

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME LI NO. 38

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1934

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Suggestions on How to Grow Iris and Keep It Free From Borers

The bearded iris season is over for this year. There have been irises in bloom since earliest Spring, and there are still to come the Japanese, gorgeous in their "innocence of beauty", Iris dichotoma, which blooms in late summer, and a new race of autumn bloomers, just being developed, which are not as yet, and may never be very practical in our climate. There are also several species that will bloom in pots or coldframes in the winter, so that the iris lover may have them in bloom all the year around, if he wishes.

It is the bearded iris that call for our attention at this time, for this is the best time to order new varieties, and from now until the middle of September the most satisfactory period for moving and resetting our own plants, if that is necessary. Irises may be moved at almost any time of year, but early Spring moving sometimes sacrifices the bloom for that year, and if the plants are set too late in the Fall they may not be sufficiently settled in the ground to stand the heaving occasioned by the winter's freezing and thawing. Irises have been known to live through the winter lying entirely exposed on top of the ground, but we do not care to run the risk with any plant we value.

So long as a clump of iris is blooming well, and the rhizome—the thickened rootstocks—are not so thick as to climb over each other and cause root rot, it does not need moving. Sometimes plants that do not bloom well need only feeding. In preparing a new spot for iris, dig the soil as deeply as for any good crop, for the feeding roots go down some distance. If you have some manure that is old and very well rotted, dig some in where the feeding roots will get the benefit of it, but where it will not come in contact with the rhizomes. Otherwise, use bonemeal and wood ashes, and perhaps a little acid phosphate. If your soil is heavy, lighten it with sand or coal ashes, and if it

is at all liable to be over-damp, plant your iris in raised beds. Bearded iris must have good drainage. They prefer full sun, but will endure shade part of the day if they have good drainage.

In dividing the plants, if you desire to have as many plants as possible, the roots may be divided into as many pieces as there are young fans, if they are to be well cared for; but if you wish to have bloom the next year, you must have one well grown fan of leaves, with well-started side fans. The bloom stock will come in the fan. Cut the leaves to within three or four inches of the base, and set the plant in the ground "like a duck on the water", the feeding roots down in the soft earth as far as they need to go, with the rhizome horizontally at the surface, with the top showing. If, as sometimes happens, there are no feeding roots to speak of, the rhizome may need to be covered slightly to hold it in position. If the soil is very dry, water well when setting out the plant, but it should need no more watering unless there is a drought.

A few more suggestions will be made at another time, but the most immediately important thing to say is this: look out for borers now. If the middle of the fan looks wet; if there is a watery liquid at the base; if the edge of one or more leaves is gnawed; if there are droppings, and perhaps the whole center of the fan pulls out, suspect his presence. If you cannot see him, but are sure he is there, cut off the fan as far down as there seems to be any damage, and burn it. Otherwise he will work down into the rhizome and destroy it.

Irises have few enemies:—none that cause much trouble unless neglected, and a little care will make your trouble with borers negligible. I shall be glad to show anyone who does not know, what the indications of the borers are.

Rachel E. Caughey.
June 30, 1934.

Daughter of Former Antrim Residents Passes Away at Laconia

Persis Lillian Tenney

Friends and relatives in town were shocked to receive word of the death Friday, June 29, in the Laconia hospital, of Persis L. Tenney in her 18th year, daughter of Harry and Lillian (Knapp) Tenney, of Laconia.

Persis Lillian Tenney was born December 13, 1916, in Keene. For the past ten or eleven years the family has lived in the Lakeport section of Laconia, and Persis graduated from the Laconia High School June 22nd. Taken suddenly with appendicitis on the following Sunday, she was rushed to the hospital and operated upon, but the heart could not stand the strain of the severe illness and she passed away just one week from the day of her graduation.

Funeral services were held in the Baptist church, in Laconia, Monday, July 2, at 1 p.m., and the body was brought to Antrim late in the after-

noon and buried in the family lot in Maplewood cemetery.

It is a strange coincidence that Persis died on the anniversary of the death of her grandfather, Clifford H. Tenney and was laid to rest beside her grand-parents and an infant sister on the anniversary of the day the grand father was buried.

She is survived by, besides the bereaved parents, who were both brought up in Antrim and educated in the town schools, one brother, Norman, and a younger sister, Natalie. She leaves several aunts, uncles and cousins, some of whom reside in Antrim, as does a grand-aunt, Mrs. George E. Hastings.

Persis was a girl possessing a wonderful disposition, very bright and beloved by all who knew her. She was an active member of the 4-H Club and had had many honors given her by that organization. She will be greatly missed in the large circle of friends and relatives who survive her.

Native of Antrim Succumbs in Lakeland, Fla., After Short Illness

Lincoln H. Hutchinson

Relatives in town received word of the serious illness of Lincoln Hutchinson, in Lakeland, Florida. His brother, John, of this town, immediately left for Florida, where Lincoln died June 28, a few days after his arrival.

Lincoln, the son of George H. and Mary (Duncan) Hutchinson, was born in Antrim June 27, 1863, one of eight children. He lived here until he went to Florida about thirty years ago, living in Lakeland for the past fifteen years.

He is survived by three brothers, George H., John D., and Ira P. Hutch-

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New and Nifty—Red Guard Electric Lantern
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In the Churches of Antrim

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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.

Kindergarten (Pre-School Group) 9 a.m. to 11:30 a.m.
In Methodist Episcopal Church

Primary (School Grades I to III) 9 a.m. to 12 m.
In Baptist Church

Junior (School Grades IV to VI)
Intermediate (School Grades VII, VIII) } 9 a.m. to 12 m.
In Presbyterian Church

No Tuition Charged

All Children of Above Ages Invited

inson, all of whom reside in Antrim; son was a member, officiating. The the latter two spending the winters body was then brought to Antrim and in Florida. on Monday afternoon a committal service was held at the grave, Rev. J. Lakeland, Florida, Rev. C. A. Ray- W. Logan officiating; Rev. William mond, pastor of the Lakeland Presby- Patterson offered prayer. Burial was terian church, of which Mr. Hutchin- in the North Branch cemetery.

SUCH IS LIFE—More High Finance



Paroled Criminals Are Back in Toils

More Than 7,000 Arrested for New Crimes.

More than seven thousand paroled criminals were arrested for new offenses against society during the first quarter of 1934, the department of justice revealed recently.

In the three-month period alone, according to figures compiled by the United States bureau of investigation, 7,274 persons previously released from prison under present liberal parole laws were apprehended by police throughout the country for the commission of new crimes.

The figures were issued without comment by the federal crime detection agency, but they were widely interpreted as a tacit condemnation of the parole system as it operates to free hardened criminals before they have paid the full penalty for earlier offenses.

Analyze 7,274 Arrests. More startling even than the disclosure that upwards of seven thousand paroled convicts were caught at new crimes in the short space of three months, however, was the bureau of investigation's breakdown of the 7,274 arrests.

In 5,202 cases, it was revealed, the

criminal was arrested either once or twice during the period of his parole, and in 3,806 cases, before the expiration of the sentence given him for his earlier crime. In only 2,072 cases, the bureau stated, the records did not show an arrest within the parole period.

Arrested once for new crimes during the parole period were 873 convicts, according to the report, while 1,023 criminals were found to have been previously arrested while still on parole. In 2,076 cases the new offenses took place even before the prison terms originally imposed had expired, and in 1,230 cases an earlier crime was committed before expiration of the original prison sentence.

Majority Originally Convicted. "The majority of those who were paroled were originally convicted of serious crimes," said the bureau's report, "and were arrested during the first quarter of 1934 on charges of a similarly serious nature. There were 159 individuals paroled, subsequent to convictions for criminal homicide."

Paroled convicts were by no means the only "repeaters" in the ranks of crime, according to the bureau's figures. Out of 87,917 arrested in the three-month period, 33,161 cases were found in which the arrested person had a previous criminal history.

"Thirty-five per cent of the individuals whose arrest records were examined during the first three months of 1934 had previous fingerprint records on file in the bureau of investigation," the report declared. "The proportion having such previous fingerprint records varies with the offense from 59.1 per cent for those charged with violation of the narcotic drug laws to 19.2 per cent for those charged with criminal homicide."

Texas' Song Adopted. "The Eyes of Texas," long sung at gatherings of Texans from coast to coast is the official song of the University of Texas.

Revolving Sign Used by Church in Texas

Fort Worth, Texas.—A unique revolving sign, propelled by two electric fans, now announces the location of the church of Dr. J. Frank Norris, Fort Worth's Baptist minister.

The sign is the only moving church sign in Fort Worth, a departure from the staid cornerstone name plates, and is believed the only one in the state.

It is rectangular and is located atop of Doctor Norris' church. It revolves on a shaft. On each end of the sign, facing opposite directions, is an electric fan, providing locomotive power.

One side of the sign reads: "First Baptist Church." The other side reads: "J. Frank Norris."

An Important Question

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

Ask yourself this question: If you should suddenly be deprived of all your material possessions and had no opportunity of earning a living, could you, by the use of a gun and ax, procure sufficient food and shelter for yourself and those dependent upon you? If you were confronted with starvation, your answer would doubtless be "Yes." But, if there was another way out of the dilemma, your answer would doubtless be "No."



This question is asked for the purpose of reminding ourselves that with the use of the ax and gun our forefathers laid the foundations of what we call our modern civilization. With the ax, trees were cut down and homes were built. Many an old-fashioned barn was constructed without the use

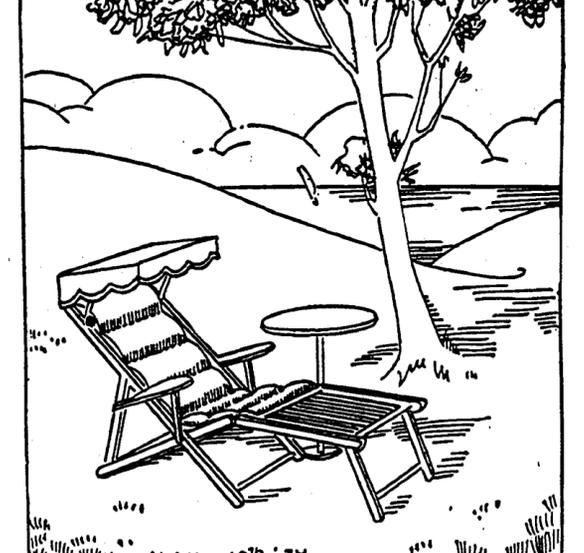
Humbert of Savoy



This young man, Prince Humbert of Savoy, will some day inherit a throne, for he is the crown prince of Italy. The photograph was taken at a recent function in Rome.

The Household

By Lydia Le Baron Walker



This Lawn Chair Has the New Touch of Upholstery, Supplying Added Comfort in Harmony With the Type of Chair.

STYLES of upholstery vary with the seasons as well as do the upholstery textiles. Just now two or three things are notably in evidence in upholstery styles. One has been seen more or less within very recent years, but is brought again into prominence. This is Barrel or Organ Pipe upholstery. It is a method by which a comfortable resilience is given back and arms of chairs, sofas, love seats, davenport, porch and lawn chairs, etc. The padding is secured from slipping by vertical parallel lines of stitches, between which the padded or stuffed covering curves in barrel or organ-pipe shape.

On the depth of the stitching depends the comfort of this upholstery, for this signifies the thickness of the barrels or organ pipes between the rows. If they puff out well, and have been properly stuffed, they will give luxuriously when pressed down and so provide comfort for the person leaning against them.

While the name is descriptive of the shape, it scarcely implies comfort, for neither barrels nor organ pipes suggest elasticity, springiness or rebound. Yet the name is effective as it enables one to picture the appearance of furniture so upholstered.

Lawn and Porch Pigeons.

One of the reasons why attention is directed to organ-pipe and barrel upholstery just now is that it is being used on summer furniture in the very latest style. In fact it is peculiarly well adapted to some models and kinds of furniture of this variety. For example canvas lawn chairs with barrel upholstery have appeared. To be sure the barrels must be on their sides to make the name apply, and organ-pipe upholstery is no longer descriptive. But the method of padding and stuffing between rows of stitching remains identical. As it is not only possible but easy for women to do over canvas lawn chairs with this barrel type of covering, to know about the style may be valuable. It is but an extension of the head-rest feature.

That is, the entire strip of canvas is padded and at regular measured distances of 10 or 12 inches there are rows of horizontal stitches. The top barrel section is padded more than the others and so puffs up higher to form the head rest.

If a woman makes her own canvas padded covering the following method is recommended. Have the under strip the right length for the chair. Lay cotton batting over it and baste down. Mark off a long strip of the canvas into longer sections for the top. Stuff the endtop section and each following one in turn so that the top strip will round out over the lower one when top and lower marks are matched. Stitch on the machine across the strip-upholstery along marked lines and around all edges, and fasten to the chair frame.

Fringe on Furniture.

The return of fringe in upholstery is one of the striking features of furniture fashions. It has been nearly a generation since it was in style. It marks a return of softer qualities in upholstery. Recently this has been decidedly severe to suit the straight lines and pronounced angles of modernistic styles in the furniture. It will be remembered that some two weeks ago I told about the incoming vogue of curves in what is sometimes termed the new Modern Classic type of furniture. Fringe suits this style well, and it is interesting to follow the trend.

Curves have a softening effect, lines of grace as they are, and certainly fringe has this same element. There is nothing hard or set in the fall of fringe. It sways when in even a slight breeze, or when furniture is moved to change its position, and the motion is graceful.

Furniture fringe comes in several styles, heavy straight fringe, short wavy fringe, tied and fancy fringe, ball fringe, etc. It is distinct from dress fringe; even when fine for furniture it would be coarse for costumes.

© Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

Steady Filtration of Japanese into Brazil.

Japanese colonists in Brazil now number about 140,000, according to an investigation made recently with the assistance of the bureau of international research of Harvard university and Radcliffe college. They are there as the result of a varying stream of emigration which began about 1907.

These colonists own about 1,225,000 acres, and the greater part of them are settled in the state of Sao Paulo—where they number 125,000—and the adjoining state of Minas Geraes. A few thousand live in the northern part of the country.

The first Japanese colony was established in 1912, in Iguape, Sao Paulo, where the Overseas Enterprise Joint Stock company of Japan owns at present a plantation of more than 154,000 acres. The immigration began with contract laborers, needed because the coffee industry was suffering from a shortage of labor. Practically all the Japanese in this region are engaged in agriculture.

The government-subsidized Yokohama-Buenos Aires line of the Osaka Shosen Kaisha brings the emigrant to his new home and the supervision of the Overseas company continues in Brazil.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM NEURITIS?

American and European Scientists Agree That Mineral Water Is Beneficial

TRY THIS NATURAL WAY

People spend hundreds of millions of dollars every year going to the great mineral water health resorts of Europe and America.

Many of these people have to travel thousands of miles. Many of them were suffering untold pain from "rheumatic" aches, from arthritis, from neuritis, from gout. Others suffered from certain stomach ailments or excess acid or sluggishness or a general rundown condition.

The scientific and medical records of Europe and America show that a very large percentage of these people gained blessed relief and help by these natural mineral water treatments.

Today, however, you do not have to travel long distances to partake of the healthful qualities of fine natural mineral water. You do not even have to pay the excessive cost of having it shipped to you in quart or gallon containers. For Crazy Water Crystals bring to your own home the precious minerals of one of the world's fine mineral waters in crystal form at a great saving in expense.

To Crazy Water Crystals absolutely nothing is added. All you do is add Crazy Water Crystals to your drinking water and you have a great mineral water which has benefited millions.

If you, or any of your friends, suffer from "rheumatic" aches or pains we suggest you investigate Crazy Water Crystals at once. Just ask any of the millions of people who have given them a full and fair trial and you will realize how beneficial they have been to so many sufferers.

The standard size box costs only \$1.50 and makes enough mineral water for several weeks treatment. Crazy Water Co., Mineral Wells, Texas.



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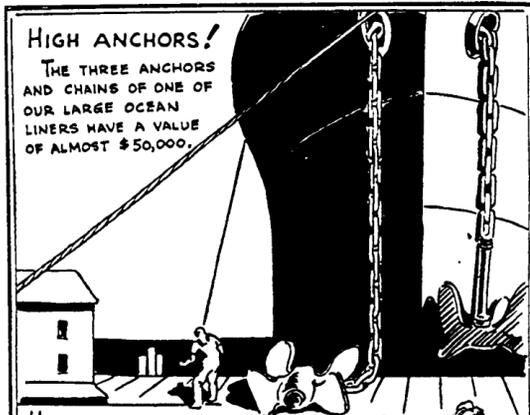
PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD

Goes to Red Sox



Wesley Ferrell, pitcher, has been traded to the Boston Red Sox by the Cleveland Indians.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode



HIGH ANCHORS!

THE THREE ANCHORS AND CHAINS OF ONE OF OUR LARGE OCEAN LINERS HAVE A VALUE OF ALMOST \$50,000.

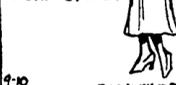
HEARTBEAT ..

AT EACH BEAT OF THE HEART OVER TWO OUNCES OF BLOOD ARE DISCHARGED.



SUMMERWISE ..

WOMEN'S SUMMER CLOTHES ON THE AVERAGE WEIGH BUT ONE-SIXTH THAT OF CLOTHES WORN BY MEN.



of either nail or iron bolt. The furniture of the old cabinet maker which is now considered an antique and is held at an extravagant price, was made with neither screw, bolt nor nail.

This question is further asked to remind ourselves that there is sufficient food values in herbs and fruit to maintain physical life at a very high level. The yearly produce of the soil, like grain, even if cultivated by old-fashioned methods, is sufficient for both man and beast. The geologist informs us that the supply of coal and oil and many of the other natural resources which we greatly need are practically inexhaustible.

If the good earth produces sufficient for the maintenance of the life of those who live upon it, by what right does one deliberately destroy that production? Of course, the answer is, to stabilize prices.

There is something wrong not with nature but with our economic system when those in authority feel justified in killing unborn pigs, while masses of men, women and children are hungry. The question arises, is it good economy to regulate the laws of production in order to arrive at an artificial result? Is it common sense? Is there not some other way out of the difficulty? Overproduction in the field of our natural resources may be due to the use of machinery. More may be produced by that method than is necessary; but, what is the matter with the theory of the ax and gun?

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Sarah Is Nation's Best Speller



Sarah Wilson of the Hancock junior high school of Gray, Maine, won the first prize of \$500 in the tenth annual national spelling bee, in the auditorium of the New National museum in Washington. Our illustration shows Dean George F. Woods of the American university presenting the prize to Sarah, with James Wilson of Canton, Ill., winner of second place, on the right.

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
by William Bruckart

Washington.—Prior to and since adjournment of the second session of the Roosevelt congress, I have tried **Where Is New Deal Headed?** to collect for these columns a composite picture of opinion among our lawmakers as to where this New Deal in government is headed. Ofttimes I have reported here that I was unable to comprehend many phases of the New Deal because there has been so much confusion. It has been kaleidoscopic in its character from the start, but there had been indications that a second session of congress and Presidential messages would serve to clarify the situation. Such, however, has not been the case, insofar as my humble ability to understand it is concerned.

To demonstrate more clearly what I mean, let me relate that I have sought the views of a great many members of congress and, with one or two exceptions, the replies to my questions were divided into two classes. If the representative or senator was a devout administration supporter, the answer was that we are headed for greater human happiness on the basis of a planned national life. If the one to whom the questions were directed were a Republican or a Democrat who is unwilling to swallow academic theories in accordance with the doctor's prescription, the answer almost invariably was: "I don't know." Many of them expressed the belief that there was merit in much of the New Deal program, but its ultimate end was a matter which they declared they could not now foresee.

I also have examined again many of the letters that I have received from readers of these columns since the New Deal came into operation, but they fail to provide a consensus as to whether the writers of them have formed conclusions as to direction. It is to be recalled further that Mr. Roosevelt, in submitting legislative proposals to either of the two sessions of congress, has said with absolute frankness that his program, then being offered, contained experimental features. With equal frankness and courage, he stated in each instance that if the experiments failed, he would be among the first to admit the fact. Such was his attitude regarding the gigantic agricultural adjustment program with all of his various policies for limitation of production and enforced control of surplus. But since the President has not said yet that any of these have failed, it can only be concluded that he is satisfied with the progress being made.

Opponents of the New Deal and doubting Thomases are pointing the finger of scorn more and more to these experiments, and I am informed by observers who have been visiting various sections of the country that there is dissatisfaction in considerable volume concerning the results thus far accomplished.

From industrial communities and the areas where the bulk of the income taxes are collected by the government, I hear the question: "Who is going to pay for all of this?"

There can be no doubt that this question of "who is going to pay" will become paramount at a later date than it is now. But the leaders of the New Deal have gone no further to this date than to say that a restored prosperity will make the payments easy. And the truth of their statements, of course, cannot be disputed.

Many observers in Washington had thought when the President insisted on senate confirmation of his nomination of Professor Tugwell to be under-secretary of agriculture, there would be an exposition of the New Deal objectives. Such, however, was not the case. Of course, the senate committee hearing where Professor Tugwell was questioned turned out to be an abortive thing, but still it had been expected there would be something that would add to the sum of public understanding of the destination sought. Senator Smith of South Carolina, Democratic chairman of the committee and a staunch opponent of Professor Tugwell, tried to pin the professor down to statements that would indicate what the so-called head of the brain trust thought the government is doing respecting agriculture. So did Senator Byrd, a Virginia Democrat. Neither succeeded.

Professor Tugwell was surprised at the questions asked him. He thought the committee ought to take his "word" without reservation. He assured the senators of his unqualified support of the Constitution of the United States, but afterward observers here voiced their inability to reconcile that assertion with the professor's earlier writings to the effect that he could not understand "the unreasonable, almost hysterical attachment of some Americans for the Constitution." Notwithstanding this, the committee went right ahead and voted a favorable report to the senate on the professor's nomination. Several Washington correspondents asserted in dispatches to their newspapers, however, that administration whips had been cracking close to the backs of numerous senators.

It was quite apparent throughout the hearing on the professor's nomination that many of the Democrats and, of course, all of the Republicans were

anxious to gain a better understanding of the New Deal objective. In that effort, they failed to get to first base. Mr. Tugwell advocated a planned national economy up to a certain point, but I was told by senators after the hearing that they did not know what that point was. Tugwell stressed the necessity for having a governmental control of the various factors that affect business—control of crops being one of them—because human happiness required such action, but as far as I was able to understand his statements, he did not clarify much of the confusion and the mystery that surrounds the New Deal plans.

So, all that remains is a hope that Mr. Roosevelt is on the right track and that his policies will lead to that human happiness about which his advisers speak.

Another trend, or some think it is a trend, that is evident in the management of affairs by President Roosevelt is an apparent willingness on the part of the White House to pay less and less attention to critics. That is, many observers lately have called attention to an indication that Mr. Roosevelt is willing to ignore more and more of the attacks on his administration. He is not the type, of course, who will make a face at his critics. He is a master politician, and keen politicians never do such things. But when one examines the statements and information that is passed out from the White House in these days and those forthcoming, say, six months ago, the present-day grist is much more, if not entirely, free from "answers" to critics. And this is happening in a period when there is obviously very much more criticism than in the earlier days of the administration.

Let me supply a basis of comparison: When the airmail contracts were cancelled, Col. Charles Lindbergh sent a telegram to the President, complaining about the act. The colonel's air transportation company made the message public before it was laid on the President's desk, or so Stephen Early, one of the President's secretaries, said. After the message appeared in the newspapers, Mr. Early spoke at length to the newspaper correspondents about the colonel's "discourtesy" in making the message public. Some six months later, Clarence Darrow, the Chicago attorney, and the board of review of NRA affairs which he headed, let loose a blast on NRA that constituted a most vitriolic criticism of this phase of the New Deal. The President, himself, has said almost nothing about the Darrow board criticism. True, General Johnson replied in his usual bombastic way, but that was General Johnson and not the White House.

Criticism has been made in congress of the Agricultural Adjustment administration. Attacks on this have come also from the outside. But there has been no reply from the President, the top of the administration. Money policies have been under attack, as have been some of the relief measures which seem to some to hint of government-owned factories soon. These attacks have been allowed, however, to spend themselves in the thin air.

The President is going to Hawaii for vacation. That fact, of course, is generally known. But there is one feature of the trip that has not been generally circulated. Arrangements for the trip call for virtual elimination of news correspondents from the picture of the President's vacation. That is almost without precedent. Washington correspondents are walling and gnashing teeth all over the place, because that would be a gorgeous trip for those assigned to write news about the President. Usually, fifteen or twenty writers accompany the President everywhere he travels. It irks the correspondents, personally, but it seems to be irking some of the great newspapers more because they are taking the view that it constitutes censorship by the President.

The arrangements for the Hawaiian trip are a little hard to understand. They appear to be a right-about-face on the part of the administration. This writer has been in Washington almost twenty years and never in that time have the facilities made available for the correspondents at the White House been greater than under Mr. Roosevelt's direction. He has courted a friendly press at all times. Everything that was necessary for the newspaper writers was theirs to command.

Now, however, the President is traveling on a naval cruiser, and he does not even have his own secretaries with him. He has permitted only three correspondents to accompany him on the trip, and they must remain on another naval boat which has been ordered to stay at least three miles away from his ship. Those three writers will have no contact except by radio, and their press services must supply the news, therefore, to the whole country, and the world.

In defense of the action, it can be said officially that Mr. Roosevelt would not obtain complete rest in any other manner. He has been through a grind this past winter. But that fact has not satisfied the writers.

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NO DECREASE IN THE DEMAND FOR BIBLES REPORTED

In the last year the American Bible society distributed 7,800,768 Bibles, Testaments and portions of the Bible in 155 languages and dialects and in more than forty countries. In spite of a reduction of 30 per cent in its budget, the society carried on without incurring a deficit and without a marked curtailment in its activities. Disturbed economic and political conditions apparently did not lessen the demand for Bibles. In Japan, for instance, the demand was greater than in any year since an agency was established there in 1876, and in China the Scripture distribution agencies established a new high record. There was a larger circulation of Bibles in the United States in 1933 than in 1932, the increase running as high as 50 per cent for the entire Bibles.

The American Bible society now is in its one hundredth and eighteenth year. Its resources often are taxed to meet particular conditions. The demand for penny portions at times is so great that editions of 1,000,000 or more are printed at one time. Technical processes often need to be invented to supply a remote

tribe with an edition. Translations for people standing low in the scale of civilization are constantly being made. The society has been supplying embossed Scriptures for the blind for ninety-nine years. Last year it furnished 2,909 volumes at the low price of 25 cents a volume.

As a source of inspiration and spiritual guidance the Bible remains one of the best sellers in all parts of the world. The latest statistics show that the Bible or some part of it has been translated into 941 languages and dialects. The report of the Bible society is an index of the popularity of the book.

Distributing agencies of the society reported they had supplied thousands

of Bibles or portions of it to families that asked for copies, indicating that the distribution has not reached the saturation point in this country. The work of the society will continue so long as Christianity remains a potent force in civilization.—Richmond Palladium.

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Most Amazing Proof
OF EXTRA STRENGTH • SAFETY AND DEPENDABILITY
Ever Known!
THE NEW FIRESTONE HIGH SPEED TIRE FOR 1934
Greatest Tire Firestone Has Ever Made

World Record Broken
IT IS almost inconceivable that human ingenuity could build tires that would withstand the terrific punishment of the 500-mile grind at Indianapolis, May 30.

Round and round the blistering track they streaked, hour after hour, under the blazing sun... the low moan of powerful motors rose to a terrific roar as they hit the straightaways at 150 miles or better—grinding, pulling, pounding around treacherous tire-destroying curves faster than they ever dared before. Sliding into the turns at these terrific speeds, there was nothing to hold the car to the track except the tire.

After mile, lap after lap, greater and greater heat and increased centrifugal force developed to separate the tread from the body of the tire. Every conceivable force known was working to tear the tires to pieces—yet Firestone High Speed Tires, with Gum-Dipped High Stretch Cords, withstood this most grueling test.

Thirty-three demons of speed—thirty-three cars equipped with Firestone High Speed Tires—all protected by Gum-Dipped High Stretch Cords—entered the Annual Speed Classic. Every tire was bought by the driver or owner of the car.

In all the heat—in all the grinding—in all the straining and pulling—not one cotton strand loosened—not one life was endangered by tire failure—not one car was forced out of the race by tire trouble. Six of the winners finished without a tire change. What a tribute to the Extra Strength—Safety and Durability built into Firestone High Speed Tires.

WHAT THIS MEANS TO YOU

The amazing record of Firestone dependability at Indianapolis was made possible by the Firestone patented process of Gum-Dipping. Every fibre of every cord in every ply of the tire is saturated and coated with pure liquid rubber; there are eight extra pounds of rubber to every 100 pounds of cotton cords.

There is greater adhesion between the plies of the Gum-Dipped Cord body and between the body and the tread. As a result of this patented process of Gum-Dipping Firestone engineers have been able to build a wider tread of flatter contour, with more and tougher rubber and deeper non-skid, giving you more than 50% longer non-skid mileage.

Don't delay! Call on the Firestone Service Dealer or Service Store in your community today and equip your car with the new Firestone High Speed Tires for 1934. Drive with security and peace of mind. Choose the Tires that Champions Buy!

Unequaled PERFORMANCE RECORDS

FIRESTONE HIGH SPEED TIRES
★ For 17 consecutive years have been on the winning cars in the 500-mile Indianapolis Race.

THIS MEANS BLOWOUT PROTECTION
★ For seven consecutive years have been on the winning cars in the daring Pike's Peak climb where a slip meant death.

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★ For three consecutive years have been on the 131 buses of the Washington (D. C.) Railway and Electric Company covering 11, 337,810 bus miles without one minute's delay due to tire trouble.

THIS MEANS DEPENDABILITY AND ECONOMY
★ Were on the Nelson Motors Ford V-8 Truck that made a non-stop, coast-to-coast record of 67 hours, 48 minutes, 30 seconds actual running time.

THIS MEANS INSURANCE

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MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

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- Men's Shortie—Brief Trunks, with concealed draw strings, Sunaka support, Navy blue \$2.95
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- Ladies' Bra-Lift—A beautiful and very popular number by Jantzen, low cut back with "Shouldaire" feature for sun tanning \$5.00

It isn't necessary to talk about these suits — the fact that they are Jantzen products insures their fitting, quality, beauty, dependability

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The Antrim Reporter

Published Every Wednesday Afternoon

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

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

Wednesday, July 4, 1934

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

Long Distance Telephone

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

Cards of Thanks are inserted at 50c. each.

Resolutions of ordinary length \$1.00.



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression"

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

What Has Happened and Will Take Place Within Our Borders

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Nay, of Lebanon, were calling on relatives in town on Sunday.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church will hold their Annual Lawn Party on August 24.

Mrs. Elizabeth Tenney fell at her home on Monday and broke a bone in her left wrist.

Sunday evening services at the North Branch Chapel for the summer will begin next Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. John Shea are rejoicing over the birth of a daughter, born at Margaret Pillsbury Hospital, Concord, Wednesday, June 27.

Miss Anna Noetzel fell last week and broke a bone in her right arm and her left wrist. She is at the Margaret Pillsbury Hospital, Concord, having the bones set.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Eldredge and daughter, Miss Mabelle, accompanied by Mrs. John Hill, of Hancock, are spending a week's vacation on Cape Cod, Mass.

The regular meeting of the Antrim Chamber of Commerce will be held Tuesday evening, July 10, at 8 o'clock, at Maplehurst Inn. Important subjects will be brought up and discussed.

Henry B. Cleaves, a native of Antrim, died at Bennington, Vermont, on Monday of this week, at the age of 39 years. Interment will be in Maplewood cemetery, with a committal service at the grave, Thursday, at 2:00 o'clock.

Fire, started by a flooded oil stove, did considerable damage to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Black last Saturday morning. The quick work of the fire department kept the flames confined to the back ell, although the kitchen and the bath room were badly scorched and some of the rooms were soaked with water.

The American Legion, of Antrim, has a big program planned for the Fourth of July Celebration, beginning with a parade at 8:30 a. m. A silver cup is being given to the winner of the three mile race from Bennington to Antrim Ball Grounds; other sports will also be featured. Two ball games are scheduled between Hillsboro and Antrim, at 10:30 a. m. and 3:00 p. m. The Antrim Band will give a band concert at 6:30 p. m.

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

For Sale at Your Own Price

At Gregg Lake, Antrim, N. H., Cottage and two extra lots. No reasonable offer refused. Address W. A. SENF, 14 Walter St., Medford, Mass.

Wanted—Laundry work at home, or will go out by hour. Cora A. Waterhouse, High St. adv.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Hartwell have been on a trip to Cape Cod, Mass., the past week, spending a season in Brockton and Wareham.

Mrs. Howard Nichols and three children, from Hinsdale, are spending a season with her mother, Mrs. L. E. Parker, on Concord street.

"Something different" is being prepared for the entertainment to be given July 27 by the Ladies' Aid society of the M. E. church. Watch for adv, next week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Todd and Mrs. S. S. Sawyer, of Manchester, were in town on Thursday last; they called on friends and attended the funeral of C. F. Downes.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Goodwin and young daughter, from Piermont enroute to Maine, were callers at the Eldredge home on Thursday last. Mrs. Goodwin (formerly Miss Doris Howard) was a member of the local High school faculty a few years ago.

Can You Smile?

When things go wrong you can sing a song
Or if you can't sing, you may smile;

As the days go by and we hear people sigh,
Let's cheer them up with a smile.

When taxes are due, and things go askew,
It isn't so easy to smile;
If the crops get a frost and all seems lost,
It's easier to weep than to smile.

To act as we feel doesn't cost a great deal,
But the result isn't in it with a smile;
So keep a stiff upper lip and I'll give you a tip,
It will be a great help if you smile.

For a cheery face, while we run life's race,
Brings results that are surely worth while,
Because the world is filled with hearts that are chilled
Just for hunger to welcome a smile.

Those on the sick bed may know little that's said,
But can understand the sympathetic smile;
And the fellow in pain is likely to gain
Under the influence of a nice little smile.

When our wives serve dinners to a lot of poor sinners
They can hand out the food with a smile,
And if they do their part, both stomach and heart
Will be helped by a good wholesome smile.

The N. R. A. may not be the best way
To produce a big business boom,
But it's much better to dare than to stand by and swear
So crack a smile and drive away gloom.

All honor to those who are led to suppose
That the world is improved with a smile,
For the person who'll talk, and do nothing but knock,
Isn't in it with the one who can smile.

Fred A. Dunlap.

Weekly News of Interest From a Few Towns Surrounding Antrim

FRANCESTOWN

Mrs. Walter P. Brockway and son, Duncan, have been visiting in Concord for a week.

Mrs. Arthur Page and three children of Medford, Mass., are in Mrs. Martha Bixby's cottage for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Park and two children of Rochester, N. Y., are visiting Mrs. Park's mother, Mrs. Martha Bixby.

Mrs. Cora W. Patch and Mrs. Lillian Bixby entertained a party of 12 at luncheon and cards on a recent Monday afternoon.

Leo St. John, Warren Murdough, Raymond Cilley, Harding Foote, Frances Abbott, William McGrath, Jr., Arthur and Frank Jones, all 4-H club boys with their leader, Rev. Walter P. Brockway, spent last week camping.

GREENFIELD

A strawberry festival was recently conducted at the town hall.

Dwight Conant of Concord is the guest of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gage.

Harry Gregg of Nashua entertained guests on Thursday of last week at Camp Watananock on Sunset Lake. Supper was served by the local Woman's club.

The Woman's Club met at the home of Mrs. Walter Hopkins for its last meeting. Miss Anna Olmstead gave vocal solos and there were selections by the ladies' quartette. Richard Merrill addressed the gathering and explained the aims of the Monadnock Region Association.

Miss Pauline Lucile MacCormack of this town was united in marriage with Leo Fairfield of Wilton, on Saturday evening, by Rev. Fr. Woher of Wilton. The bride was attractively gowned in a costume

DEERING

Albert E. Barnes, of Malden, Mass., has been the guest of his aunt, Mrs. A. A. Holden.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Ellis, West Deering, entertained relatives from Arlington, Mass., over the week-end.

Miss Marcelle Boissonade, of New York, has been passing a week at the Boissonade summer home, Wild Acres, West Deering.

A strawberry festival was held by the Community club in the town hall on a recent Saturday evening. During the evening there was card playing, and prizes were won at whist and at bridge.

The Vacation school, conducted at the Deering Community Center, has a large staff of instructors, and with an enrollment which exceeds that of any previous season. Children are attending from Hillsborough, Henniker, Antrim, the Weares, Frankestown, Greenfield, and other neighboring towns. Rev. Paul D. Eddy is in charge.

Mrs. D. A. Poling, Clark, Mary and Ann Louise Poling, were absent from Deering for a time when they were in Cleveland, O., where they attended the wedding of Daniel K. Poling and Miss Evangeline Klee, Miss Mary and Ann Louise were bridesmaids at the wedding, and the ceremony was performed by Dr. Poling. Misses Jane and Treva Poling, who have just finished their studies for the year at Oakwood school, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., also attended the wedding. The family have now returned to Deering.

of white with blue accessories and the groom was in conventional attire. Following the ceremony the bride and groom were given a happy surprise at the home of an aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. George Sylvester.

Final Services

The last services for Mrs. Samuel M. Thompson were held from her late home, on Main street, on Wednesday of the past week, attended by relatives and a goodly number of friends. The floral tributes were many and very beautiful, testifying to the esteem in which the deceased was held by relatives and friends.

Rev. William Patterson was the pastor in charge and he was assisted by Rev. William Weston, a long time friend of the family. Mrs. Vera Butterfield and Mrs. Ethel Roeder rendered two appropriate duets very pleasingly. The bearers were neighbors' G. M. Nestsmith, G. E. Hastings, C. W. Prentiss and H. W. Eldredge. Interment was in the family lot in Maplewood cemetery.

The final services for C. Frank Downes were held from the Presbyterian church on Thursday afternoon last, attended by many relatives and friends. The sisters of the deceased who survive their only brother are Mrs. Roy Putnam, Milford; Mrs. Charles H. Prince, New Boston; Mrs. C. H. Tarbell, South Lyndeboro; Mrs. Fred A. Pettee and Mrs. Grace E. Woods, Frankestown; Mrs. C. W. Brooks, Bridgeport, Conn., who with Mr. Brooks have been with him constantly during the past months and given him the best of care. Rev. William Patterson spoke comforting words to the bereaved; Fred French rendered favorite selections. Beautiful floral offerings covered the casket and were generously banked nearby.

The bearers were C. W. Prentiss, R. M. Lane, H. E. Wilson, C. J. Muzzey, E. N. Davis and Leander Patterson. Ushers were A. M. Sweet and Hayward Cochrane. Interment was in the family lot in Maplewood cemetery.

Barber Shop Improved

The interior of John Mayrand's barber shop has been greatly improved by the addition of a second chair. This addition made necessary the changing the location of a door into a back room and putting the water arrangement in another place; later the stove will have new standing room. With the second chair a second mirror and case was needed. The new two-mirror case and the two chairs are of the most improved make and exactly harmonize in color, and the shop is now one of the best appointed anywhere in this section.

Anniversary Party

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene H. Woodward celebrated their 32nd wedding anniversary Sunday, June 24, at their home near Jones Crossing, and not only their own wedding but those of three other couples, all relatives, who were married in June, said the last issue of the Millford Cabinet. These were Mr. Woodward's brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Woodward of Templeton, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Whitney of Antrim (Mr. Whitney was unable to be present but with Mrs. Whitney were their two daughters), and Mr. and Mrs. George Staples of Somerville. At this family reunion were also Mr. Woodward's mother, Mrs. Etta Woodward, who makes her home with him, a sister, Miss Lena Woodward and Mrs. Ethel Whitney, so the event was also a reunion of mother and four children.

A brother of Mrs. Woodward, Warren Shaw of Athol, Mass., was also present as well as other relatives. Seventeen were at the turkey dinner.

Thomas Smith

The following obituary notice was taken from a Northampton, Mass., newspaper and will be read with interest by many who knew the family when they were Antrim residents:

Thomas Smith, aged 77, died at Dickinson hospital last night after a short illness. Mr. Smith was born in Richmond, Province of Quebec, Canada. He has been a resident of this country for the past 53 years and of Northampton for over 25 years. For a number of years he was employed as an assistant gardener at Smith college, retiring a few years ago on account of illness. Mr. Smith was a member of Waverly Lodge of Odd Fellows of Antrim, N. H., where he formerly lived, and was a member of the Congregational church. He is survived by his wife, Elizabeth (Parrett) Smith; one daughter, Mrs. John Walpole, at home; three brothers and two sisters, who reside in Canada. The funeral will be held from the home, 32 North Elm street, on Thursday afternoon at 3:30 and burial will be in the Spring Grove cemetery. Florence. Members of Nonotuck Lodge of Odd Fellows of this city will be bearers, and the lodge will conduct its committal service.

Typewriter Paper

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

This we will cut in halves, if you desire, giving you sheets 5 1/2 x 8 1/2 in.

We also have a stock of Light Yellow Typewriter Sheets, 8 1/2 x 11, especially for Carbon Copy sheets. 75¢ for 500 sheets, 12¢ extra by parcel post. Pen can be used on this very well.

REPORTER OFFICE, ANTRIM, N. H.

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

The FIRESIDE PHILOSOPHER
By ALFRED BIGGS

Use everything; abuse nothing.
Only ignorance despises education.
Real generosity has no strings to it.
Adversity is a true test of friendship.
Fear of death is more fearsome than death.
Live every day as though it were your last.
Man can be the most cruel animal on earth—and the most kind.
The lives of multi-millionaires and criminals are full of fear.

Bennington.

Congregational Church
Rev. J. W. Logan, Pastor
Summer Schedule of Sunday Morning Services
Sunday School 10 o'clock E.S.T.
Sunday Morning Service 11 o'clock.
For Sunday School the first bell will ring at 9.45 o'clock. For Morning Service the bell rings at 10.45.

Charles-Sawyer, of Concord, visited his brother, Jerome Sawyer, one day recently.

Miss Mollie Cody has been very sick in the Margaret Pillsbury Hospital, Concord.

The railroad station is receiving a new coat of paint: light brown with dark brown trimmings.

Mrs. H. H. Ross, Mrs. Mary L. Knight, and Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Gordon were in Peterboro on Tuesday morning for a brief visit.

Dr. Horace Ayers, of New York City, and Capt. Orlo Quinn, of Bolling Field, Washington, were recent guests in the Doe family, on Rhythm Hill.

Roland Taylor has returned to Durham for the vacation school, expecting to be employed through the summer at some congenial task.

Miss Doe, vocal soloist, will broadcast July 10 and 17 from Station WJZ, at 9 o'clock in the evening E.S.T. The Doe family are among our summer guests, residing on Rhythm Hill.

Mrs. Daisy Rawson and son, Stanley, and friend, of Worcester, Mass., visited George Dickey, Mrs. Rawson's brother, a few days this week.

Mrs. Ruth Fulshaw and son, of Ohio, and Robert Knowles, of Penn., sister and brother of Phillip Khowles, and Mrs. Mae Wilson were guests here a short time ago.

The recently placed electric light, moved from the corner further up on the Hancock road, had its bulb broken on Friday evening between 8.30 and 9.00 p.m., so we are again in darkness.

Last week-end guests at Rhythm Hill were Mr. and Mrs. James MacDermid and Adair Hickman, from New York City. Mr. MacDermid is the composer of many songs; his wife, Sybil Sammis MacDermid, is Miss Doe's vocal teacher.

Mrs. Marcus G. B. Swift, mother of Hon. James M. Swift, died at Hill Home, their summer residence in Bennington, Sunday. Funeral services and interment were at her home in Fall River, Mass. on Tuesday.

Dudley Doe and three of his men who are in the Breakers' orchestra at Palm Beach, Florida, en route to Mt. Kineo, Maine, for the summer, have been at Rhythm Hill for a few days' stay. Mr. Doe's party consisted of Harry Tripp, Ronald Stainthorpe and William Boston.

WOMAN'S CLUB NOTES

Mrs. Frank Seaver, newly elected President of the Woman's Club, called a meeting of the executive board at her home last Wednesday.

A silver tea and lawn party will be held at the home of Mrs. Seaver on Friday afternoon of this week. The affair will be open to the public and all are welcome who wish to attend. The proceeds will be added to the treasury.
Marie A. Vassar, Press Cor.



IT MUST HAVE BEEN A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT, WILL HE LIVE DOCTOR?
YES HE OUGHT TO GAIN CONSCIOUSNESS SOON TOO.

THERE, THERE, TAKE IT EASY, YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT.
OWOOOOOO

W-W-WHAT HAPPENED? W-W-WHERE AM I?
THIS IS NUMBER 47.

FORTY SEVEN WHAT? ROOM OR CELL?

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Rev. William Patterson, Pastor
Thursday, July 5
Prayer and Praise service at 7.30 p.m. Topic: The Cure for Worry, Matt. 6: 25-34.

The Session will meet at the close of this service for the reception of new members.
Sunday, July 8
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock, followed by the observance of the Lord's Supper.
Bible School at 12 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal
Rev. John P. Brooks, Pastor
Sunday, July 8
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock. Sermon: Cheap Religion.
Sunday School at 12 o'clock.

Baptist
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, July 5
Mid-week service at 7.30 p.m.
Sunday, July 8
Church school at 9.30 o'clock a.m.
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock. Sermon by Rev. William E. Blake.
Union evening service in this church at 7 o'clock. Rev. F. A. M. Coad, of Hillsboro, will be the speaker.

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.

Card of Thanks

We desire to thank all friends and neighbors who rendered assistance in any way during our recent bereavement.

Samuel M. Thompson
Eva Thompson
Alice R. Thompson

52 weekly visits for \$2.00. Subscribe to The Reporter now!

Silas A. Rowe, Auctioneer, of Henniker, Concord Office 2 1/2 No. Main Street

CALLS ATTENTION TO THE FOLLOWING AUCTIONS:

Monday, July 9, at 9 o'clock E.S.T. for Sarah A. Ward, Executrix of the late J. Henry Sleeper Estate near East Washington Village via the highway leading from Hillsboro: 85 Acre Farm, Cow, Farming tools, and Sugaring outfit, Household goods, etc.

Wednesday, July 11, at 10 o'clock E.S.T., for W. L. Childs, Executor of the late John Emery Estate: A fine Home in Henniker Village, only built a few years. A good lot of household goods, Lot of nice tools. Some Antiques.

Friday, July 20, at 1 o'clock E.S.T. for Lilla M. Greene Adm. of the late Robert S. Greene, in Peterboro, via the highway to Greenfield at what is known as The Old Wilder Place. This auction will consist mostly of Antiques and Tree Surgery Implements, and small farming tools.

Saturday, July 28, at one o'clock E.S.T., for Ralph G. Smith, Atty., Adm. for the estate of the late, Priscilla C. Whitmore: A nice cottage Home in Antrim (Clinton Section) near store, also a six acre wood lot.

Please reserve these dates. For further information address the above Auctioneer.

Pulitzer Prize for Distinguished Editorial Writing During 1933

WE AGREE WITH THE PULITZER PRIZE JURY

(We reprint from the Atlantic, Iowa, News-Telegraph, the editorial by E. P. Chase which won the \$500 Pulitzer Prize for distinguished editorial writing during 1933. On December 2, 1933, Mr. Chase, who is publisher, editor and managing editor of the News-Telegraph, published the prize-winning editorial, "Where Is Our Money?")

It is announced that at 10 o'clock tonight, Iowa time, William Randolph Hearst, well known publisher, will broadcast an address on the subject which appears as the caption of this article.

The subject is a broad one and permits of many ramifications. Likewise the query is a live one and has been for several years with many people who formerly were in comparative affluence and have found themselves suddenly in a position where money is a scarce article. The whereabouts of the money of the individual is perhaps beside the point in this comment, if we stick to the text, as doubtless Mr. Hearst's broadcast will deal with the whereabouts of the money of the nation as a whole, rather than the financial plight of the individual citizen; but the subject intrigues one and suggests a line of thought relative to the part the individual has played in rendering himself particularly susceptible to the injuries inflicted by the period of economic stress.

Inflated Land Values

Where is our money? Here in Iowa, if competent statistics are to be believed, during the ultra-prosperous years of the World War period when money flowed like water into the coffers of the farmer and the business man and every one else, some \$200,000,000 of good Iowa money went for stocks, shares in half-mythical concerns which were worth exactly their value as a piece of printed paper. During that period and shortly thereafter a good many hundreds of millions from the Middle West went into the first and second mortgage bonds of apartment hotels and the like security issued on appraisals inflated to the nth degree. The most of these bonds are now worth just what the stocks we refer to are worth—the value of the paper and the printing contained therein. There is no way of estimating how many hundreds of millions of money the country over went up in smoke and vanished in thin air when it suddenly dawned on us that even the most productive land in a section like ours is not worth \$300 or \$400 an acre. It took only the simplest mathematics to arrive at that conclusion, for even at the prices brought by farm products at their peak, the return on the land in this section would not pay interest on an investment of \$300 or \$400 an acre. It can easily be recalled that during that hectic period it was considered a mark of provincialism not to buy a new automobile every year. A lot of fur coats and a lot of diamonds and a lot of expensive clothes for both men and women were indulged by all classes. The wage earner suddenly awoke to the fact that by buying on the installment plan he could keep up with the Joneses and he not only spent every cent he could get his hands on in many instances, but he pledged the major portion of his wages or salary months ahead to pay for automobiles and other articles which were worn out by the time he had completed the payments.

These are but a few instances, cases in point. One might go on indefinitely telling of the wild orgy of spending and of contracting obligations without thought of the pay day and with little or no thought of the economic soundness of such spending. Then came deflation. We got down to cases. We danced and are still paying the fiddler. Like children, we have sought someone to blame for our plight, and also like children, we now seek some magic way to cure our ills and expect the government to supply the cure. The man who contracted debts does not want to pay them just now, because, in most instances, he cannot pay them. In every way we have met the crisis which was thrust upon us as though we had nothing to do with producing it. As a matter of fact, we had all to do with producing it. In the proportion that

the individual citizen went haywire with extravagance and reckless spending governmental units went on with the same kind of an orgy and whooped our taxes 100 per cent in ten years. Bond issues were pyramided by communities with the same disregard of the coming of the pay day which characterized the individual. We built great cathedrals of education, with motion pictures and swimming pools and all sorts of gewgaws and frills. We erected public buildings in many cases entirely beyond possible needs of communities for a hundred years. Just as private enterprise over-built in every direction, governmental building activities got out of bounds. The people have to pay the bill. The saturnalia of expenditure created fixed taxes, and taxes have a habit of certainty in good times and bad times alike. With our incomes and our business revenues depleted, our tax bill in the main has remained the same. All an echo of the period of extravagance and wild-eyed inflation which brought about our troubles. We were talking about "two cars in every garage and a chicken in every pot" and we made much about the so-called American standard of living, whatever that meant. We insisted that all the various elements of our population should attain that standard, and we instilled into the minds of many people who could not afford it a desire for the things had by others more fortunate in life. Oodles of people who had no more business with an automobile than a wagon has with five wheels bought cars. Oodles of people learned to live beyond their means. It began to look as if it would not be long until there would be no one to do the work of the country, as all were seeking the same mythical standard to which we referred. And we still have the automobiles.

Trying to Place the Blame

The bottom went out of things. Or it might be more appropriate to say that the top was blown off. Then the people of the United States commenced to take stock. Seeking someone to blame, they listened to the fulminations of the politicians who represented the "outs", and who told that the way to cure their ills was to convert the "outs" into the "ins" and the "ins" into the "outs". This they did with their usual disregard of essentials and fundamentals. It became a pleasing fiction to attribute our plight to the tariff, and later to our money standard. The people were told that all that was necessary was to reduce the tariff which protects American manufacture and agriculture, and all would be Jake. Now they are being told that the way to put money into the hands of those who are penniless, and make it possible for the debtor to pay his obligations and start things moving on a normal basis is to cheapen our money. A lot of other experimental schemes are being worked out by an administration of which the people demand action. We are spending huge sums of money, borrowed for the purpose, in an endeavor to squander ourselves back to prosperity. In the face of the fact that debt is one of the basic causes of our troubles, we are following the theory that incurring more debt would cure us. And in the face of the fact that excessive taxation is another of the causes of our trouble we are laying the groundwork for more of the same, under the delusion that the application of all of these methods will relieve us of the trouble which we brought on ourselves, aided and abetted by the worldwide economic upheaval.

Seeking Panaceas

We are a queer lot, we Americans. We expect whichever party happens to be in charge of the government to so manipulate the handling of public affairs as to afford us a cure for the results of our own folly. We seem to assume that it is possible for us to get well economically by the waving of some magic wand. We think we can force prosperity, and to the majority of the people of the country prosperity means a return to the hectic days preceding the stock market crash of 1929. This theory disregards the fact that those hectic days were created by a false and inflated philosophy. In the creating of this inflation we disregard all natural laws of economics, so it is but natural for us to expect to cure the trouble by the same

The Odd Fellows Home Officers Hold Meeting

Alfred C. Wyatt, of Laconia, Ernest E. Craig, of Woodsville, and Forrest A. Garland, of Nashua, were reelected trustees of the New Hampshire Odd Fellows' home for terms of three years at the annual meeting at the Home, in Concord, on Wednesday of last week. Miss Hattie M. Smith, of Sunapee, resigned from the board and Mrs. Martha E. Roberts, of Claremont, was elected in her place for a term of two years.

The trustees organized and elected the following officers: President, Charles H. Canney, Dover; vice president, Harry F. Davis, Franklin; secretary, Alfred C. Wyatt, Laconia; treasurer, Forrest A. Garland, Nashua.

An executive committee, comprising George E. Lewis, of Newport, Arthur H. Britton, of Concord, Harry F. Davis, Forrest A. Garland and Charles H. Canney, was appointed; other committees selected were: Admissions, Trust Funds, Finance, Auditing.

After serving several years, George E. Lewis declined to continue as president of the corporation and Charles H. Canney was named in his place.

Reports showed the Odd Fellows home to be in excellent financial condition and splendidly managed by Mrs. Luella Roby, matron.

Poetizing in "ough"

An old paper prints the following poem. The lines look as if they ought to rhyme—but they refuse to do so.
"Wife, make me some dumplings of dough;
They're better than meat for my cough;
Please let them be boiled till hot through,
But not till they're heavy and tough.
Now I must be off to my plough,
And the boys (when they've had enough)
Must keep the flies off with a bough
While the old mare drinks at the trough."

County 4-H Clubs

Twenty-eight Hillsborough County 4-H Club boys and four Cheshire County Club boys have been enjoying the annual Hillsborough County Club camp for a week at Otter lake, in Greenfield. Sail boating, fishing and entomology classes were a few of the unusual features on this camp program.

About 50 Hillsboro County girls are in camp from July 1 to 7, at Tall Pines Camp, in Bennington. This camp is in charge of Miss Charlotte L. Peaslee, assistant County club agent, assisted by Mrs. Harold French, of Hudson, Miss Nellie Jones, of Merrimack, Mrs. Henry Grummett, of Manchester, Miss Rachel Caughey, of Antrim, and Richard Hodsdon, of Reeds Ferry.

process. But it cannot be done.

The only way back to solid ground and to a degree of prosperity and well-being commensurate with common sense and economic soundness will be by the application of thrift and hard work and the balancing of the budget of every individual. The old haywire days are gone forever. But a large percentage of our population still believe in Santa Claus and in good fairies. The cause of the present economic condition of the country in large measure can be ascertained by every citizen by looking in the mirror. Each one of us contributed his share. There is nothing new about all of this. It has been the history of things in the world since the earliest dawn of civilization. Particularly has it characterized every post-war period. Humanity never learns. We have not progressed so far in our thinking, after all.

Where is our money? The answer is not difficult. It can be told in one short sentence: We spent it.

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 all persons interested in the trusts under the will of Oscar W. Brownell, late of Antrim, in said County, deceased, testate:

Whereas John Leon Brownell, trustee under the will of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County the first account of his trusteeship of certain estate held by him in trust under said will.

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 inst. to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

Said trustee 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 Court.

Given at Nashua, in said County, this second day of July 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.

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.

For Your Job and Book Printing Patronize the **REPORTER PRESS** Antrim, N. H.

That "Forgotten Man"— Jean Nicolet



Nicolet's Meeting with the Winnebaques at Green Bay (After the Painting by E.W. Deming in the Wisconsin Historical Society)



Old Fort Mackinac on the "Hill of History"

© D. & C. NAVIGATION CO.



They All Helped Make History at Mackinac

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

DURING the last Presidential campaign we heard a great deal about "the Forgotten Man," even though no one seems to have known exactly who he was and why he was forgotten. This summer tardy honors are to be paid to a real "forgotten man," one whose name and whose right to fame have been allowed to remain in obscurity for a matter of 300 years!

He was Jean Nicolet, a French courier de bois, Indian interpreter and explorer, the discoverer of Lake Michigan and the first white man to visit the present states of Michigan and Wisconsin. In view of the latter fact, it would seem appropriate if either or both of these states had chosen to perpetuate his name in at least one of its towns, counties or rivers. But you will search the gazetteer in vain for such a name.

It is true that a Nicolet tablet was dedicated on Mackinac Island in Michigan by the Mackinac Island State Park commission and the Michigan Historical commission on July 13, 1915, and that in the Wisconsin State Historical society at Madison hangs a painting by Edwin Willard Deming depicting Nicolet's meeting with the Winnebaques on the shores of Green Bay. But aside from these memorials he has been neglected by two commonwealths who had the best reason for remembering him.

However, July 1 of this year marks the beginning of the tercentennial celebration of the state of Michigan and the week of July 1 to 8 will be observed as "Nicolet Week" on Mackinac Island where a pageant, sponsored by the Michigan Daughters of the American Revolution, Daughters of 1812 and the Michigan Historical commission, will help bring his name out of the obscurity into which it has been lost for three centuries and make it better known not only to citizens of that state but to all Americans as well.

Nicolet was born in Cherbourg, France, about 1598, and as a young man he is described as being "full of religious zeal and enthusiasm, and possessed of a consuming desire for adventure." This naturally led him to seek his fortune in France's dominions across the Atlantic and in 1618 he cast his lot with Champlain, the "Founder of New France."

Champlain already had instituted a policy of sending promising young followers to the Indians so that they could gain a knowledge of the languages, customs, country and woodlore of the red man.

Nicolet was sent to the Algonquins on the Isle des Allouettes in the Ottawa river. Here he lived among the Indians as one of them and for two years did not see a fellow countryman. Becoming a trusted friend, he was made one of an embassy of some 400 Algonquins who journeyed to the Iroquois and negotiated a temporary peace with that traditional enemy.

After his two years with the Algonquins, Nicolet next took up residence with the Nipissings, near the lake which bears their name. He remained there for eight or nine years. He was recalled by Champlain in 1633 and instructed to prepare for the trip into the western wilderness "to learn of those distant Western people, who had neither hair nor beards, and who journeyed in great canoes."

It was believed these people might be the Ori-

entals Marco Polo had written about several centuries before and that in finding them, the long-sought new route to China might be discovered. That was why Nicolet carried with him "a superb robe of Chinese damask, embroidered all over with flowers and birds." He was prepared to make a proper appearance on meeting the Chinese mandarins.

Nicolet left Three Rivers, Que., July 1, 1634, in company with three Jesuits, Fathers Brebeuf, Daniel and Davost, who were accompanying a band of Hurons on their way home from their annual trading visit to Quebec. He traveled with them to the Isles des Allouettes where he lingered for a time with his friends, the Algonquins. Later he joined the Jesuits at Ihonatiria, where he assembled a party of seven Hurons and embarked in a frail canoe for his journey into the West.

Crossing Lake Huron, the party journeyed up St. Mary's river to what is now Sault Ste. Marie, returned south, then proceeded west through the Straits of Mackinac and paddled out into Lake Michigan, which was known then and for many years afterward as the Lake of the Illinois. Continuing southward Nicolet and his Indian friends entered Green Bay and near the head of that body of water he found the people he had been sent to find—the Winnebaques who had come to blows with the Hurons, allies of the French, and with whom he had been charged to negotiate a peace.

"When he neared the Winnebago town, he sent a messenger ahead to announce his coming, and, having put on his gorgeous robe, followed him on the scene," writes William Henry Johnson in "French Pathfinders in North America." "Never did a circus, making its grand entry into a village in all the glory of gilded chariots and brass band, inspire deeper awe than this primitive ambassador, with his flaming robe and a pair of pistols, which he fired continually. His pale face, the first the Winnebaques had ever seen, gave them a sense of something unearthly. The squaws and children fled into the woods, shrieking that it was a manitou (spirit) armed with thunder and lightning. The warriors, however, stood their ground bravely and later entertained him with a feast of one hundred and twenty beaver."

"But if Nicolet did not succeed in opening relations with Cathay and Cipango (China and Japan), he did something else that entitles him to be commemorated among the Pathfinders. He ascended Fox river to its headwaters, crossed the little divide that separates the waters flowing into the Lakes from those that empty into the Gulf of Mexico, and launched his canoe on the Wisconsin, first white man, so far as we know, who floated on one of the upper tributaries of the mighty river."

Nicolet made such a favorable impression on the Winnebaques that he was able to negotiate a treaty with them by which they agreed to take their furs to the French posts on the St. Lawrence. He also won the friendship of the Mascoutins, spent the winter with them and returned to Quebec in 1635 to report to Champlain of his adventures in the west.

Eight years after this historic journey, Nicolet met a tragic death in the St. Lawrence river. By this time he was the chief official of the trading company at Quebec and his influence among the Indians was perhaps greater than that of any other man of his time.

In 1642 word reached Quebec that a Sokoki

Indian was about to be put to death by the Algonquins. The Sokokis were allies of the Iroquois and Nicolet knew that if the Algonquins killed the captive that it meant a renewal of the bloody strife between the Algonquins and the Iroquois.

It was then late in October and ice was forming in the river. Nicolet hastened aboard a shallop, making for Sillery. A squall struck the boat, overturning it and throwing Nicolet, a friend and the crew into the icy water. One by one they went down. Only Nicolet and one other were left.

Then, chilled by the bitter cold and exhausted in his vain attempt to reach shore, Nicolet called to his friend: "Make for the shore, De Chavigny; you can swim. Bid good-by to my wife and children; I am going to God."

A moment later he disappeared forever. "Nicolet was not a great explorer like Champlain," declared Father Campbell, who spoke at the dedication of the Nicolet tablet on the island in 1915, "not a picturesque governor like Frontenac; or even a successful discoverer like Marquette; nor a martyr like the devoted Jesuit missionaries who followed the Nicolet train into the Northwest, Brebeuf, Jogues, Daniel and Garreau, since canonized by the Church of Rome."

"He was simply an Indian interpreter and explorer, unspurred by selfish ambition or surroundings calculated to destroy every noble ambition, who proved beneath so plain an exterior to be a man whose virtues may be proposed to the youth of our country as an example and an inspiration."

In his tribute to Nicolet another great churchman, Right Rev. Bishop Frank A. O'Brien, has said: "Under the banner of the Cross he went forward. He led his chosen bands through wilds unknown. Nicolet was intrepid, unafraid, majestic and courageous."

Certainly such a person deserves a better fate than to be a "forgotten man" in American history and one of the purposes of the pageant that is being given in northern Michigan is to pay him a richly deserved, though belated, tribute. But he is not the only historic figure who is to be memorialized during the week, for the whole thrilling story of the Straits settlements—Mackinac, Sault Ste. Marie and St. Ignace—is to be depicted by 300 costumed performers.

Included in the episodes of the pageant, besides the arrival of Nicolet, are the coming of the Jesuit missionaries; the era of the explorers—Joliet, La Salle and Tonti; the rule of Cadillac at Michillimackinac (the original name of the place); the British regime and the famous massacre there during Pontiac's war; the contest between the British and the Americans for possession of this strategic spot during the Revolution and again during the War of 1812; and the beginning of the American fur trade under John Jacob Astor.

For all of these are links in the chain of Mackinac's history which began on a July day 300 years ago with the coming of that "forgotten man" who is now being honored—Jean Nicolet, the Frenchman, "intrepid, majestic, unafraid."

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Howe About:

Lincoln Cause of Humiliations Genius

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By ED HOWE

ABRAMHAM LINCOLN was President during a critical time, and worried a good deal. He once said: "If to be the head of a— is as hard as what I have had to undergo, I could find it in my heart to pity Satan himself."

Still Lincoln was far better off than millions of his fellow citizens during the Civil war. Think of the thousands of good Union men starved in Libby and Andersonville prisons; of the hundreds of thousands who were targets for enemy bullets; of the millions who suffered war privations. Lincoln was at least occupying a public office paying \$50,000 a year, and lived in a palace provided at public expense. Whether his judgment was good or bad, his salary went on, and all the time he was accumulating great fame. The war hopelessly ruined many millions, but made Lincoln rich and famous.

We have heard of the poverty of his widow; I read the other day she was a rich woman when she died; and how little she deserved!

I have no sympathy for the woes of statesmen on the public payroll. From 1800 to 1864 millions of Americans had bad luck that Abraham Lincoln might have his share of good luck. During his four years in the White House, Lincoln should have daily thanked the gods, instead of complaining. I had an uncle George, with a young wife and baby at home, who had hard luck at Pittsburgh Landing that Abraham Lincoln might get \$50,000 a year and endless fame.

Let any man think of the greatest degradations and humiliations throughout his life, and I believe he must decide sex was at the bottom of most of them. It is the one thing we should endeavor to subdue and regulate, yet it is the thing we regulate least, and let run wild. Our social system, our literature, encourage wildness in sex rather than regulation. The man bull is forever permitted to bellow his lust, instead of locking him up until his services are needed. And instead of trying to keep him quiet, the objects of his bellying aggravate him all they can.

An envious dull man once said genius is insanity, and other dull men have made the saying famous. It was never true, for genius has always meant special ability. There are millions of geniuses; thousands climbing to distinction, hundreds to great distinction. I have known several promising candidates in small towns where I have lived. Among cats, dogs, cattle, and the lower animals generally, a scrub never won a blue ribbon, but it is characteristic in the human family that scrubs oftener achieve great distinction than thoroughbreds. Probably this comes about because there is no stud book among men. Goethe had fourteen mistresses and no great progeny.

Mozart attracted attention all over Europe as a musician when six years old. Before he died at thirty-five he had written symphonies and operas now performed somewhere every week in the year.

He never sat down to display his genius that he was not disturbed by a bill collector, by the screaming of a woman in labor, by a row with relatives, or some other incident of love affairs. Had he been as free to devote his time to music as "Reign Count" was to devote his time to winning races, there is no telling what heights Mozart might have easily reached. Many pampered race horses have won a quarter of a million dollars in two years.

Mozart received less than a thousand dollars from "Figaro," "Don Giovanni," and the Requiem, and when he died, was so poor his funeral cost under five dollars.

Except in the case of the late Thomas A. Edison I do not at the moment recall another American who became widely popular, and really deserved it. Mr. Edison was quiet, well-behaved, and a great worker; what little he said was proper for both young and old to remember, but somehow he attracted the popular fancy. . . . It is a very rare case. Millions of other popular men have been unworthy of popularity, as they have acted badly, and taught bad lessons. Look at Jean Jacques Rousseau. He was scarcely a respectable man, yet his popularity is growing a long time after his death. Millions of people in all parts of the world regard him as almost a saint, and his teaching as very important. Rousseau was once "kept" by a woman. When she threw him over, he took up with a kitchen wench, and sent their children to orphan asylums; he never later saw one of them.

All my life I have heard men clamoring for more rights. It has always seemed to me I exercise more rights than are good for me. I have the right to eat three enormous meals a day, and too frequently exercise it to my detriment. I am at liberty to do a hundred things I should not do. I have always been too much of a free man; my greatest mistake has been I have not been more of a slave to duties that, followed with reasonable effectiveness, would have made me a more useful, successful and healthier man.

BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

In the Age of Billions Old Bill Did Not Know More Land? What For? If Suddenly Rich, What?

Congress number seventy-three goes home after appropriating for variegated spending between six thousand eight hundred and seven thousand million dollars.

No congress ever appropriated so much in peace times.

In addition to spending about seven thousand million dollars, this congress guaranteed approximately seven thousand millions more in home mortgages and farm bonds and set up a two thousand million "stabilization fund."

We are living in the era of "billions."

With congress gone home, President Roosevelt is lord of all he surveys, which is no great change. He was pretty much that before the adjournment. We have no dictator in the United States, and shall not have one unless something strange and unusual happens, but the President has as much of a dictator's power as he chooses to use.

Congress, with unimportant exceptions, obeyed orders while in session, and the country will look to the President now to initiate and put through whatever he chooses. That situation probably does not suit him. It involves great responsibility.

"Old Bill," dead in London, was a carrier pigeon. He carried messages during the first year of the big war from British army and air forces in France and Belgium back to London, and lost a leg. Brought back to England by an invalid soldier, he enjoyed life for many years, and now has laudatory "obituary notices" in English papers.

"Old Bill" flew back and forth in the big war and lost a leg without ever knowing why he was flying or why he had to lose that leg.

But "Old Bill" was no more ignorant than a majority of the soldiers over whose heads he flew on errands that he did not understand.

A member of the British house of commons suggests that, falling cash payment, we might accept something in the way of territory. The British will not give up any territory if they can hold on to it, which they can easily do in this case.

And apart from that, what good would it do us to acquire more territory and have some foolish congressman insist on giving it away? We could not possibly get from the British anything as valuable as the Philippines, and we are doing our best to get rid of them at this moment.

What would you do if you suddenly found yourself quite rich, with a prospect of "easy riches" to come? Mr. Max Baer, new holder of the heavyweight prize-fighting championship, according to the New York Evening Journal, bought himself thirty-five new suits of clothes, "in tan, gray and pastel shades." There was a great crowd waiting outside the tailor shop to cheer him, and he wrote his autograph on a one-dollar bill for a young girl. Fame is a wonderful thing.

The young "Count of Paris," who might be king of France if the French people suddenly lost their wits, believes that he, so far as he knows a direct descendant of Hugh Capet, will soon be called to the French throne. He says:

"You would be astonished if you could know how weary France is of the present regime."

The young pretender to the throne might be surprised if he could know how weary France was of her kings before she got rid of them, and how fortunate he is that the common sense of the French will keep him talking, not reigning.

President Roosevelt, in a letter sent to West Virginia, expresses satisfaction with the achievements of NRA.

"We have spread employment, we have raised pay, and we are not through yet."

"It is a notable record of recovery. It has led the way for other nations, and has produced widespread and, I believe, permanent results. Certainly we have a right to celebrate this anniversary."

Washington Singer, whose father invented a sewing machine, left a fortune of \$5,534,800 in England, where he raced his horses. The British government takes an "estate duty" of about two million dollars from the heirs. At that rate, it does not take long for vast accumulations to melt away, especially as "the bigger the estate, the higher the percentage taken." Our government has borrowed the idea, made necessary by a strange faculty for spending developed by politicians.

It used to be "three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves." It will be shorter than that now among our prosperous ones, if deaths come in rapid succession.

The big, dangerous steel strike is for the time averted, thanks to the President's wise, unobtrusive mediation, and thanks especially to the wise advice given to the men by William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor.

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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, her father, and their small daughter, Baba. For a year she has been engaged to Rodney Blake, wealthy New Yorker, but her heart is with the friendless Navajos and she evades a wedding. Sonya pulls Little Moon, wife of Two Fingers, a Navajo, through the crisis of an illness. Two Fingers is deeply grateful.

CHAPTER II—Continued

"Sonya," he said sharply, "shall we go?"

As if a spell were broken, the stranger looked up sharply.

The eyes of the two men met and held.

It was as if two blades struck and crossed, as if armed forces clashed. There was instant hatred in it, instant opposition.

Then Sonya swung into her saddle and was away at a lope, Rod following close behind.

"Who was that man?" he asked thinly when he had caught up with her. "Do you know him?"

"I don't know, and I do not," said the girl crisply, "and I don't like your tone. Oh, Rod dear, I do wish you would understand me better."

"Forgive me, Sonya," said Blake, "but I hate all men who look at you—too long."

The ride back to the ranch was beautiful beyond words with the newly risen sun bathing the weathered peaks and pinnacles of desert stone, but somehow its glory missed the girl's heart.

Whether it was seeing again the face of the man of Lone Mesa, or Rod's unreasoning jealousy, she could not say. At any rate, she was silent and preoccupied, and more than once Blake looked at her sharply.

"Sonya," he said presently, "I know you are tired, that you've had a hard night, but I want to have a talk with you, and this seems the best chance I'm likely to have, since you are so busy all the time. My longing and love for you are an old story. I'm not going into it again. I'm just telling you that I'm leaving for the East day after tomorrow, and it has been my hope to take you back this time. Sonya darling, will you come?"

He reached over and took her hand, and at the caressing pressure of his fingers tears actually came to the girl's eyes. Maybe because she was so tired, maybe because she needed a bit of looking after herself. Then she shook herself mentally, squared her shoulders, as it were. She smiled into Rod's eyes, squeezed his hand.

"I didn't know you were going back so soon, dear," she said steadily, "and I think I want to go along, but there is the woman back there who will surely die, after all my hard pull to save her, if I leave her now. She needs care and stringent treatment, and there is no one on the Reservation who can—who will—give it to her. I can't leave her, Rod."

The man straightened up, loosed her hand.

It was not in human nature to take a blow like this and not feel its impact. He looked straight ahead for a little while, riding with his hands crossed on his pommel and Sonya watched him anxiously.

"It isn't a whim, Rod. Nor other men. I haven't looked at another man since I gave you my promise. It's a bigger thing than that. Bigger than myself, bigger than you, I think. It's something which partakes of the universal, the infinite. Something inside my soul, an obligation to—the Creator Himself," she added hesitantly, "if you see what I mean. I have the knowledge, the health—here is the opportunity, the crying need. Let me stay with them a while longer, Rod, please. Let me teach them more hygiene, more child care, more mother care. They know so little, have so little."

Blake drew a long breath, looked back at her, his eyes dilated and deep with feeling.

"You should be a Portia," he said, "you plead so eloquently. And for a bunch of dirty redskins who'd cut your throat for a dollar any day."

Sonya's lips fell open. How little this man knew, this man of the cities, of the rushing world beyond the desert! How appallingly inadequate his judgments!

What he was missing of the mystery of life, its priceless gifts of spirit, its lighted depths! A tender yearning for this blindness in him welled up in her, and she touched his arm.

"Forgive me," she said, "I see how it must seem to you, but believe me, Rod, it is not so. I cannot make you see it. Only try to believe what I say about it. Won't you, dear? Stand steady for another stretch, until I can do a little more, leave my mark a little plainer in this soil which I love, among these people whom I love too."

Blake shrugged his shoulders under his thin leather coat.

"I suppose I must, or go down in your black books as a tyrant. Very well, Sonya. I'll give you six months longer, but at the end of that time I shall demand the fulfillment of your

promise to me, and I shall expect you as an honorable woman to keep it. But know this, my girl: that I shall never give you up. Neither Indians nor Arizona nor any living man is going to get you from me. Just remember that."

"Why, of course, Rod. And thank you for being so kind."

"I'm not kind. I'm helpless. I have no choice in the matter. Either I give you your way, or I lose your esteem by forcing you to mine. And that's that."

They rode in silence that was a bit constrained for a long distance. And presently into the stillness there was injected a sound, so thin and fine at first as to be no sound, but becoming more clear and certain as they rode ahead. It caught on Sonya's desert-trained ears long before Rod heard it, and her head was up, a line between her brows.

She searched the levels and the debouching canyon mouths. It was down one of these that she determined presently the sound was coming: a long, high wail almost like that which the Indian women gave at a death.

At that moment Rod heard it too.

"For the love of heaven!" he said wonderingly, "what's that?"

"Come along," said Sonya briefly and lifted Darkness with her knees and rein. The horse leaped away to the right where the canyons flattened to the plain. And coming out of one of these long defiles that cut the jumbled Bad Land country was as strange a cavalcade as one might meet in many a day's journey.

A team and buckboard with the huge figure of a white man hunched on the seat and three children huddled in behind, little brown Navajos hushed down like quail, their scared round faces turned backward to where a woman hung onto the rig's tail and cried to heaven, running when the

horses trotted, her mouth open, her braided hair in disarray where she had torn at it, stumbling, swaying with fatigue. She was a "wild squaw," namely one who spoke only her native tongue, and all tragedy, all loss, all fear and terror were in her swollen opaque eyes. A man ran behind her, a tall Navajo with bound hair and turquoise necklaces swinging on his breast.

Sonya pulled Darkness in beside the rig, which stopped at her approach.

"Why, Mr. Satter!" she said, "what does this mean?"

"It means that these d—d Navys are resisting an officer," the man said harshly, "and's likely to get 'em into trouble when I report it. You know what they are to handle, Miss Savarin, especially these wild ones."

"Why surely I know, but isn't this a little rough? You taking the children to the school?"

"Yes. They should 'a' been there last fall. Term's almost over. But they kept 'em hid out so good we never could find a one. Didn't think they had but two, and here's three."

Sonya had dismounted. She went around behind the light wagon and spoke in Navajo.

"Tell me thy heart. I am thy sister," she said.

The woman glanced at her, her shaking arms around the youngest child, which had scuttled to her breast the minute the rig stopped.

The man came up and faced her, searching her face with troubled eyes.

Instantly Sonya was this mother, this father, in their clouded misunderstanding, seeing their little ones torn from their grasp. Whatever it was that shone in her face, the man saw it, trusted her at once, knew her for herself, having heard of her though he had never seen her.

Sonya laid her arm around the heaving shoulders of the wailing woman. She looked up at the man on the seat.

"Mr. Satter," she said, "don't you think you could leave them one? Just this little one, the baby? You know it's hard to give them up—any of them—and this is so little. Couldn't you? Please, Mr. Satter? Just for me? I'll go before the superintendent and make it right if you will. I think I can. Won't you please let them have the baby?"

There was in Sonya's voice all the guile of womankind since Eve, a coaxing quality that had wrought on the hearts of men since she was born. Her long black eyes pleaded gravely.

"Well," he said, "I was sent to get 'em."

"But only two. You didn't even know there were three," she coaxed. "Come on—let me give them back the baby."

"Oh, well—" he said reluctantly.

Instantly the girl reached in and pulled the baby clear of the wagon, the mother with it. It was not really a baby, being a fair-sized youngster, but the least of the three. With her arm across the two she pushed them away from the wagon. Then she began speaking rapidly in Navajo.

It was the white man's law, which was above tribal law, she told them, that the children go to the schools where they would learn the white man's ways, where they would be fed and clothed. They would become wise and above their station at the present time, being better for the knowledge they would get. And she, the mother, would have them back soon for a visit, hearing all about what they had learned and eaten in the meantime. The littlest one she could keep now, providing she would go back to her hogan in peace. If not, it too would go.

Would she listen to the white man's law? Would she take her one child instead of losing three—for a little time only?

The man spoke, and the woman, with her tragic eyes on the little scared faces in the wagon's tail, hugging her babe, nodded.

"O. K., Mr. Satter," Sonya said guardedly.

Satter struck his near horse, and the buckboard bounced away.

Turning in stark and tragic resignation, the two bedraggled figures moved off toward the canyon's mouth, the woman's eyes still strained back across her shoulder where her children were disappearing in the distance. The tall man looked back at Sonya, and his eyes spoke—like Two Fingers' had.

Blinded by tears, the girl climbed back in her saddle. She had forgotten Rodney Blake entirely. It was not until they were well out on the desert's floor that she remembered him.

"Rod," she said then, "do you see now why I cannot leave them? There is so much to do for them. They need me so!"

"Yes," he said coldly. "I see."

There was something in his tone which caused the conversation to languish, and they rode for miles through the early day without speech. Then Sonya stirred in her saddle and looked at Blake.

"Did you say you are leaving the day after tomorrow, Rod?" she asked.

"I did, but I might as well have kept the information, for all the impression it made."

"Oh, no, dear. I'm just so—so full of troubles, you know. I didn't mean to seem careless. You know I didn't."

"I wish to heaven I did, Sonya!" the man said passionately. "Well, remember the rest of the things I said—particularly that no man or anything shall get you from me, that I mean to have you for my own if it's the last thing I ever do in life. Just remember that, my girl!"

A flush came in Sonya's face.

"I suppose I should be flattered," she said sharply, "but I am not. There is something about this attitude of yours, Rod, that angers me—a seeming of command that goes down hard with me. One's life is his own, marriage or no marriage, to a certain extent, you know. I'm not the type of woman who can be completely absorbed."

"Forgive me," Blake said quickly. "Perhaps I do seem dictatorial, but my excuse must be that ancient one which covers a multitude of sins—great love."

"I wonder," said Sonya.

Sonya made a hurried trip next day to Chee wash and found the woman much better.

"So," she told her happily, smoothing the gaunt young cheek, "we made the good fight together. All is well, little mother."

And Two Fingers smiled his slow smile, and the young doctor rode away.

Sonya spent that last evening in the patio with Rodney Blake, alone under the stars, swinging in the fringed hammock, her hand between his palms, his low voice in her ears, speaking of the future. Serge and Lila, sensing the strain between them, had retired early. And Sonya put her arms about Rod's neck, kissed him and took his kisses, and felt happy.

It was late when they separated in the living room, tiptoeing in like a pair of sixteen-year-olds, laughing in whispers, and early when they all gathered again for breakfast. It was quite a drive down to the little town where Rod would take the train for New York, and Sonya, who was driving him, wanted an early start.

The last moments on a station platform are always filled with strange emotions, forebodings, and vague fears tinged with the sadness of parting, and Sonya was genuinely close to tears as she watched the handsome Rod about his ticket-buying, his trunk-checking. For one panicky second she wished she were going with him, a marriage certificate in her bag. Then she shook herself indignantly, ran with him down the platform beside the slowing train, kissed him fervently, watched him go away across the desert.

There was a little mist in her dark eyes, but she was surprised and a bit dismayed at the odd feeling of lightness, of freedom, which came over her. "Ingrate!" she told herself, "you don't deserve a good man's love. I begin to suspect you're a spinster elf, selfish and lazy, and due to take on fat in wads some day as punishment!"

TO BE CONTINUED

New Hair Fashions Are Versatile

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



MOST women realize or are coming to realize that as far as capitalizing personal charm and achieving a smart and distinctive appearance are concerned, there is nothing which so effectively does just that as perfect grooming. Not even a wardrobe of beautiful clothes can do for one that which a becomingly coiffed head, a cunningly arched eyebrow and a youth-giving facial can do.

In lieu of which, small wonder is it that the matter of placing one's destiny in the hands of one's favorite beautician is growing to be a fixed habit with the fair sex rather than an occasional luxury.

And so, Madam and Miss Vacationist, how about it, are you making it a matter of first importance to see to it that your hair is set in order ere you depart for seashore, or mountain-side? Now that the newest method is to do it the machineless way—no wires attached—no electricity, the acquiring of a "permanent" becomes more of a pastime than a trying, tedious ordeal.

By the way, it is well to keep in mind in regard to the latest hairdress that the distinguishing feature of the smartest coiffures is hair that is partly curly and partly straight. Which means that for the first time in years the girl with straight hair has a real advantage, for she can get a permanent wave and have the waves placed where she wants them instead of having them all over her head. The girl's hairdress at the top of the group illustrates the idea. Here the hair is brushed back sleek and waveless from the forehead with curls and waves developing at the back and each side. That pretty fashion of wearing flowers in the hair has been revived. In this instance a semi-wreathlet of posies adds infinite charm.

SUMMER CLOTHES REALLY FEMININE

Clothes have become so profoundly feminine that happily one no longer feels obliged to babble about their femininity.

They are obviously created for women, not for tomboys, or baby dolls. This midseason shows the mode ascending toward a perfection of balance that has not been achieved in a long time. Exaggerated wind-blown effects have been swept away, leaving pleasant ghosts of their former selves to lend movement to the silhouette. The bust is now the most important point—yes, one can say it, the high spot—of the silhouette. Every couturier emphasizes it in some way, at least on frocks and blouses. All the other moot style boundaries fade into insignificance beside it.

Black Complex Features Midsummer Collections

Lovely, wearable, feminine clothes distinguished the Paris midseason collections. Freaks and oddities were conspicuous by their absence; no bustles, no panniers, no fish-fins, nothing zoological. They follow, in the main, the natural lines of the body, and their aim is to make women attractive.

Two leading points stood out. First, the black complex. Secondly, the persistence of the three-quarter coat.

Many collections are so black, that you might think a gigantic inkwell had been spilled over them. Black for morning, black for afternoon, black for evening. Sometimes, for evenings, very exciting fabrics make the black gowns unusual. Cellophanes, and cires, and curious crinkles and clokies.

With her blacks, whites, and unusual grays, and her fabrics suggesting widow's weeds, Schiaparelli seemed to be celebrating the funeral of the depression.

The winsome maiden wearing the fluffy-ruffle net collar, posed below in the picture, also has a part-straight and a part-curly hairdress, and there is a suspicion of bangs surmounting her lovely brow—an adorable coiffure for youth.

Yes, we agree with you, the hair arrangement to the left in the picture is extreme and will probably interest only the type who are seekers after something "different." We appreciate the fact that it would take some time for the conservative average woman to adjust to such a radical change from prevailing fashions as this. However, it does carry the message that the newest trend is to bring curls up higher on the head or the nape of the neck, not necessarily as high as pictured, but striking a happy medium. Here you see also the coronet braid which if you haven't one grown to your head, need worry you not at all, for you can buy 'em looking as natural as your very own. And beau-catchers, that's what our granddaddies used to call them in the days of their youth, if we are not mistaken—referring to those little curly-kews over the temple and forehead.

A more conservative hairdress is presented to the left in the group. It is just such as ladies of refinement and cultured taste will covet. Not a hair is seen out of place, which is exactly what fashion demands of the new coiffures, an exquisite finesse which stands for expert grooming.

Since it is again the fashion to wear ribbons and bandeaux, we thought you might like to see the attractive way the idea has been carried out in the instance of a young modern, so we are adding it (in the circle) as a postscript. The bandeau is formed of velvet leaves which crown her pretty waves and curls in classic simplicity.

© by Western Newspaper Union.

NAVY SHEER SUIT

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



This smart new and very wearable swagger suit in a heavy sheer of bengberg has a dashing windswept collar of white pique. A suit of this description is an asset to any and every summer wardrobe. Its three-quarter coat will pose stunningly over any one of your daytime prints and it looks ever so voguish worn with your white and pastel colored piques and linens. Every woman will at once see the possibilities in this suit.

DETACHABLE CAPES MAKE FOR VARIETY

PATTERN 9943



9943

Detachable capes are so fascinating and so smart! This is a lovely dress for town wear, and it is adaptable to all sorts of occasions. It's especially attractive if made of a dotted print, as shown in the picture; but any of the checks, stripes or figured fabrics are nice for it. The dress is uniquely fashionable in that it combines tall slenderness with well-planned curves. The curved hip line is repeated by the curve of the yoke, collar and cape. Very becoming to every one!

Pattern 9943 may be ordered only in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 4 yards 38-inch fabric and 1/4 yard contrasting.

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

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

Smiles

BY DEDUCTION

Little Brother—I knew you were coming tonight.

Sister's Beau—Who told you?

Little Brother—Oh, nobody told me; but I saw my sister take your picture out of the bureau drawer and stand it on the piano.—Toronto Globe.

Uterior Motives

"Do you know precisely what you are talking about?"

"Always," answered Senator Sorghum, "although I sometimes deem it expedient to avoid letting my public be fully aware of it."

Never Disappointed Yet

Interviewer—Do you believe that the younger generation is on the road to perdition?

Octogenarian—Yes, sir; I've believed that for nigh onto sixty years! —Minneapolis Journal.

A Specialist

"Doctor, I want to consult you about my stomach."

"But, madam, you are mistaken, I am a doctor of philosophy."

"Goodness me! What strange diseases there are nowadays."

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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. BOLT,

Selectmen of Antrim.

SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE

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

ARTHUR J. KELLEY, ROSCOE M. LANE, MYRTIE K. BROOKS,

Antrim School Board.

Advertising

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

Try the REPORTER.

Weekly Letter by George Proctor, Deputy Fish and Game Warden

Did you notice the "Lady Slipper" on the front cover of the June "Troubadour"? This photo was taken by E. D. Putnam of Antrim and were they true to life.

The cities may have their advantages, but listen to what's going to happen over in Manchester, the largest city in the state. The police department of that city has dug down into the past and dug up some old laws which most of us had forgotten all about, and this year there will be NO cap pistols sold or used in that city over the Fourth. Just listen. There is a fine of Fifty Big Iron Men for the sale or the use of a cap pistol. That's the same fine for having in your possession an air rifle or to sell one. It also prohibits the sale of pistols to shoot blank cartridges. Then, to add more gloom, they are to stop the sale of all fire crackers over two inches long. We bet that the Manchester youths will move out of the city over the holiday.

Have at hand a fine letter from Phillip M. Terrell, of Morrilton, N. J. He comes to New Hampshire every winter for his deer hunting. He hunts in several other states. One argument that he raises for the \$20 bounty on bob cats is the lure from the out of state hunters who hope to get one to help pay the \$15.15 license fee. He says that unless we raise our twenty cent ante on quill pigs to four bits they will eat us all up. He reports very heavy damage he saw in the north country. He says if you want a buck law go to Penn. Saw twenty does in one herd and no bucks. He says that every state should protect its bear. They are a great asset to any state. And Phil knows.

According to the U. S. Department of Agriculture, 856,940 people visited the White Mountain National Forest in 1933. How much money did they leave in the state? Ask Don Tuttle.

The Federal Cartridge Corp. is doing a wonderful work on the line of conservation by placing a full page adv. in several of the leading sporting papers. Each picture tells its own story. Watch for them in the magazines. Worth reading.

The pond lilies are now at their best and some of my ponds are white with the bloom.

Have been very much interested in the finding of Supp. of Schools, Geo. H. Whitcher, of Derry, N. H., who was lost of six days following a fishing trip. Have worked with Mr. Whitcher on apple tree damage cases. He is a wonderful out of doors man and he gave me a merry hike two years ago in the dead of winter at Greenfield on snowshoes. One of the nicest men I ever worked with.

Believe it or not, but out in Arizona is a rooster that has horns, lays eggs and is the boss of the barn yard!

It is with a feeling of regret, as well as pleasure, that we announce that our old side kick, Chief Joseph A. Desrosiers of Greenville, will lay aside his uniform, his billie and his gat and will pick up a pen. In the future he will be known as Postmaster Desrosiers. He was confirmed by the Senate one day last week and by this time is officially known as Postmaster of Greenville. Chief Desrosiers has a great many times been of real assistance to me in my official duties and I will miss him greatly when I blow into that town at 1 a. m. looking for the Chief. However, we offer our congrats to the new postmaster.

Have at hand an envelope of clipping from newspapers from the Pacific Coast from R. C. Goodell of Santa Barbara, Calif. Thanks.

In the past few weeks I have done a lot of talking about that dog show to be held at Concord last Saturday. Well, it was the best show the Profile Kennel Club ever staged and it was a great success from start to finish. Two large tents gave it a circus tone, but it was a dog show—and a good one at that. Mrs. John C. Wanant was the one who put this event over with a big wallop. It was a point show and dogs were on the benches from as far away as San Antonio, Texas.

The boys have been having wonderful luck the past few nights horn pout fishing. Nearly every one I saw was up to the limit of 40 per person. At Cunningham pond in Peterboro Sunday night I ran across a young man who the night before had caught a 16-pound snapping turtle. He says that a number of big ones have been taken out of the same pond.

Speaking of turtles: Here is a little story about what Connecticut is doing. They furnished the famous "Smith" turtle trap to all their wardens in that State and here is the total taken—1378 weighing 20,943 lbs. in 1932, and 1838 weighing 23,937 lbs. in 1933. Our old friend, Arthur B. Clarke, hopes to double that record in 1934. Some turtles, I'll say.

Speaking about turtle traps, that famous "Smith" that I have been telling about is made by Bob Smith of Farmington, Conn. They sure do catch 'em.

The State of Washington has offered a course in "Wild Life." Two courses, a two and four year course. This is at the State University.

Have a letter from some lady who either forgot or was too bashful to sign her name. The answer to her question if she is still in on this broadcast, is to subscribe to "Game Breeder and Sportsman," edited at 205 East 43rd St., New York City. It's the best magazine for the real game breeder on the market. Some fine articles on wild turkey and quail in the June number.

If you are ever in a jam with a skunk we know of a good way out of said jam. One day last week a man set a trap for a quill pig that was doing him a lot of damage. He caught a skunk. Not wanting any odor left the skunk could not be shot I hunted up Lawrence Edwards at the Quigley Garage in Wilton and he went up and took the skunk out without a scent. Edwards has a funny way with skunks.

Have you seen the baby seal at the West Manchester Zoo? Well, it is worth the trip over to see that seal. There are a lot more interesting things at this zoo. The monkey house is worth a second look.

Speaking of young crows, has anyone else a few. I got four, but that was not enough.

F. Perley Richardson of Lyndeboro Center, this state, has a litter of those real honest-to-goodness jattle dog puppies. Have had a number of letters the past month asking where they could be found. Here is your answer. Go to it.

People in this part of the state are band-minded by the looks of the crowd in Wilton last Saturday night. I did not hear the concert, but I did see the crowd. They say it was good (we mean the band). Too bad they could not have a concert some other night of the week. Saturday is my busy night just now.

Much favorable comment was made after the concert as to the way the crowd was handled by the local police department.

Picked up several hunting dogs the past week with long chains hanging to them. This only goes to show that the owners are trying hard to conform with the law. And that's something.

Miss Ruth E. Clement of Deering, N. H., is anxious to find a woman friend who just disappeared from the face of the earth a week ago from Hillsborough. She had with her a spayed female Schipperke dog. Very small, pure black, with a sharp nose. Anyone finding such a dog get in touch with Miss Clement at once. She lives on Clement Hill and just now has over thirty dogs of the above named kind.

If you want a real watch dog just tell us what you want. We know where there are at least six that can be had for the price of a good home and care.

Here is a fellow that believes yellow perch should be protected. After what I saw last week I am inclined to believe he is right. They are taking out tons of yellow perch from our ponds and lakes, and what are they putting back? Nothing! How long can our ponds stand this treatment? People hiring boats should clean out the boats when they leave them.

That Fishing and Hunting Guide booklet, giving the name of every town and the streams and ponds in each town, is going over big in the state. It's gotten out by old friend, Charlie Benfield, of Center Harbor, N. H. Every hunter and fisherman should have one for his kit.

An effort is being made by the International Association of Game Fish Conservation commissioners to have State laws that are more uniform. This is a move in the right direction. It's called Model Game and Fish Law. We will give you up from time to time what's being done and progress made.

Some of the town clerks in my several towns are reporting that the license fees on dogs are coming in a little better than in the past few years. This license or tax is, as you know, applied to the school fund.

Four complaints came to me during the week in regard to dogs killing poultry. This, as you know, is up to the Selectmen of the town where the killing is done. The Selectmen upon being notified go to the scene and then there adjudge the damage and take it from the dog tax money. If the owner of the dog is known the selectmen collect from him.

In this part of the state that quill pig (nose) graft has been exposed and now the selectmen of the several towns are not paying out so much money for bounty. It was a great game while it lasted. At least a dozen good noses could be made from one "quill pig." The elbow joints make fine noses. Now that the selectmen demand the whole head it's a different story.

With a perfect day the Nashua Fish and Game Association dedicated the Blanchard Reservation last Sunday by an all day's field day.

It was a colorful affair. Skeet, rifle and pistol shooting, fly and pling casting, and a general good time. You have to hand it to Phil Morris and his bunch to put thing over right.

No, you don't have to let that gun stand behind the kitchen door or in the gun case all summer just because you don't shoot skeet or the clays. There is the summer woodchuck hunting, and many a farmer will be tickled pink if you go up and rid his fields of the pests. And they are good eating, too, so I am told. Then there are those pesky crows that are eating up all our grouse, ducks and geese eggs. Horned owls, certain kinds of hawks and then the starlings and English sparrows. Oh, there is plenty of good shooting, even if it's off season.

For big dogs, what took my eye at the recent show at Concord, were the big black Newfoundlands owned by Mr. and Mrs. Ingram of that city. I wish I owned a dozen of them.

Talk about your small pets. Over in North Lyndeboro lives John P. Proctor and the other day one of the boys found a very small chipmunk on the side of the road. Mrs. Proctor brought him back to life with the aid of a medicine dropper and now he is a chipper as can be. They make a wonderful pet.

The law says that you must tend your traps every twenty-four hours. That law also holds good to a man trapping woodchucks on his own land. Had a complaint a few weeks ago where a trap had been set for a chuck and another man found this animal had been in the trap for days. The foot had nearly rotted off. He would say nothing, for it was his neighbor.

Had reports of nine cases of mowing close to hen pheasants, but they discovered it in time not to destroy the nests. In every case the hen came back. That's what I call real cooperation on the part of the farmer.

Heard a man say the other day, and he was in a position to know, that in one of the largest prisons in New York State that less than one percent of the inmates were at all interested in game breeding, fishing or hunting.



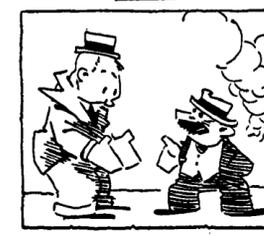
Wit and Humor

COULD NOTE FLIGHT OF TIME

An after-dinner speaker had exceeded the five minutes allowed for his speech, and when he glanced at his watch was amazed—or so he said—to find that his five minutes had become twenty-five.

He apologized for having gone beyond his allowance by commenting that had there been a clock in the room he would not have been so long, at which one diner, speaking in a voice that could be heard all over the room, remarked: "Thank heaven we have a calendar!"

WHICH PAY DAY?



"Say, old man, lead me a fiver until pay day, will you?"

"What kind of pay day, when you get your envelope or when you will pay me?"

Forehanded

Mose—Say, Pete, could you lend me \$3?

Pete—On what security?

Mose—Why, Ah'll tell you. I've gwine to get married tonight, and tomorrow Ah'll give you mah wife's watch.

No License

A little city boy was visiting his country cousin. "What do you know about cows?" quizzed the country lad. "You don't even know if that's a Jersey cow."

"I don't know from here, 'cause I can't see the license."

Very Good, Sir

Master (grimly, to butler)—I asked you last night, Jennings, to taste the port I purchased and give me your opinion of it. Now I find that there are three bottles missing.

Butler—Taste it, sir? I thought you said test it.

Just Right

Customer—I see this medicine is good for man or beast.

Druggist—Yes.

Customer—Gimme a bottle; I believe this is the right combination to help my husband.

Robin Tells Why

By FRAN BEVERLY

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PATTERSON sat down in the semi-darkness of his library and prepared to listen alone, for the last time to the voice he loved best in all the world. After that, when he had heard each record, he would destroy them all.

An hour previously he had posted the letter to Dorothy Dunbar, asking her to become his wife. The die was already cast and he would henceforth endeavor to put dreams of his boyhood sweetheart completely from his life; but not before he had heard once again each of her glorious songs.

It seemed but yesterday—though a full fifteen years had passed—that he and Sally Pendleton had wandered arm in arm through the sweet-smelling country lanes and he had pleaded with her to marry him. She was seventeen but she had announced her intention to become a great singer and had refused to marry him.

"I know as well as if it were written on the sands," she had told him, "that if we marry now I will utterly fail to carry out my ideals in music. If you will wait for me—I will love no one but you."

But Patterson in his immature reasoning and the impatience of youth had turned from her. He wanted her then or not at all. If she loved her voice better than she loved him she must choose her own way.

Of course, Patterson knew of Sally Pendleton's success as all the world did. But he knew not where she was nor would he have followed had he known. She was somewhere in the world singing, but not in his part of the world. He knew now that he had committed a great folly in his youth; he had been ungenerous, small, jealous. However, Dorothy Dunbar was a sweet woman, and no doubt they would be tremendously happy.

Sally's songs at seventeen had been, "Won't You Tell Me Why, Robin?" "In the Gloaming," "The Lost Chord," "Ye Banks and Braes," and Patterson had managed to secure them all for his talking machine.

He was so deep in his dreams and so regretful of their imminent passing that he was only half-conscious that a voice, not that of the machine, was singing through, "Won't You Tell Me Why, Robin?"

Patterson's heart beat rapidly and he gripped the arms of his chair in a tensely of emotion he had not known for years. For Patterson's name was Robin and the emotion in that voice told him that Sally Pendleton was in the same building calling to him.

He must go. Down the elevator he went and swiftly to the office of the apartment house to make inquiry. A lady had arrived during the afternoon, yes—her name was not, however, Pendleton. Patterson's heart sank. Was it then not his Sally? Or worse still was it Sally and was she married? He could not contemplate the thought and rushed off to the rooms mentioned by the clerk.

She opened the door to her suite of rooms and Patterson found himself speechless with emotion. "Robin—Robin Adair," she cried, using the old pet name.

"My Sally," was all Patterson could say, and the Sally was in his arms and she was trembling and Patterson could only hold her close.

"Then it was you—listening to my voice?" she asked presently. "It doesn't seem possible. The great hand of fate—Isn't it, Robin?" Her voice was unsteady.

"I have listened to your voice ever since the first record came out, and in my soul—I have heard it—before that."

She was leading him into the spacious sitting room. "And now tell me everything. I am hungry to hear you talk. I sneaked into the country under an assumed name so that I might have a few months away from my public—they demand so much of me." "You are not married?"

She looked wistfully at him. "I told you fifteen years ago I would always love you, Robin."

Suddenly Robin realized the terror of the situation. His letter of proposal to Dorothy was even then in her hands—no doubt she was writing him her answer and Patterson knew it would be "yes."

"Sally, my own," he said swiftly, "I have had no one in the depths of my heart sleeping or waking for fifteen years, and now, now when I had given up hope of your seeking me out, I have asked another girl to marry me. I have never wanted to seek you because I felt too unworthy and small. Now I know I have been a first-class idiot. I shall love you always."

Sally was struggling to keep from crying out, but in a moment she smiled.

"Robin, my dear. There is no power to keep true lovers apart in the spirit, and I feel certain that fate will in some way give us to each other."

"You were always faithful, Sally—I—" Robin dived into the depths of his pocket for the inevitable cigarette that he felt he must have under stress and suddenly his face went a dull crimson—a triumphant crimson, however. He drew forth an envelope, it was stamped and addressed. "Sally! I didn't post it!"

All Wet

Pedagog—Name the constituents of quartz?

His Father's Son—Plintz.



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