business, I imagine few banks will hesitate on making loans in large amounts providing the borrower has some security to put up that will assure repayment of the funds borrowed.

Under NRA and the numerous codes, various terms and conditions are laid down for business practices. Here is a typical case: the code for the graphic arts industries has a provision prohibiting extension of credit for longer than two years. That is, a printing plant owner or publisher of a country newspaper or any one else wanting to buy a linotype machine had been allowed sometimes as much as five years in which to pay for expensive equipment of that kind. Now, however, he must pay for it within two years or the manufacturer will be a code violator by selling it on a long term basis. Thus, it is to be seen that the code exerts an influence on what might be called the innocent bystander. The country publisher cannot save up gold with which to pay for the machinery because he would be a criminal to have gold under present law.

Again declaring that I am not discussing the merit of the proposition, it remains as a fact that the federal trade commission is exerting an influence on the type of investments individuals make as a result of its control over the issue and sale of shares of stock or bonds. Of course, the commission cannot reach a corporation that is doing business only in its home state, but the larger corporations engage in business on a broader scale than that and the bulk of shares and bonds, therefore, must not be issued until the federal trade commission's securities experts have determined the facts about the corporation that offers them. It is a matter of record, of course, that numerous corporations have sold purely blue sky stock, but the point I am attempting to make is that there is another federal influence on the lives of individuals.

There are so many other examples that could be cited that they would fill more space than is available here.

As we go through the month of June, another phase of the New Deal becomes effective. I refer to the development of the country's forests, privately as well as publicly owned. While there will be no noticeable results for some time, the President's forest conservation policy has become operative nevertheless, and it is a long-range affair that is generally accepted as building for the future.

The program which the President initiated when he started the Civilian

Conservation corps embodies a definite scheme for restoring forests that have been cut over and constitute nothing more than waste land; it provides for selective cutting of trees in lumbering operations, and it is designed to create in the minds of all citizens the necessity for sustaining our forests against the time when, at the present rate of destruction, there would be no more lumber. I was surprised when the forestry service told me that forest land was just about one-fourth of the entire area in the United States. But the forestry officials reminded me at the same time that unless there is a serious conservation movement, there is only enough timber in sight to provide lumber for about thirty years more.

Mr. Roosevelt is proposing legislation, most of which will be ready for the session of congress meeting in January, 1935, to provide machinery for co-ordinating the efforts of the federal and state governments and for gaining the co-operation of private land owners in restoring growing trees.

A good many Washington observers are wondering how soon the federal trade commission and NRA are going to clash. The two agencies are certainly headed in the direction of a clash. It is generally conceded here that sooner or later General Johnson's NRA codes that establish monopolies in various fields of commerce and industry are going to be made the subject of pithy comment from federal trade commission circles. How soon it will come, or what form the disagreement will take, of course, can be only a matter of conjecture now.

It is necessary to recall the basis upon which the federal trade commission was created in order to get a clear understanding of the clash that is to be expected. First of all, the creators of the federal trade commission had in mind the idea of a federal agency that could be watching big business all of the time. Where it found unfair practices, smothering of the little independent units, and such other conditions as some sharp-shooting businesses use, the commission can, and does, cite them publicly. It goes after the facts in public hearings and exposes the practices. It also issues orders directing the offending businesses to eliminate the objectionable practices. If they choose to disregard the commission orders, the matter is turned over to prosecuting officers of the government and tougher penalties may be imposed.

Now, the national recovery act and General Johnson's codes have gone a long way toward making the commission's guardianship of little business nil in its effect. The codes permit monopolies, or rather, the codes provide under the recovery act that the anti-trust laws shall not apply to those businesses signing the terms and conditions of the codes. It is seen, therefore, that the provisions of the federal trade commission act can hardly be enforced. That is to say, the commission cannot order a business to cease doing something that General Johnson's codes declare to be quite all right.

Thus far, the commission has kept reasonably quiet about the thing. It is true, however, that its members have thoughts about the situation that would make interesting reading if they were to be expressed openly. The commission has kicked about a few of the codes in a mild sort of way. Its criticisms have been tempered, it is said, by the fact that none knows exactly how to go about effecting a reconciliation of the diverse positions enacted into law in the recovery act and the federal trade commission act. Apparently, there have been no instructions from the White House and so the commission is looked upon merely as drifting until such time as an administration policy is framed.

But somebody is going to have to iron out the differences. They cannot go on indefinitely. That fact is obvious. When one government agency goes ahead and allows a thing to be done that another government agency has been created to prevent, it is axiomatic that a collision is going to occur between them in due course.

Few observers, and few important leaders as well, are willing to attempt a prediction as to the outcome. One reason is that NRA is under fire from several directions and I believe it cannot be said to what extent the general principles of NRA are going to become imbedded in our industrial structure.

Government officials are becoming more and more concerned about the growth of smuggling and bootlegging of liquor. A determined effort is being made to check this illicit trade, but the optimism expressed by officials charged with the responsibility does not ring very loud. Indeed, the talk I hear in a good many quarters is that there must be some revision downward of the import duties and the local and state taxes on liquor or else the bootlegger and smuggler will be doing as much business as the legitimate, licensed dealers.

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Summer of Wide Brims Is Message

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



ITS breathtaking way millinery has burst into a blaze of glory before our enchanted eyes this season. Everything from flowers to feathers, fruit trimmings, ribbons and brims of startling dimension seems to be conspiring to bring "real millinery" back into the picture once more.

Now that brims have definitely "arrived" you may wear them as huge as you care to wear them. Fashion places no limit to their dimensions. Not for season upon season have brims been so wide, so versatile, so everywhere present, so chic and so picturesque.

In the circle leghorn and roses tell a summery tale of hats-beautiful such as will be worn with frocks of exotic print, with gowns of lace, or of net, pastel chiffons or organdies.

In the other large circle is a huge black panama with the new fruit trimming which is considered quite the last word this season. You must have at least one hat trimmed with a wee apple or so, or a trio of plums and green leaves, or a cluster of cherries or berries of some sort—anything just so it is tempting looking artificial fruit. By the way, the fruit motif in dress prints is also very good this season.

The hat up in the left corner of the group has one of those wee semi-wreaths about the front of its crown which is decorative yet conservative enough to permit this wide-brimmed chapeau to be worn with simple daytime costumes.

Just below, centered to the left, is a hat of rough cre straw, for cre and

cellulose black straws, you must know, are the rage. So, also, are all-black fabrics of cre luster. A perky multi-colored quill imparts a dash and a go to this simple tailored hat which is just what is needed in a headpiece which is to top one's cloth or linen suit.

Brims that turn up in the back are excellent style, and are a pleasing change from the conventional cartwheel of the merry widow type. The model shown in the lower left corner is indicative of this trend. Its simple ribbon trim tames it to wear with the daytime tailleur.

Transparent brims are important millinery news. Huge capelines sheer as can be add an exquisite touch to the summer picture. Illustrated at the top, to the right, is a charming transparent brim. The bouquet of flowers together with a simple ribbon band trim this chapeau effectively.

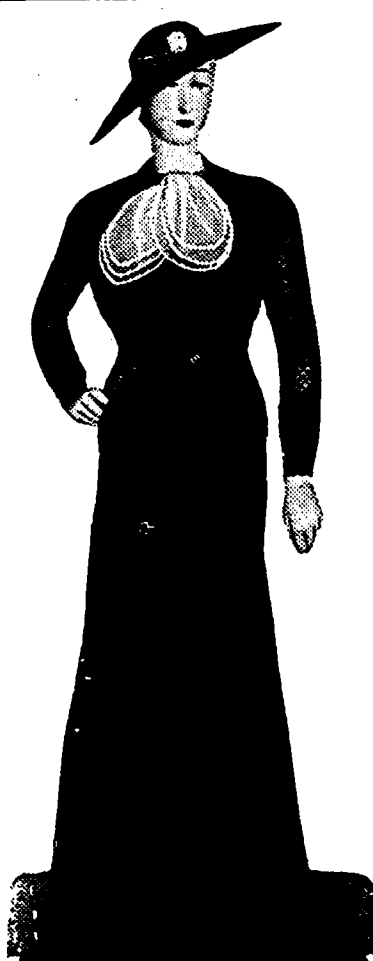
Comes next, below to the right, a coolie beach hat. It has a cunning buckle fastening under the chin. Not only beach hats reflect the Chinese influence, for many of the smartest dress models carry pointed crowns which are so shallow they almost glide right into their large drooping-all-around brims in true coolie fashion.

Last in the picture is an immense cartwheel which is strictly tailored. Of course the new exceedingly shallow crowns, posed at so perilous an angle as most of them are, would never in the world stay on themselves and so here is a final message—old-style, now new style, elastic or hatpins!

© by Western Newspaper Union.

SHEER RAYON DOT

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Rayon has won its way to the top. Upon it leading designers have set their seal of approval. Dotted sheers in self color is the last word in summer materials. Raised rayon dots on mousseline de rayon background describes the handsome all-black fabric which fashions the gown illustrated. This model is making a very prideful showing in the collection of man-made materials which the Fashion Group of America have been exhibiting in New York. They are smart for inner and evening gowns but the big news concerning them is that the swankiest of daytime jacket suits and ensembles are being made of them. A tailleur of net being the newest of the new.

PASTEL WOOL NOW POPULAR FAVORITE

Every season sees some new fashion development which springs up mushroom fashion, overnight. This year it is short, loose or belted swagger coats of white or pastel wool over town frocks of plain or printed crepe.

These coats are sold separately. They are quite inexpensive. And they give a decidedly fresh and summery air to a dark ensemble. They may take the place of the black or navy redingote with which you started out the spring season.

String color is very smart with black or navy. Other popular shades are a deep dusty yellow, linen blue, and a soft leaf green. In many instances the color of the coat is accentuated in the print of the frock, or in some detail of belt, scarf or other trimming.

Evening Tailleurs Seen in Various Novel Fabrics

New evening tailleurs, combining a tailored jacket and instep-length skirt ready for restaurant dining, are fashioned of novel fabrics along striking lines. One suit of silver lame with a trim tailored jacket is finished with a black satin blouse and a facing of the same sable fabric inside the skirt hem. Black faille or taffeta suits cut on the same lines appear with either long-sleeved or sleeveless blouses of white organdie or flame red crepe.

Refreshing Colors Now Feature Newest Fashions

Colors this season are amazingly refreshing. There's a "Flagship" blue with all of the light in it of a sky from a sailing vessel. Russet is swapped from fall shades for spring and competes with the new clay some people object to.

Pale blue with a lavender tinge is lovely in knitted wear and for evening, with deeper blue trim. And brown comes in more different tinges than ever before.

Back Fullness Black fullness in evening dresses continues to be their most noteworthy feature. It is achieved by ruffles, cascades of flounces, bustles and other devices.

Successful War on Malaria

Man Is Winning Fight Against That Disease, as Well as Against Yellow Fever, Both Mosquito-Transmitted; American Triumph.

"The two-ton 'dose' of quinine being administered in Puerto Rico to thousands of patients as part of a general health rehabilitation program in the island, shows that man is not yet free from his ancient enemy, the mosquito," says a bulletin from the Washington (D. C.) headquarters of the National Geographic society. "The battle is centuries old, but until very recently the insect has been decidedly on the winning side. This was because no one thought of connecting the dire 'jungle fever,' as malaria was called, or the even more dreaded yellow fever, with the apparently harmless mosquito.

"Quinine, prepared from the bark of the cinchona tree, was used as early as the Seventeenth century as a curative for malaria after it developed, but until the cause of the disease was discovered little could be done to prevent it. In 1892 a British army surgeon, Sir Ronald Ross, began his famous series of malaria investigations. He discovered malarial parasites in the body of an anopheles mosquito and proved that the chain of infection was from man to mosquito to man. It was found that only the anopheles could transmit malaria, and from that moment began the war of destruction waged against this species.

"Although yellow fever is the more fatal of the two chief mosquito-transmitted diseases, malaria is a more dangerous menace because it is more difficult to control. This is because the anopheles (malaria-carrying mosquito) is rural in its habits, breeding in pools, swamps, and along the edges of streams and ponds; whereas the Aedes aegypti (yellow fever-carrying mosquito) is domestic and seldom flies far from towns. Moreover a malaria patient may remain capable of passing on the disease for a long period of months, while in yellow fever the infective period is limited to the first three days of illness. The recurrent attacks, so characteristic of malaria, and the difficulty of control, still make it the disease of outstanding economic importance in the tropics, causing by far the greatest loss of labor days.

"The dramatic, winning fight which civilization has waged against the insect world has had important geographic results. Americans were able to complete the Panama canal only after successfully defeating the mosquito. Malaria had been one of the major causes for the failure of the French a few years before. When the Panama railway was completed in 1839 it was said that a life had been lost for every tie laid down.

"General Gorgas began his famous health campaign on the isthmus in 1904, and in 1906 the last case of yellow fever developed in the zone. Malaria receded a bit more slowly. There were 821 cases per 1,000 of population in 1906, but by 1932 this was reduced to 14.

"Throughout Central America the medical department of the United Fruit company is opening to agricultural regions previously thought uninhabitable. A recent example is Puerto Armuelles, Panama, where there is a 100,000-acre banana plantation. In 1923 practically every employee was laid up with malaria at one time or another, and it was recommended that the site be abandoned. Then anti-larval methods were tried, together with supervised doses of quinine and plasmodochin, and soon the district was under control. Plasmodochin is a newly discovered preparation from quinine which renders the patient incapable of infecting mosquitos.

"Occasionally the sequence is reversed and mosquito follows man's conquest of new territory. This is the case in arid regions which have been reclaimed by irrigation. The ditches provide ideal breeding places for the anopheles; and much of the malaria in our Southwest has been

traced to this cause. In the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, where irrigation is extensive, a set of rules has been drawn up for the farmers, forcing them to keep their ditches cleared, stocked with fish, and carefully watched for leakage or standing water.

"Latest reports on the world-wide struggle against malaria come from the League of Nations malaria commission. Egypt is filling in ponds and pools left when the flood waters of the Nile subside. France is destroying hundreds of breeding places in French West Africa. Nigeria is constructing two dams along the Niger to prevent flooding, and is planting eucalyptus trees to dry the soil. Macedonia and Palestine are draining their marshes; and Turkey is ambitiously pumping out the water which floods her coastal plains in the spring.

"Eucalyptus trees also are being used to dry the lowlands surrounding Rome. It was in this region that malaria gave one of its most outstanding demonstrations of its ability to shape geography and history. It drove nearly all the inhabitants from the once populous and fertile Campagna. Now the Pontine marshes are being drained, mosquito breeding places are being destroyed, and farmers are returning again to plow and sow the rich soil."

Elastic Glass on Way

While unbreakable glass which will bend and stretch is still in the experimental stages, there is possibly of its production are long, according to a London man, who has been interested in the experiments. "There is no reason why this synthetic glass should not replace ordinary glass for everyday use," he said in a lecture in London. "In the case of the motorist, its unbreakable qualities make it invaluable."

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SAVE WORK
SAVE MONEY
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Coleman Self-Heating Iron

THIS Coleman Self-Heating Iron will save you more time and work than a \$100.00 washing machine! It will save your strength... help you do better ironing easier and quicker at less cost... no heating matches or torch... no waiting. The evenly-heated double pointed base irons garments with fewer strokes. Large glass smooth base slides easier. Ironing time is reduced one-third. Heat itself... use it anywhere. Economical, too... costs only 1/2 an hour to operate. See your hardware or housefurnishing dealer. If local dealer doesn't handle, write us. THE COLEMAN LAMP AND STOVE CO., Dept. W-20, Wichita, Kansas; Chicago, Ill.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Los Angeles, Calif.; Toronto, Ontario, Canada (1932)

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Don't endure pimples and blotches. Alleviate them quickly with pure Resinol Soap and safe, efficacious

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WNU-2 23-34

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FROM \$2.50 daily

HOTEL EDISON
47th ST. West of 5-way NEW YORK
1000 ROOMS EACH WITH BATH, RADIO AND CIRCULATING ICE WATER

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HAVE YOU anything around the house you would like to trade or sell? Try a classified ad. The cost is only a few cents and there are probably a lot of folks looking for just what-ever it is you no longer have use for.

Classified Ads Get Results

Weekly News of Interest From
a Few Towns Surrounding Antrim

DEERING

Speaker and Mrs. Louis P. Elkins of Concord were recent visitors in town.

Joseph Demers has built a bungalow on land leased from John Herrick, near the Herrick corner.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Weaver of West Concord, both former residents here, were guests of friends in town recently.

The work of sanding and tarring the road through the town was done last week and several men were engaged in the work.

The evening meeting of the Community club was well attended, with President Peter LaBounty in the chair and Mrs. Maurice Parker acting as secretary.

Charles Fellows, who has been passing a few weeks with his granddaughter, Mrs. Walter Dutton, has gone to Franklin and Sandwich for a visit with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Ellsworth and Mr. and Mrs. J. Charles Williams have been in Royalton, Vt., where they were met by Mr. and Mrs. John Fren of South Hero, former residents here.

Harry N. Holmes and family of Jackson Heights, New York, have been at their summer home here. Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Abernathy of Washington, D. C., have also been here for a few days.

On Monday evening in the Hillsboro High school gymnasium, Dr. Eleanor A. Campbell showed reels of moving pictures, which depict the activities of the Vacation Bible school held at the Community Center, East Deering, every summer. According to present plans the school this year will have a larger staff of teachers than ever before.

GREENFIELD

E. P. Holt has been restricted to his home by illness.

Miss Marie Flynn of Providence, R. I., was a week-end guest of her mother, Mrs. Annie B. Flynn.

Mr. and Mrs. Earle Leach of Haverhill, Mass., spent the holiday with his mother, Mrs. F. W. Gould.

Mrs. Horace Pettengill and son, Douglas, have returned from Portland, Me., where they have been visiting for two weeks.

Saturday evening there was a supper from 6 to 7:30 at town hall after which were moving pictures. The proceeds were for the benefit of the children who wish to go to the Deering Vacation school.

FRANCESTOWN

The Benevolent society met Wednesday afternoon at the Congregational church vestry.

Miss Lucy Holt of Newton, Mass., spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Holt.

The choir girls at the Unitarian church were recently entertained at a dinner party at the home of Mrs. Bessie Wiley.

The Men's Forum met on Friday evening. The committee in charge were Ned Nutting, Wilfred Stone and Harry Miller.

Mrs. Martha Bixby was at her home here over the holiday and week-end and had as guests her daughter and family, Mr. and Mrs. Winslow Furbur and three sons of Milton, Mass.

State of New Hampshire

HILLSBOROUGH, SS.

Court of Probate.

To John Malcolm Lang of Antrim in said County, under the guardianship of Marietta S. Lang and all others interested therein: Whereas said guardian has filed the final account of her said guardianship in the Probate Office for said County:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Hillsborough in said County, on the 27th day of July next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

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

Given at Nashua in said County, this fifth day of June A. D. 1934.

By order of the Court,
S. J. DEARBORN,
June 13-20-27 Register.

Administrator's Notice

The Subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Abner D. Avery, 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 May 25, 1934.

HENRY W. WILSON

State of New Hampshire

HILLSBOROUGH, SS.

COURT OF PROBATE.

To the heirs at law of the estate of Walter D. Jamesson late of Antrim, in said County, deceased, testate, and to all others interested therein:

Whereas Jennie M. J. Nims, executrix of the last will and testament of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County the final account of her administration of said estate:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Hillsborough in said County, on the 27th day of July next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

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

Given at Nashua in said County the sixth day of June A. D. 1934.

By order of the Court,
S. J. DEARBORN,
June 13-20-27 Register.

CUT
NEXT WINTER'S
FUEL COSTS
BY ORDERING
NEW ENGLAND COKE
TODAY!

Each year you have the opportunity of purchasing New England Coke at a low price. The sooner you act the greater will be your savings because the price will advance with the season.

David Whiting & Sons, Inc.

Tel. 47-12, Hillsboro, N. H.

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Dept. A,
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QUICK DRYING
TOUGH AND DURABLE



When you enamel a floor you want a floor enamel that dries fast. You want the finish to be smooth and durable so that it's easy to keep clean and able to stand the wear and tear of constant use.

Low Brothers Quick-Drying Floor Enamel is made to do these things and to give the floor exceptional beauty. Come in and see the many colors.

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

The Antrim Reporter
Published Every Wednesday Afternoon

Subscription Price, \$2.00 per year
Advertising Rates on Application

H. W. ELDREDGE, PUBLISHER
H. R. & C. D. ELDREDGE, ASSISTANTS

Wednesday, June 13, 1934

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

Long Distance Telephone

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

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



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression"

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

What Has Happened and Will
Take Place Within Our Borders

A. H. S. Graduation and Reception at town hall this week Friday.

Walter Raleigh was graduated last week from Lawrence Academy, at Groton, Mass.

Miss Elizabeth Tibbals was graduated this week from Mt. Holyoke College, at South Hadley, Mass.

The Ladies' Mission Circle of the Presbyterian church will serve supper at the vestry on Wednesday, June 20, at 6 o'clock.

Married, at Goffstown, June 10, by Rev. J. A. H. Plowright, William Dewey Elliott and Doris L. Barnett, both of Antrim. Friends are offering congratulations.

Mrs. Albert E. Thornton is at the Margaret Pillsbury hospital, in Concord, where on Saturday last she had an operation. She is reported as getting along as nicely as could be expected.

Mrs. W. Dewey Elliott passed the Reporter on Monday morning a copy of the Indianapolis News of May 8, in which were a picture and writeup of Mrs. Frances Fairbanks Godown, aged 101 years April 20 last, who was born in Antrim, daughter of Woodbury and Miriam (Wilcox) Fairbanks, whose father was also born in Antrim. She has been a resident of Fort Wayne, Indiana, since her marriage to Captain John M. Godown, more than 80 years ago.

Workmen are now employed re-laying the water pipe through the Knapp meadow so-called, not far from the source of the Antrim water supply at Campbell pond. Ten-inch redwood pipe of the best quality is being used, purchased from the Michigan Pipe Co. from whom the Precinct's pipe has always been purchased, and which has given such excellent satisfaction; 2500 feet of new pipe is being used. Caughy & Pratt have charge of the work and local men are employed; a number of our men not having regular employment elsewhere are able to secure work here, which proves helpful all around. This is a needed project that the Precinct has anticipated, and will be an improvement to the local water system.

The 3d Annual Flower and Vegetable Show will be held in Town hall on August 16 and 17. The schedule of exhibits was printed in last week's Reporter, and the exhibiting is open to all Club members and residents of Antrim and vicinity. Committees are at work to make this a Bigger and Better show than ever before. Watch the Reporter for announcements. Any information may be gotten from the general committee: Mrs. J. Lillian Larrabee, chairman, Mrs. G. D. Tibbets, president, Mrs. George Nylander, Mrs. George Ross, Wm. R. Linton and Carl H. Robinson.

The Boston University Press Bureau has furnished The Reporter with the following information:

Rev. John Paton Brooks has been given the degree of Master of Arts in the School of Theology Graduate School department.

Miss Frances Eleanor Wheeler has been given the degree of Bachelor of Music in the College of Music department.

Mrs. J. J. Nims is putting in a new bathroom at her residence on Main street.

Mrs. Fred O. Little of Medford, Mass., has recently been the guest of her sister, Mrs. George A. Sawyer.

Fred Shoults and Mrs. Blanche McClure, both of Antrim, were married May 28 by Rev. William Weston, in Milford.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Wilson were in Meredith one day recently to attend the funeral of a friend and former neighbor.

William Congreve, Sr., recently entertained his daughter and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas and children, from West Haven, Conn.

A young son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul R. Colby of South Braintree, Mass., is stopping for a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. William F. Clark.

The local W. R. C. has an invitation to attend a reception to the Department President, Mrs. Lizzie Wilmot and her official staff, in Enfield June 25.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Knapp are entertaining her father, Charles W. Petty, who formerly resided in Antrim for a number of years and now lives in Florida.

Mrs. Anna Buchanan and Miss Nanabelle Buchanan recently were guests of Rev. and Mrs. Arthur A. Blair, in Nashua. Mrs. Buchanan has now returned to her home in Peterborough.

Miss Evelyn M. Parker, assistant at the postoffice, has been at her home a week or two past suffering with asthma. Her work in the office has been done by Mrs. Frank E. Wheeler, a regular clerk.

William Richardson was graduated on Monday of last week from the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst, Mass., in the landscape gardening department, and is now at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Poor and Miss Marion Wilkinson were at the Laconia hospital on a recent Sunday to visit Charles Wilkinson who is recovering from an appendicitis operation.

In one of the showers last Wednesday afternoon, the eight-room cottage of Scott E. Emery on the shore of Cunningham pond in Peterborough, was struck by lightning and burned to the ground. Mr. Emery was formerly an Antrim resident.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph G. Winslow and son, Edward, and Carl Baumback, of Albany, N. Y., were recent guests at Alabama Farm. Mr. Winslow and Mr. Baumback came to New Hampshire to attend the music festival at Hampton Beach, the former being one of the judges; he is president of the National Music Supervisors' Association, while holding the position of supervisor of music in the public schools of Albany.

Everett N. Davis, Master of Harmony Lodge of Hillsboro, and H. W. Eldredge, attended a meeting of Artisan Lodge, A. F. & A. M., in Winchendon, Mass., last week Tuesday evening, when the Master Mason's degree was conferred by a team of Past Masters. In addition to witnessing some splendid work, they were fortunate in being present at an excellent chicken pie supper at 6 o'clock. They are under obligations to the Master of Artisan Lodge, Celian Abbott for favors received, and are grateful for same.

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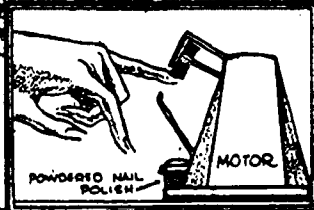
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The FIRESIDE PHILOSOPHER

By ALFRED BIGGS

Time dries all tears.
Don't advertise your good deeds.
We generally get what we deserve.
Say neither too much nor too little.
Advice is the cheapest kind of help.
Only a small part of what we learn stays with us.
Nature provides strength enough for most burdens.
Deeds are greater than words, but thoughts can be greater than both.

Adam Zapple
WE DON'T BLAME HIM
By JACK ROMER



BENNINGTON

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

A water hole has been dug at the Favor Farm, as a fire protection.

Mrs. M. L. Knight has not been as well as usual the past week or two.

The Junior High School holds its graduation on the evening of the 15th at the Town hall.

The lights on the new stone bridge burned all day Sunday. It seems they are turned on and off automatically, and some-times the contrivance fails to work.

Mrs. Rena Shattuck, of Nashua, visited her relatives here on Sunday, singing a solo at the Congregational church at the morning service, which every-one enjoyed.

A supper which could almost be called a banquet was served at S. of U. V. hall, by the Auxiliary members, on Friday last. There was a record attendance, which added to the charm of the occasion.

The marriage of Marion J. Griswold to Walter D. Cleary was recently announced, as was the marriage of Harold Eaton to Mrs. Barnado. All are local young people, residing in town, and carry the good wishes of their many friends.

NEW BRIDGE COMPLETED

One of the best, most attractive and substantial cement and granite bridges built in this state is the one just completed in this village. Erected to conform with plans from the office of the State Highway Department, it is a handsome and imposing structure, and one that our town will point to with much pride for many years to come. As well as a State project, it is also a Federal proposition. The bridge and its approaches at either end are so built and changed as to make the surroundings look like an other place. It is so exactly like the specifications and plans that the State authorities did not hesitate a single moment to accept it.

Caughey & Pratt, of Antrim, were the contractors, and a splendid piece of work they did; everybody who says anything about it has nothing but words of praise to pass out for the contractors, the engineers, foremen and workers.

The approaches have been given special attention and grading has been done in an approved manner. Soon the landscape gardener of the State Highway Department will be here to give attention to finishing the touches which will still more improve the surroundings, and when all is completed a most sightly spot will be added to our village.

No one can blame the Selectmen for the pride they take in showing off the beauties of the new bridge, its approaches, and the immediate surroundings; they have spent much time on the job and given a great deal of thought and attention to this matter. Their interest in this respect is greatly appreciated by our people and the general public will be constantly reminded of it.

Here is a new explanation for a "Pacifist." He eats and barks, but he won't fight!

Like on Hosses
"Gambler's wrong," said Uncle Eben,
"specially when de best cheater wins
all de money."

High-Power Salesmen
Jud Tunkins says diplomats look to him like high-power salesmen regarding one another as prospects.

ANTRIM POST OFFICE

Mail Schedule in Effect April Twenty-nine, 1934

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.	9.18 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
Thursday, June 14
Prayer and praise service at 7.30 p.m. Topic: The Christian's Obligation. Eph. 2: 10.
Session meets at the close of this service.

Sunday, June 17
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock, with sermon by the pastor.
Bible school at 12 noon.
Young People's Meeting will be held at the Presbyterian Manse at 5.30. This is the closing service for this season.

Methodist Episcopal
Rev. John P. Brooks, Pastor
Sunday, June 17
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock. Children's Day music will be rendered by the young people.
Sunday School at 12 o'clock.

Baptist
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Wednesday, June 13
Annual meeting of the Ladies' Circle at the home of Mrs. Emma S. Goodell, at 3 o'clock p.m.
Thursday, June 14
The Ladies' Circle will have their annual supper at 6.30 o'clock, to be followed by an address by Rev. N. E. Woodbury from Burma.
Sunday, June 17
Church school will be omitted.
Children's service at 10.45.
Union evening service in this church at seven 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.

Regular Meeting

A regular meeting of the Antrim Chamber of Commerce was held at Maplehurst Inn on Tuesday evening of this week; routine business was the order.

Plants For Sale

Tomatoes, 35c. per dozen
Cabbage, 10c. per dozen, 75c. per 100 plants
Cauliflower, 15c. per dozen, \$1.00 per 100 plants
Broccoli, 15c. per dozen, \$1.00 per 100 plants

Flowering Plants
Petunia, Aster, Stocks, Snapdragons, Cosmos, Marigold, Wallflower, Cornflower, Balsam, Salpiglossis, Larkspur, Strawflower, all 30c. per dozen.

LINWOOD GRANT,
Tel. 15-13 Antrim, N. H.

Pretty cool the past week; but it is only a bit more of New England weather.

Antrim Locals

Miss Pierce is occupying her summer home in East Antrim, and has as her companion, Miss Enid Cochrane, who also chauffeurs for her.

For Sale—Mahogany Buffet, and one High-side Iron Baby Bed. Enquire at Reporter Office. Adv.

John Mayrand is changing over the interior of his barber shop; he will put in a second chair, and soon employ another barber.

The Reporter learns that John Zabriskie has sold his home place, on West street, to Roger Hilton, who will occupy it as a home.

Pupils of Mrs. Elizabeth Felker will give a Piano Recital at the vestry of the Baptist church, on Wednesday evening, June 20, at 7.30 o'clock. Anyone interested is cordially invited to attend.

Mrs. J. R. Rablin entertained members of her bridge club, from Brookline, Mass., at her Summer home, at Antrim Center, the first of the week; the party dined with Landlord Kelley, at The Maplehurst.

The baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class of the Antrim High school was given on Sunday evening, at the Presbyterian church, with the address by Rev. Wm. Patterson. A goodly number of town's people attended. Rev. J. P. Brooks and Rev. J. W. Logan assisted in the service, and the union choir furnished the music, with Mrs. Felker at the organ.

High School Notes

Pupils of Antrim and Hancock High schools had a very enjoyable field day, on the Hancock grounds, on Friday afternoon, June 9. In athletic events Antrim pupils took the following places:

- 1—Boys' 100 yd. dash: Alan Sweet 1st, Fred Butler 2d.
- 2—Boys' baseball throw for distance: Calvin Patterson 3d.
- 3—Boys' high jump: Albert Poor 1st, Herman Hill 3d.
- 4—Boys' broad jump: Albert Poor 1st, Fred Butler 2d, Herman Hill 3d.
- 5—Boys' baseball throw for accuracy: James Cuddihy 1st.
- 6—Boys' obstacle race: Wallace Nylander 3d.
- 7—Boys' relay: Won by Wendell Ring, Theodore Caughey, Herman Hill and Fred Butler.
- 1—Girls' 50 yd. dash: 1st, Evelyn Moul.
- 2—Girls' broad jump: 1st, Mary Muzzey; 2d, Martha Dziengowski; 3d, Evelyn Moul.
- 3—Girls' basket ball throw: 3d, Addie Dalton.
- 4—Girls' potato race: 3d, Judith Pratt.
- 5—Girls' sack race: 1st, Hilda Cochrane; 2d, Judith Pratt.

Clark Craig has been awarded one of the Hood Scholarships of \$200, at the University of New Hampshire. These scholarships were made possible by Charles H. Hood, Class of '80. They are available to qualified students whose aims are to promote farming as a life work. High scholastic attainment and strong character are the requirements necessary to obtain one of these scholarships.

Home Rule on Isle of Man
The Isle of Man has its own unique form of home rule. No act of the British parliament applies to the island unless expressly so stated in the law. The court of Tynwald, one of the oldest legislative assemblies in the world, consists of a lieutenant governor appointed by the crown, and two chambers, the council and the house of keys. The 24 members of the latter are elected by popular vote, in which women share equal rights with men. All measures must pass both council and keys, and receive approval from the sovereign.

Antrim Grange, No. 98

Antrim Grange is very busy these days getting ready for the one act play contest, and committees are being chosen for the annual fair to be held late in August.

Recent meetings have been quite interesting. One was Mother's Night and the music, tableaux and readings were all for the mothers. Another meeting was in charge of the Home and Community Welfare Committee, and was also very interesting. Father's Night is June 19th.

Six members of the Grange attended the officers' conference at Grasmere recently. All report a well spent and enjoyable evening.

Antrim Grange was guest of the Pinnacle Grange of Lyndero last week and furnished the literary program. They were well paid for their efforts with a delicious supper and a social hour.

Evelyn Clarke,
Grange Reporter

Fishin'

Supposin' fish don't bite at first, What are you goin' to do—
Throw down your pole, chuck out your bait
And say your fishin's through?
You bet you ain't; you're goin' to fish.
An' fish an' fish an' wait,
Until you've ketch'd a bucketful
Or used up all your bait.

Suppose success don't come at first
What are you goin' to do—
Throw up the sponge and kick yourself
An' growl an' fret an' stew?
You bet you ain't; you're goin' to fish.
An' bait an' bait agin,
Until success will bite your hook,
For grit is sure to win.

TIMELY SAYINGS

The advice you do not take will not hurt you.
Modesty is admirable and most men have it.
Labor sweetens rest. Rest can reciprocate, too.
There are too many salads and not enough puddings.
Many a man's failure is as mysterious as his success.
Love, like ice, is awfully slippery and it soon thaws.
"Where there's a will there's a way," said the old proverb.
Weakness of mind is the only fault incapable of correction.
Some people spend too much of their time in nursing animosity.
What becomes of all the loving cups in the course of a century?
An intellectual is one who likes fiction that he can't enjoy at all.
Doubt is an easier guest to entertain in one's bosom than worry.
In a one-horse town some local magnate is sure to own the horse.
No man who ignores small things ever accomplishes any very great ones.
The trouble with milk of human kindness is that it's skimmed too often.
People who are eternally bent on "being happy" at all costs are the foolishest.
What is more perverse than a newspaper you are trying to fold outdoors on a windy day?
Men like a prize fight because there is nothing soft and sentimental about it. Such a relief!
Don't expect to keep your chickens in the city any more than you can keep your umbrellas.
All the nations "are going to sell to all the other nations and buy nothing of them." Ho-hum!

Memorial Day Orators

The Reporter Editor gets considerable "kick" out of reading what different exchanges say concerning Memorial Day and Memorial Sunday orators, in this and other states. It has become almost an annual "sport," apparently, for speakers on these occasions to make the most of the opportunity in advancing some personal ideas concerning the great questions of the day, such as world peace, unpreparedness or some other too deep a question for them to intelligently present. A lot could be said on the question, but why go further. Our opinion is now the same as it was in November, 1925, when the following editorial paragraph in the columns of The Reporter, which opinion was favorably commented upon by our State papers, the Boston Herald, and other publications whose editors chanced to read it: "Efforts were made to secure a good speaker for Antrim for Armistice Day to give our people something worthwhile on this day of days. But the kind of a man wanted could not be found, and it was decided rather than to have one not really desirable that it would be better not to have any."

Will Rogers Picks A Story For This Spot

By WILL ROGERS

FOLES is always tellin' how stiff-necked the people of Boston are. It has got to be a standing joke the way the Bostonians brag about their ancestors. Seems like no one amounts to much in that town unless his great-grand-



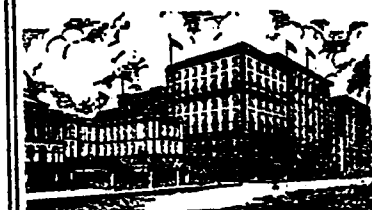
father fought in the Revolution or spilled tea into the harbor. Anyhow this has to do with a lady that got all fed up hearing about ancestry in Boston.

This lady comes from way out in Michigan and was visiting some relatives in the Hub city. They all were calling on some folks who were related to the Cabots or the Cod-fishes or something.

The hostess in the course of her bragging said with pride, "Why my ancestors came over in the Mayflower."

This riled the lady from Michigan, and she came back right snappily, "It's a lucky thing they did. The immigration laws are so much stricter now."

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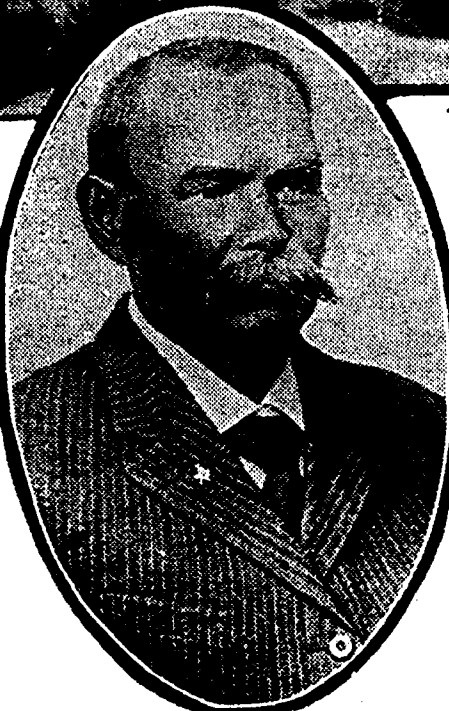
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BOSTON

The Battle of Adobe Walls



THE CHARGE ON ADOBE WALLS
(From the Painting by J. N. Marchand)



Billy Dixon

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

SIXTY years ago this month there occurred a fight, the story of which has become one of the classics of the Western frontier. That was the Battle of Adobe Walls which began on the early morning of June 27, 1874, when a war party of several hundred Comanche, Kiowa, Cheyenne, Arapahoe and Kiowa Apache Indians attacked a buffalo hunters' camp, occupied by 28 men and one woman, located on the south fork of the Canadian river in what is now Hutchinson county in the Texas Panhandle.

Characteristic of its ranking as a frontier classic is the number of men who at one time or another have been called "survivors" of the Adobe Walls fight. Seemingly every old-timer who was ever a buffalo hunter on the Southwestern plains in the '70s has been accorded the distinction of "He fought at Adobe Walls" by amateur historians and imaginative newspaper reporters, and this, despite the fact that there has been in existence for many years an authentic list of the actual participants which might easily disprove the claim advanced in favor of spurious defenders of that outpost of the frontier.

Under the terms of the Medicine Lodge treaty of 1867, the federal government fixed the Arkansas river as the northern boundary of the Indian country for the tribes of the Southwestern plains and guaranteed that white hunters should not cross that stream. But they did.

In 1872 the mushroom town of Dodge City, Kan., sprang into existence and became the out-fitting point and center of activity of the hide hunters who, with their big Sharps buffalo guns, were constantly invading the red man's country.

By the spring of 1874 the slaughter had been so great that the buffalo had been virtually wiped out near Dodge City. So A. C. Myers, who was in the general merchandise business in Dodge, organized an expedition to establish a trading post farther south where the hunters could get their supplies and to which they would bring their buffalo hides which Myers would freight back to the Kansas "hide capital." Forming a partnership with Fred Leonard and accompanied by a party of 20-odd frontiersmen, Myers set out for the forbidden Indian country.

Among the members of the party were Jim Hanrahan, an old buffalo hunter who was going along to open a saloon at the new trading post; Thomas O'Keefe, a blacksmith; and two young buffalo hunters destined for future fame—Billy Dixon and Bat Masterson. After a journey of 150 miles the expedition reached a spot on the south fork of the Canadian where stood the ruins of an old trading post, known as Adobe Walls, which had been built by William Bent and Ceran St. Vrain, some time before 1840. A mile or so farther on, in a broad valley where there was a pretty stream called East Adobe Walls creek, Myers and his companions unloaded their wagons and set about establishing the second Adobe Walls which was to become even more famous than the first.

Myers and Leonard built a picket house, 20 by 60 feet in size; Hanrahan put up a sod house, 25 by 60, and O'Keefe opened his blacksmith shop in a picket structure, 15 feet square. Myers and Leonard also built a stockade corral by setting big cottonwood logs on end in the ground. A short time later, Rath and Wright, leading merchants of Dodge City, decided to establish a branch store at Adobe Walls and built a sod house, 16 by 20 feet, leaving James Langton in charge of the new business there. To Adobe Walls also came William Olds and his wife to open a restaurant.

For several years the Indians had been watching with increasing alarm the wasteful slaughter of the buffalo by the white hunters. So when in the spring of 1874 a Comanche medicine man named Isatal announced that he had a new medicine which would enable them to



Chief Quannah

wipe out the white men who were exterminating the buffalo, he found the tribesmen ripe for such a crusade.

The first Indian leader to agree to help in this laudable enterprise was a chief of the Comanches, Quannah, the half-breed son of Cynthia Ann Parker, who as a little girl had been stolen from her home in Texas and had become the wife of the great Chief Peta Nocona. Then the medicine man "carried the pipe" to the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas and Kiowa Apaches and they readily agreed to accompany their Comanche brethren.

So a great war party of between 800 and 700 mounted warriors set out for the buffalo hunters' camp and on the night of June 26 they camped about five or six miles from Adobe Walls, began painting themselves and their horses and preparing themselves for the charge against the hated white men. "Those men shall not fire a shot; we shall kill them all," was the promise of Isatal.

That night at Adobe Walls 28 men and one woman slept peacefully, little realizing that a storm of savage wrath was about to be hurled against them. In Hanrahan's saloon were Hanrahan, Bat Masterson, Mike Welch, Hiram Watson, Billy Ogg, James McKinley, "Bermuda" Carlisle, Billy Dixon and a man named Shepherd. In Myers and Leonard's store were Leonard, James Campbell, Edward Trevor, Frank Brown, Harry Armitage, Billy Tyler, "Old Man" Keeler, Mike McCabe, Henry Lease and two men known only as "Dutch Henry" and "Frenchy." In Rath and Wright's store were James Langton, George Eddy, Thomas O'Keefe, Sam Smith, Andrew Johnson and William Olds and his wife. Just outside the stockade two brothers named Shadler, who bore the nicknames of "Mexico Ike" and "Blue Bill," and who were engaged in freighting hides to Dodge City, were sleeping in their wagons with a big Newfoundland dog at their feet.

About two o'clock in the morning Shepherd and Mike Welch were awakened by a report that sounded like the crack of a rifle. They sprang up and discovered that the big cottonwood ridge pole which supported the dirt roof of Hanrahan's saloon had cracked and was about to allow the roof to collapse. Hastily awakening others in the place, they set to work repairing the roof and this commotion aroused others who fell to and assisted them.

Before going to sleep, Dixon and Hanrahan had prepared themselves for an early start in the morning for the buffalo hunting grounds to the northwest. By the time the repairs to the roof of the saloon were completed, the sky was growing red in the east. So Hanrahan proposed to Dixon that, instead of going back to bed, they get ready to start out as soon as it was light. To this Dixon agreed and as he started to get his horse he looked down the valley and there, through the dim light of the morning, he saw a sight which almost paralyzed him for a moment.

A dark mass of horsemen was moving swiftly up the valley and the next moment it had spread out like a fan and a mighty war-whoop shattered the stillness. Isatal was coming with his host of wild tribesmen to make good his promise to wipe out the buffalo hunters at Adobe Walls. Throwing his rifle to his shoulder, Dixon fired one shot, then turned and sped toward the Hanrahan saloon as the wild charge of the Indians swept down upon him. But this hasty warning was enough to bring the occupants of

the saloon, who were already awake and dressed, to the windows with their big buffalo guns in their hands.

"We were scarcely inside before the Indians had surrounded all the buildings and shot out every window pane," Billy Dixon says. "For the first half hour the Indians were reckless and daring enough to ride up and strike the doors with the butts of their guns." And Andrew Johnson has recorded how the savages backed their horses up against the doors of the buildings and tried to push them in, showing a willingness to fight at close quarters almost unparalleled in Indian warfare.

But the steady fire of the buffalo hunters soon discouraged this and after beating off several attacks, the white men had a chance to take stock of their losses. Strange to say, there were only three. The two Shadler boys, asleep in their wagon outside the stockade, had been killed and scalped. Their big Newfoundland dog had evidently put up a fight, for he was also killed and "scalped"—a piece of hide having been cut from his side. Billy Tyler, one of the defenders of the Leonard and Myers store, was killed early in the fighting and except for some minor wounds these were the only casualties.

Time after time the Indians charged, but as their ponies were knocked down by the heavy slugs of lead from the buffalo guns and more and more of their warriors were killed or wounded, it began to dawn upon them that Isatal had been a false prophet. So the charges ceased. During one of these lulls a young Comanche, gorgeously appareled in war bonnet and scalp shirt and mounted on a fine pony, made a lone charge toward the buildings in the face of a hot fire from the hunters. Riding up close to one of the buildings, he leaped from his pony, thrust a six-shooter through a port-hole and emptied it. He then attempted to retreat but was shot down. This daring warrior who had hoped to make a great name for himself by his lone charge was Pe-ah-rite, the son of Horseback, one of the leading chiefs of the Comanches.

By late afternoon the Indians had given up hope of wiping out the defenders of Adobe Walls and began to withdraw. After an anxious night of watchfulness the buffalo hunters discovered the next morning that only a few Indians were lingering around the place and they were soon driven off by some long distance shots. During the second day hunters from some of the outlying camps made their way unmolested into Adobe Walls and that night one of them, Henry Lease, was sent to Dodge City for help.

On the third day a party of about 15 Indians appeared on a high bluff east of Adobe Walls, but they were quickly dispersed by a shot from Billy Dixon's rifle which knocked one of the savages from his horse. It is this incident that gave rise to one of the oft-repeated myths about the Adobe Walls affair, different accounts of it placing the distance of the shot all the way from a mile to a half! By Dixon's own testimony "The distance was not far from three-fourths of a mile. . . . I was admittedly a good marksman, yet this was what might be called a 'scratch' shot."

More hunters came in on the third day and by the sixth day there were fully a hundred men gathered there. It is among these newcomers that so many of the "survivors" of later years were numbered. But by this time the danger from the Indians had passed. The red men had departed for a series of raids in Kansas and Texas which soon brought the military into the field and resulted in their eventual defeat. But before the affair at Adobe Walls ended there was one more tragedy, one which darkened the life of the brave woman defender, Mrs. Olds. On the fifth day her husband was coming down a ladder with a gun in his hand when it went off accidentally, and she rushed from an adjoining room in time to see his body roll from the ladder and crumple at her feet.

Today three monuments stand on the site of Adobe Walls. One is a small slab of granite which marks the grave of William Olds. Another marks the last resting place of the Shadler brothers. The third is a huge red granite monument which tells that "Here on June 27, 1874, about 700 picked warriors from the Comanche, Cheyenne and Kiowa Indian tribes were defeated by 28 brave frontiersmen" and it bears the names of the 28 who truly "fought at Adobe Walls."

© by Western Newspaper Union.

Howe About:

My Most Important Job
The Big Fellows

H. G. Wells

© Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

By ED HOWE

I CONFESS to 80 years of idleness, work, observation, mischief, wisdom, folly. What have I found my most important job? To constantly strive to better manage myself, that I may increase efficiency of mind and body.

A man named F. C. Fox became general manager of the Santa Fe system some years ago, and went out on the line in a special car. Two or three of the older officials were with him, and they sidetracked one morning, somewhere. An Irish section foreman soon appeared who was well acquainted with the older officials. The Irishman had come down to demand more wages (really very generous, and he knew it, but like the rest of us, he was always clamoring for more). So to the officials he knew he recited what a good man he was; how he had long been imposed on; how valuable his services were to the company, etc.

The officials he had long known agreed with him (in our disposition to get along, we all lie to a man's face, and roast him behind his back). "The man to see is inside," the officials said; "the new general manager." Then the Irishman started climbing the car steps, grumbling his protests, and declaring he intended to speak a piece of his mind, after long suppressing his indignation. . . . Almost immediately the Irishman returned from his visit to the new general manager. "A big fellow, ain't he?" the Irishman said, and returned to his work.

F. C. Fox is a large man; at that time young and athletic. Mr. Fox was sitting at his desk, back turned. The Irishman sized him up, did not speak to him, and quickly backed out. Everybody respects the Big Fellows, although nobody admits it. Perhaps they should not; such admission may be confession of cowardice—of lack of nobleness; I do not know, and am not discussing the question here. I only wish to say everybody respects the big fellows a little more than they respect the little fellows.

We all bluff a good deal; and bluffing is mostly foolish.

Your "hand" has a certain value. The ten will take the nine; and so on up to the controversy between the two spot and the ace, or the controversy between the section foreman and the general manager. There may be a certain satisfaction in indignation meetings, public and private, but they have brought me so little through my many years that I attend few of them.

The world has widely accepted H. G. Wells as a man of unusual fairness, education and intelligence, by giving him honorable distinction. He recently made a speech in London, and said: "In many regions of the earth there is an epidemic of intolerance which takes ugly and novel forms. To me it seems, more than anything else, a rebellion of the clumsy louts against thought and sanity; and they are now rampant everywhere with idiotic symbols, and idiotic salutes contriving idiotic cruelties. Is the civilized majority safe? Personally I do not think so; I expect to feel uneasy for another ten years; by that time I expect the clumsy louts to be conquered by a capable majority which should have better controlled them long ago."

Mr. Wells' statement is true enough, but it isn't new. I've been saying the same thing, in almost identical language, at least four years.

Why should not grand opera be given for what it will bring in at the box office? Why should we go so far in art as to pay a lot of men and women enormous salaries to screech in a manner we do not actually care a great deal for, and then demand that business men or the government, pay the deficit? . . . All the rest of us are compelled to advertise our show, and take whatever comes in. Why should not artists do the same? . . . You may reply they simply will not. All right; then let them go to the devil, or to Italy, or wherever they come from.

"The less we have to do with women," Schopenhauer wrote, "the better. They are not even a 'necessary evil'; life is safer and smoother without them. Let me recognize the snare that lies in women's beauty, and the absurd comedy of reproduction will end. Thus the extinction of the race will be achieved. Why should the certain that has just fallen upon defeat and death always rise again upon a new life, a new struggle, and a new defeat? How long shall we be lured into this endless pain that leads only to a painful end?"

I do not endorse this sentiment; I quote it only that more women may know about its author, and hate him.

A man may be a fool in three or four ways, and wise in five or six others. (I have never known anyone who was not a fool about two or three things.)

The human race may go further, and over an easier road; that is all I claim in such reforms as I advocate.

I know many people I like first rate, and consider them creditable on the whole but often wonder they can be so foolish as they occasionally are in a few things.

BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

Five Little Girls at Once
Big Bills Come Back
Only Flew the Atlantic
Cuba Remembers

Mrs. Olivia Dionne of North Bay, Ont., had five children last Sunday and "expected" another. She has ten children, her family increased by five girl babies at one birth.

Dr. A. R. Dafoe of Callander says: "The five little girls are all well and chirping."

This will interest millions of women far more than NRA, the Russian-Japanese complications or the approaching home-going of congress.

Bills of large denomination, from \$500 to \$1,000 and \$10,000, are used rarely in ordinary affairs.

When banks began closing and people became frightened, it was observed that bank customers were asking for these big bills in exchange for checks, and, before long, millions of them disappeared. The federal reserve considers it a good sign that they are coming out from hiding.

Just before the bank crisis the amount of big bills in hiding rose to one billion nine hundred millions. Of these large bills, three hundred and fifty millions have recently returned to the United States treasury and to reserve banks, which, according to the federal reserve, indicates "better times."

Two French flyers, Capt. Maurice Rossi and Lieut. Paul Codos, landed on Long Island after an attempt to fly nonstop from Paris to California, 6,000 miles. The two Frenchmen are said to be greatly humiliated by their inability to fly on and reach California, where a glorious reception awaited them.

It would seem that flying the Atlantic westward, infinitely more difficult than going the other way, is a sufficient accomplishment, considering that less than twenty-five years ago Lord Northcliffe was offering ten thousand pounds to any man that would fly across the little English channel.

The day is not far away when men will fly nonstop from Paris to San Francisco as a matter of course, and from anywhere on earth to any other spot on earth.

The people and government of Cuba are trying to find four assassins accused of attempting to murder Jefferson Caffery, United States ambassador. The real Cubans, intelligent people, seek no quarrel with the United States. They "remember the Maine"

and what happened to Spain after that ship was sent to the bottom. Spain was driven out of Cuba and all the way home across the Atlantic and out of the Philippines as well.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, wife of the President, an able, energetic and kind-hearted woman, went to Alderson, W. Va., to inspect the federal prison for women and speak to the 400 inmates. For such an address, or any address to any prisoners, the best text is the well-known remark of the Bohemian John Huss, looking at a poor drunkard in the gutter: "But for the grace of God there lies John Huss."

Mrs. Roosevelt talks over the radio, and for doing so is paid \$500 a minute. Others do the same and are paid as much or even more, but Mrs. Roosevelt gives all her radio receipts to charity.

Not many of the others do that.

Mussolini, observing world-wide preparation for war, and no disarmament, says, "If I must fight, I must," and gets ready, wastes no time sobbing or sighing.

Before 1940, beginning at once, he will spend one thousand million lire on fighting surface ships and the same huge sum on fighting airships.

"Man's tragic destiny is war," says he, and tells Italians to prepare for long hard times, to meet the war bills. At least 80 per cent of Europe wants peace, and does not know how to get it.

The "Century of Progress" exposition is opened for the second year with a success big enough to please even Chicago. Anything must be big to satisfy Chicago.

Already it is apparent that this year's greater and better exposition will eclipse the first year. In attendance and in every other way.

Henry Ford was there to inspect his new exposition buildings. Before he realized it, half a dozen young Americans, twelve to fifteen years old, had recognized him, appointed him their guide, without pay, and kept him busy for an hour explaining everything to them, while his distracted secretaries tried to remind him of important business appointments.

Mr. Ford told them:

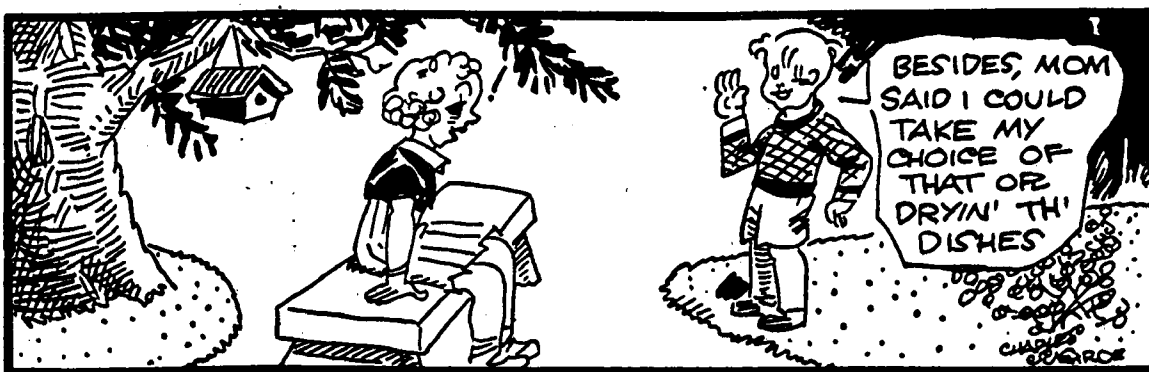
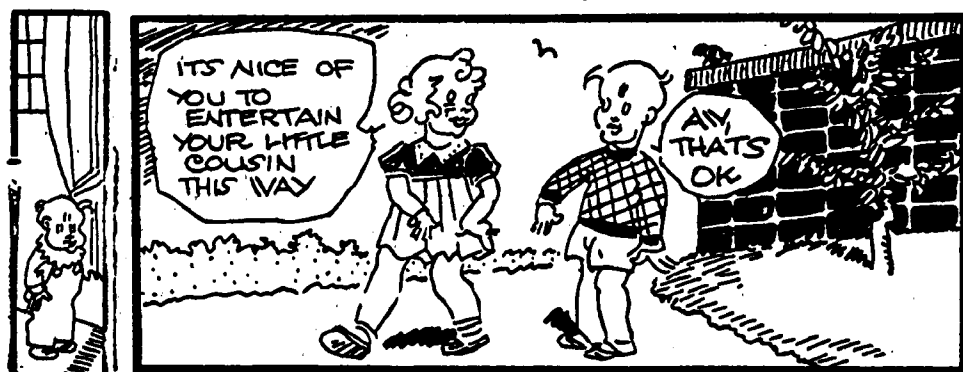
"These boys are more important. There is nothing serious the matter with a country when the young people are interested in new ideas."

Do not fail to visit Chicago's wonderful "Century of Progress" exposition this summer. See what has been done in the past century of progress. See your country, coming and going, and ask yourself what the next century of progress will accomplish, when this little depression stomach ache shall have been forgotten.

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WNU Service

SUCH IS LIFE—Young Chesterfield



Beggars Live High as Money Rolls In

England Finds Barnum's Estimate Too Modest.

London.—How true the saying is, "there is one born every minute," is emphasized by an interview in London with B. E. Astbury, inquiry secretary of the Charity Organization society. Mr. Astbury is inclined to think that, in England at least, there is more than one born every minute, and tells of some of the extraordinary methods employed by tricksters who specialize in begging letters, writes John Steele in the Chicago Tribune.

"In London today," he says, "there lives a man who has for more than a quarter of a century done nothing to earn a living except by writing begging letters. He lives in a well appointed flat in Kensington, has an office and maintains a staff of clerks, and has an international organization which operates in America and on the continent. He poses alternately as an ex-army officer, an ex-naval officer, and a doctor of literature.

"We first made the acquaintance of this individual 25 years ago. Then he was preying upon elderly women who were interested in the suppression of 'blood sports.' He formed, so he claimed, a society for the purpose of

organizing a campaign to stop 'blood sports,' and subscriptions simply rolled in.

"The man is certainly one of the cleverest of begging letter writers, and is always up to date in his ideas. Now he has turned poet and a doctor of literature, but of what university he does not say.

The Same Old Story. "Then there is the dear old soul who for years has been making a comfortable living by telling of her hardships. Using accommodation addresses in different parts of London, she writes to titled people. Always it is the same story; her husband has just died, she is in terrible distress; owes \$5 as rent. And she encloses her 'rent' book of course.

"In the last twenty years we have known that woman, and I have at least a dozen of her 'rent books,' each very carefully written up and showing the amount said to be owing. She uses a score of different names, and is most sympathetic in her appeals. She never makes the mistake of writing to the same person twice with the same story. That she makes a really splendid living at this sort of thing is shown by the fact that only a few weeks ago we went to one accommodation address near London which she was using and found more than 30 letters waiting for her there, and on the envelope of nearly every one was a crest or a coronet.

"The begging writer specializes very definitely. There is one woman who follows the birth announcements and immediately writes her appeal: 'How happy the new mother must be. Yet I, who became a mother on the same day, am destitute and my child dead. Now I have nowhere to go, for my husband was killed in an accident only a week before the child was born.' Another woman specializes on the engagement column and has a sad story to relate, ending with an appeal for help.

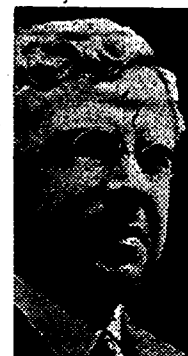
Profession Overcrowded. "Then, of course, there is always the old soldier or old sailor who writes to widows of naval or military officers, claiming to have served under their husbands. Another clever and persistent begging writer is a man who claims to have been employed at one time by a firm of court jewelers in an exclusive part of London. The man certainly possesses a list of old clients of the firm, and writes his appeals to them, pretending to have done them a service years ago.

"The profession of begging letter writing is rapidly becoming overcrowded. In the last twelve months we have had between 3,000 and 4,000 more inquiries regarding the genuineness of letters than ever before."

In a recent police case in London it was revealed that a man had lived for 20 years on begging letters, keeping a man and woman servant, an automobile and four dogs. It was also stated that the man had a small cottage in the country, and went abroad every year for a couple of months to avoid London fogs and bad weather.

HOPE
By
LEONARD A. BARRETT

According to Greek mythology, Prometheus stole fire from heaven, and to avenge the theft the gods commanded Pandora, a very beautiful woman, to come to earth holding in her hand a box from which escaped all the human ills, but hope remained.



While fear is the arch enemy of the race, hope is its greatest blessing. To the person in whose heart burns the light of hope, every cloud of discouragement has a silver lining. Hope constructs a future which becomes a sort of goal summoning all one's strength to reach it. Hope knows no present tense, it functions wholly in the future. "Come ride along with me, the best of life is yet to be," can only be said by those whose lives are dominated by hope. Hope knows no discouragement, because the latter is a thing of the present moment, and hope is interested in the future.

There is a popular phrase, "As long as there is life there is hope." The opposite is more the truth, as long as

New Speed Flash



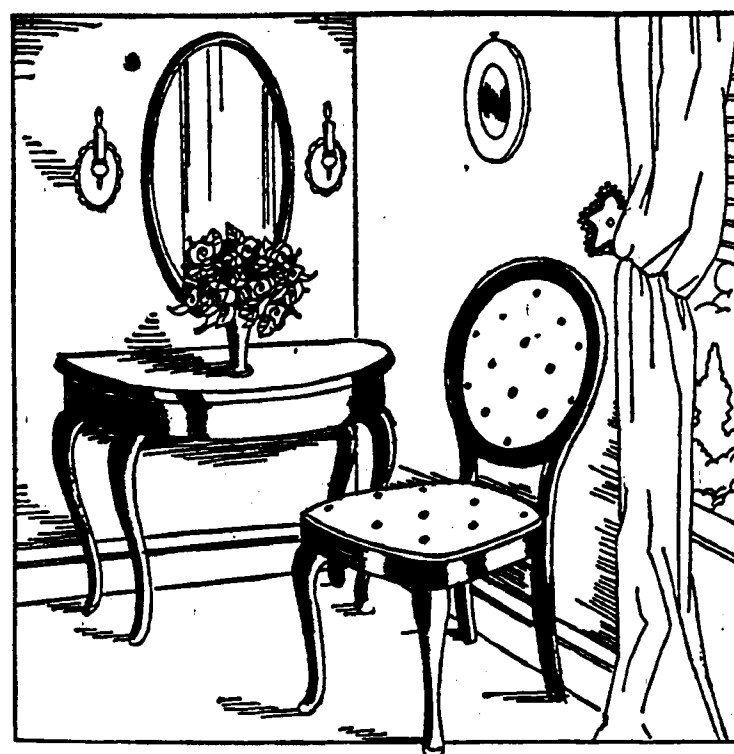
Fox Draper is the latest track star developed by Coach Dean Cromwell at the University of Southern California. He is small but very speedy and is being groomed for the N. C. A. A. championship meet to be held at Los Angeles June 22 and 23.

there is hope there is life. "When hope dies within the heart, a common grayness silvers everything" and purpose, ambition and even faith itself are near the end. No more severe fate could befall any person than to be bereft of the light of hope.

Hope calls out all latent energies and makes each adventure in life a "stepping stone to higher things." Hope quickens the mind, sharpens the perspective and stimulates the heart. Hope is like the lighthouse. Out upon the stormy sea it throws its light. Penetrating the darkness with its beams the ships are guided to safety. Hope is an innate gift, deeply implanted within the heart. We may kill it or cultivate it, just as we choose. It develops, however, through self-expression. "If we have no hope we are of all men most miserable."

Hope was unknown among the ancients as a virtue to be cultivated. They emphasized courage, physical strength, endurance, but seldom mentioned hope. It is a virtue especially characteristic of a Christian civilization. Hope is named as one of the blessings which still remain, "Now abideth, Faith, Hope and Love." © by Western Newspaper Union.

The Old Waffle Iron
The waffle iron, usually regarded as a modern utensil, is mentioned in cooking at least 500 years ago.

The Household
By Lydia Le Baron Walker

Curves Are a Pronounced Feature of the New Furniture.

A NEW style of furniture is coming in. When named, it is variously called modern classic and Twentieth century furniture. It is designed on classic lines and is, therefore, in pronounced contrast to the modernistic furniture which has been featured in the past few years. This new type may be said to "mix well" with other styles, while the modernistic type requires more special settings suited to itself. The incoming furniture vogue is far from bizarre. It is not difficult to introduce pieces into already furnished rooms when new furniture is needed to be substituted for wornout pieces, unless the previous furnishings were modernistic.

The new furniture is restful in style rather than striking. One is not impressed by its presence in a room because it is different, but because it pleases the eye. Straight lines so omnipresent in modernistic furniture are neither stressed nor avoided, but neither are curves shunned.

Return of Curves. One striking feature of the Twentieth century furniture, in fact, is the return of curves. These are lines of beauty which have been sorely lacking in modernistic pieces. So pronounced is this feature, that the up-to-date modernistic furniture already is influenced by it, as evidenced in modifications of the severity of the usual straight and angular shapes. There is no doubt that furniture and figures both are returning to curved contours and lines of beauty.

The same modern classic which is applied to the new or Twentieth century style of furniture, is revealing. It gives in its name its two characteristics. It is modern but built on classic lines. It is graceful without extravagance of embellishment. It does not feature carving, either the choice sort done by hand, or the mechanical reproductions made separately and glued in place. It is simple but not severe. Since curves are introduced as instances in cabriole legs, the standard supports for mirrors on bureaus, etc., the furniture could scarcely be severe. It can be stately, gracious, and pleasing and it is these characteristics which are focusing attention.

Cigarette smokers must have ash trays. If the homemaker does not pro-

vide plenty of them, she will find her vases and dishes converted into ash receivers, and even tops of boxes will be upturned and used for the purpose. It is important, therefore, to have enough of these dainty little trays. They should be the sort to withstand heat, as well as wash easily.

About Ash Trays. For these reasons there is nothing better than pottery for ash receivers. This substance is not inflammable, it is a nonconductor of heat, and it washes to look like new. Pottery, or semiporcelain is preferable to china for both are heavier than china. The intense heat of glowing stubs when pressed against the last ware may crack it. The ashes, of course, would do no harm, only intense heat of the burning tip when carelessly pressed too long, without releasing the stub continually while the fire is being quenched.

Glass ash trays are attractive in their pristine clearness, for their gay colors. They should be fireproof. It is chiefly through carelessness that either the glass or the china cracks, but smokers are proverbially heedless with cigarettes.

Metal ash receivers have the advantage of being unbreakable, but they cannot have all the points in their favor. Metal heats through very quickly. If a smoker carelessly or hurriedly leaves a burning stub in the tray, as we all know happens occasionally, the heated metal is liable to mar a highly polished table top of wood. When the smoker's stand or table top is of marble or tiling, such possibility of damage does not exist. © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

This Is a Perfect Case of Goods Exchanging

Birmingham, England.—Tribesmen in the Solomon Islands are now so busy making soap that they no longer have time to carve personal ornaments out of palmwood, and are buying brass ornaments from Birmingham as a substitute. This is thought to be the perfect case of fair international exchange, as the Birmingham people get dirty making brass ornaments to sell to the Polynesians who pay for the brass ornaments with soap to get the Birmingham people clean.

Finds the Cannon He Served in 1862



"Shik Hat" Hurley, ninety-year-old Civil war veteran and only surviving member of the Jacksonian Democratic club of Boston, discovers the cannon he used 72 years ago at the Battle of Baton Rouge, La., on August 5, 1862, at Old Point Comfort, Va., while on an inspection trip previous to the Memorial day celebration there. Mr. Hurley was five times mayor of Salem, Mass.

Incas Used Gold Only in Arts of Decoration

Instead of hanging tapestries on the walls of their temples and palaces, the ancient Incas of Peru plastered them, quite literally, with gold and silver—mostly gold.

They had more gold than they knew what to do with, according to historians. The Incas never heard of the outlandish custom of using the yellow metal as a measure of value; it was used in the arts of decoration.

That is to say they never heard of the value set by the Europeans upon the metal until the Pizarro brothers came to Peru; then they found out. For the Pizarro brothers and their cohorts took all the gold they could lay their hands on or pry loose from the walls with sword and dagger.

And they repeated to the astonished Incas the suave phrase spoken by Cortez a few years before to the Aztecs in Mexico: "The Spaniards are suffering from a malady which gold alone can cure."

It is to be noted that precious metals were, to the Incas, just something to pick up and mold into shapes; shapes that were often purely utilitarian, for besides kitchen gear, the bathroom fittings in the palaces (such as bathroom fittings were in the days of the Incas) were of solid gold; and that went for the pipes which led to the bathrooms.

"Tums" Builds a Home

St. Louis, Mo.—The palatial new building being erected by A. H. Lewis Medicine Co., is a fitting exemplification of the enthusiastic sentiment of millions of users of Tums.

It will present a striking appearance in its contrast of blue-black terra cotta base with mottled cream above the second floor and glittering gold finish on high vertical mullions. Upper windows, fifty feet high, will have gold effect strips between them and furnish abundant light, while lower portion will have etched windows and stainless steel decorations.

The building, machinery and equipment will cost between \$100,000 and \$150,000 and is to be used exclusively for the manufacture of Tums.—Adv.

Going the Whole Hog

Book Salesman—This, the latest book on housekeeping, will do half your work.

Mrs. Youngbride—Good! I'll take two.

Goodbye ANTS

Simply sprinkle Peterman's Ant Food along window sills, doors and openings through which ants come and go. Guaranteed to rid quickly. Used in a million homes. Inexpensive. Get it at your druggist's.

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A scientific soap that solves skin problems

If you are troubled with pimples, rashes, rough or blotchy skin you owe it to yourself to try Cuticura Soap. Delicately medicated and gently emollient, it acts as a protection to the skin and as a preventive of skin troubles. Start using Cuticura Soap now and see how much it helps.

Write for special folder on the care of the skin.

Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 163, Malden, Mass.

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POEMS SET TO MUSIC. Published. Send poems to music. Music, 1532 W. 27th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

HOMEWORK—WE TEACH YOU. Instructions 25 cents. Badger Service, 2549 Albert Drive S. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.

AGENTS. Big money making opportunities selling inexpensive new type patented Overall Direct-Laboral commissions Spring on Overall Co., 19 W. 34th St., N. Y. City.

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A NEW IMPORTANT SAFETY DEVICE FOR MINERS IS MADE OF PALLADIUM CHLORIDE WHICH IS TURNED DARK BY DANGEROUS GASES.

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ALTHOUGH COPPER MELTS AT A LOWER TEMPERATURE THAN STEEL, A COPPER BACKED SAFE IS HARDER TO MELT BY BLOWTORN BECAUSE IT CONDUCTS AWAY THE INTENSE HEAT.

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SELECTMEN'S NOTICE

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

Meetings 7 to 8
HUGH M. GRAHAM,
JAMES I. PATTERSON,
ALFRED G. HOLT,
Selectmen of Antrim.

SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE

The School Board meets regularly
in Town Clerk's Room, in Town Hall
block, on the Last Friday Evening in
each month, at 7.30 o'clock, to trans-
act School District business and to
hear all parties.

ARTHUR J. KELLEY,
ROSCOE M. LANE,
MYRTIE K. BROOKS,
Antrim School Board.

Advertising

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Try the REPORTER.

Weekly Letter by George Proctor, Deputy Fish and Game Warden

Hooray! The native strawberries are ripe and we had the first two of the season right off the vines of Arthur Doucette at East Milford. Looks like a nice year, says Arthur. If we have two or three nice warm days this week the mountain laurel will be right in the pink next Sunday. It's well budded now and you should come see us next Sunday.

Well, the pickerel season started June 1st and we have seen some real nice fish since then. The horn pout season does not start till the 15th of June. Pike, perch and white perch also were legal to take June 1st. The bass season does not start till July 1st.

Did you ever have a real nice cold glass of fresh goat's milk? Well you don't know what you have missed. It's the real thing if you like milk.

At last we are stumped. It's the first time that anyone ever wanted anything in the live stock line that we could not deliver. A woman reader wants to get a four months old male Angora kitten. But we don't know of one anywhere in this section. Do you?

Down in Maine they have slapped on a fishing ban on account of forest fires and the dryness of the woods. No danger here for we have had some fine rains the past week. Band concerts start in Wilton next week and then Summer is officially here.

Down in Worcester, Mass., we have another sports writer. This is P. A. Dowd of the Worcester Telegram and his column is called "With the Sportsman". He has a very nice little item about our old friend Jim Peck who is now stationed near that city.

The Gypsies are here in large numbers. Not the kind you paint with creosote but the kind you talk to with a sawed off shot gun. The past few years we have bumped in to at least three different tribes and all with different cars and equipment. You will notice that nearly all of them have the Georgia number plates. Why? Well, just now in that State there is some sort of a civil war on and the government issued a notice that everyone could buy plates for three dollars each no matter how big or small the car happened to be. That notice sold 12,000 plates in one day. Bargain hunters are headed for Georgia.

Speaking of raccoons. Arthur Doucette the well known raccoon hunter and breeder tells us that he had three litters. One six, one five and one with three. Two of these were real wild raccoons caught last fall.

Last Saturday a Scout official and several Boy Scouts from Boston spent the night at the big Scout camp at Hubbard pond in Rindge. I met them Sunday afternoon and they were headed back to what they said was "God's country", Boston.

The June pinks are now right in the pink. A big patch of them in Rindge and another one in Hancock are very beautiful just now. For a few weeks now we will have to watch our step. Oiling everywhere in my district. But it sure makes good roads.

We have at hand a fine likeness of our old friend, Arthur F. Rockwood of Temple, but now running a Texaco station at Kingston, Mass. The article tells about his winning another prize for his station. It's for beautification. By the looks of the picture no wonder he won.

You never know what the other fellow knows. The other day I was telling Alex Milene, the well known fisherman about the rotten luck I was having with my geese hatching. Two days over due, and Alex went out, picked up an egg tapped it on the end with a knife, and in less than an hour I had four nice young white china geese. Leave it to Alex.

It was my pleasure one day the past week to drop in to give the public school exhibit the once over. Well, it was so good I went again after supper for a second look. Then the entertainment in the evening was of a very high order and was more than pleased with the whole exhibit. Those teachers should be complimented on the wonderful work the children have done and are doing. The large crowd which was present was well pleased with what they saw and heard. No matter where you live support your schools. Visit them from time to time. Get acquainted with your children's teachers and work with them.

The time has come when being a good fellow has reached the time limit. From now on it's just going to be too bad for those owners of dogs which I have notified to keep them tied up. Let the Judge do the talking from now on.

It's rose time in this part of the State. The roses have just started to bloom in good shape and the next week should see them at their best.

That Copeland Firearms bill in Congress was killed because you fellows helped. But now here comes another one and even more vicious.

this state lost an eye a few years ago. Hence the law. And it's a good law if you ask me.

Many people seem to think that the checking up of Outboard and Inboard motors is up to the Game Wardens. Well if it was there would be more little tin plates on the boats in some of our lakes and ponds. This comes under the direction of the public service commission, Concord, N. H. Had a chance to sell three last week. However the boys think the Wardens are checking so let it go at that.

What gets our goat is the bird that always is a yelping about the Fish and Game Dept., and when it comes to sounding him out he doesn't know a thing about it. We admire the man that has good constructive criticism but the other kind of a bird. Well let's forget him. Give him rope enough, you know the rest.

If I was a hotel man I should insist on a law to stop the making of these palace car trailers. Why have you seen the latest one on the road? It's like a modern room in any first class hotel. You just hitch one on back of the old car and away you go. When it comes night, back into an old back road and you are all set. Any up to date magazine tells you all about it. But what about that poor hotel man in the country. Aw have a heart.

Run across Cook the Rainbow pig man the other day. He told me a record story. He had at one time a short time ago 110 rainbow pigs. In one week he sold over 60 and the next week the rest. Now he has no rainbow pigs. He had letters from all the states about his rainbow pigs.

Don't forget that big A. K. C. dog show to be held at Concord, N. H., June 23rd. It's a point show and will be the biggest ever staged in the State. Watch for more details in the daily papers. Mrs. Winant's chairman of the judges and she has picked the cream of the eastern states.

Better get in touch with your Senators and Members of the House in Washington, D. C. and tell them to vote against House bill No. 9066. It's a bill to take your guns away from you. It's a bill for the crooks and are they rooting for it?

Here comes a letter from a lady who has just bought a big farm in his state and she wants to know if she can hunt without a license on her own land. Sure, if she digs down for \$15.15. The law reads: "Resident owner can hunt, fish or trap on their own land without a license". But if you pay your poll tax and vote in another state even if you own ten thousand acres you

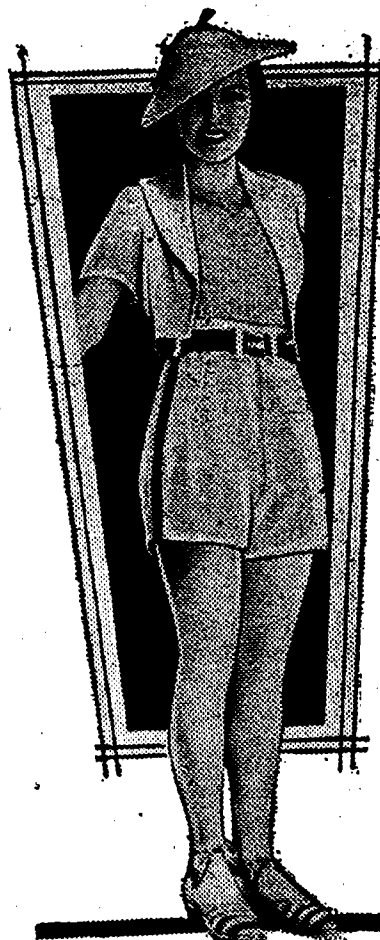
can't hunt or fish or trap without a license.

One man said that he thought New Hampshire was hard boiled in its Fish and Game laws. Well, we dug up a copy of the Game Laws in his own state and we convinced him in time that we were liberal compared to his state laws. You see he didn't even know the laws in his own state.

The City of Nashua is still keeping its dogs under the close eyes of the police. They have had no new outbreaks and have the case well in hand.

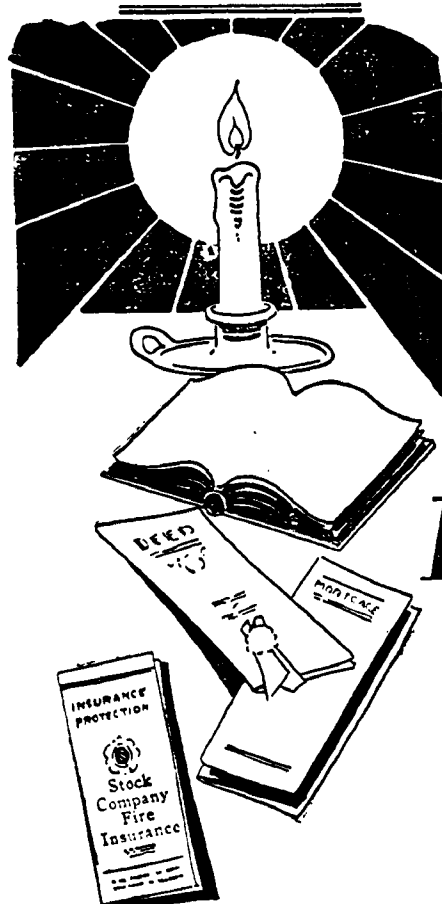
One of the heaviest horn owls that I ever saw was caught at the Richmond rearing station one day recently. It was caught in a small jump trap. If anyone catches a good specimen of a horn owl let me know as I would like to get one alive.

Have a man that would buy a few young crows and some quill pigs. Wants them alive and uninjured. What about it?



Here is Fay Wray in a fetching play suit, all ready to go places. As she is a noted tennis player we suspect she is on her way to the courts for a pleasant workout.

Can You Answer These Questions?



Number Eight
of a Series

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