

The Antrim Reporter

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ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1934

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Advantages of Old Home Day --- To the Town and Home-Comers

August is the month for Old Home Day celebrations. People who have roamed afar have received an invitation to come back and visit the old home, and the old home town. It is good for a person to have their thoughts directed homeward occasionally; and to think of those early influences which did so much to mould their character.

Back in the early part of Bill's life he took a notion to leave the old country home. It may be that "Bill" has made a success in life and has become one of the leading citizens of his adopted town. Today he counts his money by the thousands and lives in an elegant city residence, drives about in a high-priced car and has every mark of the successful man; and yet, when the Hon. Mr. William So-and-so gets his invitation to come back and visit the old town it strikes a responsive chord in his heart and he turns his thoughts toward that place he may have thought little about for some time, as he has become so engrossed in his present surroundings. Yes, the Hon. Mr. William tells his wife, "I am going back to the old town", and he takes Mrs. William and the son and daughter along also.

As the Hon. William drives into the little village where he was born he sees many things to remind him of his early life. He looks at the same old church where he sat so patiently, as a boy, waiting for the sermon to end; and then to be hustled into Aunt Jerusha's Sunday school class, where he acted like a little devil, and yet remembers that this good

old soul taught him a few things that helped him to go straight in his later life.

And this, he tells his son, is where I began school. "Old Francis" used to shake us until the marbles in our pockets rattled like a snare drum, but he made us get our lessons, and when I got into preparatory school and college I was glad of what "Old Francis" had done for me.

"And this is the old home my boy," says the Hon. Mr. William. New faces look out of the windows, but Mr. William asks the privilege of looking through the old home. This is the room where we had family prayers, and this is the bedroom where mother occasionally took me and laid me face downward on her lap, and in this woodshed dad caused me to listen to the patter of the shingle; but he tells his son, that mixed with stern discipline and religious instruction, I now remember many things that cause me to know that it was all done in love.

At the Old Home gathering the next day, the Hon. William meets many people who dare to call him "Bill" in spite of the big car, his fine clothes, and his distinguished looking family; and Bill does not resent it, because he remembers that "they lived in a house beside of the road" and were real friends to Bill.

Yes, Old Home Day serves the purpose of reminding us that there is no more powerful influence for good than the influence of real friends, and "he who would have friends must show himself friendly."

FRED A. DUNLAP.

A Few Cultural Notes on Fall Planting and Taking Care of Bulbs

Here is an inexpensive and effective formula for gladiolus thrrips: 1 rounding tablespoonful of Paris green, 2 lbs. brown sugar or cheap molasses, 3 gal. water. This may be applied with a watering pot if you have no sprayer, and a severe infestation may require a second application. When lifting the bulbs in the fall, carefully burn the foliage, and about two months before planting time, sprinkle naphthalene flakes among them at the rate of 1 oz. to 100 bulbs, and cover with burlap or something of the sort until ready to plant. There are two or three other methods of treating the bulbs, but this one is easy, and does not involve the use of dangerous chemicals.

It is well to prepare the bed for Peonies (or fall planted bulbs) a few weeks before the roots are to be planted, so as to allow the ground to settle. Be careful to choose a well-drained spot where the roots of trees and shrubs cannot interfere with the Peonies. Dig the spot deeply, 2 feet is none too much, and fertilize liberally with ground bone and wood ashes. Peonies like plenty to eat, but like most thick-rooted plants, no animal manure should come in contact with the main roots. If the ground were heavily manured the year before, or if you care to take the trouble to dig in a layer of manure deep down below these roots, the plants will appreciate it, and some fertilizer rich in potash may be used during the growing season. Set the plants so that the eyes will be about 3 inches under, not more. The leaves should be removed and burned after they have died down in the fall. A light mulch may be put over the crowns the first winter. Peonies well repay all the care that can be expended on their planting, for they will long outlive the planter. They should be set at least three feet apart.

Bulbs for fall planting should be put into the ground as soon as they are received from the dealer. Daffodils especially should be

planted as early as possible, as their resting season is very short. All these bulbs, as a rule, like a well-drained, light rich soil, containing some sand and leaf soil, or other humus. For the larger bulbs particularly, the soil should be dug about 18 inches deep, and well enriched with ground bone and wood ashes, or superphosphate. Old, well rotted cow manure may be dug in well below the bulbs, and if the planter is willing to take a little trouble to surround each bulb with sand, some may be incorporated all through the soil. Under any circumstances, the bulbs will appreciate a cushion of sand underneath them.

Crocuses must be planted in full sun as they will not open in shade and Tulips will not give their full blaze of color, or even open widely until the flowers are rather old, unless they have the sun. Snowdrops like a shady spot, not too dry; Scillas do well in either sun or shade; and Daffodils will bloom where there is shade part of the day, if the soil is well-drained. Varieties with deep orange cups hold their color better in part shade.

As a rule, bulbs should be planted at a depth about three times their diameter; that is, Crocuses and Snowdrops with the base of the bulb 2 or 3 inches down, and the bulbs 3 inches apart; Scillas 3 inches down and the same distance apart; Tulips 4 inches down and 5 inches apart; Hyacinths 4 inches down and 6 inches apart; Narcissus-Daffodils, 5 inches down and 8 inches apart. Daffodils may be planted nearer together, but will need separating sooner. These depths are only approximate, as bulbs of different varieties of Tulips or other plants vary considerably in size.

The beds may be mulched after the ground is frozen, but it seems not to be really necessary, if the bulbs are planted as deeply as they should be. The chief difficulty with a mulch is taking it off at

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Topics of the Day Presented to Reporter Readers in Concise Form

Was there anybody who missed seeing Will Rogers, in "Handy Andy," at the Gem theatre, Peterborough, last week? If so, then there must have been a very good reason for it.

At Hillsboro's Old Home Day celebration last week, that team and the Antrims crossed bats for two games. While one game was close the other was not so interesting. Antrim lost both games.

As far as the appropriation of money went, the work on improving the North Branch road, at Twiss hill, has been completed. This is a very great improvement over what it has ever been, and particularly what it has been during the past year.

There will be 424 members of the House of Representatives in the Legislature of 1935, thus requiring the presence of 213 ladies and gentlemen to constitute a quorum.

the right time in the spring, as, if left too long, there will be long tender growths which will be injured by late frosts, and may be unsightly all through the season.
RACHEL E. CAUGHEY.
August 18, 1934.

while and when if the attendance is less than 276, or two-thirds of the total, at least two-thirds of that two-thirds must be counted pro or con in order to have effective action taken.

By the picture in Friday morning's Globe, one who has been acquainted since her birth would hardly recognize Mrs. Alice L. (Thornton) Marston, dispatcher for Boston & Maine-Central Vermont Airways, at Concord Airport, as she stands taking mail from a plane. Whether the thermometer registers summer heat or winter cold, she is on the job constantly and the business-like dispatcher hands out her orders to the pilots as only a "boss" at Concord Airport is able to do. In addition to doing dispatch work, receiving and sending mails, she has a quantity of detail work to attend to regularly, and her pleasing manner is ever present. Mrs. Marston is the daughter of John Thornton, of Antrim.

Invoice and Taxes Printed

The printing of the Invoice and Taxes pamphlet has been completed and delivered to the Selectmen, who in turn are now distributing them to the tax payers.

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, Baba. She is engaged to Rodney Blake, wealthy New Yorker, but her heart is with the friendly 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 unwilling 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 a different name 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. An influenza epidemic among the Indians keeps Sonya busy. She and Stone declare their love for each other, all doubt in the mind of the girl being ended.

CHAPTER VIII

—11—

Clouds of Portent.

In the hard days that followed, Sonya knew a fire of ecstasy among the dark shadows of disaster. Whenever suffering and death entered the lowly hogans, there the steady hands of Starr Stone were a bulwark and a help. They rode together in the dawn, meeting in this and that high level, and at the twilight, when they separated, she to go back to the ranch, he to that mysterious limbo from which he had emerged. Where he spent his hours away from her Sonya did not know and was afraid to ask again. She only knew that his long hands were gentle as a woman's with a hungry child, holding a cup to parched lips, bathing hot dark faces with a little rag, and once he brushed and braided the black hair of a dead mahala before they buried her.

And that day Sonya wept against his shoulder for sheer misery at the tragic fate which had made of this man an outcast and a pariah. So the hectic days passed, with little count of them and these two working together at their humble tasks. Once the girl told him, "You're no lost soul as you'd have me think. You're of that brotherhood of which Christ spoke when he said, 'If ye do it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye do it unto me.' Servers of the world." And he had made no answer.

They kissed each other now at parting, softly, as if the thing they held between them was so precious that a careless touch might destroy it utterly. To the man there was tragedy and stark sorrow in every touch of Sonya's lips, her hands, the tender brushing of her cheeks against his. He was blessed beyond all dreams, humbled beyond all imagining.

And he knew how fleeting this paradise must be, how soon life and its mandates must take him away from her forever. It was this knowledge which made the enchanted days so short, so unreal.

And by the end of that week the strain lessened. Everywhere her people were getting up from their hogan floors, thin brown shapes with big eyes in their dark faces, and no more were lying down. The epidemic was dying out. Those that were left began to be busy making new hogans before the summer should be gone, for they would not live in any house where death had been. They feared the tchindis, or ghosts of the dead, and malevolent spirits. But they looked at Sonya and Starr Stone with long looks, unfathomable looks, and sometimes a woman touched the girl's hand tentatively, or a man said some clipped, guttural word which the latter could not understand and Sonya interpreted. "Hosteen Little Man says we are the Healing Winds." Or, "Our medicine is better medicine than Yellow Buck's."

And Yellow Buck had been very busy in all the hogans where Sonya was not, performing ceremonies, singing chants and making medicine of his own.

And now Life made ready to take its reckoning. She had lived in these rushing weeks, lived very fast, very full, known the dark of sorrow, of pity, and the light of great joy, the pleasure of good work well done. She had bloomed in the glow of such love as she had never dreamed of, what time she could spare to it, and felt as though she were richer, more vital, in all the reaches of her nature. Now,

with the cessation of the sickness, she turned her eyes toward the future and what it held.

"Now," she told Starr Stone, "we'll begin to think of us."
But Starr Stone shook his head. "I," he said, "must think of you. My reprieve is over—was over some days ago. I'll be going back—to where I belong."

But Sonya smiled. It did not occur to her that anything could be so dark and strong that she and her strength could not conquer it.

"We'll not talk of that just now," she said, "let's ride to the top of Lone Mesa. We owe it something—the mesa."

"I owe it something," he said passionately—"owe it my everlasting apologies, my undying reverence. It was there I saw creation as it was meant to be—in your white face on the cliff."

So they swung south from their trail that day and climbed the ancient path in the stark precipice.

There was the long stretch of the western edge where Darkness had fled full speed, a horse and rider at his flank. Where the wild face of a drunken man had blazed at the woman on his back with every evil passion of the soul. There was the spot where the man had pulled the slim girl from her saddle, where she had fought like a fury in his arms, where, at the last she had pulled free and flung herself, in one wild leap, over the mesa's brink. As they reined up at the great rock's edge they both sat silent, each with unspoken thoughts plain to be read.

"Sonya," said the man at last in a strangled voice, "I have no words—there is nothing I can ever say—nothing I can ever do—to wipe that memory away."
But Sonya turned and laid her hand on his, and there was a soft smile in her eyes.

"There is no need," she said. "No need! The greatest need I'll ever know! And it can't be filled! I'll have to leave you soon, forever, with that on my conscience, on my heart!"

"Leave me? No, you will not. Not ever, Starr Stone. You are my man—from the beginning."

"The soul in my body—if I have one—will stay with you while life lasts. I hope you know that. But the body itself—is another matter. I think we'll be saying good-by up here. Here where we met—in disaster—and I want you to know, Sonya, that if there



Climbed the Ancient Path in the Stark Precipice.

is such a thing as redemption of a man's inner self, I have been redeemed by knowing you. All my instincts, all my desires, all my outlook on life itself, have changed. When I'm with you my speech, even, is changed—back to what it once was. The Border and all it has meant to me in my wildness, my devil-may-care, has lost its charm. I'd leave it—all—everything—for a different life, if I could."

"Oh, Starr," she said tremulously, "can't you tell me? Won't you tell me what it is that threatens you—us?"

"Impossible," he said quietly. "My lips are sealed—for your sake more than mine. What I know would be dangerous knowledge for you. What I have done—being with you, coming back to you against—against orders—has been a danger for you. I knew it but was too weak to go my way, never to see your face again. I could not, in this strange transition which has been taking place in me. But strength has been growing in me of late, like a great tree standing against the wind. Do you see, Sonya, what you have done for me?" he finished earnestly.

"I know," said Sonya, "I knew from the first, almost, that it would be so. That the good was in you under—under whatever it was that hid it. That some day it would come out, that the evil would fall away, leaving you as you were meant to be."

"You knew? How early? When?"
"The second time I saw you—at Two Fingers' hogan in Chee wash. I think I knew it then, dimly, when your face flushed red on seeing me. The good was struggling with the bad that minute."

"You're right. It was. And has never ceased to struggle since."
"And you're not going to go back!" cried Sonya passionately. "Not going to throw it all away! I will not let you!"

The man sighed, wet his dry lips. Then he leaned toward her and took her against his breast. The procession passed through the Forum, and an occasion was there pronounced.

With a strangled cry Sonya threw her arms around him.

"Why? Why?" she pleaded. "Why will you not stay here and go forward with me, into life? Don't you love me?"

"Love you? My God—! It's because I love you, adore you, worship you, that I'm taking myself out of your life before it is too late. I don't want to see you—"

"See me what?"
"Nothing. Let's go. Let's go now!"

He turned on a dime, sharp as a hawk headed for the down trail, Darkness following close. Sonya sat rigidly in her saddle, her throat swollen painfully with the dark realization that her dream of love was dead, that this man whom she had come to love so helplessly was riding out of her life. She could not speak.

At the mesa's foot they set out across the levels, which were once more darkening into a starlit night in dreary silence. And before they had said another word, before they could say that last farewell which comforts the heart bereaved, fate was upon them.

Out of the shadows of a clump of juniper four men suddenly rode across their way. Four men on good horses, clad in dark garments, their wide hats pulled low over their dark faces, guns frankly showing at their thighs. And at their head rode that huge figure of a man which had loomed on the dance floor that enchanted night and called Starr Stone as a master calls his dog.

He sat now and looked at him with black eyes burning in the gathering darkness.

"Hombre," he said again as he had said before, "three times in as many days have I sent for you, and you did not come. This is the reason."

He nodded toward Sonya.

"Yes!" cried the girl like a shot, though her voice shook. "Yes! I—and a better one. I first, and the caring for those who died, second. I am a doctor, and there has been a great sickness among my people, the Indians. This man has stood with me shoulder to shoulder in a fine thing. Together we have saved many lives. That's why he stayed." There was a note of defiance in the trembling voice.

"Oh, so that sees why, senorita?" the stranger said, changing from the Spanish to broken English, "why he disobeys hee's orders? For you, eh, an' for these dirty Navvys? Well, he goes now, an' don't you forget it! An' remember, Senorita Savarin, that if he comes to you, ever again, that will happen to you an' yours which will be a price. A fair price for these insults to me, in that you keep my best lieutenant from bees work. Adios, senorita. Do not forget."

He raised his sombrero with a gallant gesture and whirled his horse away. And this time Starr Stone, following, looked long in Sonya's white face with eyes in which all the tragedy of life lay stark and awful. Then he was gone, and only the soft sound of loping horses in sand came back to her.

Until the dim shapes were lost in the night the girl sat still, listening, her mouth open, her hands on her rein cold and nerveless.

That which threatened had struck at last.

And presently she drooped forward with her face in Darkness' mane and fell to such weeping as only a heart cleaved to the quick can know.

When she rode into the patio at home an hour later a man came swiftly from the lighted doorway, his hands reaching up for hers, his face glowing with joy.

"Sonya! Dear heart!" he cried, and "Rod!" said Sonya before she crumpled and slid limp into his reaching arms.

"She's fainted!" he cried. "Lila—Serge—quick!"

He carried her to the door and in, laying her down on the living room couch, and Lila was at his side in a flash.

"Get me some water," she said. But Sonya, strong creature that she was, did not need it. Her senses, reeling from grief and fear and the sudden sight of Rodney Blake, who was the last man she wanted to see in her present trouble, righted themselves swiftly. She moved, opened her eyes, sat up a bit unsteadily.

"Why, what a silly thing!" she said tremulously. "And Rod—how in the world—"

"Steady, dear," said Rod. "I just dropped in—by plane and car—from New York—Williams—got a man to bring me over. Us rather. Have a friend with me. But don't talk now. Lie down again."

"Piffle!" said Sonya. "I'm all right. A bit tired, I guess."
"She's been riding day and night for a month," said Lila, looking at Blake. "Epidemic, you know."

"Dam! Indians again," the man thought. "They'll kill her yet."

But Sonya was on her feet, stripping the kerchief from her neck, rolling back her shirt sleeves.

"I'm O. K.," she said. "I'll just go and clean up a bit."
And she walked steadily to her own room.

Inside its shielding door she clasped her hands together, stood a long moment staring into the darkness. The fight of life which she had visioned, of which she had spoken to Starr Stone, was on, and she had lost the first battle—to that black force across the Border.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Old Roman Funerals
The old Romans had elaborate funeral ceremonies. If warranted by rank of the deceased, the procession passed through the Forum, and an occasion was there pronounced.

Howe About:

More \$40 Executives Clear Writing Men vs. Women

By ED HOWE

IN MY town we once employed only high-priced experts to manage the street railway; it was not believed an ordinary local man could handle so great a problem. But somehow the experts could not prevent a steady falling off in revenues, or increase in expenses, so a local man, at thirty or forty dollars a week, was given a trial. He turned out to be the most capable superintendent we had ever had. . . . There are thousands of big institutions in this country in need of the services of thirty or forty-dollar a week men in the management. One railroad official gets \$160,000 a year, but in spite of his great ability, the income is steadily declining. Are some of our suffering big institutions being robbed by their own officials, through the payment of outrageous salaries?

In a book copyrighted in 1928 a selected list of forty men of considerable age and prominence wrote what is intended to be inspirational messages to the young. All of them, with two exceptions, are unnatural, not understandable, and in some cases, foolish. The head of a great university includes this in his message: "Take God's armor; hold your ground, tighten the belt of truth about your loins, wear integrity as your coat of mail, and have your feet shod with the stability of the gospel of peace; above all, take faith as your shield, to enable you to quench all the fre-tipped darts flung by the evil one, put on salvation as your helmet, and take the spirit as your sword." . . . "I try to be honest and decent in my judgments, but to me this is dreadful stuff. It isn't beautiful, it isn't sensible; it has no appeal whatever—no excuse for existence. Yet ask ten average Americans to write for a large audience, and seven will attempt something like it. The writer quoted is probably an excellent man. In his private capacity no doubt his opinions are sound, helpful and interesting, yet when asked to write a message to mankind, he thinks it his duty to write nonsense. It is another of the American ways that cause so much astonishment abroad; no really creditable foreigner, asked to write a message for the young, would sign his name to such meaningless and foolish stuff as this.

Men are meaner than women, yet for the best interest of themselves and their families men try to get at the practical sense of things. Women refuse to do it. One of the most surprising things I have encountered in long years of reading is the statement that there has never been a woman philosopher. Why is it that in the long list of the specially wise there is not the name of a woman? I can see no natural reason why women should not be as wise as men, since they have lived as long, and experienced as much. . . . One explanation is women have fought the men instead of worked with them. Women do not always win, but the general goal of their sex is to make slaves of the men. Winning men work; winning women go in for society, amusements; play cards, dance, or do showy welfare work with funds provided by their victims. . . . The philosophy of every woman is further weakened by the gross fattery showered upon her when she is fourteen to twenty-five years old, and the false impression she thus gets of herself interferences with correct thinking when old and neglected.

The world has agreed for thousands of years that the most dangerous period in the life of men is that of wild oats—from sixteen to twenty-six. . . . So of course an author appears to say the dangerous age is between forty-five and sixty-five. . . . I believe we are all better behaved as adults than we were as savage children; and probably the most dangerous age of savage children is between twelve and seventeen.

I have known many years a woman who is good looking far above the average. As a child she was beautiful and retained it long after nature usually begins its ugly depredation. She was an only child of indulgent and well-to-do parents, but was never "spoiled," and isn't today. . . . I have also noted of her that she is intelligent. Ill-behaved people are always lacking in intelligence; some of them are cunning, as are thieving wolves, but sound intelligence is absent.

Brag, idleness, extravagance, have broken down again. It has happened many times before: it will happen in the future every time we become unbearable smart alecks, and Natural Law is compelled to whip us back to sanity.

The English, French and Belgians, are always saying we never paid our fair share of the war expense. I suppose they will finally demand, as their veterans become older, that we pay them pensions, in our liberal way. Possibly their old soldiers will beat their way to New York on American ships, thence to Washington on American railways, and camp on the Capitol grounds until a bonus and guarantee for the future is given them. (We have congressmen who would say there was a good deal of justice in such a demonstration.)



GENIUS

First, little Jones ran excitedly from the room and fetched his wife. Then he went out into the garden and called the twins, who were talking the children next door what they would do when they arrived at the seaside. After that he persuaded young Albert to abandon for the moment his efforts to get Radio Paris on the wireless, brought cook in from the kitchen, and even asked nurse to lift baby from the perambulator.

And, to his delight, he found that when they all sat on the largest trunk at once, he could just manage to fasten the lid.—London Opinion.

Never Answers
Lady (applying for a maid)—I am very particular. I want a maid who will not answer me back.
Employment Agency Manager—I have just what you want—a former telephone operator.—Hummel.

A Passing Grade
Old Fashioned Father—When I was your age, John, my parents never had trouble with me.
Modern Son—Well, I can't say I've had any real trouble with you, either, dad.—London Answers.

Invaluable Knowledge
"Aw, what good is percentage?" growled little Tommy.
"Now, Tommy," asked his teacher, reproachfully, "don't you want to learn how to figure batting averages?"—Toronto Globe.

An Unfamiliar Dark
Auntie (to small niece who wants light left on)—But you sleep in the dark at home, darling.
Betty—Yes, but it's my own dark at home, auntie.—London Humorist.

REPRIEVED



"Hello, old man! Thought you were going to die. What saved your life?"
"The doctors gave me up."

Preparedness
Johnny was very hard on trousers. One day, while shopping with a friend his mother bought cloth for a pair of trousers for Johnny, but ordered a good bit more than seemed necessary.

"Why do you get so much?" asked the friend who was with her.
"Oh," was the reply, "this is for reserved seats."

Out of Sight
Hostess—There's Mrs. Ponderosa. Her husband's bitterly opposed to extreme evening gowns, but she wears them all the same.
Guest—Well she has plenty of backbone.

Hostess—She must have, but she's so fat that you can't see a trace of it.

The Ananias Kind
"Jones tells me he beat you that last round. How did it happen?"
"Three bad lies coming in."
"Did you drive into the rough?"
"Nope. They weren't that kind of lies."—Boston Transcript.

Funny Thing, Age
"A very handsome woman, that Mrs. Miller."
"You ought to have seen her 15 or 20 years ago when she was 10 years younger."—London Tit-Bits.

Sure He Had
Hospital Visitor—Do you ever ponder the uncertainty of life; do you realize that death must come to one and all; have you thought how short a time we must spend on this earth?
Patient—I should think I have—my business is life insurance.

Thrills Here for the Young Lady

PATTERN 1752

As to fashions for the younger set—Cherry cuts and pasties can be with necklines and sleeves designed to thrill any young heart. The adorable model sketched here has several possibilities, all of which Mother will want to work up. The complete way is the frock boasting the high collar, youthful shoulder ruffle and adorable sleeves. The ruffle may be omitted, if you like, and for summer days the frock would be cool and just as smart without the collar and sleeves. The new semi-belted waist-



line and front panel are designed to make you look divinely tall. Perfect for gayly printed cottons.

Pattern 1752 is available in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12. Size 6 takes 2 yards 38 inch fabric. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included with each pattern.

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 Circleville Street, New York City.

NO HURRY ABOUT IT

Instructor—What would you do if there were an explosion and somebody went up into the air?
Pupil—Wait until he came down, sir.—Stray Stories.

Explained It
Old Lady—What makes your hair so red, little boy?
Little Boy—Oh, I just washed it one day and forgot to dry it and it rusted.

Couldn't Doant Him
"I could tell you that my daughter can bring a husband only her beauty and her intellect."
"I don't mind—many young couples have started in a very small way."

PARTICULARS, PLEASE



She—If you don't stop being so mean to me I'm going home to my mother.
He (quickly)—Is that a promise or just a threat?

Angel to Devil
A bride had bad luck with the first cake she attempted, and in telling her husband about it she said:
"I am so sorry, dear. I made you such a nice angel cake but it fell so we have to have devil's food."

ENJOY

WRIGLEYS' SPEARMINT GUM 5¢ AND WORTH IT!

SUCH IS LIFE—Another Cruel Buffet

By Charles Sughroe



Endicott Rock Famous New England Landmark

Next to Plymouth Rock, the most interesting historical landmark in New England, is the famous Endicott Rock at The Weirs, N. H., which can be seen from passing trains. The rock is protected by a granite canopy and is connected with the shore by a short, iron bridge.

The rock marks the northern limit of the pasture grant of the Massachusetts Bay colony, about which there had been considerable dispute. In 1652, Gov. John Endicott, by order of the general court, appointed a commission consisting of Simon Willard and Edward Johnson to settle forever this dispute. They took with them as surveyors, Jonathan Ince and John Sherman.

After an arduous journey through the wilderness and considerable exploration, they decided that this rock, at the point, marked the head water of the Merrimac river. It was 43 degrees, 40 minutes and 12 seconds north latitude. Under the terms of the patent, the grant went three miles north of this point and running easterly it came out at Upper Clapboard island in Casco bay.

In crude letters the commissioners had inscribed on the rock the name of "John Endicott, Governor," with the initials of the commissioners and surveyors.

The New Member

Committee—We wish to make you treasurer of our club.

Victim—Thanks for the honor. How much is in the treasury?

Committee—At present there is a deficit—but we thought you might be willing to make it up.—Pathfinder Magazine.

See Britain's Past in Heraldry Show

Relics of History Opened to Public for First Time.

London.—For the first time in history the public was admitted to the sacred precincts of the college of heralds, when that institution held an exhibition here to celebrate the four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the granting of its charter by King Richard III.

The Herald, Clarenceux king of arms, Lancaster herald, Rouge Dragon pursuivant, under the direction of the hereditary earl marshal of England, are inextricably linked with the spacious days of British history, when men were all brave and jousts and tournaments occupied that place in public affection now filled by ball games and the gridiron. Even today the college is an extremely busy institution, particularly when a coronation or some other magnificent state function is in prospect. Its everyday work calls for the qualities of artist and lawyer, poet and magistrate, master of ceremonies and arbitrator.

Heraldry is a fine art which is also an exact science, and it is one of the duties of the college to direct and control the design of the crests and coats of arms with which the most newly created lordling wishes to embellish his automobile and household silverware. Further, the college renders indispensable service to students

of history, chivalry and genealogy, with its ancient records and its deep knowledge of precedent and custom.

Stresses Value of Tradition

"In times when many disruptive tendencies are at work the value of tradition is brought home to those who have the stability and continuity of our civilization at heart," said the foreword to the catalogue of the commemorative exhibition, and that sentence may help to give some understanding of one of the most amazing and fascinating shows ever seen in London.

The college of heralds is so old—it was probably in existence long before its charter was granted in 1348—that it refers to centuries as lightly as others speak of years. In this exhibition were seen pedigrees of the Fifteenth century which trace the origin of the Saxon kings back to Adam and Eve. This magnificent vellum makes the intriguing suggestion that Adam "died of the gout."

Earl of Lemonade Recorded.

The college of heralds touches at so many points in the history of these islands that it was not surprising to see a prayer book of King Charles II, lent by King George; while near by was the pedigree of Admiral Lord Nelson, and signed in the admiral's own shaky hand. This tree is of very modest size, compared with some of the vast charts which were on display.

The negro slave, Henri Christophe, who became king of Hayti, created a nobility of his own which included two peers with the high-sounding titles of "the Duke of Marmalade" and "the Earl of Lemonade." The original register of arms of this exotic nobility was in the exhibition.

Among grants of arms was the draft of a grant to John Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon, father of the poet, and an interesting note in defense of his granting these arms by the garter king of arms of that day, when it was claimed that they too closely resembled the arms of Lord Mauley.

Of particular American interest was the picture of Herald proclaiming the Peace of Versailles in 1783, by which the independence of the thirteen colonies was recognized by the mother country.

Ax Found in New York—Believed Made in 1600

Albany, N. Y.—An ax found at Amsterdam, N. Y., recently is of Seventeenth century, European workmanship—probably a Holland product—the National museum at Copenhagen, Denmark, has informed state museum officials.

The Danish authorities point out that the date the ax is believed to have been manufactured coincides with arrival of the first colonists from Holland between 1612 and 1684.

Paul R. Hojahn, a contractor, discovered the ax near an old stone fence.

Avoidable Murders,

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

Accidents by automobiles seem to be on the increase. Fatal injuries caused by automobile accidents in 1933 numbered slightly over 850,000, and deaths amounted to 29,900, an increase of 700 over the previous year.

Occasionally, one hears of an insurance company cancelling the double indemnity payable on death by accident. The premium on accident insurance has also increased due to the additional hazards involved. We are not surprised at this when we read in a recent city report that during the "first five months of 1934 there were 540 fatalities, or 106 more than in the corresponding period of 1933."

Upon examination of exhaustive reports on automobile accidents occurring last year, one is astonished to discover that the majority of these accidents are not caused by mishaps to old or second-hand cars, but to new cars.

Oriental Touch



There is an oriental feeling in this white crepe tunic dress for afternoon wear. White dotted navy blue belt and lacings through the buttons are a strong color accent. The hat, bag and shoes carry out the white navy color scheme.—From Milgrim.

Bad brakes or weakened parts of old cars are frequently blamed for these misfortunes, but investigation has proven this is not true. If the blame cannot be placed on the condition of the car itself, where else shall we look for it? There is only one other source, and that is the driver himself. Undoubtedly most of the accidents are caused by haste. Speeding, when the way is clear, is not so much at fault as haste to pass another car, or to beat a red light. Many persons try to save ten minutes of time with no definite idea in mind what they will do with that ten minutes after they have saved it. Just the idea of "getting there" is at the basis of most of our troubles. Poor judgment may also be put down as a contributing cause which prompts one to take unnecessary risks. Downright recklessness is a serious fault. This spirit of indifference to consequences may be caused by drink or certain abnormal mental conditions. Doubtless there are some persons from whom the privilege of driving a car should be taken away. The fact that in the majority of our states any person, regardless of fitness, may drive a car, in itself presents a very serious hazard. The public should at once be spared the danger from irresponsible drivers.

Is the remedy for this menace to be found in legislation? Increased police vigilance may help some, but with the increased traffic it seems impossible to make this efficient. Watch the other fellow—take no chances, seems to be the wiser course.

© Western Newspaper Union.

The Ark and Dove Ships
The Ark and the Dove were the ships which brought the first settlers of Maryland to this country. The Ark was a ship of 300 tons burden and the Dove a pinnace of 50 tons. They sailed from Cowes, Isle of Wight, and landed their passengers at St. Marys City in the spring of 1634, after a voyage which took the whole winter.

The Household

By Lydia Le Baron Walker

IT IS a good idea for children to have small allowances. Pin money was the name given to allowances which were meant to be spent on trifles. This was when pins were scarce, and women wanted money with which to buy them. Pins were not considered essential, but desirable luxuries which indicated incomes above the necessities of life. To have pin money was a mark of evidence of riches. Today with pins a common commodity and necessary articles, the term pin money has been superseded by that of allowance.

I have dwelt on the name pin money, partly because mothers can help their little folk to earn their allowances by picking up pins. When I was a little girl I was given a penny for each six pins I picked up off the floor. Pins from anywhere else could not be included. Needles counted a penny each. They were scarcer and considered more dangerous to have where they could be trodden on, and perhaps broken. You can imagine how clear the floors were kept from both pins and needles, and how we children revelled in the days when the seamstress or the dressmaker came to the house to work. Today vacuum cleaners can be damaged by gathering up pins and needles, so why not let the youngsters earn some pin money by keeping the floors free from pins and needles, and thereby help fill their wee purses or banks with the proceeds of their labor?

Mother's Helpers
Mothers can make their little folk feel they are making money and this is so like grown-ups in the business world, that they rather relish the idea. At the same time she can be getting the youngsters to help her in her housework. For example I know of one mother who used to put a penny on the window sill of each bedroom where she wanted the beds made. The penny went to the child who made the bed in the room. I can assure you the beds were made early in the day. The mother inspected the work, and commented on it favorably when the beds were well made, and made suggestions of how to improve the making when she was not satisfied. She did not find fault, but made helpful suggestions, such as telling the child how to smooth the under bedclothes well to make the spread smooth, etc.

There are always some tasks for little hands to do and they will be willing hands if they get some remuneration for their labor. After all this is one way of helping children to learn what it means to be self-supporting. It is a method which works to the advantage of the employer, who is mother in this case, and the employees, who are the children.

The Worker and Her Work
Once upon a time when there was no depression at the moment, a great thinker, John Ruskin, wrote "No amount of pay can ever make a good soldier, a good teacher, a good artist,

or a good workman." It is a saying that contains an undeniable truth. It is not pay which makes any work good, although good work is worth good pay. Just what good pay is depends upon the age or era. For example, in the World War prices soared to phenomenal heights. In the recent depression prices were extremely low. Just now there is the gradual return to the normal. But whatever the pay for the work, its excellence should not be influenced. The worker should endeavor to reach a high level of excellence and maintain it.

The underlying idea in the saying quoted is easy to find. There is a personal equation in all work whether it is craftsmanship, cooking, carpentry, plumbing—and so through all trades and arts. The worker decides whether he will do his or her best, or whether it shall be good only when the pay is high. The crudity of making the money value the criterion of excellence is recognized in a moment. And yet there are persons who slight their tasks unless pay is high.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

May Get Saar Post



It is expected that Miss Sarah Wambaugh of Cambridge, Mass., will be appointed by the League of Nations to oversee the plans for the plebiscite in the Saar, which will decide whether that important mining region shall revert to Germany or remain under control of the league. Miss Wambaugh is an authority on international law.

"Courting Mirrors" Among Antiques in Alden Home

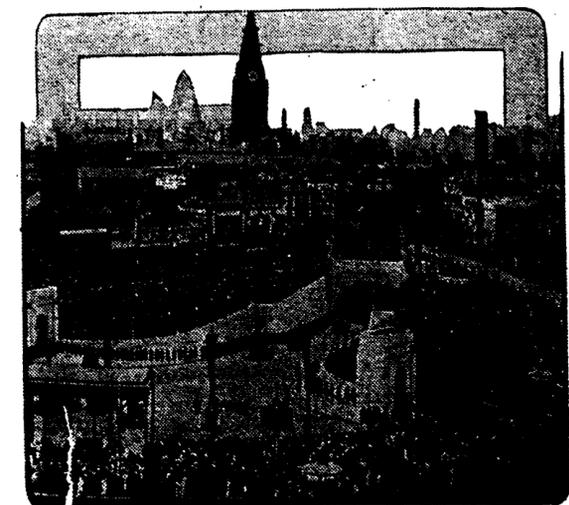
Duxbury, Mass.—Two "courting mirrors" used by the Pilgrims when they wanted to ask young women to marry them are among the treasured antiques at the John Alden home here.

They hang in a bedroom of the three century old house.

In those days, when a young man was about to propose, he carried a "courting mirror" to her home. When he was admitted he laid it on the living room table. If she picked it up and looked into it during his visit, it was her way of accepting him. If she did not gaze into it, the young swain was out of luck.

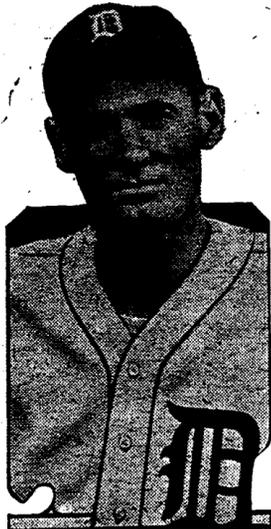
The John Alden house is the only one in existence in which any of the original Pilgrims lived.

King George Opens the Mersey Tunnel



Scene in Liverpool, England, as King George performed the ceremony of opening the great Mersey tunnel connecting that city with Birkenhead. The tunnel was named "Queenway" in honor of Queen Mary, who was present at the opening.

Tigers Get a Texan



Clarence Phillips has been brought from the Beaumont (Texas) team to bolster up the pitching staff of the Detroit Tigers of the American league. He is 6 feet 4 inches tall and closely resembles Walter Johnson.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode

SPEED BOATS —
SMALL BOATS GIVEN WINGS UNDER WATER TO MAKE THEM SOAR CAN WITH NO MORE POWER DOUBLE THEIR SPEED BY SKIMMING THE SURFACE OF THE WATER.

AN EXPENSIVE MOVE!
THE U.S. GOVERNMENT IS PAYING \$5,000 TO MOVE A SINGLE TREE, A GIANT MAGNOLIA IN THE WASHINGTON MALL.

SNOW CREAKS!
SNOW CREAKS WHEN IT IS TOO COLD TO MELT UNDER PRESSURE, AND THE DRY CRYSTALS SLIP OVER EACH OTHER.

WNU Service.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Quick, Safe Relief For Eyes Irritated By Exposure To Sun, Wind and Dust At All Drug Stores

Write Murine Co., Dept. W, Chicago, for Free Booklet

Loose Screw Somewhere
It's usually a half-wit who leads a double life.

Sleep for Baby Rest for Mother

When Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are used. All mothers should know that when little ones are sleepless, fussy and cross because of pimples, rashes, irritations and chafings of infancy and childhood, Cuticura will quickly soothe and heal. Bathe the affected parts with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry, and gently apply Cuticura Ointment. Soap & Ointment 5c and 10c. Proprietors: Foster Drug & Chemical Corporation, Malden, Mass.

AWAY from noise and bustle

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

SHERMAN SQUARE Hotel BROADWAY at 71st STREET NEW YORK

EARLY'S SOLUTION FOR HAY FEVER-CATARRH
A Balm Compound, contains no irritating drugs. Test size 5c. DOUBLE SIZE, with the "You Must Be Satisfied or Money Back" Guarantee \$1.00. One full size bottle usually sufficient.
Made on Edge of Everglades Postpaid in U. S. A.
EARLY PRODUCING CO., 107 W. P. O. BOX 1286 MIAMI, FLORIDA

MAKE MONEY AT HOME knitting with our yarns; free instructions; we provide market for your products. SEVERIN & CO., 415 33rd St., Woodville, N. J.

WOOLEN YARNS FOR HOME KNITTING
hooked rug, etc. 75 cents per pound for \$2.00. Samples 10 cents. Kotton Knitting Mills, S. Woodstock, Vermont.

SI WORLD'S FAIR VICTORS IN RESIDENCE HOTEL, CHICAGO, ILL.
Clean cool rooms \$11.50 weekly. Special weekly rates. 4325 MADISON ST.
Packed Radio, requires no batteries, takes or current. Carry it anywhere. Recharge stations within radius 50 miles. Complete with headphones \$2.99. Western Radio Corp., 2011 Commercial Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
SUNDAY—\$1.00 weekly for eight hour sleeping quarters. 2777 Long Beach Blvd. (at Long Beach Pier) Long Beach, California.
WNU-2

Weekly News of Interest From
a Few Towns Surrounding Antrim

Men's Work Shirts!

Blue..98c Khaki..\$1.19 Black..\$1.19

These are full cut shirts, very well made,
and with plenty of wear woven into them.

Next Week School Starts!

and we have a good variety of "things" for
you kids to look over.

BUTTERFIELD'S STORE

Telephone 31-5 - Antrim, N. H.

Political Advertisement Political Advertisement

Taxes Must Come Down ... Wages Must Go Up!

The only way to make this come about is
to decrease the State's expenses and to in-
crease the demand for labor within the State

CERTAINLY there is need for the experience of a trained
and proved business leader.

Social grace and legislative experience both have their
places, but in every business, so it is in this State's business,
there comes a time when the need is no longer for more laws,
for more bureaus or for more experiments—there comes a time
when the rules of successful business administration must be
applied.

The same business acumen which has made it possible for
Eaton D. Sargent to keep his own business out of the depres-
sion is now available for us to use to get the State of New
Hampshire back on a sound business basis.

Mr. Sargent is a man who knows business—who knows
good business—one in which employees have always had better
than average wages—and in which stockholders have always had
a reasonable return upon their investments.

Waste and extravagance must be eliminated, foolish ex-
penses must be stopped—this without fear or favor, and without
in any way curtailing necessary operations incident to the full
and complete operation of a good State Government.

The elimination of waste means the reduction of taxes—
the reduction of taxes means the reopening of factories—the
reopening of factories means a further, and natural, demand for
labor and an increased demand for labor means increases in
wages, and this in turn makes a market for all produce.

We cannot create prosperity by simple or complex legisla-
tion. We cannot bring back prosperity through the parlor or
drawing room—we can have prosperity only by being prosperous
and that means that our laborers must have work, and liberal
wages; our farmers must have low taxes and a ready market
for their produce; our factories must be open and operating.

Just a common sense business proposition—that's all. Mr.
Sargent's business record proves conclusively that he is equal to
the job.

"Let's Nominate Sargent ... He Can Win!"

SARGENT for GOVERNOR CLUB, Concord, N. H.

Milton A. Holmes, Executive Secretary

A DOLLAR'S WORTH

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

Published by THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PUBLISHING SOCIETY,
Boston, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

In it you will find the daily word news of the world from its 750 special
writers, as well as departments devoted to women's and children's interests,
sports, music, fiction, education, radio, etc. You will be glad to welcome
into your home so many an article of peace and prohibition. And don't
miss Snubs, Our Doc, and the Bardial and the other features.

The Christian Science Monitor, Back Bay Station, Boston, Mass.
Please send me a six weeks' trial subscription. I enclose one dollar (\$1).

Name, please print: _____
Address: _____
City: _____ State: _____

The Antrim Reporter

Published Every Wednesday Afternoon

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

H. W. ELDREDGE, Publisher
H. B. & C. D. ELDREDGE, Assistants

Wednesday, Aug. 29, 1934

Entered as the Post-office at Antrim, N. H., as sec-
ond-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 figures charged
for advertising rates; also list of presents at
a wedding.

What Has Happened and Will Take Place Within Our Borders

Miss Gladys P. Craig, of Nashua,
was at the Craig Farm last week.

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

Miss Lora E. Craig spent a few
days last week with friends at Wear
Center.

The barn swallows left the Craig
Farm August 19th, for their winter
home; earlier than in former years.

In preparing for school have your
eyes examined. The Babbitt Compa-
ny. The Antrim Pharmacy, Thurs-
days. Adv.

Miss Carrie Maxfield is spending a
portion of her vacation in the family
of George A. Sawyer, at Clinton Vil-
lage.

Mrs. Ellen Thayer is spending a
season in Franconia with her sister.
Her daughter, Miss Priscilla Thayer,
is at Hampton Beach.

Mrs. Eva Hulett, from Newark, N.
J., is spending a season in town, vis-
iting friends, while being the guest
of her son, Guy A. Hulett.

Mrs. L. H. Carpenter, of Lowell,
Mass., a former Antrim resident, has
been visiting the past week in the
family of Carl H. Robinson.

The local Bugle and Drum Corps
was in Laconia on Sunday last to par-
ticipate in the parade with other drum
corps, but not in a competitive way.
A number others of our people were
there to see the parade.

Miss Beverly, the young daughter
of Mr. and Mrs. Guy O. Hollis, acci-
dentally fell and broke a wrist one
day last week; she spent a night at
Peterborough Hospital while the bone
was set and properly treated.

Clerks: Men—Women: 18-50 yrs.,
to fill vacancies caused by death, re-
tirement, expansion. Retail Field—
Government Work. For interview cov-
ering special preparation write Retail
Merchandising Bureau or Civil Service
Training Bureau, Box 21 this pa-
per. Adv.

The Presbyterian Ladies' Mission
Circle held a very successful sale, in
the vestry of the church, on Friday,
Aug. 24. In spite of the downpour of
rain, a good crowd of buyers were on
hand to purchase the home-made food
and other articles, and nearly every-
thing was quickly disposed of. The
sum of \$55 was added to their treas-
ury. Home made ice cream, donated
by the Circle members and served by
Benton Dearborn, added much to the
enjoyment of the occasion. Those in
charge wish to express their apprecia-
tion to Marshal Smith for the loan of
a fine set of lawn toys. The Pet Show
had to be called off, owing to rain,
and those taking time and trouble to
make pens and crates are extended
thanks. This feature, the children
may be assured, will receive added at-
tention another year.

For Sale

Fully Accredited COWS; can go
in anybody's herd, in any state: Hol-
steins, Guernsey's, Jerseys and Ay-
shires. Fresh and springers.

Fred L. Proctor, Antrim, N. H.

"OUR BEAUTY SHOPPE"

Telephone 66

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

Will Be Closed Sept. 4 to 14 inc.

FRANCESTOWN

Edwin Dearborn Stevens
Edwin Dearborn Stevens, promi-
nent Mason and a resident of
Francestown for 40 years, died
Monday evening of last week fol-
lowing a prolonged illness.

He was a leading citizen of the
community, always interested in
its welfare, and a member of the
New Hampshire Legislature of
1917.

A graduate of Boston University
he was admitted to practice as a
young man and for nearly half a
century maintained his office in
Francestown and practiced over a
wide territory. He was a member
of the New Hampshire and Hills-
borough County Medical associa-
tions and was on the staff of the
Peterborough and Hillsborough
County hospitals.

Doctor Stevens belonged to all
the Masonic bodies up to and in-
cluding the third-second degree,
New Hampshire Consistory and
was a member of Pacific lodge, No.
45, of Francestown, Peterborough
Royal Arch chapter, St. John's
Council of Keene, and Hugu de
Payens commandery, Knights
Templar. He was also a member
of Waverley lodge, No. 59, I. O. O.
of Antrim.

He is survived by two brothers,
Jlin W. Stevens of Hampton,
Conn., Eugene Stevens of Win-
chendon, Mass., and one sister,
Mrs. Alice Epps of Winchendon.

DEERING

Miss Grace Kathan, teacher last
year at the Pond school, has re-
signed her position.

Supt. and Mrs. A. A. Holden
have returned from a trip to the
Century of Progress Exposition at
Chicago.

William and Helen Crawford of
East Hartford, Conn., have been
visiting friends in town. William
Crawford is now located in Mid-
dlebury, Vt., and Miss Helen is
teaching at a nursery school in
Hartford.

Dr. Daniel A. Poling, who is
abroad at present, but who is
scheduled to return soon, will
preach at the Deering Center
church on Sunday, Sept. 2. Dr.
Poling preaches at this church
once every season.

Rev. Walter P. Brockway, who
has been pastor of the Deering
Center church for the past 18
months, has resigned his pastorate.
A committee has been ap-
pointed to secure pulpit supplies
for the present. Mr. Brockway
continues his work at Francestown
where he is pastor of the Congre-
gational church to which he de-
sires to devote his full time.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Colburn
and Miss Mary E. Colburn, all of
Deering, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth C.
Colburn, Miss Martha Colburn and
Warren W. Colburn of Baldwin-
ville, Mass., formerly of Deering,
and Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Watkins
(Doris J. Colburn) of Worcester,
Mass., attended a reunion of the
Colburn family held Sunday, Aug.
19th, at the home of Edward N.
Colburn in New Boston.

GREENFIELD

Mrs. Myra Gould has been in
Dorchester, Mass., for a reunion
with her sisters and brothers.

Mrs. Jaryls Adams and two chil-
dren have been spending a week
with relatives in Dexter, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Smith from
Taunton, Mass., recently visited
with his brother, Elywin Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Russell and
daughter, Dorothy, from Spring-
field, Mass., have been visiting
with his sister, Mrs. E.P. Holt.

HANCOCK

Miss Nellie Jackson has been
entertaining her brother, Charles
H. Jackson, from Florida, and
other members of the family.

Thursday last was Old Home
Day and a lot of guests were en-
tertained and throughout the day
everybody enjoyed the usual hos-
pitality of all our people.

The Hancock Girl Scouts and
council members arranged a
meeting which was held in the
church vestry Monday afternoon,
time Mrs. Edwin L. Pridge, com-
missioner for Metropolitan Boston
at 27 at 2:30 o'clock. At that
time Mrs. Pridge was the guest of
honor and speaker.

There was a demonstration of
scout work and awarding of
badges. Parents and friends of
the scouts attended in goodly
numbers.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss.
Court of Probate

To the heirs at law of the estate of
Willard Manning, late of Antrim, in
said County, deceased, intestate, and
to all others interested therein:

Whereas, Ralph G. Smith, adminis-
trator of the estate of said deceased,
has filed in the Probate Office for said
County, his petition for license to sell
real estate belonging to the estate of
said deceased, said real estate being
fully described in his petition; and
open for examination by all parties
interested.

You are hereby cited to appear at a
Court of Probate to be holden at Mil-
ford, in said County, on the 28th day
of September next, to show cause, if
any you have, why the same should
not be allowed.

Said administrator is ordered to
serve this citation by causing the
same to be published once each week
for three successive weeks, in the
Antrim Reporter, a newspaper printed
at Antrim, in said County, the last
publication to be at least seven days
before said Court.

Given at Nashua, in said County,
this 25th day of August, A.D. 1934.

By order of the Court,

S. J. DEARBORN,
Register.

CAN IT BE DONE? - By Ray Gross



POLICE HELMET RADIO SET

COMPACT, LIGHT-WEIGHT RADIO SET FOR POLICEMEN ON FOOT, SPEAKER
OF WHICH FITS IN HELMET AND MIDGET EQUIPMENT IN UPPER
RIGHT-HAND POCKET, WHICH CAN BE TUNED IN WITH HEADQUARTERS.
CAN IT BE DONE?

Do you think this idea is practical? Write Ray Gross in care of this newspaper

ADVERTISE In THE REPORTER

And Get Your Share of the Trade.

The FIRESIDE PHILOSOPHER
By ALFRED BIGGS

Only fools tell all.
No short cut to experience.
The last one to forgive is yourself.
The listener is as bad as the gossip.
Kill fear and you will master your fate.
Honor in business is better than spot cash.
Misfortune capitalized often turns the tide.
Nationalism which bars freedom of speech is slavery.

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 13th for Nova Scotia.

Some of us miss the church bell on Sundays.

Mrs. George McGrath is reported very sick at Peterborough Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cleary are having repairs made on the Burnham house, which they recently purchased.

A concert and dance will be given on Labor Day night in Deering town hall. For other particulars read the posters.

Miss Frieda Edwards has been in Antrim for awhile, looking after her brother's family while Mrs. Edwards was at the hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Parker and family enjoyed a trip to the White Mountains recently; and incidentally our glorious August days have been ideal for the trip.

The fire hose was called out Tuesday to extinguish a small fire just back of the house on the west side river bank; but the smoke continued most of the week, to the discomfort of the neighborhood and the occupants of the house, Mr. and Mrs. Coleman and family, who were in no way responsible for it.

Mrs. Woodruff and daughter, Amaryllis, have returned to their home in New Jersey. On Friday, Webster Tallmadge and his secretary joined his family here for a few days. Mrs. F. B. Jordan and her brother, Hon. Wm. B. Whitney, of New York City, are still here at the Whitney homestead. Mrs. Hayden and three children, of Milford, were here a short time during the week.

"The Darktown Minstrels" will appear in our town hall on Thursday evening of this week, the 30th, for the benefit of S. of U. V. and the Auxiliary. Local talent and guests, supplemented by Summer residents at Lake George and Rhythm Hill, will surely make the affair a success. The good music, witty sayings, dark mystery, and all, will make an evening all will remember.

The Carnival

At the Hancock town hall on Saturday evening last, was a most successful affair and a splendid production in every way. The Summer guests combined to make this unusual event one to be remembered, and in many ways it was a most brilliant event,—very different from anything ever given here before. The idea of the promoters was to raise as much money as possible for defraying expenses of illuminating the church tower, and in this particular way it was also a grand success.

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our sincere gratitude for the kindness shown us during the illness and death of our mother.

M. Eckless Nay
Fredrica V. Nay

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



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.
8.00 p.m.	8.15 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 6.80 p.m.

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Rev. William Patterson, Pastor

Methodist Episcopal
Rev. John P. Brooks, Pastor
Sunday, September 2
Morning Worship at 10.45. Sermon by the pastor. Topic: Marvelous in Our Eyes, a special Labor Day service.

At 12 o'clock, the Sunday school resumes its sessions.

Baptist
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor

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

Card of Thanks

I wish to thank all of the friends who sent me flowers and a word of cheer, while in the hospital.
Anna E. Duncan.

Vessel Tonnage is Not Same as Cargo Tonnage

Vessel tonnage should not be confused with cargo tonnage. A cargo-weight ton is 2,240 pounds, while a cargo-measurement ton is 40 cubic feet. A vessel-measurement ton is 100 cubic feet. The carrying capacity of ships is limited by the amount of measurement space available within their holds, and by the amount of weight they can safely carry. This is called register or dead-weight tonnage, respectively.

The five kinds of vessel tonnage are as follows:

Gross register tonnage—The total enclosed space of a vessel, expressed in measurement tons of 100 cubic feet, including engine room, bunker (fuel) spaces, crew quarters, storeroom spaces, cargo spaces, etc.

Net register tonnage—The total enclosed spaces of a vessel available for cargo and passengers, in measurement tons of 100 cubic feet.

Total deadweight—The number of weight tons of 2,240 pounds, consisting of cargo, fuel, stores, supplies and fresh water for the boilers, etc., required to put a vessel down to her marks, her maximum load-line.

Deadweight cargo capacity—The number of weight tons of 2,240 pounds, which a vessel can carry as cargo after deducting the weight of fuel, stores, supplies, and fresh water required for the boilers, etc.

Displacement tonnage—The equivalent of the weight of the water displaced by a vessel fully loaded and ready for sea; it is the largest tonnage dimension of a ship, but is not commercially important.

Black Schipperke Dog Not Unlike Small Fox

In appearance the Schipperke, the dog that is born without a tail, is not unlike a small fox. Its muzzle, head and ears are responsible for this comparison. And, like its wild neighbor, it shows remarkable agility, spirit and quickness. In Belgium, its original home, it is called the "little skipper," for many spend their entire lives on canal boats, riding the boats of rats and guarding the master's property.

Two types are recognized in America, where it has found a place as a household pet; those weighing from ten to eighteen pounds, and the toy, running from six to ten pounds. The coat is pure black and rather coarse. White hairs are considered a defect. It possesses a ruff around the neck that extends down to the front legs. Although particularly affectionate to those who house and feed it, the Schipperke is a snobbish aristocrat and its indifference, suspicion and disdain of strangers does not encourage attempting to strike up an acquaintance. Being of a jealous disposition, it refuses to tolerate other household pets, especially dogs or cats, and never fails to show its displeasure over their presence on the slightest provocation.

They are rather nervous and high-strung, yet not more so than several other toy breeds. But Schipperke owners can see no other breeds when it comes to dignified bearing, companionship and aristocracy in dogs and they are not far from being right.—Detroit News.

Englishmen Know Little of the Wars in America

Only a few very eccentric Englishmen know anything about the War of Independence, the Revolution, the Rebellion, or whatever you wish it to be called, says a writer in Vanity Fair.

We are aware, of course, that Lord North muddled the business and that Burke devoted to that muddle many fine passages of English oratory. We are aware that after many protracted transactions the colonies declared their independence and that the British government, with a fine gesture of fair-mindedness and liberalism, granted them that independence.

We have heard it whispered, even, that in the interval which elapsed between this act of spontaneous generosity and the original difficulty at Boston, some minor military operations occurred. There was a slight incident, we have been told, at a place called Bunker's Hill, and another regrettable occurrence at a place called Yorktown.

But the whole story figures but slightly in our history books, which proceed almost at once to pass onward to the more epic and satisfactory episodes of the Napoleonic wars.

Spring Best Time for Birth

Babies born in the spring have a better chance for future life and health than those born in the fall or winter, says a Swedish scientist. In the animal world, he declares, nature has arranged the time of birth so wisely that the young usually are born early in summer so as to benefit from sunlight. He says statistics tend to show that even in the case of man nature attempts to regulate the time of birth—at least in Scandinavia, where the greatest number of children are born in March or April.

Antrim Garden Club

About forty Antrim Garden Club members and their families enjoyed a picnic supper at Tall Pines Farm (the Reveley Farm), at Elmwood, Tuesday evening, August 21. Several of the party went on a walk through the lovely woods east of the farm buildings before supper. A trail has been marked out covering a distance of about a mile through interesting woods, past peculiarly-shaped rocks and ending at a wonderfully clear and cold spring. Supper was served by the Misses Reveley under a beautiful old pine out in the pasture. Facing the setting sun, the group partook of a bountiful repast, part of which was cooked while they waited over an open fireplace. As dusk came on, the party broke up and returned home, voting a very enjoyable time spent with very hospitable hosts.

The next meeting of the Antrim Garden Club will be held Wednesday evening, Sept. 5, in the Library hall. Mrs. Elizabeth Wilkins, of Warner and Washington, D.C., will speak to the Club. Please note change of date from the regular one.

Several Garden Club members attended the different Flower Shows, in session during the past week, including the shows at Milford, Nashua, Goffstown, Hillsboro and Portsmouth. W. R. Linton, Mrs. G. D. Tibbets and Mrs. J. Lillian Larrabee, from the Club, were judges at Hillsboro.

For Sale

Several Tons No. 1 Hay and some Nice Stock Hay.
Several Cords Dry Wood.
Contocook Manor,
Antrim, N. H.

Antrim Locals

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

Carl Crampton and family, from Connecticut, former Antrim residents, have been visiting his parents and other relatives in this place.

Mrs. Emma F. Herrick, from Connecticut, is spending a two weeks' vacation with her sister, Mrs. E. E. George and Mrs. Estella Speed.

Miss S. Faye Benedict, at the Baptist Parsonage, has recently been entertaining Mrs. Lucy Cole and daughter, Miss Ruby Cole, of Roslindale, Mass.

Mrs. Minnie White recently entertained a few of her relatives and friends from Massachusetts and New York, at her home on North Main street.

Miss Anna Duncan, who has been for a time at a Boston hospital, has returned to her home in this village. Mrs. George W. Hunt is caring for her.

Miss Harriett Wilkinson, after a three weeks' vacation at her home here, has returned to her duties as student nurse at Margaret Pillsbury hospital in Concord.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellery Ring and daughter have removed from Mrs. Graves' house, on North Main street, to the home of Matthew Cuddihy on Hancock road, Clinton Village.

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our sincere thanks to all friends and neighbors, and especially to everyone of the fire men, who rendered us such faithful service during the fire which recently burned our home.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. George

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

To the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Hillsborough:

Your petitioner, Ralph G. Smith, of Hillsborough, in said County, respectfully represents that he is administrator of the estate of Willard Manning, late of Antrim, in said County, deceased, and that from the circumstances and condition of said estate, so far as the same has come to his knowledge, he believes it will be for the interest of all persons concerned therein, that the same should be administered as insolvent.

Wherefore he prays: that it may be decreed to be administered as such, and that James B. Sweeney, of Peterborough, in said County, may be appointed commissioner thereof.
Dated the 23d day of August, A. D. 1934.

RALPH G. SMITH.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss.
Court of Probate

At a Court of Probate holden at Nashua, in said County, on the 24th day of August, A. D. 1934.

It is ordered that a hearing be had on the foregoing petition at a Court of Probate, to be holden at Milford, in said County, on the 28th day of September next, and that the said petitioner give notice to all persons interested in said estate, by causing the said petition, and this order thereon, to be published once each week for three successive weeks in the Antrim Reporter, a newspaper printed at Antrim, in said County, the last publication to be at least seven days before said day of hearing.

By order of the Court,
S. J. DEARBORN,
Register

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

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a la carte and table d'hote

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

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

Special rates for permanent occupancy

BOSTON

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.

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Fire Insurance---Surety Bonds

Antrim, N. H.

CURRENT EVENTS PASS IN REVIEW

SUDDEN DEATH OF SPEAKER H. T. RAINEY—GERMANY SAYS 'JA' TO ADOLF HITLER.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD
© Western Newspaper Union.

HENRY T. RAINEY, veteran congressman from Illinois and speaker of the house, died unexpectedly in a St. Louis hospital where he was believed to be recovering from an attack of bronchial pneumonia. The immediate cause of his death was angina pectoris. Mr. Rainey, who was within a day of being seventy-four years old, was first elected to congress in 1902, and he served continuously with the exception of one term, being defeated in the Harding landslide of 1920. He was elected to the speakership when John Nance Garner became Vice President. His control over the house during the session of last year and this year, while the President's program was being put through, was gentle but so firm that the legislators were kept well in line.



Henry T. Rainey

Mr. Rainey devoted much of his service in Washington to efforts to improve the condition of the farmers, for he held that farm prosperity was essential in any program for national well being. He also was a student of tariff and fiscal subjects. As a Democrat he was always a "regular." He was the author of the tariff commission law and of much other important legislation.

Mrs. Rainey acted as her husband's secretary for years and is so well acquainted with congressional work that the Democrats may select her as the candidate to complete his term as representative from the Twentieth Illinois district.

Mr. Rainey was buried in his home town, Carrollton, after services which were attended by President Roosevelt and many other notable persons.

BY A vote of about 10 to 1 the people of Germany decided that Chancellor Adolf Hitler's action in assuming the powers of president was all right. The result of the plebiscite was: "Yes," 38,922,769; "No," 4,294,654; "Invalid," 872,296. Though the "yes" votes were several million less than in the November plebiscite on the withdrawal from the League of Nations, the Nazis are satisfied and Hitler appears to be safely fixed as the country's ruler for the rest of his life. His power, as chancellor-leader, is greater than that of any other dictator.

European correspondents say that Hitler, in exchange for the support of Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, president of the reichsbank and economic dictator of the reich, promised to continue the purge of the Nazi party of its radical elements, and that as a result Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, minister of propaganda; Dr. Walter Darre, minister of agriculture, and Count Baldur von Schirach, head of the Hitler Youth, will all be removed. Goebbels, it is said, will be made ambassador to Poland.

EUGENE R. BLACK has resigned as governor of the federal reserve board, and President Roosevelt has given him a new position—contact officer between the banks and the government. This means that Mr. Black is expected to "sell" the New Deal to the financial institutions, which in the past have been among the severest critics of many features of the President's program for recovery. He returns to his former position of governor of the Atlanta Federal Reserve bank which he left in May, 1933, to assume the direction of the whole reserve system.



Eugene R. Black

Mr. Black himself said his new assignment is "to muster the strength of our financial institutions behind recovery in America." Some observers in Washington thought the move indicated that the administration was going to make another attempt to thaw out the vast sums in commercial credits that are lying idle in the banks. Among those mentioned as likely to succeed Black as governor of the federal reserve board was Marriner S. Eccles, Utah banker, who is now a special assistant to Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau. He is close to Texford Guy Tugwell.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, it turns out, is not at all dismayed by the catastrophic drought that has afflicted a large part of the country. To the White House correspondents he indicated his belief that the drought was in a way a blessing, in that it was wiping out farm surpluses two years sooner than could have been done by the Wallace crop reduction plan. He expressed the belief that there will be plenty of food for all and made it clear that the administration would not stand for any profiteering in food prices or grain speculation, to the detriment of the farmer and the public. "Chislers," it was promised, will be promptly and severely punished. The federal grain futures administration directed by J. M. Mott, it was

revealed, is watching grain trading closely. The first evidence of manipulation will bring punitive action. The consumers council of the AAA under Dr. Frederick C. Howe, is charting food prices. Housewives will be warned of any increase out of line with market supplies. Secretary Wallace has admitted that there will necessarily be increases in food prices, and figures released by his department show they are already beginning to go higher. A gradual increase until next summer is expected.

WHEN the NRA is reorganized and put under control of a commission—a change that is soon due—Gen. Hugh S. Johnson will still be in the picture, despite the belief that he would retire. He probably will be the chairman of the commission. "The President told me I could not get away from the NRA or the administration," Johnson said after emerging from a long conference with the Chief Executive. "He told me I would have to stay right here with my feet nailed to the floor. And, of course, I'm staying."

Johnson said he expected the whole reorganization of the NRA to be completed within the next 60 or 90 days. The first step, he said, will be the formal submission of plans to the President. Congress will be asked next winter to enact the revised NRA set up as a permanent government control over industry, he disclosed. It will be the New Deal for business which President Roosevelt will try to fix on the country for all time.

This "permanent" NRA, as sketched by Johnson, would consist of a general governing board, a single administrative officer to carry out the board's dictates, and a long string of government representatives sitting on code authorities as umpires in disputes between employers and workers and between industry and the public.

WHILE Harry Hopkins, federal relief administrator, is vacationing in Europe, his place is taken by Aubrey Williams, his assistant. Mr. Williams has been in conference with the President, laying out the plans for drought relief and the conservation of food supplies. Among the first things the relief administration will do is to buy up hay and fruit that otherwise might go to waste. Hay in public lands also will be cut and baled. The complete program was being formulated by Mr. Williams and Secretary Wallace. It was expected this would include expenditure of \$350,000,000 left in the special drought appropriation, and distribution of food and clothing to the needy by the surplus relief corporation. Aid for live stock is to be provided. Mr. Roosevelt is determined that the relief administration shall be kept clear of politics. At his suggestion telegrams were sent to relief directors and workers everywhere telling them to keep out of partisan politics and to resign if they wish to run for office. One of the plans that is being worked out by Mr. Williams is the mobilization of 40,000 unemployed school teachers next winter in a campaign against illiteracy and to fit the workless for jobs when prosperity returns. The program includes vocational training, vocational rehabilitation, general adult education and nursery schools.



Aubrey Williams

UNLESS President Roosevelt can prevent it, about half a million workers in the cotton textile industry will be on strike on or about September 1, because they are utterly dissatisfied with their NRA code. The convention of the United Textile Workers of America in New York voted mandatory instructions to the union's executive council to call this general strike, and later the silk, wool and rayon workers took like action, involving 325,000 more. Leaders in the strike movement are Norman Thomas, former Socialist candidate for President, and the younger element in the union.

The specific aim will be to obtain a reopening of the textile code and its revision along lines demanded by the union. Demands will be made for the 30-hour week with 40-hour pay, elimination of the stretch-out system with corresponding readjustment of machine loads, and a universal system of collective bargaining on the basis of free choice of representatives by the workers.

SENATOR HUEY LONG of Louisiana is now the first legally constituted dictator in the United States, though he of course does not have that title. The state legislature, under the domination of Long and Gov. O. K. Allen, henchman of the senator, completed the program of legislation that turned over the state of Louisiana completely to the control of the Kingfish—and all in time to be effective before the September primaries. The legislature also authorized an investigation of the affairs of New Orleans, which will be painful for Mayor T. Semmes Walmsey, the chief of the Anti-Long faction. The mayor predicts that there will be civil war in the state.

One of the most amusing news items of recent days tells how the Paraguayans have renamed a fort they captured from the Bolivians Huey Long Fort, and the war ministry at Asuncion says: "The name of a great crusader for justice and right sounds today in the Chaco as a challenge to usurpers and mercenaries." Paraguay likes Long because in a senate speech he said the Chaco war was fostered by American oil interests.

PRIMARY election in Nevada brought about interesting results. In Nebraska Representative E. R. Burke of Omaha, advocate of the New Deal, won the Democratic nomination for senator, defeating Gov. Charles W. Bryan by an astonishing plurality of more than 60,000. The Republicans nominated Robert G. Simmons. It was predicted by friends of Senator Norris, radical Republican, that the progressive Republicans would support Burke, for Simmons, a member of congress, has been attacking the NRA and AAA.

Ohioans are given their choice between two veteran politicians in the race for the senate. A. V. Donahay, three times governor of the state, was made the nominee of the Democrats, running far ahead of Gov. George White and Charles O. West. The last named was the choice of the national administration but he made a poor showing. Senator Simeon D. Fess, one of the most vociferous opponents of the Roosevelt programs, easily won re-nomination by the Republicans. For governor the Democrats nominated Martin L. Davey, the "tree doctor," and the Republicans put up Clarence J. Brown.

Gov. J. M. Futrell of Arkansas was renominated, as were all but two of the state's congressmen who sought re-election. Democrats of Idaho are so well satisfied with Gov. Ben C. Ross, former cowboy, that they renominated him for a third term. The Republican nominee there is Frank L. Stephens.

Looking over these primary results and considering the prospects all over the country, Democratic leaders in Washington predicted their party would gain six senate seats. Republican campaign managers said the G. O. P. will hold its own. As for the house, the Democrats admit they will lose at least twenty-five seats, and their opponents claim the Republican gain will be between fifty and seventy-five seats.

DR. JOHN A. KOLMER of Temple University, Philadelphia, announces that after three years of experimentation he has developed a successful vaccine against infantile paralysis. Stressing that the vaccine is entirely a preventive measure and in no way a "cure" for paralysis after infection sets in, the professor said he demonstrated the effectiveness of the fluid in experiments with monkeys and finally with injections into his own body and that of his technical assistant, Miss Anna M. Rule.

ABOUT 600 grizzled members of the Grand Army of the Republic were able to attend the sixty-eighth encampment at Rochester, N. Y., and many of them even insisted on marching in the parade, scolding the automobiles that carried their feeble brothers. Commander-in-Chief Russell C. Martin presided over the sessions.

PRINCE RUDIGER VON STARHEMBERG of Austria, who has just been in Italy consulting with Premier Mussolini, says the Austrian government expects a new Nazi outbreak in that country within the next few months. He says he has information that a putsch is being prepared, and that he distrusts the peace talk of the German government. He also doubts the reports of the dissolution of the Austrian Nazi Legion in Germany, and believes the reich is still financing the Nazi in Austria. Starhemberg asserts that an overwhelming majority of the Austrian people are in favor of the Hapsburg restoration, that the Vatican is for it, and that Italy and England are neutral; but that France and the little entente would oppose it.



Prince Von Starhemberg

RELATIONS between Russia and Japan have been further strained by the arrest of 17 Soviet subjects, all officials and employees of the Chinese Eastern railway, by Manchukuo authorities. They are accused of plotting against Manchukuo and Japan, and of being in collusion with bandits in recent attacks on the railway. The Russian consul general at Harbin vainly demanded the release of the prisoners. In Moscow the arrest gave rise to rumors that Japan was preparing to declare military law and take over the railway, the sale of which has long been a subject of fruitless negotiation.

TWENTY years ago, August 16, 1914, the Panama canal was opened to traffic, and the figures given out on the anniversary are interesting. During the canal's existence 80,122 commercial vessels have passed through it. Tolls collected totaled \$369,287,018. A total of 306,669,857 tons of cargo were carried, and the net tonnage of the ships using the canal was 368,040,519.

United States shipping totaled 35,123 vessels, which paid \$161,668,410 in tolls and carried 177,908,314 tons of cargo. It had 48.8 per cent of the vessels, 47.6 per cent of the tonnage, the same percentage of tolls, and 48.5 per cent of the cargo carried. British shipping was second, with 27,874 ships, \$94,022,682 in tolls, and 96,294,912 tons of cargo. The Norwegians were third, with 4,672 vessels, \$16,816,789 tolls, and 20,143,449 tons of cargo.

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
by William Bruckart

Washington.—The administration at last has taken advantage of the authority given the Chief Executive by congress in the silver purchase law and has "nationalized" silver. It has placed itself in the position where it becomes virtually the sole purchaser of silver in the United States and from which position it controls, by license, the release of silver stocks for use in industry and the arts.

Mystery still surrounds the promulgation of the nationalization order. Secretary Morgenthau at the treasury has continued to hold the reasons therefor within his own breast, and the result is that a thousand and one interpretations have been placed on the action. The action, like so many having to do with the currency, has proved disconcerting, first because of the secrecy surrounding it and secondly because it has in a way added uncertainty in many lines of commercial endeavor.

That it is inflationary in character, there can be no doubt. The extent, however, is another matter and one about which experts disagree. It will mean the obvious flotation of additional silver certificates in response to the amount of silver acquired and stored by the treasury. This fact doubtless will frighten many persons. Followers of the administration, however, have taken fresh heart from the action and the nationalization order gave such inflationists as Senator Thomas, the Oklahoma Democrat, cause for great joy although the senator believes the inflationary policy should be extended almost to the point of free printing press operation. In business circles, as that opinion is reflected in Washington, there has been a determined stand taken already against what these men fear to be an important move toward uncontrolled and unrestrained inflation.

The best opinion I have been able to obtain—amounts to a consensus of authorities in whom I have faith—is that the action just taken on silver in and of itself will not be disastrous. The danger, so I am informed, lies, therefore, not in the purchase of silver and the issuing of silver certificates but in the potentialities of the movement. There can be no doubt that once the silver movement gets thoroughly underway that it is only a short step, easily taken, to the use of printing presses and fiat money.

It will be recalled that Mr. Roosevelt said in his inaugural address that he would support an "adequate and sound currency." In the opinion of many observers if he goes no further than the recent silver order he can still find justification for repeating his inaugural declaration.

Obviously the devaluation of the dollar taken about this time last year has proved inadequate to accomplish price increases to the 1926 level—a promise which Mr. Roosevelt frequently made during his campaign. His advisors admit with some freedom that the gold reduction program has not forced the anticipated price boost. This being true, it is only natural as many observers hold that the move regarding silver is intended to supplement the action which cut the gold content of the dollar from one hundred cents to slightly below sixty cents. Whether this further change in the monetary structure will accomplish the desired price level, of course remains to be seen. Administration leaders are hopeful. Old-time sound money men and the conservative thought of the country are distressed.

In some quarters I hear a discussion of the silver action which places the possible interpretation upon it that it is nothing more than a confiscation of commercial stocks of bar silver at a price arbitrarily fixed by the government. Among this school of thought some hold to the opinion in addition that the step is not particularly significant. Fellow observers, I believe, pretty generally have accepted the silver nationalization as having been partly due to the serious agitation for inflation about which I reported several weeks ago. It is easy to understand how this would come about and why the date of August 9 was selected for promulgation of the new order. Out through the drought stricken areas and in industrial sections where employment is seasonal, summer doldrums of the first order are existent. Discontent along with distress always has and probably always will breed radicalism. The inflation agitation now surely can be said to be fostered mainly by the left wing and the more radical of the politicians. Would it not then be only natural that, having the power accorded him under the silver act, Mr. Roosevelt should seek to alleviate this condition by utilizing the discretionary authority for acquisition of silver?

Everywhere is the question: what will be the effect upon the man in the street? As far as I can learn there is only one answer and that comes out of history. Without any official explanation of the reasons for the current action, observers generally and obviously

turn to the past. Thus, they cannot avoid the conclusion that the man in the street, the individual on a salary or wage basis is going to suffer unless the President's program involves some hitherto unknown and undisclosed treatment of this phase of the problem.

The circumstance is simply this: Payrolls and wages almost never rise as rapidly as commodity prices—the things you buy in the corner grocery and the clothes and shoes. Necessarily then the wage earner or the white collar worker has less in his number of dollars with which to buy the commodities upon which the inflationary process has operated to increase the prices.

As one who has spent some eighteen years as a writer on business and financial topics, it seems to me that probably the worst effect from the silver nationalization order is the added uncertainty which it creates. The thing that business generally is recognized as needing most is assurance and security. Mr. Roosevelt has repeatedly made this statement and it may be that later on he will explain how the silver order provides some new security.

In the meantime the sudden acquisition by the government of all the silver stocks has provided a nice profit for holders of domestic silver and has, through the psychological effect, provided an equally nice profit for the owners of common stocks of corporations. Authorities tell me that this result was natural and, therefore, to be expected.

The Federal Housing Administration newest and regarded by many as the most potent of the alphabetical organizations, has made rapid strides in the last few weeks toward getting set for operation. To my mind, three men have been responsible chiefly. These are James A. Moffett, the administrator, Ward Canady, his assistant, and Lambert St. Clair. The latter came down from New York on a loan from his own outfit but the fact that he is here three days and in New York three days each week has not appeared to lessen his accepted value as an organizer.

The law under which the housing administration operates was drafted for the purpose of enabling householders to make repairs and do the other odd jobs around a residence and small business building which so easily are allowed to go undone during periods when money is not flowing freely. It is countrywide in its scope. It will operate through the medium of the banks and local organizations and it is the firm conviction of the officials charged with this responsibility that offers to loan money will come from the banks in greater number now that a federal agency is prepared to "insure" the note which the borrower gives.

It must be understood that these loans are not going to be made with reckless abandon; the prospective borrower must, after all, have some support financially and must be able to show that there is a reasonable chance of repayment. But the point is that a national campaign is about to get underway which will awaken, it is hoped, hundreds of homeowners to the fact that the roof needs repairing or the front porch steps are in bad shape or that paper or plumbing should be looked after.

The law apparently has left several openings which did not appear to those who drafted it. For example one of the housing officials told me that he could see no reason why a farmer would be precluded from building a pond on his land with the aid of loans under the act. It occurred to me that this suggestion was very timely because it is certain that if more farms had ponds on them a considerable amount of live stock could have been watered during this current drought. I do not assume that the housing administration is going to make an especial drive for a pond on every farm but this illustrates the extent to which the credit will be employed.

BRISBANE THIS WEEK

Herr Goebbels Brags One American at Reich Mother Was "Mean" Another Hapsburg

In Berlin, Herr Goebbels, minister of propaganda, praising Hitler, says, "There will be no Kaiser or King." He might have added that none is needed, since Hitler Germany has a Kaiser, King and Dictator. "Hitler does not start the day asking 'What do leading bankers say?' Rather, bankers begin the day asking 'What does Hitler say?'"

Germany has no monopoly of that condition. Herr Goebbels will be surprised to hear how many bankers and other gentlemen in this country, who once thought they had money, begin the day asking, "What does Roosevelt say?"

One American at least is out of his troubles forever. Mr. Medlock, forty-eight years old, rents cotton land in Greenville county, South Carolina, and thought he knew how much cotton he ought to plant to pay rent for his farm. After he had finished planting, government inspectors measured his cotton fields and ordered him to plow under three acres. He had gone beyond his allowance. Medlock complained to his family for two or three days, then went behind the barn and shot himself through the heart, deciding that he, instead of the excess cotton, should be "plowed under."

Little Nora Ruth Niciforos may with confidence recite the prayer: "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those that trespass against us." Because she had been disobedient, her mother, as shown in court, held the six-year-old child's fingers over a gas flame, "burning them severely." The child's mother, sentenced to 35 days in jail, was freed when the little girl told the judge: "I love my mommy. I was a bad, bad girl and picked things up after she told me not to. She never was mean to me before." It is to be hoped that the mother will never be "mean" to her again.

Prince Von Starhemberg, in a private conference, saw Dictator Mussolini, and gossip suggests that Mussolini will encourage Austria to restore a Hapsburg, the young Otto, to Austria's throne. Otto, young heir of the Hapsburgs, is extremely good looking, would deeply interest any movie director. But, why people as intelligent as the Austrians should think of taking on another Hapsburg after what the last Hapsburg did to them is hard to understand.

There is little enough left of Austria now. Do the Austrians want Italy or Germany to take that little, or divide it between them? Never adopt a plan unless you know all about it. William Bryant, in the Louisiana penitentiary, read about Dillinger's "escaping from prison with the aid of a toy pistol, made of wood, terrorizing guards by the dozen, taking away their weapons."

A newspaper clipping about that pistol was found on Bryant's body after he had been shot dead, trying the same "wooden pistol" escape method. Bryant and his fellow convict, William Chandler, whittled out two toy pistols—two surely would be better than one. They and eleven other convicts that followed them were all killed, wounded or caught.

It is a pleasure to hear from the United States Chamber of Commerce that there are "only" seven millions out of work in this country. Mr. Green union labor head, says ten millions, but the chamber says that is "exaggeration." On the other hand, statistics show that one family in every ten in New York city is "getting home relief," which is our substitute expression for the dole. In New York 671,868 persons are on the dole, 7,839 more than the previous highest record. That does not indicate diminished unemployment.

Government says it will "bar profiteering" on food, following the drought. Many administrations have said that, many times, but there is no "bar." Where there is a scarcity there will be profiteering, and there is a scarcity. Secretary Wallace says it will increase the cost of living 6 to 7 per cent next winter.

Sikorsky, who made the biggest passenger plane now flying successfully, the S-42 Brazilian clipper, predicts "50-ton aircraft" three times as big as S-42. The 50-ton, heavier-than-air ship will come, pass and seem like a toy compared with real airships of the future. Columbus, in his tiny caravel, might have predicted a sailing ship 100 feet long. He could not have dreamed of a ship 1,000 feet long, driven by steam. The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, reasonably, objects to removal of the government's gold from California to Colorado, with "earthquake hazard" offered as an excuse. California wonders, if the government's real reason was fear of attack from across the Pacific, why it does not say so.

Flattering Beret a First Choice

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



TO BE smartly in fashion these days you must tilt perilously aslant your carefully coiffed head a pert beret of either velvet, felt, or that which is very new, quilted taffeta or crepe.

When you see the new berets you understand why the movement is spreading like wildfire throughout the length and breadth of all fashiondom. You could buy a dozen or more of these fascinating new berets and no two would be alike. If you are the type which looks best in big generous eye-shading lines just ask for the beret that answers this description for some of the newest models are as large and picturesque as a brimmed hat.

Pose a black velvet beret atop your "permanent" with the summer organdies and sheer prints you are loath to give up during the hot midseason days and you will realize a hundred per cent returns in the way of chic and charm. And that new sheer woolen shirtwaist dress (or is it of the heavy silk which is equally as voguish) which you lately acquired in accordance with fashion's dictate for fall, of course if you have not already done so you will be investing in a felt beret to wear with it which will give your outfit just the right dash of color. Be sure it sports a saucy feather of some sort or other.

If it is color you are looking for to enliven your new fall ensemble or to cheer up the black sheer wool afternoon dress which you have wisely invested in for practical afternoon wear, you will find it in the swanky beret and scarf as pictured at the top to the left is this group. Multi-colored corded velvet (stripes are everywhere present in the fall style picture) is cut to form a geometric design for the beret. A jeweled clip attaches itself at the exact center front of this gay little headpiece. The scarf is taffeta

lined to give it that crisp up-and-going look.

The beret centered in the illustration has cunning ways about it. Of course it must be worn just so, to wield its magic sway. But trust modern youth to see to that. There is a little top section formed of grosgrain ribbon the frayed ends of which form a saucy topknot. The rest of this little flirtatious creation is of black felt which makes it just the hat to wear with tailored togs.

Among the millinery showings out for midsummer, the beret of black silk is an outstanding feature either quilted or stitched or as you like it best. Here is an attractive type (below to the left). It is developed of black grosgrain. The trim is black lacquered ribbon.

As important as is the beret, and it is tremendously so, it is not without rivals in the field. Versatile types abound in the field chief among which are flattering tricorne and devastating little shepherdess shapes delightfully feminine with fussy ribbons and flowers and feathers. Then there are the soft felt derbies with their Alpine feathers. Brims also flourish in the mode and they are very versatile.

The brim which turns up at one side to reveal the hair is a new note. Your attention is called to one of the new-brim types, shown at the top to the right. In the early fall models crepe is a factor and it is stitched crepe which fashions this dashing model. Note the gay feather follows the line of the brim, a gesture which is oft repeated in the newer modes.

An ultra chic woman's hat of black velvet concludes this group. It is of the beret family. At one side it rolls up with studied grace, dipping low at the other. The brush of simulated aligrette adds great elegance.

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Good Taste Today

BY **EMILY POST**

Author of

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

IN THE DINING ROOM

DEAR Mrs. Post: Is it improper to put the left arm on the table while eating, or (2) May one rest one's left wrist or side of the hand against the table edge while eating? (3) Or may one rest both arms on table between courses or while talking after the meal, or (4) Perhaps even rest the elbows on table?

Answer: (1) Never lay arms on table at any time. Above all, do not encircle plate. Nor should an elbow be put on the table while eating, unless you are at home alone and too ill to hold your head up unsupported. (2) Yes, either. (3) No. (4) Elbow on table depends upon how it is done. Talking across a restaurant table, yes.

Dear Mrs. Post: (1) Are service plates too formal to use for breakfast? (2) I know the cocktail course and soup are placed on the service plates, but when the dinner plates are removed, are the service plates returned to table and both salad and dessert course served from them? Nothing in my house is so confusing as this service plate question.

Answer: (1) The service plate at breakfast is merely the plate to be used for fruit or to put the cereal bowl or saucer or egg cup on. If the first course is a hot one, plates are probably set with hot plates. (2) The service plate is merely the plate with which each place at table is set. Each time a plate is removed with one hand, a clean one (which may perfectly well be the service plate returned) is put in its place. That is all. Before dessert no plate is put down until the table is cleared and crumbed.

Dear Mrs. Post: What should be done with the long-handled spoon that is served with iced tea, iced coffee and lemonades? No matter what I do with it, it seems awkward in the glass while sipping or out of the glass on the tablecloth or tipping over the edge of a small coaster, which is sometimes put under the glass? And what should I do at a soda fountain?

Answer: At table put it on your plate after you have finished stirring. At afternoon tea, where you have no plate to put it, leave it in the glass and drink as best you can. At a soda fountain, when you have stirred the drink or eaten the ice cream, take a mouthful, which naturally empties the bowl, and then lay the spoon on the counter.

MISCELLANEOUS

DEAR Mrs. Post: I have seen both "betrothal" and "engagement" used on the society pages of the best papers. Which is preferable, because they mean the same thing, don't they?

Answer: Betrothal is somewhat foreign to American speech. It is not tabu but it verges just a little on the pretentious. Engagement is, therefore, preferable.

My dear Mrs. Post: What is the simplest and most correct way to let a large number of friends know of our change in address? If we send cards, how should they be worded? Or can we write on visiting cards?

Answer: Mail your double visiting card with your new address on it. Sending out such cards means, "This is where we live," and no further message is either engraved or written on them.

Dear Mrs. Post: I am sometimes invited to the homes of married friends for dinner or supper, or for the week-end. I have no possible way of returning these invitations because I am single and live in a woman's club. Would it be proper for me to invite the wives here for lunch without asking their husbands?

Answer: Certainly.

My dear Mrs. Post: I am secretary to a man who is traveling half the time in all parts of the world. Invitations of all sorts for him and his wife are received in their absence at the office. I have up to this time done nothing except forward these, and I'm sure there must be something else I can do to relieve the mind of many an uncertain hostess who hears from them weeks after her party. Can you help me?

Answer: As secretary you naturally open all mail (except such as is obviously personal) and it would be proper (because practical) to reply to all invitations that require answers, saying:

Dear Mrs. So and So:
Since Mr. Jones is in India and will not be back for three months, I thought it better to let you know why he is unable to answer your kind invitation.

Very sincerely,
MARY SMITH, Secretary.
© by Emily Post—WNU Service.

Saving Drowning Person
The old superstition that to save a drowning person brings misfortune seems to be based on a primitive idea that the gods of the sea demanded tribute, and if they were asked a drowning person, the summer would defect their purpose and bring down their wrath. This superstition existed on the Danube river, and among the French and English sailors.

"HEY, MABEL!"

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By **ELSA S. GRANT**

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MABEL PORTER, Miss Maybelle Porter to you, drew her jade taffeta down over her golden head and inspected her feminine loveliness in the dresser mirror.

It would be an untruth to say that her reflection was unattractive, but there was room for improvement. Mabel was seventeen yet she looked upon herself as already a member of woman's vast estate.

Why, the boys were all crazy about her and wasn't the new district school superintendent calling this evening to take her out? Mr. Edouard Lovelace, Edouard to Mabel!

She was noting the effect of her jade taffeta with some satisfaction when her reverie was suddenly shattered by the squealing of brakes and a piercing shout from the front street.

"Hey, Mabel!"

It was Georgie Blake.

Mabel tried to concentrate on Edouard, but Georgie shouted again.

The shout cracked in the middle, Georgie having reached the age when shouting is precarious.

He had graduated from high school the year before with Mabel and seemed to think that she had remained on his plane.

He was a tall youth with a long neck in which an Adam's apple continually oscillated.

A shock of red hair surmounted him. He worked in a garage and was usually attired in overalls and covered with grease.

"Hey, Mabel!"

Mabel put her head out the window.

Georgie was resplendent in a yellow tie and a blue suit.

"Hey, Mabel, let's go to the movies!"

He yelled because he was racing the engine of his car to keep it going.

It was a wreck of a car that napped its fenders and made the air hideous with its din.

"Not tonight," Mabel screamed.

It was futile.

Georgie was waving his arms excitedly.

He wanted her to hurry.

He pointed his index fingers and wiggled his thumbs, meanwhile bouncing on the seat.

He meant there was a Western picture showing at the Palace.

Mabel withdrew her head in disgust.

"Georgie is so juvenile," she said to her reflection.

It was easy to understand from her tone that she and Georgie had nothing in common.

"Edouard," Mabel sighed, "is so different, so educated."

Mabel heard her father shouting and Georgie must have heard him, too, because he cut the motor to a stuttering murmur and then stalled it.

His raucous shout split the quiet of the evening air.

"Hey, Mabel, make it snappy!"

She put out her head and said sharply, "I'm not going," and pulled it in again.

"Not going? Hey, Mabel!"

He left his car to discover what was the trouble. "What's the matter with you?" Georgie demanded through the screen door.

"Nothing. I have an engagement with Mr. Edouard Lovelace this evening."

"Oh!" Georgie gulped, then his red hair seemed to rise in spite of its pomade.

"Listen, you don't mean that new district superintendent, do you? Not that silly? Why, he's old enough to be your father! Hey, Mabel, are you crazy?"

"He's not," Mabel defended.

"Edouard is just out of college. And here he is, new," she added triumphantly as a blue roadster rolled up before the porch. An elegant person in flannels and a green blazer waved a hup hand.

"Hello, Maybelle! Shall I come in?"

"No need, Edouard," Mabel said.

"I'll be right there. Oh, this is Georgie Blake. Georgie, this is Mr. Edouard Lovelace."

"How do you do, Georgie," enunciated Edouard, pleasantly, like the parson to the parish children.

"Rats!" Georgie snapped at him.

Ignoring the steps he vaulted over the porch railing and landed right in Mabel's father's petunia.

Georgie did not hesitate but raced to his car. He cranked it viciously and went roaring away, his yellow tie flapping like a banner over his shoulder.

Georgie did not try to see Mabel for two days and then he called her on the telephone. "Hey, Mabel!"

"Rats!" Mabel snapped back at him and hung up.

The telephone rang every fifteen minutes for the rest of the day and Mabel did not dare to answer it for fear it might be Edouard. It wasn't. It was always Georgie.

"Well, what is it?" she demanded at last.

"Hey, Mabel, tomorrow's Saturday. What do you say to a picnic?"

"Really?" Mabel answered distantly, patting her back hair, "really, Georgie."

Edouard was going to be in Boston for the week-end. Perhaps after all it wouldn't be a bad idea.

"Very well," she said. "Call for me at nine o'clock."

Saturday was a beautiful day. Mabel found Georgie's car a trifle uncomfortable after Edouard's roadster.

But Georgie praised her cold meat sandwiches and she managed to have a good time.

After lunch they were driving along a country lane when Georgie suddenly pulled up the emergency and shut off the ignition.

"Listen," he said determinedly to Mabel, "somebody has to tell you this and I guess it's going to be me."

Mabel was thrilled, he looked so dramatic.

"Mabel, Edward Lovelace is married. His family is here."

Mabel paled for an instant, then she flushed.

"It's a lie!" she cried. "I can always tell when you lie, Georgie Blake!" Georgie was in a panic. Mabel always could tell.

"Well," he said grimly, getting out to crank the car, "let's prove it."

They drove farther on and stopped before a small cottage. Georgie climbed out. "There doesn't seem to be anyone home. Let's look around."

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Mabel stepped defiantly to the ground and followed Georgie around to the back.

The yard was neat and there was a small garage.

Two small boys paraded out of the garage upon their appearance.

"Hello," Mabel said nervously, "what are your names?"

"My name is William Lovelace," replied the older, keeping his eyes on Georgie. The smaller piped up in his turn, "And I'm Tommy, ma'am."

"Who," Mabel faltered, "who is your father?"

"My father is superintendent of schools," the older replied glibly.

Mabel was visibly affected and was glad that Georgie did not want to linger. Romance was shattered.

"I think we'd better go," she said in what she hoped was a broken voice, as she clung to Georgie's arm.

Georgie led her back to the car, comforting and strong with his attentions.

"I never liked him, anyway," Mabel confessed.

She was biting her handkerchief like they do in the talkies.

"Well, never mind, dear," Georgie gulped.

He helped her into the car and then went around to crank it.

"Why don't you drive?" he offered generously above the din.

Mabel shifted gratefully to the driver's seat, secretly elated at this rare privilege.

Somebody pulled Georgie's coat tails. He turned to find a little tow-headed urchin smiling up at him.

"Say, mister," the little chap yelled, "if you'll give me two bits like you did them kids, I'll be Johnny Lovelace for you!"

What Mabel screamed at Georgie was lost in the roar of the car as it went careening down the road.

All the surprised little boy could see was a dim figure running after it in the cloud of thick dust yelling:

"Hey, Mabel!"

Honeybees Never Yet Domesticated by Man

The honeybee is often spoken of as domesticated, but this is far from true. Although men and bees have been closely associated since the dawn of history, the honeybee is apparently as wild today as it was centuries ago.

Other wild animals have yielded to man's influence and many of them are now as dependent upon man as man is upon them; but the bees in apiaries are as wild as are their cousins in dense forests.

Bees taken from a bee tree and placed in a modern hive are as much at home there as though they were descended from generations of hive-raised bees. On the other hand, a swarm that has left a modern apiary and settled in a hollow tree fares as well in its new environment as did any of its ancestors in cave or forest.

Bees are no more domesticated than are the bats that are numerous in the barn or attic.

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Tree Growth Affected by Logging Operations

The bronze birch borer, often described as the worst pest infesting logged-over lands, takes a lower place as a tree destroyer when compared with soil changes, mechanical damage during logging, insects and fungi, states a bulletin of the University of Michigan school of forestry and conservation, which describes the damage to young trees during and after logging operations.

Cutting out the tall trees brings important temperature changes to the smaller growth, especially in the "duff," or fallen leaves and twigs around the roots, variations in quick heating and cooling which seriously affect growth, states Ralph C. Hall, formerly of the university and now assistant entomologist, United States Department of Agriculture. Wind evaporation, light intensity and relative humidity all change when the protective large trees are logged out, he states, and are important causes of tree mortality or poor growth, although unrecognized.

"This study has demonstrated that the birch borer is ordinarily a secondary enemy, while the primary cause of decadence lies in the physical aspects of the environment brought about by cutting," writes Dean Samuel T. Dana, of the school of forestry and conservation.

Pity the French

Mrs. Nuriche—I wonder how the people in France can understand one another.

Friend—Why, quite easily. Mrs. Nuriche—That's funny. Both my girls speak French, and neither one knows what the other is talking about.

Big Increase Predicted in Demand for Air Conditioning in Homes and Offices

Economists predict that the air conditioning business will be America's next great industry, the field being unlimited. Modern hotels and office buildings of the future will all be air conditioned. The owner of even the most modest priced home will find it just as economical to install a combination air conditioner and heater, as it now is to buy an ordinary heating unit. It is believed that air conditioners will be as common in the American home as an automobile or a radio.

One of the new air conditioning units developed recently by Chrysler engineers, for use in homes, offices, apartments and buildings, not only acts as cooling and dehumidifying unit during the summer, but as heating and humidifying unit in the winter.

Standardization of air conditioning equipment, mass production methods, offering good products at prices that the great majority of Americans can afford, is the problem that engineers are rapidly solving.

RHEUMATIC?

Pure Natural Mineral Water

May Help

MILLIONS FIND IT VERY BENEFICIAL

For over 2,000 years the great mineral waters of the World, given to us by Mother Nature, have proven themselves very beneficial in the treatment of "rheumatic" aches and pains, arthritis, sluggishness, certain stomach disorders and other chronic ailments.

It has been estimated that Americans alone have spent \$100,000,000 a year in going to the mineral wells and health resorts of Europe. Over \$1,000,000 of these foreign mineral waters are imported annually into this country to help suffering humanity.

But it isn't necessary to go to Europe to find fine natural mineral water. We have many marvelous mineral waters in our own country—many excellent health resorts to which you can go for the mineral water treatment for "rheumatic" aches and pains.

Most surprising of all, however, is the fact that today you can make a natural mineral water in your own home at a tremendous saving in expense. For Crazy Water Crystals bring you, in crystal form, healthful minerals taken from one of the world's fine mineral waters. Just the natural minerals. Nothing is added.

All you do is add Crazy Water Crystals to your drinking water, and you have a great mineral water that has helped millions to better health and greater happiness.

A standard size box of Crazy Water Crystals costs only \$1.50 and is sufficient for several weeks thorough treatment for rheumatic pains. Crazy Water Co., Mineral Wells, Texas.

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Weekly Letter by George Proctor, Deputy Fish and Game Warden

At a meeting of the Fish and Game Advisory Board held Aug. 13 at Concord they went on record as favoring a hearing on the opening of Lake Umbagog at Hancock—also to close for ice fishing Granite Lake at Munsonville and Stoddard, N. H. These hearings to be held at the same place and date. Watch for a notice in the newspapers. This hearing will be in charge of three members of the Board. They also, at the meeting, reduced legal limit of smelt to five pounds per person a day. The limit was ten pounds.

It was felt that owners of dogs under control should be allowed to exercise and train these dogs on land of their own or under direct lease to them.

George S. Forbush connected with the Veterans Bureau of the U. S. Government on a recent trip up north had occasion to visit the Third Connecticut lake which is in the extreme tip of N. H. and but one mile from the Canadian border. The Canadians have built a fine road up to the border to connect with a road that is expected to be built soon by N. H. There is a good road from Pittsburg to Second Connecticut lake but there it stops and there is only a trail to Third Lake for a distance of perhaps seven miles. The people of the North Country are very anxious for this road to be built as tourists coming towards the White Mountains from the city of Quebec are passing through Vermont and not seeing the beauty spots of N. H. People do not realize that N. H. has nearly seventy miles of border on Canada and no road entering Canada and therefore no U. S. Customs or Immigration Stations. The proposed road would open up some wonderful scenery as the view into Canada from the Boundary Mountains is beautiful and much more than impressive than any part of entry from the New York border to the Maine line. If this road is built it would not hurt the hunting or fishing as the woods extend to the northeast for hundreds of square miles far into the Kennebago region of Maine.

Some one down in Boston sends me up a clipping to the effect that a turtle has made its twenty-eighth trip across a man's lawn at Pittsfield going towards Mt. Washington. In 1906 a man cut his "M. P." in the shell and it's still there. Well, just give that turtle a tip to keep away from this part of the country or he or she will go into a turtle soup. We no like 'em.

Dropped into the home of Alex James of Dublin the other day and gave two of his English bull pups the once over. They are worth a second look. A litter of ten and are they the real stuff. The rest of the litter are summering at the summer home in Richmond.

A huge bald eagle has been sighted on Peabody Hill, Wilton, by George G. Blanchard, the well known naturalist.

Two thousand more of those beautiful 7 1/2 to 11 inch trout were planted in the Souhegan river at Greenville and the other load at Caswell's pond in Temple, in Miller brook. These are from Richmond station and a part of the program.

One day last week we helped to take out of a quarry hole on Federal Hill, Milford, 1800 yellow perch, 580 pout and about 18 big gold fish. These were planted in Os-good pond. But not the gold fish. Oh, no—these were put into another quarry hole. There is a heavy fine for planting gold fish, a species of carp, in any waters of the state. Phil Kitterage pumped out the hole and helped in the conservation work.

It looks like a thirty day water fowl hunting this year. The Federal Government says thirty days and the states can pick out the days. Just now we don't know where we are at. And then again you have got to dig down for the stamp which costs a dollar.

Well, it looks as if we might get a fifty cent bounty and perhaps a dollar. The fruit men are beginning to get all "het up" over the very marked increase of the quill pigs. They are coming out of the high places no doubt to get water. They have found some nice juicy apple trees and are starting right in to test 'em. Get the apple men het up and you have got some one that is going to ask the legislature to do something about it. That twenty cents looks small to the hunters but make it fifty cents and there will be things doing. Ammunition costs money and twenty cents does not go far.

The Granite Fish and Game Club of Milford are wide awake and when the dam on the Souhegan river was lowered they were right on the job and salvaged over 10,000 horn pout and planted them into Os-good pond at South Milford. Arthur Doucette with his long net and waders and President Flanagan were the prime movers in this act of conservation.

The past week tons of suckers have been removed from brooks in this section. Dams have been lowered to make repairs and the suckers have been stranded. This will make for better trout fishing.

Twice within a week we have been tipped off to violations which came just a few hours to late. Don't wait until the next day to report it. Do it then while it's "hot".

One of the most beautiful drives that we know of is the newly completed road from the Intervale to the 101 route on the West Wilton road. None of the big trees were taken out and the scenic beauty was saved. Just run up and see for yourself.

Just because a young fellow has a license is no reason that he and several other young fellows can go out through the woods shooting everything in sight. The glass in the farmer's barn does not come under the classification of game birds or animal. If we catch some of these hunters it is going to be just too bad, as they lose the pasture and the gun will be turned over to the Chief of Police in that town. Better broadcast this little warning to the boys at home.

Boys under 16 years of age cannot hunt at all unless accompanied by their parents or guardian.

The past week I have been called to look over several sites for trout ponds. Some of them have been so hot. In fact they were too hot for trout. These men build the ponds and stock them at their own expense. That's what I call real sportsmanship.

Bumped into Jeff Morrill the contact man from the Concord office. "Jeff" is now checking up on the rearing pools and seeing what the Club's want and trying to find real water to plant a lot of nice big trout. "Jeff" and I bunked together several years ago at Rye Beach while taking white perch.

September 9th is the date of the Granite Fish and Game Club field day outing at Jones' Crossing. Plan to take it in. Something doing all day.

It won't belong now to Labor Day and then back to the "grind." When you close up your summer home don't forget to take the cat and dog back with you. Don't leave them behind to feed on our wild game birds and animals. Get in touch with your nearest warden if you cannot take that cat back to the city. He will do the rest.

That litter of St. Bernard puppies at the home of Bernard Keegan at Jaffrey are growing like weeds and will be heard from at some of the fall dog shows.

Talk about your people that believe in conservation. Well, let me tell you about the Newton Hardware Co. of Nashua. Last fall this firm turned over to "Tim" Barnard and myself several bags of grass seed that they did not dare to sell. This year it's the same story and the other day I went down and got my supply for the coming winter. This grass seed we mix with other larger grain and feed to the wild birds during the hard winter. Here is an example of what a lot of firms could do if they had a mind to. Hats off to this Nashua firm.

From time to time we have reminded picnic parties that they must keep places clean or the places will be fenced off and the place closed. Sunday I visited a place and here were plenty of broken glass bottles and papers flying to the four winds. To make matters worse a party of young people were playing right near the jagged broken bottles. Play the game safe and sane by taking your rubbish back home for the kitchen range.

All the watering places last Sunday were well filled with people trying to cool off. It was also a good day for the fisherman and they were out in full force. It was not a good day for fish as the sun was too bright. However, everyone seemed to be having a good time.

A skunk with a glass bottle over its head caused quite a stir up in Jaffrey the other day. Someone picked up the skunk by the tail and broke the bottle and the animal walked off without even giving them a scent. About four times a year this same thing happens in different parts of my district.

Mrs. Saul Gilman up in Hancock has got some cattle dog puppies. This will answer the letter from Gilson, N. H. Please sign your name to letters.

Had a special invite to attend the Bedford, New Hampshire, Old Home Day, Sunday, Aug. 19th. Sorry I could not make it.

The last band concert of the season in the old home town, Wilton. There were ten in all and not a one was skipped on account of the weather. They were good, although I did not hear any of them I have to take it from someone who knows. These concerts were a great thing for the old town. Hundreds of people drove into town every

Saturday night to hear the band and they of course bought something.

It has been suggested that the concerts be kept up until after Labor day and to be paid for by public subscription or passing the hat—not the buck.

It won't be long to the hunting season. Be sure you get wised up as to just when the duck season opens this year. We are like Will Rogers—all we know is what we read in the papers. And that ain't much.

I was in the town so many times last week that one man wanted to know if I wanted my name on the check list.

One day the Contocook river at Bennington was a mere brook and the next day it was a full grown river. This river is being fished very heavy this season and they are taking perch and pickerel and pout out in large numbers. This river is open to pickerel fishing at any time of the year. Any length and any amount.

One night last week that trout pool of Frank A. Seaver on the Hancock road went out and his two thousand trout more or less went down into the Contocook river. Whether it was muskrats or something else no one knows, but he lost a lot of nice fish. He had trout in that pool that would go 18 inches.

Had a talk with an old trapper the other day and he thinks that the coming season is going to be the best for a long time. The trapping last fall and winter was very light and he is going to put out a string of traps this year. He is an expert and has done no trapping for the past three years. We have on hand land permits for those who wish them.

Had a walk with a man from Milford the other day who spent a day pickerel fishing at Bennington and Antrim on the Contocook river. He reported that in that day's fishing he saw over forty blue and green heron and one he thought was an albino—just imagine. It takes over 250 lbs of fish to keep that army of birds alive for one day. Of course they consume a lot of snakes and frogs but their main diet is trout if they can get them. And still they are protected.

Up in one of my towns I am known as the friend of the skunk. Well, he is protected by law and I am hired to make them live up to the letter. Before I began to broadcast that the skunk was protected his life was not worth a nickel in that town. Now if you are not careful you step on one any old night on Main street. Oh, yes, if a skunk so far forgets himself as to rob your hen roost, why that is different. But be sure you notify the warden about your damages.

It might be well to remember that there is just as much law on water as on the land. Young men rowing around a lake or pond should consider that other people have rights. This comes under the town authorities. Loud and obscene talk on the water will not be tolerated.

Outboard and inboard motors can be a blessing or a pest. In some cases they are a pest. We know of a party one day last week that raced back and forth across a lake as fast as the machine could go. He spoiled the fun for over 25 people who wanted to fish and a score that wanted to bathe. A complaint has gone into the Public Service Commission. This one case may spoil the fun for hundreds who use a motor as it should be used.

Bats Only Flying Mammals
The bat is not a bird, but a mammal; that is, it is warm-blooded, covered with hair, gives birth to its young alive and suckles them, but at the same time has the digits of its four limbs enormously elongated into wing-like structures, over which a thin membrane of skin is stretched. Bats are therefore the only true flying mammals.

Pronghorn a Native American
The buffalo is given the credit of being a real native American, but the pronghorn is no more so than the pronghorn antelope which is not so widely known. Fossil remains of prehistoric mammals closely related to the comparatively few living pronghorn antelopes have been found only in western North America and in Mexico. It therefore seems reasonable to consider the American pronghorn as distinctively American, both in its origin and habitat.

Symbolic of Oak Trees
Strength, endurance and grandeur have been considered symbolic of the oak tree for ages. The Hebrews, Greeks and Romans, Britons and Gauls invested it with a sanctity which inspired reverence. The Romans dedicated it to Jupiter and gave wreaths of oak leaves, called "civic crowns" to citizens for unselfish deeds. In one of the oldest books of the Bible we find this reference to the oak: "And they gave unto Jacob all the strange gods which were in their hand, and all their earrings which were in their ears; and Jacob hid them underneath the oak of Schechem."



OH, HO! UH, HU
Society Dame—Oh, doctor, I'm so sorely troubled with ennui.
Doctor—H'm! Why don't you interest yourself in finding out how the other half lives?
Society Dame—Gracious no, I'm not looking for a divorce.



AIRISH
"He talks a lot about being heir to a million."
"Hot air."



FORESIGHT
Sutor—Do you know why your sister won't become engaged to me?
Tommy—She's already engaged to three fellows and she says she wants at least one who's willing to spend a cent now and then.



MEAN OLD THING
She—I've seen the snows of just twenty-one winters.
He—How many winters have you spent in the South?



NOT SO GOOD
"I found a \$10 bill this morning."
"That shows you are lucky. Have a gift for finding things."
"My gift stuck by me too long. Next I found the owner."



GOOD FISHING
Teacher—Can you tell me the function of the pores of our bodies, Tommy?
Tommy—They are the things we use to catch cold with.

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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.

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