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The Antrim Reporter



VOLUME LI NO. 38

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1934

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Proctor & Hayward

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Flower Show To Be Held at the Town Hall on August 16 and 17

READERS ARE ASKED TO GIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION TO THE FOLLOWING FACTS:

Only one more week before the Flower Show. We hope every one in Antrim, whether Garden Club member or not, will exhibit something. We still feel that a worth-while exhibition can be held in spite of handicaps.

Attention of all exhibitors is again called to the following Rules and Regulations concerning exhibits and exhibiting:

- 1—Exhibits must be delivered at town hall to the committee in charge not later than 10.30 a.m., Thursday, Aug. 16. Entries not in place by 11 a.m. will be disqualified.
- 2—Judging will begin at 11 a.m. No one will be allowed in the hall during the judging except the Judges and a member of the General Committee.
- 3—No exhibit shall be removed until 9 p.m., Friday, Aug. 17.
- 4—All exhibits must be grown by exhibitor.
- 5—All exhibits must be labelled with name of exhibit, section, class, and exhibitor's name. Envelopes with card enclosed for this purpose may be obtained from the Committee on Entries and from the General Committee.
- 6—Exhibits not meeting the requirements of the schedule will be disqualified.
- 7—Please note in Section F, the container is to be considered part of the exhibit.
- 8—Use your own containers as far as possible, the Committee will furnish where it is necessary.
- 9—Do not crowd your exhibits, and cut your flowers with as long stems as possible.
- 10—No exhibitor will be allowed to make more than one entry in any one class, but may exhibit in as many classes as desired.

Schedules and information may be

obtained from the General Committee: Mrs. J. Lillian Larrabee, chairman; Mrs. George W. Nylander, secretary; Mrs. George Ross, William R. Linton, Carl H. Robinson, or from any of the special committee chairmen:

Section A—Mrs. I. P. Hutchinson
Section B—Mrs. Maurice Poor
Section C—Mrs. Willie Prescott
Section D—Mrs. E. E. Smith

Annuals

Section E—Mrs. Emma Goodell
Section F—Mrs. Willis Brooks
Section G—Mrs. William Clark
Section H—Mrs. Fred Proctor
Section I—Miss Edith Messer
Section J—Mrs. Ross Roberts
Section K—Miss Rachel Caughey

Plants and Seedlings—Frank L. Wheeler

The department chairmen wish that where possible exhibitors would let them know beforehand what is to be exhibited.

If you have no Schedule yet please ask for one at once.

Exhibitors are asked to follow the Rules and Regulations carefully. Be sure your exhibit conforms to the schedule and is properly marked. A Receiving Committee will be at the door and every chairman is glad to give help at any time up to Thursday, August 16.

Attention is called to the notice that all Wild Flowers prohibited by the New England Wild Flower Association will be disqualified. These lists may be obtained from the chairman of the Junior Division, Miss Edith Messer, if you do not know just what flowers are included in this list.

Anyone growing Vegetables, whether Garden Club member or not, is asked to please bring something to exhibit.

Please do your best to have as many exhibitors as possible.

Topics of the Day Presented to Reporter Readers in Concise Form

The candidate of the Democratic party in town, who filed the necessary papers with the Town Clerk, for Representative, is James I. Patterson. The time for filing with Town Clerk expired July 31 at midnight; but papers may be filed with the Secretary of State up to a later date.

Announcement has been made that Miss Eunice Patch, of Frankestown, state relief director, since the inauguration of the system, will retire from that position at the end of her present sick leave and will be succeeded by Mrs. Abby L. Wilder, of Rindge, who has been acting director during Miss Patch's disability and has been very successful in that capacity. In announcing the change Governor Winant paid high tribute to Miss Patch and her work and said, "I wish to express to her the thanks of the state."

More bootleggers and liquor law violators are going to federal prisons today than in the 15 months prior to repeal, says an A. P. report from Washington.

The federal government's new offensive is trapping them by the score and according to Secretary Morgenthau, will continue its sweep until the illegitimate dealer is driven to cover.

Figures made public today disclosed that if the present monthly average of commitments is maintained 3,656 liquor law breakers will be in Federal institutions within a year's time.

The numbers would compare with months from July, 1932 to June 30, 1933.

And all the former repealists told us that every bootlegger would be out of business just as soon as the law was changed!

Hillsborough County Organizes an Emergency Consumers' Council

The Hillsboro County Consumers Council, one of the 125 already set up in the United States on an experimental basis, has been recently organized and is ready for work.

This council is one of two set up in New Hampshire, the other being in Strafford County with headquarters in Dover.

The members of the Hillsboro Council are Mrs. John Sargent,

Bedford, chairman, W. T. Whittle, Amherst, Florence A. Hills, Nashua, Mabel Thompson Cooper, Nashua, Louis P. Benezet, Manchester, A. B. Rotch, Milford, E. W. Pierce, Milford, Myrtle E. Beecher, Milford, Sarah Knox, of Manchester, Rev. Louis W. Swanson, New Boston, Albert E. Smith, Hudson, Paul Cummings, Peterboro, and Mrs.

Continued on page four

At the Main St. Soda Shop

50c size Nose and Throat Drops 38 cents
25c size Milk Magnesia Tablets 19 cents
35c size Saccharin Tablets, 1/3 grain, 100 in bottle 19 cents
35c size Harlem Oil Capsules 21 cents
60c size Cod Liver Oil Tablets 39 cents
50c size Pompsin Hair Massage for Dandruff 31 cents
50c size Coconut Oil Shampoo 29 cents
25c size Soda Mint Tablets, 100 in bottle 19 cents
50c size Lithia Tablets 33 cents
25c size Cleansing Tissues, 200 sheets 19 cents
25c size Mavis Talcum Powder 19 cents
60c size Migraine Tablets 39 cents
\$1.20 size Bromo 80 cents

At the Main St. Soda Shop

MESSER'S FILLING STATION!

Bennington, N. H.

Texaco Gas and Oils

Norwalk Tires & Batteries

Auto Accessories

ELECTRIC LIGHT BULBS AND FUSES

White Gas for Cleaning and for Stoves

Office Hours: 5 a.m. to 9.30 p.m.

Antrim Garden Club

THIRD ANNUAL FLOWER SHOW

TOWN HALL, ANTRIM, N. H.,

Thursday, Aug. 16, '34, 2 to 9 p.m.,

Friday, Aug. 17, 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.

(Eastern Standard Time)

No Admission Fee All Are Welcome

BANK BY MAIL

HILLSBORO GUARANTY SAVINGS BANK

Incorporated 1889

HILLSBORO, NEW HAMPSHIRE

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

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

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

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent \$2.00 a Year

Typewriter Paper

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

This we will cut in halves, if you desire, giving you sheets 5 1/2 x 11 in.

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

REPORTER OFFICE, ANTRIM, N. H.

Flame of the Border

By VINGIE E. ROE

SYNOPSIS

Seeking death by throwing herself from Lone Mesa, to escape dishonor at the hands of a drunken desperado, Sonya Savarin allows herself to be rescued by her suddenly 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, Babs. She is 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. Sonya again meets the man whose advances she had repulsed on Lone Mesa. He tells her he bitterly regrets his action. Sonya is affected, but unforgiving. She hears rumors of a Border bandit "El Capitan Diablo," and vaguely connects him with her attacker. On Lone Mesa she again comes upon the strange young man, but she no longer fears him. When he reiterates his sorrow over his misconduct, she indicates forgiveness and urges him to abandon his life of lawlessness. From concealment, Sonya witnesses the transference of objects from an airship to the "man of mystery."

CHAPTER V—Continued

After a long while Sonya climbed back on Darkness and went soberly home. She had much to think about and was doing it with a vengeance.

For one thing, why had the feel of this man's arm across her breast, the nearness of his face, shot through her with so strange a fire?

Once before his arm had been about her, dragging her from Darkness' back, his face had been close to hers, and she had been filled with such unbearable rage and hate that she could have killed him on the spot.

What was the matter with her? Where was her character, her principle, her condemnation of wrong?

For that he was wrong—all wrong entirely—she had not the slightest doubt. Why did he meet a sky-ship here on this lonely desert? Why was he afraid for her to be seen by its occupants? What strange freight had he taken in it and put so carefully in his saddlebags?

There was something deep here, terribly deep, and it had to do, she felt sure, with the hinted things of the Servant's guarded speech—with that mysterious Presence across the Border which ruled so bloodily.

And why, she asked herself again, should all this weigh down her soul? Why should she, busy and happy in her daily life, betrothed to another man, care what this drunken wastrel did? No, she corrected herself, not drunken now. He had said he could not drink, and she believed him. And why should she believe him?

Gravely, in a sort of cold fear, she searched her inner depths, and what she dimly saw appalled her.

It was his eyes, she told herself, the look of his eyes when he spoke of these things. They were deep eyes, strange eyes, filled with a wild spirit, and under this wildness, this old devil-may-care which had characterized them, was something so desperate, so anxious, that Sonya would have staked her life on its truth.

Frightened to her foundations, the girl straightened in her saddle and lifted Darkness into his stride. She would get home to the sane and ordered things of every day, to Lila with her calm assurance of all good, to Serge and little Babs. And she would forget this man, forget his eyes and his hands and the heady intoxication of the scent of him. She would write to Rod tonight, a long, good letter. She had neglected him a bit of late.

The next day Sonya went to town to mail her letter. She felt very virtuous and calm. All the strife and unease of the day before had gone from her. She had written dutifully to Rod and told him all the trivial happenings of every day—that is, all but those pertaining to the rider on the golden horse. These were of too small import, she told herself, wouldn't interest him. And besides, he wouldn't understand. At the store Mr. Parks was urbanity itself, bustling about to wait on her, smiling unctuously, rubbing his fat hands together.

"Good morning," she told him politely.

"It's always a good morning, Doctor Sonya," he said richly, "when we see you here. You don't get down too often."

"No," said Sonya, "I've been pretty busy of late."

"Um. It sure does beat me how a woman can be a doctor. An' a doctor in these parts has got to ride hard an' far, take little pay, an' never be sure of that. You goin' to the dance over to the Neidlingers next Saturday night? Bill Pingle from Big Town an' two others is goin' to furnish the music. Accordion an' two fiddles. Ought to be good."

"Sounds good, surely."

"Think you folks'll git over?"

"Why, yes," said Sonya, "I shouldn't

wonder if we did. The Neidlingers always have such nice times at their ranch. Nice people."

"Sure are. An' th' more th' merrier, I always say."

In the room behind the store a man stood where the first sound of Sonya's voice had stopped him. The cigarette he had just rolled hung unsealed in his fingers. Until the girl had gone out, until the last sound of her feet on the boards had died away, until the sputter and roar of the old fivver lessened in the distance, he remained so. Then he flung the cigarette into a refuse barrel and went out on the back-door.

Sonya Savarin loved the dances of the region.

Although liquid contraband flowed freely, and the cowboys from the upper country sometimes raised the rafters with their noise, there was something elemental and very young about these gatherings of the folk of the lonely land. The sheep men brought their wives and daughters, the whole family, in fact, down to the littlest ones, who slept in ranks on the wall benches as the night wore on, and everybody danced.

Serge Savarin and his womenfolk came a little late, having to drive 23 miles over roads that left a lot to be desired, and entered in the midst of a number.

Sonya, in a new dress, her dark face sparkling already, laid her wrap on Lila's shoulder and swung out on the floor in the arms of a perspiring cowboy.

She met these people only at the dances, but she remembered everyone and danced with all who asked her, providing they were not too far gone in the common hilarity. If so, she would merely laugh and shake her adorable black head with its shining curls and say gently, "No, Billy, I'm too tired to hold you up. Come around earlier next time"; or, "You're silly, Bob, just plumb silly. I think you're lit."

And young Bob, weaving on his booted feet, would tell her anxiously that he wasn't near drunk, but he knew how she felt about it and didn't blame her a bit, not a shingle bit. Neither did he, nor anyone whom she refused a dance. It was enough that she was there to look at, the most beautiful woman in all the country, the highest-up, yet the sweetest to everyone that a man could ask for. Everyone knew of her and her work among the lowly. Her little fame was sweet in the land.

So Sonya danced and laughed and listened to the music of the violins, the gay accordions, with her arm on this lean shoulder and that, and was extremely happy. She forgot the sorrows of the world and lived her youth to its full extent. Forged Rod Blake and New York city and the man of Lone Mesa, all of which had troubled her of late.

Lila was dancing, and so was Serge, and Babs was already dead to the world on a bench in the corner, covered with Lila's cape. The music was waxing more "hot" and furious. And by the door a man came suddenly into her range of vision, a tall man, slim-hipped and graceful. He was in store clothes, and the eternal cigarette hung in his fingers, its spiral of smoke ascending in a tiny stream, but she knew him instantly. As instantly the almost terrible thrill shot through her from head to toe, blurring her eyes a bit, catching her throat with a little pain.

Suddenly the music changed, some one yelled "Paul Jones!" and the circling couples broke like the colors in a kaleidoscope. They strung out in a huge oval, all holding hands, and began going to the right in time to the lively tune. A whistle blew, and they broke apart, each man taking the woman immediately facing him at the whistle's blast, and dancing on with her. Whirled from this pair of arms to that, breaking step, catching it again, suiting her step to each new partner's, the girl felt as if a wave of portent was bearing down upon her. Something was going to happen—something terrible and wonderful—she was afraid and exhilarated as she had never been in her life before—and here he was coming toward her in the line. He danced as she might have known he would, like the wind blowing in long grass—she could see him swing as he weaved in and out in "af-aman-left!"—and the whistle blew, and he was here, before her. Her hand was in his, his arm had gone about her, they were drifting away together—and all the lights on the walls were running together in a long blur.

Sonya held her breath and let it out in a long sigh, and felt suddenly the trembling of his arms.

Then the whistle blew again, and some one else had caught her hand, and she was circling right once more in the long oval.

When the number was over she went dizzily to where Lila sat fanning her flushed cheeks and sat down beside her. She wanted to rest, to gather herself together, to still the shameful tumult of her heart.

Some one claimed her, and Sonya went back into the maze of moving figures, but everywhere she went she was conscious of the brilliant eyes of this man. He stood against the wall a little beyond the main door, and he seemed to be alone. He did not dance again, even though there was another Paul Jones, but watched her in a grave stillness, and Sonya could not gather her faculties for her usual light banter.

What was the matter with her? Why did her heart hammer in her breast with long slow beats, her blood flow through her veins like molten gold drenched in perfume?

She thought wildly of Rod, tried to bring his face before her, to force her-

self to feel his presence. She tried to cling to his memory as one clings to a sturdy rock in rising waters, and could not. She could only see the face of the man beside the door, the young face that she had seen in so many lights, drunken and wild and relentless, sober and contrite, washed with regret.

What was happening to her? To her life itself? To her destiny and her hopes?

Tears came in her eyes, and she did not hear what her chance partner was saying. Fear was in her heart, and a certain terrible fire that mounted and grew. Time passed, and she was not conscious of it.

Finally, late in the night, the fiddles struck up the sweet old strains of "Home, Sweet Home," and the dance was over. This was the last number. A cowboy from the K Bar Z with whom she always liked to dance was asking her for it. She had just held out her hand when some one reached forward from the side and took it. Next moment she was gone out along the floor in the dreamy rhythm of the sweet old tune, and this time she was held so close that she could feel the beating of his heart, a thundering reverberation like tides on the shore. Desperately she raised her eyes and looked at him.

"Tell me," she whispered thickly, "what are you? Who are you?"

"Nothing," he said bitterly, "to you. Nothing—ever—and I'd give half my life to kiss one curl on your head—with a decent man's right."

The words came through his set teeth, and even in the tensity of the moment she noticed that he did not slur his words at the ends.

"Then be decent!" she cried passionately. "Be decent!"

"Too late. I'm only looking in windows—from the outside—and I built the wall between, myself."

"Tell me your name," she said, "tell me."

"No."

"Yes. Tell me now."

"I can't. I haven't a name—any more."

"You have. Your own name. Not what you—roll go by—where—where you answer roll call."

"Answer roll call! That's good. What do you know about me? What have you heard?"

"Nothing. I'm guessing, fitting things in places," she said swiftly, "and there's some one across the Border who crucifies—"

"Hush! For God's sake, don't speak of that again, ever, anywhere! Where did you hear of—such?"

"No matter. There is—and somehow you're connected! It cuts me like a knife—you've got to tell me. Who are you?"

"If I tell you my name, will you keep it like you would your oath?"

"Yes. You know I will."

"Of course I know. I'm Starr Stone to my mother, who thinks I'm dead and buried. In this—country—I go by something different. Now are you satisfied?"

"No. I've got to know the rest. I will know it."

"Why? Heaven knows, you have little to thank me for—little to think of me for. I've blackened your first memory of me beyond all hope."

"Why do you speak carelessly sometimes and now correctly?"

"I've been two men. I am two men."

"What kind of men?"

"What does it matter? I'm a dead man—dead and damned and rotten! Don't trouble your darling head about me. I'm running true to form right now in being here, in holding you in my arms, in looking in your face. If anyone this side the Border—anyone who counted—knew me, I'd not have done it. There's that much decency left in me. But no one knows, and I'm like a dying man begging for water. I come back to look at you again and again. I'd crawl on my knees around the world to change my — leopard spots. He flushed bitterly, "to look in your eyes with a clear conscience."

Suddenly the fire and the fear and the ecstasy which had warred in Sonya all night seemed to rise above her like a tide of sorrow and disaster. She felt as if she sank in swirling waters, drowned in tears.

Her throat closed with an aching pain and one hard sob escaped her.

Instantly the man looked down, holding her from him.

"My G—d!" he said, "what—what—Why, my G—d!"

Then he drew her to him close and hard, and the trembling of his arms intensified. The face above her small black head had gone haggard as an old man's.

The last soft strains of the tender tune were dying.

The feet of the dancers slowed.

And suddenly from nowhere, out of the very night beyond the doors, it seemed, a hand fell on his shoulder, a powerful grasp whirled him about, Sonya with him.

A stranger stood there, a stranger so fierce and terrible in aspect that one knew him at once for a man of violence, of cruelty and death.

It was in his small black eyes above his olive cheeks black with shaven beard, in his hawkbill nose, in his thin-lipped mouth merciless as a panther's. He stood six feet two in his spurred boots, and he wore the fine sombrero of the Mexican Hidalgo, fine of material and ornamented with silver. A studded belt circled his narrow waist; a braided velvet jacket showed the muscled strength of his wide shoulders.

TO BE CONTINUED.

American Grub Is Useful

More than 3,000,000 acres of prickly pear-infested land in northeastern Australia was reclaimed through the importation from America of a grub which eats the roots of the plant.

Call for Dark Accents on White

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



HERE'S how to give your white costume an air of topnotch swank—touch it up with a few effective dark accents. The modes illustrated offer excellent suggestions in this direction.

What could be smarter than the white topcoat in the group here pictured with hat, scarf, gloves and bag done in bright green? Gingham accessory ensembles are good looking and chic, too, and then there are the new black velvet berets which are so fashionable worn with summer white apparel. Be sure to order a velvet neckpiece or scarf with your beret to make the picture complete.

The interesting worthwhile thing to keep in mind in regard to the coat pictured is that it is made of one of those new cotton coatings which are creating such a furore in the fabric realm not only because of their handsome appearance but particularly because of the fact that they launder as successfully as a pocket handkerchief. Then, too, these most attractive coatings tailor like quality-kind woolen.

The young girl seated is also wearing an all-cotton outfit, for about the most fashionable thing one can do this summer is to wear cotton from head to foot—silk hosiery of course taken for granted. Her suit (she has thrown the jacket over the back of her chair)

is of white seersucker, which is a style note to jot down for it is a new gesture, this of tailoring one's jacket suit of ordinary crinkled seersucker. Her blouse is of a new cotton sheer (plume chiffon) which is delightfully cool and wearable in the summer time. It has a diminutive polka-dot on a dark background.

The other stylishly-clad young modern is wearing a white crepe spectator sports dress with the voguish dark note interpreted via a vestige with a wide sailor collar and matching cuffs of starched brown dotted swiss. Her footwear tunes in with the color scheme in that the "nifty" white kid spectator sport pumps which she wears have brown kid tips and heels. Her white crepe hat is banded with brown.

In this dark-with-white movement it is also good style to wear a gay plaided gingham coat with one's white frock or if preferred a coat fashioned of cotton ratine in monotone navy or brown or any desired colors.

A pleasing effect is also achieved when the belt (it should be wide) gloves and bag are dark in contrast to the white of the costume.

© by Western Newspaper Union.

COTTONS APPEAR IN MANY DESIGNS

Medium pastels and white have greater consideration in the latest print showings of cottons and linens. Dark grounds, however, are more widely represented than last year, since they afford the most effective background to the very colorful designs that have gained in popularity.

Among prints the cleverest are coin spots and multicolored. The newest stripes have taken to blazer variations, and are particularly well regarded in seersuckers and plaques for shirts and shorts. Plaids are wearable in multiple line variations, and have taken very strongly to multicolor. They appear in a wide variety of cottons, including sports weaves and sheers.

Candlewick Muslin Frocks

Latest Thing in Fashions

Candlestick muslin evening frocks seem to be the last whisper in summer fashions. And for country or resort wear, they are impudently casual and completely effective.

Most of them come in the regulation unbleached muslin, with tufts of colored yarn in the good old candlewick fashion.

And to cap the climax, there's a candlewick "fur" coat-muslin with white tufting so thick that it looks at least a little like ermine, or something.

Supple Taffeta Popular in Variety of Designs

The vogue of taffeta is increasing daily. The old-fashioned stiff taffeta has disappeared, and the new fabrics are extremely supple and are used either for dresses or costumes.

Little tulleurs or one-piece dresses with a haque effect in front are the favorite theme for this material.

Worth sponsors taffeta costumes and ensembles not only in plain materials but in fancy designs. One of his most successful models is in black-and-white-checked taffeta with discreet gold lame threads.

Fig Leaf Is in Style

More and more are we getting back to nature in our clothes. Diamond fig leaves now trim our best coiffured hair, and carved in ivory or jade, fasten our Sunday-best pocketbook.

SMART CROCHET

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Here is a winner when it comes to a collar and bib effect of cotton crochet. It is the sort you will be wanting to duplicate the moment you see it. It is easy to make and it will bring your navy or black summer sheer gown up into the very foreground of fashion. Works miracles in freshening up most any dress. The collar and frilly bib pictured is made of soft mercerized yellow crochet cotton. The tiny buttons down the front are covered with cotton crochet. The gloves are good looking, too. With all the emphasis in sports fashions laid on knitted and crochet articles, this pair of gauntlet gloves knitted of charonize yarn becomes indispensable.

DISTINCT CHARM IN THIS DESIGN

PATTERN 9941



Yes—it really does unbutton at the neck so as to go on and off without a lot of trouble. It's a frock for anything feminine from size ten to size eighteen—and any age looks prettier when wearing it. For cottons it couldn't possibly be nicer, with its long front panel and neat little pleats which make it smart and give its wearer plenty of room to get about gracefully. The belt is separate—and if you like, it may be of a plain color to match the buttons—repeating a shade in the print, perhaps.

Pattern 9941 may be ordered only in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 and 18. Size 16 requires 3 3/4 yards and 36-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 City.

SMILES

BAD GUESS

He saw her sitting in the darkened room. Noiselessly he stole up behind her, and before she was aware of his presence he had kissed her. "How dare you," she screamed. "Pardon me," he bluffed readily. "but I thought you were my sister."

Peaceful Election

"Do you ever have any election riots in Crimson Gulch?"

"No," answered Cactus Joe. "We hold a meetin' and tell the citizens exactly how they are expected to vote. If there is any serious opposition we see to it that the disorderly element is on the way to the hospital before the balloting starts."

Telling No Lie

Judge—You say you are a locksmith. When the speaksay was raided were you pursuing your occupation there?

Prisoner—Well, yes, your honor, I may say I was. When the policeman nabbed me I was making a bolt for the door.—Boston Transcript.

ENJOY

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM

5¢ AND WORTH IT!

Guadalajara



Public Letter Writers in Guadalajara.

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

AT DAWN comes the clang and peal of countless bells. The din is startling in its unexpectedness. It sounds like a battle call—or an alarm that Guadalajara is burning.

Hurriedly you get up and go out on the hotel balcony.

"All these churches," says a voice at your elbow, "and every bell with a different tone." It is the man from the room next to yours, a Spanish friend from the sugar plantations, in pajamas and straw sandals.

"I first came here more than 40 years ago, from Spain," he adds. "We made the last stretch in a four-mile stagecoach on leather springs, after a night battle with bandits. We got in just at dawn, with these same bells ringing. Nothing here has changed much—the same people, habits, churches, and bells. Even the bats are still here. Read at night, and your light draws the moths; turn out the light, and the bats fly in to eat the moths. But they don't eat their wings—next morning moth wings are all over your floor!"

In the street below now black-garbed women, their heads covered, are walking quietly to mass—women of all classes, peon and aristocrat, but hardly any men. Rattling heavily, a water cart turns the corner, sprinkling the streets and raising that ammonia smell of old adobe towns where humans and beast have long crowded the absorbent soil too closely. You meet that same smell, mixed with the scent of roasting coffee, when at early morning men wet the dusty streets of Aden or Baghdad.

"Ice!" "Bread!" "Morning paper!" All voices of the awakening city as truly as cackles, crows, grunts, and squeals are the alarm clocks of the farmer. Before the doorway halts an old man on a mule, carrying two big cans. A sleepy girl, with a clay jar, comes out and buys some milk. And the man rides on, calling his singsong "Leche, leche," milk, milk, in a despairing wail, more like a cry of pain than an invitation to buy.

Turkeys for Sale.

Now a country boy in a ragged straw hat comes driving a flock of turkeys. He carries a long stick, with a whip-like piece of string on one end, for flicking any errant turkey on the neck. He urges them on by hissing sounds, his tongue against his upper teeth, in the familiar Indian warning. They market thousands of turkeys on foot here, as in parts of Texas, the inquisitive, shapely birds marching with quick, graceful strides, necks jerking sharply with each step. One strutting gobbler, with pendent red wattles long as a prophet's beard, ruffled his bronze plumage and dragged his wings.

By the time you dress, clap your hands for coffee, and read a Mexican paper still damp and smelling of fresh ink, all Guadalajara is swarming. Trams are crowded; so are busses.

Bobbed-haired señoritas, in bright organdie, silk hose, and high heels, chatter and giggle their cheerful way to work in stores, beauty and curio shops, at switchboards or typewriters. Many are pure Andalusian types with blue eyes and blond hair, small, shapely hands and feet. The ease and joy with which man may look upon woman-kind in Guadalajara are proverbial. "In all Mexico, no others are so fair."

"Surely St. Peter must have opened the gates of heaven to let down such a beautiful damsel," Mexicans say when a maid of pulchritude is passing.

Along with the crowd, ogling the girls, come sleek young bank clerks, bookkeepers in the brewery, the factories, motorcar and other agencies, spick and span in flannels of Hollywood cut, carrying sticks, smoking pungent native cigarettes.

The sidewalks of Guadalajara! Walk them at this hour and you see the city eye-high and close up.

Workmen idly dig up the pavements, as always; traffic police in white gloves blow whistles and wave cars to stop. And they do stop; for one dispute with an alert Guadalajara traffic cop and the big jail yawns for you. On an open space soldiers are drilling and women wait before the colossal prison to get in at visiting hours. "They built the jail big enough to hold everybody in town, as a warning," is a local saying.

Workers in Clay.

Through the suburbs you meet more groups coming to work. In a flower garden a sandal-footed man is setting out young plants to make a fancy pattern of birds and flags.

From the tail of his big black dog,

asleep beside him, an old Indian artist plucks a few hairs, twists them deftly into his tiny, frayed brush, and resumes painting eyebrows on a clay head of Pancho Villa, master outlaw.

Other heads, new and shiny, stand on a board: Obregon, Carranza, George Washington, Henry Ford—and an American Shriner in a red fez.

Pose for your own bust, if you like, and watch your nose and ears form swiftly from the mud. In half an hour old Pandora (Hard Bread), famed Indian sculptor, makes a fair likeness.

"This Guadalajara clay art is fragile and hard to ship," says a buyer from the States. "But it sells well. Not the busts so much, but these urns, vases, and water bottles, in old Aztec patterns. These dancing girls are good, too, in their wide skirts and big sombreros."

Around Tonalá village and the suburb of San Pedro Tlaquepaque, Indians have worked in clay from time immemorial. The Spaniards found them at it, making dishes for domestic uses, making idols, images, and figurines of men and beasts.

Untaught, and working far from the patter of studios and talks on art, these Indians produce excellent sculpture. Tiny pack mules, street hawkers, market women with chickens and baskets of fruit, vaqueros on rearing horses—all are formed and painted with fidelity to life. Sophisticated and erotic pieces also appear, with miniatures, ornaments, and vessels carrying a raised fretwork of deer, rabbits, ferns or palms. A fat clay pig, hollow, with a slit in his back through which coins can pass, is much sold as a child's savings bank. Happily for the child, these figures break easily; all you have to do is drop them.

San Pedro Tlaquepaque, once the retreat of Spanish wealth and fashion, is linked with the city proper by tram, through an old customs gateway. Country people taking things into town to sell had to pay a tax in the old days to pass this gate.

A tiny, bright-eyed nurse girl, certainly not more than ten, comes by, carrying a big fat baby. You feel the baby should get down, for a change, and carry the tired little girl.

Gambling is Prevalent.

On the curb's edge, three soldiers are playing cards with a greasy deck. One man deals, calling "Ocho de espadas," eight of spades, and other faces as they turn up.

Gambling is not thought a vice. Men accost you, holding up yard-long strips of colored lottery tickets. You can buy a whole or part ticket. Such peddlers work on a commission for the official lottery, which holds regular drawings, is run in a strictly business manner, and devotes net profits to charities.

Police appear dragging two disorderly men, one badly cut in a street fight. Certain knives here are made to fight with. Any battle-scarred mining or cow-ranch veteran will tell you he'd rather face a gun fighter than a Mexican trained with the knife. This business of knife fighting is full of fancy tricks. One is to throw the knife; another is suddenly to hit your opponent in the face with your hat, and then stick him while he's off guard. Defense work is equally skillful. The trained fighter wraps his serape around his left arm, or even grasps his big hat by the inside of the crown, using serape or hat as a shield, while thrusting with the knife. In "Old Mother Mexico," Harry Carr tells of a Mexican knife battle, fought to a draw, in which the heavy wool serapes were cut to shreds, but neither man hurt!

After the knifemen comes a boy leading a very skinny horse. "Play us a tune on your harp," shouts a clerk, a Mexican witticism implying that the horse is so bony his ribs look like harp strings!

Up the street past your hotel, late in the night, comes a squealing orchestra, preceded by three young men. One of this trio is celebrating his birthday. Hiring musicians to play in one's honor is good form, in keeping with established social practice. If you write a poem, win a horse race, or vanquish a rival, it is customary to hire a band and stroll from one cantina, or saloon, to another, or past the homes of your friends, with the music playing.

Here music seldom ceases, and most of it is good. This makes you wonder how the many organ-grinders earn a living, till one explains: "They are subsidized by a fund willed to the city to insure free band-organ music in perpetuity."

Claims to Have Solved Determination of Sex

Sex determination, breeding male or female animals as desired, has been accomplished.

Baby rabbits, 180 out of 200 having the sex that was planned for them, so far constitute living proof of the success of the method. Several hundred births among Russian cattle and swine this summer will show whether the method has practical value for cattle breeding, as is expected by Prof. N. K. Koltzoff, the biologist who devised it.

The technique will be successful in bringing human children of the desired sex also, Professor Koltzoff claims. But the human application is minor and chiefly sentimental in his opinion. Parents should be happy whether their baby is a boy or a girl, says the professor, who himself is childless.

His chief interest is in its application to cattle breeding. In nature the sexes of animals are about equally divided. To eliminate almost half that are useless for increase—the males—and to supplant them with progeny-bearing stock spells an annual profit or growth dividend of 50 to 80 per cent.

Professor Koltzoff's method is based on the discovery of American investigators, Prof. E. B. Wilson of Columbia, Prof. E. C. McClung of the University of Pennsylvania, and the late Dr. N. M. Stevens. These

Climatic Control
New methods of controlling indoor climate are likely to revolutionize the habits of mankind. White people will be able to live in the tropics without losing their health and energy, says Nature Magazine. It will no longer be necessary for the government of India to migrate bodily to the "hills" with the advent of the hot season, and Baguio will lose its utility as the summer capital of the Philippines.

investigators showed that sex in animals is determined by the fertilizing elements which are equally divided into those having male and those having female potentialities.

These elements are living cells, and Professor Koltzoff found that, like other cells, they carry an electrical charge. Accordingly he was able to separate them by passing an

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electric current through them, and to produce male or female rabbits, according to which electrically separated group of elements he used to impregnate the rabbit mothers.—Science Service, New York World-Telegram.

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Go to the Firestone Service Dealer or Service Store in your community TODAY! See the new Firestone Century Progress Tire—just look at the broad, husky shoulders, massive flat tread, deep-cut non-skid and Gum-Dipped cords. Did you ever see so much tire for so little money? No wonder it's the Tire Sensation of '34 and Sells on Sight! Why not equip your car with a complete set—while prices are still at today's low level. And remember, you get the new Firestone Triple Guarantee.

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4.75-19	7.78	6.70	1.08	4.32
5.00-19	8.14	7.20	1.14	4.56
5.25-18	9.27	8.00	1.27	5.08
5.25-21	10.20	8.80	1.40	5.60
5.50-17	10.15	8.75	1.40	5.60
5.50-18	10.45	9.05	1.40	5.60
5.50-19 n.d.	11.00	11.20	1.83	7.32
6.00-19 n.d.	11.44	12.45	2.02	8.08
6.50-19 n.d.	16.58	14.30	2.28	9.12
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There Is Something to Make One Think in All Dr. Barrett's Essays

Those who have been enjoying the inspirational talks by Dr. Leonard A. Barrett which appear in this paper will be interested in knowing something about their author. If any of our readers have not been reading these interesting little essays they have been missing something.

Dr. Barrett writes from the viewpoint of a man who, throughout a busy lifetime, has had a great interest in his fellowmen and in the conditions under which they live, in everything that he writes there is something to make one think.

He is the author of many magazine articles and of a book, recently published, entitled "Essence of Christianity."

He first served as associate minister of the Third Presbyterian church in Chicago, then filled the pulpit at the Eells Memorial church of Cleveland for ten years and for thirteen years was minister of the Presbyterian church at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. He has served recently as supply minister of the Second Presbyterian church in Oak Park, Chicago suburb, but his permanent home is at Wooster, Ohio, seat of the College of Wooster.

Make it a habit to look for Doctor Barrett's little essays in this paper. You will find that they always contain a note of inspiration



DR. LEONARD A. BARRETT
Writer and Lecturer, Whose Inspirational Essays Appear in This Paper.

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Wednesday, Aug. 8, 1934

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

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Notions of Concerts, Lectures, Entertainments, etc., to which an admission fee is charged, or from which a Revenue is derived, must be paid for as advertisements by the line.
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What Has Happened and Will Take Place Within Our Borders

Pretty cool the past few days, but this is New England weather.

Mrs. Fred Shouls has been confined to her home by illness the first of this week.

Ralph George has returned to his home here from a two weeks' visit with his grand-parents, in Dover.

Miss Isabelle Butterfield is spending a season in Concord with relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Friend.

Mrs. Fred Miner, from Los Angeles, California, is the guest for a week of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Grace Miner.

A meeting of the Antrim Chamber of Commerce will be held at Maplehurst Inn, on Tuesday evening, Aug. 14, at 8 o'clock.

Rev. and Mrs. John P. Brooks and young son, Howard, are spending a week in a cottage on the south-west shore of Gregg Lake.

George R. Cooley and family, of Albany, N. Y., are spending the month of August in town; at present they are at Maplehurst Inn.

The regular monthly supper will be held at the Little Stone Church on the Hill, on Friday afternoon of this week, the 10th, at six o'clock.

Ralph P. Lowe, Worcester, Mass., a former Antrim resident for a few years, was in town on Saturday last renewing former acquaintances.

Mrs. Estelle Speed has been spending a season with friends at Crescent Beach, Connecticut, and is now visiting Rev. and Mrs. H. L. Packard, in Worcester, Mass.

At the regular meeting of Mount Crooked Encampment, No. 39, I. O. O. F., on Monday evening, A. Wallace George was elected Grand Warden for the ensuing term, taking the place of Philip Knowles, resigned.

The Antrim Garden Club will visit the gardens of Major and Mrs. Goyette at Peterborough, on Friday, Aug. 10, at 3 p. m., EST. All members will keep this event in mind, and if you have an extra seat in your car get in touch with someone who has no way to go.

Allow me, Mr. Editor, through your columns, to express to the Antrim Drum Corps my appreciation of the courtesy shown me on Monday evening by these twenty young men, in spotless uniforms, who made me a call on this occasion. Surely Antrim must be proud of these well-mannered young men and their leader who has given them such careful training. Mary B. Jameon, Summer street.

Carlton Sherwood, of Boston, International Sec'y Y. P. S. C. E., preached a special and a very appropriate sermon on Sunday morning last, at the Little Stone Church on the Hill, with the Boy Scouts as guests; there were 95 Scouts present, in addition to the regular attendants. The local Troop of Scouts, numbering about twenty, were there, together with those from Camp Sachem and Wildwood, from Gregg Lake. This has become an annual event, and is looked forward to with a degree of pleasure by the Scouts. The speaker had a nice and well-prepared message to deliver, with something good for the boys to remember.

Chicken pox is prevalent among children in town.

Miss Ethel L. Muzzey passed a couple days of last week in Dorchester, Mass.

Miss Daisy Yandell, of New Jersey, has recently been entertained by Mrs. E. E. Smith, at Alabama Farm.

The local troupe of Boy Scouts are spending two weeks camping at the Byron Caughey Memorial camp at Gregg Lake.

The family of George W. Nylan-der are camping on the shores of Gregg Lake, a most beautiful place for such an outing.

Mrs. Jennie Bass, of Concord, has been a recent guest of Mrs. Viola Deacon, at the latter's home on Main street.

Miss Emma G. Eldredge, of Harwichport, Mass., is spending a season in the family of H. W. Eldredge, on Grove street.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Tolman of Nashua and Mr. and Mrs. Horace Upton, of Nelson, were guests of Antrim friends one day recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Munhall, of Hillsboro, have purchased the Munhall residence, on West street, and are soon to remove to Antrim.

Donald Sweet, of Ashfield, Mass., has been spending a week with his brother, Gerald Sweet, and his grandmother, Mrs. Abbie Sweet Lang.

Rev. and Mrs. Alba Marsh, of Lawrence, Mass., are spending a season at Gregg Lake, occupying one of Miss Alice Cuddihy's cottages.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Rablin, of Boston, were guests a portion of the past week with his mother, Mrs. J. R. Rablin, at her cottage at the Center.

Herbert L. Barker, M.D., and Mrs. Barker, of Woodside, N. Y., are making their annual visit to Antrim, and are being entertained at Maplehurst Inn.

Chester Hartwell's assignment as motor traffic officer will be on Route No. 9, Henniker to Brattleboro, Vt. Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell will reside in Hillsboro.

Work is progressing nicely on the new road from the M. P. McIlvin place up Twiss hill at North Branch, this being a part of the new road from Route 32 to Route 9.

Misses Frances Tibbals, Betty Felker and Barbara Hurlin, Richard Winslow and Fred Butler, are attending for ten days a Youth's Conference at Deering Community Center.

Friends here were interested in the announcement last week of a daughter born to Mr. and Mrs. Rial Rowe, in Hillsboro; Mrs. Rowe was formerly Miss Esther Perkins, of Antrim.

Miss Harriett Wilkinson, a student nurse at the Margaret Pillsbury hospital, Concord, is enjoying a three weeks' vacation at her home here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Wilkinson.

Mrs. Rose B. (Bader) Gouthier, of West Hartford, Conn., in her youth a resident of Antrim, died recently in a Hartford hospital. Funeral services were held in St. Patrick's church, Bennington, on Tuesday morning of last week; interment in Mt. Calvary cemetery. She was born in Switzerland, came to this country and to Antrim when very young; at the time of her death she was 42 years old.

Weekly News of Interest From a Few Towns Surrounding Antrim

DEERING

Misses Matilda and Louise Diebold are in town for the remainder of the summer.

Miss Mary Cusick of Brookline, Mass., is the guest of her friend, Miss Marjorie Holden.

Mr. and Mrs. George Painter, who were married last week in Pleasantville, N. Y., are passing their honeymoon in Deering.

Prof. and Mrs. Wayland F. Vaughan announce the birth of a son, Wayland Edward, at the Charlesgate Hospital on July 18.

Mr. and Mrs. William Watkins of Worcester, Mass., have been visiting Mrs. Watkins' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Colburn, West Deering.

Rev. and Mrs. George Tolley, of St. Louis, who passed the summer here last year, are here for the present season, occupying the A. Ray Petty camp on the shore of the reservoir.

Dr. Daniel A. Poling, who is now abroad in the interest of the International Christian Endeavor society, will arrive home about the first of September, and will give his first address following his return at the Deering Center church.

Friends here learn with sorrow of the death of Mrs. Harriet Curtis Nash, wife of Louis P. Nash, and for many years a summer resident here. Mrs. Nash died at her home in Hingham Center, Mass., and funeral services were held there last week. In addition to her husband she is survived by three children, Philip Nash of Toledo, O., who is president of Toledo university, Arthur, of Quincy, Mass., and Mrs.

GREENFIELD

Albert Kittredge and family were in Leominster, Mass., one day recently visiting relatives.

A clinic was conducted for children, at the town hall, July 27, with Dr. Eleanor Campbell as examining physician.

Mrs. Robert Thomas and sons, Robert, Jr., and Raymond, have been enjoying a few days with friends in Methuen, Mass.

The J. W. Bills auction held on Saturday attracted a large crowd, and the many antique articles brought satisfactory prices.

One of the ladies from the Deering Community Center addressed the adult members of the Congregational church school on a recent Sunday morning and told in a very interesting manner of her early life and education in Turkey and Greece.

For several seasons, it has been the custom of Mrs. Alice Davis to give a garden party at her attractive country place, which is located just off the Frankestown road. She again entertained one afternoon recently, and everyone present greatly enjoyed the beautiful flowers in their artistic arrangement, the musical program, and the charming hospitality of Mrs. Davis.

Rufus Tucker, of Westfield, N. J. There are also nine grandchildren. Two sons, Samuel and Lewis, both well remembered here, died in early manhood. Miss Helen Holmes, who now owns the farm formerly owned by Mr. Nash, attended the funeral.

The Funeral of Laurence Drew

Was held from the Warden home at Antrim Center, on Tuesday of last week, as mentioned in these columns in issue of August 1; then we did not have time for a fuller report and now one is given that is more complete.

Lawrence Drew was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1886, in which city he received his education, and was a graduate of Pace Institute of Accounting; was for six years with the R. G. Dunn Company, and for the last three years was connected with the Suffolk Saving Bank in Boston. Being somewhat out of health, he was at the Rutland, Mass., Sanatorium, where he passed away Saturday, July 28. His home was in Melrose, Mass. Thirteen years ago he was married to Miss Ellen G. N. Warden, of Antrim, and to them were born one daughter, Virginia, and one son, Robert; the widow and children are survivors. The family have the sympathy of all in their affliction.

The funeral was attended by relatives and friends, and Rev. J. W. Logan spoke comforting words to the bereaved. Mrs. Pietersz played the piano as a portion of the service. Floral tributes were beautiful. The bearers were neighbors: Ira P. Hutchinson, Morris H. Wood, Roscoe M. Lang and Roscoe Whitney. Interment was in Maplewood cemetery.

Those present from out of town to attend the funeral were: John F. Nelson, Greenfield, Mass.; George T. Nelson, New York City; Mrs. Bertus Pietersz, Springfield, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Barrett, Leominster, Mass.; Mrs. Fannie Bennett and son, Herbert, West Acton, Mass.

Consumers Council

Continued from page one

Fay Stevens, Hollis.

An office has been established in the new Federal Building, Room 207, in Manchester, and during the month of August will be open on each Monday P. M. between the hours of 2 and 5 o'clock standard time.

These local councils are under the Consumers Division of the National Emergency Council and the membership represents the ultimate consumer so far as is possible.

The purpose is to teach the consumer to demand that he gets "commodity specifications," while one of the major activities will be to deal with consumers' price complaints.

If interest in this work warrants the office will be put on a full time basis in the early fall.

Deering Vesper Services

The dates of the vesper services at Deering Community Center, in August, are given herewith, together with the names of the speakers for each Sunday afternoon; time of service 4:30 E. S. T.:

Aug. 12—Rev. Charles L. Sessholes, D. D., First Baptist Church, Dayton, Ohio.

Aug. 19—Rev. Miles H. Krumbine, D. D., Plymouth Church of Shaker Heights, Cleveland, Ohio.

Aug. 26—Rev. William S. Abernethy, D. D., Calvary Baptist church, Washington, D. C.

It's disappointing to call for a copy of The Reporter and not get one. Better subscribe for a year—\$2.00.

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By ALFRED BIGGS

Happiness is a state of mind.
Nature never duplicates.
A rich mind is better than a full purse.
After all, your's is only one point of view.
A day without a good deed is a day lost.
A prosperous fool is a pain in the neck.
Don't wait until he is dead before you praise him.
The law assumes you're innocent until you're broke.

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.

Mrs. M. E. Sargent is in Memorial Hospital, Nashua, where she has had her tonsils removed.

Lieut. Howard Cheney has entered the U. S. Mail Service Corps, and is located at Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Michigan.

Rev. E. C. Osborne and family, of North Berwick, Maine, have been visiting a week with Mrs. Osborne's father, Frank Hart.

Mrs. K. E. Roeder, of Antrim, on Sunday, very kindly came over from Antrim and sang a solo at the Congregational church.

Eli Cossette was at home a short time last week, but returned to the Concord Asylum, as he is not yet well enough to remain at home.

Mrs. Morris Wilson, while assisting her husband in auto repairing, let a plank fall on one of her feet, injuring the member to the extent of one broken bone and a big bruise.

There is nothing more appealing to a Summer guest than a quiet peaceful village, and they are rapidly becoming rare, with the constant stream of motor vehicles of all sizes, shapes and colors.

We are glad to read that eventually roads of unusual width will be taken through fields instead of following the roads through the towns and villages, as the latter with all its attendant rumpus tends toward making a city of the whole state.

Bennington schools will open for the Fall term on Tuesday, Sept. 4. All children must be vaccinated or hold a doctor's certificate excusing them from vaccination. Children entering school for the first time must be six years of age, or reach their sixth birthday before November first.

Tuesday morning's Manchester Union contained the information that Colonel and Mrs. Arthur J. Pierce, of this town, have accepted an invitation to witness the launching of the Cunard line's largest steamship, taking place Sept. 26. They will sail for London Sept. 15, to take in this most unusual event. From London, Colonel and Mrs. Pierce will go to Glasgow, and plan to return home early in October.

Antrim Bugle and Drum Corps Parades Monday Eve's

The local Bugle and Drum Corps was out on parade early Monday evening and they made a splendid appearance; and the music was good. This organization is doing better all the time, and as "practice makes perfect," Antrim will at no far distant day have one of the best organizations of the kind. Our people are sure to give these young people their hearty support.

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Adam Zapple
LUCKY THE HOUSE WAS NAILED.
By JACK ROMER.



ANTRIM POST OFFICE

Mail Schedule in Effect April Twenty-nine, 1934

Going North	
Mails Close	Leave Station
6.29 a.m.	6.44 a.m.
2.28 p.m.	2.43 p.m.
Going South	
8.58 a.m.	9.13 a.m.
3.00 p.m.	3.15 p.m.

Mail connecting with Keene train arriving at Elmwood railroad station at 5.17 p.m., leaves Postoffice at 4.40 p.m., and arrives at about 5.45 p.m. Office closes at 6.30 p.m.

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Rev. William Patterson, Pastor
Schedule for August
This Church will be closed the first two Sundays in August.
Preaching services August 19 and 26, in charge of Dr. J. D. Cameron.
All other services omitted.

Methodist Episcopal
Rev. John P. Brooks, Pastor
No services in this church August 5 and 12

Baptist
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, August 9
Mid-week service at 7.30 p.m.
Sunday, August 12
No Sunday school during August
Morning worship at 10.45. Rev. Clarence M. Fogg will preach

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.

Antrim Garden Club

The usual monthly meeting of the Antrim Garden Club was held on Monday evening, Aug. 6, at the home of the president, Mrs. G. D. Tibbets. A large attendance enjoyed viewing the lovely gardens of Dr. and Mrs. Tibbets. Attention was called to the coming Flower Show, and the Chairman gave many notices which appear in another column. It was voted that the Club hold a picnic the week following the Show at the Reaveley Farm, at Elmwood. Further information will be given later.

An invitation to visit the gardens of Major and Mrs. Goyette, at Peterborough, on Friday, August 10, at 3 p.m. EST., was accepted.

Miss Rachel Caughey gave a very interesting report of her two weeks at the Lost River Nature Camp.

The program opened with a poem "Who Made a Garden?" by Douglas Malloch, read by Miss Winifred Cochran. Mrs. G. H. Caughey gave a very instructive talk on "Hardy Lillium," and Mrs. Rose Poor spoke briefly on "two lilies that are not lilies," Hemerocallis and Hosta. Mrs. E. S. Goodell spoke on the proper cutting and care of flowers that are to be used in exhibits or decoration.

Mrs. Poor read an interesting article cut from a Washington paper and accompanied with two pictures taken by Mr. Putnam, one of which was our own Graystone white birches.

The meeting adjourned to meet in Library hall on Sept. 10, when Mrs. Elizabeth Wilkins will speak to the Club and guests. Please note change of date from the usual day.

Rose Poor, Press Cor.

NORTH BRANCH

Horold Grant returned on Saturday to his home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cunningham have returned from a week's visit to the White Mountains.

The Misses Meltzard, of Newtonville, Mass., are spending a few days with Miss Alice Welsman.

Miss Edith Barrett has been spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Barrett.

Mrs. Donald P. Cole and son, of Fall River, Mass., are spending a few weeks with Mrs. R. Florence Hunt.

The Ladies' Circle met at the home of Mrs. Warren Wheeler on Thursday, and all spent a very enjoyable afternoon.

Rev. John W. Logan, of Bennington, held the Sunday evening service at the chapel, bringing with him the surplice choir from his choir; Miss Lindsay accompanied them on the piano. There was a goodly attendance, and all enjoyed the meeting and the choir. Rev. Logan will preach to us again on Sunday evening, Aug. 12.

The Antrim Woman's Club

Held a very successful party at the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Felker on Tuesday, July 24. Twenty were present and the sum of \$4.00 was turned over to the treasurer.

Forty-one members of the Club went to Peterboro to attend the opening performance of "One Shining Hour," at the Town House, on Wednesday evening, July 25.

On Friday, Aug. 10, the Woman's Club will hold a lawn sale on lawn of Presbyterian church, at 3 p.m. There will be food, candy, home-made ice cream, punch, vegetables, flowers, and mystery packages on sale.

All parents who have not already paid for the work done on their children, at the dental clinic, will please do so before August 15, so that the committee may be able to pay all bills.

Miriam W. Roberts, Pub. Chairman.

Hippopotamus Ivory
Hippopotamus ivory, unlike elephant ivory, does not turn yellow with age. For this reason it was formerly widely used in the manufacture of false teeth.

Sugar Cane Grows High
When sugar cane is growing it has somewhat the appearance of a great cornfield, although as a rule, the reeds are almost twice as high as the ordinary cornstalk.

Oak Vats Used 100 Years
Dismantling of oak vats which survived 100 years of service in a London brewery has given impetus to the use of wood vessels for use in chemical industry, the textile and leather trades, the film industry and manufacture of fresh juices.

Tornado Track 1-5 Mile Wide
The average track of a tornado is about one-fourth of a mile across and twenty miles long and is so sharply defined that the houses on one side of the street may be completely demolished while those on the other side are unharmed.

For Sale

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

Executor's Notice

The subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Executor of the Will of Charles F. Downes, late of Antrim, in the County of Hillsborough, deceased. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.
Dated July 18, 1934
CRISTY F. PETTEE
Francetown, N. H.

An Artistic Family

The young lady at the next table, writes the eavesdropper in the case, was entertaining virtually the whole restaurant with a discourse about her family.

"We've got three girls and one boy in our family," she was telling her companion. "My oldest sister is a swell horseback rider. My second sister is a crack tennis player, and my baby sister is a whiz at basketball. My brother is a wonderful baseball player. You see, my whole family is artistic."
Then she heaved a deep sigh and added: "I'm the only one who isn't artistic. All I can do is play the piano."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Are You Lep-Sided?

If you aren't then you are one of the four out of every ten whose legs are the same length. According to Dr. H. V. Hillman of New York, six out of every ten have one leg shorter than the other. But if you are one of the six, don't worry because the good doctor says 91 per cent of the cases are curable while but 9 per cent are listed as doubtful.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Nuns Run Electric Mill
Nuns in the convent of Ursberg, Bavaria, are running a large flour mill, which is operated by electricity supplied by their own power station. They also do farm work, and make shoes, clothes and books for their own use. The community is self-supporting. The convent is nearly 800 years old.

A Slight Deficiency

"Your boy, Josh, seems to have the eccentricities of genius."
"No doubt of it," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "He's well supplied with the eccentricities. If he can get a little of the genius, I bet he'll be something."

Wise Welsh Pony
Believed to be the oldest equine worker in the world, Sergeant, a thirty-four-year old Welsh pony, has completed 29 busy years in a coal mine at Mountain Ash, Wales. He knows his job so well that he does not need directing in any part of it.

Haste Slowly
Teacher—Give me an example of a sentence using the word "tariff."
High School Flapper—Your stockings are sure to tear if you don't put them on carefully.—Chelsea Record.

How to Reduce Heating Costs
by JOHN BARCLAY,
Heating Expert



In my last article I discussed, to some extent, the disadvantages of a dirty heating surface in a furnace. You will probably be interested to know just what a dirty furnace means in actual money and heat loss.

Suppose you are burning Stove size coal costing \$13.50 a ton. If you use 10 tons a year, your total fuel bill is \$135.00. Now, if the heating surfaces of your boiler have an accumulation of 1/16th of an inch of carbon deposit there is a loss of heating efficiency of 26.2%. Based upon the total amount of coal you use per year this means a total loss of \$35.37, or, in terms of coal, a waste of a little less than three (3) tons.

Here is a table showing amount of heat loss caused by various amounts of fly ash deposit:

1/32" of deposit	will cause 9.5% loss
1/16" of deposit	will cause 26.2% loss
1/8" of deposit	will cause 45.3% loss
3/16" of deposit	will cause 69% loss

It won't take you long to figure how much money and coal you are wasting if any such carbon deposit is on the surface of your heating plant. You know how much your fuel costs per year and that figure, multiplied by the percentages shown above, will give you an idea of how much you are wasting because of a dirty heating plant.

Heating engineers have found that a deposit of the type that we are discussing has insulating properties five times as great as asbestos. Certainly you would not put an asbestos lining on the heating surface of your boiler and yet a good many of us are actually doing this when we fail to have our furnaces cleaned at regular intervals.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q: One of my friends told me that the flue pipe should be disconnected and taken down during the summer months in order to prevent it from rust-

ing. Is this necessary? E.H.W., West Chester, Penna.

A: If you have not done anything about cleaning your furnace and flue pipe after the fire was allowed to go out at the end of the last heating season, there is every possibility that the flue pipe will corrode. This is caused by the accumulation from the previous heating season. This will absorb moisture from the air and cause an acid formation which, in time, will destroy the metal. Small holes will appear in the flue pipe and these, in turn, will cause poor draft when you start using your furnace during the heating season.

It is difficult to detect these leaks because they start from the inside and frequently these holes are covered with deposit accumulated in the pipe. To avoid this condition, the furnace and flue pipes should be cleaned out after the heating season is over and the dampers of the furnace left wide open.

Q: What is the purpose and use of the slide in the upper door of a hot air furnace? P.T.S., Syracuse, N. Y.

A: The purpose of the slide in the door of a furnace or boiler is to admit air over the fire. This is used primarily when high volatile fuels are used such as soft coal, in order to burn the gases and to eliminate smoke as much as possible. When anthracite coal is used, the slide is very seldom of any advantage because anthracite is smokeless. However, when a large amount of coal is fired at one time, there is some benefit to be obtained from having the slide partly open for a short period, in order to ignite the gases forming from the fresh charge of fuel.

(If you have any heating problems address John Barclay, Room 1814, 120 Broadway, New York City. He will be glad to reply in a personal letter.)

This adv. is to remind the public that the

Eldredge Insurance Agency

Is here for your protection and convenience.

The best of Companies represented. Your favors will be appreciated and all business will be transacted with entire satisfaction to all patrons.

Eldredge Insurance Agency
Fire Insurance---Surety Bonds
Antrim, N. H.

CURRENT EVENTS PASS IN REVIEW

EUROPE STIRRED BY MURDER OF DOLLFUSS—FALL OF THE STRATOSPHERE BALLOON

By EDWARD W. PICKARD
© Western Newspaper Union

ENGELBERT DOLLFUSS, intrepid little chancellor of Austria, has fallen a victim of his political enemies. A group of 144 Nazis, disguised in uniforms, broke into the chancellery in Vienna and made prisoners of Dollfuss and a number of his ministers. The chancellor was beaten and shot and left to bleed to death, his captors refusing to permit a physician or a priest to be called. Without revealing the fact that they had murdered the dictator, the Nazis then surrendered on promise of safe conduct across the German border, being aided in the negotiations by K. Rietel, the German minister to Austria. When it was learned that Dollfuss had been killed the promise was revoked and the Nazis were locked up.

Meanwhile another small bunch of Nazis had seized the radio broadcasting office and had given out a statement that Dollfuss had resigned and would be succeeded as chancellor by Dr. Anton Rintelen, the minister to Italy. Rintelen was called to Vienna immediately, put in a cell and there shot seriously. Officials said he tried to commit suicide.

Rintelen was put in a hospital and later forty Nazis raided the place in an attempt to abduct him. A nurse gave an alarm and the police arrived in time to capture a number of the raiders.

President Mikias called on Dr. Kurt Schuschnigg, minister of education under Dollfuss, to head the government, and he, together with Former Vice Chancellor Emil Fey and Prince Ernst von Starhemberg, the vice chancellor, took charge of the situation with the help of the police.

Schuschnigg, who is thirty-seven years old, is a Roman Catholic, an anti-Nazi and anti-Socialist and is believed to favor the restoration of the monarchy. Like Dollfuss, he will be not only chancellor but also minister of war, justice and public instruction. Vice Chancellor von Starhemberg was made leader of the entire security organization. The foreign minister is Baron Berger-Waldeneck.

In the province of Styria and in some other regions civil war broke out almost at once and the Nazis, strong in numbers especially in Graz, were desperately fighting with the regular army and the heimwehr.

Italy, France and Great Britain were conferring as to the best measures to take to carry on their pledges of last February that the integrity of Austria should be maintained. Italy, especially, was determined that the Austrian Nazis should not gain control of the country and was ready for armed intervention. Mussolini had 75,000 troops encamped near the Austrian frontier and personally assured Prince von Starhemberg that he would defend Austrian independence. The French professed to look on the Nazi revolt as an internal event not warranting intervention at present, but the question of maintaining Austrian independence is one of the few in which they agree entirely with the Italians.

Naturally, everyone blamed Germany for the tragedy in Vienna, for the German Nazis have carried on a long and persistent campaign against Dollfuss, making use of the radio without restraint. Hitler's government, however, tried to avoid implication in the Vienna uprising. Minister Reith was recalled to Berlin because of his unauthorized action in helping the Nazi group, and Hitler appointed Franz von Papen to succeed him. The border was closed to all political fugitives from Austria. The German press, always under control, was careful not to express joy over the killing of Dollfuss.

On the side lines, waiting to see what course would prove most advantageous to themselves, were Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia and Hungary.

WITH monarchists in control of the Austrian government the royalists of that country and of Hungary resumed their schemes for putting the young Archduke Otto on the old throne of the Hapsburgs. There are reports that they held a secret meeting in Vitznau, Switzerland, and formed a restoration plan which they hoped would be acceptable to France, Italy, Great Britain and the little entente. Their first object was to secure the approval of Premier Mussolini. Leaders in the movement are Colonel Randa of the Austrian army, Felix Dunkel, an Austrian monarchist, and Count Hojcs of Hungary.

According to the story current in Paris, the condition placed by the little entente and the big powers to allowing Otto to assume the throne is that he will sign a pledge guaranteeing the present boundaries and other terms of existing treaties with regard to Austria and the succession states.

CHANCELLOR HITLER of Germany was at Bayreuth and information was conveyed to him there that Marshal Von Hindenburg, the

aged president of the reich, was seriously ill at his country home. Similar reports have been frequent of late, but this one appeared to be authentic.

Hitler of course was watching the course of events in Austria closely and even anxiously. One of his associates said to a correspondent: "We get all sorts of alarming rumors. We understand that people who favor our point of view are simply shot down. Wherever fighting occurs we understand orders to federal troops and auxiliaries are to take no prisoners and give no quarter."

"EXPLORER," the huge balloon constructed to carry three army officers far into the stratosphere, made a brave start from near Rapid City, S. D., rose to a height of 60,000 feet and then came to grief. Great rips appeared in the fabric of the bag and it came down rapidly and erratically, falling with its gondola 12 miles from Holdrege, Neb. Maj. W. E. Kepner, Capt. Orville Anderson and Capt. Albert Stevens "balled out" and with the aid of their parachutes landed unhurt. But all their expensive and elaborate scientific equipment, with the exception of the spectograph, was destroyed when the gondola crashed. The spectograph had been hung outside and floated to earth on a separate small parachute.

Captain Anderson said he believed the light two-ounce fabric used below the diaphragm of the big balloon was responsible for the break in midair. Captain Stevens, however, asserted the ripping of the bag, about the time they attained their maximum height, was due to its "peculiar shape and local shape strains set up."

MRS. ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL, only daughter of the President, obtained a divorce from her husband, Curtis Dall of New York, in swift proceedings at Minden, Nev. The charge was "extreme cruelty," and the judge, "out of deference to the President of the United States," held the trial behind closed doors. The case was not contested by Mr. Dall. The custody of the children, "Stietle" and "Buzzie," was determined in a written agreement approved by the court but not made public.

MARTIAL law in Minneapolis, decreed by Gov. Floyd B. Olson because of rioting incidental to the strike of teamsters there, proved obnoxious to almost everybody and both the trucking firms and their 7,000 striking drivers asked for its dissolution. At the same time Adjutant General Walsh announced that the "insurrection" had been suppressed. Still the governor declined to withdraw the state troops. Additional trucks were given military permits to operate, and a ban against those in interstate commerce was revoked because its legality was in doubt. Beer trucks, however, were removed from the privileged list and were forbidden use of the streets on the ground that they did not furnish a necessary service.

At a mass meeting of union laborers the leaders demanded the withdrawal of the troops, the secretary of the truck drivers' union charging that the soldiers were "little more than strike-breakers."

The federal mediators, Rev. Francis J. Haas and E. H. Dunnigan, announced that they were preparing a new plan for settlement of the strike but said they would await advances from the disputants before presenting it.

The striking men demanded that the union be allowed to represent "inside" workers of warehouses, elevators, produce houses and similar firms in which trucking plays an important part. Employers agreed to an election of labor representatives in companies where working conditions are in dispute but refused to make the arrangement general.

Riots in Kohler Village, Wis., in which two men were killed, led Gov. A. G. Schemmedeman to place the community under martial control, and 600 members of the National Guard were sent there. During the riot the police and deputies used tear gas bombs and blank cartridges and where these failed to disperse the mob, they opened fire with loaded shells. The officer commanding the Guardsmen ordered the disbanding of the force of special deputies and permitted the strikers to resume peaceful picketing of the Kohler plant.

Longshoremen of the Pacific coast ended their two-month long strike and returned to their jobs in all the ports, as did the marine workers. Pending arbitration by the federal board, stevedores will be employed by employer-controlled hiring halls under supervision of observers representing the board. Control of the hiring halls was the chief issue in the strike and is still to be settled by the arbitrators, along with the questions of increased wages, shorter working hours and improved conditions.

MARIE DRESSLER, beloved veteran of the stage and screen and one of the foremost comedians of the time, died at Santa Barbara after a long fight against cancer. She knew two years ago that her condition was hopeless, but went on making pictures as long as she was able to work—the kind of pictures that endeared her to countless thousands. Brave, generous, clean minded, highly skilled in her art, Miss Dressler will be sadly missed.

GEORGE N. PEEK, President Roosevelt's special adviser on foreign trade, announced that in an effort to recapture some of America's markets abroad the so-called Second Export-Import bank was ready to finance American shipments to any country in the world.

Hitherto this second bank has dealt only with Cuban trade, while the first bank was created to handle Russian business. Thus far the Russian bank has been moribund because Russia has failed to pay her war debts to this country, and the State department has held that, under the Johnson law forbidding new American loans to debt defaulters, the bank may not grant credits to Russia.

Short term, intermediate, and long term credit will be offered to American shippers who need financing to push through deals abroad, Peek said. He defined short term credits as those of less than 180 days, intermediate credits as those maturing in 180 days to 24 months, and long term credits as those with maturities between one and five years.

FOR the first time in history a President of the United States set foot on Hawaiian soil when Mr. Roosevelt landed at Hilo. He went ashore there especially to visit the great Kilauea volcano, and being driven to the edge of the huge firepit of Halemaumau, he made a sacrifice to Pele, the fire goddess, by tossing a bunch of red ohelo berries into the crater. The city of Hilo gave the President a warm welcome and staged a pageant. Then he proceeded to Honolulu for the main events of his visit.

WITHIN a few weeks the agricultural adjustment administration may announce a new basic policy, for Secretary Wallace has declared that, with the exception of cotton, the unprecedented drought has forecast the wiping out of farm surpluses in the United States.

With the elaborate AAA control machinery completely overshadowed by the forces of nature the policy swing will be away from enforcement of decreases in production but the program will still be one of limitation. The AAA is prepared to reverse itself entirely, if necessary in some crops, and encourage production but Secretary Wallace said he saw no need at present of adopting a program of stimulation.

FILIPINOS met in Manila in constitutional convention to form the commonwealth government which will bring to them in ten years the independence they have long sought. Probably their task will take several months. The delegates number 202 and at their opening session they were presided over by Manuel Quezon, veteran nationalist who is a familiar figure in Washington. The constitution is likely to be modeled after that of the United States, though there are those who favor the European style of parliamentary government with a one house legislature. After the constitution is written it must be approved by President Roosevelt and submitted to a vote of the Filipino people before becoming effective. In drafting their basic law the delegates are being aided by United States Senator Hayden of Arizona, who took to Manila a tentative plan for their consideration.

ALL American possessions except the Philippines, Samoa and Guam are now under the direction of a single government agency. The division of territories and island possessions, created by President Roosevelt under authority of the government economy act, has taken over control of Hawaii, Alaska, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands. Previously Puerto Rico was under War department and the others were under the Interior department.

ALFALFA BILL MURRAY, governor of Oklahoma, has thought up something new. One M. C. Graham had been fined for alleged violation of a milk selling ordinance and the governor pardoned him. The Oklahoma City officials ignored the pardon and planned to arrest Graham again, whereupon Murray declared a military zone about Graham's automobile, wherever it might go. This naturally blocked the civil authorities.

SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY MORGENTHAU, on his return to Washington from a month's vacation, informed the press that he has selected Chicago as the center of a "model" experimental district in which his department will make an earnest effort to stamp out liquor bootlegging. "You can't say that we are being sissy, or that we have picked out an easy mark for our model," Mr. Morgenthau remarked.

He declared that the new alcohol tax unit at Chicago, from which activities will be directed in a district embracing Illinois, Indiana, and Wisconsin, will be made the object of intensive study while a vigorous campaign is prosecuted there against tax cheating bootleggers. Mr. Morgenthau knows he is faced with a monumental task. Reports to his agents have indicated that great volumes of the hard liquors and wines being peddled in the country are the genuine article are in truth spurious imitations, practically as bad as they were before repeal of prohibition.

PAUL MAY, Belgian ambassador to the United States, died in a Washington hospital following an abdominal operation. Mr. May was a veteran diplomat and had held the post in Washington since April, 1931. He was a man of engaging personality, and took great interest in the arts and horse racing.

Washington Digest
National Topics Interpreted
by William Bruckart

Washington.—The end of June statements of all of the banks of the country are now a matter of record and increase

surprisingly, nearly all of the individual banks have shown increases in deposits and resources over a year ago. A couple of the largest banks in New York showed such astounding increases in deposits as \$100,000,000, compared with June, 1933. But irrespective of the increase in deposits—that is, the money actually in possession of the banks—almost none of them disclosed any increase in the total loans now outstanding. Indeed, the rule was a decline from June 30, 1933.

Banking authorities in the government and outside tell me these figures on deposits and resources clearly indicate an improvement in the general banking situation. The Federal Reserve board in its latest review of conditions declared the banking structure was on a much firmer foundation. Yet, the fact that the banks have not made loans is being seized upon by a certain segment of politicians and alleged economists as proof that the banks are not doing their part. From very high quarters in the administration we hear intermittent yelps that the banks are not co-operating and are not attempting to loan money. This condition, as they construe it, is being used as the excuse for the existence of numerous of the government loaning agencies and for other activities under the New Deal that result in getting money out into the country.

The circumstances in the decline of bank loans, however, is to my mind not such as the critics of the banks claim. It must be remembered first of all that bankers, when they make loans, are putting out money belonging to you and to other depositors. They must be reasonably sure of getting it back, even though we do have now the Federal Deposit Insurance corporation that is supposed to prevent losses for the depositors. Bankers, therefore, are willing to make loans of the vast sums of idle cash their banks hold if they can only find someone who will put up security guaranteeing a return of the borrowed funds.

While some of the critics of the bankers have been continuing their attacks, I note statements from the Public Works administration, from the Reconstruction Finance corporation, from the Home Owners' Loan corporation, and the Farm Credit administration, among others, which show very clearly that the government or its agencies is unwilling to make loans unless it can foresee a reasonable chance for repayment. Just the other day, the Public Works administration withdrew an allocation of some \$6,577,000 for construction of a bridge in Chicago because, according to Public Works Administrator Ickes, the political subdivision of that city having jurisdiction was unable to provide a guarantee of repayment of that loan. Every day local units of the Home Owners' Loan corporation are turning down applications by home owners who seek government money through mortgages on their property to aid them in whatever distress they find themselves. The same statement may be made respecting loans by the Reconstruction Finance corporation in its dealings with industry.

Lately the various Federal Reserve banks issued a weekly statement of their operations, and only three of the twelve reserve institutions reported having made loans to industry.

I have inquired in numerous quarters for reasons why borrowers were so few. The consensus given me by men who should know, is that there are two distinct reasons for the small amount of loans being made by banks and, of course, the same reasons apply in the case of government loans, except that the government has been known to put out money in places from which it probably never will be returned. One of the reasons mentioned was that individuals and firms who most need money have nothing but their own signed obligations to put up as a guarantee. Obviously, if an individual or a corporation has no resources, the note of that individual or that corporation is of little value, however honest and well intentioned the borrower may be.

The second reason, and one that is quite as important, is the lack of confidence which business men tell me exists to a large extent in commerce and industry. Whatever is the basis for this lack of confidence is not a matter of concern in this discussion, but its existence seem to me to be a matter of the gravest importance. Whether taxpayers are afraid of the burden in levies which they can foresee, is the reason for their hesitancy, is not now wholly apparent. Many observers are convinced it is an influential factor. There is also the question which one hears so often asked: Where and how far does the New Deal intend to go in socialization and reform? It seems to be obvious that each of these, and perhaps others, are factors standing in the way of a sound expansion of business under the recovery plan.

In the meantime, the federal government is going ahead with its program to spend our way out of the depression. Here is one item to show what is happening. This road building has resulted in the construction of enough miles—more than 22,000—of new highway almost to encircle the earth. This money was voted by congress in the last session as a means of creating work. Proponents of the appropriation, and administration authorities, hold that the \$400,000,000 earmarked for road building would provide thousands of new jobs. Bureau of public roads figures indicate that this has been the result, but I find many observers who are wondering whether the amount of money that has been paid to labor for highway construction has been a proper proportionate part of the total set aside, when the purpose was solely the making of jobs. Total figures by the public roads office show that 6,380 miles were completed and in use on July 1 of this year and that 14,000 miles were under construction, with the probability that they will be in use by the end of 1934. Contracts have been awarded, the bureau has said, for the construction of about 1,900 miles more, and work on this portion will be under way in the late summer.

It used to be assumed that when economic conditions were below par, many owners of automobiles would dispense with their machines until they were better situated financially. Such, however, seems not to have been the case in the last year. Automobile registrations, while they declined in 1933, continued to remain at an unusually high figure as compared with recent years. Official statistics show that 23,872,000 motor vehicles were in use last year. This is only 1 per cent below 1932. The decline from 1931 to 1932 was larger, but the point is, according to officials, that the decline was very small. The authorities insist that the reduction in total motor vehicles in use as compared with 1932 should be considered as hardly noticeable when the whole country and the whole number of motor vehicles is considered. Although I have not the official statistics concerning the sales of new cars last year, responsible sources inform me that this business was very much improved and they add also that the sales for 1934 in the first six months have been exceptionally high. This would indicate that a great many individuals have found money, in some way or another, which they could spare for a new automobile.

Washington observers lately have noticed an increasing tendency among conservatives throughout the country, whether Democratic or Republican, to align themselves under one banner. The movement as yet is much in the embryo, but I am told by various observers who are acquainted with political trends that the alignment is taking a rather definite shape. Some months ago I reported in these columns the belief of many political leaders that Mr. Roosevelt, as President, was definitely engaged in the formation of a Roosevelt party that would adhere strictly to liberal standards. Assignments which the President has made, the legislation which he has proposed, and his general attitude on social matters coupled with an absolute disregard of old-time Democratic principles, has laid the groundwork for the regrouping of voters under a liberal and conservative alignment. It is to be noted in this connection that Mr. Roosevelt is continuing to expand his liberal doctrines under the guidance of some of the political leaders heretofore held to be radical members of the two old parties.

Another factor and influence that is noted now to be at work is the gradual concentration of business interests on the conservative side of political questions under the New Deal. Washington has heard lately of efforts being made which would result in the molding of business interests, or the spokesmen therefor, into a compact organization as a means of combating policies of the New Deal regarded by business leaders as radical in character. It is too early to attempt a forecast as to the scope of this move. Nevertheless, it is quite apparent that a concentration of this strength is under way. Not only will these men and interests oppose expansion of such policies as NRA and the AAA but they are organizing to fight the ever-increasing burden of taxation and to oppose extension of government in business.

It is a matter of record, of course, that the tendency of government policies in the United States since the World war has been steadily to the left. Conservatives have been unable thus far to check this trend, largely because the conservative element never has stood together. It is important and significant, therefore, that for the first time we are observing the development of a conservative organization in this country which has the avowed purpose of turning the American government back somewhat to the right and, as the leaders describe it, back again to the Constitution as it was originally drawn.

Still, I prefer the story of Thos. A. Edison, and humbler men, who have striven in the more useful, if less exciting, fields of endeavor.

I do not love life as ardently as some say they do, but possibly few have become more accustomed to it than I am at seventy-nine . . . The things I shall dislike to give up are becoming fewer every year; still, I suppose I shall finally hate to go.

The story told during the war that a German soldier ran his bayonet through a Belgian baby, and carried it all day as a trophy, was disproved. . . . But Americans cannot deny that an American stole a two-year-old baby, brutally beat it to death because of its frightened cries, and later collected a fifty-thousand-dollar ransom from the distressed parents.

I never say I have studied life; only that I have lived it. I do not study anything, I experience it, as one of my natural necessities.

Howe About:

Honesty
A Firm Foundation
Soldiers of Fortune

By ED HOWE

I HAVE never occupied official position of any kind; I have always been a humble follower, forgotten except when leaders are considering an additional tax schedule, a new drive, or other folly. But if appointed chief of police I should have fewer street parades. I seldom go downtown without finding a street roped off for another parade, and thus suffer annoyance and delay.

The president of a big New York bonding company writes me:

"The following is a quotation from your last issue: 'I do not believe the people can be cured of their natural dishonesty, but still have hope they can be taught honesty is the best policy, if we teach it as industriously as we have long been teaching some of our untrue doctrines.' . . . The experience of this company in paying dishonesty losses forty years convinces me that what is needed in this world is the teaching of honesty rather than preaching of it. Our preaching has resulted in honesty being regarded as a 'goody-goody' doctrine, to be eulogized by Sunday school teachers and the public schools up to the fourth reader.' No real effort is made to impress young people with the practical benefit to be derived from honesty as an asset. Anyone can acquire it, and it will prove an inexhaustible resource throughout life. Dishonesty starts when the individual determines upon a course he knows is wrong; but the impression is not deep enough to hold him—he has not been sufficiently taught. If children were sufficiently taught honesty from the beginning, and continuously, it would not be so easy for men and women to depart from honest ways, and get into the trouble dishonesty always brings. I hope you will elaborate on this theme in subsequent issues."

I am regarded as a tiresome scold by a good many because I have already elaborated on the theme in many previous issues. I believe we should teach honesty is the best policy as persistently and continuously as we teach the Christian religion.

Honesty is not a "goody-goody" or Sunday school doctrine; it is the soundest article in the philosophy of experience. Good conduct is the surest and safest method of insuring success and comfort in life. Good conduct pays; and it is easier in the long run than bad conduct.

I have taught this all my life, and shall teach it hereafter.

A country or a man may progress too rapidly. It was overprogress that caused Ivar Kreuger, head of the Swedish match trust, to commit suicide, and leave behind the record of a scoundrel.

It was overprogress on the part of the United States that brought us to the present great difficulties. Progress is one of the best principles, but the details must be attended to with the old details of caution and common sense. If the foundation is not built on solid rock, there will be a toppling.

Somewhere in the hymn book or Bible there is a line about the sure foundation. One must have it in everything, if he hopes to get along as comfortably and safely as is possible.

The stories of Soldiers of Fortune, as they appear in the newspapers and magazines exaggerated by other soldiers of fortune, make good reading; in my vagrant hours I sometimes read them myself.

A notable Soldier of Fortune has just died, missing the average goal of three score and ten by thirty years. He was in college when the war broke out, and made high grades in the football squad. Also, he sang in the glee club, and played in the band, but his grades in legitimate studies were low.

Of course, he promptly enlisted, and I marvel that a man wounded so frequently and seriously, was able, after the armistice, to perform such feats of exploration as he displayed in climbing mountains, following rare specimens of animals in Tibet and Africa, and engaging in revolutions in South America. He hoped to fly across the Atlantic and thus appear in the movies, but at thirty-eight he was found dead; whether by his own hand, or at the hand of one of his fellow adventurers, is not known.

Still, I prefer the story of Thos. A. Edison, and humbler men, who have striven in the more useful, if less exciting, fields of endeavor.

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SUCH IS LIFE



Housewife's Idea Box

Economize With Sterilized Gauze... Do you buy one large package of sterilized gauze? It is far better to buy several smaller packages.

Animal "Family Tree" Explains Many Facts

A gigantic "family tree," showing the interrelationship of mammals from man down to the egg-laying duckbill platypus has been projected on the floor of the Harvard Museum of Comparative Zoology.

The larger branches demonstrate the zoological orders which may be divided into smaller branches or sub-orders, and these in turn into even smaller and more compact groups called families.

The colors on this chart, as well as the branching of the limb, help to explain group relationship. For example, the blue stem follows the branch culminating in the great apes and man.

Branching from the blue stem quite low down near the base of the tree there is a red limb out of the end of which spring many smaller branches representing the carnivores.

Charles Isle Home of Strange Exiles

Story of Their Lives Is Almost Unbelievable.

Kansas City.—On a burned and blackened volcanic island that rises precipitously from the sea nearly 600 miles west of the South American republic of Ecuador is gathered an astonishing assortment of queer human beings.

Weird stories of strange happenings on the bleak, lava-strewn bit of land that once was a convict settlement have been filtering into civilized haunts of man.

This barren, jagged, rocky island whose shores are washed by the equatorial waters of the Pacific has nine inhabitants. The cast of characters: Frederick Ritter, of Berlin, eminent

German physician, dentist and philosopher, who left a brilliant career in Germany to seek a modern Eden on the Pacific island.

His mate, Frau Dore Strauch Koerwien, who went to the island with him from her German home.

Baroness Bousequet de Wagner, of Vienna, who went to the island after Ritter and his helpmate.

Philipson, Alonzo and Arends, men companions of the "empress" who came to the island with her.

A German couple, names unknown, and their infant child, born soon after their arrival on the desert island.

Ritter and Frau Koerwien were the first inhabitants of the island. They landed there with a pick and shovel and a bag of seeds and perhaps a score of books.

Will Not Touch Meat. They are vegetarians and will not touch the fish, turtle eggs, wild pig, birds, wild goats, or other meat which is abundant on the island.

Fruits, vegetables, nuts and occasionally a little chicken forms their only food. Everything they partake is mashed into a pulp before it enters their mouths.

The two food enthusiasts live either in a one-room shack built of rough timber or in a faded tent near a spring. Their homes are remote and accessible only by climbing a stony path which winds up a steep, mountainous way.

Inexpensive Rug. Strips of matting bound with color make inexpensive rugs for summer use to replace orientals and room-size carpets.

"Taking the Profits Out of War"

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

Numerous suggestions have been made for the abolition of war. Some of these have been tried but not with success.

Public opinion is at present aroused with an enthusiasm which argues that if we would end all war, we must strike at the direct benefits which result from it. One of these is profits.

With this sentiment dominating the public mind we are not surprised to read press dispatches as follows: "One of the surest ways of preventing war would be to give the government the power to draft, not only men but wealth, industry, agriculture, and make them work without profit."

Prettiest Angler



Miss Helene Gould of Forest Hills, Long Island, was voted the prettiest woman angler in the summer colony in the Adirondacks near Stamford, N. Y.

Mr. Bernard M. Baruch, whose judgment is respected by many persons, in a recent address, remarked: "Recapture all profits made by all industries engaged in war supplies above a small and reasonable return on the monies invested, and that all profits which are an incentive to war must be absolutely destroyed."

When we remember the fabulous fortunes which have been made out of the manufacture of war materials as well as the profits created by the sale of food stuffs and other necessities incident to war, we are inclined to believe that "taking the profits out of war" would help to remove one of the incentives to warfare.

It should be remembered, however, that a disease is not cured permanently until the cause has been removed. The cause for war lies much deeper than just money profits. That profit is a large factor goes without question, but nations do not go to war just for the purpose of increasing their national treasures.

The Household

By Lydia Le Baron Walker

ONE of the most difficult things to teach some children is responsibility while others have a natural sense of it.

It is true that every normal person has to take to himself the responsibility for his or her actions in mature years, in fact, in all years except young childhood, when the responsibility for actions reverts to parents who are held accountable.

When a person is irresponsible, he is not normal and must be treated as such. Parents who will pardon their children on flimsy excuses would resent being told their offspring was irresponsible.

There is no plea for severe punishment of children. This does not always, by any means, help them to feel responsibility.

Courage is a totally different thing, for it is always used to avert calamity, while recklessness is taking a chance with the balance favorable to disaster.

Lack of responsibility is found in children who take no precautions to prevent a ball from smashing a window. Parents can stimulate responsibility by making the child earn the money to pay for the replacement of the glass.

Inculcating Responsibility. Crime in children would be distinctly lessened if parents would help their children from a very early age to feel responsibility, not by thrusting responsibility on them, but by seeing that they take what falls naturally to little ones.

A large number of auto accidents are the direct results of lack of responsibility. Take a chance and it may come out all right, and when it doesn't and terrible suffering and deaths result, penalties must be paid, but life cannot be restored.

There are few people who do not

enjoy looking beyond today in the prospect of good things that it is hoped will come; to the fulfillment of dreams; to a happy future, and a successful one.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Jacket Ensemble



For hot weather days in town, travel, commuting, this fine quality cotton voile is the perfect summer sheer. The jacket ensemble is of plume chiffon.

Michigan Naval Reserve Using Old Insull Boat

Detroit.—Sturdy naval reserve men now hustle about the decks of the training ship, the Truant, once the yacht of Samuel Insull, former Chicago utilities magnate.

The Truant was loaned to the Michigan Naval Reserve corps by the Illinois Naval militia which bought her from Insull ten years ago.

Insull had loaned it to the Illinois organization two years before the militia purchased it. The ship has the speedy lines that appeal to the sportsman, being 130 feet long, with a narrow beam of only 18 feet.

Mamma Coyote Knows How to Handle Young

Stevensville, Mont.—Anxious mothers can learn how to make children behave by watching a coyote on Carney Phelps' ranch.

Phelps said a mother coyote had five pups of belligerent nature. To keep them from fighting, she moved into an old badger hole with five tunnels leading from the main shaft.

By keeping one pup in each tunnel, "Ma" coyote kept them apart, except at meal times, when she and "Pa" saw to it that peace was preserved.

Workers Picketing the NRA



Administrator Johnson of the NRA has been having his own troubles as an employer. The NRA workers in Washington have their union, and when General Johnson dismissed the president of the union his offices in the Department of Commerce building were picketed, as shown in this illustration. The general did not give in.

College Champion



Charley Yates, Georgia Tech junior, is shown above with the national intercollegiate trophy he won by defeating Ed White of the University of Texas in the finals at the Country club, Cleveland, Ohio.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode

Advertisement for 'Faint Stars!' featuring illustrations of a couple and a fish. Text includes: 'STARLIGHT GIVES ONLY ONE-SIXTH THE TOTAL ILLUMINATION, EVEN ON MOONLESS NIGHTS, THE REST COMES FROM THE EARTH'S OWN ATMOSPHERE AS ZODIACAL OR AURORAL LIGHT.' and 'TWO-HEADED FISH, GROWN TO NORMAL SIZE, ARE FREQUENTLY FOUND IN MICHIGAN WATERS. ONE FISH HAD FIVE HEADS TO ONE BODY AND TAIL.'

Advertisement for 'The Easy Way to Iron!' featuring a Coleman Self-Heating Iron. Text includes: 'KEEP COOL SAVE TIME SAVE MONEY SAVE WORK with the Coleman Self-Heating Iron' and 'THIS Coleman Self-Heating Iron will save you more time and work than a \$10.00 ironing machine!'

Advertisement for 'Face "Broken Out?"' featuring Resinol. Text includes: 'First wash with pure Resinol Soap. Then relieve and improve sore pimply spots with soothing Resinol.'

Advertisement for 'ANTS DIE' featuring Peterman's Ant Food. Text includes: '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 druggist's.'

Advertisement for 'Cuticura Talcum Powder'. Text includes: 'Protect your skin with a powder that is mildly antiseptic and at the same time fine, soft and smooth as silk.'

Advertisement for 'UPTOWN NEW YORK' featuring Theresa Hotel. Text includes: 'Away from the heat and congestion AMPLE PARKING SPACE' and 'THERESA HOTEL 7th Avenue at 123rd Street'.

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

Well, the brook trout fishing for another season is history, and what history! Without a question it has been the best trout fishing that the old state has had for a good many years and the boys will have something to talk about all next winter. Just now the pout fishermen are having their innings and it's one of the best seasons to date that we have had for a long time. The stocking that the State Dept. has done, also the private stocking that the Clubs have done, has made the pout fishing what it is in this part of the state.

Are you good at cross word puzzles or are you better at points of law? Well, here is one that was handed to me the other night and I will see how good you are at figuring. A bee hunter spent three days trying to locate a certain bee tree. After much hard work he found the tree. He marked it with his "John Hancock," date, etc. Then he proceeded to hunt up the owner. The owner of the tree declined to sell the tree and also refused to let the hunter have the bees or the honey. The hunter offered to buy the tree, cut it up and deliver it to the owner's home if he could have the bees and the honey. This the owner of the tree refused to do. Now, the hunter cannot touch the tree and the owner cannot touch the bees or the honey. What's the answer to this puzzle? You'll see.

That rain was worth a million dollars to us. It took the fire ban off the woods. It revived the gardens and put a new face on old Mother Earth. If there was sweeter music than the rain on the shingles we have failed to hear it.

Did you ever see a litter of ten English bull dogs at one time? Well, such a litter can be seen at a place at Dublin, N. H. And every one of those puppies are one hundred dollar dogs.

Some time ago I told you about Chief DeRochier of Greenville laying aside his uniform and taking up the job of selling stamps. Well, he has gone and done it, and now it's Postmaster DeRochier of Greenville. I will miss him, as he was 100% cooperation in the conservation game.

That Cope land anti-firearms bill went through Congress, but it was modified so that even the man that introduced it several months ago did not know it was his bill. All the teeth had been extracted, with great pain. The bill, as it became a law, did not effect the sportsmen one atom, but it did give the crooks a good jab right between the eyes. It mentioned only machine guns and sawed off shot guns.

The reason for this bill being so cut to pieces was because you fellows DID write to your Congressmen and Senators and they did SIT UP and TAKE NOTICE. But those birds die hard and it's up to us to be on our guard as similar bills will come up in the next session. If we even shut one eye we will lose out.

It won't be long now to the Primaries and then the election. We note that the big sporting magazines are warning the sportsmen to get together and demand of the candidates an expression of their views on fish and game matters. Are you with us or "agin" us? That is the question. The Clubs are strong enough throughout this state to send to the House and Senate men who are favorable to the Sportsmen's interest. We can cite, in several of my own towns, the strength of the sportsmen's vote. Nearly every town having a club has the balance of the voting power. Why do we send men who vote against our interest every time? Make 'em come across and tell us just where they stand on Fish and Game questions!

We have the votes and they want 'em!

Guess someone must have got wise, as we have not had a case of boat stealing for several weeks. Some one was cutting chains and using boats and then leaving them wherever their fancy pleased.

We have at hand a fine letter from F. E. Holmes of Dundee, Ill. He encloses a clipping from the pen of a well known sportswriter. It's entitled "Millions of Cats Menace Birds in U. S. A." The article goes on to cite that one cat kills 50 birds each year. With 120,000,000 cats in the country, figure it out for yourself.

In the mail this week is a fine letter from a woman, a former lover of cats, and one who had as many as twenty at a time. She says that her personal experience with cats makes her agree with me 100% and that from now on she is off cats for life. Her husband is a poultryman by trade and cats and young chickens don't mix at all. They keep the rats and mice down with the aid of a good terrier dog and traps. They don't need any cats and if a stray shows up they give it a royal welcome with the 410—and the chilled No. 7 1/2 is sure powerful! This from a form-

er cat lover is a good talking point for conservation.

Here is a fellow who wants to know why the towns and counties don't appoint cat catchers as well as dog catchers. Well, dogs are licensed and are protected to a certain extent, while a cat out of its own back yard has no standing whatsoever and can be bumped off by that neighbor who raises poultry.

In the past few weeks we have had a lot of letters asking why such a law was ever passed. We have been wondering ourselves at the very same thing. Now is the time to tell that man or woman who is out for office just what you think of certain laws and perhaps some of them can be consigned to the waste basket.

The only way to get rid of a poor law is to enforce it to the limit and then the ones it hurts will see that something is done about it. Some of the dog laws don't hit some of the boys at all. They are sure sore about some of them, but they are there and until they are repealed we will have to enforce them.

If the lady who wrote me a nice long letter will write another one just like it to Mrs. M. Jennie Keniall of Nashua she will get action and plenty of it. Cruelty to domestic animals is out of my line. If it is wild animals or birds kept in captivity, that's my case. Domestic animals, the Humane Society will attend to it. Don't be afraid to sign your name to a complaint. We won't give you away. The postmark on the letter shows the cattle mark to be nearer to Nashua. If in Cheshire County write to Mrs. Jennie Powers of Keene, N. H.

Have you seen the booklet issued by Wm. C. Mitchell and entitled "Eristol, Where Dreams Come True." The front has a fine view of "Sunset on Newfound Lake." This booklet has twenty-two pages and chock full of information about this beautiful lake. Knowing the town and lake so well the booklet is very interesting to me. It will be to you.

Are you interested in raising pheasants, quail or controlling vermin? Well, just drop a letter to More Game Birds in America, (a Foundation) 500 Fifth Ave., New York City, and they will be glad to send you anything in that line FREE. The price is right and the stuff is good. Take that from me. If you are a bee owner you of course know that bees never know their owners and will sting you as quick as anyone who is a perfect stranger. They only sting for self defense, so if you don't disturb them, they won't sting you. The boys have been having a lot of fun in the past few weeks lining trees with honey in them. One fellow got me out of bed the other morning at an unearthly hour to ask me if a bee hunter had to have a license. Don't mention it or the code guys will be sure to put one on to you fellows!

The teeth of porcupine or hedgehogs or quill pigs do a great deal more damage than the quills they hand out on every occasion that they can. The past week I have been called at least a half a dozen times to help pull the quills from some dog that was not wise to the animals. Every time I had to go somewhere else and referred them to a "vet." I have not the proper instruments to take them out with. Much alarm is being felt by the summer people and the fruit men as the quill pigs have descended upon the summer colony and are making themselves very unpopular in eating the fancy hedges and the shrubbery. Apple trees are also coming in for a good trimming, not the kind the orchard man fancies. We hope that the incoming Legislature will see its way clear to make the bounty fifty cents instead of twenty as now.

Met a man the other day who declared that if the state put the bounty on hedgehogs to fifty cents he was going to get a leave of absence from his job and go up into Temple and bring down a truck load of them. He told me that on a certain Sunday three weeks ago he went up to an old ledge and with a pair of powerful glasses he counted forty-three full grown quill pigs sunning themselves on a high ledge. In other parts of the state he said they are even thicker than that.

He thinks that they are so plentiful that they are obliged to spread out and that's why we see and hear of so many of them very near the larger towns.

The boys are going to get after the bob cats this fall if signs mean anything. Every day we get a request from some one who has a wonderful coon dog from way out West. They want a permit to try out the dog and see if he is any good. All such requests we have to refer to the Commissioner. Dogs just now are supposed to be tied up if they are hunters.

Have had a lot of letters and requests from dog men asking if the September permit which was in

vogue a few years ago will be in order this season. This is another matter we have to refer to the Concord office. The law reads April 1st to Oct. 1st. Only the Commissioner can answer that question.

That word "control" is a short word but it's got a lot of the boys worried. It's there in the law and we don't see how it can be got around unless the next session of the legislature does something about it. Massachusetts, with such liberal dog laws, makes the local boys feel that someone or somebody has put something over on them.

More and more the bow and arrow are finding a place in the field days and it won't be long before it is just as popular as skeet or trap shooting. Nearly every day of the week we see a target up and several trying their skill. Did you ever try your hand at it? It's not as easy as it looks.

Well, this week we can add several more large dogs to our list. All good watch dogs and you can have them by giving them a good home. Speak quick if you want one.

Some times we get into very peculiar places. Found two boys hunting alone, ages 12 and 13. When we told their parents about it they were all "het" up at once. Their boys did not even own a gun. Upon further investigation we found that the boys had put a wise one over on Pa and Ma and were hiding the gun and shells in a neighbor's henhouse. But for another neighbor we would have not got onto the pair hunting at all. The neighbor we would not have got having her kitchen window filled full of 22 cal. holes! Then again she likes to look out said window once in a while without the idea of getting filled full of holes herself. That is just why that law is on the books—to protect the boys against themselves.

We like to see the boys have a lot of fun and if Pa or Ma go with the youngsters that is perfectly within the law, provided that Pa or Ma has a license to hunt.

Boys and girls can fish without their parents tagging along and can fish without a license until they are 16, but hunting is another story with several chapters.

Each year another state or two joins the ranks of the anti-trapping laws. This state is very liberal to its trappers. The boys were a bit sore over the raccoon and fox limit law, but it worked each way. The fox and raccoon hunters could only take ten each and the trappers the same. The raccoon are on the decline. A few years ago I saw raccoon most every night I was out, but I can truthfully say I have not seen a real wild raccoon in the woods or the highway for the past three years. It was time to call a halt and to put on a bag limit.

Up around Hancock the foxes are very scarce; they have been trapped up very close. A well known orchardist in that section is in favor of the fox as he keeps the mice down. With heavy trapping the mice do him untold damage. He wants the fox protected.

Ran across Bill Callahan, the warden from Keene. He was at Dublin lake and we had a nice little chat. Bill tells me that he is running again for the House. This is getting to be a habit with Bill. He is the oldest member of the largest body of Legislatures in the world. Here's hoping he gets the nomination and the election if he want it. We don't!

Most of the sporting magazines are running photo contests that are really worth while. If you have a real camera and can take a good picture it might be to your advantage to look up some of these contests.

There were some very surprised people in this section last week after that heavy shower. One man who had recently had his house well shingled, as he supposed, found it leaked like a sieve when that heavy downpour came the other afternoon. The long period of hot weather had made the shingles very dry and when the rain came—well, he could not have been weter had he stayed out of doors.

What became of the crows? Those black rascals who stole most of my mallard duck eggs have very suddenly vanished and we have not seen one around our place for a long time. No, I don't feel at all bad about it.

Last Sunday I ran into at least five ball games in my run around the district. No, I didn't stop at any of them as I did not have the time. We understand that the Greenfield boys stand ace high in the Interstate league. Phil Magoon, the manager, is wearing his hat at a rakish angle these days. And can you blame him?

No, you don't see many people who know their stuff, fishing a pond on a bright moonlight night. The fish just don't bite on a night like that. Why, we don't know. A dark stormy night when the moon is supposed to be bright is an ideal time to fish, according to an old fisherman. And he knows.

Taylor's riding school up in Peterboro is a popular place these days. He has a fine string of saddle horses and some pretty ponies. He has one horse that's a beauty—five gaits and full of style.

Jimmie's Secret
By HAZEL ARNOLD

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WNU Service

CAROL looked at Jimmie with musing eyes. He was drawing pictures to the infinite delight of her little sister. His boyish interest in his own pictures was reflected in his face—the face of a man to whom life would always be interesting and lively though others found it just the opposite.

"Jimmie, you're nothing but a big, good-natured boy. Do you realize that you want me to marry you in June, and that you haven't even a job?" she asked frankly.

He smiled his friendly smile. "Don't worry, Honey, it will all come out in the wash. I'll get going one of these days, and then everything will be fine and lovely."

She laughed a little bitterly. "But I do want a home, and I want you—and I don't want to wait too long—and perhaps be unhappy afterwards." He sprang up, caught her in his arms, and folded her close. "You wait," he said with smiling eyes, "you'll see."

After he had gone, she went into the living room where her father was reading.

"Carol, you can do as you wish, but so far as I can see, Jimmie hasn't a job, and I can't see that he is trying to get one. You like him because he's good-natured and easy-going. You used to think a lot of Roy Thompson. He can give you a good home, he's a likable fellow," her father said.

She nodded. "I told Roy he could take me for a ride this evening. I like him, but—I don't know—"

When, later in the evening, snuggled warm and cozy in the front seat of Roy's powerful roadster, she began to wonder more and more.

They swept out to the mountain road, and slipped over the gorgeous miles to a little inn, perched far above the valley. He seemed to be a part of his surroundings, winning from the waiter attention that Jimmie would never be given in his boyish, careless ways.

Under the spell of his attention and the moonlit evening, a slow weakening of her liking for Jimmie began to appear; and she knew that if on the way home, Roy should ask her the one question she wanted him to ask and yet was fearful he would ask, she might give him the answer he wanted. As the long wide concrete road opened before them, his right hand sought hers.

"Carol, I wish we could have many rides like this—as man and wife—" he began.

Then fate intervened. The car began to jerk and slow down. The engine choked and died.

He clambered out, muttering. He tried this and tried that. His anger mounted in his impatience. "I'll have to go back and telephone to a city garage from the farmhouse," he said shortly.

When he returned, he sat in the car in muttering, disgruntled disgust, after announcing help was coming.

The minutes passed. Roy grew impatient.

"But, Roy, it will take time—" she started to say.

"Time? I guess I know it as well as you do! But they've had time enough!" he said curtly. "I'm going back and phone again."

Silence again, and time for thought. She wondered if he would always be as impatient and curt at things that went wrong—at her.

A car came swiftly up the grade. It stopped "Here it is, fellows. In trouble all right," a cheery voice called.

Carol jumped. It was Jimmie's gay voice. A man came up to the car and questioned her. Carol watched from the depths of her furs as Jimmie went to the engine. How did he happen to be with them? A man got in beside her to work the starter at Jimmie's orders.

"Who is he?" she asked, motioning. "An expert," the man said. "He's been at the day automobile school all the month and worked nights in our shop. He's a wonder."

The engine roared. "All O. K.," Jimmie said cheerily. "All aboard. Let's beat it back."

The car swept away. So that was what he had been doing—studying during the day and working nights, and keeping it from her—planning to surprise her in his boyish way.

Roy Thompson came angrily up. "They've come and gone, Roy," she told him.

He climbed in and started the car with a rush. His irritation hung over them like a cloud the rest of the way. When he stopped at her home, he tried to detain her.

"Roy, it's useless. I know—simply know we would never be happy together," she said with finality.

In the house she called the garage from which aid had come and asked for Jimmie. He answered her greeting:

"Why, honey, I was going to surprise you. I wanted to make good at this first, so kept it a secret. I go to the head of the mechanical department next month—means the little house, some cake with frosting on it, too. Say, don't you want me to come up and tell you all about it, now the secret's out? Want me to?"

She answered happily. "Oh, I do—please come!"

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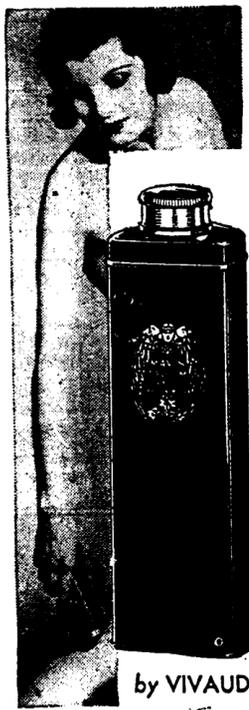
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Meetings 7 to 8
HUGH M. GRAHAM,
JAMES I. PATTERSON,
ALFRED G. HOLT,
Selectmen of Antrim.

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.

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