



# The Antrim Reporter



VOLUME LI NO. 32

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1934

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## Two Long-time Antrim Residents Pass From Us to the Higher Life

**Charles Frank Downes**

Who has been in failing health for a long time, passed from this life about eleven o'clock on Monday forenoon of this week. His age was 69 years.

Frank, as he was familiarly known, was born in Franconstown February 12, 1865, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Harlan P. Downes. In 1884, he came to Antrim and assisted his father in the building of the S. R. Robinson residence, and has since resided here. For a long term of years, about everything that was done in the building line was of his doing, and more than thirty houses, besides barns and other buildings he erected. As a contractor and builder he was widely known. In recent years he has dealt more or less in real estate, and since his retirement a few years ago he has not been as active as in former years; health would not permit it.

During his busy years he found time to serve the town as Selectman, and also served on various committees with considerable ability; his advice on general building lines was sought often and gladly given in many ways. As Antrim's Representative in the Legislature, he spent a term in Concord in the interests of the town of his adoption.

In May, 1888, he married Mary Holt, of Greenfield, and continued to make his home in Antrim. To them were born one daughter and one son, the former, Madeline, died several years ago, and the son, Roy, is the sole survivor; Mrs. Downes dying on March 9, 1933, in Milford, where they were living with relatives for the winter.

Since the death of Mrs. Downes, Frank has been cared for in his home here by his sister, Mrs. C. Willis Brooks and her husband, who have tenderly cared for him in these months of failing health. His removal from our midst takes one of the older men who has done much for the up building of our village; he will be missed in

**Mrs. Samuel M. Thompson**

Died at her home on Main street, in Antrim village, on Monday morning, at five o'clock, after having been confined to her bed only a short time, following a decline in health for many months. While her physical condition has been gradually growing weaker, she has had the constant and unfailing attention of a husband and daughter, who have given her every attention and provided for her every need. Her age was 79 years.

Deceased was born Sophia Cheney, in Deering, August 1, 1854, daughter of Luther and Sophia (Ellinwood) Cheney; and since her marriage to Mr. Thompson, in 1878, has resided in Antrim. Previous to their removal to the village, they resided on their farm in the east part of the town. She was generally and favorably known by a large circle of friends and neighbors who are greatly grieved by her passing. Her life has been an active and busy one on the farm and in the family, and in the home is where she will be especially missed. Survivors are the husband and two daughters, Eva Thompson, residing on a farm in East Antrim, and Alice R. Thompson, postmaster, residing at home. To the immediate family, the sympathy of all our people is extended in their hour of affliction.

Funeral services are being held today, at two o'clock in the afternoon, from her late home. Rev. William Patterson, pastor of the Presbyterian church, of which she was a member, is the officiating clergyman, assisted by Rev. Wm. Weston, of Milford.

many ways. Besides the son, he is survived by six sisters.

Funeral will be held from the Presbyterian church, of which he was a faithful member, on Thursday afternoon at 2; his pastor, Rev. Wm. Patterson, will be the officiating clergyman. Interment will be in the family lot in Maplewood.

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3 ft. by 5 ft. - with pole bracket and cord  
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## Antrim's New Organization in on Grand Fourth of July Celebration

### Fourth of July in Antrim

The local American Legion Post is sponsoring a celebration for the 4th of July in Antrim, but as we understand it the Bugle and Drum Corps is the new organization that will benefit by the show, while the Legion is pushing the arrangements.

Committees are already working on details and soon they will be in hand. This will be the first appearance of the boys with bugles and drums, led by their spick and span drum major. The intention of the committee and those taking part is to give our people a real celebration.

At this time, it is the desire of those in charge that The Reporter make public announcement of the fact that a parade will be a part of the day's activities, and to be the success it should be, everyone ought to be a part of it; all organizations and societies are asked and urged to join the parade in some special manner; not in an elaborate way, but in some certain manner get into this part of the program. A "Horrible" section will be included in the parade, with prizes.

In addition, much will be made of the sports feature, and this part of the program is now receiving the attention of a special committee.

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

Grafters are common enemies, as serious in their ill effects as gangsters. And so are chisellers!

Willis McDuffee, editor and publisher of the Rochester Courier, one of the prominent weeklies of the State, and a leading resident of that city, died last Friday morning at his home, after a short illness.

Somewhere in our reading some time ago we came across the following which has recently been published again, and just at this time makes interesting reading: The New Hampshire legislature,

way back in 1777, just a year after the Declaration of Independence, passed a law which declared: "On account of monopolists demanding exorbitant prices for necessities of life, the following prices are to be considered fair and reasonable: Wheat \$1.25 a bushel; rye, 87 cents; corn, five to eight cents; beans, \$1.00; potatoes, 22 to 33 cents; cheese, eight cents a pound; butter 14 cents; men's leather boots, \$1.33 a pair; West India rum, \$1.28 a gallon; New England rum 75 cents a gallon."

We will never have the question Continued on page four



## Union Vacation Church School

In the Churches of Antrim

July 9, 1934, to July 20, 1934

For Boys and Girls, 4 to 15 years

Music Bible Stories Games Handwork

A Happy and Helpful Time for All

Register on July 9, at 9 o'clock a.m.

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In Baptist Church

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# THEY SOWED THE SEEDS OF LIBERTY



KING HENDRICK



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN



SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON



FRANKLIN'S SNAKE CARTOON

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

ON JULY 4 the American people will celebrate the one hundred sixty-eighth anniversary of the event which won them their liberty—the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. On that day, officially called Independence Day, but better known as the "Fourth of July," they will honor the memory of those "56 immortals" who signed the document in which they held certain "truths to be self-evident," in which they did "solemnly publish and declare that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states" and in which "for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence," they did "mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor."

We know the names of most of them—the men who took the first decisive step toward winning independence and forming a new nation. But how many Americans know the names of other men who, many years before, had sowed the seeds of that liberty and of that new nation? How many of us know of Robert Livingston who, as early as 1701, was proposing colonial co-operation and a colonial union? And to how many of us does the name of Teonahgarawe, or King Hendrick, a chief of the Mohawk Indians, have any significance in the struggle for liberty? It is with these two men, but more particularly with King Hendrick, and with the events which foreshadowed the Declaration that this article deals.

Although the British Crown encouraged the idea of a colonial union to aid in its struggle with France for mastery of North America, the colonies paid little heed to such an idea coming from the Mother country and either disregarded or evaded directly her appeals to them to contribute to the conduct of the wars. So it seemed that the only possibility for co-operative effort lay in voluntary action on the part of the colonies. Sensing this fact, Robert Livingston, a leading merchant of New York who was much interested in opening up the rich resources of the back country, came forward with a plan of colonial union in 1701.

Livingston realized that the colony of New York alone could not carry out his ambitious scheme of development so in a long letter, dated May 13, 1701, he laid before the British Council of Trade and Plantations his scheme for uniting the colonies in "one form of government," divided into three groups, a southern, a central and a northern. Each year there was to be raised from this government a certain sum of money which would be administered from Albany by a board of commissioners selected from each of the groups.

The Crown was to send troops and equipment and the three groups were to supply labor, under a quota arrangement, for building and garrisoning forts which were to be built in the wilderness to protect settlers who were to be encouraged to take up lands in the West. Every two years the British government was to send out "two hundred youths" as replacements for 200 of the soldiers who were to be mustered out of service but who, if they would remain in the country, were to receive free land.

It was an excellent scheme and the British Crown was quick to realize its advantages. But as usual, a lack of co-operation among the colonies prevailed and nothing came of Livingston's plan. For another half century they went their separate ways. By the middle of the Eighteenth century the menace of French expansion in the West and the tightening of their alliance with the Indians began to alarm the colonies seriously. In 1753 young George Washington, sent by Virginia to the Ohio country to warn the French away from this region claimed by the British, returned with their flat refusal to go. Then Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia sent Captain Trent and his backwoodsmen to build a fort at the forks of the Monongahela, but before they could finish their work the French drove Trent away.

On May 9, 1754, the Pennsylvania Gazette of Philadelphia contained an account of Trent's surrender of the fort and predicted that unless something were done, the French would "kill, seize and imprison our Traders and confiscate their Effects at Pleasure (as they have done for several Years past), murder and scalp our Farmers, with their Wives and Children, and take an easy Possession of such parts of the British Territory as they find most convenient for them: which if they are permitted to do, must end in the Destruction of the British Interest, Trade and Plantations in America."

Along with this appeal for concerted action there appeared in the Gazette the first real cartoon, drawn by the publisher of the Gazette, Benjamin Franklin. It showed a disjointed snake, each part labeled with the initials of one of the colonies, and under it the motto "Join, or Die." Later Franklin's graphic portrayal of the urgent necessity for colonial union was reprinted

In other papers throughout the colonies, who soon had an opportunity to put into practical effect the lesson which it taught but who, as usual, muffed the chance. That was at the famous Albany congress of 1754. For as George M. Wrong, author of the volume "The Conquest of New France" in "The Chronicles of America" series, says: "The English colonists showed a political blindness that amounted to imbecility. Albany was the central point from which the dangers on all sides might best be surveyed. Here came together in the summer of 1754 delegates from seven of the colonies to consider the common peril. The French were busy in winning, as they did, the support of the many Indian tribes of the West; and the old allies of the English, the Iroquois, were nervous for their own safety."

"The delegates to Albany, tied and bound by instructions from their assemblies, had to listen to plain words from the savages. The one Englishman who, in dealing with the Indians, had tact and skill equal to that of Frontenac of old was an Irishman, Sir William Johnson. To him the Iroquois made indignant protests that the English were as ready as the French to rob them of their lands."

Outstanding among these native orators who spoke such plain words to the delegates was Teonahgarawe or King Hendrick of the Mohawks. Although he is not so well known to most Americans as that other Mohawk leader, Thayendanegea or Joseph Brant, Hendrick was one of the most important Indian figures in colonial history. He was born about 1672 near the present site of Westfield, Mass. Although he was the son of a Mohawk of the Wolf clan, his mother was a Mohawk woman, so he became a member of the latter tribe. Some time between 1690 and 1692 Teonahgarawe was converted to Christianity by a Dutch preacher named Godofridus Dellius and given the name of Hendrick Peters, later shortened to Hendrick.

As a Christian preacher and a natural leader, Hendrick rapidly rose to a position of prominence among the Mohawks as an orator and a councillor. After the failure of General Nicholson's expedition against Canada during Queen Anne's war, the provincial authorities of New York became fearful that the Iroquois might join forces with the French. To prevent this and to gain more active support from the Mother country in carrying on the war, Col. Peter Schuyler decided to make a journey to England and to take with him several Iroquois leaders. Hendrick was one of the five chosen to go and in April, 1710, Schuyler and his Iroquois delegation arrived in London where they were received with great ceremony as "native kings" of the Five Nations of the Iroquois confederacy.

Upon their return to America King Hendrick took an active part in the preparations for the campaign against the French, but the Treaty of Utrecht ended the war before any important results were accomplished. From that time on Hendrick was much in the limelight as a war leader of his people but more as an orator and a frequent speaker at councils with the provincial authorities in Albany. For a time he was swayed toward the cause of the French, but the influence of Sir William Johnson, with whom he later became such a firm friend, kept him loyal to the English.

During the negotiations with the Iroquois at the Albany congress Hendrick was the chief speaker for the Indians. In answer to charges that the Iroquois were leaning to the French, he replied hotly: "You have asked us the reason of our being driven like leaves before the wind. The reason is because of your neglect of us these three years past. You have thrown us behind your back and disregarded us, whereas the French are always turning this way and that, with their eyes ever upon the trail, ever using their utmost endeavors every day, walking softly like the wolf in winter to seduce and bring our people over to them. 'Tis your fault, brethren, that we are not strengthened by conquest, for we would have gone and taken Crown Point but you hindered us. We had concluded to go and take it, but we were told it was too late and that the ice would not bear us; instead of this, you burnt your own forts at Seraghtoga and run away from it, which was a shame and a scandal to you. Look about your country and see. You have no fortifications about you, no, not even to this city. Look at the French. They are men. They are fortifying everywhere. But we are ashamed to say it, you are all like women—weak and defenseless."

But this stinging indictment of the faltering

military policy of the English was overshadowed in importance by another of Hendrick's speeches at the congress. It was delivered on July 4, 1754, and in it he anticipated by 22 years to the day some of the ideas expressed in the Declaration of Independence. He said:

"Brethren, it is very true, as you told us, that the clouds hang heavy over us and it is not very pleasant to look up; but we give this belt to clear away all the clouds, that we may all live in bright sunlight, and keep together in strict union and friendship. Then we shall become strong and nothing can hurt us."

"Brethren, I will just tell you what a people we were formerly. If any enemies arose against us, we had no occasion to lift up our whole hand against them, for our little finger was sufficient; and as we have now made a strong confederacy if we are truly in earnest therein, we may retrieve the ancient glory of the Five Nations."

It is easy to imagine how attentively one delegate to that congress listened to the words of the Mohawk chieftain as he told of the ancient power of the Iroquois confederacy, a power gained so many years before because these "savages" realized that "in union there is strength" and put that realization into practical effect. That delegate was Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania, who had in his pocket a plan for a union of the colonies which he had brought from Philadelphia with him.

His plan provided for the appointment of a president-general for the colonies, appointed by the Crown, and the election by the various colonial assemblies of a legislative body to be called the grand council. The powers which they were to exercise resembled in many ways those conferred upon the President and congress by our federal Constitution. The delegates to the Albany congress unanimously adopted Franklin's plan, but it was defeated when brought to a vote in the colonial assemblies.

So the colonies and the Mother country turned deaf ears to the wisdom that came from the lips of such men as King Hendrick of the Mohawks and Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania and went back to their policy of "blundering through." They blundered seriously several times in the campaign against Crown Point the next year. One of their blunders was in disregarding the advice of King Hendrick who had led his Mohawks to aid his friend, Sir William Johnson, who commanded the expedition.

When it was proposed to send a detachment of 1,000 troops and 300 Indians to the aid of besieged Fort Edward, the Mohawk chief objected. "If they are to fight, they are too few," he said, "if they are to die, they are too many." But the council of war overrode him. Then when it was proposed to send the detachment against the enemy in three parties, Hendrick again preached his message of "in union there is strength." Picking up three sticks from the ground, he said: "Put these together and you cannot break them; take them one by one and you will do it easily."

But again his advice was disregarded and the detachment started against the gallant and able commander, Dieskau. The result was the ambush at Bloody Pond, the defeat of the colonials with the loss of 100 men, including the leader of the detachment, Col. Ephraim Williams, and stout old Hendrick. His horse was shot down at the first volley and before he could extricate himself a French bayonet pierced his heart.

So the great Mohawk died before he could see his English allies blunder through the French and Indian war to a successful conclusion. But his oft-repeated "in union there is strength" was not utterly lost. Another man who had preached the same message at the Albany congress continued to preach it—through his snake cartoon, through his writings and in his speeches in the Continental congress. So Benjamin Franklin lived to see it become an accomplished fact. He helped write a pledge to such a union in the Declaration of Independence and even though during the dark days of the Revolution the bonds of that union seemed about to be broken, they survived long enough to win American liberty. But before he died he saw that union imperishably preserved in the Constitution of the United States of America.

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## Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted  
by William Bruckart

Washington.—President Roosevelt's broad conception of reform in the country's social structure has now been given the country. In it, he has presented the embryonic propositions which he intends to submit to the congress that convenes in January, 1935. Everywhere around the capital city, I believe, it is accepted as a statement upon which he expects that Democratic representatives and senators will seek to be re-elected in the November elections.

Disregarding for a moment the views obtainable as to the merits of the projects which he laid down in his message to congress outlining his social reform program, I find that most leaders look upon the Roosevelt statement as one from which he can determine his future policy. It will work out this way, I am informed: if the voters elect a preponderance of Roosevelt supporters for the house and senate again this fall, the President will consider that the country approves of his plans. If, on the other hand, there should be a sharp loss of Democrats in the house, I am told that Mr. Roosevelt would be likely to consider that as a mandate to slow up somewhat on the program upon which he has embarked.

As I reported to you several weeks ago, Mr. Roosevelt has now rounded out the picture of recovery and reform as he conceives it to be necessary, or rather as he and his advisers think the course should be. At that time, I predicted he would find it opportune just before congress quit for the session to toss his ideas into the hopper for mastication during the summer months. It can now be said that he has elected to go into battle with the opposition without quarter, for his message made it clear he felt the critics had offered nothing as an alternative. He declared they were unable to present any plans for human happiness and that they proposed to go back to the "old order" which had broken down completely in the past.

The President asserted that he proposed to make the "security of the citizen and his family" the first consideration of government. And to accomplish that, he explained, it was necessary to toss aside many of the traditions and practices to which we long have adhered. "People," he said, "want decent homes to live in; they want to locate them where they can engage in productive work; and they want some safeguard against misfortunes which cannot be wholly eliminated in this man-made world of ours."

Mr. Roosevelt's message was decidedly general in tone. He avoided specifications. But the general thoughts were certainly clear to all and sundry, and it is upon these general thoughts that the issues are to be drawn. Indeed, they have already been drawn. So it cannot be doubted that throughout the coming campaigns, we will hear much of the New Deal's new social structure as presented by Mr. Roosevelt. The Roosevelt supporters will swear by all that is holy that it is the only road to happiness. Republicans and anti-Roosevelt spellbinders will shout all of the invectives that may be used to inform the country that it is headed for government ownership of everything, government management, destruction of property rights, etc.

Some observers here thought there might be some link between the delivery of the President's message at the particular time selected, and the threats of strikes. They professed to see a clever move by the Chief Executive to satisfy many citizens as to his intention to guarantee work and food throughout the future. I am in a position to say, however, that there was no connection between the unsettled labor situation and the time at which the message was delivered to congress. It was ready at that time and was sent along in regular course. If it had had, or is to have, any effect on the threats of strikes and the leaders in those movements, it will be wholly a coincidence.

The strikes have been bred of different causes than the things about which Mr. Roosevelt talked in his message. He is proposing such things as old age insurance, additional government money for loans to persons who want to buy homes, the transfer of those living in barren spots (insofar as jobs are concerned) to sections and communities where work is obtainable, and a general paternalism on the part of the national government. In other words, Mr. Roosevelt's plans contemplate a long range development and have no reference to NRA schemes, its codes or what have you. It does relate directly to the movements undertaken by the Agricultural Adjustment administration which have gone a long way—and it wants to go much farther—in regulating the production of farms and in controlling what farmers do with their land.

With reference to this phase, it can be said that Mr. Roosevelt is willing to abandon millions of acres of land and to have the people who own and live upon land that is worn out transferred to good land. It is a proposition that will involve the use of untold

millions of dollars, and it is to be assumed that it will be money paid into the treasury by taxpayers, supplied the transferred peoples on long-time credit. I have not learned yet how the added production resulting from these transfers will be handled, but it certainly will add to the surplus about which the Agricultural Adjustment administration has been complaining.

Now that we have a new law that provides the federal government with authority to control the exchanges where stocks and bonds are sold, as well as a law by which the government controls the issuance and sale of such securities, it seems to be a good time for examination of the new agency that is going to run that show. It may seem a far cry from the stock exchange of Wall Street to the little country school house, but this new law is so far-reaching in its effect and in its scope of jurisdiction that it touches that little country school and the lives of all of us. I judge from the expressions I have picked up that passage of the exchange control law has brought us to a turning point in the matter of what we do with the extra few dollars that we can save and invest with expectation of getting a return of interest.

The consensus seems to be that whether anything is accomplished under the combination control of security issues and stock exchange will depend entirely on administration of the laws. That is to say, if good is to come, there must be reasonable interpretation of the provision of those laws, according to the general view of those directly affected. The stock exchange control law underwent a major operation in congress from the manner in which the professors of the brain trust had drawn it, originally. Until those objectionable features were eliminated, there was a battle royal in house and senate. Since the features omitted were deemed too radical by congress, it is to be assumed there was merit in the claims of brokers and investors in stocks that the bill would have dammed up money that otherwise could have been put to work and used by commerce and industry which necessarily has to operate to a great extent on borrowed funds, credit.

But I hear many expressions around here that there is still a serious problem ahead in the matter of keeping the channels open for investment funds. It is asserted by many that "the professional type of mind" should not be chosen to serve as members of the five-man commission that is set up to rule this phase of commerce. I think no one can deny that there have been abuses of confidence, trickery and other sharp practices extant in stock exchange operations. The new laws are supposed to cure them, and I believe they will do so. Yet, the thought held by some of the real authorities is that radical administration of the laws can damage the field of finance beyond measure. Selection of men for the jobs who would exercise their authority with restraint as well as with intelligence was imperative from the start, or else I am convinced the whole country would suffer because there could be no distribution of the securities. Bonds on the little country school house would be difficult to sell, and mortgage lenders, who sell bonds against those mortgages, would be against a wall.

Numerous Democrats continued right up to the dying gasp of the Seventy-third congress to seek political pie for their constituents. They are still pie hungry now, insofar as one attempted raid on government jobs is concerned. A broad jump was attempted in the house to place several hundred extra workers in the general accounting office for the purpose of auditing the expenditures of the several dozen Roosevelt agencies that are denominated by their critics as the "alphabetical soup." Up to this time, J. R. McCarl, the comptroller general of the United States, has had little chance to find out what the alphabetical agencies have been doing with the vast sums appropriated for them or allocated them by the President from the various huge appropriations. He has to, and does, pass on the expenditures of the regularly established government agencies, but none of the new ones were put under his watchful eye. Mr. Roosevelt ordered the audit. To do the job, however, required additional help for Mr. McCarl, and about \$1,000,000 was included in a deficiency appropriation bill. The pie-hunters saw a fine chance, and they never overlook any chance. So they slipped a line into the appropriation bill that said the extra workers were to be chosen without regard for the civil service. What a huge piece of pie, in fact, many pieces of pie!

But something happened to the well-laid plan. Somewhere the language got changed to read that the comptroller general "may appoint" the extra workers without regard for the civil service instead of the command that he "shall appoint." And, in this case, the change is of vast importance to maintenance of the civil service as a government method of employment.

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# Flame of the Border

By VINGIE E. ROE

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## SYNOPSIS

Seeking death by throwing herself from the summit of Lone Mesa, to escape dishonor at the hands of a drunken desperado, Sonya Savarin allows herself to be rescued by her suddenly sobered and repentant attacker. The girl is a self-appointed physician to the Navajo Indians, living on an Arizona sheep ranch with her brother Sarge, his wife, Lila, and their small daughter, Babe. For a year she has been engaged to Rodney Blake, a wealthy New Yorker, but her heart is with the friendless Navajos and she evades a wedding.

## CHAPTER II

### Sonya Gets a New Name.

By early dawn Sonya was up and dressed, her saddlebags replenished with such remedies as she might need for her battle with Old Man Death in the hogan beyond Chee wash. Darkness, full fed and watered, waited patiently in the patio. She stood in the dim kitchen with a cup of coffee in one hand, a hastily made sandwich in the other, and talked lowly to Lila. "It's going to be a hard day, old dear," she said, "and I may not get back tonight. If I don't, don't worry. I'll be with Two Fingers and the babes and poor Little Moon. If she seems to be going, I'll not leave her." "No," said Lila, "no, of course not. I know. What shall I tell Rod when he gets up?"

"He knows I'm going—I told him last night—but not that I might stay over. Tell him again how it is with Little Moon—and mention the babes." "They're just dirty little Navajos to him."

"They're tragic babes just the same," said Sonya sharply, "and he will have to see it. Well, so long. I'm off."

She set down her empty cup, pulled on her gloves, and went softly out. She hugged Darkness' nose, which nudged her breast after a little rite that was common between them, and went up his tall side and into her old saddle with the easy grace of a working cow hand.

The big horse, hard as iron and perfect in training, leaned to the almost imperceptible motion of hand and rein on his neck, and trotted out of the patio. Once on the sandy stretch of level country he rolled away in a long and tireless lope, a harbinger of hope, a bringer of comfort to the lonely.

Far to the south and west Sonya could see Lone Mesa. She loved the great tableland. Times without number she had climbed its steep trail on Darkness, to ride its three-by-five-mile top, to sit in the sun beside its ancient pueblo walls with their rotting ladders, to stand on its sharp-cut rim and scan the lone world below. Until yesterday nothing had ever disturbed her, nothing disputed her right of way—until yesterday.

At the thought her face flushed red with anger at the man who had ridden her down to the mesa's edge and pulled her from her saddle, his handsome face aflame with rapine. She felt the blood burn along her cheeks. It was resentment she felt, the fierce rage of indignation that anyone or anything should interfere with her freedom and her right to it. Her dark eyes were hot with it, her soft mouth set in a prim line. But the look she gave the mesa as she rode along beneath it was neither fearful nor resigned. It was a look of promise, as if some stubborn thing within her would take her to its lonely heights more often than usual now.

The sun came up as she and Darkness entered the broad mouth of Chee wash with its red sandstone walls, and a little later they came in sight of the hogan of Two Fingers. A round, low habitation of a single room, laid up of flat stones one above another, like flakes of prehistoric dough, it faced the east, as all hogans must. From its central rise a thin thread of smoke ascended. Something caught at Sonya's heart—it was so stark and poor a home, its people so helpless. Two Fingers met her beside the water hole. He was a man of around thirty, weathered like dark leather, his patient face as native to the land as Lone Mesa itself, and there was about him a simple dignity, as there was about the poorest of these Indians. He wore a blue flannel shirt, corduroy pants held by a silver-studded belt, and his hair was long and bound in two neat doubled braids on the back of his head. Though he spoke fair English and had a sizable band of sheep, this manner of wearing his hair stamped him as a "wild buck," one of those who had not yet become entirely civilized. For one thing, Two Fingers did not drink, and for another, he still worshiped his ancient gods. Sonya liked him.

Now she said, "Hello, Two Fingers. How is she this morning?" "Bad," he said briefly and reached for Darkness' rein.

Sonya swung down and took off her saddlebags.

As she entered the hogan her lips set themselves in a sharp, unconscious line. Bad was right, she thought. There was the smell of death here. She would need to gird her loins today in all truth.

At first the dusky shadows hid the interior from her sight. Then, as her eyes adjusted themselves, she set down her bags and knelt beside the first heap of skins and blankets which lay on the sandy floor.

There were three of these flat beds. In the farther one the two children still slept heavily. In this one Little Moon lay, panting with fever, her big black eyes beautiful in the dim light. "Courage, little mother," Sonya said in Navajo, "I am with you."

The Indian woman smiled, touched her hand with timid fingers.

She took the draught which the other gave her presently, and watched her as she set about cooking some oatmeal over the coals of the tiny fire.

This it was which had made Sonya the idol of these poor and silent people, this service of heart and hand which had saved them, literally, from death in many cases. She fought for what sanitation she could produce among them, taught them the importance of proper feeding in fever, the superiority of mustard plasters over singings in pneumonia, and labored generally like a mother with her children.

Now she bathed the hot brown body under the blankets, gave Little Moon the thinned cereal as a drink, waked and washed the children, fed them the rest of the oatmeal, ate two pieces of fried-mutton and some crackers with Two Fingers, and stood for a while outside the hogan in the morning sunlight.

She felt wonderful herself, strong and high within, as if she set her body against a wall and could not be backed down. This was the gauge of battle in her, that she knew, the deep determination to win in what she set herself to do, the passionate sympathy and pity which were like a steel



Two Fingers Would Be Praying to His Ancient Gods.

blade in her. If it were possible to save the patient brown woman in there with what weapons she had at her command, with unrelenting vigilance, with instant combat of every adverse change, then she would do it or know the reason for her failure.

She looked up at the high blue sky with its sailing, full white clouds, her mind an attitude of prayer, and turning, lifted the blanket which was the door, and went in.

Two Fingers gathered the babes and made ready to depart, according to her request made a moment back. She wanted the day alone, clear vision for the crisis, nothing within sight to distract her. The man looked down at the woman on the low bed, holding one child, leading the other, and the woman looked up.

They said nothing.

It might be their last look on earth, their eternal parting, for all they knew, yet there was no outcry, no sign of sorrow, nothing but that deep look. Perhaps nothing more was needed.

Then Two Fingers went away, and the women were alone in the hogan.

"We meet the enemy," said Sonya, still in Navajo—there was a comfort in it, a strength, it seemed—"but we meet him together. I hold your hand. Hold tight to mine. We must both fight, very hard. The medicine will fight, too. It is a good fighter. But not for a moment must we fall or sink or stop fighting. You understand?"

The other nodded.

"It is good," said Sonya.

And the day of battle began.

Somewhere out in the sand and rocks of Chee wash Two Fingers would be praying to his ancient gods, sitting quietly, perhaps, watching the babes playing with sticks, building corrals for their pebble horses. He had some mutton jerky in the pouch at his belt. He would feed them with it at noon.

It was the way of life in the solitudes, the way of death, all chance, all waiting.

Sonya in the hogan worked tirelessly. The cold of the night had given place to the heat of day, and sweat dripped from her temples. Regularly she fed the woman the thin warm gruel. Regularly, monotonously, she bathed her from head to foot. Regularly she slipped her thermometer into the parched mouth, reading it anxiously. As steadily she gave her medicines. At noon she saw no sign of hope, but rather her heart chilled in

her at the rising figures in the tiny tube. The crisis was coming. It would be here by midafternoon. Her mouth set a little harder, her black eyes were narrow between their dusky lashes. She squatted patiently by the heap of skins and blankets, her fingers on Little Moon's hot wrist.

So the hours passed—and the crisis came, a tense, panting hour, with the silver thread in the little tube running up a ghastly record, and the patient dark head rolling at last in unendurable suffering.

Sonya held the moving hands, bathed the drawn face.

"Hold tight—hold—tight—steady—steady," she kept saying in Navajo, "hold tight, little mother."

And after a timeless space when she neither moved nor took her eyes from the other's features, there came a creeping stillness, a hush, a cessation of movement. The weary head dropped sidewise, the thin hands became quiet. Sonya loosed them and reached for her stethoscope, her hypodermic filled and ready with its needle in a cup of sterile water. This was the crux, and she must not fail—for Two Fingers and the babes out in Chee wash somewhere.

She did not fail.

With the sun on the western rim of the austere desert the Indian came up the wash with one child asleep on his shoulder, the other on his back.

Far off he saw Sonya standing at the hogan's door and stopped a long moment to study with his eagle eyes her pose, her manner.

She stood tall and straight, and one hand was laid high up on the bleached pole of the doorway, the other rested on her hip. Her head was up, too, and at the sight Two Fingers swung out in a swift dog-trot.

"It is well, Blue South Woman," he said with conviction as he came to her; "you have saved her."

"It is well," said Sonya proudly and smiled into his dark face.

Without another word he went into the hogan and looked down at Little Moon, sleeping heavily with a sweat upon her skin.

So the night came down, blue with its dark sky, silver with its stars, and Sonya lay down on the second pile of skins and went to sleep with her hand on Little Moon's.

Two Fingers sat all night in the hogan's door, and none might know what was in his mind of gratitude and hope and silent joy.

Sonya was up by dawn, and Little Moon was awake, weak unto death but peaceful. Sonya fed her and made a pot of the precious gruel and instructed the man in its giving, its protection from contamination.

"You'd better go to the trading post, Two Fingers," she told him, "and get some more oatmeal—a big package. Take the children with you. She will be all right. She needs rest now, no worry, and much gruel. Also, presently, mutton broth. I go today to my own place—to sleep—and I will come back. Her life is yours now. See that you keep it by doing as I tell you."

To Little Moon herself she said, "I go now—to rest—but I will come again. Drink the gruel as I have given it to you, a little at a time, and sleep much—sleep all you can. So will you walk in the sun again."

Then she was outside the hogan, pulling on her gloves, her saddlebags at her feet, waiting for Two Fingers to bring her horse.

He put the bags in place, and over the saddle his eyes were on her gravely.

"There was a Blue Woman of the South once," he said in Navajo, "whose son, being a son of the Sun god, too, delivered the Navajos from under the earth. She was all goodness—the Turquoise Woman. She makes her hogan in your heart."

To save her life Sonya, who knew the legends of these people, could not help the tears that sprang to her eyes. It was because she was a little tired, maybe a bit unstrung with the recent ordeal—but Two Fingers was telling her that she had delivered him and his. Before she could reply a sound struck on the stillness, the crack of a horse's hoof against stone, and she looked quickly down the wash.

There, almost upon her, was Rodney Blake on Serge's bay mare.

"Why, Rod?" she cried. "How in the world did you find me?"

"Serge told me the way. Are you ready?"

"Yes. Just going. Oh, I'm glad you came! It'll be a grand ride back with the sun coming up. This is Two Fingers, whose wife is sick."

The Indian looked up, but Rod Blake did not see him. It was as if she had not spoken the last few words, or as if they had not penetrated his consciousness.

"Yes," he said, "it will, though it has been cold."

"All right," said Sonya, reaching for Darkness' rein. "Let's go. I'm ready, and so is Darkness. He's been penned up too."

She did not finish, for another sound came out of the profound stillness of the sunrise—the shuffle and slide of a man's booted feet this time—and around the bulge of the hogan a tall figure in a blue shirt, worn chaps, and high-heeled boots appeared.

A strange, half painful shock of recognition went over Sonya.

It was the man of Lone Mesa.

Taking in the unexpected group with lightning swiftness, his gaze came back to her, rested upon her as if against his own volition, and a slow red tide flowed up along his lean face. As Rod a moment before had not been conscious of Two Fingers, so now this man was not conscious of anyone but the slim girl in riding clothes with her foot arrested in the stirrup.

He stood so long looking at her that Rodney Blake's face changed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## Chic Plaid or Dotted Sports Linens

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



A CRAZE for linen is on. Any fabric, just so its linen, seems to be the idea when it comes to material for this summer's sports, afternoon, and even formal evening costumes. Add accessories to the list, for the summer style program is largely made up of hats, shoes, gloves, pocketbooks and neckwear which are fashioned of linen ranging from finest and sheepest of handkerchief linen to sturdy linens which make the handsomest suitings imaginable.

It's the actual seeing of these marvelous linens which makes one appreciate and realize the why and the wherefore of the fuss and furor made over them. The new plaided and checked, dotted and otherwise patterned soft Irish linens "get you" the moment you glimpse them. That good-looking are they, the smart set are having their travel and about-town and clubhouse costumes tailored of these materials.

As for beach and tennis, golf and general sports wear, these linens—well, words fail us. However, here are three illustrations which will get the message across better than anything that might be said or written on the subject.

If you are in the class of enthusiasts which go in for tennis and golf, beach sports, hiking and general outdoor sports and leisure pastimes no need telling you that "shorts" are the order of the day. It is our personal opinion that no trio of shorts costumes could be more attractive if they tried than the group here pictured.

Pleated shorts turn a clever trick, for they give every appearance of a smart-fashioned short skirt, which makes them eligible to many an occasion where the more simply constructed shorts might seem out of place. The pleated shorts on the seated figure in the illustration are very attractively styled. The stunning blouse with its chic high collar and its modish side fastening and its intriguing sleeves is fashioned of a soft Irish linen which is plaided in blue. The pleated shorts are bright red which makes a very patriotic coloring, indeed, for this good-looking sports costume.

The shorts to the left are also made of blue and white Irish plaid linen, only the plaids are larger than for the blouse just described. Navy blue buttons and a navy blue eton collar are good color accents. Inverted pleats both in front and back insure perfect freedom. The fashionable high neckline in front and a completely bare back follow along lines of newest daytime décolletage, a good idea for sun tanning.

The Irish linen which fashions the beach shorts to the right in the group is of the loose-weave uncrushable type which gives such entire satisfaction in the wearing on hot summer days for rough-and-tumble frolic in the sands. It is backless with a graceful V-line front neckline, which adopts small revers so that if one wants to slip on a jacket after one's sun bath, the costume is quite complete.

© by Western Newspaper Union.

## SHOW SHORT SKIRT WITH SUMMER GARB

There are rumors to the effect that as summer advances, street frocks and suits will be slightly shorter, so that one must get after calves and ankles that have thickened.

It is possible to buy anklets of rubber that will reduce fatty accumulations.

They can be worn at night. Certain exercises are helpful—high kicking, running up stairs, lifting up on the toes. Massage will take off inches if it is vigorous.

Make a bracelet of the hands, twist and turn and dig in. Rub up and down with the flattened thumb. During the treatment keep the skin surface covered with borated talcum.

## Travel Accessories Best Matching All Clothes

If you are going on a trip and haven't room in your bags to pack several pairs of evening slippers and an extra wrap, take along something that will blend with each formal gown which you intend to wear.

If one of your frocks is black and another is blue, pale green or some other pastel shade, black slippers and a black wrap will go with each dress.

Brown satin pumps and a brown wrap will blend with almost everything except black. They're very nice with pink and good with silver and gold.

## Seersucker Raincoats

Checked seersucker is being used to fashion many popular raincoats. Some of them are made in a sleeveless style with cape tops. Matching umbrellas and hats complete these ensembles.

## Velvet for Summer

Black velvet and white pique are being featured in one important eastern summer collection of hats. The velvet appears in crowns, brim facings, flowers, belts and pipings.

## NEW MILLINERY

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Here's two of the latest in distinctive millinery. For the very good-looking model at the top the designer makes a pirate's cap drape of velveteen which is a multi-colored striped velvet which made its debut this season, and uses it for the crown of this handsome wide-brimmed navy blue straw. The colors are red, blue, navy, yellow and white. The effect is striking and novel. The new straws are often cellulose and the straw vote is "yes" to the stunning model below in the picture. The high-luster effect which is now so very fashionable in blacks is sustained by a trimming of wide cellulose ribbon. Worn also are rayon mesh gloves with cellulose ribbon cuffs which together with the chapeau makes a stunning ensemble, which was much-admired during a recent exhibition of man-made materials held recently in New York by the Fashion Group of that city.

## NOVEL PLEA FOR DIVORCE IS THIS MADE BY GERMAN

A German author who is seeking a divorce from his wife in a Berlin court has discovered a new form of that "incompatibility of temperament" which is more often heard of in connection with American matrimonial suits. He pleads that his marriage should be dissolved because his wife's openly expressed disapproval of the books which he writes is "endangering that self-confidence without which an author cannot go on writing." He is probably right in assuming that authorship is a flower which must be rooted in self-esteem; it is donkey's work (in more senses than one) to toll away at writing when you are not certain that the result will be worth reading. But it may well be a much more disconcerting experience to be yoked with an unbeliever and to have the implacable critic always under the same roof as the exasperated author. Milton, a writer who had views of his own on matrimony and also on divorce, seems to have anticipated the German author's grievance. His description, in "Samson Agonistes," of the wife who before marriage is "soft, modest, meek, demure," but afterwards . . . "the contrary she proves, a thorn intestine, far within defensive arms; a cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue, adverse and turbulent," sounds exceedingly like the sort of adverse influence to escape from which the German petitioner now throws himself on the mercy of the court. The wife's answer to that court is blunt and uncompromising. "It is impossible for an educated woman to respect a man who writes such bad books as my husband." Unusually as are the grounds for the application, perhaps it would be better to grant a divorce—or at least a judicial separation. This sounds the kind of "leaving mischief" that will not be mended by mild advice and half measures.—Manchester Guardian.

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See your hardware or housefurnishing dealer. If local dealer doesn't handle, write us. THE COLEMAN LAMP & STOVE COMPANY, Dept. W. 102, Wichita, Kan.; Chicago, Ill.; Los Angeles, Calif.; Philadelphia, Pa.; or Toronto, Ontario, Canada. (25)

## Eczema on Hands Skin Peeled Off in Pieces

Cuticura Healed

"I was troubled with eczema on my hands for ever so long. I could not put my hands in much water because after I got through I could just peel the skin off in pieces. It would form like a rash and bothered me terribly, burning and itching. My hands were raw and I was ashamed."

"I tried a lot of different remedies that did not help. I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and it helped a lot. I bought more and now my hands are completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. H. S. Hammond, 10 Pleasant St., Holliston, Mass., Aug. 16, 1933.

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

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## United Garden Clubs of New Hampshire

The First Annual Meeting of the United Garden Clubs will be held at the home of Mrs. Julius Ziegert, Breezy Hill, Peterborough, N. H., Wednesday, July 11, at 10.30 E. S. T.

Morning Session — 10.30 E. S. T.

Routine business, annual reports, reports of committees, including Junior Division work. Lost River Camp and Highway Beautification. A three minute report of the Presidents of our clubs and garden divisions will be a very important feature of this program, and it is desired that any President who can not be present, send report by a representative. Report outstanding activities of your year's work.

Election of officers for the ensuing year. General discussion: "Suggestions for the Work of the Coming Year."

Afternoon Session — 1.45 E. S. T.

Mrs. Hollis Webster, of Lexington, Mass., will give an address on "The Herb Garden and the Uses of Herbs." This is a very unusual opportunity, and it is hoped that all of our members who can attend will not fail to do so. Mrs. Webster is the greatest authority on herbs in the country. Her book "Herbs and How to Use Them" is nationally known and read; added to this she is an exceptionally interesting and charming speaker.

Enquire in the Town of Peterborough for Breezy Hill, Mrs. Ziegert's residence and look for the United Garden Club ARROWS.

If it proves to be a rainy day, the meeting will be held in the Historical Building.

Please extend this notice to your club members and publish in local paper.

Picnic lunch.

### Our Antrim Reporter

Published Every Wednesday Afternoon

Subscription Price, \$2.00 per year

Advertising Rates on Application

H. W. ELDRIDGE, PUBLISHER

H. B. & C. D. ELDRIDGE, ASSISTANTS

Wednesday, June 27, 1934

Entered as the Post-office at Antrim, N. H., as 2nd-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.



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

## What Has Happened and Will Take Place Within Our Borders

Miss Jean Linton has employment at Ocean Park, Maine, for a time.

Miss Dorothy Maxfield is spending a season in the family of Hiram W. Johnson.

Miss Pauline Whitney has arrived at her home on Depot street for vacation from teaching.

Miss Ethel L. Muzzey is spending her Summer vacation from teaching at her home on West street.

Howard Deacon and family, of Waltham, Mass., were Sunday guests of his mother, Mrs. Harry Deacon.

For Sale—Hardwood, stove length, \$5 00 a cord; one cord to a customer. Craig Farm, Antrim. Adv.

Paul R. Colby, of South Braintree, Mass., was a week-end guest of his father, Fred H. Colby.

Members of the Wells family, from New Jersey, are spending a week at their cottage, on the shore of Gregg Lake.

Misses Eckles and Fredrika Nay are with their mother, Mrs. M. E. Nay, at their home on Fairview street, for the Summer vacation from teaching.

The following left Antrim on Monday to attend the Young People's Conference, at Ocean Park, Maine: Miss Marion McClure, Miss Ialeen Cooley, Calvin Patterson, Alan Swett.

Born, June 18, at Cottage Hospital, East Braintree, Mass., a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Paul R. Colby, and grand-daughter to Fred H. Colby, of Antrim.

Rev. Robert S. Barker, of Colebrook, this state, a former pastor of the Antrim Methodist church, was in town on Friday last renewing former acquaintances.

While connections are being made after new pipe is laid in the meadow near the source of Antrim's water supply, water is shut off today, as per notice circulated by the Precinct Commissioners.

Mrs. Clarence Rockwell and Mrs. Edna Wheeler were given a birthday surprise party at the former's home, on Saturday evening last, by a number of intimate friends. A most enjoyable occasion was had.

For Sale—Baby Carriage, in first class condition; will sell reasonable. Apply to Anna L. Edwards, Antrim, Tel. 75. Adv.

Attendants at the Methodist church were favored on Sunday morning with vocal solos by Mrs. Grace Fernald Burgess and Alfred Balch, both former residents of Antrim, and whom it is always a pleasure to hear.

Due to the fact that the dentist is unable to give more time at present, the dental clinic, which has been sponsored by the Woman's Club with the help of other organizations in town, is being closed on Tuesday p.m. No further work can be done at this time.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. church is making the necessary arrangements for its annual fair and entertainment, which will be held in town hall this year, on Friday afternoon and evening, July 27. Members of the entertainment committee say it is going to be a pleasing affair.

Mrs. Arthur L. Poor recently visited her daughter, Miss Rena Poor, who is employed in a family at Scituate, Mass.

Mrs. S. R. Robinson has been visiting her son, Fred W. Robinson and family, and other relatives in Arlington, Mass., and vicinity.

Mrs. Clara Abbott, who has been under the care of a nurse at her home at Clinton Village, was suffering with a severe bronchial trouble.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Hildreth of Hollis were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Huntington, on Depot street. Mrs. Hildreth is a sister of Mr. Huntington.

Mrs. Nellie Munhall of Peterborough, formerly of Antrim, was in Boston last week and attended the wedding of her nephew, Thomas Robert Welch, to Mary Frances White.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Caughey and son, Frank, who have been spending some time at Antrim Center, have returned to their former home in Waltham, Mass., for the summer.

Mrs. Glenna Ashford has returned from the hospital at Grasmere, where she has been a few weeks, and with her two children have been visiting her mother, Mrs. Lottie Cleveland.

Mr. and Mrs. John Zabriske, having sold their home place on West street to Roger Hilton, have removed their household goods to New Jersey and left town on Saturday morning last.

At the annual election of officers of the Ladies' Circle of the Baptist society was held recently, the speakers on this occasion were Rev. and Mrs. Norris Woodbury, missionaries to Bahmo, Burma.

Paul F. Paige of Cleveland, Ohio, spent a day or two the past week with his aunt, Mrs. Charles F. Balch. He also visited his half-brother, Morton Paige, who is still ill at his home at Clinton village.

A vacant tenement in the house occupied by the Telephone Company on Main street, is being renovated and will soon be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Pratt, Jr., who have been residing at Clinton Village.

The local American Legion is sponsoring a drum corps, composed of about twenty young people and the interest is great. It looks like Antrim will have something worthwhile after practicing has been going on awhile.

The pupils of Mrs. Elizabeth Felker gave a piano recital at the vestry of the Baptist church on Wednesday evening of last week. It was attended by a goodly number of friends who much enjoyed the several numbers on the program.

Mrs. Henry A. George and daughter, Leona, and Mrs. Robert Munhall attended the funeral on Thursday last of Thomas Smith, in Northampton, Mass. Mr. Smith lived in Antrim a number of years and the family removed to Northampton some 25 years ago. Deceased was 77 years of age.

The Methodist people held their church night service last Friday afternoon and evening on the shore of Gregg lake, occupying the Eldredge cottage for their picnic lunch. A goodly number attended and a pleasant party for the result. Matters concerning the coming annual fair and entertainment

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

### FRANCESTOWN

On last Friday evening at town hall the graduation of the Grammar school was held. Those graduating were Marion McLane, Laura Hoyt, Doris Brown, Gladys Johnson and Robert Nichols.

Oak Hill Grange celebrated its 60th anniversary at the regular meeting Thursday evening. The officers of 1934 and a group of 13 representing officers of 1874 presented special marches. The only living charter member, Mrs. George Dunkee of Milford, state officers and past masters of Oak Hill Grange were invited guests. There were musical selections and a special feature. A reception was given charter members, state officers and past masters.

### HANCOCK

John Hancock Grange, No. 33, P. of H., has had a long and useful life among us and has meant a great deal to our people and the social activities of our town. On Monday, July 2, it will observe its sixtieth anniversary in town hall, with both an afternoon and evening program. Herewith is given the order of exercises in full:

Afternoon Exercises, 3 o'clock  
Song, "America the Beautiful".  
Invocation, Rev. A. L. Golder.  
Address of Welcome.

Piano solo, Mrs. Beulah S. Tuttle.

Sixty Years in the Grange, George W. Goodhue.

Reminiscences, Past Masters.  
Accordion solo, Arthur Goss.

Reading, Mrs. Mary W. Heath.  
Address, Relation of the Pomona Grange to the Subordinate Grange, James F. Hodgson, Master of Hillsboro County Pomona Grange.

Vocal duet, Rev. J. W. Starie, W. A. Proctor.

Evening Exercises, 7:30 o'clock  
Community singing, led by James C. Farmer.

Remarks, District Deputy Ralph E. Boynton.

History, Miss Nellie M. Jackson.  
Vocal solo, Mrs. Marion Clark.

Remarks, Officers of State Grange.

Violin solo, Stanley F. Otis.  
Address, James C. Farmer, Lecturer of National Grange.

Vocal solo, Mrs. Helen L. Rockwood.

Reading, Miss Mabel Patterson.  
Dunklee, Mrs. Ethel M. Hodgson.

Vocal duet, Mrs. Mildred B. Special feature, Ned S. Patterson.

Closing song, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds".

The marriage of Roger Brooks and Marie Allen took place at the bride's home in Pleasantville, N. Y., June 12. Only members of the

### GREENFIELD

The Woman's club will meet on June 22 with Mrs. Walter Hopkins.

Mrs. N. F. Cheever has been visiting her son, Harold Cheever and family in Wilton.

Miss Joanna O'Neil of Somerville, Mass., is spending a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Waite.

Miss Betty Thomas has been in Medway, Mass., for a week's vacation with her cousin, Mrs. William Locke and family.

The Grammar school graduation was held Thursday evening. Superintendent Sinclair presented the diplomas to the three graduates, Lillian McQuade, Robert Hopkins and David Hopkins.

### DEERING

The Community club held a strawberry festival in the town hall on Saturday evening. A card party was held in connection with the strawberry festival.

Dr. D. A. Poling delivered the commencement address at the University of Vermont on Monday of last week. His daughter, Mary, was a member of the graduating class, and several of the family went from here for the commencement.

Following the close of school, Miss Grace Kathan, teacher at the Pond school, has gone to her home in Walpole for the vacation. Mrs. Alice M. Colburn will pass the vacation at her home in Baldwinville, Mass., and Miss Murdough in Hillsboro. Miss Frances Shaughnessy of Walpole has been given a contract as teacher of music in the town schools for the coming year.

Richard E. Follansbee, Rose Lemay and Wilma Pearson were awarded diplomas at the graduation exercises of the Deering schools, held in the town hall. A varied and interesting program was put on by the pupils of the Pond, East and West schools, under the direction of their teachers, Grace Kathan, Erlene Murdough and Alice Colburn. Diplomas were presented by Supt. A. A. Holden and large play balls for all the schools were presented by Peter LaBounty, president of the Community club, for the club.

two families and a few intimate friends were present. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Arthur L. Golder of this town. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Golder, those present from Hancock were Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Brooks, parents of the groom, and Mr. and Mrs. Rollin T. Calkins. The young couple will make their home in Hancock occupying the new quarters prepared for them at Wildbrook.

## Vesper Services, Conferences, Etc., at the Deering Community Center

The series of Vesper services held at the A. Ray Petty Outdoor Pulpit, so popular since their inauguration some three years ago, will be held again this year, beginning Sunday afternoon, July 29 and continuing every Sunday throughout the month of August. This year, Rev. William C. MacDonald, a noted preacher of Edinburgh, Scotland, will be the speaker at the opening service to be held Sunday, July 29.

Other speakers scheduled for the Sundays following, include:

August 5—Rev. Whitney S. K. Yeaple, D. D., Pastor of the Lake Avenue Baptist church, Rochester, N. Y.

August 12—Rev. Charles L. Seasholes, D. D., Pastor of the First Baptist church, Dayton, Ohio.

August 19—Rev. Miles H. Krumbine, D. D., Shaker Heights, Cleveland, Ohio.

August 26—Rev. William S. Abner, D. D., Pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, Washington, D. C.

The Ministerial Conference, planned for the three-day period, July 29th to 31st, is being organized under the direction of a committee of nearby ministers.

The Senior Youth Conference, for young people sixteen years and over, and their leaders, will be in session from August 2 to August 11th. Walter Getty, of New York city,

formerly director of Leadership Training, Missionary Education Movement, is to be Dean of the Senior Youth Conference, and will have associated with him a carefully selected group of recognized leaders in young people's work. Carlton Sherwood, who has his summer home at Deering, will be a member of this staff. In addition, specialists in each particular field of leadership have been secured.

"Adventures in Christian Living" has been selected as the theme of the Intermediate Conference for Junior High school boys and girls ranging from 12 to 15 years. This conference will be under the leadership of Professor Edna M. Baxter of the Hartford Foundation School of Religious Education, who has gathered together a staff of men and women possessing broad experience and special skill in particular activities, likely to be of interest to young people of this age group.

Students and leaders will explore various interests and seek to discover the most abundant life together. Interest groups in music, dramatics, art craft, astronomy, etc., will gain new appreciation and skills. Through the various activities and the worship experiences, leaders for the local church will be trained.

## "OUR BEAUTY SHOPPE"

Telephone 66

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

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

**The FIRESIDE PHILOSOPHER**  
By ALFRED BIGGS

When honor goes, all is gone.  
Don't do it if you can't do it right.  
If it isn't the truth, don't repeat it.  
A good life is better than a long one.  
Prudence and haste can't live together.  
Good health, plus good sense make a full life.  
There's more greatness in goodness than goodness in greatness.  
Paupers and plutocrats are equal in death.

**Bennington.**

Congregational Church  
Rev. J. W. Logan, Pastor  
Sunday School 9.45 o'clock.  
Sunday Morning Service 10.45.

Dr. Stevens was in town a short time one day last week.

Kenneth Wilson is driving a new car; purchased from Herbert Lindsay.

Mrs. M. E. Sargent is home again, after having been five weeks in Philadelphia.

"Cappie" Martin is having the piazza on his house screened in and otherwise improved.

Mrs. George King and daughter, of Forestville, Conn., are visiting her father, Frank Sheldon.

There will be a Vacation School at the Congregational church, opening the first Monday after July 4—which ought to be easy to remember.

Frank Hart has moved into the Mr Avery house; his daughter, Mrs. E. C. Osborne and children returned to their home in Maine on Saturday.

The dense growth of trees and bushes along the river bank, between the bridge and the power house, on Hancock road, has been cut out, being an improvement.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Griswold were here a recent week-end; they took their father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Griswold, on their first visit to Monadnock Mountain.

The "Singing Sheriff" was greatly enjoyed by those present; no doubt the intense heat kept many at home. There seemed to be an appreciative audience outside as well as in.

Sunday, July 8, the Hillsboro Co. Service Council will hold its 12th annual meeting at the home of Postmaster Messer. All postal workers and their friends are welcome. The meeting will be held under the direction of the P. O. Dept., Washington, D. C.

From Manchester Union: Northwood Narrows, N. H., June 17. "The funeral of Mrs. Julia Edmunds Brown was held at Advent Christian church Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Brown died at her home here after a long illness. She lacked a short time of being 75 years of age. Mrs. Brown was cared for during the latter part of her illness by her niece, Mrs. Aaron Edmunds, of Bennington." Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Edmunds are well known here, where Mr. Edmunds is manager of the First National Store. The family attended the funeral of their aunt, Mrs. Edmunds remaining for awhile.

Postmaster and Mrs. Ralph E. Messer attended the 10th Joint State Convention of the New Hampshire and Vermont Branches of the National League of District Postmasters, held at Fairlee, Vt., on June 22 and 23.

Postmaster Messer was elected Secretary and Treasurer of the N. H. Branch; this is the ninth time Mr. Messer has been chosen to fill these positions.

They report a fine time and a successful meeting.

The State of New Hampshire was represented by Deputy Secretary of State Jackson.

The Postoffice Department was represented by J. Austin Latemer, Washington, D. C., Special Assistant to the Postmaster General.

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**CHURCH NOTES**

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church  
Rev. William Patterson, Pastor  
Thursday, June 28  
Prayer and praise service at 7.30 p.m. Topic: The Presbyterian Church  
Sunday, July 1  
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock, with sermon by the pastor.  
Bible school at 12 noon.  
Union evening service in this church at seven o'clock.  
The Lord's Supper will be observed in this church on Sunday, July 8.

Methodist Episcopal  
Rev. John P. Brooks, Pastor  
Sunday, July 1  
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock.  
Sermon: Fed From Within  
Sunday School at 12 o'clock.

Baptist  
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor  
Thursday, June 28  
Mid-week service at 7.30 p.m.  
Sunday, July 1  
Church school at 9.30 o'clock a.m.  
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock.  
Sermon by Rev. William E. Blake.

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.

**Topics of the Day**

Continued from page one

of taxes settled to the satisfaction of everyone for the reason that there are so few people who want to pay taxes, says an exchange. Under the present system, thrift is penalized and the spendthrift escapes without the payment of taxes. The system should be reversed. It could be reversed by a sales tax. By a sales tax we would pay taxes on what we spend rather than on what we save. Under the present system the man who saves his money and buys a home is penalized. If he improves his home he is penalized some more. His next door neighbor who receives the same income lets his place run down until it is a disgrace to the neighborhood and who spends his salary as fast as he gets it escapes with little or no taxes. The worse his place looks the less taxes he pays. The system should be reversed. When we acquire intelligence enough to do this and take the tax off of accumulated property we are going to see better homes and an expanding building program. The marvel of it is that the race hasn't been able to see this before now.

The increase in the number of automobile accidents in New Hampshire, attributable though it may be to a considerable extent to human factors, nevertheless calls for constant attention and study in making the highways safer by correcting such danger spots as offer possibilities of accidents, is the timely statement of the Peterborough Transcript. The autoist, like civilization, is moving faster and faster. He must take the large share of responsibility while on the road but the State and community owes it to him to eliminate road hazards and make the highways as reasonably safe for him as is possible. The larger communities seem to have realized this fact earlier than we in the rural districts who possibly have placed too much reliance on the driver himself and not enough on the community's responsibility to him. It is a difficult problem, however one may look at it. Unfortunately, New Hampshire's roads and streets were laid out in the "horse and buggy" days. Matters of parking and safety have bothered us little until recently but they are to be a serious concern in the future.

**The Graduating Class of Nineteen Hundred Thirty Four, A. H. S.**



Photo by Manahan  
In the order as they appear in this group picture: Ladies, left to right: Beatrice Ellen Smith, Mary Elizabeth Muzzev, Maybelle Louise Caughey, Edith Charlotte Linton, Dorothy Jean Sawyer, Martha Julia Dziengowski. Gentlemen, left to right: Frederick Charles Butler, Calvin Francis Patterson, Ernest Wendell Ring, Lawrence Robert Raices.

**Antrim Locals**

Next week Wednesday being a holiday, the Reporter will be printed one day earlier, Tuesday. Advertisers and correspondents, please take notice.

Mrs. John Mayrand entertained relatives last week, at her home on Pleasant street.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Burr Eldredge, of Athol, Mass., were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Eldredge.

Arthur Prescott has returned to Mt. Hermon, Northfield, Mass., where he has employment during his school vacation.

Rev. and Mrs. H. L. Packard, of Worcester, Mass., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. George and Mrs. Estelle Speed.

For Sale—Green Peas, picked daily; two pounds for 25 cents. C. Ronald Clark. Tel. 46-2. Antrim. Adv.

Mrs. A. N. Harriman, of New Bedford, Mass., is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Matilda Barrett, for a few weeks.

For Rent—Two furnished rooms and chance to do light house-keeping. Apply to Mrs. T. F. Madden, West St., Antrim. Adv. 2t

Lawrence Raices has spent a few days the past week in New York, his home city. He has accepted a position in Peterborough, which he will soon take.

Mrs. Grace Fernald Burgess, of Atleboro, Mass., was in town on Sunday, and on her return she was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Cassie Fernald.

Alfred T. Balch, one daughter and two sons, from Brockton, Mass., were guests of relatives here for the week-end. One of the sons will spend his Summer vacation at the Balch Farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Folsom and son, John, were guests a few days the past week of Mrs. Folsom's mother, Mrs. G. W. Hunt. On their return, Mrs. Hunt accompanied them to their home in Springvale, Maine, for a two weeks' visit.

Chester L. Hartwell, of Antrim, has been selected as one of ten new men appointed to the motor cycle patrol force of the State Motor Vehicle Department. As soon as he is fully equipped he will be assigned to duty; his patrol will then be made public.

**For Sale**

Fully Accredited COWS; can go in anybody's herd, in any state: Holsteins, Guernsey's, Jerseys and Ayrshires. Fresh and springers.  
Fred L. Proctor, Antrim, N. H.

**Antrim Locals**

Mrs. Joseph Fluri is steadily improving in health and is able to sit out of doors on pleasant days.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Dunlap of High street are receiving congratulations on the birth June 16th of a son.

Mrs. J. W. Rogers of Montpelier, Vt., has been the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Milo Pratt and family, on Main street.

Mrs. Lena Hansle recently entertained at her home on Depot street, her son, Carl Hansle of Woodsville, and other relatives and friends.

Mrs. Charles Talbot and daughter, Mrs. Langdon Allen of Brookline, Mass., recently visited their cousin, Miss Sadie Adams, on Depot street.

Friends and neighbors of Ernest McClure gave him a surprise party June 21 on the occasion of his 51st birthday. It proved a most enjoyable affair. Games were played and refreshments served.

The Athol (Mass.) Chronicle of last week contained these two items of news, of interest to the people of Antrim, where the family formerly resided: Miss Gertrude Musson, a student at Wells College, is spending the summer vacation with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. William R. Musson of 1382 Main street. Ralph Musson, son of Dr. and Mrs. William Musson of 1382 Main street, left Monday night for Akron, Ohio, where he will spend the summer with his aunt, Miss Estelle Musson. He will also take a six weeks' course in music at Oberlin College.

**ANTRIM POST OFFICE**

Mail Schedule in Effect April Twenty-nine, 1934

Going North		Going South	
Mails Close	Leave Station	Mails Close	Leave Station
6 29 a.m.	6 44 a.m.	8 58 a.m.	9 13 a.m.
2 28 p.m.	2 43 p.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.

**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, Register.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss.  
Court of Probate

To the heirs at law of the estate of Martha J. Bartlett, late of Bennington, in said County, deceased, testate, and to all others interested therein:

Whereas, Henry W. Wilson, executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County the final account of his administration of said estate:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at 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 executor 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 21st day of June, A. D. 1934.  
By order of the Court,  
S. J. DEARBORN, Register.

**TOWN RESIDENCE!**  
For Sale.

THE BASS HOUSE so called, occupied for a number of years by Mrs. Harry Deacon, on Main Street, is offered for sale. This is a two-tenement house with a large barn connected, and is located in the heart of

ANTRIM VILLAGE with about an acre and a half of good land with the property.

In many respects this is a most desirable property, admirably located, in good repair, and is a nice property to buy for a home or as an investment.

For other particulars, enquire of  
Mrs. Harry Deacon,  
Antrim, N. H.

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, Register.

**LIFE PROTECTION AT COST!**

\$1500 Mutual Life Protection for \$7.00; approximate total cost \$13.00 per year; non-medical, ages 5 to 75; all races; dues waived after 15 years; strictly mutual non-profit Life Protection at Cost. Write for particulars.

Dept. A,  
Family Mutual Benefit Ass'n,  
Heard Bldg., Phoenix, Arizona.



**PUT THESE TWO MAGICIANS TO WORK!**

Low Brothers Quick-Drying Enamel and a brush make things new in an instant. You can do over almost anything, whether it's wood or glass or metal or plaster. And it's so easy. Flows on smoothly and dries hard in a couple of hours. It's fun to paint this way. Try it and see. All the colors of the rainbow from which to choose.

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

**RUNNING RACES**  
**ROCKINGHAM**  
PARK . . . SALEM, N. H.  
7 or more RACES DAILY  
EXCEPT SUNDAY  
JUNE 23rd TO JULY 28th  
1:30 P. M.  
RAIN OR SHINE  
**LEGALIZED PARI-MUTUELS**  
ADMISSION TO GROUNDS, GRAND STAND and PADDOCK . . . Admission to CLUBHOUSE, \$2.00  
**\$1.00**  
ENLARGED FREE PARKING SPACE

# Europe Furnishes Inns for Youthful Wanderers

## Tourists to Find Welcome in Many Lands.

Washington.—"With the coming of summer Europe opens her doors—thousands of them—to the youth of the world," says a bulletin from the National Geographic society. "From Alpine valleys to Norwegian fjords, from villages of central Europe to the rocky Hebrides, young wanderers will find 'youth hostels' waiting to welcome them at the end of a long day on the road. There for the price of a shilling, a franc, or a mark, is a kitchen where one may cook supper, and find a friendly group of campers around a fire, and best of all, a comfortable bed.

"Rucksack and weary feet are a certain passport. The young traveler also must have a membership in one of the national hostels associations; but this is easily obtained, and dues are only about a dollar a year. Whether it is the Reichverband für Deutsche Jugendherbergen, La Ligue Française pour les Auberges de la Jeunesse, or the Gaelic An Oige of the Irish Free State matters not at all. Reciprocal agreements between the various countries entitle any member to the use of foreign hostels.

### Win Welcome.

"All the associations are alike in their ideals of international democracy and simple living. There are no distinctions of race, creed, or social position. Youth and a slender purse win first consideration. In fact, in Bavaria, no one over twenty, save the leader of a group, may use the hostels. Luckily for many, England has no such literal interpretation, measuring age by enthusiasm rather than gray hairs. Travelers arriving by motor-cycle, car, or bus will probably find themselves politely turned away. The hostels have no room for the more plutocratic summer tourist.

"The youth hostel movement began in Germany over twenty years ago when a young school teacher in Westphalia started taking his students on summer walking trips, stopping overnight in empty school houses. By 1914 he had raised funds for a number of hostels, and after the war, membership increased with amazing rapidity. In 1923 there were over 2,500 hostels in Germany, giving shelter to more than 4,000,000 visitors in one year.

"Youth inns now occupy old castles along the Rhine, city towers in Medieval towns, forest huts in the Marz mountains, and even a grim old fortress at Coburg. The majority, however, are modern buildings with the most modern equipment. In many of the cities they have assumed hotel proportions. One of the largest—the inn at Cologne—accommodates 1,200 guests. More recently a chain of hostels has been added in East Prussia.

One of these is at historic Weissenberg, a point of international importance where the frontier of East Prussia meets the boundaries of the Polish Corridor and the Free City of Danzig.

"The Youth Hostels association of England and Wales is a much younger and less crowded organization. It was not founded until 1930, but by 1933 could boast of 200 hostels and 30,000 members. Shelters are of the simplest kind—farm houses, village schools, and granaries.

### Movement Grows Rapidly.

"A few there are for whom the Great North road with its signs reading 'Edinburgh, Aberdeen and the North,' has an irresistible lure. The road leads the adventurous over bare moors, through steep gleans, and past lonely lochs to the wildest beauty in Britain. Until three years ago when the Scottish Hostels association was founded, much of the grandest country in Scotland remained inaccessible to the cyclist and hiker of 'walled means. Inns are infrequent and fairly expensive, and it requires super energy to pack a tent and camping equipment over the rocky trails of Western Ross. Now Scotland has more than 30 hostels, usually plain stone huts, often with room for no more than ten, and sometimes straw pallets instead of beds.

"Among the popular border hostels is Broadmeadows by quiet Yarrow Water, near Scott's beloved Abbotsford and blue St. Mary's Loch. Of course

## She Will Probably Close Window Now

Gary, Ind.—The next time Mrs. Beulah Hopkins takes a bath she'll close the bathroom window.

Mrs. Hopkins went into the bathroom, disrobed, and turned the water on in the tub. Suddenly her husband heard a scream. He dashed into the bathroom and his wife was gone. He peered out of the open window. His wife was atop a sand pile on the ground.

At the Gary hospital, Mrs. Hopkins explained that she stepped on a piece of soap and skidded right out of the window. Her only injury was a wrenched back.

hostels exist in the Trossachs, and another chain in Perthshire. If the traveler is still following the Great North road, he will find the key to Birnam hostel at 'Macbeth Cottage.' Birnam wood still stands, nor has it 'come to Dunsinane.' Farther north, much farther, is Loch Maree, dotted with green isles, and guarded by the giant Ben Sliech which rises abruptly across the lake from Slattadale hostel.

"To seek still wilder moors and higher mountains one must go west, across the Sound of Sleat to Skye, island of blue mist and brilliant sun. Above the schoolhouse hostel in Glen Silgachan tower the purple peaks of the Cuillins. To climb their crags requires a rope, a guide and intrepid skill. Sudden mists guard their cliffs and corries; but should a climber gain the top of Sgurr-nan-Gilleann or Sgurr Alasdair and find the clouds lifted, the 'mysterious isles' will win him forever."

## Coast Guard Is Getting Planes



Henry Morgenthau, Jr., secretary of the treasury, and Rear Admiral Harry C. Hammond, commandant of the coast guard, inspecting the first of a fleet of Chance Vaught navy pursuit-type planes destined for use by the coast guard.

## Find Ancient Towns on Shore of Dry Lake

### Indian Villages Unearthed by CWA Workers.

Washington.—On the shores of dry Buena Vista lake in Kern county, California, an expedition of CWA workers, directed by Smithsonian Institution archeologists, has excavated two ancient Indian villages, one believed to date to the beginning of the Christian era.

The first village unearthed, the institution disclosed, was believed to have been inhabited by Yokut Indians when Zalvidea, Spanish mission priest, visited it in 1772. However, it was

added, by 1825 the village had vanished completely.

Indicating that it was long a site of human occupancy, workers uncovered seven distinct lake terraces as they dug through various levels. Although few human burials were found, the archeologists said they discovered parts of 35 skeletons in a nearby hillside cemetery. Dr. William D. Strong, of the bureau of American ethnology, estimated the village to be nearly 500 years old.

The second village uncovered was said to be unquestionably more ancient. No record of its occupancy was obtained and, it was explained, a study of skeletons unearthed indicated it to be the home of Indians who later shifted westward to the coast.

Contrasting finds in the two villages, the archeologists disclosed that the first one possessed abundant soapstone pottery and small arrow points, while the second had practically no soapstone and boasted larger, cruder flint points, which probably were used on darts rather than arrows. Also, it was added, in the latter village bodies were buried under the floors of houses.

### Excess of Elm, Maple Seeds Threat to Trees

Madison, Wis.—Overproduction of elm and soft maple seeds in southern Wisconsin this spring is threatening to kill many of the trees, according to a bulletin issued by the state agriculture and markets commission.

The trees produced many times the normal number of seeds to compensate for unusual weather conditions last year. E. L. Chambers, entomologist, said. The drought early in June a year ago impaired development of seed buds.

This spring the drought came later and may kill the trees which have weakened themselves by overproduction of the seeds.

### Petrified Logs in Monument

Elensburg, Wash.—The proposed Ginkgo national monument near here contains approximately 2,000 petrified logs, valued at \$1,000 each. Among the logs is a petrified ginkgo tree, which grows today only in China and Japan, evidence that Washington once had a tropical climate.

### Light Rays Play Tunes

Baltimore.—Using a photo-electric cell, Dr. Philip Thomas, of the Westinghouse research laboratory, can play tunes on a xylophone by casting light rays on the keys.

## Peace Pact of Ancients

### Just "Scrap of Paper"

Baltimore.—As early as 357 B. C. international peace pacts became "scraps of paper," Dr. David M. Robinson, professor of archeology at Johns Hopkins university, told colleagues upon his return from an archeological expedition to Olynthus, ancient buried city of Greece.

Olynthus, Doctor Robinson explained, was a city of 65,000 inhabitants, located in Chalcidice at the head of the gulf of Torone. Its site was discovered by the professor in 1928, after historians long had disputed its probable location.

During excavations, it was disclosed, Doctor Robinson unearthed a 15 line inscription proclaiming alliance of the Olynthians with Philip, king of Macedonia. However, it was added, in 357 B. C., nine years after the alliance was proclaimed, Philip disregarded its provisions, razed the city and sold the people into slavery.

Discussing his expedition's work, the archeologist enthusiastically pointed to the recent excavation of public buildings, historical inscriptions, public stores, and an arsenal.

Indicating that Olynthus once was ravaged by a severe epidemic, Doctor Robinson said he found the remains of 30 Olynthians buried together, apparently victims of a strange malady.

The expedition also uncovered a brilliantly painted tomb and five mosaics, which have aroused the interests of artists and scholars.

### One-Cent Check Keeps Books Muddled 19 Years

Kinston, N. C.—A one-cent check issued 19 years ago has been found at last and chemical employees of the Interstate Cooperation company, Belhaven, N. C., rest easy.

The check was made out to Hinton Everett to cover a "shortage" in a previous check. Years passed and it did not come back. Recently an employee of the firm found it framed and hanging in the home of a merchant who said he bought it from Everett as a curiosity. The firm set about to find Everett, gave him a duplicate check, escorted him to the bank and told him to endorse it. The cashier handed him one cent. The company has that item off its "outstanding checks" column and Everett has his penny.

### Weights Hog by Its Squeal

Bolekov, Mo.—Friends of George Hobson, who lives east of here, say he can judge the weight of a hog by hearing the hog squeal. They don't know just how he does it, but they say he is accurate at it.

# That Body of Yours

By JAMES W. BARTON, M. D.

## First Symptom of Heart Failure

AS STUDENTS it was our custom to listen to as many cases of heart disease as possible, and try to tell whether the murmur came with the first beat, with the second beat, just before the first beat, and the quality of the murmur.

Then with this worked out in our minds we tried to tell just which valves were affected and gave the disease its particular name. What do we find our instructors in medicine teaching the students now about heart disease?

While they have not done away with the names of the diseases affecting the heart, they attach very little importance to them, because they have or try to have all heart ailments down to a practical working basis.

What are the practical points? First, has the heart enough power to do the work of the body when the body is at rest? Second, what amount of reserve has the heart when work, extra work, is demanded of it?

If the heart cannot do the ordinary work demanded, and cannot do a little extra work at times, then that heart is "falling" in its ability to work, and we have what is called "heart failure."

What are the signs that the heart is not doing its work properly, or is not strong enough to fulfill the usual demands on it?

If the failure is severe or has existed for some time the heart will be dilated, and there may be dropsy.

But before the heart becomes such a complete failure, what is the first sign that is noted by the patient himself?

Breathlessness on effort. Remember everybody gets out of breath if they work or exercise hard or long enough. But if work that they have ordinarily been able to do without getting out of breath, now makes them breathless, the first thought should be to have the family doctor examine the heart thoroughly; that is lying down, sitting up, standing up, exercising, immediately after exercising, two minutes after exercising, by breath holding tests, and other methods.

However, an obstructed nose, a heavy meal, or being already tired, may cause breathlessness after effort, even when the heart is normal.

Remember, then, that the first symptom of heart failure is breathlessness on slight effort.

## Insanity

CRIME has been committed and the law seeks to punish the criminal. Immediately the defense makes the claim that the prisoner is insane and therefore cannot be punished by the law but should be placed in an institution for mental patients.

Fairminded people have no desire to see an insane man or woman punished by hanging or imprisonment, nor, on the other hand do they want to see a prisoner who is not insane escape the just punishment of his crime because a clever lawyer is able to bolster up a defense by various circumstances, illustrations and comparisons.

What is insanity anyway? When we think of how judges, lawyers, and juries wrestle with the problem of what is and what is not insanity, it is not easy to give a full or complete definition of just what must be found about an individual before he should be called insane.

However in a general way it may be said that everyone of us is born with certain instincts, principal or first instincts they are called, such as love, hate, fear, joy. These are a part of us, ourselves in fact.

If, then, you love, hate, fear anybody or anything, that is your own business; at least that is what one would naturally think. And if this love, hate or fear does no harm to anyone else, no one but yourself knows that you possess it.

If, however, this love, hate, or fear so affects you that you want to do things that are not considered right by the community and by the laws of the land, then a fight goes on within you, a "conflict" as it is called, because these primal instincts are forcing you, on the one hand, to do these "wrong" things, and your moral training and the laws of the land are, on the other hand, fighting back these instincts.

If we think about some cases we know who have become mentally unbalanced, we find that they didn't want to mix much with others, wanted to do things differently, weren't much interested in other people, even friends or family; in fact, didn't want to be bothered or "hemmed in" by rules and regulations.

What are our mental specialists trying to do about this type of mental unbalance or imbalance?

These physicians recognize that human beings will always be born with these primal instincts—love, hate, fear—so that to prevent insanity every boy, girl, man and woman must be taught that the good of the community should be always the first thought.

(Copyright)—WNU Service



## WE KNOW THEM, TOO

Smart was looking rather puzzled. "Tell me, old fellow," he said to a friend, "have you ever heard of such a thing as cold embers?"

The friend shook his head vigorously.

"Never," he replied. "There can't be such a thing."

Smart smiled artfully. "Oh, yes, there is," he replied. "November and December—they're cold enough, aren't they?"

Some Like That "My wife is a good driver," boasted Jones, "and she believes in giving the man in the other car his place along the road."

"Mine does, too," sighed Smith, "only she seems to think his place is in the ditch."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Can't Blame Him Blinks—How did it happen that a man in Perkins' circumstances sent his daughter to Europe for a year?

Jinks—She had fallen in love with a crooner, and he said he'd a darn sight rather go to the poorhouse than have such a thing for a son-in-law.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Sounds Fishy "What is your gross income?" "I have no gross income." "No income at all?" "No gross income. I have a net income. I'm in the fish business."—Montreal Gazette.

Prolific, Anyway Guest (being shown paintings)—Did you say this is a Corregio? Host—No, a replica. Guest—Oh, well, he's a pretty good man, too, isn't he?—London Humorist.

Thin Disguise Teacher (answering phone)—You say John Jones has a bad cold and can't come to school? Who is this speaking? Voice (high pitched)—This is my father.



Relative, No Doubt Jinks—Do you know that cyclones usually come from the Southwest? Blinks—No? My wife comes from Texas, too.—Brooklyn Eagle.

## SIMPLE FROCK THAT ACCENTS SMARTNESS

A simple frock is just a simple frock unless it is cleverly cut—and then it becomes one of the smartest things a woman can wear in summer. But choose your design with the greatest care—remember it will have no help from frills or furbelows. To be dead certain of getting something chic, you cannot do better than this model with its smart and becoming neck and its well fitting panels. It



is, by the way, a wonderful style for slimming the figure. Use cotton or linen for chic results.

Complete, diagrammed sew chart included.

Pattern 9960 may be ordered only in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards 36 inch fabric.

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

Send your order to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 232 West Eighteenth Street, New York City.

## THE REAL REASON

The tired-looking man sat facing the solicitor. "So you want a divorce from your wife," said the latter. "Aren't your relations pleasant?"

"Mine are," came the answer, "but hers are simply terrible."—London Answers.

## Foxy Idea

"Why do you prefer players who have happy homes?" the manager of the baseball team was asked. "Because," he replied, "the big thing in baseball is getting home, and if a fellow thinks a lot of home he'll be more anxious to get there than one who doesn't."

## Merciless Campaigning

"Several of your friends in congress are physicians." "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "but they are cautious doctors who prescribe only simple remedies. What we need is a bunch of dentists who can pull teeth and administer gas."

## Both Sad Cases

Two men met after 40 years. Black—I have lost my whole fortune and must go hungry. White—And I have been forbidden by my doctor to drink beer and must go thirsty—we all have our sorrows.—Lustize Blaetter (Berlin).

## Sound Advice

"You have a beautiful bride." "Yes, but we'll have to live on bread and cheese and kisses." "It's a nice diet, my boy, but don't invite too many people to dinner."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

## More Important

Man—My wife is very busy. She's going to address a woman's club. Neighbor—She's working on the address, I presume. Man—No; the dress.

# QUALITY GUM



# Busy New Jersey



Making Shaving Cream Tubes in a Bloomfield Factory.

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

**M**ANY cities of northern New Jersey owe their growth largely to the fact that they block the southern and western gates of New York City and receive its overflow.

Newark is the most important air door to the metropolis. Opened to air traffic in September, 1931, the Newark airport has grown rapidly. When airplane traffic was at a peak in 1932 several transport companies and local airlines scheduled 89 planes daily in and out of Newark, and in addition a constant stream of unscheduled private planes used this municipal field.

Newark today is in a state of flux, but the changes that are taking place point to a vast metropolitan center. Newark, since the World war, has changed amazingly. New high buildings have cut through its skyline; in them one finds the clerical forces of many firms whose office address is New York.

And again Newark has become a seaport. Whalers once sailed up to the city docks on Passaic river, but when ships of deeper draft began to carry world trade Newark had to be content with lighters and small coastwise vessels. Now Port Newark, a municipal development on the upper part of Newark bay, has again brought ocean-going vessels to the gates of the city.

Only Newark itself can list all the thousands of different products which pour out of its factories. The most important in order of production value are: electrical machinery and supplies, paints and varnishes, leather, meats, foundry and machine-shop products, chemicals, and jewelry.

Here are some odd trades, as well as highly specialized industries. Electrical instruments are made with counterbalancing pointers that are miracles of craftsmanship. One of these has an arm of aluminum tubing with walls one ten-thousandth of an inch thick, and balance threads (for tiny brass nuts) are cut 500 to the inch. This work must be done under a magnifying glass. In Newark, too, many of the world's largest air-conditioning plants are designed and constructed.

**Newark's Library and Trolley.**

Newark library today is the largest in the state, and one of the nation's finest. Libraries throughout the United States and in many foreign countries have adopted methods originating in this Newark institution.

Only London has a larger co-ordinated bus and trolley system than one Newark company, which serves 421 New Jersey municipalities, reaching all but one county in the state. In 1931 it transported a total of nearly 400,000,000 passengers, the equivalent of more than three times the population of the United States.

Strangers are confused by the interlocking huddle of municipalities around Newark. Essex county is really one city with nearly a million people. Once isolated villages have expanded so rapidly that outsiders cannot tell where one ends and another begins.

Bloomfield offers an example of an intensely diversified community in a state noted for variety. With a population of only 38,000, many of them commuters, it embraces some forty industries, large and small, which run the gamut from safety pins and horse radish to books, electric lights, and woolsens.

In a Bloomfield lamp works were made the bulbs that shine from the Statue of Liberty, and those that illuminate the Washington monument, Holland tunnels, Natural Bridge, Virginia, and the Bermuda caves. Here is made every type of lamp, from the "grain of wheat" used by dentists and physicians, to the giant bulb for movie and outdoor illumination.

Although we may not realize it when we pay a small coin for an electric-light bulb, we are purchasing a commodity that requires more delicate craftsmanship than anything else sold in bulk. The tungsten filament is one of the finest-drawn commercial wires, pulled through a diamond die to a thickness of 0.0004 of an inch. Compared to a lamp filament, a human

hair resembles a piece of heavy rope. It is all part of the day's work in this Bloomfield factory to deal with argon, helium, and neon, an atmospheric pressure of 0.00001 per cent, and pressures up to 25 tons per square inch! With pardonable pride this plant adopts the slogan used by the United States Engineers in France. "It can't be done—but here it is!"

In an unpretentious red-brick building that faces on one of the principal streets of West Orange, an empty chair sits before an old-fashioned roll-top desk. Here Thomas A. Edison spent the last years of his life. His library and study have been maintained just as he left them.

**Traffic of Jersey City.**

Jersey City, largest of the Hudson river cities opposite New York, has industries ranging from soap to printing and type-making. Oddly enough, it is one of Jersey's "least-known" cities to outsiders. Railroads skirt its business district or pass through it underground, while the main motor highway to the Holland tunnels runs in a subsurface roadway through the residential districts.

Many doughboys recall Jersey City's water front, a major embarking and disembarking point during the World war. "Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go from here? Anywhere from Harlem to a Jersey City pier," ran the words of a popular war song.

Today Jersey City handles most of the freight-car traffic that comes into the port of New York from the south and west. One of its printing plants turns out tons of telephone directories annually for New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and other large eastern cities. In the same plant lithographing for several widely circulated magazines is also prepared.

A museum attached to a Jersey City type-manufacturing concern contains a copy of the rare Canon Missal, dating from 1458, one of the first books printed entirely on a press, and many tiny "thumb-nail" books, exquisite examples of craftsmanship. Modern type faces are measured for accuracy to one-tenth-thousandth of an inch, the thickness of a cigarette paper.

From Jersey City northward along the Hudson to Weehawken is one of the highest concentrations of railroad traffic in the world. New Jersey leads the nation in railroad trackage per square mile, and the focus of its busiest lines is this short bit of territory along the Hudson opposite Manhattan island.

Freight-car contents are transferred here into the holds of liners, and recently a terminal was established which places loaded cars themselves within huge vessels called "seatrains."

More interesting than the manner in which commodities are transferred from rails to boats, however, are the split-second schedules devised for the waves of commuters that sweep twice daily through the half-dozen terminals in the New Jersey side of the Hudson. It is estimated that 2,000,000 people pour into and out of Manhattan on a typical business day, and that more than 15 per cent of them arrive from New Jersey.

**Timing the Commuters.**

Stand in the Hoboken terminal tower of the Lackawanna and watch the "big push" of commuters homeward bound. No major offensive of the World war was timed to a greater nicety than this daily event which has become as much a part of the commuter's life as his meals and sleep. Crowded ferry boats and tube trains from Manhattan have brought armies of men and women to the train shed, where long expresses are waiting to hurry them to scores of suburban stations.

"Zero Hour" comes from 5:25 to 5:35 p. m., when every commuter wants an express that will get him home about six o'clock. Commuting railroads perform the seemingly impossible by sending several trains to the same destination at almost the same time, one making stops that another skips. Newark, a metropolis of 442,000, may not be even a flag-stop on an express hurrying through-passengers on to Millburn or Morristown.

## Good Taste Today

BY EMILY POST

Author of  
"ETIQUETTE," "THE BLUE BOOK OF SOCIAL USAGE," ETC.

### PROPRIETIES

**DEAR Mrs. Post:** What do you think of a lined envelope in stationery used by men? It seems impossible to find an unlined envelope, which does not permit the writing to show through.

**Answer:** They are perhaps not objectionable, if plain, but they are really more suitable for women. If you do not write on the back page the ink can't show through!

**My dear Mrs. Post:** I know a young man (and his family) very well. This person has asked me to go as his guest to the World's fair in Chicago with him and his twenty-two-year-old sister. Is his sister a sufficient chaperon to keep people from talking about us?

**Answer:** You cannot properly let him pay your railway fare and your hotel bill. Aside from this, you might perfectly well go to Chicago when they go, and of course go to see the fair with them and take as many meals with them and go to wherever places of amusement they invite you to.

**Dear Mrs. Post:** I have been taking a girl out for the greater part of two years. We always have to take her mother or sister (or both) with us, no matter whether it is to the movies or for a ride in my car—and I might add at my expense. I have complained to the girl and she says if I like her as much as I pretend, I won't mind. What, if anything, is there left for me to do?

**Answer:** Thirty years ago her behavior would have been conventional. Today it is so unreasonable as to suggest that she likes your car and the movies more than she does you. In your place, I would tell her frankly that one man, two girls and an older woman is not your idea of a pleasant party. If she still insists on including her whole family, I would transfer my attentions to another girl.

**Dear Mrs. Post:** I received a postcard from a friend who is away on her vacation. The card has no salutation and close, and I felt hurt about this coldness, until some one told me that none were intended for postcards. Is this true?

**Answer:** Cards, like telegrams, are public messages. Therefore, they never have a beginning, nor do they have more than the most abbreviated signature possible at the close.

### WHO IS A "LADY"?

**DEAR Mrs. Post:** Is the word "lady" more correct than "woman" when telling some one that "there is a (blank) calling on the telephone?" The word doesn't seem to have any real significance any longer if I am to judge by the many females who are called "lady" and who don't know any more about following "the code of a lady (or gentleman)" than I know about building skyscrapers, when my business is to design draperies for their many windows. Is any woman a "lady" nowadays?

**Answer:** The term, which once denoted a person of breeding and cultivation, long ago deteriorated into meaning nothing more than a female of respectable appearance. Consequently those who have clearest right to the title speak of themselves and their friends as women. One should, however, always say "a lady on the telephone." You would also say, "I am making curtains for a lady in Chicago."

**Dear Mrs. Post:** Our neighbors are very inconsiderate. My husband works every evening until eleven o'clock and would enjoy sleeping until eight o'clock next morning. But it is next to impossible to get any sleep after six o'clock because their small children are not disciplined at all, and the mother never tells them to be quiet, or keeps them from climbing the fence into our yard. In fact, she herself slams doors and yells. Isn't there anything we can do to mend their habits and yet keep the neighborhood in an amiable state? We can't move, so don't advise that.

**Answer:** When neighbors are inconsiderate nothing can be done except to call on the board of health (or whatever local official deals with such matters). I have a friend who owns a New York apartment, the sale of which in this day is impossible. Overhead live two boys whose only diversions seem to be jumping contests and chopstick piano duets. The misery of my friend, who is an invalid, can hardly be exaggerated. In this case each note of protest brings a note of apology from the mother or the father, and then the noise goes on unabated. Perhaps a visit from a representative of the board of health might be effective—depending, of course, upon the efficiency of this particular representative.

© by Emily Post.—WNU Service.

### Animal Like Duck

The platypus, or the duckbill, of Australia, is an animal even though it has a bill like a duck and lays eggs to hatch its young. It possesses fur and not feathers and cannot fly and can hardly run. Its normal body temperature is lower than any other warm blooded animal. It is a real freak and belongs to the past age.

## BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

You Have Inflation  
But Don't Worry  
Flying Too Low  
New Way to Travel

A law will presently become the "law of the land" compelling the nation to buy fourteen hundred million ounces of silver. It is announced that the President will issue fifteen hundred million dollars of paper money to buy the silver. Conservative old fogylism yells "inflation," although it is not inflation, since the money will have silver back of it.

It will have more back of it than the government's bonds on which the nation pays interest. Back of those bonds there is nothing but a paper mill, and the government's name. There are no longer any gold bonds; you can't get any gold.

Back of the silver money issued to buy silver will at least be silver, and you can always buy something with that—in China, Mexico, India—elsewhere as well as here at home.

Conservative old fogylism may as well realize that we have left the gold basis, and that a government bond is worth exactly as much as a piece of green paper with the government name on it, no more, no less. All you will get for any United States government bond is pieces of green paper, when you come to sell it.

For your comfort remember that this nation, which has actually lost, according to careful statistics, more than one hundred thousand millions of dollars since the depression began, can well afford another hundred thousand millions to get out of the depression, if that amount is necessary.

This isn't any little country, or any poor country.

One hundred thousand millions to the United States is less than ten millions would be to John D. Rockefeller, and you know or you can imagine how much that would be to him.

An airplane of the "American Air Lines" was wrecked and burned in the Catskill mountains, with all on board, seven—four passengers, two pilots and the "stewards"—dead.

The government is careful about inspecting planes and testing pilots. It is sufficiently careful about stipulating the height at which passenger-carrying planes must fly and what pilots must do in dangerous weather?

A seagoing vessel sails in "deep water." It does not skim along the tops of rocks near the surface. There is plenty of "deep water" in the atmosphere above this earth. Is there any reason why airplanes should skim as near as possible to the surface of the earth, frequently colliding with mountainsides and hills?

Mr. Ben Smith's traveling methods show what flying machines can do. He recently started around the world with his family by floating steamer. On the way, in Java, he thought he would like to see the grand national steeplechase, and flew back to England from that point, saw the race and flew back to join his family and their ship at an African port. Landing in New York, he flew to California, took another plane to British Columbia, flew back via San Francisco to New York. He thus saves months of old-fashioned "high-speed travel."

The most important public document since the Civil war, more important than any act of government in the big war, is the message that President Roosevelt sends to congress, outlining plans of his administration. The government pledges itself to enable citizens to live "as Americans should live," to provide jobs for those that want work or, failing jobs, unemployment insurance, and to guarantee "the security of the home."

Dr. James Bryant Conant, youthful and intelligent new president of Harvard university, tells graduates of the Stevens Institute of Technology that no matter what "social and economic order lies ahead of us, society will demand the luxuries and conveniences afforded by modern technology." Therefore, two professions will survive any troubles—"the engineers and the doctors." Engineers will be needed to provide what people want, and doctors to repair human machinery.

When Doctor Conant says "society will want" he means human society, the whole race, not the silly by-product commonly described as "society."

Sailors with friends on the big ship Leviathan are worried because that boat went to sea with no cat on board. To sail without a cat, according to sailors, is "the worst possible luck."

And, most curiously, the same sailors consider it bad luck to sail with a clergyman on board. Why the presence of a clergyman or the absence of a cat should be dangerous to a ship is a puzzle.

From the world-wide point of view the serious news is suspension of payments by the German Reichsbank, which means that Germany stops paying even private debts. It is not merely the usual default on international debts.

Wise Paris "fears the worst" as usual; in this instance, that Germany's financial condition is far worse than the world knows, worse than Germany realizes or cares to admit.

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## Time Worth Only What It Confers

Those Moments of Leisure  
Not to Be Counted  
as Wasted.

"Is there no time you can reclaim from pleasure that really does not give you much pleasure, from empty talk at the club, from inferior plays, from doubtfully enjoyable week-ends or not very profitable trips? Do you realize the value of minutes? A man had a wife who always kept him waiting a few minutes before dinner. After a time it occurred to him that eight or ten lines could be written during this interval and he had a paper and ink laid in a convenient place."

One of the most deeply appreciated of our American women writers, to whose attention the foregoing was called, sees the matter from another angle. She says:

"This deplorable 'wasted time' goes on to tell all this man accomplished, over a period of years. In those few minutes a day. A reader sent me the quotation with the remark that all young people ought to read it, that they would get so much more out of life if they did not waste so much time.

"At the risk of being misunderstood, I am not going to agree. I think we have already heard so much about the value of time, the dangers of wasting it, the benefits of conserving it, and what can be accomplished by salvaging those few minutes here and there—so much that we are in danger of forgetting that time was made for living, not life to save time.

"Time, like money, is only worth what we get out of it. And I see so many people in this hectic day so preoccupied with the matter of getting the most out of their time that they are not living at all.

"It is right that young people should be taught the pity of waste in time as in anything else—the folly of not taking advantage of the opportunities open to them in their formative years for mental and bodily growth, of heedlessly for some foolish pleasures, turning their backs on the benefits that are open to them.

"But there is a time for work and a time for play. And the constant preoccupation with snatching for profit every leisure moment, begrudging time given to real leisure, is, to my mind, the source of many nervous and physical ills. I have seen high-strung young people who had been impressed with the idea of accounting for every minute, restless and nervous at wholesome recreations. I have seen them unable to really rest, because their minds, always on the minutes, could not be attuned to relaxation. They had been taught that rest can be achieved merely by a change of occupation. The thing to be avoided as the plague was to do nothing!"

"Knowing full well the condemnation I may be bringing upon my head, I must say sincerely that one of the lessons I have learned from many years which never lost sight of the value of a minute, is that one of the most wholesome, healthful and constructive things we can do with some leisure minutes, is just doing nothing!"

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## Japanese Nation Not Guided by Aristocrats

Japan today, says Current History, presents the phenomenon of a staunchly monarchist country with its leadership drawn from the ranks of the humble. Of the six or more men who now dominate the scene, only one—Prince Kimmochi Saloni, the elder statesman—was born an aristocrat.

Premier Makoto Saio, son of a retainer of a feudal lord, was once a page in a government office. Gen. Sadao Araki, the war minister, began at a little soybean sauce factory. The finance minister, Viscount Koriyoshi Takahashi, born of a poor courtier and a parlor maid, first worked as a cupbearer at a Buddhist temple and then as an indentured farm laborer in California. A poor stonemason was the father of Koki Hirota, foreign minister, while Mitsuru Toyama, the leader of the most notorious of the reactionary ronin bands, was still poorer.

No less remarkable is the fact that most of these active leaders of a youthfully vigorous people are advanced in age. Only Araki and Hirota are younger than three-score and ten.

**Deflating the Ego**

Nothing knocks the props out from under a prominent man's feet like a few moments' study of the old family photograph album. — Florida Times-Union.

## HOMESPUN PASSE

Woolen homespun was much worn in the early days of our Republic and played a very important part in keeping the nation clothed and warm, says Pathfinder Magazine. But homespun is practically unknown now. Today most of our fine wool adapted to the making of choice woolen and worsted yarns goes into the different fine-textured goods, such as suiting, dress goods, etc. Medium wools, which are coarser than the fine wools, are used principally in the manufacture of woven fabrics of nearly all descriptions, being especially well adapted for blankets, tweeds and flannels, suitings, and very choice knitting yarns.

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**SELECTMEN'S NOTICE**

The Selectmen will meet at their Rooms, in Town Hall block, on Tuesday evening of each week, to transact town business.

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

**SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE**

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

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

**Advertising**

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

Try the REPORTER

**LEAGUE of NEW HAMPSHIRE ARTS and CRAFTS** SPONSORED BY THE COMMISSION OF ARTS AND CRAFTS

Edited by Mrs. Foster Stearns

"All the arts have their roots in craftsmanship.... Art must emanate and proceed from the crafts, which have been barely developed in the United State. Nobody ought to make anything except what is definitely wanted.... The artist must first of all believe in the people themselves. He must have faith in them. And he must begin with them at the bottom of things. The beginning of all art was a pictorial record of some event or happening. The artist should begin with the simple and the concrete, and then build upon that, drawing step by step upon our common human experience."

This was spoken by that eminent artist and wise philosopher, Albert Stern. It ought to be read by everyone who is distrustful of the word Art. This little fard of three letters has been made to cover a great many fads and theories and much nonsense. Yet the thing for which it stands is just what it always was--the creation of something beautiful with a definite purpose, by human skill. It is not aimless, nor a mere amusement. It means an effort toward expressing the best that is in us, and every sincere effort is worthy of respect.

William Morris said, years ago, "Have nothing in your houses except what you know to be useful or believe to be beautiful." This is a very sound rule for everyone, and if followed, what a lot of ugly and trivial things can be eliminated from our surroundings. Everyone has felt at one time or another the weight of too many things, which come to exercise a sort of tyranny over us. At house cleaning time this is brought home with special force, or when we have to move to another place or on those sad occasions when some other person's things have to be looked over and disposed of. It is a sound rule for a craftsman especially, and instead of limiting him in what he makes, it really enlarges his field. People have needs of numberless kinds in the carrying on of daily life, and the craftsman can labor to supply those needs, putting into his work of skill and decoration which will make it wholly satisfying. If you look at the things made in the best days of handwork, butter-molds, knife-boxes, rugs, leather harness, bed-quilts, with date, or the maker's initials, a sentimental heart and arrow, or an attempt to portray the family cat, you have a feeling that the maker enjoyed doing it; that the human personality in it which makes us enjoy looking at it. You cannot get this feeling from a machine-made article; it only suggests, instead, thousands of objects identically alike, made by the ceaseless turning of wheels.

The human experience and skill that go into the making of even the humblest object by hand leads the mind back to the very beginning of the human race, when "man looked upon the work of his hands and found it good." This column of news from the League of N. H. Arts and Crafts, which made its first appearance last month, will appear every month in the newspapers of the state. We hope that it may come to be a sort of forum, for the exchange of news and views, and items of interest to craftsmen. During the past month the Home Industries shops scattered over the state have been opening one by one for the season, and they invite people who notice the sign of the little White House hanging out in front, to stop and investigate, so that the League may make many new friends in the course of the summer. The shops at Dover, Wolfeboro, and Laconia opened early, and on May 26th, the Concord, Walpole and Hampton Falls shops followed suit, ready to show the fruits of the winter's industry.

Many of the shops are located in interesting old buildings which are well worth a visit in themselves. The CONCORD shop on North Main Street, for instance, is in a brick house built about 1830. It was occupied for a long time by a firm of book publishers, Roby, Kimball and Merrill, which did a large business in printing bibles, testaments and school books, among them the famous New England Primer and Webster's Spelling Book. The power for the press was furnished by a horse turning a windlass in the basement of the building. The work of this firm was of high quality, and Isaac Hill said of it with pride in 1833, when he presented a specimen of its skill to the President of the United States, Andrew Jackson, that "twenty years ago, it would have been wonderful if produced by the best artists in Europe." These excellent craftsmen in the printing art could not but be pleased with the present occupants of the building, who are also striving to maintain a high standard of workmanship.

The class in metal work at WOLFEBORO met regularly through the winter, in four sessions of two hours each week. The work produced this season in pewter and copper is of considerably more advanced design than that of last year, and the shop is now showing a large variety of articles from bowls of many sizes and uses, and tall vases, to small pieces like adles, spoons and tea strainers. There is nothing more attractive and practical than pewter of a

good finish, and Wolfeboro is to be congratulated on its efforts to revive this fine old product. Fewter has a romantic story of its own, dating back to the days when the Romans occupied Britain. Some early American pieces are worth almost as much today as silver, because of their rarity. The reason for this is that pewter had so much of lead in its composition and was so easily melted that in certain times of stress among the colonists, household articles were sacrificed to be melted down for bullets.

The HANCOCK Home Industries opened its second season June 16, in the little white house formerly known as the Picket Fence Tea Room, on the Main street of Hancock. The seal of this shop printed on its sales tickets, shows the spire of the fine village church, which contains a real Paul Revere bell. This reminds us that Paul Revere himself, as well as being a midnight horseman, was a master craftsman whose works in silver and copper engraving still set a high standard for his successors in those arts.

**First U. S. Postoffice** The first United States government post office was opened at New York city November 28, 1783.

**Hornbill's Beak Hollow** Hornbills, birds with huge beaks which are nearly hollow and weigh practically nothing, have been found in Africa.

**Rattlesnake's Bubbles** Rattlesnakes, contrary to the belief that they acquire one rattle each year, sometimes add as many as four annually, if the reptiles are well fed.

**Rapid Erosion** Accurate measurements show that during the last 100 years the New Jersey coast along 134 miles of ocean front has eroded on the average of two feet a year.

**More Babies Born in Morning** More babies are born between the hours of 2 and 5 a. m. than in any other corresponding period of the day. There is a difference of 40 per cent in the number born around the hours of 5 a. m. and 5 p. m.

**Weekly Letter by George Proctor, Deputy Fish and Game Warden**

And still they come! There appeared to us this week a new magazine called "Modern Game Breeding and Hunting Club News," edited at Boylertown, Pa. An 18-page sheet chock full of things interesting to game breeders. It's worth digging down for.

That sportsmen's club at Bennington, N. H., will have whoopie on the night of June 29th at the local town hall. Dancing for young and old. Music by the Harmonica Tascals of Greenville. They want to raise money to carry on the work of conservation which they have started. Success to you, fellows.

Down in Nashua Eugene W. Dunclee as a side line is raising St. Bernard puppies. The last litter is just three weeks old and boy are they cute!

Lots of people are afraid of a large dog. They think they eat too much. Well, when they are growing they will store away a lot of food, but when they get their growth they eat no more than a common sized dog.

Those duck stamps will be on sale at every postoffice after July 1st and they will cost a dollar. No, you can't hunt ducks this fall unless you have one of those stamps. You just stick it onto your State license and then you are all set for the duck hunt. The income from this money is to buy preserves for the waterfowl to breed on. This stamp includes all waterfowl.

The first clutch of pheasant's eggs have been brought in by Lawrence Tight of the Whiting Estate. He found them while mowing. Last year I had wonderful cooperation from the farmers in this saving of the eggs.

Last week the local Souhegan Valley Rod and Gun Club had 3,000 more trout arrive in town which they planted in the local brooks.

Nearly missed out on graduation the other night. At eight fifteen p. m. I was planting adult trout in the Stony Brook. Without changing my working clothes and with rubber boots on we just butted into that society event. It's the first time I ever crashed an event like that with working clothes, but having a boy on the front row was excuse enough to crash the gate. Don't think anyone even noticed I was there.

On Monday afternoon of this week I had an unusual treat in seeing the colored slides and hearing Mrs. Thomas NeSmith of Lowell, Mass., give her wonderful lecture on "Iris and Lillies" at the Parish House, Milford, under the auspices of the Milford Garden club. It was a rare treat.

Having so much to say about skunks in the past here comes a lady with a letter asking where she can buy some skunk's oil. I'll pass that one. Who can tell us?

The pout fishermen have sure been up against it since the season opened. Nearly every night they have run into a nice little electrical storm which sent them home in a hurry. However, many of the boys got their limit in the short time they were out.

The Greenville Sportsmen's Club which in the past few years have been planting from one pond to another, are getting the benefit of said planting, and now the boys know where to go and get some nice ones.

Thousands of visitors from all over the state and several nearby states came to see the best display of mountain laurel that we have had for years. It was beautiful beyond description.

Minnesota will plant fifty wild turkeys in suitable cover in that state. Michigan has just released 4164 pheasants, 143 Hungarian partridge and 214 wild duck. Connecticut has purchased from local game breeders 20,000 ring neck pheasant eggs to be given out to anyone who will hatch and liberate. The State of New Mexico will import a lot of Bighorn sheep and will try and preserve the species. Tennessee is experimenting with the Guinea fowl and has placed her on the game bird list. Nebraska released 13,000 Ring Neck pheasants recently. And the Old Granite State is planting trout and next year will be second to none in the country when it comes to the raising and the stocking of trout.

Was up at Concord the other day and learned that over seventy men were taking an exam to be motor cops. Ten are to be added at once and perhaps more later. Would suggest that some of them be put in plain clothes and drive a car. Would they find some road hogs? I'll say they would between Wilton and Peterboro after dark.

**Can You Answer These Questions?**



Number Nine of a Series

Business Interruption, Expense, and Insurance

SUPPOSE a merchant, jobber or manufacturer orders several thousand dollars' worth of merchandise for delivery to his place of business. While it is en-route the building burns down and the merchandise is temporarily consigned to a warehouse. What form of insurance would have proved beneficial for paying the storage expense? What other items may such insurance include in its protection?

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