



The Antrim Reporter



VOLUME LI NO. 34

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1934

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4th of July Celebrated in Antrim; Drum and Bugle Corps in Parade

Fourth of July in Antrim began with the ringing of bells shortly after midnight and the firing of bombs and firecrackers. The flags on the streets were out and waving shortly after sunrise.

The Antrim Legion-Scout Bugle and Drum Corps make its first appearance in the parade and made a very striking and favorable impression on the on-lookers. The members of the Corps wore white trousers, shirts and sailor hats, black shoes, belts and bow ties. The drum major, Miss Ida Maxfield, was dressed the same, but wore a cape with hat to match. George DeFoe is the able leader of the Corps.

The parade was headed by the marshal, Miss Isabel Jameson, on horseback. In the parade were beautiful floats and several "horribles". The parade started at 9 a.m. at Pleasant St. and proceeded up Main St. to Elm, down Elm to Concord, up Concord to Main to Summer and Jameson Ave. to

West St. and the ball grounds. Miss Jacqueline Rutherford won first prize in the "horribles".

At 10.30 the Antrim baseball team played the Hillsboro team. Antrim started off with three runs in the first inning and two in the second and kept lead throughout the game, winning by the score of 9 to 4. Charles Cutter pitched a fine game for Antrim. Bowen pitched for Hillsboro.

At 1.30 p.m. Sports were enjoyed at the ball grounds, followed by the three mile race, which was won by Fred Butler; Henry Cutter, second.

At 3 o'clock Antrim and Hillsboro again crossed bats. This was a very close and interesting game, Hillsboro winning by the score of 2 to 1. Crosby pitched for Hillsboro and Goutbier for Antrim, both pitching a fine game.

The closing events of the day were the band concert by the Antrim Band at 6.30, followed by a short program and remarks by "Happy" Day.

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"The Man With the Hoe" Has an Economically Prophetic Sight

Charles Edwin Markham is justly regarded as one of the most eminent poets of modern times.

He was born in Oregon City, Oregon, in 1852 and is still living to enjoy his remarkable success. While head master of a private school in California, he wrote his poem, "The Man With the Hoe," which brought him immediate recognition. He went to New York City where he became a contributor to various periodicals on themes dealing with the brotherhood of man. His works include "The Man With the Hoe and Other Poems," "Lincoln and Other Poems" and "Gates of Paradise." He edited "The Book of Poetry" in 1927.

The poem was written after Mr. Markham had seen Millet's world-famous painting of a brutalized toiler. The poem has been called "the battle cry of the next thousand years." It has been translated into thirty languages.

The Man With the Hoe

Bowed by the weight of centuries
he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the
ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the
world.
What made him dead to rapture
and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that
never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to
the ox?
Who loosened and let down this
brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted
back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light
within this brain?
Is this the thing that the Lord God
made and gave
To have dominion over sea and
land;
To trace the stars and search the
heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the dream He dreamed who
shaped the suns
And mark't their ways upon the
ancient deep?
Down all the caverns of hell to
their last gulf

There is no shape more terrible
than this—

More tongued with censure of the
world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents
for the soul—
More packed with danger to the un-
iverse.

What gulfs between him and the
seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to
him

Are Plato and the swing of Plei-
ades?
What the long reaches of the peaks
of song.

The rift of dawn, the reddening of
the rose?
Thru this dread shape the suffer-
ing ages look;

Time's tragedy is in that aching
stoop;
Thru this dread shape humanity
betrayed,

Plundered, profaned and disinher-
ited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the
World,

A protest that is also prophecy.
O masters, lords, and rulers in all
lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to
God,

This monstrous thing distorted and
soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up
this shape;

Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and
the light;

Rebuild in it the music and the
dream;

Make right the immemorial in-
fames,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable
woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all
lands,
How will the future reckon with
this Man?

How answer his brute question in
that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellions
shake all shores?

How will it be with kingdoms and
with kings—
With those who shaped him to the
things he is—
When this dumb terror shall rise to
judge the world,
After a silence of centuries?

On Monday Evening,

July 2, the Antrim Garden Club held its regular monthly meeting with Mrs. Lena Seaver, at her home on the Bennington-Hancock Road. After viewing Mrs. Seaver's lovely gardens, the meeting was called to order by the president, Mrs. G. D. Tibbetts. The usual routine business was in order, and reports of various committees were given. Several new members were accepted by the club.

Announcement of the meeting of the United Garden Clubs of New Hampshire, on July 11, at Mrs. Julius Ziege's, in Peterborough, was given.

The business session was followed by an interesting program;

Miss Catherine Reaveley read two short poems, after which Mrs. Larabee read an original poem on the "Round Leaf Orchid," written by Junius Hanchett. Miss Marion Wilkinson read a short paper on "Biennials," and Mrs. Seaver read a paper on "Delphiniums." This was very appropriate, as Mrs. Seaver's garden was one mass of "heavenly blue" from the many Delphiniums scattered throughout the grounds.

The next meeting will be August 6, at Mrs. G. D. Tibbetts'.

Mrs. Rose Poor, Press Cor.

A Gold Plated GILLETTE RAZOR

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The blades sell alone at 25c

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Friday, July 27

Afternoon and
Evening

Antrim Town Hall

The Ladies' Aid Society of the
Methodist Episcopal Church
announce their Annual
Fair and Entertain-
ment on date as
above

For the Entertainment
This Year the
Committee
puts on

A Country Fair!

Everybody Will Want
To See It!



When Young America Goes to the Fair



1

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

THURSDAY of every week is Young America's day at the 1934 Century of Progress exposition in Chicago. For that is the day when boys and girls under the age of twelve are admitted to the grounds for a nickel and the concessionaires make a special price to the youngsters. And does Young America take advantage of the opportunity for seeing at this small cost the modern version of "the greatest show on earth"? He (and she) does indeed!

They come by the scores, by the hundreds, by the thousands. They pour through the various entrances and scatter to all parts of the exposition grounds, there to see all the wonders of modern science and industry and invention which is spread before them and to enjoy all the different forms of amusement indulged in when youth takes a holiday. This day the world is very much their oyster, and they know it.

If you happen to visit the fair on a Thursday and, in the midst of these juvenile crowds, find yourself saying, "I didn't know there were this many children in the world—where do they all come from?" ponder for a moment upon this statement: The sight you may be seeing is as nothing, compared to the sight which you would have seen at the fair if you had been there on Thursday, May 31, 1934. Aye, that was a day! The like of it has probably never been seen before and may never be seen again.

It was the first "children's day" of the 1934 fair. The Chicago schools had been closed for the occasion. To the youthful part of Chicago's three and a third millions were added several thousand more from the outlying Cook county towns, from other counties near by and even from points in Indiana, Wisconsin and Michigan.

Over 500,000 boys and girls, over half a million pushing, shoving, wriggling, whooping, super-charged-with-energy units of young humanity descended upon the fair. They broke last year's one-day attendance record of 387,004 made on September 4, 1933. They broke all one-day attendance records of any fair anywhere, with the exception of the record of 761,942 on Chicago day at the World's Columbian exposition of 1893. That wasn't the only thing they broke—but that's another story!

Early on the morning of that historic May 31 they began streaming toward the fair grounds. Massed from rail to rail on the painted bridges, they moved forward slowly but unceasingly, toward the turnstiles. Half an hour before the time to open the gates they were packed tight about the seven entrances.

From outlying parts of the city came the news that street cars, "L" trains and busses were jammed beyond capacity with youngsters bound for the fair. Immediately orders were sent out summoning all exposition policemen off duty to report at once. Five hundred exposition employees were sworn in as special officers. Meanwhile every passing moment saw the crowds outside the gates growing denser and denser.

Up from the milling mob rose a strange variety of cries—"We want in!—Let's go!—Hey, stop your shovin'!—Lay off, youse guys!—Look out! Ya nearly jammed me in the eye with that lollipop!—Hey, that ice cream bar is meltin' and drippin' all down my back!—Oh, I've dropped the sack with my lunch in it!—Stop pushin'!—Quit your crowdin'!—Stop it, I tell you!"

Bewildered gatekeepers tried in vain to hold them back. The turnstiles couldn't click fast enough to let them through. A hurry-up call was sent for 200 city policemen—then for 200 more. In the administration building telephones were ringing wildly, incessantly. From box offices came word of exhausted ticket supplies, of turnstiles out of commission and of guards trying vainly to maintain an orderly flow of eager youngsters through the gates. Then came the news that the crowds were becoming absolutely unmanageable. They were forcing their way through the service entrances through which supplies are brought into the grounds. They were beginning to scale the walls. They were dropping down inside by the hundreds and paralyzing the bus traffic which runs just inside the western walls.

Officials of the fair realized that something must be done quickly in order to avoid injury to the youngsters jammed outside the gates. "Let 'em all in free!" was the order flashed out. All gates, including the service entrances were thrown wide open. And then—the deluge!

Attempts to coin appropriate similes for the sight which followed failed. One observer said "like a swarm of hungry locusts." Another compared it to the stampede of a vast herd of Texas steers. "The surge came up and across the causeways in a spectacle seldom if ever seen before—certainly never seen before in an American city," declared one eye-witness.

Can you visualize a crowd of 500,000 people? Remember there are only 13 American cities which have more than a population of 500,000 and in the largest of these the density of population is less than 5,000 to the square mile, or 640 acres. Now, the Century of Progress grounds comprise less than 400 acres of available "walking space." Pour 500,000 people into that amount of space, and what do you get? A crowd, of course.

Yes, the fair was "crowded" on May 31. It would have been crowded even if the horde of youngsters had been evenly distributed about the grounds, which they weren't. They streamed down the Avenue of Flags in an endless procession of closely packed humanity to which only the milling crowds at Forty-second and Broadway in New York and State and Madison in Chicago are comparable. From the terraces of

the Hall of Science as far as the eye could see these thousands of boys and girls were moving north and south so close together that the streets themselves seemed to be moving. So steady was the stream of young visitors across the bridges over the lagoon that solid lines of policemen were stretched across the approaches to prevent the weight of too many from endangering the structures.

Over on the Enchanted Island, the part of the fair most popular with Young America, the congestion became so great that it was necessary to establish and enforce a one-way traffic rule. The eager youngsters massed ten deep around some of the amusement centers and from 25 to 50 deep around others. Some of them spent most of their day standing in line, waiting for a chance to ride on the ferris wheel, or roller-coaster or slide down a synthetic mountain.

But if many of them were intent upon such pleasures, there were thousands of others who jammed the exhibit buildings until every aisle was packed solidly with a slow-moving throng. It was in some of these buildings that other things besides records were broken. In justice to Young America, however, it must be stated that officials in charge of the Hall of Science, one of the principal points of attraction, say that the crowd there was mainly an orderly one and more easily handled than an adult crowd of the same size.

But sightseeing wasn't their only activity. There was the matter of eating and drinking to be taken care of. Early in the day it was announced that 125,000 bottles of milk would be distributed free. It was, and it vanished like a light summer shower on the face of the Sahara desert. In the struggles around the booths where it was distributed some of the bottles were broken and this caused the only serious injuries of the day—a few minor cuts from the shattered bottles.

So the milk disappeared (as did hundreds of thousands of hot dog and hamburger sandwiches, thousands of gallons of ice cream and of soft drinks, and hurry-up calls for fresh supplies were sent out throughout the day) and there was left behind all over the grounds a trail of discarded milk bottles and pop bottles. A force of 200 extra workmen, called into service to gather up the abandoned glassware, the papers, the boxes and other trash, which was ankle deep in places, soon gave up hope of picking up all these things one at a time. So they brought shovels and scooped the debris into wheelbarrows. And they were scooping far, far into the night.

By the middle of the afternoon the surging crowds through the entrances had died down to a thin trickle. All over the grounds tired youngsters, heedless of "Keep Off the Grass" signs, were stretched out in every available spot of shade. The hot sun had wilted most of them and overcome some. These were rushed to the hospital maintained by the fair, given a bath and made to rest for awhile. Lifeguards in canoes and motor boats were kept busy patrolling the lagoon to see to it that no venturesome youngster tumbled in, but they couldn't stop many of them from darning shoes and stockings and splashing hot, tired feet in the cool water any



2



3

Above are pictures taken on May 31, which was the first "Children's day" at the 1934 Century of Progress exposition in Chicago, and which broke all attendance records for the Fair.

1. "What's your name, little girl, and where do you live?" A Travelers' Aid Society worker talking to one of the 1,400 children who were "lost" in the crowds.
2. This is how the Avenue of Flags looked during most of the day when 500,000 children invaded the Fair grounds.
3. Guards and other employees of the Fair formed human chains in an effort to restrain the children awaiting their turn to get in.

more than guards on shore could stop others from jumping into pools and fountains in various stages of dress and undress.

Refreshed by such interludes they were off again to join the mob still milling everywhere through the grounds as individuals, in couples, in groups chaperoned by harassed teachers trying in vain to keep track of their charges. One teacher solved the problem by using lengths of string to tie the 18 of them together, wrist to wrist. As she led the way through the grounds, they trailed along behind her like the tail of a kite—that is, until they attempted to spread out in the midst of the crowd. Then "tangle" is a mild word to describe the resulting situation.

She didn't lose any of her little flock, however, but there were plenty of "lost children" that day—1,400 of them to be exact, fourteen hundred who became separated from parents or teachers or companions. But thanks to a "clearing house" maintained by the Travelers' Aid society all of the lost were found eventually. Urged by the public address system to seek their stray charges at the society's headquarters, anxious parents and teachers stood in line for hours until policemen or Fair attendants pushed their way through the crowd with their weeping charges. Older children who knew where they lived were given care and sent home. Younger ones were comforted by the young women in charge of the "clearing house" and an harassed staff of over-worked volunteer assistants.

By the time evening came and the thousands of twinkling lights which adorn the buildings of the fair were being reflected in the waters of the lagoon, an army of weary youngsters was trudging its way to the exit. By 9 o'clock the shrill clamor which had echoed throughout the buildings all day was dying down to a murmur. There were still thousands of children in the grounds but after the spectacle of the day those grounds seemed strangely deserted. By midnight all of them had gone—except for 65 unfortunate youngsters who were still "unclaimed" at the "clearing house." But by 1:30 in the morning the very last of these had been returned safely home. And policemen, Fair attendants, concessionaires, street car conductors, exposition officials (yes, and teachers and parents, too!) heaved the biggest sigh of relief in their lives. The record-breaking first "children's day" at the 1934 fair was over.

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Howe About:

Poverty

A Sordid Tale

A Popular Rogue

© Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

By ED HOWE

EVERY little while I encounter the statement in American print that 73 per cent of citizens die, as paupers; if not in the poor house, then as helpless burdens on grumbling relatives.

It is a disgraceful charge to make in a country as good as this. How near true is it? And how much of the blame attaches to the unhappy 73 per cent?

The other day I attended the funeral of a man I had known some years. For six months he had been a charity patient at a public institution (and a very unpopular one, as he had an ugly temper). For 30 years he had a salary never below \$40 a week, and light and pleasant work, yet was never a week ahead of the hounds. Within a year of his death he took a long trip on borrowed money, in an automobile the mortgage took after the funeral. Mortgages also emptied his house of all the furniture worth anything. I have known him to give "parties" on money he should and might have saved to pay his funeral expenses.

He jazzed his music, his job, his life. He might have owned a shop of his own 30 years ago, but was always expecting a "raise" when a reduction was steadily more probable.

It is not an unusual case; the disturbing figures quoted may not be too high.

I know an old fellow who, disposed to do his duty to the unemployed the past winter, hired an automobile driver he did not need, because the fellow had a wife and two children.

In one night the man stole a car, help up a filling station, and married a street walker, and is now in jail at the expense of overburdened taxpayers. Before the state is through with him—trial, rehearing, deputies to take him to prison, officers to guard and feed him, chaplains to pray for him—his cost to the public will be several thousand dollars more.

It is a sordid tale, but true. What was in that man's brain cavity? Did his parents spoil him, or was it the help howling in publications and conventions, and everybody saying that civilization is a failure?

I know a stout young man with excellent natural intellectual equipment who for 20 years has been a contemptible scoundrel in all his relations with his mother.

He reduced her to poverty, and she went to work, but he refused to; he lives off her work, and is mean to her. He is a disreputable loafer, yet the women say "there is nothing vicious about the boy," and rather like him. They even severely criticize his mother for "spoiling" him, although she has done nothing except love him, and coax him with tears in her eyes to behave himself.

A certain great scientist, whose special branch is mankind, said in a recent writing that he liked to study his own body; he even found toothache interesting.

I wonder what this man thinks of love. I once had a friend who, as a single man, was quite admirable. Soon after he married a woman we all thought very nice, he became so brutal as to strongly suggest insanity. Totally separated from her by divorce, and removed to a distant place, he again became a gentleman, and made a name for himself in one of the foremost professions.

I was once with a hunting party in the West, and we set a trap. One morning we found a bear in it. As we rode back to camp with the hide, the negro cook, who had come along for the ride, was speaking of the surprise of the bear when caught. Here was a tempting morsel: half an antelope, and the bear was hungry. In getting it, a hidden trap suddenly snapped. Quoting the bear, the negro said: "My Lord, what have I stepped into!"

Great outrages are apparently committed by judges. It is stated by a reputable newspaper, quoting official records, that a woman was judged insane. During the following year the court allowed bills of the guardian amounting to forty thousand dollars, mostly bills for fees of lawyers, while the insane woman was allowed only six thousand for living expenses.

And now hundreds of the woman's neighbors testify she was never insane; the woman herself swore that she was persuaded by lawyers to consent to a fraudulent insanity plea as the best means of robbing relatives in a court proceeding.

What a sickening outrage to go on in a courthouse built at the cost of taxpayers to insure justice.

I do not believe the people can ever be cured of their natural dishonesty, but still have hope they can be taught honesty is the best policy, if we will teach it as long and industriously as we have taught some of our untrue doctrines.

Some of these days you will realize that you have managed your affairs badly all your life. Why not admit your weakness as early as possible, and endeavor to do better? This is the soundest advice one fool man can give another.

BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

Two Fine Grandmothers Biting the Third Rail Wedell, a Good Flyer Fighting Language

President Roosevelt's mother had tea with Queen Mary at Buckingham palace, served in the queen's private apartments, that few American women have seen. Nobody knows what was said by the two most estimable grandmothers.

No doubt Mrs. Roosevelt told Queen Mary a great deal about "the most wonderful son in the world," Franklin Delano. Mrs. Roosevelt might have said truly to the wife of the British king and emperor, "My son has more power, and uses more power, than any ruler on earth, not excepting your fine husband, King George."

On the Far Rockaway branch of the Long Island railroad, passengers saw a small dog touch the highly charged "third rail" and rise yelping into the air. Indignant, the dog rushed back at the rail, biting it. More yelping. A third time the dog returned to the attack. Even a third shock did not kill, and he went elsewhere.

As the small dog treated the third rail so "civilized" nations treat the highly charged war danger. But, unfortunately, they don't know enough to stay away after three tries. Half the nations in Europe, and some in Asia, may be back biting that same old third rail in a short time.

The death of James Wedell, a flyer who held the world's record for flying, means a serious loss to this country. When only a boy, Wedell bought an old, broken-down plane sold as junk, repaired it, flew to army headquarters seeking a chance to fight and fly in France. Told "You can't possibly fly, because you have only one eye," he replied, "Why can't I? How do you suppose I got here?"

He was an airplane designer of real genius, a skillful builder, as well as one of the greatest pilots in the world. His land plane record was 306 miles an hour, and when he died he was working on a machine with which he hoped to win the London-to-Melbourne race next October.

Moscow newspapers accuse Japan of arousing hatred against Russia, mentioning an anti-Soviet film called "The Supreme Will," displayed in Japanese theaters. The picture shows Russian airplanes attacking Tokyo, and mentions the fact that 100,000 Japanese killed in the Russo-Japanese war "have not been sufficiently avenged." The important Russian newspaper Pravda says: "Japanese imperialism does not hesitate to use dirty methods to slander the Soviet Union." That is fighting language.

In New York, a chauffeur asked his boss to find a job for the chauffeur's brother. A job was found at \$25 a week driving a truck. The jobless brother said indignantly:

"What! Drive a truck for \$25 a week when I can get \$15 a week from the government for doing nothing? No, thank you."

That can last a long time if the government is willing to print the money. It may last not quite so long, but several years, if the government continues its present insane course of inflating with bonds, doubling its debt by payment of interest.

If nudist foolishness last long enough, and foolish nudists have money enough, Mr. Maurice Allard, who has made himself president of the "Nature's Recreative association," intends to take a hundred and sixty nudists to lovely Vanna Vanna island in the South sea. It will cost each nudist \$1,000 to go there, and, for the sake of peace, they must all be married and take their wives.

Being married and taking their wives along under nudist conditions may not mean absolute peace. That remains to be seen.

At a recent sale of old coins, somebody paid \$100 for a "brass dollar," of the time of Franklin, that dollar having stamped on it the words, "Mind your business."

If that dollar could make this country take that advice, it would be cheap at \$100,000,000. Falling to mind our business has cost the United States many tens of billions, and will cost more in the future.

In China, big country with the biggest population, things are done in a big way. In Fukien province nine young Chinese girls, from thirteen to nineteen, all suffering from unrequited love, tied themselves together, jumped into the river; all were drowned.

Under old Chinese customs some of the nine might have been thrown into the river as babies as "surplus girls."

Catholics in Germany resent the government's pretensions to rule in church as well as outside.

Chancellor Hitler is called by Germans their Fuehrer ("leader").

Bishop Nicholas Bares, addressing 75,000 German Catholics at an open-air meeting, tells them that Christ is their only Fuehrer; that they should be led only by him, not listen to "the faltering words of human beings." The papal nuncio participated in the ceremonies.

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SUCH IS LIFE—Had 'Em On!

By Charles Sughroe



Explains 10-Year Increase in Heat

Expert Blames Drouth on Pressure at Sea.

Chicago.—The increase in the mean temperature in the United States over the ten-year period from 1921 to 1930 need not cause fear the weather will continue to grow progressively warmer, it was stated by Dr. Griffith Taylor, professor of geography at the University of Chicago. Temperatures tend to follow a cycle, Doctor Taylor pointed out, and in a survey of the succeeding ten years the mean may be lower. As a generally unduly warm years bring a dryness to temperate zones, while cool years produce abundant rainfall, Doctor Taylor said. There is no correlation so definite, however, which can result in an accurate prediction of the amount of rain that will fall in a given period.

Forecasts Still Puzzie. "Meteorologists do not know themselves how to accurately make long range forecasts on heat and rain spells," Doctor Taylor declared, "and the best we can do is piece together various factors we have considered in the past and try to correlate them."

Doctor Taylor advanced a theory as to one of the causes of the prolonged drouth which has held the American midcontinent in its grip since April 1. This theory is based on a high pressure area in the Atlantic area.

This area is approximately 1,200 miles wide and 800 miles long and lies midway between the Azores and Bermuda. Its normal barometric pressure is high, about 30.3 inches. The normal barometric pressure in Chicago and the Middle West is 29.13 inches.

The high pressure area has become more vigorous recently," Doctor Taylor stated, "and this increase in barometric pressure tends to cause disturbances. These disturbances, apparently, have been to the southwest and southeast of the area while a period of stagnation has set in in most of the North American continent."

The stagnation has stopped the eddies, or cyclonic storms, which produce rainfall, Doctor Taylor said. The stagnation is best visualized by a study of barometric pressure throughout the country. When there are material differentials in barometric pressure rain results from the meeting of high and low pressure areas. During the period of the drouth, however, the differentials have been slight.

The possibility that the drouth may be reflected by unusual weather activity in other regions of the world was considered by Doctor Taylor. Just what this activity may be cannot be foretold, he said, but a relationship with the present condition in this country may be established in the future.

"It is curious the way changes in one part of the world may be repeated at a six year interval in another part," Doctor Taylor said, "but the correlation is a difficult thing.

Finds Inverse Relationship.

"One instance of an inverse relationship existing at the same time was noted by Mossman, a meteorologist, some years ago. He discovered—to a high degree of accuracy—that when the Nile floods were at their peak the water was low in the Antarctic region. The reverse also held—when the water was high around the South pole the Nile subsided."

At present the cyclonic storms, which should visit the Middle West three or four times a month, have "failed to obey their laws," Doctor Taylor stated.

Statistics made public by the Smithsonian Institution at Washington disclosed that at 14 government weather stations throughout the country the mean temperature for the period from 1921 to 1930 was from .3 of a degree to 1.3 degrees higher than the mean for all the previous years in which these stations have kept records.

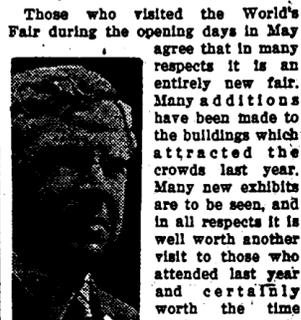
"There is nothing particularly significant about that," Doctor Taylor declared, "because these cycles of increase and decrease are normal. No striking climatic change is in sight for the world."

Use Radio Music to Make Visit to Dentist Easier

Milwaukee.—Music will deaden the noise of a dentist's drill if an innovation demonstrated by Dr. Edward Drozen, Milwaukee, is adopted. A patient may listen to any program on the air through headphones of a radio set which are clamped to the forehead. The head bones carry the vibration and block out the unpleasant sounds of the drill, Doctor Drozen said.

Chicago's New Fair

By LEONARD A. BARRETT



Those who visited the World's Fair during the opening days in May agree that in many respects it is an entirely new fair. Many additions have been made to the buildings which attracted the crowds last year. Many new exhibits are to be seen, and in all respects it is well worth another visit to those who attended last year and certainly worth the time and expense to those who did not have the privilege.

Sets a New Record



Fraulein Gottlieb, noted Austrian athlete, established a new world's standing high jump record for women when she cleared the bar at 1.32 meters. The previous mark was held by an Italian girl.

exhibits for this year. But, while this expenditure may seem exceedingly large, it must not be forgotten that the net profit last year was far beyond expectations, and this year it is safely estimated that it will bring hundreds of thousands of dollars into the currency circulation of Chicago. Any investment which brings a net return of so large an amount as that is certainly attributable to two factors, the merit of the exhibit itself, that it attracts so large a number of persons, and the financial management, which was of a very high character. We are informed that many of the Chicago hotels, which were on the verge of receiverships, were able to pay all back taxes, make necessary improvements, pay all other debts, and carry on as dividend paying corporations. This is not the only good result in a financial way derived from the fair. The railroads greatly benefited from the increased travel during the continuance of the fair last year. We should not forget the expenditures in many other directions on the part of those who visit Chicago, attracted by the fair. Circulation of money means progress.

The educational advantages of a visit to the fair are also an important factor. Nowhere can one see more for fifty cents than he can at the exhibit on the Chicago lake front. The latest improvements in modern industry can be studied in detail. Exhibits in all the departments of scientific research are open to inspection and one could spend many profitable hours at these exhibits. It is a good investment both from a financial and educational viewpoint. It will pay you immensely to take advantage of the opportunity.

© by Western Newspaper Union.

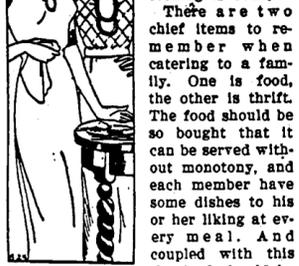
Early Americans Had Elephants. Early Americans dwelt with elephants, scientists assert.

The Household

By Lydia Le Baron Walker

Whether the family is large or small, some one has to do the catering for it. And this is true whether the food is cooked at home or whether it is provided from some nearby delicatessen shop. The family fares best and at far less cost when the food is home-prepared as well as home served. Constant recourse to the food shop simplifies getting food ready and cooked, but it also makes the table lack the pleasant variety which can be supplied when home-cooking is done.

There are two chief items to remember when catering to a family. One is food, the other is thrift. The food should be so bought that it can be served without monotony, and each member have some dishes to his or her liking at every meal. And coupled with this the food should be so wisely bought that extravagance is not incurred. This is just good management whether a family has ample means or must be penny wise.



It is not always luxuries which are responsible for extravagance in food costs. It is the wise use of luxuries and the distribution of them as occasions demand which should be considered. To have foods out of season is not as costly today as a generation ago, but still it is not actually cheap.

Catering Problems. Where there is a large family or at least one that is not small, it is easier to have variety and every one have dishes to the liking, than it is when the family consists of two or three. To cater to a fault-finding family is enough to wear the caterer down and a revolt may do good. Insist that some one else does the catering for just one week, go away for a few days, or supply the table from the food shop continuously over a period of a week or more. This will quell criticism, if, and provided, the one who is the caterer really does set a good table.

This advice is not for the woman who sets a negligible table. It is usually the case that a poor table is not a cheap one. It is poor because the one who does the catering is not interested in seeing that food is bought thriftily or served well. She probably could set a far better table on the same money if she gave the subject her real attention.

Proper Seasoning. Every woman who does any cooking craves the reputation of being a good cook. Of the thousands, yes, even the millions, of cooks that there are, comparatively few rightfully gain the desired goal. One of the main essentials is the seasoning of food. This is so generally slighted. Without the right seasoning it is impossible for food to have the delicious flavor desired. It is impossible to instill the wanted zest, piquancy, richness, and lusciousness with any one flavoring or seasoning preparation. What these preparations are intended for is to aid the cook, and many kinds of spices, acids, herbs, sweetenings, etc., are at her command. Without them

she is at a loss. She cannot rely upon any one. Variety is imperative.

The simplest seasoning must be used correctly. Do not send vegetables to the table unsalted, without pepper, and without butter, if this is needed. Meat should be given similar attention.

No main dish responds better to seasoning than fish. For a simple seasoning for broiled fish, done over coals, under flames or in the oven, dot with butter, squeeze lemon juice over it and dust with pepper and salt. Or prepare the seasoning and pour it over the fish.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Two-Piece Sports Dress



This interestingly cut two-piece crepe sports dress, ideal for the country club, has a navy and white striped skirt and white sailor-collared blouse, trimmed in the same fabric as the skirt. Matching hat and gloves.

Light Wall Color. When the sitting room is very small an effect of space will be obtained if plain paper of a light color is used on the walls.

Paintwork should match the paper, but curtains can be of a contrasting color.

They should be of plain material and tone with the carpet, which should also be as plain as possible. Do not overload the walls with pictures, but select a few of moderate size and hang them carefully. Open-air subjects create the illusion of distance, and are more effective than portraits and indoor scenes.

Color in the Room

The floor covering of a room is usually darkest, the ceiling lightest and the walls a medium shade. The floor space around the floor covering should have a soft, rich sheen and be kept free of scratches and cared for just as your furniture is cared for.

Windsor Lad Brought Them a Fortune



When Windsor Lad won the English derby there was rejoicing in the home at Irvington, N. J., of Thomas Hamill, a Holland tunnel policeman, for Mr. Hamill held an Irish sweepstakes ticket on that horse. It brought him \$151,200. Here is the lucky Thomas with Mrs. Hamill and their daughter, Patricia.

THE EASY WAY TO IRON!

KEEP COOL
SAVE TIME
SAVE WORK
SAVE MONEY

with the Coleman Self-Heating Iron

THIS Coleman Self-Heating Iron will save you more time and work than a \$100.00 washing machine! It will save your strength... help you do better ironing—easier and quicker at less cost. Instant Lighting... no heating with matches or torch... no waiting. The evenly-heated double potting base iron garments with fewer strokes. Large glass-smooth base slides easier. Ironing time is reduced one-third. Heat itself... use it anywhere. Economical, too... costs only 1/2 an hour to operate. See your hardware or housewarming dealer. If local dealer doesn't handle, write us. THE COLEMAN LAMP AND STOVE CO., Dept. 100, 1000 N. 1st St., Chicago, Ill.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Los Angeles, Calif.; Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

USED POSTAGE STAMPS WANTED—All kinds and denominations. List of every cash buyer in the world. AGCO STAMP SERVICE, Box 112, Gosben, N. Y.

Lincoln and Indian Head Females of all dates wanted. We pay up to 10¢ each. Send 10¢ for buying catalog. Chicago Nationalist Co., 111 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

AWAY
from noise and bustle...
Yet only 5 minutes from Times Square
When you come to New York of course you want to be conveniently situated—but to fully enjoy your visit—choose a quietly located hotel.
Here you will find a most convenient location, a refined residential atmosphere and a most economical scale of rates.

SHERMAN SQUARE Hotel
BROADWAY at 71st STREET
NEW YORK

OVER 300 ROOMS
\$2.50 at 2 single
AND \$3.50 DOUBLE

Hotel LINCOLN
44th to 45th Sts. at 8th Avenue
NEW YORK

Little Girl's Face Inflamed by Psoriasis
Healed by Cuticura

"My little girl's face was so inflamed that her eyes were swollen almost shut. The trouble was diagnosed as psoriasis. She scratched night and day and was not able to obtain rest. The scratching aggravated the trouble and each finger tip was red and swollen with infection. She became so emaciated that she was very pathetic looking. "After three months' suffering I recalled the Cuticura treatment used by my mother. I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment and used them according to directions. The first treatment brought relief and she is now healed." (Signed) Mrs. Marie I. Johnson, 4720 Ames Ave., Omaha, Neb., March 14, 1934.
Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold Everywhere. One sample each free. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. R, Malden, Mass."—Adv.

KILLS ANTS
Sprinkle Ant Food along window sills, doors and openings through which ants come and go. Guaranteed to rid quickly. Used in a million homes. Inexpensive. At your drug's.
PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD

Nature's Joke



If this fellow's mother could see her son she probably would stop hatching out chicks. He is called "Repeal," because he was so unexpected. The twenty-months-old Rhode Island Red rooster has horns like an old ram, a comb like a coral reef, clucks like a hen that has just laid an egg, and has no spurs. Repeal raised such an uproar in the barnyard near Los Angeles where he was hatched with his three-inch horns that he has been removed to a cage of his own.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode

STARS ARE AS DUST—THE EYE CAN SEE BUT 2,500 STARS, BUT WITH A FIELD GLASS 50,000 CAN BE SEEN, WHILE THE GREATEST TELESCOPE CAN RECORD PHOTOGRAPHICALLY OVER A BILLION.

PAINT LIFE—PAINT EXPOSED TO USUAL WEATHER CONDITIONS LASTS ABOUT FIVE YEARS.

MONKEY LEARNS FASTER—CAREFUL STUDY OF A 7½ MONTHS' OLD CHIMPANZEE AND A 10 MONTHS' OLD BABY BOY SHOWED THAT THE BABY MONKEY SURPASSED IN ABILITY TO REMEMBER AND TO GRASP NEW KNOWLEDGE.

SUMMER!

- Men's Slacks (striped) \$2.00 with popular check \$2.98
- White Shoes or Combination Colors \$3.75
- New and Very Popular Cubo - Sports \$2.25
- White Tennis Oxforde \$.98
- New Pattern, with Crepe Sole \$1.25
- Sport Belts \$.50
- White Socks \$.25
- Light Ties \$.25 and \$.50
- White and Light Brown Caps \$.25

Everything to Make This Summer the Best Ever

BUTTERFIELD'S STORE

Telephone 31-5 - Antrim, N. H.

HOTEL BELLEVUE



BEACON STREET
BOSTON

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

RESTAURANT

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

CAFETERIA

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

EUROPEAN PLAN RATES

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

Special rates for permanent occupancy

BOSTON

A More Dignified Reception

The Reporter man has never been very much in favor of issuing tickets of admission to the reception to the graduating class of the Antrim High school, although it has been done at times. Of course, it is immaterial to us in a way, but we do have an interest in the matter as everyone else who pays out good money in taxes to make the graduation and reception possible.

While attending the last reception it was very thoroughly impressed upon our mind that it would be a bit more enjoyable to all who attended if the party was a little more select; not that any who appreciate and enjoy such occasions or are entitled to attend should be excluded, but young children without parents with them or some one to properly look out for them really make too much disturbance for an affair of this kind which is presumed to have about it some semblance of dignity. We find we are not alone in our conclusions in the matter.

Without saying more at this time regarding the annoyance that many experienced on this occasion, it may be that steps will be taken to obviate any such disturbances in years to come.

Enters Race for Governor

Hon. John L. Sullivan, prominent Manchester attorney, is the latest to throw his hat in the ring, and wants to be Governor of New Hampshire; he is a Democrat in politics.

The Antrim Reporter

Published Every Wednesday Afternoon

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

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

Wednesday, July 11, 1934

Entered as 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 lines.

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

Miss Elizabeth St. John, of Keene, is stopping with Miss Mary Munhall.

Miss Ellen Huntington is spending a few weeks in the family of Herbert Curtis.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren T. Baker, of Worcester, Mass., were in town on Saturday last.

Miss Lillian St. John, of Keene, is assisting with the house-work in the Andrew Fuglestad family.

The family of Rev. R. H. Tibbals are occupying the Peterwaugh cottage, at Gregg Lake, for a season.

The regular monthly supper of the Center Congregational church will be held on Friday evening of this week, at 6 o'clock.

Clarence Elliott and family, from Connecticut, are spending a portion of the vacation season with relatives in this village.

Miss Florence L. Brown, who has employment in the home of a relative in Portland, Maine, is spending two weeks at her home in this place.

The W. R. C. will hold a Food Sale on the Presbyterian church lawn, on Friday afternoon, at 3 o'clock; if stormy, in the vestry. Adv.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Brooks and young daughter, from New Jersey, are spending vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Brooks.

A couple keys on a string have been left at the Reporter Office; owner may wish to have them by paying 25c. for this advertisement. Adv.

In Monday morning's Manchester Union was a picture of Antrim's Bugle and Drum Corps,—twenty members, including drum major and mascot.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Shoults, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Brown, and Clifford Worthley, were in Winchendon, Mass., on Sunday; they called on relatives and friends enroute.

On Saturday evening last, Mrs. Inez Olson was given a surprise party at her home, there being 24 present. Ice cream and cake were served. Everyone enjoyed a pleasant evening.

Men-Women: Over 18, under 50, good health, who can qualify to fill vacancies caused by death, retirement, expansion. No traveling. Write at once for personal interview. Box 281 this paper. Adv.

The Antrim Garden Club and guests visited on Friday last the beautiful gardens at the Flint Farm, at the gracious invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Wyman K. Flint. Although a very hot day, the gardens, a riot of color, were well worth the trip.

On the evening of June 24, about twenty neighbors and friends gathered at the home of Rodney Huntington, the occasion being a surprise party in honor of his 55th birthday. A very pleasant evening was enjoyed; ice cream and cake were served.

Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Wilkinson have been entertaining Miss Alta I. Williams, of South Manchester, Indiana, the past week. On Monday last, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice A. Poor and Mrs. Wilkinson took their guest on an auto trip through the White Mountains.

Mrs. Andrew Fuglestad is at the Margaret Pillsbury hospital, where she has had an operation.

Jacob Sessler, a former Antrim resident, was in town calling on friends for a day or two recently.

Mrs. Ana Fisher and daughter, Miss Barbara Fisher, are at their Summer home at Clinton village.

Ralph G. Winslow and family, from Albany, N. Y., are at Alabama farm for the vacation season.

Miss Lillian Armstrong, of Somerville, Mass., is spending a season with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Warren.

Mrs. Arthur Amott has been spending a week with relatives in Springfield, Mass., and Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Eleanor Perkins, of Lowell, Mass., a former Antrim resident, was in town recently calling on friends.

Mrs. Gertrude Bonner, a former resident of Antrim, has removed from Lawrence, Mass., to Derry, this state.

Fred H. Colby has spent a week recently in the Peterborough Hospital; he was injured in a fall and may have an operation.

Miss Amy Butterfield, a teacher in the Plattsburg, N. Y., schools, is spending a vacation at her home at Antrim Center.

Miss Rachel Caughey has returned to her home, after a two weeks' stay at Lost River, where she attended the nature study school.

Dr. and Mrs. Ralph G. Hurlin and daughters, from Jackson Heights, N. Y., are spending a vacation here at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Hurlin.

Many in Antrim join with Peterborough in mourning the passing of one of the latter's most prominent citizens, Herbert F. Nichols, in the 86th year of his age.

A few from Antrim attended the Byam-Bryer wedding in the Unitarian church, Peterborough, on June 30. The bride was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Bryer; Mr. Bryer was a former Antrim resident.

Rexford H. Madden has sent us a page of the Washington Times, clipped from the largest paper in the Capital city. On this page are two pictures (by E. D. Putnam). One is familiar to many of Antrim's people, "The Birches," and makes a most beautiful New Hampshire scene; the other is not so familiar to most of us, although many have seen it several times: "Echo Lake, as seen from Artists' Bluff, Franconia Notch." Antrim's photographer and lecturer is doing much in advertising New Hampshire.

Mr. and Mrs. Erwin D. Putnam Miss Putnam and Mrs. Lester Putnam have been making an automobile trip "down Cape Cod," going through to Provincetown. At this season, the Cape is beautiful, and should be seen to be appreciated. Not many realize that the Cape surrounded by water, has 586 miles of shoreline, of curving, winding, bay-indented shores; and of these miles, 306 are sandy beaches. And for those who prefer warmer, fresh water, there are 287 inland ponds and lakes. Figuring an average of one thousand bathers to every mile of salt water shoreline, 586,000 take from one to five dips daily; maybe as many more take fresh water dips.

"OUR BEAUTY SHOPPE"

Telephone 66

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

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

Weekly News of Interest From a Few Towns Surrounding Antrim

GREENFIELD

Miss Ella Hopkins of Fairhaven, Mass., is with her mother, Mrs. Mary Hopkins.

The three daughters of Harry Atwood are home from college for the summer vacation.

Miss Winifred Cheever, of West Springfield, Mass., is with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. N. F. Cheever.

Dwight Sayles and family of Belmont, Mass., have opened their country place at South Greenfield.

Forrest Lowe and family of Franklin were recent guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Lowe.

Dr. Henry Hopkins of Hartford, Conn., was home for a few days and has gone on to Wolfeboro where he will pass the summer as physician at a camp.

Mrs. John Fish, of Nashua, who for many years was a resident of this town, has been the guest of Miss Nina Russell. Mrs. Fish greatly enjoyed her visit and calls on old friends and neighbors.

A baby clinic was conducted at the town hall under the auspices of the local Woman's Club. Dr. Campbell of the Deering Community Center was the examining physician and a goodly number attended.

DEERING

Charles Fellows of Sandwich is visiting his granddaughter, Mrs. Walter Dutton.

John Winslow of Millinocket, Me., is passing the vacation with his grandfather, John Herrick.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Ellsworth have been entertaining Hilliard Goodell and family of Weymouth, Mass.

Mrs. Goldie Murray of New York, and her mother, Mrs. Webster, have arrived in East Deering for an extended stay.

Miss Helen Holmes of Hyde Park, Mass., has opened her summer home, The Ridge, for the season. With her is her sister, Miss Harriett Holmes.

The Women's Branch of the Community club will meet in the town hall Thursday afternoon, July 12, instead of at the home of Mrs. Harold Titcomb as previously announced.

Dr. D. A. Poling, after a brief stay in town, has gone to New York, from where he will sail for Europe, to remain abroad until September in the interest of the International Society of Christian Endeavor.

Ruberoid Roofing!

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

Arthur W. Proctor

Telephone 77 - Antrim, N. H.

BANK BY MAIL

HILLSBORO GUARANTY SAVINGS BANK

Incorporated 1889

HILLSBORO, NEW HAMPSHIRE

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

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

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

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent \$2.00 a Year

A DOLLAR'S WORTH

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

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

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR, Back Bay Station, Boston, Mass. Please send me a six weeks' trial subscription. I enclose one dollar (\$1).

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RUNNING RACES ROCKINGHAM

PARK... SALEM, N. H.

7 or more RACES DAILY

EXCEPT SUNDAY
JUNE 23rd TO JULY 28th
1:30 P. M.

RAIN OR SHINE
LEGALIZED PARI-MUTUELS

ADMISSION TO GROUNDS, GRAND STAND and PADDOCK... Admission to CLUBHOUSE, \$2.50

ENLARGED FREE PARKING SPACE



"The FIRESIDE PHILOSOPHER"
By ALFRED BIGGS

Truth needs no alibi.
Success cannot be measured in money.
Go against nature and it will get you.
Think straight and you'll go straight.
Common honesty is uncommon in politics.
Watch the man who talks of his honesty.
A silent fool often gets credit for wisdom.
Better to lose your shirt than your self-respect.

Adam Zapple
OPEN THE WINDOWS
By JACK ROMER



Just Like Submarines
The larvae of the caddis fly build themselves cases of fiber and pebbles, lined with silk, which serve them in the capacity of submarines. The nature of their craft, like that of the submarine, is such that they can rise and sink in the water at will.

Antrim Locals

The family of H. W. Johnson are spending a season at their cottage at Gregg Lake.

The new barber, now employed by John Mayrand, is Frank Famolari, of Arlington, Mass.

For Sale—Broilers, 2 1/2 to 3 pounds. Apply to A. L. Edwards, Phone 75, Antrim.

Readers will be interested in the adv. on first page, calling attention to Fair and Entertainment July 27.

Miss Natalie Burnham, of Hudson, is spending a season with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Burnham.

Members of Antrim Grange Dramatic Club will present the one-act play, "The Lean Years," in Hudson, on Thursday evening, July 12.

The Brooks cottage, at the south end of Gregg Lake, is being removed by sections, and re-erected at the rear of cottages on the Mesilbrooks property, at the north end of the lake.

Mrs. Waldo Fay, of Athol, Mass., Miss Hazel Fay, of Providence, R.I., and Miss Florence Home, of Leominster, Mass., were callers first of the week on their cousin, Mrs. John M. Burnham.

Antrim Locals

The ladies of the Baptist church will hold a Food Sale at their vestry, Friday, July 20, at 8 p.m. Adv.

Percy Day, representing the Salvation Army, was in town on Monday of this week, on a business trip.

Miss Loraine Dufraim, of New Boston, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Irene Sargent, on Depot street.

Mrs. Mae A. Taylor is spending a two weeks' vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James R. Ashford.

Miss Alberta Dufraim, of Hancock, is visiting her grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Brown, Depot street.

Arthur Fluri and lady friend, of Oneida, N.Y., have been visiting his mother, Mrs. Bertha Fluri, for a few days.

The wood-work on the Tuttle Library has been receiving a fresh coat of white paint, which adds to its general appearance.

Stanley Austin has taken a position as clerk in a store at Henniker, and Winslow Sawyer is clerking at the local Derby Stores, Inc.

Installation of officers of the Encampment, at Odd Fellows hall, on Monday evening, July 16. A large attendance is desired. Robert Cooper, D.D.G.P., of Contoocook, is installing officer.

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.

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.

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.

J. Walter Burnham, from Vermont, was a recent visitor here.

Farmers report good hay weather and a heavier crop than in some previous years.

Clarence Kochensperger, of Lowell, Mass., has been a recent visitor of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Newton, his relatives.

The Knight homestead is receiving a new coat of paint and other minor repairs. Frank Young puts in a busy vacation.

The Church Vacation School opened on Monday morning, to run through two weeks; sessions from 9 a.m. to 12 noon.

A number of Grangers attended the afternoon and evening sessions of the 60th anniversary of the John Hancock Grange, at Hancock. It was an enjoyable occasion throughout.

On Saturday evening of this week, at 8 o'clock E.S.T., there will be a stereopticon lecture at the Congregational church, on "Beautiful Nova Scotia," with a small admission.

Sixty 4-H Club girls from all parts of Hillsborough County enjoyed the third annual County vacation camp last week, in this town, at Tall Pines Camp, on Lake George. It was twice the attendance ever before at camp, and indicates the growing popularity of this project, which is run on actual cost basis.

The out-door "Silver Tea," sponsored by the Woman's Club, was held at the home of Mrs. Frank Seaver, on Friday afternoon of last week. About thirty members and friends were present. While some played bridge, others amused both themselves and the audience with a game of croquet. Mrs. Seaver's flower and rock gardens were objects of much admiration. Iced tea, wafers, and cookies, were served on the lawn.

Miss Arlene Edwards is at her home here for the annual vacation.

Junior Thurston and Sonny Parker are serving as caddies at the Country Club.

The Benevolent Society meets on Thursday p.m., at the church rooms, at 2 o'clock.

Mrs. Hartley, of Lowell, Mass., has been a recent guest of her cousin, Mrs. Seaver.

Ernest Childs, of New York City, a composer of many songs, a few of which were dedicated to Miss Doris Doe, has been spending some more than a week at the Doe place, on Rhythm Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Jordan, of Wakefield, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. Tallmadge and daughter, Miss Mary, and son, Howard, of New Jersey, are at the Nathan Whitney homestead. We are glad to greet them again.

THE HILLSBORO' COUNTY SERVICE COUNCIL

Held its twelfth annual meeting on Sunday, July 8, at the home of Postmaster Ralph E. Messer. Two hundred members and guests were present. The forenoon was spent in renewing old friendships, getting acquainted with new members, and talking over the different problems met in their daily work.

After lunch, which was enjoyed by all present, the following program was in order, the meeting being presided over by Chairman E. F. Trufant, who read a letter of greeting from Mrs. V. H. Stonesifer, National Secretary of the National League of District Postmasters, Washington, D. C. This was followed by all singing "America."

Music by the Orchestra: Mr. and Mrs. Darius Robinson, Milford; Preston Edwards and Miss E. G. Edwards, Wilton.

Community Singing, "Old Folks at Home."

Exhibition and Music, by Legion and Scout Drum Corps, of Antrim.

Vocal Solos, "The Old Spinning Wheel," "The Old Covered Bridge," by Mrs. F. J. Shattuck, Nashua; "Prisoner's Song," John Harrington, Bennington.

Cornet Solo, Preston Edwards.

Duet, "A Gift of Roses for You," "Love is Written Everywhere," by Mr. and Mrs. Percy Q. Morse, South Merrimack.

Music by the Orchestra.

Address by Hon. Charles W. Tobey, Congressman from the 2nd District. He spoke of his experiences in Washington and explained the different bills that were passed during the last session. He delivered a splendid address which everyone enjoyed.

Vocal Solo, "The Last Roundup," by Stephen Koche, Boston.

Vocal Solo, "The Man on the Flying Trapeze," by Miss Mabel Bailey, of Boston, assisted by Frank J. Shattuck, Nashua.

Music by the Orchestra.

Drill and Music by Drum Corps.

"The Star Spangled Banner," by Orchestra, Drum Corps, and all present.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Chairman—E. F. Trufant.
Vice Chairman—Franklin H. Stahl.
Secretary—Ralph E. Messer.
Executive Committee—E. R. Welch, Nellie L. Mason, May F. Sumner, Darius Robinson, C. E. Otis, B. H.

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Rev. William Patterson, Pastor
Thursday, July 12
Prayer and Praise service at 7.30 p.m. Topic: A Change of Diet, Amos 8: 11, 12.
Sunday, July 15
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock, with sermon by the pastor.
Bible School at 12 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal
Rev. John P. Brooks, Pastor
Sunday, July 15
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock. Sermon: Pathways to God.
Sunday School at 12 o'clock.
Union evening service in this church at 7 o'clock.

Baptist
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, July 12
Mid-week service at 7.30 p.m.
Sunday, July 15
Church school at 9.30 o'clock a.m.
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock.
Sermon by Rev. William E. Blake.

Little Stone Church on the Hill
Antrim Center
Rev. J. W. Logan, Pastor
Sunday School at 9 a.m.
Sunday morning worship at 9.45.

ANNUAL PICNIC

On July 4, the annual "Weston" picnic was held at "Stony Brook Farm." There was a large gathering of relatives and friends. After a picnic dinner, swimming was enjoyed, and in the evening fireworks.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Dana Weston, of "Stony Brook Farm;" Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss Weston and children, Harriett and George, also of "Stony Brook Farm;" Mr. and Mrs. Lewelyn Boutwell, of Concord, and friend, Miss Alma Sargent, of Milford; Mrs. Howard Weston, of East Orange, N.J.; Mrs. Ervin F. Colburn and children, Richard and Walter, of East Orange, N.J.; Miss Marie Bols, of Brooklyn, N.Y.; Junius Hanchett, Mrs. Edith Symonds, of Antrim; Mr. and Mrs. Homer Wheeler, of Hancock; Mr. and Mrs. J. Lambert Weston and son, Howard, of Hancock; Miss Cora Hanchett, of Somerville, Mass.; Mrs. Edith Danforth, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Danforth, of West Newton, Mass.; Marshall Danforth and children, Marshall, Cynthia and Jean, of Sudbury, Mass.

NOTICE!

Town Water supply is very low.

Do Not Use Sill-cock.

Do Not Use Hose from any other faucet.

Do Not Leave Water Running for gardens, etc.

Per Order,
WATER COMMISSIONERS,
Walter E. Wilson, Supt.
Bennington, N. H.

DRASTIC PRICE REDUCTIONS

UP TO \$50 BRING
CHEVROLET
to the record low price of

NEW REDUCED PRICES

STANDARD MODELS	New Reduced List Price	Amount of Reduction
Sport Roadster.....	\$465	\$25
Coach.....	495	25
Coupe.....	485	25
MASTER MODELS		
Sport Roadster.....	540	35
Coach.....	580	35
Town Sedan.....	645	30
Sedan.....	640	35
Coupe.....	560	35
Sport Coupe.....	600	35
Sedan Delivery.....	600	45
COMMERCIAL CARS		
Commercial Chassis.....	355	30
Utility Long Chassis.....	515	50
Dual Long Chassis.....	535	50
Utility Chassis and Cab.....	575	50
Dual Chassis and Cab.....	595	50
Utility Long Chassis and Cab.....	605	50
Dual Long Chassis and Cab.....	625	50
Commercial Panel.....	575	35
Special Commercial Panel.....	595	35
Utility Panel.....	750	50
Dual Cab and Stake Body.....	680	50
Dual Long Cab and Stake Body.....	740	50

Above are list prices of passenger cars at Flint, Mich. With bumpers, spare tire and tire lock, the list price of Standard Models is \$18 additional; Master Models, \$20 additional. List prices of commercial cars quoted are f.o.b. Flint, Mich. Special equipment extra. Prices subject to change without notice. Compare Chevrolet's low delivered prices and easy G.M.A.C. terms. A General Motors Value.

\$465

AND UP, F. O. B. FLINT, MICHIGAN

Reductions amounting to as much as \$50—the most substantial price cuts announced in the low-price field this year—have dropped Chevrolet's base price to a new low figure of \$465. Just compare this price—compare any Chevrolet price—with those of other cars. Then compare what you get for what you pay! There'll be no question in your mind which car to buy.

Chevrolet offers patented Knee-Action—and others do not! The same thing applies to Fisher body, cable-controlled brakes, Y-K frame, shock-proof steering, and 80-horsepower, valve-in-head six-cylinder engine. Yet the price of the Chevrolet Standard is lower than that of any other six or any eight in the world.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

BENNINGTON GARAGE
J. Herbert Lindsay BENNINGTON, N. H.

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 Serge, his wife, Lila, 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. Blake returns to New York, declaring he will give Sonya six more months and then demand she keep her promise to marry him.

CHAPTER III

A Man Leaves and Another Speaks.

The little town, close on the border of the Reservation, was typical of all desert towns, lonely and bleak and washed continually with wind and sand. It held a store or two, a blacksmith shop, a tiny station on the railroad line, and the customary tanks of water. Sonya parked the car in front of the general store, and taking her handbag from the seat beside her, climbed out and entered. The store boasted two clerks besides the owner. This owner was a bland fat man by the name of Parks, a man whom Sonya disliked instinctively, but who never allowed anyone except himself to wait on her. He came forward now, the creases of his heavy face set deep with smiles.

"Why, Miss Savarin!" he said unctuously, "what can we do for you? Like some nice fresh fruit? Got in some right good oranges and grapefruit this week."

Sonya spent some time in the store, buying a fair supply of the oranges, thinking of Little Moon, and of more staple things for Lila.

As she walked briskly about, selecting this and that, there was the stir of arrival at the high board porch outside. Three men were coming in, and Sonya looked up from her task casually, as one does in such circumstances. Instantly she felt the annoying prickle of her skin, the odd anger that had seared her before, for one of the newcomers was the tall bronze man of Lone Mesa. The two with him were dark and rough, men of secret eyes and narrow lips, in appearance the worst of the Border types which Sonya knew, and she prided herself she had seen them all in this man's country. Bad hombra, she told herself, after that first swift glance, fit companions to that drunken libertine who had dragged her from her horse on the top of Lone Mesa.

At that memory her face burned with hot anger and she set her lovely full-lipped mouth into a stern line, shook her shoulders exactly as if she flung off some actual repellent touch. She strode forward, head up, eyes straight, and had to pass within five feet of the three men who had entered. As she did so she was conscious of the eyes, under the tilted hat-brim, on her face. It was as if a strong magnetic current pulled at her in passing, as if some inarticulate power focussed all its strength upon her that she might look aside. So strong and compelling was this that to save her life she could not help the flicker of her eyelids, the almost unbearable desire to turn and look. But she did not turn. Angry to her boot heels, both with her outraged memory and with herself, she walked to the door and out. So stirred was she within herself that she sat slumped in her seat, her hands thrust in her sweater pockets, and did not turn even when she heard Parks, or who she thought was Parks, come out across the porch with her box of supplies.

"Put them in back," she said, nodding over her shoulder, "and thanks." As she reached for the gearshift she stopped in the act, arrested by a voice that was not Parks'.

"Miss Savarin," it said, "can I speak to you a minute?" Sonya straightened up and looked at the owner of the voice. Straight in the eyes she looked him, her mouth shut hard again.

And at that straight look she saw again the wild blue eyes under the level bronze brows that had stared down in her face as she hung to the dead root of the pinon stump on the windswept face of Lone Mesa.

But they were vastly changed. The black pupils that had spread so wildly over the blue of the iris that day were normal now, the expression anxious.

"Well," she said thinly, "Why should you talk to me?"

"Why—why, just because it seems I must. I want to—tell you—to ask you if—Can you believe me when I tell you that I've never had a minute's peace since that day on the Mesa? I've never forgotten your face—or your hands—or the wind blowing

your hair up around your head when you hung—there. I'm a bad lot, Miss Savarin, and not fit to speak to you or look at you, but no matter what I am I've got to tell you this—that there's enough white man in me to make me live in hell because of what I did—or tried to do—to you. I'm on my knees to you. Not asking your forgiveness—that couldn't be—but just down in the dirt and wanting you to know it. That's all. Thanks for listening."

He took off his hat and turned sharply on his heel, and as Sonya threw in the clutch and roared away she was conscious of the two dark strangers and Parks in the shadow of the doorway intently watching them both.

So. He was in hell, was he? In the dirt, was he? Well, that was where he deserved to be, rotter that he was! A tall man. Lean and built with unusual grace. Narrow hiped, broad shouldered, straight in the back. He wore a blue flannel shirt with pearl buttons and a dark hat, and there were belted spurs on his stitched boots. Cowboy stuff, yet she did not know of any cattle ranch in this wide sheep country where he might work. Where did he come from? What was he doing in this part of the country? Why had he come round the curve of Two Fingers' hogan that day—on foot? She'd ask Two Fingers about that matter.

Yes, she would do so. She had a certain right to know who this man was and what he did in this land, since he had all but been her death.

"Well," said Serge at supper, "it seems lonely without Rod. Good old scout. You're a lucky girl, Sonya."

"Am I?" said Sonya. "Sometimes I wonder."

"What? About Rod Blake? No finer man in this world! He's still young, and one of the best lawyers in New York; rich, partly by his own efforts, partly by family inheritance, of good blood and impeccable principles. I'm surprised at you."

"Yes. Well, maybe," said the girl. Lila looked at her across the table for a long moment with a strange expression in her eyes but said nothing.



"No Can Say," He Said. "Come Here for Other Horse."

Later, as the two women washed the dishes and set the house to rights for the night, she look at her again. "Sonya darling," she said calmly, "Rod Blake is not the man. I don't believe you love Rod, honestly, deep down, as a woman should love the man she marries. I haven't thought so for a long time, for nearly all of this last visit of his."

A flame of loyalty flared up in Sonya.

"Piffle!" she said hotly. "Of course I love him, the old dear. Go on, put Baba to bed, and don't worry that yellow head of yours. By this time next year I'll be Mrs. Rodney Blake, riding around New York in a limousine—and you'll be darned lonesome out here without me."

"And how!" said Lila inelegantly but fervently. "I don't want to think about it."

"Then don't. There's a long time and a lot of things between."

How long and how many, measured by their importance, Sonya herself could not foresee.

The next day she rode over to Chee wash again and found Little Moon so much better that she was sitting up. Also she found one of her enemies. This was Yellow Buck, a medicine man, who regarded her service to his people as a direct inroad on his territory and hated her accordingly. She was trying to replace his sings and devil-chasing with the medicine in her saddlebags. She was all bad.

"Two Fingers," said Sonya when she was ready to leave that day, "who was the man who came here on foot the day my man came after me? Tall man with sun hair, sky eyes?"

Two Fingers shook his head. "No can say," he said. "Come here for other horse. His horse go bad lame. I give him horse, go get his next day. In corral now. Good horse. No see so good horse, ever. Come see."

Sonya swung up on Darkness and followed him around the hogan and up a little rise to where several brush-and-stick corrals stood among some low trees. There, in one of them, stood such a horse as she had not seen ever, either. Taller than Darkness, who was a fine specimen of native animal which the Indians called American horse, bright as new gold and of its color, though paler, this horse was built with a grace and beauty that transcended description.

"My heavens!" said Sonya wonderingly. "My heavens! You're right, Two Fingers. No see so good horse, ever. And this is not the one—"

She had almost said, "he rode on Lone Mesa," but checked herself. "Well," she said instead, "I must get going. Long ride home. You take good care of Little Moon. I'll come back in three days."

So she jogged away down Chee wash, her hat down over her eyes, smiling a little just in the joy of living and the beauty of the desert.

There was no one sick about, now that Little Moon was getting well, and she would do some of the things she had wanted to do for herself for a long time. For one, she would go over and spend a couple of days with her friend Myra Little, on the Black Sheep ranch. She hadn't seen her for three months, and she was very fond of her.

Lila agreed heartily with Sonya's plan to visit Myra Little, and two days later the girl departed on Darkness.

She started early to avoid as much of the day's heat as possible, and made the long hard ride in good time, trotting into Myra's door yard just as she was putting dinner on the table.

Myra, a tall gaunt woman, desert bitten of face and form but dawn fair inside her soul, was at her stirrup before she could dismount.

"My soul alive!" she cried catching the girl's hand, "now just isn't this a treat! Ah, Sonya, how glad I am to see you!"

She put her arm around the girl's waist and the two women entered the wide low ranch house where the savory smell of baked mutton and potatoes scented the warm air.

Sonya smiled around at the cool, deep room, so plain, so comfortable, where this courageous and intrepid Myra lived her hard working life, laid her saddlebags on the couch, ran her comb through her short hair, and was ready. She went out through the big room and washed at the bench on the back porch, drying on the clean roller towel Myra was hastily hanging up.

The meal steaming on the table was plain but good: hot bread, the mutton and potatoes, onions sliced in vinegar, and a can of fruit opened in her honor. There were Indians here, a woman with a shy child of four, a half-grown girl, two men. These ate at a long table on the pleasant porch, while the two, white women sat at Myra's own small table in one end of the living room. Myra owned and ran the Black Sheep ranch.

"Oh, Sonya," said Myra happily, "I just can't tell you how good it is to see you! It's been a long time since we had a talk, an 'I'm just going' to lay off the whole afternoon for the matter. Come on, Sonya, let's go an' rest."

Sonya followed her into the darkened room beyond, which served as the best room of the house. On its walls were astonishing paintings of the desert land in oils: rich, true, glowing canvases that would have drawn their crowds in any gallery of the world. These were Myra Little's romance, her satisfying draught of beauty, her outlet for that inner fineness which found so little chance in the stark service of the sheep.

Always they struck Sonya anew with their austere magnitude, and always as now she stood before them marveling.

"It's a shame, Myra," she said now, shaking her head, "that these pictures can't be hung in New York. Maybe some day when I'm there I'll see about the matter."

"You goin' there, Sonya? Takin' a trip?" asked Myra quickly.

"No," said Sonya, "and yea. No trip. Going to stay, I guess."

"What?" The word came quick and sharp. Sonya moved uneasily, nodded.

"I think so," she said, turning to look at Myra gravely. "When a woman is engaged to marry a man, she goes where he lives, doesn't she?"

"Why, I didn't know—"

"No. It isn't public property, but I am. Rodney Blake, an old college friend of Serge's. Fine man."

Myra stood silent, searching Sonya's face with her clear gray eyes.

"Why, Sonya," she said presently, "how will we all ever do without you? An' yet that's only selfishness. It will be fine for you. You've lived so fast and deeply in this desert that it's only right you go back where you belong, get the rest an' life that's comin' to you. You deserve it."

"Well—maybe. But now let's sit down and visit. We haven't had a real talk-fest for months and months."

Sonya heard that the Brights still farther over east had a pair of twins, and that Sam Savina, notorious Border thief, had been found just across the Rio Grande crucified, a grim Mexican warning to his kind.

Also that the Servant of the Lord was coming in to the Black Sheep that very night on one of his constant journeys. The two bits of news seemed to suggest each other; the crucifixion and the gentle, half-mad old man who rode the desert country year in, year out, in the effort to save souls. Sonya had seen him a time or two before.

In her turn she told Myra of the sickness of Little Moon, of Mr. Satter and the children he had gathered in from Blue Sand wash, and finally of the man of Lone Mesa and what had happened that day on the windswept top of the tableland.

"My heavens!" said Myra breathlessly as she visioned the girl hanging on the face of the precipice, "why did you take that jump?"

Sonya flushed.

"Why? Do you think I'd care to live after—after being the plaything of a drunken renegade? I?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Fall of Silesia
The Germans took Silesia from Poland over 800 years ago.

Lace Triumphs Anew in the Mode

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



serviceable laces in their week-end wardrobes. The two blouses illustrated are typical of the practical turn lace is taking this summer. Each is designed to be worn with almost any type of suit, either tailored or afternoon, for the lace itself lends softness and charm and distinction, while the styling is simple and tailored.

HERETOFORE lace has generally been regarded as a thing of esthetic mein—a medium of luxury as it were, limited to evening gowns and dressup blouses and frilly turbelows and such. Which is all well enough, for when it comes to feminine fascination lace never falleth.

In this day of enlightenment and independent thinking, however, we are not allowing ourselves to be hampered by tradition or custom and so the fashion world has come out boldly this year with the message that lace can be every whit as practical and utilitarian as it can be glamorous and pictorially lovely. Now that the practicability of lace has been recognized beyond question, style creators of high degree as well as those of lesser prestige are using it without reserve for many of their smartest tailored and sports suits and dresses and blouses.

There is such a variety, too, of laces nowadays which adds greatly to the sphere of usefulness. Many of the newer types have a fabric-like quality which makes them versatile for all sorts of apparel.

The big thrill about the new cotton and linen thread laces is that they perfectly beautiful as they are, they qualify 100 per cent to the good when it comes to being practical and wearable, in that they launder wonderfully, not even requiring the painstaking ironing and pressing which is imperative with the majority of washable materials. Wherefore it is easy to see why so many women are including blouses and dresses made of

One of the new "string-type" laces made in an interesting weave of heavy and fine cotton thread fashions the blouse with the ruffle-edge revers.

The other blouse is made of a more conventional lighter weight lace. Its mellow creamy color is extremely flattering. The effective simplicity of these blouses is exactly what women of discriminating taste covet for summer wear. Blouses like these are the easiest kind of garments to make, even for a non-expert. As to their coolness for hot-weather wear, that is one of their most delightful features.

Miss 1934 will wear lace in pastel shades quite informally throughout the summer evening dine-and-dance hours. It is not enough that one have a frock of lovely lace but to satisfy fashion's demands there must be a jacket to match. The ensemble in the picture is typical of the newest trend in lace two-pieces. It is of a heavy cotton lace in pale pink. Paris has decreed trains for evening dresses and this one is no exception. Even though it boasts a slight train the gown is really quite informal, the more so in that it has tiny sleeves and is cut high in front—a low-cut back, however, for such is the way of the mode this season. The jacket is styled with utmost simplicity as are all those which are matched to the lace frocks they top. And so on and so on it goes, wherever smart youth gathers this summer, on country club porches, on cool hotel roofs, on moonlit decks—the first favorite will be lace.

© by Western Newspaper Union.

TAILORED THINGS NO LONGER DULL

Tailored things used to be dull. Dull in both color and material, but all that has changed now.

Consider Philippe et Gaston's tailored three-piece ensemble. The jacket and skirt are in black "Anophane"—which is a combination of angora and cellophane. The angora naturally gives it that softness, which we are not so accustomed to associate with a strictly tailored suit, and the cellophane produces a glint that has a hint of sequins in it.

The waistcoat, which completes the outfit, is of white albene pique, and there are cuffs of the same and a perky bow tie at the throat of the waistcoat.

Soft Ribbons and Flowers Take Away Severe Lines

In presenting summer hats the mushroom brim is important, but the sailor and brim lifted at back also find favor.

There is a marked tendency toward "pretty" colors in the trimming, as, for example, a white sailor with a cluster of flowers and an ombred taffeta ribbon in pale blue; a mushroom of brown brilliantine straw adds a pink rose over and under the brim supplemented by a twist of pink velvet ribbon around the crown.

Sheer effects are cleverly handled and very much worn.

Printed Linen in Plaids Interesting New Motif

Linen evening dresses will be seen again in printed varieties this summer. The pattern interest is varied and lively stripes and plaids again of major importance. In high style there is the linen gauze with content of silk that is available in less bold designs than earlier when Algerian stripes and plaids were the thing. Embroidery further diversifies the pattern interest.

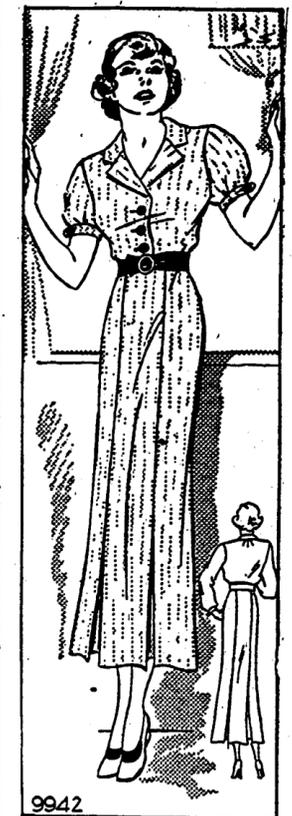
HATS FOR TOTS

Mothers and big sisters need not feel that they are the only fortunates to wear those clever hats which are crocheted from crepe paper. Comes now the younger generation's turn. We have picked for illustration the two most fetching small-girl types that could be found. At the top in the picture see Amy's poke bonnet (inspired by "Little Women") for her dressy-up chapeau and below the merry-go-round beret for wear at play. Think of it, each will cost only fifteen cents, or the price of a fold of crepe paper. The crocheting is so easy, both hats can be made in no time—a few odd moments spent calling upon your neighbor.



SHIRTWAIST DRESS HAS SMARTNESS AND HIGH VERSATILITY

PATTERN 9942



9942

"My life really isn't complete without a shirtwaist dress!" says the gay girl who goes places and does interesting things. And that's really true of almost everybody. This type of frock is smartly appropriate for sports, office and street wear. It's comfortable, with its box plaits in the front and back of the skirt, and its short-sleeved well tailored blouse. Smart in pin striped or checked cottons, silks and linens, or in a plain fabric. Long sleeves are included.

Pattern 9942 may be ordered only in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards 39-inch fabric.

Complete, diagrammed sew chart included.

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

HER OWN SECRET

"Maud had so many eligible suitors that she agreed to marry the one who guessed nearest to her age." "And did she?" "I don't know. All I know is that she married the one who guessed the lowest."—Boston Transcript.

Weather "Sharp"

Judge (in traffic court)—I'll let you off with a fine this time, but another day I'll send you to jail. Driver—Sort of a weather forecast, eh judge. Judge—What do you mean? Driver—Fine today, cooler tomorrow.

Work for Both

Son (home for vacation)—Well, dad, I brought some books on farming for you to read into. Dad—Yes, and I've bought another 80 acres for you to dig into.

March of Time

"Are Jim and Jean as thick as ever?" "Certainly. If anything, they're duller."

QUALITY GUM

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM MINT FLAVOR 5¢ AND WORTH IT!

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
by William Bruckart

Washington — Armed with more power than any President of the United States, or the head of any democratic government, ever has had, President Roosevelt has started what he hopes will be the final drive for economic recovery. He has all of the weapons in his own hands. There can be no mistake that he is prepared to use them.

When the second session of the Seventy-third congress adjourned, the work it had done together with the enactments of the first session, completed the transfer to the Chief Executive of more authority than any congress ever before had delegated to the head of the government. In fact, a survey of the acts seems to indicate that congress delegated to Mr. Roosevelt at least 50 per cent of the power ordinarily reserved to the legislative branch alone. Some of the grants were of a temporary character, of course, but nevertheless the President has them and they cannot be taken away until after the first of January, 1935, irrespective of their nature, unless exigencies should arise under which Mr. Roosevelt will call the congress back for an extraordinary session. Those exigencies do not now appear on the horizon.

The above paragraphs are a necessary prelude to the further statement that for the coming six months, at least, the country will have a distinctive one-man control. Ordinarily, we are prone to consider this government of ours in a little different manner because, in a period when congress is in session, the restrictions which its enactments embody serve to circumscribe the powers of the executive branch of the government. In the forthcoming six months, however, the executive branch may operate with all of the freedom discretionary authority carries in the New Deal legislation.

Because of the great speed which characterized passage of the New Deal legislation for which the President asked, its full meaning was overlooked temporarily in many cases. Now that congress has gone, however, appraisals are possible in the light of the relationship existing between various items of the New Deal, and this has occasioned more than the usual amount of discussion in Washington.

One line of discussion frequently heard is that Mr. Roosevelt has placed himself in a spot where he can claim full personal credit for the success of his program. By the same token, and since success is not yet assured, he is on the spot where he must accept full responsibility for failure of any part of the program to accomplish the job which he has outlined. From what I hear around Washington, there seems no disposition anywhere to take away any of the credit. The politicians on the President's side dare not seek any of the credit, for their records show them to have been wholly subservient to his will. Anti-administration politicians are continuing to play dead, for their strategy is apparently one of allowing the calf all of the rope. If failure attends any units of the program, they will make great capital of it. If success is complete, they can do nothing about it anyway, thus they are in a blind alley for the time being.

This position, I am told, does not mean that the Republicans and other anti-administration groups will not fight back. I have explained in earlier letters that they are going to foment trouble by attacks on various of the policies to show vulnerable points.

As I said at the outset, the story of the Seventy-third congress is the story of the broadest loan of power ever given. It must be described as a loan of power, because congress can take it back at any time by mustering sufficient votes for repeal of the laws it enacted. But it must be remembered that, under the so-called Norris amendment to the federal Constitution, the recently adjourned session of congress was the last session. In other words, when adjournment was voted, it was an adjournment sine die. It was finished. It cannot be reconvened without a call by the President and that, as I reported above, is hardly within the realm of possibilities. All of which is by way of saying that Mr. Roosevelt will have the use of these loaned powers completely and unequivocally certainly until next January.

It might be added that he will have most of them for much longer because, although congress can exercise its right to take them back, recovery of the grants of power is not as easy as it may seem. For example, normally, repeal of a law is accomplished by a majority vote in congress. But one must stop to consider here that Mr. Roosevelt may not want to give up the authority vested in him. He has the power to veto an act of congress. Then, to get those powers back congress must override the veto. To override a veto it is necessary under the terms of the Constitution that two-thirds of each house shall have voted in the affirmative.

I am making no assertion that any such attitude will be taken by the President. None can make it for none knows what the President's attitude

will be when the time comes for a decision on the point. It is worthy of thought, in my opinion, however, that here is a condition where the system of checks and balances between the legislative, judicial and executive branches of the government have placed a powerful whip in the hands of the Executive. Students of the Constitution tell me that it is a very unusual condition. Frankly, as I see the situation at this time, it will take an overturning of public sentiment equal in magnitude to the landslide by which Mr. Roosevelt was elected to force a return of that power to congress were the President desirous of retaining it.

When Mr. Roosevelt came into office March 4, 1933, the congress, according to the Constitution, held the power to levy and collect taxes, to borrow money, to regulate foreign and domestic commerce, to coin money and regulate its value and to govern its relation to foreign coin, to combat counterfeiting, to set up inferior courts, to declare war and grant letters of marque and reprisal, to raise and support the army and the navy and control calls for the militia, to define and punish piracy, guard the copyright of creative work, and to make all necessary laws for carrying out these various powers.

What has congress retained of these vast powers, given it by the Constitution because it represents the people? There is a divergence of opinion. Surely, however, there has been delegated to the President some of the most important of those powers, and some authorities like Senator Borah of Idaho, and some of the Democratic conservatives claimed the delegation has been illegal. Whether that contention is true, of course, is a matter for the courts.

To examine just a few of the things done by congress will illustrate the extent to which it went in granting authority to the President. Take the laws creating the Agricultural Adjustment administration and it will be seen that the authority to levy and collect taxes was granted and at the same time a big handful of control over interstate and foreign commerce was given to the Executive. Production control under the so-called Bankhead cotton control law is just that. An important control over interstate and foreign commerce was given the President also under the national recovery act. General Johnson, administrator, exercises that authority, of course, but he does so under executive direction.

While the power is circumscribed to an extent, congress gave the President authority to change the value of the dollar. He cannot vary it greater than between fifty and sixty cents, as we used to measure cents, but the power to coin money and regulate its value rests with Mr. Roosevelt to that extent. The implications go much further. The treasury has an immense fund of gold which it can use in maintaining the relationship between our dollar and foreign coins.

Under the present set-up, congress gave away temporarily the right to make laws, or a part

U. S. in Many of that authority. In nearly all of the acts of the New Deal congress, much discretionary power to draft regulations and rules for administration of the new laws was accorded the Executive. Anti-administration leaders contend that in using this discretionary power, the executive branch has put government into countless businesses. Through the Reconstruction Finance corporation, for example, the government owns or has influence in through the medium of loans such businesses as banking, dairying, cotton and wheat and other grain stocks, in the mortgage field, railroading and in the various fields of commerce and industry such as those touched by the Tennessee Valley experiment.

In the charity field, the government has gone a long way. It is providing work in numerous ways. Various experiments are being worked out with these funds, voted by congress for distribution under the President's direction. Some of the money is being used, for example, for the building of whole towns in conjunction with a government-owned manufacturing plant.

Through NRA, it is to be mentioned also, the anti-trust laws were virtually, if not wholly, suspended. The recovery act made the anti-trust laws inapplicable where corporations signed the codes and complied with the blue eagle requirements. Under that same set of laws, too, the government virtually became a partner in all businesses, since it exercises authority over their manufacturing practices and policies as well as their methods of production and distribution.

Finally, it ought to be mentioned that no longer can an individual sign a contract by which he will agree to make payment in gold. All such contracts entered into heretofore, if they are still in effect, mean nothing because they cannot be enforced as to payment in gold. The treasury has become the owner of all monetary gold within the confines of the United States.

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"Seven" Long Regarded as the Mystic Number

The figure seven seems to stand out prominently among its monosyllabic companions. Is it because it is the only numeral that has two syllables? Whatever the explanation, it is certain that seven is regarded as a mystic number, and has always had a peculiar attraction for us.

In the first place we have the "Seven Wonders of the World":

- The Egyptian Pyramids.
- The Mausoleum erected by Artemisia at Halicarnassus.
- The Temple of Artemis at Ephesus.
- The Walls and Hanging Gardens at Babylon.
- The Colossus of Rhodes.
- The Statue of Zeus, by Phidias, in the great temple of Olympia.
- And the Pharos, or Lighthouse, at Alexandria.

Secondly, the Seven Wonders of the Middle Ages:

- The Coliseum at Rome.
- The Great Wall of China.
- The Catacombs of Alexandria.
- The Ruins of Stonehenge.
- The Porcelain Tower of Nanking.
- The Mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople.

The seven wonders of the New world are: Yellowstone Park, The Garden of the Gods, Niagara Falls, Natural Bridge, Yosemite Valley, Mammoth Cave, and Giant Trees.

The seven virtues are: Faith, Hope, Charity, Prudence, Temperance, Justice, and Fortitude; the seven deadly sins, Pride, Envy, Anger, Greed, Sloth, Gluttony and Covetousness; the seven champions of Christendom, St. George (England), St. Andrew (Scotland), St. David (Wales), St. Patrick (Ireland), St. Denis (France), St. James (Spain), and St. Anthony (Italy); while the seven Sages of Greece (the

Seven Wise Men) were Solon of Athens, Thales of Miletus, Periander of Corinth, Pittacus of Mitylene, Cleobulus of Lidyas, Bias of Priene, and Chilon of Sparta.

The Seven Hills of Rome are the Palatine, Capitoline, Quirinal, Aventine, Caelian, Esquiline, and Viminal. The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus were said to be Seven Christian youths who fell asleep in a cave and did not awake till two or three hundred years later. The Seven Seas are North and South Atlantic, North and South Pacific, the Arctic, the Antarctic, and the Indian ocean; and the Seven Stars (or planets), the Sun, the Moon, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Saturn and Jupiter.

There are also the Seven Ages, Seven Liberal Arts, the Seven Psalms and the Seven Great Hymns. —Montreal Family Herald.

Nothing Much
He—It doesn't take much to turn a woman's head.
She—You're right. That one just turned and looked at you.—Stray Stories.

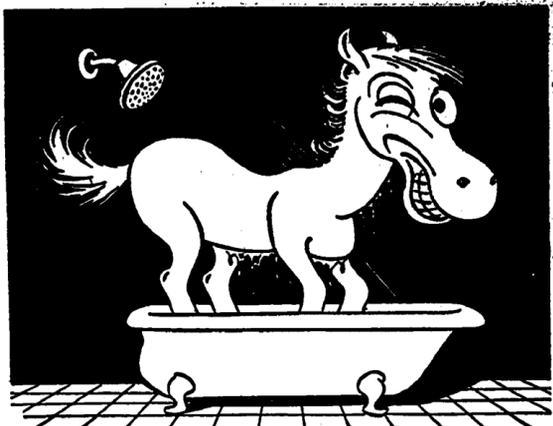
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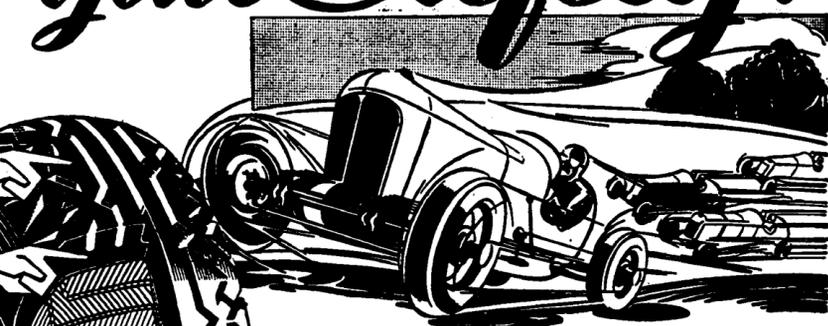
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- * For three consecutive years have been on the 121 buses of the Washington, D. C. Railway and Electric Company covering 11,357,818 bus miles without one minute's delay due to tire trouble. THIS MEANS DEPENDABILITY AND ECONOMY
- * Were on the Neiman Motors' Ford V-8 Truck that made a new coast-to-coast record of 67 hours 45 minutes, 30 seconds actual running time. THIS MEANS ENDURANCE

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SELECTMEN'S NOTICE
The Selectmen will meet at their Rooms, in Town Hall block, on Tuesday evening of each week, to transact town business.
Meetings 7 to 8
HUGH M. GRAHAM,
JAMES I. PATTERSON,
ALFRED G. HOLT,
Selectmen of Antrim.

SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE
The School Board meets regularly in Town Clerk's Room, in Town Hall block, on the Last Friday Evening in each month, at 7.30 o'clock, to transact School District business and to hear all parties.
ARTHUR J. KELLEY,
ROSCOE M. LANE,
MYRTIE K. BROOKS,
Antrim School Board

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

Weekly Letter by George Proctor, Deputy Fish and Game Warden

The American Forestry Assn. of Washington, D. C., has issued an S. O. S. to the American people to save the American Elm. The invader is the Dutch Elm disease and it is fatal to our big trees. The cry has been started on the coast of Maine and goes down as far south as Maryland. The May issue of "American Forests" tells the sad story. It is up to us if we want to save the beautiful elms.

We have at hand a letter from W. A. Reed of West Orange, N. J., for fifty years a merchant on the "Square" at Nashua, known as Reed's Market. He sends a picture of a Pointer mother with an even dozen puppies. She is a champion and a native of Tennessee.

Jim Austin of East Jaffery, the English Bull dog man, tells me he has a litter of English bull puppies that are three weeks old. Later he will make 'em travel some in the show ring.

Had a letter from a man the other day and he nearly had me going places. He wrote and said that he saw in The Antrim Reporter where two men had caught 135 trout in one day! Later he said that the paper was dated 1884, so why should I worry!

Why do the swallows always arrive on the ninth of May? A man in Hillsborough keeps a record of the arrivals from year to year and they always come the 9th; why?

They had a mystery in Hillsborough last week. Something was getting into the hen house and going out via the glass route. One morning they found it was a small owl.

According to the Antrim Reporter fifty years ago, the Selectmen paid a bounty on 341 woodchucks at Lebanon. At Henniker a man had a 14 months old calf that weighed 1070 pounds. Another Henniker man had a hen that lost a brood of chickens and so she adopted a small pig.

The bass season started off Sunday and quite a few nice ones were caught by the "boys." Burton pond in the town of Lyndeboro is coming across wonderfully as a bass pond. About six years ago the writer planted in that body of water 800 adult and 5000 fry. Since then every other year the Dept. and the Federal government have stocked it well. The state Department has stocked it every year with 50,000 two-inch pout and this pond is showing up well. Otter Lake at Greenfield, also Sunset lake have had the same stocking every year. We have other nice bass ponds in this part of the state.

Well, by the time you read this, the glorious Fourth will have come and gone again. We heard a man say the other day that he dreaded the Fourth. He has been connected with the Government secret service department for years. He said that with all the explosions on that day a man could be bumped off without anyone knowing what it was all about.

Here is a man who wants to know why he receives a note from the Game Warden to tie up his dog when his dog is part collie and is not a self hunting dog. A few years ago the Supreme court made a ruling that any dog, no matter what breed, could be termed a self hunter if he hunted alone or in company with other dogs.

It was feedtime the other afternoon at "Goatland," at the Robbins farm at Rindge. It's quite a routine that has to be gone through with to feed the 16 small "kids." Mrs. Robbins is chief chef and it's a sight worth seeing to see them at meal time. The adult flock consists of about a dozen, some giving three quarts a day.

Did you know that you cannot catch fish with a net or with your hands when the water is lowered to clean out a pond? Trout and salmon can be taken with a net when in the act of fishing, but you can't scoop 'em up in shallow water.

People living outside of the fire plugs are now being assured fire protection by the digging of water holes. These holes are now full of water and can be very useful in case of fire. Nearly every town in this section has a motor driven engine and in a very few minutes can have from one to four streams on a building. These fire protection water holes must make the cut of town property owner feel more secure.

We notice as we drive around over the different roads that most of the towns are strong on road signs and the proper wording. This is a great adv. to any town: Proper Sign Posts.

Someone has taken great delight in breaking off the signs put up by the State to tell the different routes. Over route 13 from Milford to New Boston nearly every sign is split in two, you you don't know whether it is route One, Three or 13. There is quite a heavy fine for the breaking of such signs.

The big float is now resting again on the waters of Sunset lake at Greenfield. This is through the kindness of Mrs. Winslow of Hob and Nob farm of Franconstown. It is free to all and the Greenfield people sure appreciate it.

The pout fishermen have sure been up against it the past week. Nearly every night a big electric shower has come up to give them a good wetting. One night last week a party from Gardner, Mass., were fishing in Otter lake at Greenfield. The storm broke very quickly and before they got to shore they were completely soaked, the boat half full of water and one fellow lost most of his clothing. The wind and water got them unawares. In less than a minute it was transferred from a mill pond to good bad waves. This is not the only lake that is affected that way by the wind.

Just a word of warning. We hope the fellow or fellows that are doing this trick will see this little item. Someone at Otter Lake is taking along a chain cutter and using a boat without the owner's consent. O, ooy, if we or the owner catches you!

Never have we seen such interest in trout fishing as this year. Usually along July 1st we never see anyone on the trout brooks. They all go to the ponds and lakes, but this year the boys have had such wonderful success that they are still at it. And the best part of it is they are still catching 'em.

Had a long letter from a man the other day asking why the State did not raise rabbits for stocking. Why, I can raise them by the thousands at little or no cost. What this man has in mind no doubt is Belgian hares which are not hares, but rabbits. I defy any man to raise the Cottontail or the Snowshoe hare by the hundreds even. A Snowshoe hare is not a rabbit. They breed usually twice a year and have from two to five in a litter. The young come with eyes open and ready to run when born. Rabbits are born blind and naked and they breed every month in the year and from 5 to 13 to a litter. Guess our friend does not know the difference between hares and rabbits. Hares cannot be bred in small pens; they must have range. I know something about this business as I raised the first that were ever raised in this state, at the Game Farm at New Hampton a few years ago. They can be raised, but not in wholesale lots like my friend was trying to tell about.

In the past two weeks I have had many letters asking about damming up a brook to raise trout. The more dams we have the better we like it as it means more fish and better conserving of the water supply. Every dam means better fire protection to the nearby buildings.

Long letter from a lady that is having trouble with her neighbor's dogs. Big dog has big feet and then he likes to bury his bone in the nice soft dirt of the flower beds. This is out of my line. See the Police Chief or the Selectmen of your town on this matter.

Added another nephew to my family the past week. Took two hours out to attend the affair at Bolton, Mass. A very colorful affair. Nice boy and everyone happy!

This is the season of the year when that hunting dog of yours that's tied up according to law should have plenty of shade and nice cool water. His water bucket should be changed several times on these hot days. He should also have an application of some sort of fly or flea powder as this is the time that fleas breed heavily. Dig a hole under his box so he can get next to the cool earth.

Saw a man the other night rowing with a boy. I started after him and the harder I rowed the harder he did and after a good long row he stopped and proceeded to anchor. When I got my breath I asked him why the haste. And he said that he thought I was trying to get to his favorite fishing spot. He had it marked with a buoy! Who was the joke on?

Do people like Yellow Perch. Well, if you ask me, I'll say they do. Toms are being taken from our waters in this part of the state and they are going a long way to beat old man Depression. With no law on this species of fish they will soon be scarce unless we put a bag limit on them.

Last week was watch dog week and we helped at least eight people to find a dog to guard the family poultry yard. A party with a Maryland car even came around to find a dog, and we knew just where one could be found.

It takes the country to give one the thrills. Here is a couple of fellows from the city, they lived in that part of the city that was wide open. Hold ups were a common thing. They came up to spend the weekend. Slept out in a tent. That is, they tried to sleep. A little hoot owl, a stray cat, a prowling skunk, and last but not least, when a huge dog came in to investigate, they beat it for the house. No place like home for them! They were glad when Monday came so they could beat it.

The old saying is that you can't do two things at the same time and do either one right. That's the case with the fellow who is horn pout fishing. He can't fish pout and sit

in a tent nearby playing poker. His lines MUST be attended or they are considered SET LINES, and in any police court they are worth Fifty Dollars a line.

Recently I saw some wonderful shooting with a 22 cal. pistol on a 38 Colt frame by a woman. This was at the annual field day of the Nashua Fish and Game Club. It was the best shooting by a woman which I have seen for a long time. If every woman could shoot like this one there would be less hold ups along our highways.

Understand that we have a new motor cop in this section. I have not run across him yet, but some day I expect to hear his whistle to turn into the curb. Motor Vehicle Officer Hamilton has been assigned to the Goffstown route.

Twice last week I came within inches of going to the hospital and the car to the junk heap. On a back road which you would not think was used more than twice a month, but this happened to be one of the times. It was a big truck and he was coming! It was a very winding road, and I was using due care, which was all that saved me from a bad wreck. Was that truck driver nice to me? I'll say he was, and when he saw my puttees and that badge he was ready to pass out!

Another day it was about the same, but this time it was a private road. When I backed up to let him pass he stopped and proceeded to bawl me out for being on a private road. I had to tell him my official title and he let me pass with an "Oh, all right."

So when you are on a back road, don't try to make up lost time; it can't be done.

Ran into Jeff Morrill the other day and Jeff just now is contacting Clubs in the state to see what they want in the fish line and investigating rearing pools. The Dept. has a wonderful program both on the fish and game and the bird end of it.

This new Upland Game Bird Club has got off to a good start and they are hoping that much can be done for game birds in the state.

SPORTSMEN ASK TO USE OWN JUDGMENT ON DUCK SEASON

A request has been forwarded to the Department of Agriculture by the Middle Atlantic States Fish and Game commissioners association to permit member States to use their own judgment in the matter of division of the shooting season on migratory waterfowl.

H. J. Burlington, president, and C. S. Foster, secretary, announce that the following resolution has been adopted by the association which represents New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, North Carolina and Virginia:

See Shooting Reduced
"Whereas the present two-month consecutive-day shooting season on migratory waterfowl has not been satisfactory, and

"Whereas in some parts of these States there has been practically no waterfowl shooting due to either the season opening too late or closing too early, and

"Whereas we believe that if the season prescribed by Federal regulation on migratory waterfowl was spread over the period from Oct. 1 to Jan. 31, inclusive, with rest days on consecutive days, all parts of our States would have waterfowl shooting at the proper time, the sportsmen would be better satisfied, guides would have a longer period of work, railroads, hotels and sporting goods houses would fare better, and

"Whereas we believe it would save the government the time, expense and criticism of zoning which has been very unsatisfactory witness the Delaware River bordering four States with three different waterfowl seasons), and

"Whereas we believe that more sportsmen would be interested in waterfowl in their own localities and that more Federal duck stamps would be sold for the protection of waterfowl and that more waterfowl would be saved; now, therefore

"Be it resolved that we respectfully request the Department of Agriculture, through the Bureau of Biological Survey and the Advisory Board, to allow these States to use the season prescribed by Federal regulation over a period beginning Oct. 1 and ending Jan. 31 with rest days or consecutively, as these States in their judgment select, providing that the total number of shooting days or bag limits selected by the States may never exceed the number of shooting days or bag limits prescribed by Federal regulations; and further provided, that the number of shooting days and bag limits selected by the States may be less than those prescribed by Federal regulations, and that each of the States notify the Biological Survey on or before July 15 annually, of the number of shooting days and the specific days selected by each State between Oct. 31 and Jan. 31."

The Ring

BY JANNIS PARKER
(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
(WNU Service)

SHE lay on the Indian blanket she had bought from an old squaw in Reno, and the slim wedding-band from her right hand to the left hand then back again, thereby confusing the man, hidden in the smac, who watched her avidly.

His painter eyes loved the set. A grove picketed by tall trees, a willowy girl in white reclining on a bright blanket.

He completed the picture, he with his shock of jet hair against the flaming smac, his bright blue eyes riveted spellbound on the unsuspecting girl. Under the sustained pressure of his moccasined foot a twig snapped. The girl swung around. They stared, their tense poses shattered only by a startled blue-jay screaming through the woods.

"I thought you were in Europe," she spoke in a throaty monotone, her creamy cheeks and neck hotly tinged. "I'm not." The man stepped from behind the smac, softly tread the thickly packed pine-needles. "Nor am I shadowing you. I thought you were in Reno."

"I was."
"There was an awkward pause. Can't we reminisce awhile? It can't be called collusion now that we're nicely divorced."

She hesitated. "What is there to reminisce about?"
"I can think of something," planting himself squarely on the blanket. "First, who told you I'd gone abroad?"
"Andy." She chose a tiny corner of the quilt.

"So you still see him?" he snapped. "Don't be ridiculous, Ronald. Andy is my adopted brother."

"He forgot that," he reviewed past events. "All right—the man loved you—he couldn't help it. But he could have helped loitering around! He with his legal mind framing situations and buttoning them on me! Then goading you till you saw things that weren't there. Why did you seek his advice? If you wanted to lose me why didn't you tell me?"

She ignored this. "By the way, I haven't received your announcement." The man was non-plussed. "Yours and Gert's," she explained. "Surely you remember Gert? Long fair hair and the best back in the country. You said so yourself."

"Little idiot! The man roared up at the clouds. "How can you pretend such things! I never have got chummy with my models. Why the unrelenting spotlight on me when Andy led you around by that funny little nose? Andy was a lawyer, darling, you shouldn't have believed all he said. Didn't he just tell you I'd gone to Asia?"

"No answer."
"Because he wanted you himself he imported a fabric of lies to hoist over your vision and distort it. He picked his time when I was slaving on that fresco order, spending every minute with my model! You should have been your usual sane self and realized an unknown painter doesn't reap orders like that every day."

"You might have let me know when you flung me back to the world's other women."
"What do you mean?"
"Isn't it customary to let a fellow know when you're through with him? When the matrimonial bond is severed shouldn't an impressive document go forth? Suppose I had wanted to marry Gertrude?"

"Never mind," he continued tenderly, his tone sent the blood surging up her neck, "I never wanted to know."

He sighed and rose heavily to his feet. "Maybe you're right. Reminiscing isn't so good. Instead of switching that poor ring around why not throw it away? Why, Ann! You're crying!"

In an instant he was on his knees, had gathered her quivering form close. "Ann—Ann—It was his pet name for her—"darling, don't leave like that, you'll wear yourself out."

"I've done something terrible!" she sobbed.
He took his big handkerchief and mopped her eyes. "Sweetheart, we're both in a fog. Pull yourself together, dear, you're marrying me again tonight. I don't want to take a woman to the altar who's crying her heart out."

But Ann, muddled up in her own straining confession, hadn't heard. "Ronny, I couldn't get it on non-support. You provided beautifully. You actually spoiled me."

He stroked her hair. "I'll provide better in the next world. Artists aren't appreciated till they die."
"I couldn't get it on cruelty! And I knew it wasn't another woman. Although I could have clawed out that Gertrude's eyes the way she oozed you."

His voice was soothing. "She only oozed me, dearest, because I was the only artist who hadn't oozed her. Why did his honor take pity on you?"
She lifted woe-begone eyes. "I went all the way to Reno, went through all the motions, and then—I couldn't accuse you unjustly, could I? And I couldn't make up anything horrid, not about you, Ronny—so I didn't go through with it." She sniffed. "Whatever you want to do now I'll abide by."

So Ronny, radiant and incredulous, took the slim wedding band from her right hand and put it where it belonged.



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