

The Antrim Reporter

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ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1934

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Antrim's Third Annual Exhibit an Unusually Successful Undertaking

The 3d annual Flower and Vegetable Show of the Antrim Garden Club was held Thursday, August 16, from 2 to 9 p.m., and on Friday, August 17, from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m., in the town hall.

In spite of dry weather, the exhibits were many, and it can well be recorded as a "bigger and better show" than ever before.

The main hall was beautifully decorated with white cedar by William E. Linton, who had charge of the arrangement of the hall. Here were displayed the cut flowers and special features. At the entrance was the table of potted seedlings, in charge of Frank L. Wheeler and his committee. The seedlings were sold throughout the show.

The stage was charmingly decorated as a garden, in which Mrs. George Warren and her helpers served tea both afternoons. This garden was the exhibit of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Flint and W. R. Linton.

In the anteroom, at the back of the hall, were the Junior Gardens' exhibits. These under the able direction of Miss Edith Messer and her committee. The grade of exhibits was much finer than last year, showing that the help and instruction given the Junior Gardeners by this committee throughout the season has been worthwhile. On Thursday evening, Mrs. G. D. Tibbets, president of the Antrim Garden Club, presented in behalf of the club an American Flag, 3 ft. by 5 ft., to Robert Nylander, for the best garden, as judged by the committee, in the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th grades class. Robert Whipple, from the 3d and 4th, received a bronze medal, engraved with his name; and Winslow Caughey, in the 1st and 2d grades class, also received a medal for the best garden. Edith Moul, 1st and 2d grades, received a set of child's garden tools; Natalie Thornton, 3d and 4th grades, received a hoe, as did Helen Dziengowski, 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th grades, for the second best gardens. David Hurlin, Guy Clark, Dorothy Coleman, Marcia and Norine Edwards, Jacqueline Rutherford, and Russell Cuddihy, received red ribbons for honorable mention.

The fruit and vegetable exhibits were arranged in the balcony, which was tastefully decorated with corn stalks and asparagus by the committee in charge, consisting of Mrs. Mattie Proctor and her helpers. The 4-H exhibit, under the care of Miss Rachel

Caughey, consisted of a table of sewing projects.

The potted house plant section, in charge of Mrs. William Clark and her committee, was unusually large and exceptionally beautiful. As part of these exhibits was a Cape Cod house, with picket fence yard filled with hollyhocks, the work of Carl H. Robinson. This was finely executed and received much attention. In the opposite corner was the exhibit of the Bennington members of the club. This was an artistically arranged "Apache Trail," a desert scene which was very realistic when viewed from the balcony.

The miniature gardens were very fine. The ones receiving the most attention being the splendid one made by Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Caughey and the lovely little one made by Mrs. Wm. H. Hurlin, which was artistically perfect.

The display of cut annual and perennial flowers was unusually large, and each section was tastefully arranged by the different chairmen and their committees.

On both afternoons young ladies, under the direction of Mrs. Frank L. Wheeler, sold charming nosegays to the visitors.

On Thursday evening, Mr. B. H. Bell, of Bennington, favored the attendants at the show with several vocal selections. Mr. Bell has a very fine voice and his singing was much appreciated. An orchestra, made up of members of the local High School Orchestra and Summer resident young people, under the direction of Mrs. Elizabeth Felker, played both evenings, adding much to the pleasing atmosphere of the show.

On Friday evening, Mrs. Tibbets presented the "President's Vase" to Mrs. William Clark, the Garden Club member scoring the highest number of points in the flower exhibit sections; and the "Linton Cup" to Mes-cilbrooks Farm, which scored highest in the fruit and vegetable sections. A special ribbon counts three points, a first prize ribbon counts two points, and a second prize ribbon counts one point. These cups will become the property of the member winning them three times.

The general committee in charge of all arrangements was Mrs. J. Lillian Larrabee, executive chairman; William R. Linton, chairman of hall arrangement; Mrs. Alice Nylander, flower show secretary; Mrs. Gertrude Ross, and Carl Robinson.

Herewith is a List of Prize Winnings:

The number of entries was much larger than in other years. The prize winning exhibits were:

Gladioli, 5 varieties, 1 spike to container—1st prize, Mrs. William Clark; 2nd prize, Miss Annie Fluri.
Gladioli, 10 varieties, 1 spike to container—1st prize, Mrs. William Clark; 2nd prize, Warren Wheeler.
Gladioli, finest display—1st prize, Miss Helen Stanley; 2nd prize, Warren Wheeler.

Dahlias, finest bloom—1st prize, Mrs. A. E. MacAllister; 2nd prize, Mrs. William Clark.

Dahlias, finest display—1st prize, Mrs. A. E. MacAllister; 2nd prize, Mrs. F. C. Thompson.

Dahlias, finest single—Special prize, Mrs. Archie Nay.

Asters, finest 5 blooms—1st prize, Mrs. Mildred Zabriskie; 2nd prize, Mrs. J. W. Thornton.

Asters, finest display—1st prize, F. M. Robinson; 2nd prize, Mrs. Mildred Zabriskie.

Sweet Peas, finest 3 varieties in one container—Mrs. J. W. Thornton; 2nd prize, Mrs. Marie Jameson.

Sweet Peas, finest display—1st

prize, Mrs. C. W. Brooks; 2nd prize, Mrs. J. W. Thornton.

Lilium, 1 stalk—1st prize, Mrs. Charles Prentiss; 2nd prize, Mrs. Anna B. Tibbets.

Roses, finest individual bloom—1st prize, Robert Abbott; 2nd prize, Mrs. Edith McClure.

Roses, finest display—1st prize, Carl Robinson.

Zinnias, finest 5 large flowered—1st prize, E. E. George; 2nd prize, Mrs. G. W. Nylander.

Zinnias, finest 10 pompons—1st prize, E. E. George; 2nd prize, Mrs. William Clark.

Zinnias, finest display—1st prize, Miss Norita Wilson; 2nd prize, Miss Helen Stanley.

Calendulas, finest 10 blooms—1st prize, Mrs. Irene Dunlap; 2nd prize, Mrs. William Prescott.

Hardy Phlox, finest 3 spikes of any one color—1st prize, Mrs. S. R. Robinson; 2nd prize, Mrs. G. H. Caughey.

Hardy Phlox, finest assorted.—1st prize, Mrs. H. E. Wilson; 2nd prize, Mrs. Nellie Traxler.

Hardy Phlox, finest display—1st

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Topics of the Day Presented to Reporter Readers in Concise Form

On our visit recently to Cape Cod, Mass., we were impressed with the side-road beautifying that is being done along the wonderful and newly built highways, especially the three-lane ways. Where there is not green grass growing luxuriously, there are young pines getting a splendid start; and really, in many places, climbing roses and flowers of various kinds, present a most attractive appearance. Almost everywhere something is being done to make the visitor feel he would like to come again. This is only a small thing, but has a great influence. In our own state there are some beauty spots of this kind, and a lot of chance to go further along this line. Maybe the increased interest in garden clubs, flowers, etc., has been responsible to some extent for this improved condition.

August is the vacation month strictly speaking, following July which is a close second. Just at this time everything is practically crowded with city and country visitors, and everybody is pleased

Old timers will hardly recognize the 1934-35 Middlebrook's New England Almanac just issued in its new dress. Many changes have been made in its appearance, but physically it is the same reliable forecaster that has been used by

Continued on page four

CURRENT EVENTS PASS IN REVIEW

PRESIDENT AND CABINET BUSY WITH DROUTH AREA HELP—SILVER IS NATIONALIZED

By EDWARD W. PICKARD
© Western Newspaper Union

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ended his rather long vacation trip, returning to his home in the White House. During the remainder of the summer and until congress meets he will spend some time in his Hyde Park residence and in Warm Springs, Ga., but most of the time he will be in Washington, busy with the nation's affairs in his temporary office which has been established in the Blue room of the White House. The executive offices are being remodeled and enlarged. One of the first matters to claim the President's attention is the modification of NRA. The secret cabinet committee he appointed to inquire into the legality and advisability of continuing and extending the price fixing features of NRA has decided this price fixing should be restricted and gradually abandoned, and there is little doubt that this advice will be followed. Whether or not the fixing of prices is legal, it has brought sharp and continuous criticism from Senator Borah and many others which has not been rebuffed by the New Dealers.

On his way from the west coast the President not only saw some of the great public works projects of the Northwest, but also passed through regions that have suffered severely from the drouth. So he is backing up the government agencies in their work of hurrying vast sums of government money to the arid regions to ease the human suffering and also to lessen the chances of another such catastrophe. The public works administration, which had an original appropriation of \$3,300,000,000, revealed it had spent about \$400,000,000 on projects to aid impoverished western families.

Emergency relief administration officials announced they had allotted huge sums to feed men and women. They also have spent thousands to care for starving cattle. Public Works Administrator Harold L. Ickes, who was on an inspection tour in the drouth area, ordered his forces to expedite all construction projects affecting the dry regions.

NATIONALIZATION of silver, authorized by the last congress, was ordered into effect by the President. This will have little immediate effect on the average citizen, though the move is somewhat inflationary and started prices on the up-grade. Big debtors and owners of silver mines will benefit, but as the value of the dollar goes down, the holders of securities and loans suffer loss. The President's order directs the surrender to the government of all silver bullion and bars within 90 days, the price to be paid being 50.01 cents an ounce. Silver coins and silverware are not included. Under the silver purchase act the treasury is authorized to value the silver it obtains at \$1.29 an ounce and to issue silver certificates on that basis. The government proposes to hold enough silver to make up 25 per cent of the metal backing of the national currency. No one knows how much silver bullion there is in the United States, and it may be necessary to make considerable purchases in China and India.

WITH the sanction of the American Federation of Labor a strike was called in the plants of the Aluminum Company of America, which is controlled by Andrew W. Mellon, former secretary of the treasury, and his family. Six of the plants, at New Kensington, Arnold and Logan's Ferry, Pa.; Alcoa, Tenn.; East St. Louis, Ill.; and Massena, N. Y., were closed, and those at Fairfield, Conn., and Baden, N. C., were about to shut down. The company normally employs about 15,000 persons. Proposals offered by the workers' representatives late in July were flatly rejected by the company.

Company and union officials each attached different interpretations to the proposals. Roy A. Hunt, president of the aluminum corporation, insisted his concern would never consent to the "closed shop" request of the employees.

Labor officials denied they had asked for a "closed shop." William Green, president of the A. F. of L., asserted the strike call went out only after workers failed to obtain the right of "collective bargaining" by peaceful means.

In addition to turning down what it termed a "closed shop" proposal, the Mellon concern likewise refused their employees a "check-off" system for collecting union dues, higher wages, and seniority rights.

ONE thousand men and women comprising the Minneapolis Protective committee telegraphed an appeal to President Roosevelt to protect the constitutional rights now superseded by martial law in their city. Copies of the appeal were sent also to Secretary Perkins and Lloyd Garrison, chairman of the National Labor Relations board.

"We are satisfied," they wired, "that an agreement between employers and employees could be reached were it not for the interference by a small body of citizens known to be Communist agitators who are being supported in their agitations by the sympathetic attitude of Gov. Floyd B. Olson."

At the end of the statement was a sentence interpreted as a request for replacement of the federal mediators, Father Francis J. Haas and E. H. Dunnigan.

The conciliators were authors of a peace plan which the union accepted with alacrity because it granted a maximum of the demands made before the walkout. It was turned down by the employers, but mediation proceeded until the principal point of difference now concerns the rehiring of all the strikers. The Haas-Dunnigan plan makes that blanket provision. The employers do not wish to be forced to take back men who have Communist sympathies.

UNION labor appears to have won a considerable victory in the Hariman Hosiery Mills case. It had complained bitterly that the concern's Blue Eagle was restored after the mill owners had accepted a proposal upon which the workers had not passed. So Administrator Hugh Johnson drew up another proposal satisfactory to the NRA labor advisory board, one member of which is President Green of the A. F. of L. The terms were not made public. General Johnson also promised that workers, if affected, henceforth would be consulted prior to settlements involving the restoration of Blue Eagles.

BANANA workers and dockers at the port of Limon struck for higher wages, and the situation was so dangerous that martial law was proclaimed in the province. The Costa Rican government blames the trouble on Communists. The workers claim that the recent agreement between the government and the United Fruit company has killed the opportunity of the banana planters to secure a decent return for the labor provided.

Manuel Mora, Communist member of the Costa Rican congress, admitted frankly that the strike had been planned and was being directed by the Communist party "as a matter of policy and duty."

FRANZ VON PAPEN, vice chancellor of Germany, who was appointed minister to Austria during the excitement that followed the assassination of Chancellor Dollfuss, has been accepted by the Austrian cabinet after considerable delay.

His avowed task is to restore amicable relations between the two governments, but this will not be easy. Chancellor Schuschnigg is as determined to root out Nazism in Austria as was his predecessor, and at the same time the German Nazis are keeping up their press and radio attacks on the Austrian government. In camps around Munich are about 40,000 Austrian Nazi fugitives for whom Von Papen is expected to obtain amnesty so they may return to their country; but as they have been hoping to march into Austria under arms to overthrow the government, it isn't likely Schuschnigg will care to let them return.

The cabinet in Vienna is taking vigorous action to curb the Nazis, and it was reported that the executive of that party had been ordered dissolved, the members being told to take leaves of absence and to cease activities. Chancellor Hitler is daily solidifying his power in Germany. The latest step is to require all Protestant pastors and church officials to take an oath of fealty to Hitler just as did the Nazi storm troops and members of the regular army. New rules were imposed by the national synod that make Reichsbishop Mueller the supreme lawmaker and authority for the church.

Between eight and ten thousand political prisoners in concentration camps were given their liberty by an amnesty decree announced by Hitler.

REAR ADMIRAL RICHARD E. BYRD, who for nearly five months has been isolated at an advanced base on the Antarctic continent making scientific observations, has been reached by a tractor party from the camp at Little America after two previous attempts failed. He was found to be thin and weak but otherwise all right. It was with the greatest difficulty that Dr. Thomas C. Poulter and his two companions of the rescue party were able to traverse the 123 miles to Admiral Byrd's snow-buried hut.

AUGUSTUS THOMAS, writer of many of the most popular and successful American plays, called the dean of the profession, died near Nyack, N. Y., at the age of 77 years. His health had been failing for a long time, and the end came with a stroke of apoplexy.

SECRETARY OF STATE HULL and Secretary of Agriculture Wallace joined in a statement concerning their efforts to revive America's world trade, explaining that the reciprocal trade agreements to be negotiated with foreign countries will be beneficial and not harmful to American agriculture and manufacturing.

The statement pointed out, in answer to criticism from farm organizations, that farm interests would not be sacrificed to aid other groups.

SHIPPING and business interests of long have urged the establishment of "free ports" or foreign trade zones at many American sea, lake and river ports, and this is now under consideration by the government, having been authorized by the last congress. Trade and shipping experts are preparing information on how to apply for grants.

Some of the cities that have asked how to set up the trade zones are New York, Newark, N. J., Providence, R. I.; Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, San Diego, Calif.; Miami, Fla., and Hoboken, N. J. Private corporations located on the Great Lakes also are interested.

A barrier would surround the area set off for the trade zone. Into this area, which must be equipped with adequate shipping and warehousing facilities, foreign and domestic merchandise could be brought without being subject to customs laws, and stored, broken up, repacked, assembled, distributed, sorted, mixed with other foreign and domestic goods, and then exported. Or, if desired, the merchandise could be placed in American domestic commerce upon payment of customs duties.

FROM now on Communists are not going to have so pleasant a time in the United States, and the spreading of their destructive doctrine will not be so easy. Congressional investigations into this matter may not have amounted to a great deal, but several of the country's great organizations have undertaken to arouse the people to the danger that threatens their government and their national institutions.



M. F. Shannon

The Order of Elks took cognizance of the Communist threat in its convention in Kansas City, and Michael F. Shannon, its newly elected grand exalted ruler, is now making an airplane tour of the country for the purpose of urging every lodge of the order to carry on the "Pro-America" program in its community. He will travel 10,000 miles to give what he calls "marching orders" to the 1,400 Elk lodges. Of the Communists in America, Mr. Shannon says:

"A vast and formidable organization has been set up. The United States is now divided into twenty districts, each with its own committee. Each district is divided into two sections and subsections, with section committees set up in accordance with the residential locations of the Communist members.

"Youth organizations, formed to teach not only disrespect, but hate, for American institutions, have appeared everywhere. Organizations under patriotic names, but designed to destroy confidence in our government, are meeting nightly. Bureaus of propaganda are working secretly."

The Crusaders, that organization of young business men that was so influential in bringing about repeal of prohibition, has been reorganized and, under the leadership of Fred G. Clark, commander in chief, has entered the fight against the Communists and other groups that seek to overthrow American institutions. Among its national advisers are Aldrich Blake, Oklahoma City; Francis H. Brownell, New York; John W. Davis, New York; Prof. E. W. Kemmerer, Princeton, N. J.; Martin W. Littleton, New York; Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., New York; Charles F. Thwing, Cleveland; James P. Warburg, New York, and Sewell L. Avery and Albert D. Lasker, Chicago.

The Paul Reveres, a national organization, was established especially to cleanse educational and religious institutions of subversive influences; and the American Vigilante Intelligence federation is also actively combating Communism. The Department of Americanization of the American Legion is working in the same cause.

A congressional subcommittee, of which Representative Charles Kramer is chairman, has been investigating Communist activities in southern California, and also has heard a lot of testimony about the so-called Silver Shirts, an organization with alleged Nazi affiliations and a large membership.

DR. WILLIAM BEEBE and Otis Barton, co-inventors of the bathysphere, made a record-breaking descent into the ocean near Hamilton, Bermuda, in the two-ton steel ball. Let down by a cable, they descended to a depth of 2,510 feet, where they remained for half a hour. Beebe described by telephone the wonders they saw while Barton took photographs through the quartz windows.

IN GREEN BAY, WIS., the President delivered what was considered his principal political address of the year. He told his hearers that the New Deal was going ahead on its non-partisan road and that those who support it "do so because it is a square deal and because it is essential to the preservation of security and happiness of a free society."

The President's reference to Wisconsin political alignments was this significant remark:

"Your two senators, both old friends of mine, and many others have worked with me in maintaining excellent co-operation between the executive and legislative branches of the government."

Senator Robert M. LaFollette, Republican Independent and sponsor of the new state political party, is up for re-election. F. Ryan Duffy, Democrat, is the other senator from Wisconsin, elected in 1932.

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
by William Bruckart

Washington.—Word has reached treasury circles in Washington indicating some fear among residents of the drouth area that the prolonged dry period and its attendant effect on conditions may cause some fresh trouble among banks. I inquired among officials of the Federal Deposit Insurance corporation concerning those conditions, and I have assurances that there is little, if any, danger of new banking difficulties. Furthermore, the officials reminded me that even if new troubles should arise nearly all of the depositors in the distress communities are protected under the bank deposit guarantee law.

In reporting these assurances I do not mean to imply that every bank in all parts of the country has insurance coverage for its depositors. But the scope of the insurance corporation membership is so broad that it is almost impossible to describe it as complete coverage among the small banks. The corporation figures show that 97 per cent of all depositors whose individual accounts are less than \$2,500 per person are protected by the insurance. Something like 95 per cent of all of the banks in the country are members of the insurance pool.

The significance of these figures cannot be minimized. For example, a recent bank failure in Illinois was cared for by the Deposit Insurance corporation and it paid 99 per cent of the number of depositors with a total of \$125,000, a figure that was exactly half of the total deposits in the bank. That is to say that only 1 per cent of the number of depositors in the bank had accounts in excess of \$5,000 each—the maximum insured under the temporary fund—but the total of these larger accounts was equal to the total deposits of the other 99 per cent of the individuals having accounts with that institution.

With respect to the fear that has been indicated in the drouth-stricken communities, it was explained that many individuals thought there would be a repetition of conditions several years ago when the small banks were unable to realize on loans and short-time credits extended in the same areas. The depression made it impossible for many borrowers to repay. The officials told me, however, that the conditions now are somewhat different. They pointed out, for example, that many of the distressed farm mortgages hitherto privately held are now in the hands of the government and that the home loan bank system has been doing the same sort of thing for owners of residences in towns and cities. This naturally has alleviated some of the stress on the local banks.

It is true, of course, that many of the banks have extended credit on what normally would be sound bases, and that the drouth and its consequent destruction of crops will cause some loans to be uncollectible at this time. But the point is that the strain is not so great as it was early in the depression and officials here generally believe that the banks will pull through with the very minimum of failures.

It is a curious coincidence, however, that this new fear of banking trouble in the drouth areas should arise at a time when the state of Nebraska is just closing out its 25-year experiment with a state bank deposit guarantee law. The Nebraska experiment was by no means successful. Its life was very short. Nevertheless, it has taken that state almost twenty years to clean up the wreckage that resulted from an attempt to insure all deposits within the limited jurisdiction of one state.

It is to be recalled that during congressional debate on the federal law much argument was advanced against enactment of the national insurance law on the basis of the failure of the numerous state attempts. The answer apparently lies in the fact that conditions in one state may be had from an economic standpoint, or they may be bad in several states, but it is seldom that the whole United States suffers conditions of a character that result in widespread wreckage of banks.

Another strength which officials of the Federal Deposit Insurance corporation see in their own law is that no attempt is made to guarantee all deposits. As heretofore said, the limit is \$5,000 for any individual account. While that limitation does not protect the holders of great amounts of capital it is sufficiently high, according to the studies by the insurance corporation to provide for immediate repayment to at least 97 per cent of the individual depositors in this country.

The federal corporation has more than \$400,000,000 at its command upon which it can draw immediately for payment to depositors in case of any bank failure. It is ridiculous to assume that this amount would be sufficient to meet any such debacle as occurred in 1932 and early 1933, yet it ought to be said that a great many of the banks which closed their doors during those black days would not have been so affected had there been funds available to pay off depositors in the banks that closed early in those desperate times.

There are many Washington observers who still have their fingers

crossed as to success of the deposit insurance plan. They look upon it as placing a premium on unsound banking. I think no one can doubt the psychology of this guarantee in cases where bank managers really desire to be crooked. They can feel obviously that their depositors will be protected for the most part and if they "bleed" their bank the wrath of the bulk of the citizens in a community will be dissipated obviously by prompt repayment of their deposits from the federal corporation. These observers contend further that the federal law has not had an opportunity for a real test. It is their thought that a period of five years or more will be required to gain an idea of how the machinery is going to function. It is to be noted that there has been no assessment levied on the banks which are members of the pool thus far beyond the original cash contribution for the membership purchase. The test will come, therefore, when the \$400,000,000 fund has been exhausted and the banks which are members of the pool must again dig up funds to replenish the larder.

Senator Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota, a Republican Independent, is on record with the prediction that a new political party is bound to come, and that he believes it is now gaining rapid headway. The senator was not quite specific in his declaration, however, because he gave the impression that he recognizes many of the problems confronting organization of a third party. He has shied away from campaigning for Republican regulars seeking senatorial seats this fall and to that extent has definitely put himself in the position to be active in any third party movement.

The thing which Senator Nye and other Independents on the Republican side are dodging is President Roosevelt's direct action in drawing from liberal members of both Republican and Democratic affiliation. It is regarded by political students here as quite obvious that only a few of the Republican Independents ever will stay put in a party organized as they believe Mr. Roosevelt to be organizing a new party. It is the old story of new party ambitions existing in too many spots. They exist among Republicans now in the North and the Northwest and in some sections of the Middle West, and they exist among the radical wing of the Democratic party in some sections of the South and in most parts of the Middle West. But as far as Washington information goes there are few points upon which these various groups are yet able to agree.

Old line Republicans and the conservative wing of the Democratic party are paying little attention, however, to the threats of party defection. Those with whom I have talked apparently rely on history as the basis for the conclusion that the current political uprising will die down in due time.

Many "efficiency experts" are appearing in the New Deal governmental agencies and the heads of clerks are beginning to fall.

Nebraska Experiment
The process of separating workers from the federal payroll always is a difficult proposition and so the efficiency experts are moving very slowly. But authentic reports indicate there will be a sharp reduction in the government payroll shortly after election. It seems possible that a few will join the ranks of the unemployed even before election but the number is likely to be inconsequential according to the information I have obtained.

The appearance of the efficiency boys, however, has started many Washington correspondents on the trail of something deeper. While none of them, as far as I know, have been able to learn definite and irrefutable information as to plans, there is no doubt in their minds that the payroll reduction presages something in the way of tax legislation in the next congress. How far it will go or what new taxation methods may result, it is of course, too early to tell.

One of the best proofs of this is the recent statement by Senator Carter Glass, the Virginia Democrat who so long has been an outstanding figure in the senate on financial questions. Senator Glass said in a speech, and said it with emphasis, that "there is a pay day coming." He amplified his remark only to the extent of saying that the tremendous rate of spending eventually has to be checked and that if the credit of the federal government is to be maintained, provision for retirement of the great public debt—now in excess of \$28,000,000,000—must be made very soon.

It is this question of expenditure that is causing alarm among so many business interests and Senator Glass called attention to that. Unless congress resorts to a sales tax of a general character, it is obvious that business must carry the brunt of the tax burden. The sentiment of the last congress and several prior to that one has been directly opposed to the sales tax. Tax legislation appears certain to be a bone of hot contention in the next congress.

BRISBANE THIS WEEK

Hindenburg Sleeps Important Stork News Building Happiness Mr. Green Sees Danger

Through miles of flaming torches Hindenburg was carried to his grave. No representatives of the Hohenzollerns appeared. The United States sent a wreath. The ceremony began with the funeral march from Beethoven's Third Symphony, "Eroica," written in honor of Napoleon. Services to honor Hindenburg's memory were held in various churches here. New York's Governor Lehman sent to the Zion Evangelical Lutheran church a tribute eulogizing Hindenburg as "a great soldier and statesman."

Italy reports that the stork will soon have the honor to bring another little Mussolini to the dictator's household. This delights the Italian nation and causes more general interest than would the arrival of quintuplets in any royal family. If that new baby inherits its father's qualities, it may play an important part in the world.

It is officially stated also that the widow of Chancellor Dollfuss will soon have interesting news for the Austrian people. Dictators come and go; the stream of babies, fortunately, never ceases, and there is hope in every one.

At "Two-Mountain Chalet," a beautiful lodge cradled among the Rocky mountains, Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt had dinner after driving 126 miles through Glacier National park over the Great Divide. After dinner, in a broadcast speech, the President said many things of interest to the people of the United States.

He said, in the first place, that "the stealing of the public domain is finished." That is most encouraging.

The President says the nation has entered "an era of building, the best kind of building—the building of great public projects for the benefit of the public and with the definite objective of building human happiness."

Mr. Green, head of the American Federation of Labor, warns the government that it must do something for the 10,000,000 idle. If it does not act swiftly, Mr. Green says, "society may take over the means of production."

What is "society?" President Roosevelt's government has already "taken over the means of production," taking charge of industries, payrolls, shops, farms, spending public money by the billion in an earnest, sincere effort to restore prosperity by financial artificial respiration.

Constantine, Algeria, reports bloody, fatal rioting between Mohammedans and Jews. More than 20 Jews were killed, many injured. An Arab mob, armed with blackjacks, revolvers and "Arab knives," invaded the city's ghetto, "setting fire to houses and dragging Jewish men, women and children into the streets, to stab and beat them."

Mild earthquake shocks have gently rocked the coast of Maine recently, but nothing cataclysmic happened. Windows rattled, pictures were found out of plumb on the walls. That is an old country and the rocky coast has probably done its important "settling down" in ages long past.

Some of our best minds, that have been shipping dollars and securities to Canada for safe keeping, out of the reach of our "radical, confiscatory" government, will shudder reading the speech of Harry Stevens, Canadian minister of trade and commerce. This gentleman says "big business," made up of "unscrupulous financiers and business men," exploited Canada's consuming public, starved her producers, sweated her workmen, gouged her pulp, paper and other industries and left her with a choice of reform, dictatorship or revolution.

Earl Beatty, admiral of the British fleet, has common sense. He thinks Britain should regulate her own naval strength, decide questions of defense for herself, not asking opinion or permission from other countries. Many Americans feel the same about their own national defense, and wonder why a people of 123,000,000 should be less independent than Washington's U. S. A. of 4,000,000.

Cetinje, Jugoslavia, reports a farmer stoned to death by villagers who saw him using a toothbrush and concluded that it was "a magic wand for practicing witchcraft." Unfortunately for the victim, he was seen using the "strange instrument that he carried" just after a cow had ceased to give milk, two dogs had gone mad and the son of the richest man in the village had eloped with a gypsy girl.

Vincent Pisano, only twenty, hired a room on the top floor of a quiet Brooklyn boarding house, retired there with his friend, Oreste de Roberto, twenty-one. Both were racketeers, both were hiding, both were "on the spot." Hiding did no good.

Two gunmen came down the sky-light, shot Pisano five times in the abdomen, put several bullets in De Roberto's head. Both young men had police records, had been tried and convicted and let out.

Organized crime usually "gets its man."

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SUCH IS LIFE—One on Pop!



By Charles Sughroe

Fire Dance Rites May Be Forbidden

Holy Synod Would Stop Pagan Ritual in Bulgaria.

Sofia.—In the little village of Vulgari, deep in the forest which extends from a few miles south of Burgas to the Turkish frontier, an amazing annual ceremony which dates from pagan times took place recently. It is now strangely combined with Christian ritual, but it is performed in defiance of the Holy Synod.

It was the festival of Sts. Constantine and Helena; and upon that day every year several women of a small community known as the Nestinarki—dancers upon fire—dance with bare feet upon red-hot embers, an act of self-mortification which brings fruitfulness and health to their village and friends, and yet, according to witnesses, apparently causes them no pain.

After a service in the village church which is attended by all the villagers in their best clothes, three young men carry from the church an ikon and other sacred symbols. Before them walks the master of ceremonies, Kiro Kostadinoff, a man sixty-nine years old, swinging a censer. Kiro leads across the village to another tiny church dedicated to St. Constantine, the church

of the Nestinarki, a dark place hung about with pictures of saints. The villagers crowd in after him, each bringing a present for the church.

Big Drum is Used. On the wall hangs a big drum, which is taken from its peg only upon this day each year; and by the drum, holding a burning candle, waits old Baba Nuna, the "high priestess" of the Nestinarki. At the door the villagers buy their slender candles, as they do in all orthodox churches, and light them from old Baba Nuna's till shadows dance on the walls.

Then all emerge again. At a sign from Baba Nuna a man with the drum and another with the crude bagpipes common in Bulgaria strike up strange music. The Nestinarki—there were four at the recent ceremony—dressed in black, their faces pale, begin to dance rhythmically, their hands outstretched, chanting as they go. Faster and faster goes the music and old Baba Nuna urges on the dancers till they are in a frenzy, though apparently oblivious of their surroundings. Suddenly the music and dancing stop and the procession re-forms, winding its way from the village to a little valley where there is a holy spring in a grove of ancient oaks. Here another service is conducted by the village priest, while the people drink the water of the spring and eat unleavened bread.

Dance on Glowing Embers. In the dusk the procession returns to the village square, where a great wood fire has been lit. As the flames die down the embers are spread, their glow giving the only light. The smell of incense mingling with the acrid fumes of smoldering wood. On one side of the carpet of red embers stand the bearers of the ikon and holy symbols, on the other side the musicians, who now strike up their wild tunes again.

Suddenly the Nestinarki run forward, take the holy symbols in their hands and dash upon the glowing embers with their bare feet, dancing as before, faster and faster, for ten or fifteen minutes, round and round, and finally twice across to describe the sign of the cross. Then the music suddenly ceases, all go to the church again, the oldest inhabitants first, and sit upon the floor to end the day's performance with a holy feast.

Vulgari is the only village where this strange ceremony survives, though it used to be common to many villages of that region. Spectators are not encouraged. This year the ceremony has attracted so much attention in the Bulgarian press—the papers being no longer able to fill their columns with political news since the establishment of the dictatorship—that the Holy synod considers it time to intervene and is considering what measures must be taken to put a stop to such pagan rites.

Tip About Soup. Soup should never be used the same day as made, if possible. Allow it to stand one night and all the flavorings will blend.

A MORAL CRUSADE

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

At last the public mind has become aroused at the indecent element in the movies. Righteous indignation has expressed itself in unmistakable terms. An organized censorship has been created which not only means business, but will prove relentless in its efforts to clean the silver screen of its immoral pictures.

For many years there was supposed to exist a censorship for this very purpose. It made many promises but they were never fulfilled. Movies grew worse and worse. Those that would not be tolerated in an American theater were sent to China and other foreign countries. The sole object of those who had charge of exporting these pictures seemed to have been the amount of money which the picture could earn. The educational and moral factor never entered their calculations. It seemed that the produc-

All Around Athlete



Anna Paluszek of Nassau college, not only is an accomplished shot-putter but also is an excellent sprinter and jumper. She was selected as a member of the Polish-American team to take part in the Polish Olympic games near Warsaw in August.

ers concluded that the public conscience had been completely calloused, consequently their efforts to present the grotesque and immoral became bolder and bolder. All of a sudden something happened. The mind of the public spoke. These producers were given something to think about. As one critic put it, "They've got it coming to them."

There are many channels through which the public conscience may speak. The most effective is the one through which this protest has come, the organized forces of Christianity. Never in the history of modern times have the different divisions of organized Christianity spoken more earnestly or unitedly on any moral issue. The Roman Catholic, the Jewish and the entire Protestant world have arisen in vigorous protest, saying you have gone far enough, you can go no farther, we declare a moratorium, or better still, a complete elimination of the immoral picture. These Christian forces hold the balance of power. The producers know that right well; so we may soon expect better things for this part of our amusement program. The movie may become an important source of great good. Perhaps that day is near.

Why not go farther—why not have a concerted action against the immoral element in all our yellow journalism, our cheap vaudeville shows, etc. Why not? When once the public conscience becomes aroused, something is bound to happen!

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Our Venomous Snakes. This country's four venomous species of snakes are the rattlesnake, the copperhead, the coral and the moccasin. Some classifications will give as high as 27 different species that are poisonous but this list includes 15 different classes of rattlers which differ only in markings and localities in which they are found.

The Household

By Lydia Le Baron Walker

AVOID making work for yourself. There are women, really competent, who make themselves more work than they need to. They get things done, but not in the easiest way. They employ more dishes when preparing food than they actually need. They surround themselves with extras when sewing, such as odd pieces of a pattern not required at the time, and yet not folded and put back as taken out, although known to be unwanted pieces, etc. We all know such persons if we are not ourselves of the group. It is worth taking some trouble to acquire ways of doing things easily, so some suggestions are made today.

If, as soon as a kettle or saucepan is emptied of its contents, it is filled with hot water, if convenient, or cold, if not, it will be the work of but a moment or two to clean it later. It is even better to wash the container immediately. It will be hot from the stove, the food will not have had time to harden on edges, or the scum to stick, if there is a scum. It can be washed clean in a jiffy, if done immediately, and what a delight it is not to have an accumulation of pots and pans to wash after the dishes themselves have all been done. Sometimes these pots and pans seem the last straw. Try doing them immediately, and note the difference in the task of cleaning up.

Keeping "Cleared Up." When sewing avoid spreading the work about more than you can possibly help. If materials have to be gotten out, or laces, or notions, etc., don't let them stay out when what is wanted has been found and set aside. Immediate putting away seems part of the process of getting them out, instead of a totally different bit of work, as it appears to be and really is, when left until later. Be sure whatever time you do put the things away, that no oddments are left out. You surely make work for yourself when you do. The entire process of taking out the box or drawer and putting it back must be gone through with.

Avoid leaving things around. It is one of the commonest ways of making one's self work, and it is a habit once fallen into that is very hard to break. To hear "Have you seen anything of my gloves"—or whatever it is, becomes annoying to the rest of the household. The loser feels annoyed with herself, and it often reacts in a querulousness, until the family is drawn into a vortex of discussion. It is trouble saving as well as labor saving not to make extra work for one's self.

Present Pleasures. It is a mistake to have one's expectations of good things dim the enjoyment of present ones. Or to let opportunities slip by for pleasure and happiness, that come day by day. I remember hearing one elderly woman speak with regret of an opportunity she let slip when she was a young woman. She was privileged to be one of a party of relatives, a family going

abroad, and who hoped that she would accompany them. The girl would pay her own way, but she would be able to be saved all expense of guides, couriers, interpreters, etc., and she would be relieved of the bother of seeing to tickets, and all traveling problems, and have the companionship she dearly loved. In the days of her youth the details of travel were many more than in 1934. Now there are various agencies to help lone travelers and tourists. Also the placard "English spoken" is generally found in shops and pensions. The lady mentioned let the chance pass by, and never again did it present itself, and never did she go to the places she would so have enjoyed in England and Europe. Here was the chance of her "today."

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He Stops Bleeding



Dr. Luigi Pancaro, well-known physician of Sudbury, Ont., Canada, who recently announced he had discovered a fluid that stops bleeding, even from the major blood vessels. The development, it was announced, followed two years of intensive work in the physician's laboratory.

King Tut's Tomb

King Tut-Ankh-Amen's burial place was actually composed of four separate rooms. The first, an ante-chamber, measured about 12 by 24 feet; the second only 12 by 12 feet; the inner tomb or burial chamber 12 by 26 feet; and the final one, about 12 by 15 feet. All the rooms were more than 10 feet in depth.

Doctors Ponder on Odd Accident Case

Albany, N. Y.—A case described as one of the most unusual in medical history continues to puzzle surgeons here.

Frederick McCredie, a machinist, accidentally was struck on the head with a hammer by a fellow worker in 1925. He appeared to be unhurt. One month later, however, he was found wandering along the streets, unable to remember his identity, or recognize his wife and children.

Gradually his memory returned, but he discovered he had forgotten his trade completely.

Memorial to Paris Riots Victims



This statue of St. Genevieve has just been placed on the steps of the Madeleine in Paris as a memorial to the persons who were killed in the riots that followed upon the revelation of the Stavisky scandal.

ROAD LINES OCEANS

The new road, named for Simon Bolivar, which was recently opened in South America, stretches 2000 miles from La Guayra, Venezuela, on the Atlantic, to Guayaquil, Ecuador, on the Pacific. It passes through Caracas, Bogota and Quito, the capital cities, respectively, of Venezuela, Colombia, and Ecuador.

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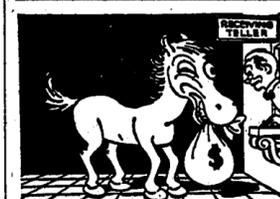
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ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode

BAD LIGHT TENSE!
POOR LIGHT, AS DRIVING AT NIGHT OR WORKING WITH INSUFFICIENT ILLUMINATION, CAUSES THE MUSCLES TO BECOME TENSE MUCH MORE LIGHT IS NEEDED THAN THE AVERAGE PERSON THINKS IS NECESSARY.

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CAN IT BE DONE? - By Ray Gross



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

Continued from page one

New Englanders since 1800; more than a century and a quarter. Supplementing the astronomical tables, are many features of interest to every New Englander.

For quite some time The Reporter man has been a reader and admirer of the editorial page of The Christian Science Monitor; has had a feeling that it was one of the best presented, with safe and sane thoughts given to its readers in a plain manner easy to be understood. These timely articles were always in the same place — on last page. Now a new dress is being worn, just a bit of improvement has been made in the make-up of this page, and we know it will meet with favor.

The month of August with the churches is not one when the work goes on as usual. Even if Sunday services are not as well attended as formerly, there are many who attend, and during this month the choice of which church to visit, especially to the stranger, is no small problem. It must be admitted

that to attend church is an attraction in the country and the desire should be encouraged. If it could be arranged among the clergy and church people to have only one church in any village closed at a time it would work out well is the thought of many—this has been expressed in our presence more than one. The idea is not to prohibit ministers having vacations, but so arrange "time off" that it will not interfere with church attendance. Everything should be done to maintain and increase interest in the church and this is our one thought in bringing this matter to the minds of our readers at this time. This is not a plea for any one church or any particular congregation, but for everyone. Supporters of the church and church people are the ones to interest themselves in the matter. It is hoped that this thought will be considered seriously by those who have these interests near to their hearts. Too much thought away from the church and its teachings have had much to do with existing conditions here and elsewhere.

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Wednesday, Aug. 22, 1934

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

Long Distance Telephone

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

Cards of Thanks are inserted at 50c. each.

Resolutions of ordinary length \$1.00.



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression"

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

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

Mrs. Etta Woodward is spending a season with her daughter, Mrs. G. G. Whitney.

The Antrim Grange Fair for August 31; something every minute. Watch for posters.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah P. Curtis, of Seaport, Maine, were callers on friends here recently.

Edwin J. Whittemore, a former Antrim resident, was calling on friends in this village one day last week.

The local band will give a concert on the band stand, in this village, on Monday evening next, at 7.30.

Miss Ann Hamilton, of Dorchester, Mass., is spending a season with Miss Ethel L. Muzzey, at her home on West street.

The Antrim Bugle and Drum Corps goes to Laconia on Sunday next, to be in a parade and furnish music, in connection with several other drum corps of the State.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Burt and three children, from Park Ridge, N. J., are spending a few days with the former's sister, Mrs. C. D. Eldredge, at her Gregg Lake cottage.

The W.R.C. will hold a Silver Tea at the home of Mrs. Oscar Robb on Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 29, at 3 o'clock. The sale tables will consist of Home-cooked Food, Candy, Mystery and Ice Cream. Games will be played. Everybody welcome. Adv.

Rev. J. D. Cameron, D.D., Trenton, N.J., formerly of Antrim, is in town, occupying the Presbyterian pulpit for two weeks, in the absence of the regular pastor, Rev. William Patterson.

Clerks: Men—Women, good health, interested working Retail Store or Government Clerks, this state or Washington. Special training required. Nationwide Government examination announced. Write Retail Merchandising Bureau or Civil Service Training Bureau, Box 2, this paper. Adv.

There will be an evening service at the Antrim Center church on Sunday, Aug. 26, at 6.30 o'clock. This is to be a meeting for young people especially, but everyone is invited to come. It is expected that Clark Poling, from the Deering Community Center, will be the speaker.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Eldredge and son, Gordon, and mother, Mrs. Emma W. Eldredge, of Harwichport, Mass., were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Eldredge. On their return Sunday, they were accompanied by the former's daughter, Miss Emma G. Eldredge, who had spent two weeks in the Eldredge home.

LAWN SALE!

The ladies of the Presbyterian Church Mission Circle will hold their annual Lawn Sale on the church lawn, on Friday, August 24, at 3.00 p.m. Food, Fancy Work, Aprons, Candy, Mystery Packages, Jelly, Vegetables, Flowers and Fruit Punch, will be on sale. A Pet Show will be an added attraction this year. This is a free-for-all feature and entries are solicited from any wishing to exhibit pets. Adv.

Mrs. Katherine Wright, of Baltimore, Md., has been a recent guest of Mrs. D. H. Goodell.

Miss Gladys Holt has been at Sunset Lake, Greenfield, for a week, with a party of girls.

Miss Amy Butterfield has been entertaining Miss Marion, Corley, of Dedham, Mass., at her home at the Center.

Miss Lillian Armstrong, who has been with Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Warren for several weeks, has returned to her home in Somerville, Mass.

Mrs. Charles Thomas and children, of West Haven, Conn., is visiting for awhile with her father, at the paternal home at Antrim Center.

Donald Hutchinson, of Clinton Village, was a patient recently at Margaret Pillsbury Hospital, Concord, where he had his tonsils removed.

The Antrim Troop of Boy Scouts has quit camp at Gregg lake, after a pleasant two weeks' sojourn at the Byron Caughey Memorial Camp.

Angus Grieve, of Milwaukee, Wis., has been the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Anderson, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Brownell, at Clinton Village.

Mr. and Mrs. Milan Parker, from Pennsylvania, have been spending a few days with Mrs. L. E. Parker, Mrs. Nichols, her son Bobbie, and the twins from Hinsdale have also been with Mrs. Parker.

Friends in this village were pleased to again greet Carrol Gibney, of New York City, a former Antrim boy, who was here for a day the past week; he was accompanied by his son. Mr. Gibney's family are spending a vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gibney in Keene.

Mrs. Harry Deacon has removed her household goods from town to Waltham, Mass., where she will reside in the house with her son, Howard B. Deacon. Mrs. Mary Bass accompanied her, as did also the former's granddaughter, Miss Estelle Deacon, who has made her home here for some years and now goes to reside with her father.

Following out a suggestion recently made in The Reporter, the Library Trustees have had a sign painted, with the hours of opening and the days thereon, and put upon the Tuttle Library lawn near the street by the walk to the building. This is sure to serve a good purpose; it is the first thing of the kind that has been attempted since the erection of the building many years ago.

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.

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**Antrim's Third Annual Exhibit an
Unusually Successful Undertaking**

Continued from page one

prize, Mrs. Marie Jameson; 2nd prize, Miss Marion Wilkinson.

Delphiniums, finest single spike—1st prize, Mrs. John Burnham; 2nd prize, Miss Annie Fluri.

Delphiniums, finest display—1st prize, Miss Mabel E. Turner.

Finest 3 blooms any Perennial—1st prize, Mrs. Anna B. Tibbetts; 2nd prize, Dr. G. D. Tibbetts.

Finest bowl of Petunias—1st prize, Mrs. Arthur Proctor; 2nd prize, Mrs. Ethel Davis.

Finest bowl of Nasturiums—1st prize, Carl Robinson; 2nd prize, Mrs. William Prescott.

Finest bowl of Fansies—1st prize, Miss M. J. Abbott; 2nd prize, Mrs. Gladys Phillips.

Finest vase of poppies—1st prize, Mrs. Ralph H. Tibbals; 2nd prize, Mrs. John Newhall.

Finest vase of Snapdragons—1st prize, Mrs. Anna B. Tibbetts; 2nd prize, Carl Robinson.

Finest vase of Marigolds—1st prize, Mrs. A. E. McLaughlin; 2nd prize, Mrs. Cora Hunt.

Finest vase of Salpiglossis—1st prize, Mrs. Emma Goodell; 2nd prize, Linwood Grant.

Finest vase of any Annual—1st prize, (Balsams) Mrs. Nellie Traxler; 2nd prize, (Heavenly Blue Morning Glories) Mrs. Cora Hunt; Special prize (Annual Phlox), Mrs. A. E. McLaughlin.

Finest display of Annuals—Mrs. G. W. Nylander; 2nd prize, Mrs. Rose Poor.

Tall arrangement—1st prize, Mrs. Marie Jamson; 2nd prize, Mrs. Ira Hutchinson.

Low arrangement, three colors—1st prize, Mrs. E. E. Smith; 2nd prize, Mrs. Irene Dunlap.

Centerpieces—1st prize, Mrs. Alice Putnam; 2nd prize, Mrs. Rose Poor; Special, Mrs. William F. Clark.

Special prize (Bouquet of Euphorbia)—Mrs. Ira P. Hutchinson.

Special prize (Miniature Bouquet)—Mrs. William Clark.

Any Bouquet—1st prize, Mrs. Cora Hunt; 2nd prize, Mrs. Gladys Phillips.

Miniature arrangement—1st prize, Mrs. C. W. Brooks; 2nd prize, Mrs. William Clark.

Finest collection of Potted Plants—1st prize, Mrs. Anna B. Tibbetts; Special (Begonia) Mrs. Anna B. Tibbetts.

Finest single potted plant—1st prize, Mrs. Charles Fowler; 2nd prize, Mrs. Thomas Wilson; Special (Cyclamen) Miss Annie Fluri.

Window Boxes—1st prize, Mrs. Earl Cutter; 2nd prize, Mrs. Mary Temple.

Miniature Gardens—1st prize, Mrs. William Hurlin; 2nd prize, Mrs. Ira Hutchinson; Special, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Caughey.

Special Ribbons were awarded the following special features:

Tea Garden Decorations—Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Flint and William P. Linton.

Vase of Lunaria with Tapestry Background—Miss Marie Noetzel.

Cottage House and Yard—Built by Carl Robinson.

Apache Trail—Made by Bennington members of Antrim Garden club.

The following prizes were awarded in the Junior Garden Division:

Miniature Gardens—1st prize,

Evelyn Hugron; 2nd prize, Gertrude Hugron; Special, Marcia Edwards; Special, Robert Nylander.

Vegetables:

Carrots—1st prize, Guy Clark; 2nd prize, Wilma Brownell.

Beets—1st prize, Frank Jellerson; 2nd prize, Guy Clark.

Summer Squash—1st prize, Frank Jellerson; 2nd prize, Wilma Brownell.

Cucumbers—1st prize, Guy Clark; 2nd prize, Frank Jellerson.

Tomatoes—1st prize, Wilma Brownell; 2nd prize, Frank Jellerson.

Yellow Beans—1st prize, Wesley McClure; 2nd prize, Norman Chamberlain.

Green Beans—1st prize, Norman Chamberlain; 2nd prize, David Hurlin.

Lettuce—1st prize, Guy Clark; 2nd prize, Frank Jellerson.

Potatoes—1st prize, Wilmer Brownell; 2nd prize, Norman Chamberlain.

Display of Vegetables—1st prize, Robert Nylander.

Flowers:

Bouquets of any flowers—1st prize, Thelma Zabriskie; 2nd prize, Robert Nylander; Special prize, Robert Allison; Special prize, Natalie Thornton.

Wild Flowers, artistic arrangement—1st prize, Judith Pratt; 2nd prize, Frances Tibbals; Special prize (Viburnum or Climbing Cranberry), E. D. Putnam.

The prizes awarded in the Vegetable Section were:

Potatoes—1st prize, E. E. Smith.

Beets—1st prize, Samuel Thompson; 2nd prize, E. E. Smith.

Carrots—1st prize, Samuel Thompson.

Beans—1st prizes, F. L. Proctor, Ira Hutchinson; 2nd prizes, J. W. Thornton, J. W. Thornton.

Corn—1st prizes, Mescilbrook Farm, Mable Turner; 2nd prizes, Mescilbrook Farm, Ira Hutchinson.

Tomatoes—1st prize, Samuel Thompson.

Cucumbers—1st prize, Miss Winifred Cochrane; 2nd prize, Mrs. A. W. Proctor.

Summer Squash—1st prize, Mrs. A. W. Proctor; 2nd prize, Miss Mabel Turner.

Collection of Vegetables—1st prize, R. W. Jameson; 2nd prize, F. L. Proctor.

Plate 5 Apples—1st prize, F. C. Henderson.

Plate Crabapples—1st prize, E. E. Smith.

Plate 5 Pears—1st prize, F. C. Henderson.

General display of Vegetables—1st prize, Mescilbrook Farm.

Special ribbons were given to: Cabbage—Ira Hutchinson.

Strawberries—Mrs. Helen Stanley.

Raspberries—E. E. Smith.

Collection of Berries—Ira Hutchinson.

Broccoli—Ira Hutchinson.

Pumpkin—E. E. Smith.

Beanstalk—H. R. Stone.

Corn on Stalk—Mescilbrook Farm.

Lettuce—A. W. Proctor.

The judges were Mrs. Laurence J. Webster of Holderness, N. H., and Miss Edna Cutter of Dracut, Mass., for the Cut Flowers and the Special Features, and William Putnam of Hancock for the Fruit and Vegetables.

**The Home of Antrim Residents is
Leveled by Fire; Large Barn Saved**

One of the worse fires in recent months was the one on Thursday last, when about noontime the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. George, in East Antrim, was destroyed completely by flames. The fire department readily responded to the call, but the fire had gained headway so rapidly and the amount of water being somewhat limited, it was impossible to save any of the buildings except the large barn nearby. Much of the furnishings

from the home were taken to a place of safety; and as is so often the case in a fire of this kind very many things were an absolute loss. Losing a home by fire is one of the most trying experiences of life. The home was insured for a small part of the loss; and the extent of the damage and financial blow comes heavy on Mr. and Mrs. George. The sympathy of all is with them in the loss of their home.

The FIRESIDE PHILOSOPHER
By ALFRED BIGGS

Winners act while losers talk.
There is no substitute for sincerity.
Without love, beauty is an empty shell.
If you absolutely can't pay, don't let it worry you.
Language conceals thought as well as expresses it.
It costs no more to be pleasant about it.
Education has little to do with money.
Write in anger if you must, but don't mail it.

Adam Zapple
NO CAUSE FOR WORRY
By JACK ROMER



Bennington.

Congregational Church
Rev. J. W. Logan, Pastor

There will be no church service at the Congregational church until the second Sunday in September (9th), the pastor announced from the pulpit his last Sunday, before leaving on his vacation. They left on Monday the 18th for Nova Scotia.

Junior Thurston is having a vacation in Massachusetts.

Miss Arlene Edwards returned from a trip through the Adirondacks.

Miss Marjory Edwards is at her home here for a two weeks' vacation.

A part of the unsightly brush along the river bank has been burned, but the rain of Friday stopped the work.

Mrs. M. E. Sargent went to Belmont first of the week to visit Mrs. Cornelia Allen, who is with her brother there.

Miss Kate Twitchell, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Florence Paige, in Antrim, spent Sunday with Mrs. Daisy Ross.

A card from Mr. and Mrs. Logan, from Bayhead, N. S., states it is a fine place on the shore of Northumberland Straits to spend a vacation.

It is reported the sum of \$166 was taken in at the Fair held at the home of Mrs. Cady, but very likely there was some expense for the work that was done on the grounds, lights, booths, etc.

On exhibition in Charles H. Smith's Pharmacy window, is the plan of the Proposed Playground of Bennington. This is a splendid drawing and shows just what is proposed to be done. Everybody will be interested in looking over this plan and getting fixed in their mind just what is needed in our midst.

Several ladies from here visited the Flower Show in Antrim; all were delighted with the beauty of the flowers, and the attractive arrangement of them. The fruit and vegetables also proved an attraction; while the display of the latter was not as large as we have seen in former years, those shown were very good, and the flowers were wonderful.

Lawn Party on Sunday, August 19, at the home of R. E. Messer

About two hundred friends of Postmaster and Mrs. Messer gathered at their home Sunday and enjoyed an entertainment furnished by Warrens Old Time Orchestra, of Greenfield, and a group of entertainers from Nashua and Boston, Mass., Miss Dorothy Wildes, Hancock, accompanist.

The following program was in order: "America" by all present; community singing, "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" and "My Wild Irish Rose"; vocal solos by Mrs. F. J. Shattuck, of Nashua, "In the Garden of Tomorrow" and "My Isle of Golden Dreams"; music by the orchestra; duet by Miss Mabel Bailey and Florence Koche, of Boston, Mass., "Way Out West in Kansas" and "My Little Log Home"; recitation "The Good Old U.S.A." by Henry Hayward, of Amherst; vocal solo, Mrs. Shattuck, "The End Of a Perfect Day"; song, Miss Mabel Bailey, "The Man On the Flying Trapeze"; address by Hon. H. Styles Bridges, Chairman Public Service Commission; music by the orchestra.

Among those present were: Hon. H.

CHURCH NOTES
Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Rev. William Patterson, Pastor

Schedule for 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

Sunday, August 26
Morning Worship at 10.45. Sermon by the pastor. Topic: The Church Meets Enemies.

Baptist
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor

Thursday, August 28
Mid-week service at 7.30 p.m.
Sunday, August 26
No services in this church.

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.

Mrs. Mary (Ash) Nay

Widow of the late Morris E. Nay, died at her home on Fairview street, in this village, on Saturday last, after being in failing health for some months, the last few weeks of which she had been quite ill. For a few years her health had been such as to keep her rather closely confined to her home.

In her more active days, deceased was a worker in the Presbyterian church, the Woman's Relief Corps and Hand in Hand Rebekah Lodge, in each of which she was a loyal member; in the Rebekahs she was a Past Noble Grand. All remember her as a faithful worker in every good cause and her activities have been generally missed during her enforced retirement. Her husband passed away several years ago. To them were born two daughters, Miss Eckles and Miss Fredrica Nay, who have faithfully and lovingly cared for their mother in her failing health. Beside these surviving daughters, two brothers remain, David and Louis Ash, of Hillsboro. The family have the sympathy of all. Deceased was 68 years of age.

Funeral services are being held this Wednesday afternoon, from the Presbyterian church; Rev. J. D. Cameron, D.D., a former pastor of the deceased, spoke comforting words to the family. The ritual service of the Rebekahs, which organization attended in a body, was read by Lodge officers at Maplewood cemetery.

The Hancock Old Home Week Carnival and Dance

On Saturday evening, August 25, at the town hall, Hancock, at eight o'clock, will be featured "The Old Home Week Carnival, directed by Mrs. Cynthia Hurst, of Braintree, Mass., and Hancock, with a corps of most efficient assistants.

The Carnival will recall many picturesque and vivid episodes through the ages.

Styles Bridges, Concord; Miss Doris Doe, member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York; Wallace McGill, connected with the NBC Studios, New York, Mrs. McGill; Mrs. Sybil S. MacDeimid, New York, teacher of music; James MacDermid, New York, composer of sacred songs; Lieut. Ivan Farnum, of the Aviation Corps on the West Coast, and Mrs. Farnum; Dr. and Mrs. John Doe; Mrs. Effie Doe Batten; Mrs. Annie Rice; Bertram Bell, of New York and West Palm Beach, Florida.

Weekly News of Interest From a Few Towns Surrounding Antrim

FRANCESTOWN

After an illness of several weeks, Mrs. Sarah E. Stevens died at her home here August 10. She was cared for by her daughter, Mrs. Clifford Pratt, who lived with her. She was born July 3, 1854, at Highgate, Vt. Mrs. Stevens was the widow of the late Samuel Stevens. She is survived by one son and five daughters, Mrs. Fred A. Fuller of Keene, C. Frank Stevens of Hooksett, Mrs. John Holt of North Adams, Mass., Mrs. William Kidder of Antrim, Mrs. Harlan Shedd of Amherst, and Mrs. Clifford Pratt of this town; also eight grandchildren and 14 great grandchildren. Mrs. Stevens was a charter member of Atlantic Chapter, O. E. S., and held many offices.

GREENFIELD

Fred Richardson of Orange, Mass., is visiting Horace Newton who has a camp near the home of his aunt, Mrs. Martha Blanchard.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Powers and Mr. and Mrs. Seth Maxom of Andover and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pollard of Newport visited relatives here recently.

Miss Helen Thomas and Miss Mary Brown, of Los Angeles, have been enjoying a motor trip east. They have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gage.

An accident occurred Sunday afternoon at the lower end of the village street, opposite the residence of Louis Bowes. Cars came together; they were somewhat damaged, but no one was seriously injured.

Guests at the home of George Gould include Mrs. Sprague of Stoneham, Mass., Granville Davis of Melrose, Mr. and Mrs. Garrett Lacey of Dorchester, Miss May Morrissey and Miss Anna Quigley, also of Dorchester.

Dr. and Mrs. E. L. Quinn and daughters Barbara and Virginia of Salt Lake City, who have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gage, have left town. On their return trip they plan to visit Maine, Quebec, Montreal and Yellowstone Park.

The Antrim Woman's Club

Held a lawn sale on the Presbyterian church lawn on August 10. Practically everything was sold and the sum of \$25 added to the treasury.

The next Club party will be held at the home of Mrs. William Hurlin, on Tuesday, August 28, at 2.30.

The Woman's Club is co operating in providing transportation for the children who are to have tonsils and adenoids removed, at the Hillsboro County Hospital, August 27. Also, four children were taken to Concord for eye examinations last Friday.

Miriam W. Roberts, Pub. Chairman.

AUCTION SALE

By Ezra B. Dutton & Son, Auctioneers, Greenfield.

Mrs. Catherine Gardner Mayes will sell a lot of household goods and antiques, at auction, at the farm known as the James Buswell place, one mile east of Hancock village, near Elmwood station, on Saturday, Aug. 25, at 9.30 a.m. EST. A nice lot of household goods and antiques will be sold; a sale worth going miles to attend. The farm will be sold at private sale. For other particulars read auction bills.

DEERING

Mr. Highland, of the State Highway Department, was in town recently to confer with the Selectmen in regard to the expenditure of money. Work on those projects have commenced.

On Saturday afternoon, August 25, anyone in Deering desiring to register with the National Reemployment Service may do so at the town hall. Unemployed women as well as men may register.

Saturday afternoon, August 11, the Youth conference held at the Community Center closed. Eighty-six young people were registered at the conference from New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Maine, New York and Pennsylvania.

Old Home Day, August 18, was carried out as planned. The Hillsborough Military band gave a concert commencing at 10.30 a. m.; sports for older children and a ball game between the married and the single men occurred in the morning. In the afternoon there were speeches, solos, and musical numbers by the band in the town hall, Sir Harry Holmes, of New York, was the speaker of the day. During the exercises in the afternoon, Mrs. Nellie Mellen and Mrs. Georgiana Gile had charge of the games for the smaller children. After the program there was dancing in the afternoon in the town hall. In the evening the annual Old Home Day dance was held.

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.

NORTH BRANCH

Mrs. Madison McIlvin is entertaining Miss Etta Miller from Brookline, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Cole and family, of Methuen, Mass., are visiting Mrs. R. Florence Hunt.

George Symes entertained his sister and niece, from North Arlington, Mass., over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gardiner Flint and family, of Chestnut Hill, Mass., are spending their vacation at Flint Farm.

Mrs. R. Florence Hunt entertained the Ladies' Circle at her home on Wednesday. A considerable amount of sewing was accomplished.

Rev. John P. Brooks conducted the regular Sunday evening worship at the Chapel; Mrs. Brooks gave an interesting story for the younger people. A duet was rendered by Jane Rutherford and Isabel Brooks, and a solo by Mary McClure. Rev. John Logan will preach next Sunday evening.

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

Antrim Locals

Many will want to know the date of the coming Grange Fair; it is to be August 31.

Miss Rachel Rosenky has gone to Boston for a few days and will return on Thursday to spend the rest of her vacation at the Inn.

The Ladies' Mission Circle of the Presbyterian church will hold their annual Lawn Sale on the church lawn, on Friday, August 24.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Barker and daughter, Anne, are at the Inn for a few days, visiting Mr. Barker's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Barker.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ingram gave a family dinner at the Inn last Sunday. The party included Mr. and Mrs. K. R. Lynde and daughter, Shirley, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ingram, Jr., A. J. Green, and Miss Helen Green.

Mrs. J. Lillian Larrabee was hostess at a luncheon for the judges of the Flower Show, on Thursday, at the Maplehurst. Guests included Mrs. Lawrence J. Webster, of Holderness, Miss Edna Cutter, of Draut, Mass., W. E. Putnam, of Hancock, W. E. Linton and Mrs. Guy D. Tibbette, of Antrim.

Dr. E. D. Stevens, prominent physician and well known in this section, died at his home in Frankestown on Monday of this week. Funeral from his late home on Thursday at 2 p.m.

Must Pay for Good News
"I has had so much hard luck," said Uncle Eben, "dat if I wants any real good news I has to go to a fortune teller and pay for it in advance."

Vogue Exists
The wearing of ornamental red stones, shells and teeth among primitive people is due, it is said, to their belief in the magical efficacy of these things as elixirs of life.

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.

Flame of the Border

By VINGIE E. ROE

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SYNOPSIS

Seeking death 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. 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 her attacker. At a dance she demands that he tell her his name. He says he is Starr Stone, that his mother believes him dead, and that he goes by different names in this region. He leaves the dance with a tall, fierce Mexican, with whom he is mysteriously associated. Sonya realizes she is falling in love with a man whom she can only class as a renegade and outlaw, and that she can never marry Blake.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"What's wrong?" it read. "Write or shall take plane out by Friday, Rod." Sonya herself drove in late that evening and sent her answer. "Nothing but epidemic," she wired. "Forgive me, Sonya." And as she left the straggly small dot of civilization under the thin sickle of a new moon she came upon a tiny cavalcade plodding in the desert's dust. Three burros, their patient little feet shuffling in the white sand, bore two packs and a rider, the latter a thin old man in rusty black whose silver head shone in the dusk with beauty. Her heart pounding, Sonya drew up beside him. "Good evening, sir," she said. "How is all with you?" "Good evening, daughter," he replied. "It is well. The peace of the desert dwells within, especially at this time of the day. There is healing in the twilight, and contemplation. The soul enriches itself with thoughts of the bounty of the Lord. And you?" "We have much sickness among the Indians," she said gravely, "and much work."

"That's bad. I hope you pray a good deal?" "Well," said Sonya hesitantly, "yes, sir, I do. I have to— to carry on. One needs strength, you know."

"Just so. Just so. And strength will come to you, never fear. Take that One now, that Blue-eyed One. Three nights ago I saw him by a little stream, and he grasped my arm so hard it hurt. The old, you know, my daughter, are soft in the flesh, without resistance. And he asked of you, the dark-haired doctor woman, and called on God for strength. Just so. 'God,' he said, 'if I was strong enough!' Just so. They all come to the knees of God, daughter, sooner or later."

Sonya swallowed painfully. Her eyes felt blurred again with the excitement suddenly in her. "Tell me," she said slowly, "tell me again—where was he?" "The servant waved an airy old hand, fine of line and yellow as parchment."

"By a stream," he said vaguely, "to the south. Three nights ago. Well, I bid you good night, daughter. We must be getting on."

He bowed politely, and the burros patterned away.

Sonya stepped on the starter and bounced ahead. So. He was in the country again. He would be here, somewhere, sometime. Maybe tomorrow. Maybe next day. The winds that blew softly up from the south fanned her face with a perfumed breath; the little moon was fair as a maiden's brow; there were mystery and ecstasy in every shadow of the sage.

CHAPTER VII

Soul's Covenant.

But the morrow came and brought its flying trips to this hogan and that, and nothing happened but death and sorrow, and the sun went down and rose again on Sonya and her feverish work.

It was, at the end of another week, when the tide of life in her seemed at low ebb with all the monstrous labor and the strain of human suffering about, that she came face to face with Starr Stone once again. She had just ridden down the sounding aisle of Tall canyon to come out on the dusky level, when she saw him. Un d'Oro stood like a statue against the great walls

up, a dim and shining shape of gold, and the man in his saddle held his hat in his hand and looked at her steadily.

Sonya looked back, and such a light broke on her tired face as should have humbled any man. It humbled this one to the very dust, beholding.

"Starr Stone!" she cried softly in the silence. "Oh, Starr Stone! You have come back!"

"I'd come back from hell's edges," he said soberly. "Miss Savarin. I can't help myself."

"I don't want you to," she said swiftly. "Never. You must come to me—always."

She had stopped a few feet from him, and the man reined close beside her, laying a hand on hers, looking into her face as if he could not look deep enough. His blue eyes were dark again with the spreading pupils, his mouth grave.

"Of course you know," he said simply. "That I love you."

"Of course," she said. "That I'm dust under your feet—nothing. Less than that. But I want you to know too that I love you as a better man could never love you. I don't love you—no. I worship you, could kiss the print of your little foot in the sand. You're a white angel on the stairs of heaven, and I'm a devil in the pit—and hell itself is in those separating miles, for me."

He stopped, his voice seeming to die in his throat with the weight of its confession, then went on with an effort: "I come back to look at you because I can't stay away—and I forfeit my life every time. I want you to know that, as a proof, sort of."

"I don't need proof!" cried the girl wildly, "and I know that too! Have known it ever since the night of the dance when you followed—when you followed—"

"Yes—when I followed—and left you standing there in the open floor like the yellow dog I was—and am!"

"No! Because you had to! Because if you double-cross—"

"Hush! I'm here now. Let's talk for a little while as if we were two ordinary people, with nothing between us to prevent. You're workin' yourself to death," he said, searching her face with anxious eyes.

"It's nothing. My part in life. A good one, a great one."

"Maybe. But you're a woman, and



"Oh, Starr Stone! You Have Come Back!"

so sweet, so beautiful, I'm afraid for you."

"Don't be. I won't die. Nothing could kill me—now."

"Why now?" "Because," said the girl gravely, "I've got a fight ahead. A fight to take you from whatever holds you, and I'll do it. We've just begun—you and I, Starr Stone."

Her face was like a flower of the dusk, beautiful and dim, but filled with a stern courage, a white fire of the spirit. His hand on hers closed tightly. Slowly he leaned toward her and Sonya leaned to meet him, his eyes, his breast, his lips. In the darkening night she kissed him and knew she had never kissed a man before. What she had given Rod Blake was pale friendship compared to the tide of life which engulfed her now.

Then she drew back, pushed the hair from her forehead. "Strange," she said, "what life does to us against our will, in spite of all we've ever known, ever desired, ever planned."

"God, yes!" he echoed, "ever known, ever planned?"

"But we can fight back!" she cried. "We don't need to sink under its blows!"

"To a certain point," he said. "Beyond that—no."

"Yes! As long as there's life! I know what the human soul is made of—its strength, its courage. Men—and women too—have done great things, against all odds, because of it. Strong men, strong women. Everyone falls. Only weaklings stay down. Anyone can get up if he wants to hard enough. If he has a reason, I'm your reason."

The man groaned audibly, an inarticulate word of despair. Then he bent down and laid his cheek upon her hand and his, clasped on her pommel, a gesture of abasement, of humble love that came too late.

"If I had the world," he said thickly. "I'd give it all to be worthy to make you that."

He straightened in his saddle, gathered his reins. "Come," he said, "I mustn't keep you. Do you mind if I ride with you a

bit? It's dark enough—no one will see you riding with a man whose head carries a price."

Once again the cold fear shot through Sonya as she turned and rode out across the desert at his side.

At a lift in the dark sage levels Starr Stone stopped and held out his hand.

"I have a reprieve," he said simply, "for a certain length of time. I'll be in this country for its duration. Do you mind if I keep—coming back—while it lasts?"

"Oh," the girl said with a sudden catch in her voice, "you break my heart! What is all this? What is it?"

"Life's mistake—its sins—and penalties," he answered lowly; "its grasping at straws, its compensations. May I come if I'm careful?"

"Come!" cried Sonya. "Any time, any place!"

And, wheeling Darkness, she rode swiftly away to hide the sobs that shook her.

She came in late at home. Serge and Babs had long been asleep, but Lila waited in the dark patio, rocking slowly in the fringed hammock. They exchanged low spoken words and went together into the silent house.

As Lila struck a light she looked across its tiny flame at Sonya.

"You've seen him," she said. "Yes. At Tall canyon."

That was all and the two women went their ways on soft feet.

That meeting in the dusk at Tall canyon's lip was the beginning of a strange and pregnant time. Two days later Sonya, wringing hot cloths from a steaming water-basket on a hogan's sandy floor, looked up as a shadow darkened the doorway to the east. Starr Stone stood there leaning his graceful length against the lintel.

"Is there anything needing to be done that a husky man can do?" he asked soberly. "Water to bring, wood to get?"

"Plenty," said the girl quickly. "Both of those. Every one in this family is down except the two littlet children."

Without a word the man turned and disappeared, and presently he was back with two baskets of water. He set them inside the door and went away again, returning later with great quantities of the bleached and straggly dead wood of the juniper scrub which clothed the uplands here. He replenished the outside fire where Sonya had been heating her stones for the water-baskets, set the latter in to heat again, poured fresh water into the basket at her elbow.

"Anything to eat about?" he asked practically.

"Very little. There was mutton two days back, but the man's down and the woman, too, and the last went bad on me. I carry cereals, but I'm nearly out of those."

"O. K.," he said briefly. "I'll fix that."

Sonya went on about her ministrations, and in the course of an hour he was back with the dressed carcass of a freshly slaughtered sheep. Without comment he put small pieces to cook.

"This will do nicely," he said when Sonya came out of the hogan. "I've hung the meat in the tallest scrub I could find back of the corral. Wrapped it in a couple of sacks. It's in good shade and should cool out all right. What next?"

"Nothing," she said. "But this is priceless."

And when, two hours later, Sonya rode out across the hot sage levels, Starr Stone rode beside her on his golden horse.

"There's no one hereabout but Navajos, and they're few and far apart," he said. "I think we won't be seen."

"And what if we are?" the girl asked wearily. "Why should it matter?"

"We won't be. And you may need me where you're going, like you did back there."

"Oh, I will. Conditions are pitiful in nearly all these lonely places. No water—no food—no wood. Everybody too ill to get them."

"And what have you been doing about it?" he asked curiously.

"Getting them myself, wherever I could," she answered, "but it's beyond me now. There's so much to do, so many sick. I've buried three people—myself."

She looked at him with baggy dark eyes in her worn young face, and the man looked quickly away.

"What's the government agency doing?" he asked. "What about the schools? Haven't they got doctors?"

"Of course. But they've got their hands full in their own vicinity. We're so far away here—on the very edge of the Reservation, you know. But I won't give up a single one of them without a fight and the best one I can put up."

When they passed the spot at the canyon's lip where they had met in the dusk, Starr Stone reached over and laid his hand on hers upon the pommel.

"Soul's covenant," he said; "it was that we made here. From everlasting to everlasting. No matter what comes, we'll remember the feel of the little winds, the look of the starlit sky: It will go with me to the end, wrapped in the center of my heart—Sonya."

"Soul's covenant," said the girl tragically, "from everlasting to everlasting. Amen."

And they rode forward into the dark mouth of the shadowed aisle, the good woman and the bad man, to that selfless service of humanity which is the immortal flame in the mortal dross.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Naturally Selfish

"Some of us humans is naturally so selfish," said Uncle Eben, "we takes it for granted dat unless we's gettin' all de best of anything we's gettin' all de worst of it."

It's High Style to Shine in Satin

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



AS TO the most outstanding immediate fabric news, it's satin! In all the annals of its history this bright and shining costume medium has never more dramatically illumined the pathway of midseason and early fall styles, than at the present moment.

If anyone thinks that the newer satins "tell the same old story," all we can say is that a most happy surprise awaits each and every so unimaginative a skeptic. Fact is the early arrivals on fashion's stage are delivering a message so refreshingly new and inspirational the moment you glimpse the advance models you will feel the urge to wear satin.

The resplendent evening gowns of gleaming satin in such beguiling tones and tints as mint green, ice blue and that new and illusive dusky pink which is so lovely, the smartly finished daytime suits with their amazingly wide-buckled belts and their primly starched broad white turn-back collars that remind of the picturesque garb of our hopped Puritan forefathers, and the swagger tailored sports dresses with their many buttons and tricky gadgets, all of which are now on style parade, simply hold one spellbound.

It is just such stunning costumes as the trio pictured which are causing seekers of chic and timely apparel for immediate wear to "catch the vision" of satin. These particular models were carefully selected for illustration in these columns from among scores of strikingly original styles shown at a recent pre-view of fall fashions by the Chicago Wholesale Market council. The detail that instantaneously strikes the eye as the spotlight centers

on the smartly satin-clad woman pictured to the left in this group is the very wide belt and enormous buckle which distinguishes the suit she is wearing. This model is the sort which will start you touring the stores which carry foremost fashions with a determination to acquire a facsimile for your very own. The new finger-tip length coat (a trifle shorter than three-quarter), the roomy graceful sleeves, the straight skirt with just enough of a kick pleat to ease it a bit, these are style details each of which is prophetic of the future.

The fetching satin jacket suit to the right in the picture is warranted to capture the heart of most any style-aspiring young modern. The white satin which fashions the blouse with its scallop-edge sailor collar and down-the-front jabot is metal threaded in a crossbar patterning. One of the big features of the newer materials is that they are all more or less agleam with interweavings of gold and silver.

It is almost needless to say that black satin fashions the suits just described, for undoubtedly black is first choice by a large majority, for street wear. However, any number of smart street models are being tailored of satins in rich autumn browns or greens (green is much talked of for fall) while a satin costume in the newly featured beetroot red or dark blue is considered a last word in chic.

As to the exquisite satin evening gown here shown, imagine it in any delectable pastel you may happen to fancy, or glistening white if you prefer. The cape sleeves and ruched neckline are important style points also the semi-fitted princess lines sans belt are typically new.

© Western Newspaper Union.

FIND TUNIC BLOUSE IN MANY VARIETIES

That blouses will remain a big fashion is generally conceded, but in what forms is a matter of discussion. Very few couturiers have thought seriously, as yet, of models for autumn, and those who have show suits mostly with hip-length jackets and waist-length blouses of the butcher boy type. The rumor about Russian suit styles has been heard here. Lucile Paray has one suit with a tunic blouse which might come under this designation, and Helm has another, in velveteen with fur bordered coat.

Silk Still Holds First Place for Undergarments

The increasing favor for lingerie neckwear, for cotton frocks and linen suits has brought speculation as to a change in undergarment styles, but so far investigation has failed to reveal any real revival of "lingerie" lingerie. Here and there, one finds a linen night-dress, as at Helen Yrlande or one of the Paris lingerie specialists but such a model is an exception; and even at Worth, the prime sponsor of sheer cotton stuffs and frilly touches, as well as petticoat foundations for evening gowns, the answer is that only a few batiste gowns are shown.

Large Parisian Compacts in Brown Simulate Wood

New compacts from Paris are huge affairs made of a brown composition material that looks like wood. They are loose, single pacts, a trifle expensive, but a knockout to look at. To make accessories harmonize, there are bracelets and clips, trimmed in gold, of the same substance, and necklaces in which synthetic wooden links alternate with colored stones.

New Cape Style

A gown of bright flame red satin is cut with a deep square front décolleté, accompanied by an ermine cape mounted on a square back yoke.

Square Finger Rings

The expression "round like a ring" doesn't mean anything any more, for there are new finger rings that are square.

VERY SHEER BLACK

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



A message of vital importance concerns the vogue for dine, dance and other gowns of more or less formality which are created of black nets or tulle or wispy laces of finest diaphanous texture. When fashioned of daintiest sheer net there is almost sure to be a lavish use of pleated ruche effects. The gown pictured shows a wide ruche trimming outlining the pointed-back-and-front décolletage. A similar ruche trimming heads the deep flounce on the skirt. The silhouette which stresses a slim fitted hipline contrasted by a pronounced and sudden deep flare is typical of the later style trends.

Tricky Earrings
Earrings—once more back on the fashion map—are novel in cut. Many are designed to follow the lobe of the ear instead of standing out, button effect, in front.

REAL COMFORT IN COAT DRESS

PATTERN 1810



Since it is perfectly obvious from the sketch how smart this house frock is, we are going to begin by calling your attention to how nice it is to slip into a coat dress the first thing in the morning or when one comes in from outdoors and wishes to get into "working clothes" as quickly as possible. One throws it around her—ties the sash—and that is that, so far as putting it on is concerned. But the enjoying of it has just begun. It is such a satisfaction to know that one is looking pretty and well dressed as one goes about doing this little thing and that—everything seems easier!

Pattern 1810 is available in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 16 takes 4 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included.

Send FIFTEEN CENTS (15c) in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Write plainly name, address and style number. BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

Address orders to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 243 West Seventeenth street, New York City.

SMILES

TRUST

"Do you trust politicians?" "Not always," answered the man behind the counter. "I'm obliged to trust 'em to levy taxes and manage improvements. But when they come into my little grocery store they've got to pay cash, same as everybody else."

Expert in Her Line

Jack—She's the worst little gold digger I ever went out with. Jim—Yeh! A boy friend who takes her out has to walk home if he isn't lucky enough to have a car and enough gas left in the tank to get him there.

Providing for Mandy

"I understand you've got your divorce, Mandy. Did you get any alimony from your husband?" "No, Mrs. Jones, but he done give me a first-class reference."—Elks Magazine.

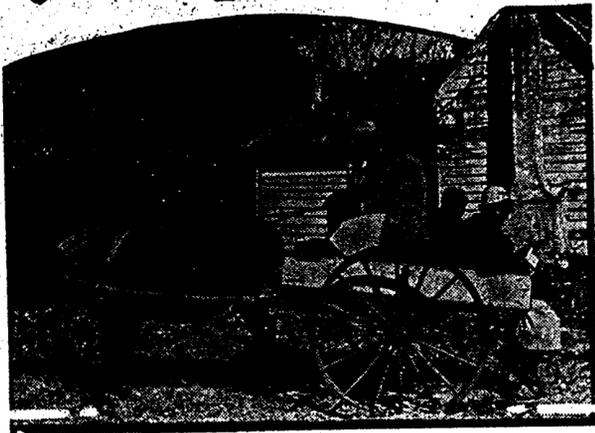
Couldn't Deny That

Fat Man—He called me a colossal ass. Friend—Well, you are a bit large, you know!

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WORTH IT!

Golden Isles of Guale



Native Transportation on the Sea Islands.

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

THE Atlantic's rolling waves do not break against the mainland of Georgia. A startling statement, that. Yet it is true, for the surf shatters on the smooth sandy beaches of the islands that stretch like a protecting band off the coast.

These are the famed Sea Islands of Georgia, the "Golden Isles of Guale" as they were known to sixteenth century Spanish map-makers.

The low-lying lumps of land, spawned by the tides and winds off the 100-mile arc of the Georgia coast, were once friendly hunting grounds, where Indians stalked deer, wild turkeys, raccoons, opossums, and waterfowl. Today, as subtropical playgrounds and winter retreats of happy isolation, they have again become hunting preserves and game sanctuaries.

What history has marched across the savannas and hammocks and beneath the moss-scarred arms of the mighty live oaks of these islands in the nearly four-century span since white men entered this New World theater!

Here, in the late sixties of the sixteenth century, came Spanish grandees and black-frocked friars, from their Florida headquarters at St. Augustine, to plant sword and cross among the Indians to the "glory of the King." Here, too, came adventurous French voyagers to trade and to make unsustained colonial claims.

Bold pirates and buccaneers, such as Argamont (the notorious "Abraham") and Blackbeard, after plundering along the Spanish Main, brought into the hidden anchorages of these secluded waterways their treasure galleons and, under cover of the island oaks, found respite from their high adventures.

Here, in the 1730's, came Gen. James Edward Oglethorpe and his followers, who, within a few years, struck blows that helped preserve for the Anglo-Saxon race a large portion of the continent.

Refugee Santo Domingo planters, escaped French royalists, human cargoes from African "slavers," wealthy antebellum aristocrats of the old South, masters of extensive island plantations; then ruin, and, finally, delayed rehabilitation, mark the succeeding chapters of the Sea Islands' history.

Five flags have waved over this offshore cluster of lands where some of the earliest seeds of American trade were sown.

Lesson in Coastal Geography.

However, the unfolding panorama gained from the vantage point of an airplane cockpit is essentially a lesson in coastal geography, not history, even though isolated bits of old Spanish ruins, Oglethorpe's Fort Frederica, and remnants from prosperous colonial days can still be distinguished through the foliage.

Between the leeward side of the islands and the mainland lie expansive reaches of salt marshes, ranging roughly from two to eight miles in width. Generally wide at the northern end, toward Savannah, they narrow at the lower portion of Cumberland, the southernmost member of the Golden Isles.

As you fly along the chain of islands you can trace a continuous serpentine passage in the network of sounds, delta-divided river mouths, and meandering creeks. It is the Inside, or Florida, Passage, a portion of that inside water route which extends all the way from New York to the Florida Keys.

As you swing to a course over the ocean side of the islands, an interesting feature of their formation is revealed to advantage. Heavily wooded areas appear in long bands, stretching in a north-and-south direction, and are separated by slender marshes and ponds, in some cases even expanding into narrow lakes.

Through the passing centuries the tides and winds have piled the sand and river-debouched sediment into a series of parallel dunes interspersed with the swamps—hammocks and sloughs, they are termed in Georgian parlance. Enormous live oaks, pines, cedars, and other trees luxuriate here. On Sapelo Island alone remain the wide, open fields where colonial plantations flourished.

Here and there are tiny islands, with little more than a fringe of sandy beach to inclose a small area of marshland.

Where De Aviles Landed. One cannot visit St. Catherines without recalling that April day in 1568 when Menendes de Aviles, one of Spain's ablest pioneers, and his party

of 50 men dropped anchor and came ashore on this island. He had established St. Augustine, in Florida, only the year before, and was already out to destroy the remaining traces of any settlements the French may have founded.

One writer pointed out that nowhere else had he seen such a delightful setting for a great house as that on Sapelo Island. In the midst of a cathedral-like bower of live oaks, with hoary beards of Spanish moss depending from their outstretched limbs, stands a majestic colonial home. Projecting from the porticoed entrance is a cruciform formal pool which catches and tosses back the reflection of mossy oaks and vast white walls.

Since its reconstruction, two Presidential parties have been guests at the mansion. One day, while one of the First Ladies was admiring the nearby rock garden, her cicerone was heard to remark, "They even used imported stone for this rock garden."

The big house of the South End plantation was first built by Thomas Spalding in 1800-1802, after he had returned from England to take up plantation farming on Sapelo.

As noted a farmer as he was a builder, Spalding cleared more than a thousand acres on his island kingdom, and raised indigo, sea-island cotton, sugar cane, and staple foodstuffs.

He it was, in fact, who introduced cane cultivation and sugar manufacturing into Georgia. The live oaks which he cut while clearing the forests to make bigger fields serve to fill large timber contracts for the budding United States navy. He also supplied the navy and merchant marine with beef and hogs.

As a slave owner, however, Spalding came ultimately to suffer, even though he treated his "helpers" with such kindness that the planters in the South dubbed Sapelo "Nigger Heaven."

Then came the Confederacy, against every protest of this aged man. Sherman's march to the sea laid waste the big house and the plantation developments. Fortunately, Spalding did not live to see that day of ruin.

Vines and bramble claimed the fire-smoked tabby walls of the mansion until the present owner cleared them and rebuilt again, in 1923.

Modern Improvements.

Today, too, the old canals have been dredged and new ones have been cut in many places to supplement the drainage of the island. An adequate supply of fresh water is provided by 36 pushing artesian wells. More than a thousand beef cattle now graze on the luxuriant carpet grass, Japanese clover, and Bermuda grass that have been sown in the one-time cotton and indigo fields.

Delightful trails and motor roads lace the island retreat. In many places they wind beneath bewhiskered old oaks; elsewhere they skirt the broad savannas and cross between marshy ponds that teem with ducks, geese, and other waterfowl.

On the west shore, commanding the approach to the Florida Passage, stand the tabby ruins of the octagonal fort built by the Spaniards in 1680. Within its concentric walls troops were stationed to protect the friars of the Mission of San Jose de Zapala. Thomas Spalding built a sugar mill on the mission foundations, and within recent years the "long tabby" has been converted into a guesthouse, a portion of which is now used as a schoolroom for the nine white children on the island.

A short ride farther north brings one to the ruins of Le Chatelet. This old site recalls the colonial efforts of five Frenchmen who bought the island and settled at several places in their little haven. The agreement which they made in St. Malo, France, before the beginning of their venture, is one of the treasures of the Sapelo library.

Soon to disagree, four of them moved to Jekyll Island. Later Le Chatelet passed into the hands of Marquis de Montelet, a French nobleman who had fled from Santo Domingo, where his whole family had been massacred in a slave uprising.

Many of the descendants of Spalding's slaves still live on tiny farms on the island. Of the three settlements—Raccoon Bluff, Hog Hammock, and Shell Hammock—the former is the largest.

At Hampton Point and Retreat on St. Simon Island the first sea-island cotton was grown from seeds introduced from the island of Anguilla, in the West Indies. This remarkable long-fiber cotton created much comment among cotton buyers when the first crop, shipped from Hampton Point, reached Liverpool.

Easy to Make Good Jelly

Modern Housewife Who Assigns This Task to Herself Has a Far Easier Time of It Than Did Her Old-Fashioned Sister.

Modern jelly making is usually no longer an event which keeps the housewife in the kitchen from morning until night and which shuts out all other activities. At least this is the case around city markets, where one can get usually as good or almost as good a bargain for half a dozen boxes of berries as for a crate.

Also it has been proved that a small amount of jelly can be made with much more certainty of result. Of course, if you find a bargain you can cook your fruit, let your juice drip, put into half-sealed hot cans and heat them ten minutes in a hot water bath, finish the seal and put the juice away to use whenever you like.

The use of commercial pectin has had much to do with the increase in the amount of jelly made by the inexperienced housewife. She finds that if she follows the directions which come with the product she will always get tender but firm jelly, and that gives her confidence. Just a few boxes of berries, combined with the proper amount of pectin and sugar, are all that are needed for a goodly number of glasses.

If you realize that bottled pectin is really concentrated apple juice you will understand that your final product when made with this will really be a combination jelly. Because the method of using this pectin calls for little cooking, the natural flavor of the fruit you are using is preserved and you obtain a jelly of delicate flavor.

If you prefer a more concentrated jelly you may get this by making it according to the original method, which is made more certain of results by testing the juice for its pectin contents, which differ in various fruits and which depend as well

upon the ripeness of the fruit. The less ripe contain more pectin than the riper fruits. Certain fruits, such as raspberries and peaches, lack this necessary pectin, needed to jelly by themselves. These juices must be combined with other juices, such as currant, apple or green grape or with commercial pectin.

Whatever method you use, first of all you must prepare the juice. Wash the fruit well. Cut large fruit and put into a large, heavy kettle with little water. Put berries in kettle and smash with wooden spoon to draw out juices. Then cook fruit until soft. Pour into a thick jelly bag of flannel or double cheesecloth, tie and let drip. If you are thrifty you will then take the pulp, add a little water and make a second extraction, cooking it again and allowing it to drip. This extraction is not quite as clear as the first and it does not contain quite as much pectin. You may combine it with the first or cook it separately.

You are now ready to mix the juice with pectin according to directions or to test the juice for pectin to make it by itself. We no longer use the old jelly formula, "a cup of sugar to a cup of juice." We take a tablespoon of hot juice and put it in a glass, add an equal amount of alcohol and let it stand for a few minutes. If the jelly which forms is stiff enough to lift it on the spoon without breaking, we may use a cup of sugar to a cup of juice. If the juice is jellied but separates into pieces when you pick it up, three-quarter cup of sugar to a cup of juice. If you do not get either of these tests, don't try to make jelly without the addition of extra pectin.

After your sugar is added, stir constantly until it is dissolved, and then

cook until you get a good jelly test. This is shown by dipping in a spoon, holding it sideways and allowing the juice to drip off. When two drops will remain hanging side by side, the jelly is ready to pour into the glasses. It should be skimmed just before and at no other time.

If you have made jelly with commercial pectin, you will put it in glasses as you would the other. The next step is to cover it with a thin layer of scalding hot melted paraffin. When it is cool and set, perhaps the next day, add another layer of paraffin. Cover the jelly and do not worry if your tops are loose. The old-fashioned pasted paper covers are perfectly satisfactory.

Now a recipe for apple jelly. The above instructions should be followed. The addition of a bit of cinnamon or of some other fruit juice is advisable, as apple jelly itself is rather flat. The juice can also be used as a basis for mint jelly and do you remember the old-fashioned rose geranium jelly that your grandmother made? The leaves of the geranium are boiled, as are mint leaves, with the juice before the sugar is added. Mint jelly is colored green with vegetable coloring before putting in the glasses.

Cherry Jelly.
3 cups (1½ pounds) juice
¼ cup (2½ pounds) sugar
1 bottle pectin

Stem and crush about three pounds fully ripe cherries. Do not pit. Add one-half cup water, bring to a boil, cover and simmer for ten minutes. (For stronger cherry flavor, add one-quarter teaspoon almond extract before pouring). Place fruit in jelly cloth or bag and squeeze out juice. Measure sugar and juice into large saucepan and mix. Bring to a boil over hottest fire and at once add pectin, stirring constantly. Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly and cover with paraffin.

Medley Marmalade.
2 quarts raspberries
2 quarts strawberries
2 quarts currants
4½ pounds sugar

Mash the berries, add the sugar and boil about forty-five minutes un-

Housewife's Idea Box



To Soften Butter
You will find it much easier to make sandwiches if you soften the butter before spreading it on the bread. Here is the easiest way to soften it: Place the butter in a small dish. Pour a few drops of hot water on the butter. Work it in until the butter is soft enough to spread easily.

THE HOUSEWIFE.
Copyright by Public Ledger, Inc.
WNU Service

til thick, stirring occasionally. Pack and seal.

Raspberry Jelly.
4 cups (2 pounds) juice
8 level cups (2½ pounds) sugar
1 bottle pectin

Thoroughly crush with masher or run through food chopper about three quarts fully ripe berries. Place fruit in cloth or jelly bag and squeeze out juice. If sparkling jelly is desired, drip juice through cotton flannel bag. Measure sugar and then juice into large saucepan, stir and bring to boil. At once add pectin, stirring constantly and bring again to full rolling boil and boil for one-half minute. Remove from fire, let stand one minute, skim, pour quickly and cover hot jelly at once with hot paraffin. Use same method for other berries.

G. Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Good Sign
If you forget to take your medicine, your ailment is letting go.

Where a slip means death!

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5.00-19...	8.34	7.20	1.14	4.56
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**Weekly Letter by George Proctor,
Deputy Fish and Game Warden**

Well, the first annual clam bake of the Squhegan Valley Rod and Gun Club is now history and to say it was a success would be putting it mildly. On the Greenville road, just off the highway, an ideal place. There were two ball games, horse-shoe pitching, a real bake and were those clams good! The committee who put this one over are to be patted on the back as it's the first bake that ever broke even.

On Sept. 9th the Millford Club known as the Granite Fish and Game Club are to stage a real old fashioned time. There will be skeet shooting and something doing every minute of the day. Jake Proctor of Wellsley, Mass., the well known pheasant man, is coming up and will show his cross-hen-pheasant. The only thing of its kind in the world. This will be worth going to see.

The Nashua Pigeon Club, composed of Homing Pigeon Fanatics are all "het up" over the fact that a week ago Sunday they shipped over a hundred nice birds to Athol, Mass., and not over 40% of them came back. One came back with shot in its crop. There is a fine of Fifty Big Iron Men for the shooting of Carrier or Homing Pigeons. We have notified the Mass. Wardens to keep an eye out for men on their side of the line and Tim Barnard and yours truly will attend to this end of the border. We have at hand a fine letter from Mr. Plante of Nashua telling about the killing, and asking our cooperation. It's not safe to shoot into any flock of pigeons as they might be homers. We ask the cooperation of all sportsmen living along the border in this important matter.

The Federal Govt. has not told us just how many days we can hunt ducks. Every part of the country is divided into zones and every zone is a little different. Watch the papers for the announcement from the Government.

The boys are beginning to ask for the land permits, so we know it's getting along time for the land owners to sign up. It will be trapping time before we know it.

Last Saturday afternoon I caught a fellow about to do a little fishing in the private fly-casting pond of the Peterboro Club at North Peterboro. I got out of the car and before I could get across the road this fellow was near the water. A good sharp whack on the back made him turn and that was his last. A 38 down through the head stopped his trout hunting days. It was a land snapper and would weigh about 20 lbs. Later I turned it over to Perley Cheever of Wilton who has promised me a feed later. O yes, I will try anything once. These big babies are on the highways just now and don't let them get back into the water. They are very destructive to young ducks and trout.

That Fishing and Hunting guide got out by Charlie Bannard of Center Harbor, N. H., is making a great hit among the sportsmen. I hear about it every few days and much favorable comment.

The 35th Grand American Handicap will be held as usual at Dayton, Ohio, Aug. 27th to 31st. Here is where the crack shots of the world gather to shoot it out. Here is where champions are undone and made. If interested we have a program.

In the Boston Globe of last Sunday was a fine write up of Harry Atwood of Greenfield, N. H. Here is a man who a few years ago equalled the feats of Lindbergh. He was the first man to ever fly from Boston to Chicago. But read that story in the paper. It's worth it.

They tell us that the size of the hornet's nests have a bearing on the winter to come. The bigger the nests the harder the winter. Well, I am sorry to say I have seen some big nests in the past week.

Well, we got that bob tailed kitten, in fact three of them. We are indebted to County Agent Pierce of Wilton who tipped me off where to find them.

Eric Strombeck, who lives on top of the world on Norway Hill in Hancock, has a litter of six real old fashioned fox hounds. Will they be heard from later in the season?

Over in Mason, N. H., Guy Washburn has a litter of seven of the cutest little pups you have seen for many a day. Sure, he will sell 'em, at depression prices.

If you get a skunk in your cellar, don't get all "het up" but get a long plank and lay it from the window sill to the bottom of the cellar. He will get up the first night. But don't leave the window open. If he doesn't like the climb get a box trap and put on a chicken's head and you will have him the first night.

Down in Ayer, Mass., there be things doing on Sept. 1st and 2nd. About a thousand dollars in prizes on acoon, fox and rabbit trials. There will be a bench show for hunting and a horse show for trot. Besides that skeet, turkey, chicken shoots and horse-

shoe pitching. Oh, it's going to be good.

The dailies and the news (motion pictures) lost out on a real honest to goodness scoop last week. Why, there was a United States Congressman with a pick and shovel and then a rake, actually working on the highway. A few days later I met Congressman Tobey of Temple, and he still had the evidence of that day's work. He had some real honest to goodness blisters. What a picture that would have made to show in Washington, D. C.!

One of the cutest things I have seen for a long time took place at Hooter, the game farm of Prince Toumanoff of Hancock. A little turkey, hatched out with a lot of turkey eggs, and now, having no mother to guide him or her, it has adopted the Prince and follows him around like a dog and only four days old. When he gets tired the Prince tucks him into his shorts and away they go.

Now that the brook trout season is over for 1934, and if you still want to get a thrill, all you have to do is to get a bunch of grasshoppers or crickets, or if none are available take some bread, and go to the trout pool of Frank Seaver of Bennington. Most any time of the day you will get that thrill. The trout in this pond are the best we have seen outside of the hatcheries for a long time. Mr. Seaver says he has a few that will go 17 inches, and by the way they took bread one day last week we believe him.

That tame blue heron that Prince Tourmanoff had last year has made another visit to Hooter. This was one day last week and she stayed about half an hour. But for the fact that a strange car was in the yard she might have come right down for a yellow perch.

It won't be long now to the duck season and then you must buy a Federal license which costs a dollar and can be bought at most of the postoffices. This you attach to your state license. This fee they claim, will net the Federal Government over a million dollars which will be used to purchase breeding places the ducks and geese.

There is strong talk about the county among the voters that it would be a nice idea to have Manchester and Nashua in a county by themselves.

Speaking of Hillsborough county, the other day we ran across Joe Hurley of Wilton who is out for the position of Commissioner in the towns. We accused "Joe" of building fences and he did not deny it. That old campaign cigar is a thing of the past, but instead of it the boys are simply asking for a J O B. Will they get it?

By the looks of the signs we think we will get a few more of those beautiful trout from Richmond down in this section. We will take all they send us, with a smile.

Run into my old friend McMurry, president of the Lone Pine Fish and Game Club of Nashua. "Mac" tells us that his club has built a real skeet shooting place at the Terrell farm at Hollis and that in a few days it will be dedicated with proper exercises. This Club wintered ringnecks and had a winter feeding of the wild birds that attracted state wide notice.

That the Fish and Game Clubs of the state are going in for a little politics is noticeable by the filing of men who are prominent club members, as members of the House and Senate. The Sportsmen, if well organized in the state, could make both branches sit up and take notice. The outcome will be watched with a great deal of interest.

One day last week I bumped into Commissioner Everett of the Highway Dept. and Commissioner Foster of the Forestry Department. They were out on some mission concerning state matters. This is the first time I ever met Commissioner Everett, but before we left I made up my mind he was a regular fellow. As to Commissioner Foster I will never forget the hike that he and his Deputy, Mr. Hale, gave me one day over at Benny pond in New Ipswich. A short legged fellow has no use trying to hike with that combination. No, sir-ee.

Two thousand of those nice trout from Richmond were planted in the town of Greenfield one day last week. That new big oxygen tank that the state now owns is a wonderful invention and a great saving to the fish. When the truck stops the air starts to be pumped into the tanks.

Met a fellow the other day that run across John Martin, the warden at Keene. He said, "I sure had a chance to get away from Callahan and you, but that long geared fellow, never." John is well over six feet and can be run! He is as fast on his feet as Bill Callahan is in the water.

I know a little pond full of white pond lilies and that is not all you will find there any quiet afternoon. I went in the other day and there

were five wild ducks and a big blue heron. The ducks made themselves scarce in a second while the big heron circled the pond three times and then lit in a big elm to look us over.

The little pout are now about two inches long and are with the mother pout. If you see a big black mass in the center of the pond you will, if you have a strong glass, find that a big pout is swimming around that three to four foot mass, keeping them in line.

We are still in the danger zone as regards forest fires. The ground is very dry and in the absence of rain we must be very careful. One good big forest fire and on goes the fire ban again, and you know what that means. So let's break that match and let's not smoke in the woods. Don't build a fire near wood lands without a permit from the Forest Fire Warden.

That two hundred dollar fine that Warden Tim Barnard tacked onto a fellow last week for letting his dogs kill a two month's old fawn deer will have a good effect on these birds that let their dogs run at large all the time. It's going to be just the same if we catch any of the dogs that we have notified the owners and we have a long list that we can work on.

C. H. Frye of West Wilton, the well known baseball player, picked up a banded bird a few days ago. This may be one of the Nashua birds that were shot into on coming home from Athol, Mass.

This is the season of the year of field trials, and we are beginning to get circulars right and left. No, we can't begin to attend them all. We are looking forward to a big time in Ashby, Mass., which is about due.

Still another man who wants to put in a series of dams on his property to conserve the water and to raise trout. We take our hats off to these men.

Just a few days and Labor day will be with us and then—SCHOOL, and are the boys tickled?? Well, they will all have a chance to tell each other about the big one they caught and the still bigger one that got away. I don't believe that the boys in my district ever had such a good trout season as the one just passed. If you don't believe me ask any of them.

One of the aims of the Monadnock Region Association is to build a bridge path across the State and they hope it will go through this section. A horse man from Walpole, N. H., has been down looking over the ground. Here hoping.

Nearly every boys' and girls' camp this year had a few horses added to their equipment. One of the things that's required is to learn to ride a fiery steed. Some of those I have seen don't look so fiery, but some of them are the real thing.

Was way up in the back woods of Hancock one day last week, in fact, I don't know just where it was, but I think Hancock. Around the corner came a troop of horsemen and women. I was told to stop, which I did, then the troop went by. The leader lagged behind and apologized for holding me up. He said six of the girls had never been on a horse before. And they were horses, not plugs.

The youngest set have taken up archery and the way some of them can shoot makes us feel like a piker. Six young people, ages under 16, were doing some shooting in one of my towns and could they shoot! Speaking of shooting, I saw three young fellows 17 and over shooting medicine balls and making hits with a 22 rifle. That is shooting.

The banner pout for the past week were taken from the bog at Dublin by Greenville pout men. Bass from Otter Lake. A big turtle from Lake George at Bennington. The Contoocook river at Bennington is very low and are they taking 'em, pickerel, perch, pout. With three big "P's."

One of the best breeding seasons for a good many years for ruffed grouse and ring necks is the season of 1934. George Forbush, who is a Government Inspector for the Veterans Bureau, travels the length and breadth of the state, and he reports that he never saw so many Pheasants as this year. Every day he is obliged to stop his car to let them go by. The southern part of the state being the most plentiful. Other traveling salesmen all report the same story.

The black bear is going to have a lot of friends in the incoming legislature and we predict that he will be put on the protected list. Other states are protecting him, why not us? In fact, we are about the only state that makes an outlaw of him.

That pesky quill pig is getting the goat of the fruit men, and the summer people are all up in arms over the work he is doing to their shrubbery. That bounty of twenty cents does not attract much attention but make it four bits or fifty cents and watch 'em come in "head" first. Never mind the noses—it's heads, not noses, in the future.

The Old Home Day invitations

UNDERTAKER NEXT



Daughter—Did Mr. Sapp call on you today, father?
Her Dad—Yes, dear.
Daughter—Well, what followed?
Her Dad—Two doctors and an ambulance.

NONE BETTER



Guest—See here, waiter, you don't mean to tell me this stuff is mock turtle soup, do you?
Waiter—That's what it is, sir. The boss buys the best mock turtle in the market, sir.

WILLING



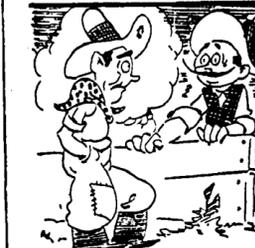
"I see where a fellow married a girl on his death-bed so she could have his millions. Could you love a girl like that?"
"Could I? What's her address?"

WISE GUY



"Is he an intelligent voter?"
"Intelligent! I should say he is. Why he actually knows all about the character amendments that he is to vote on."

WITH FRUIT JUICE



"You are sleeping on my land. Is there anything more you want?"
"Yes, boss. You might go over and ask yer wife ter make me up a snack 'n' ice cream."

Awkward Age

Visitor—And how old are you, Bobbie?
Bobbie—I'm just at the awkward age.
Visitor—Really? And what do you call the awkward age?
Bobbie (bitterly)—I'm too old to 'cry an' too young to sweat.

are beginning to drift in from all sides. Wish we were able to take them all in.

We still have a few people that want to get farm dogs and good watch dogs. Found homets for a bunch of them last week and still more in demand.
Guy Reynolds of South Lyndeboro has a nice bunch of real wild Mallards that just now are causing him a lot of trouble. They fly all over the country and next month the open season comes and he wonders where or how his flock will fit.

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

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

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