



The Antrim Reporter

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ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1935

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Program for Memorial Day as it Will be Observed by Legion Post

The committee of Wm. M. Myers Post, No. 50, A. L., in charge of Memorial Day observance, will this year continue the program much as last year, all the exercises being held in the forenoon and out of doors. The following is practically a complete program of the exercises:

For the Morning

At 8.30 o'clock. Members of the American Legion Post will assemble at Jameson block, together with the Antrim Bugle and Drum Corps, and proceed directly to North Branch cemetery. Arriving there at 9.00, the usual service will be held and graves decorated; proceed to Center cemetery, where at 9.30 exercises will be held, and return to Antrim village will then be made.

Order of March

Marshal
Antrim Bugle and Drum Corps

Boy Scouts
American Legion
Girl Scouts
American Legion Auxiliary
Woman's Relief Corps
4-H Club
School Children
Autos

At 10 o'clock, the parade will form in front of Jameson block; proceed to Tuttle Library, where exercises will be held. Proceed then to Maplewood, where exercises will be given by the school children, after which graves will be decorated as usual. Column will reform and march to Soldier's Monument, where a service will be held by the Woman's Relief Corps. This will conclude the program of the day. By order of

Evan R. Day, Commander,
B. G. Butterfield, Adjt.,
Wm. Myers Post.

Topics of the Day Presented to Reporter Readers in Concise Form

The Eskimo Inn, known to every autoist who has driven over the Dublin road to Keene, was destroyed by fire on a recent morning; damage estimated at about \$5,000. The dance pavilion at the rear of the building was not burned. The place is owned by G. F. Bemis, of Keene, who states he plans to rebuild at once.

It is a common thing to read about towns and cities fearing a tax boost and with too many their fears are realized. Antrim is just hoping that she will be among the favored ones and the Selectmen will be able to soon announce that our tax rate will not be much over the desired three per cent; of course, if it can be lower, so much the better.

Norman C. Smith, now teaching at Plymouth High school, has been elected headmaster of Hillsborough High school, succeeding Arthur L. Welcome, who has held the position for the past five years. Mr. Smith is a graduate of Oberlin college, Ohio, and has a master's degree from Harvard. He has taught in Milton, Mass., High school. He is married and has two children.

The Third Party talk is not welcome propaganda and does not leave a good taste in the mouth. True enough, in very few instances it has worked out satisfactorily, but in many others it has proved most disastrous. Just recall some cases in years past where it was thought something good would result from such activities, and what do you decide? One can do nothing better than stand by!

Rev. G. Bennett Van Bushirk, whose transfer to the New Hampshire Methodist Conference took place quite recently, has been appointed to the Methodist church at Sunapee, this state. He will be remembered as the faithful pastor of the Woodbury Memorial M. E. church, in Antrim, several years ago.

It has been given out that of the billion dollar release fund, which the Administration will deal out, New Hampshire will get \$1,767,709. For highways, roads and streets, the sum of \$945,225 is set aside; and for highway-railway grade separation and protection the amount is \$822,484. New Hampshire's share from the one hundred million unappropriated balance of the Hayden-Cartwright act has been announced to be \$484,731. Later, it will be learned what part of these sums will come to Antrim for her use among needy workmen.

Mrs. John F. Heck, of Berlin, was elected president of the New Hampshire Federation of Women's clubs at the concluding business session held last Wednesday afternoon in the Middle Street Baptist church, in Portsmouth. Other officers chosen were: Honorary vice presidents, Mrs. Mary I. Wood of Portsmouth, and Mrs. Susan Bancroft of Concord; first vice president, Mrs. Louis P. Elkins of Concord; second vice president, Mrs. Frederick B. Preston of Manchester; recording secretary, Mrs. Frank W. Jackson of Madison; treasurer, Mrs. Frank R. Bliss of Dover; auditor, Mrs. Clarence Spaulding of Nashua.

Some of the Doings of the Legislature May Interest Our Readers

A bill which would permit the selectmen of towns and the board of mayor and aldermen in cities to regulate the hours of sale of beer in restaurants in the evening was defeated in the House. The proposed change would have made the hour 11.45 o'clock in the evening. The present time limit is 10.45 o'clock.

Without discussion, the Representatives defeated the bill which would allow the advertising of liquor on billboards.

The Senate passed 19 road bills at Wednesday's session and also put its stamp of approval on the measure which appropriates \$3,000 for the promotion of agricultural fairs in the state. The senators also endorsed the bill which relates

to the closing of highway crossings.

Adjournment of the 1935 session of the Legislature will be possible in two weeks' time, Governor Bridges has been apprised by chairmen of the legislative standing committees. A tentative date for proroguing the General Court was fixed for Friday, May 31.

Members of the lower branch have passed two bills changing the motor vehicle laws. One requires trailers, carrying loads of more than 3,000 pounds, to have brakes which can be operated by the driver of the towing car. The second requires trucks to place oil burning lights in front and in the rear of the machines when they are stopped on the side of a largely traveled highway.

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19 CENT SALE!

50c pint size Rubbing Alcohol or Witchazel 19 cents
35c Sedlitz Powders, 12 in a box 19 cents
25c Absorbent Cotton 19 cents
25c Milk of Magnesia 19 cents
25c Cascara Tablets, 100 in a bottle 19 cents
35c jars Cold Cream 19 cents
25c Boric Acid or Zinc Ointment 19 cents
25c Soda Mints, 100 in a bottle 19 cents
35c tubes Carbolic Ointment 19 cents
25c and 35c Tooth Brushes 19 cents
35c pint bottle Hospital Peroxide 19 cents
30c Milk of Magnesia Tablets 19 cents
30c Glycerine and Rose Water 19 cents

Remember you can always save money by shopping
At the Main St. Soda Shop

Letter From Former Antrimite on Pacific Coast, to His Many Friends

812 Moreno Road,
Santa Barbara, Cal., Apr., 1935

Dear Friends:

The hints that I "write again" are appreciated, and I will say that if any one gets as much pleasure from reading my hasty notes as I get in sending messages to my many friends, I am made happy.

Sometimes my friends, here, begin to grin when I come around with a news story of the success of my former associates, and about all of them know by this time that I am interested about N. H. folks, and they save up items in the papers for me about New England doings.

Just now I am telling about the successful career of William Congreve, Jr., and I add that it does not seem long since he was an expert workman in the cutlery shop and Will Prescott was urging him to go to Mount Hermon for more schooling.

The past month our pastor, Rev. John Snape, has been inviting some of us to give talks at the Sunday evening service and as Easter is approaching I venture to enclose a copy of the one I gave.

With season's greetings to all,
R. C. GOODELL

THE HEAVENLY HOME

If we should sing that old and familiar hymn: "Oh, think of the home over there," I fear that some of us might, from habit, begin to be very sad and appear to be greatly depressed.

Some young people say: "I am young, strong and happy; why should I want to hear the Heavenly home discussed?"

Possibly a few of us have, somehow allowed ourselves to almost shudder when the matter is mentioned.

May we take a few moments to think of When, Where, What, and of What value is Heaven?

When Jacob started out to make a living for himself he had such a vision that he said to himself, "Jehovah is in this place and I knew it not; this is none other than the house of God and this is the gate of Heaven."

You have been in homes where you have felt the presence of God and a real, vital, Spiritual life.

Jesus said: "If any man loves me he will obey my teaching and we will come to him and make our abode with him."

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." That must mean now for the beginning.

As for the continuance of the fellowship with the Father, our elder Brother said: "In my father's house are many rooms; I go to prepare a place for you. If it were not so I would have told you."

No one can truthfully say that Jesus has ever deceived them or that he is not able to carry out His promises.

Peter tells us that "We have an inheritance reserved for us which is incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away."

He also says that, in Heaven, "Jesus is on the right hand of

God," and "that Angels, authorities and powers are subject unto Him."

Now we are apt to quarrel and dispute about Heaven! I am reminded of the great castle built by the late George W. Vanderbilt just outside of Asheville, N. C., which has 365 rooms, and those who have seen the place and the grounds which surround it, at this time of year, when the rhododendrons are in bloom will never forget the beauty of it.

It is said that on one of the numerous visitors' days a man stood, almost in awe, gazing at the place when an attendant came out and said: "One might think that you were gazing into Heaven by the way you stare," and instantly the reply came: "I might have thought so until I saw who came out the door."

Seriously, is it not presumptuous for anyone of us to think that our particular idea is the only one possible and perhaps doubt if others who differ from us may be living in Heaven here or will continue to do so "over there" forever?

"Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what God hath prepared for those who love Him."

A Heavenly home which my finite mind can now grasp may be but a poor hut as compared to what is being made ready "When I shall wake in His likeness and be satisfied."

It was revealed to John the aged that "No unclean thing shall enter into Heaven, nor any one who is guilty of base conduct or tells lies."

The poet in the book of Ecclesiastes says: "Remember now thy creator in the days of thy youth," and later adds that older folks will be afraid of the danger from on high. Paul says: "The sting of death is sin" which may account for our fright.

When Moses was pleading with the Lord to forgive his friends and neighbors who had sinned, he could not find words to express what he was willing to do if the request was granted, but if it could not be done he was willing to give up his greatest possession, which was the fact that his name was recorded in the register of Heaven. Jesus told His disciples: "Rejoice that their names were written in Heaven."

If you have never sat by the bedside of a redeemed child of God, as I have, just before they were to be led from one room to another, and "meet Him face to face," and have heard them describe the joy of their faith and expectations, you have missed a beautiful experience.

It is one of the pleasant memories of my life that I heard on several occasions, at Northfield, Mass., sermons by the late Rev. F. B. Meyer, D. D., of London. At his funeral a few years ago, the choir sang a part of the Halleluia chorus, as he had requested should be done, when he knew that his earthly career was closing.

Almost the last words of the Bible is the statement: "Blessed are those who may enter into the city," and once more the pleading invitation "COME."

Poland Established as Nation to Reckon With

Taking Its Place in Spotlight of World Affairs.

Washington.—Poland's strategic position between Soviet Russia and militant Germany brings this aggressive European nation more and more into the spotlight of world affairs.

"Twenty years ago the name of Poland could not have been found on any map of Europe," says the National Geographic society. "Today it is the sixth largest nation in Europe, with a steadily increasing population that will soon reach 40,000,000."

"Once before Poland was a great power. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries its territory extended from a point within fifty miles of Berlin to the meridian of the Sea of Azov, and from the Khanate of Crimea nearly to the Gulf of Finland. In those days Warsaw, next to Paris, was the most brilliant city in Europe.

Divided by Powers.

"Then came weak rulers and internal dissension that paved the way for Prussian, Russian, and Austrian expansion. In the three disastrous partitions of 1772, 1793, and 1795 these powers divided Poland between them, then legalized the proceedings by the congress of Vienna in 1815.

"The state had ceased to exist but the people never lost their fierce nationalism. After a century and a half of oppression came the proud day in November, 1918, when Marshal Pilsudski returned to Warsaw to be acclaimed as chief of the new, independent Polish state. The treaty of Versailles established the western boundaries of the new nation, and after a serious struggle with Russia, the eastern border was fixed by the Riga treaty of 1921.

"Under Pilsudski's leadership Poland has developed rapidly despite tremendous handicaps. Long years of fighting had devastated the land. Russia, Prussia, and Austria each left the stamp of its domination, different systems of government, education, and law.

"The Versailles treaty left Poland surrounded by nations jealous of land that had once been theirs. Today peaceful relations have been established, particularly with Germany and Russia. It is significant that last year these two nations, together with Great Britain, provided the best markets for Polish trade.

"Pilsudski remains the arbiter and hero of his country.

Economic Progress.

"Economic progress has kept step with political growth. Devastated areas have been reconstructed. From marshlands to mountains, agriculture has been brought back to pre-war levels. Factories idle or destroyed have been rehabilitated. The currency has

been stabilized. Railway mileage has been increased, and a uniform gauge adopted so that rails bind Poland together instead of tearing it apart.

"The Pole, whose horsemanship is admired throughout the world, has taken to the air with dash and spirit. Captain Orlinski linked Warsaw with Tokyo. Colonel Rayski circled Europe in the air. Captain Skarzynski and Lieutenant Markiewicz made the tour of Africa in 1931. The Polish air line, Lot, covers the whole of eastern Europe from Tallinn to Salonika, and there is a regular internal service between Warsaw and all important cities. In 1934 direct service was opened between London and Warsaw, and Warsaw and Moscow.

"A new railway from Upper Silesia along the Polish Corridor to the new Baltic port of Gdynia assures Poland's economic freedom. In less than a decade a dowdy fishing village was turned into a modern city whose harbor can accommodate 50 vessels at a time.

"More densely populated than Pennsylvania, Poland is still an agricultural nation; and the consequent elasticity of its labor supply, the economic independence of its peasants, and the modesty of their needs give it social stability in spite of the rapid growth of urban and industrial life.

"Monotony is the keynote of Polish

Indian Gods Defied by Medicine Man

Omaha.—Denie-Chili-Betusa, youngest medicine man in the Navajo nation, dared the wrath of the gods of his fathers and allowed a photograph to be taken of his sacred sand-painting during a recent appearance.

According to Berton I. Staples, director of a tour in the interests of the Navajos, it was the first time in the history of the tours that such an act had been permitted.

To the Navajos, the mere action of taking a picture robs the subject of some mysterious substance. The taboo applied particularly to religious ceremonies.

The medicine man paints by dribbling brightly colored sand on a neutral background. Designs are conventionalized representations of spirits, natural forces and natural objects, each conveying a Navajo myth.

geography. Rolling plains that connect the lowlands of Germany with the Russian plains form the main part of the country. Through the central portion flows the sluggish Vistula. Yet in the south there are idyllic mountain retreats of rare beauty. Through the unusual Krakow Protocol, Poland and Czechoslovakia agreed to turn the whole Tatry mountain region into one splendid international park—a buffer park instead of a buffer state."

Children of American Revolution



While the Daughters of the American Revolution were in session in Washington the annual convention of their auxiliary, the Children of the American Revolution, was held there. The youngsters were taken to the White House and were received by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

U. S. Exposes Big Ring of Jewel Thieves

Most Extensive Racket Turned Up in Recent Years.

New York.—The Department of Justice is seeking to break up an organization of jewel thieves, whose operations were described by J. Edgar Hoover, chief of the division of investigation, as the most extensive racket "turned up" by his men in recent years.

Rhea Whitley, chief of the New York bureau, announced that the Department of Justice is inquiring into the \$185,000 gem robbery at the Miami (Fla.) Biltmore hotel, in which Mrs. Margaret Hawkesworth Bell, former dancer, was the principal victim.

The ring of jewel thieves, Hoover said, appeared to have operated all along the eastern seaboard, with members of many prominent families among their victims. The procedure of the ring, according to first reports to Washington officials, appeared to have been to steal jewels, which were later restored to the owners after payments of substantial rewards.

In the Miami development of the

case, Mr. Hoover charged that the gems stolen from Mrs. Bell were recovered in a lock box in Miami. The earlier story that the jewels had been placed in a police automobile by an unknown person was branded a hoax. The key to the lock box, and directions how to reach it, according to Hoover, were supplied to the Miami police by Noel Scaffa, New York private detective who has figured in the recovery of the loot of other jewel thefts.

Scaffa, against whom no charges of wrongdoing were made, spent four hours recently before the federal grand jury here, and his attorney, Isidor Bregoff, commented that it was strange that the private detective, who frequently represents insurance companies in their search for stolen jewels, "should have been called just before the Miami trial."

This referred to the trial of Nicholas Montone, alias Nick Marlowe, and Charles Call, both of whom were said by police to have confessed to the robbery of Mrs. Bell and a friend, Harry Content, after they had returned to their hotel from the race track. A jury was chosen in this case, and some testimony taken from Mrs. Bell and Content.

Ex-Football Star Wins Fight With Two Gunmen

Cleveland.—His knowledge of football, particularly the "quick kick," was worth \$150 to James Stone, thirty-three, proprietor of a drug store.

Stone, former gridiron star at Kenyon college, went into scrimmage with a two-man holdup team.

"Stick 'em up," said the holdup men, calling their signals. Stone dropped back behind the line of scrimmage, which happened to be the soda fountain, and around end and produced the "quick kick," flooring one of the gunmen.

Singing and shooting were not barred in this game. So one of the robbers struck Stone on the head with a gun butt and fired one shot, which missed. The game ended as the gunmen fled, leaving behind \$150 in the cash register.

Town Officially Elects Man to Unexisting Office

Windham, N. H.—William Brown was officially elected to the office of superintendent of police in the town elections, but when he went to occupy the office he found it didn't exist. Unable to find any mention in the

town records of such an office, the town clerk was advised to keep his name off the ballot. Brown obtained legal advice and his name was placed on the ballot and he was elected to the unexisting office. The town constable does all the police work necessary.

BLIND GOLFER



C. F. Russell of Duluth can't keep his eye on the ball because he is blind. Despite that fact he plays a par 63 course in from 75 to 80 strokes, with the aid of a trained caddy. Russell played golf before he lost his sight about eight years ago. He has a powerful swing and a fine sense of direction on putts.

Nebraska Camel Skeleton Joins Museum's Exhibit

Lincoln, Neb.—A fossilized skeleton of a Nebraska camel, one of thousands of such animals which roved Nebraska's prairies in prehistoric days, has been mounted and placed on exhibition in the camel gallery of Morrill hall at the University of Nebraska.

The skeleton was found in a side canyon of the Nebraska river in northwestern Nebraska. More than a week was spent in digging out the sandstone slab which contained the skeleton. The slab weighed 200 pounds and had to be lowered from the canyon wall down an improvised ladder.

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted by William Bruckart
National Press Building Washington, D. C.

Blast at New Deal

Washington.—Probably the most notable incident of recent days in Washington is the explosion of a bomb by business. It is significant and important that the business voice, as represented by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, has spoken in such emphatic terms about the New Deal. It is further a matter of significance that the business voice criticized the New Deal generally as well as specifically, because it is the first time in the period since President Roosevelt took charge that anything like unity in business thought has been presented.

The reaction was instantaneous. First, Secretary Roper of the Department of Commerce mustered 21 members of his business advisory committee for a counter attack. It was almost drowned out by the chamber's roar. Such was not the case, however, with the President's reply. He waited until the convention had ended to let loose a charge that the business interests were selfish. It made all the front pages.

This brings us to the crux of the condition precipitated by the outburst of the Chamber of Commerce convention. It is seldom, and I believe the record shows this statement to be absolutely true, that annual conventions of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States have been taken seriously by the newspapers. The business men have been looked upon as possessors and promoters of rather antiquated ideas. Their interests have been and are of a selfish character. That is quite obvious and quite natural. But at this time, the voice of business speaks more than just business views. It speaks politically. Hence, when business spoke this time the newspapers of the country paid heed. The result was an unprecedented amount of publicity was obtained by the chamber through the medium of its convention this year.

Whether this represents a change in the thought of the country, surely no one individual of any group is able to say definitely. It must be recognized, however, that for many months a highly vocal minority of politicians has been accusing the administration of throttling criticism. Although this group fought vigorously and charged the administration with having the greatest propaganda machine ever to exist, it obtained little publicity for those views. Most newspapers dismissed them by publication of three or four paragraphs, buried on the inside pages of the metropolitan dailies. So, necessarily, significance attaches to the fact that when the business voice was raised in apparent unity the newspapers accorded columns of space to it. It can be construed in no other way than as meaning there is a larger opposition to some phases of the New Deal at least than most of us had expected.

For quite a while such groups as the American Liberty league have pounded away at certain phases of the New Deal. To the Washington observers it appeared that these groups were getting nowhere and getting there fast. Of a sudden, however, the voice opposed to the New Deal seems to have found itself. Certainly at the moment and for the first time, there is an approximation of unity to New Deal opposition and that fact is reflected in a rather important way. I refer to the courage exhibited in congress where there is more and more evidence of a decision on the part of the legislators to assert their independence in contradistinction to previous silent obedience to the White House.

I believe it is too early to attempt a prediction whether the Chamber of Commerce leadership will last. If I were to make an individual guess I would say that leadership of this type will crumble. That guess is predicated upon the record of the past because heretofore it has been true that business always suffered defections and presently there was hushwhacking in its own camp. Regardless of whether that condition develops again, the explosive character of the speeches in the chamber's convention here added a momentum to Roosevelt opposition which it has lacked heretofore. It is just possible, therefore, that even if business leadership fails in its efforts to curb radical tendencies among the administration group, a well knit opposition may now be developing.

Pursuing this assumption further, one hears suggestions around Washington to the effect that a genuine and basic issue for the 1936 campaign may be in the making. It would seem that Mr. Roosevelt will be forced into the position again of appealing to the forgotten man of his 1932 campaign who has since been forgotten. The conservative thought of the country meanwhile will marshal behind the home owners, the possessors of property and capital and the workers whose income must be taxed heavily in subsequent years to pay for the program of spending our way out of the depression.

Some support is seen for this theory of probable issues in 1936 in the recent statement of Postmaster General Farley who spoke politically as chairman of the Democratic national committee

In almost so many words, Mr. Farley declared that the business interests had not been favorable to Mr. Roosevelt; that they were not now favorable to him and that there was no reason to expect the support of business hereafter. Mr. Farley, clever politician that he is, recognizes that under present conditions there are more votes on the side of the man who appeals to those who have not than there are on the side of the man who appeals to those who have.

On the other hand, government statistics show that something like 65,000,000 persons hold life insurance policies; that something like 20,000,000 have saving accounts in banks; that there are around 10,000,000 home owners in the nation, and that even at the lowest point of the depression there were more people working for salaries and wages than there were unemployed. Mr. Farley's guess apparently is that so many of these workers have had their incomes reduced that they will support a candidate who promises to improve their condition. In their numbers lies the difference between victory and defeat.

In addition to these factors, there is to be considered the probability of defections caused by such demagogic leadership as the Longs and the Coughlins. Saner thinking people know, of course, that the programs which Senator Long and Father Coughlin have been preaching far and wide are as impossible of fulfillment as was the EPIC program advanced by Upton Sinclair in his California campaign. But it may not be overlooked that these men can and will pull together several million voters.

NRA the Hot Spot

No discussion of the controversy between business and President Roosevelt would be complete without consideration of the NRA. It is the hottest spot in congress right now. The situation is of such a character as to be comparable to a carbuncle on your neck. Those who have had carbuncles will fully understand.

A few days ago, Mr. Roosevelt called the most obstreperous of opposition senators to the White House for a conference on the question of what to do about extending the national industrial recovery act. It is due to expire by limitation of law on June 18. He cleverly invited Miss Perkins, the secretary of labor, and Donald Richberg, the guiding hand of the Recovery administration, to sit in on that meeting. It was only natural that two such avid New Dealers as Miss Perkins and Mr. Richberg should hold out for continuation of NRA for a two-year period. And it was only natural for senators who do not believe wholeheartedly in all of the NRA principles to insist on a makeshift, or temporary continuation. The President put them into a cockpit to fight it out. The resulting disagreement was perfectly logical but the President had put himself in a position to trade with congress.

Since the NRA opponents in congress did not yield, they naturally went back to the Capitol and framed their own program. They propose to have NRA continued, with some of its unsatisfactory features eliminated, to April of next year. They probably will be able to muster enough support to pass some such legislation. If they do, the President will accept it. Actually, he has no choice. He cannot allow the policy represented by NRA to crash completely. It would mean a political defeat which the President, strong as he is, probably could not withstand.

Wiser Blue Eagle

It is a wiser and sadder Blue Eagle that is proposed in the senate resolution continuing NRA. That resolution is equipped with scissors to trim the tail feathers of the famed eagle so that it cannot operate against businesses whose traffic is wholly within a state—intrastate—nor will it permit price fixing.

The senate finance committee which drafted this resolution reported it to the senate by the overwhelming vote of sixteen to three. That shows better than any words of mine how thoroughly determined that senate group was to override the Richberg-Perkins views on administration policy. Succinctly, the continuing resolution provides for changes in the current law as follows:

1. No price fixing shall be permitted or sanctioned under any code except in codes covering mineral or natural resources industries that now embody the price fixing principle.
2. No trade engaged wholly in intrastate commerce shall be placed under code.
3. The President will have 30 days in which to review present codes of fair practice in order to revise and adjust each so that it will conform to the provisions of the new NRA.

"I think this is the best way out," said Senator Harrison, Democrat of Mississippi, chairman of the committee. "I feel certain we can pass this resolution without a great amount of debate and it will give NRA time to adjust itself and give the courts time to rule on the various questions of NRA validity."

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BRISBANE THIS WEEK

Pass the Patman Bill They Love King George Parachutes? Puzzle for Solomon

The senate votes, 55 to 33, to pay the veterans their bonus in cash. That vote, not being a two-thirds vote, would not overrule the Presidential veto, which is expected.

The Patman bill, wisely approved, gives the veterans their money to spend in their way for things they want. Under that bill veterans are to be paid with new money. That money as soon as received would all vanish in purchases in every corner of the United States.

New United States money is exactly as good as new bonds, since paper dollars and paper bonds get all their value from the name of the government printed on them. There are no longer any gold payments promised or implied. If government money is not good, government bonds are not good.

President Roosevelt, congratulating King George, says: "It is gratifying to contemplate the wise and steadfast influence which your majesty has exerted for a quarter of a century." That was about all that the President, with the best of intentions, could say for the British ruler's popularity is based on sticking to his job, which is, letting his people alone, while they attend to their business in their own way.

The king seems to think that those who have built the greatness of the British empire to its present height may be trusted to continue building it. Some "best minds" here feel that any success or progress in the United States has been more or less of an accident, under bad management, and needs to start again on a new plan.

Time will tell whether a government policy of "let them alone" or "tell them how" is better.

Five killed, eight injured, in an airplane crash. The dead include Senator Cutting of New Mexico, who will be deeply regretted by his state and by the senate.

Flying in fog, fuel gave out. The last radio message was: "Fuel's getting low. We can't find a break in the fog. It looks like a forced landing."

Both pilots were killed; they did their best.

An occasional disaster will not discourage flying, but this particular accident raises again the question. Should not airplane builders concentrate on parachute protection for passengers?

King Solomon never solved any such problem as this: A New York manufacturer wished to advertise "invisible panties." In usual words—small trousers worn by modern women. NRA rules say that if the article advertised is not invisible, the advertising is "false and misleading and violates the code." If those panties are invisible, NRA cannot pass on them, and their manufacturer must not attempt to display them on models, for evident reasons dealing with morality.

Eight million young women in Germany are unmarried. The government invites 333,000 of them to marry "healthy, virile, hereditary farmers."

To lead the unmarried German girl to the "virile, hereditary farmer" may be easier than making her marry him.

A labor law compels women under twenty-five years of age to serve one year on farms before they can take other jobs.

Once you begin to tell human beings how they must live, life becomes complicated.

Pope Plus, addressing 120 German pilgrims, spoke plainly about Germany's present Hitler government: "They wish in the name of so-called positive Christianity to dechristianize Germany, and they wish to conduct the country back to barbaric paganism, and nothing is left undone to disturb Christian and Catholic life."

The pope's words referred to the unpleasant welcome home of 2,000 young German pilgrims that went to Rome to receive the papal blessing.

Harry L. Hopkins, federal emergency relief administrator, uses language as plain as that of Mussolini or Stalin. He finds that we have in America a class of "oppressors," rich men, and promises that that small, oppressive, business minority "who extol poverty and profits in the same breath" shall be made outcasts in the "new order" that is coming.

One English town will celebrate the king's jubilee by distributing free beer. Might it not be a good idea to make light beer part of the regular food supply of men in this government's CCC camps?

Minus government tax, it would cost little, keep men contented, abolish or diminish complaints of some workers spending their small supplies of money with bootleggers.

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ENVOY TO COLOMBIA



William Dawson, who has been serving as American minister to Ecuador since 1930, has been appointed minister to Colombia. He is a native of Minnesota and has been in the diplomatic service about sixteen years.

The Lucky Lawrences

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Copyright by Kathleen Norris
WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

The luck that brought the Boston Lawrence's to California at the beginning of the gold rush has deserted the present generation. From a 4,000-acre ranch, their holdings have shrunk to a small farm, and the old family home in Clippersville, Phil, now twenty-five, has gone into the iron works. Gail to the public library and Edith to the book department of a store. Sam is in school, and seventeen-year-old Ariel is becoming a problem. Phil is fascinated by "that terrible" Lily Cass, whose husband has deserted her. Young Van Murchison, scion of a wealthy family, returns from Yale, and Gail has visions, through marriage with him, of the turning of the Lawrence luck. Dick Stebbins, Phil's friend, has the run of the house. Ariel is sneaking out of the house at night for joy rides. Phil suggests, to his sisters' consternation, that they invite Lily Cass to the house. Gail goes with Van for a week-end with the Chippis, his uncle and aunt. She is received coldly. At a roadhouse Gail sees Ariel, at midnight. Next day Ariel admits she was at the place, and displays no remorse. Gail again accompanies Van to Los Gatos for a week-end visit.

CHAPTER V—Continued

"I may be engaged to be married this time tomorrow night," she thought, when she was in bed, reading. "There's a moment when one isn't, and then suddenly—one is. That's all there is to it. Girls do get engaged; almost every girl gets engaged."

She thought of the Fosters and the Delahantys. Three, busy, homely unmarried sisters in each family. Two in the post office, two teaching school, one in the library, one a stenographer. Gail's heart faltered.

It was not fair that some girls should travel, go places, do fascinating things, and that other girls should drudge away at the library, year after year, while hope died and youth faded and enthusiasms were spent—like the Fosters' and the Delahantys' enthusiasms—upon church fairs and preserving fruit.

"It's not right," Gail said solemnly to the shabby old silent room, through whose windows the hot smell of pear trees and burned grass was penetrating from the dark night outside. "There's nothing in character, if it only gets you what the Fosters and the Delahantys have got!"

"I'm not sure," she decided darkly, "but what Ariel's in the right! I'll bet she gets to London before I do!"

CHAPTER VI

The next day she rose unrefreshed and dissatisfied, and dragged heavily through her preparations to go to Los Gatos, as if the prospect were anything but inviting.

It would have killed her with ecstasy a year ago; she felt dull and doubtful about it now.

Ariel, all helpful sympathy, came out to the gate when Van parked there, honking wildly, at ten o'clock.

"Here," he said, leaping out, "I'll take that!" He stowed Gail's suitcase in the fumble. The three stood smiling and gossiping in the soft foggy morning.

"I wish I were going with you!" Ariel said frankly.

"Well, why don't you come!" Van exclaimed, suddenly fired.

"Oh, no, I couldn't. I've got a date with the crowd tonight," Ariel protested, "and I couldn't anyway, I'm not dressed! And I couldn't anyway."

For an instant the matter hung fire, and Gail did not know whether or not in that instant Ariel sent her a glance of wild hope. Immediately the younger girl settled the matter, and was running back into the house shouting, "Have a good time!"

Despite her sister's protests, Gail felt like a murderer as Van's car shot away across the long bare road, away from dusty, dull Clippersville into the beauty and shade and coolness of Far Niente. The thought of that quick, hopeful glance of Ariel's—that glance that might not ever even have been sent or been thought of—haunted her.

Not that Ariel could have come, no. Obviously that would have been a mistake.

But Gail kept wishing that she, Gail, had urged it, had impulsively, ridiculously, pressed it. It would have made no difference in the outcome, for even little Ariel knew that she mustn't expect to go places just because Gail did. She wouldn't have come. She would know that they might snub her.

And yet the memory of the little flying pink figure and the shouted "Have a good time!" in Ariel's oddly deep voice would not let her be at peace. She was gnawed by hunger for Ariel, incessant and deep.

Van's mother proved to be a thin, dark, smart woman in a beautiful transparent gown of orange and black. She greeted her son with a fretful "Van, I suppose you know your father's furious at you, and making life simply wretched for me!" and gave to Gail only an abstracted frown.

"I think you were in school with my mother, Editha Petrie, in San Francisco?" Gail said, trying to seem at ease.

"I was in school with nobody's mother, and I won't be incriminated, and I am praying the Lord to grant me a long and prosperous thirty-one!" Mrs. Murchison said, to the company at large rather than to Gail.

"She'll never forgive you that as long as you live, Gail!" Van exclaimed in the laughter that followed. Gail

laughed, too, but she felt hot and uncomfortable.

In all it was an uncomfortable visit; the least happy she had ever had at Far Niente, even including the first, with its nervousness and shyness. Three men Gail had never seen before were absorbed in the topic of the golf tournament at Del Monte, and for a little while on Saturday afternoon Gail was excited by the possibility of their all going down to Monterey to try a day's preliminary playing.

But in the end it was decided that the three men and Van should leave before breakfast and go there alone.

"That is, I would," Van said, "if I didn't feel it would leave Gail in the lurch!"

"We'll take care of Gail," Mrs. Chipp said.

"We were going up to lunch with Ethel and play bridge," Mrs. Murchison reminded her in a light, droning voice not intended for Gail's ear.

"Oh, well, that's all right!" said Mrs. Chipp, who liked Gail, pleasantly. "We'll just leave her here to amuse herself, and the boys will be back for dinner, and we'll all go home Monday afternoon."

Gail had to protest; her library job would stand no more trifling. She must be back Sunday afternoon, positively.

Mason was going back, with fruit and vegetables. Gail leaped at the opportunity to go home with him.

It was arranged. The bridge players plunged back gladly into the mysteries of vulnerability and redoubling. The young men played tennis and Gail watched and laughed and applauded.

Later, going to the cabin to dress, she heard Mrs. Chipp good-naturedly reproaching somebody for something. The voices came from behind a screen of shrubs and tall flowers, where the hammocks were.

"... it was dreadful. . . . I mean it was unmistakable. . . . I mean it was enough to make him furious," said Mrs. Chipp's amused, indifferent voice.

Another woman's voice spoke quickly in answer, laughing and indifferently, too, but with more vigor. Mrs. Murchison's voice.

Gail could not hear the first dozen words. But the last trailed through her consciousness as she escaped, scarlet-cheeked, out of hearing.

"... with a Clippersville girl!" The tone, the emphasis of the voice, interpreted the whole to her perfectly.

"No!" Edith explained too cheerfully, too naturally; "Dot Camp telephoned to the Greeley's to say that they might not be back until after dinner."

"But why didn't Dot or Ariel telephone us?"

"Lou said she said she thought our line was out of order—it never answered."

The sisters exchanged a level, expressionless look.

"That's a new one," Gail presently murmured drily.

"Well, that's what I thought," Edith agreed reluctantly.

"Where do you suppose they are?"

"Oh, just on one of those Sunday runs, when they eat greasy fried chicken off dirty board tables, and think they're having a wonderful time!" Edith said impatiently.

At six Dora Foster came in, and Edith and Gail could walk home through the broiling late afternoon.

"Let's not have supper until seven. And let's get everything ready, and then take baths and be beautiful!" Gail suggested. They fussed away in the shady kitchen together; Edith straining tea into tall glasses; Gail assembling the materials for one of her famous salads: chives, lettuce, enormous firm cold tomatoes, cucumbers sliced as fine as tissue paper.

They set the table out under the big oak in the side yard, close to the house so that the smaller furnishings could be passed through the wide-open kitchen window.

Dick and Phil arrived. They all sat about the table, while the last of the hot twilight died into a hot dusk, talking, murmuring, passing back and forth the old Brazilian silver salad bowl that Grandfather Lawrence had brought to Yerba Buena on that long-ago wedding journey.

The moon had risen and the strengthening silver light was beginning to drip down through the branches of the great trees that roofed the dooryard.

"Where is that naughty Ariel?" Edith had asked drowsily, affectionately, and Gail, listening to the strokes of the cuckoo clock in the hall, had answered more reassuringly than she felt, "Only nine, that's not late!" when suddenly there was a stranger in the garden.

A stranger. At the first glimpse of him Gail's heart stood still, and her mouth filled with water. Horror. Horror. They were all lost.

The moonlight touched the star on his breast. Dick was the first to speak, in a quick, authoritative voice.

"What is it, Officer?"

"There's been a bad accident up near the cement works. A little girl has been killed—the man began."

Gail was beside him, fingers gripping his arm.

"My sister!"

"No, ma'am, it wasn't your sister. She was mixed up in it; I brought her over here to see your brother. She ain't hurt," he said, answering the wild question in Gail's eyes. "She's just run upstairs inside; I'm waiting for her. I see you out here, so I came over."

"What happened, Officer?" Dick's voice asked. The others were stricken dumb.

"She was driving a car, sir, and another automobile hit her. She didn't have a license, and she's booked for that, and also on a charge of manslaughter. In the mixup, a little girl in a third car was thrown out on her head and killed."

"She's here now? My sister, I mean?" Phil asked, in a dead, awful silence.

"Yes—she just now run in the house to find you."

"After her, Phil! She may kill herself!" Gail said sharply, in a whisper. Edith put her hands over her face for a moment, praying, before they all ran together toward the kitchen door.

"I was in school with nobody's mother!"

Van's father would be furious with him, going with a Clippersville girl. It served him perfectly right, wasting his time with a Clippersville girl. It did not matter whose feelings were hurt or were not hurt; it was only a Clippersville girl!

Her face blazed, her throat was thick and dry. She walked slowly up to the cabin, entered into its peace and shadiness quietly, and began her preparation for dinner in the brown-walled, chintz-curtained little room that was familiar now.

All the time her heart seethed like a boiling pot, and her thoughts went round and round dizzily. Her hands felt cold, and she was shaking.

"I'll be home this time tomorrow," said Gail, aloud, more than once.

What did it matter what that vulgar, smart, rouged, thin, dark woman said or thought! It did not affect Gail Lawrence; it did not affect Van Murchison. It did affect Van, of course.

Wandering about the room in a thin cotton kimono, she addressed herself, aloud.

"You poor fool! You thought you might be engaged tonight!"

"Well—you may be."

"I'd like to be, just to get even with her! I'd like to be so stunning, so smart, so popular that she was wiped right out of sight. . . ."

"I hate her. . . . No, I don't suppose I hate her. . . . Yes, I do."

It then appeared that the four boys were going over to Del Monte that night, so as to play the Pebble Beach course early in the morning. Gail was careful not to let anyone suspect that it made any difference to her. But she felt hurt and sore. At half-past nine o'clock the roadster with the shouting boys in it departed on its seventy-mile run, and Gail found herself quietly in bed, reading again.

After awhile she let the book drop and lay thinking, staring into the dim cabin room with far-away, serious eyes, and with the busy Lawrence eyebrows drawn together.

She felt very homesick. She wanted Sam and Ariel and Phil. Above all she wanted Edith, sensible, loving, loyal, thoughtful. She was torn with pangs of anxiety for them all.

"A Clippersville girl!" she said to herself in the night stillness. "Well, that's what I am. I don't know why that should make me mad."

Shamed, courageous thoughts possessed her; she plunged into them as into a river. Despite responsibility and precocious cares, she had done little philosophical thinking in her twenty-three years; she deliberately faced the situation now, faced her own soul.

The next morning she slipped away from Far Niente before any member of the family was astir. And with every mile of the home trip her heart grew lighter and her mind steadier and her quiet determination greater.

At two o'clock, cool and trim and sympathetic, she was back at her post in the library. She felt wearied, subdued, yet oddly content. This was duller than death but it was peace. No one would hurt her here, humiliate her here; she belonged. She was not only in her proper place, but she was doing a fellow creature a service. No animal creeping back into the safety of its lair ever felt a deeper sense of gratitude.

And then—as always on library Sundays—Edith was there, slipping about the alcoves, coming up to the desk to beam, to whisper to her big sister.

"Ariel home?"

"No," Edith explained too cheerfully, too naturally; "Dot Camp telephoned to the Greeley's to say that they might not be back until after dinner."

"But why didn't Dot or Ariel telephone us?"

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"I hate her. . . . No, I don't suppose I hate her. . . . Yes, I do."

"I despise her! I'd like her to break her leg. I would. I wouldn't want her to get a cancer exactly. But I'd like something to happen to her!"

The childishness of her own monologue made her begin suddenly to laugh, and she found tears in her eyes.

This wouldn't do. There was nothing to do but go through with the evening's program with what dignity she could muster; the boys seemed to her very noisy, very much absorbed in their own affairs, at dinner, and after dinner there was a half-hearted game of roulette, in which Lenore and Mab Whiting won everything, while Gail lost quarters and dimes to a painful degree.

"I was in school with nobody's mother!"

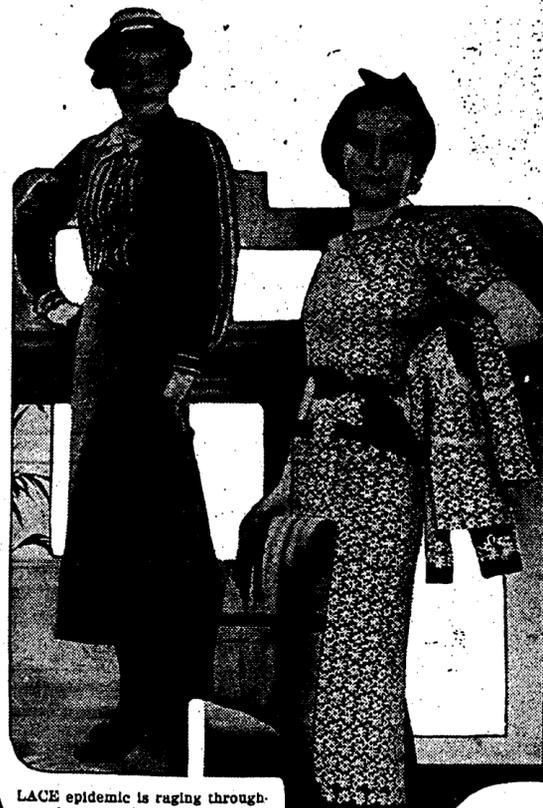
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Smart Daytime Fashions of Lace

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



A LACE epidemic is raging throughout the realm of fashion. You couldn't escape wearing lace if you would and you wouldn't if you could, not after you have seen the charming, smart and flattering apparel designers are creating of lace this season.

Not in all the centuries past has lace played so versatile a role as it is now playing. Fashion has decreed that we are not only to dine and to dance and attend functions of high degree clad in filmy, exquisitely patterned lace but we are to wear tailored lace in the daytime, go swimming in lace bathing suits, make our smartest sports clothes of lace tuned to the occasion and if we keep pace with the mode our lace-gloved hands will carry handbags of lace. The newest number on the summer program is the all-lace hat; also capes, jackets and evening wraps that are fashioned of lace.

The idea of lace used in a fabric way has been welcomed by designers as a new avenue of expression for their talents. The outstanding gesture of the moment is the shirtwaist dress which is tailored of fabriclike lace. It is smart in navy and other dark colors and it is adorable in the new pastels. We predict that the new season will not be far spent ere the majority of us will be going about in these flattering lace shirtwaist fashions. For a summer of travel and week-end visits a lace shirtwaist is ideal, for it packs without creasing or wrinkling and it looks smart wherever one goes in the daytime.

Lace has been shown in beautiful striking creations at every Paris collection this season and our own American designers are equally as enthusiastic and exciting in their use of it. While lace is fashionable for every hour of the twenty-four, the big news about lace is its acceptance as a medium for practical daytime clothes.

One of the most distinctive daytime lace costumes of the Paris season is shown to the right in the illustration. It is a Martial et Armand creation in answer to the call for an ensemble that would be appropriate for the races without having to resort to a formal full-length gown. A beautiful pattern of ecru in cotton lace was selected to pose over black silk. Both the dress and jacket are made of this combination of black all-silk crepe and lace. The black crepe is used also for the belt which ties like a sash.

While the all-lace theme is vastly important, it is not any more so than is that of lace used in a trimming way. Lace edgings and trimmings cannot be left out even in tailored things. For instance Dilkusha tailors a blouse (pictured to the left) of navy blue linen using narrow white val lace on the sleeves and the cuffs and in rows up and down the front. In fact, all of the French designers are making voluminous use of val lace for trimming this season.

Speaking of lace sports fashions, you will be wanting one of the new jacket-wraps made of cotton lace in the color you like best. They are to be worn over your linen and pique frocks this summer.

© Western Newspaper Union.

GRAY IS MODISH

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Among best dressed followers of fashion gray is proving a favorite. Gray woollens fashioned into coats, suits and tailored street dresses make special appeal. The gray woollen dress here pictured is typical of the sort of costumes worn by the smart set. The stunning cape is lined with red woolen and is detachable, in that it buttons on to the sleeves.

Smart Sport Suits

Little tailored jackets with detail of pleats and fullness at the back in men's outing, flannel or gabardine worn with odd skirts will constitute smart sports suits this spring.

Wrist Ruffles

Wrist ruffles are haunting their graceful folds on some of the new and dressier blouses. They usually occur with jabots or ruffled collars.

NEW BLOUSES HAVE FEMININE ACCENTS

When considering blouses, remember they have gone feminine. Some of them are even made of chiffon. Soft lines, delicate colors, ruffles, all the typical feminine accents, make this season's styles.

For example, shirring is smart and new. Shirred collars, cuffs and pockets, shirred shoulders, even shirred sleeves, are among the most popular style notes. One of the smartest of these is shirred in black at the neckline, just as a peasant frock. But it doesn't stop there. Three rows of shirring are used to set the sleeves into the blouse.

Monograms to Be Popular

With Maids This Season

The ultra-smart maid and matrons will bear labels this season.

Handsome monograms in the new modernistic letters are available for handbags and vanity cases.

There are brooches in beautifully-wrought metal or wood or rhinestones for scarfs and the lapsels of tailored suits.

There are broad metal bracelets with an open side into which initials may be slipped, and a smart metal bob on the same principle. Even pull-on gloves are being lettered with small initials especially designed for gloves.

Cellulosic Tissue Fabrics

All Glitter Like Metal

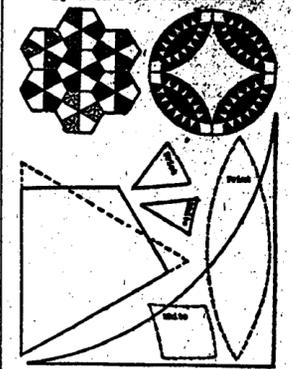
Wonders no end! The new "glass fabric" heralded earlier in the year has been duplicated in several cellulosic tissue fabrics for the style-right spring wardrobe.

The fabric is much like the tissue used in wrappings and has a mystifying effect when first seen. It is stiff as moire but very light in weight, it is durable, and glitters like metal cloth.

You'll find it in black, white and rainbow colors, and wear it in glamorous evening gowns, formal blouses and collar and cuff sets that lend a formal note to the street clothes for after noon.

CORRECT GUIDES TO QUILT MAKING

By GRANDMOTHER CLARE



The cutting diagrams for Colonial quilt No. 97B and Indian Wedding Ring No. 90B are offered to quilt makers who are particular to have the patches cut out right. These cutouts include the seam allowance. It is necessary to cut the patches out right if you want neat results. The Indian Wedding Ring has five different pieces to be cut out and the Colonial Garden only one. The triangle shown is sometimes used when the Colonial quilt is set together, leaving a running vine between units. The Indian Wedding Ring is identical with the Double Wedding Ring, only more patches are used to produce the effect.

Send 10 cents to our quilt department and we will mail both of these cutout sets postpaid.

Address—HOME CRAFT COMPANY, DEPARTMENT D, Ninth and St. Louis Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply when writing for any information.

Leave Them Alone

Don't argue with the narrow-minded. They can't expand.

NOW --

Is the Time for **WHITE Shoes.**

We have them in several styles for men.

White Sports for women.

Child's White Shoes.

Ladies' White \$2.00 Ties.

BUTTERFIELD'S STORE

Telephone 31-5 - Antrim, N. H.

BANK BY MAIL

HILLSBORO GUARANTY SAVINGS BANK

Incorporated 1889

HILLSBORO, NEW HAMPSHIRE

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

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

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

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent \$2.00 a Year

Contoocook Valley Telephone Company Announces Reduction in Rates for Hand Sets, and following changes,

EFFECTIVE JUNE 1, 1935.

Hand Set rate reduced from 25c. to 15c. per month in addition to the regular charges for service.

Change of type of equipment reduced from \$2.00 to \$1.50.

Reconnection charge where service has been temporarily discontinued for non-payment, reduced from \$2.00 to \$1.00.

Additional charge of 8c. for each desk set on rural lines abolished

NEW HAMPSHIRE POWER CO.,

HILLSBORO, N. H.

Bargains on 1934 Model

REFRIGERATORS

Kelvinators

4 NB Kelvinators for..... \$149.50

3 SB Kelvinators for..... 159.50

2 PB Kelvinators for..... 169.50

General Electric

2 F5 (1 year guarantee)..... \$149.50

Westinghouse

20 CL-63 (5 year guarantee)..... \$172.50

1 CL-55 (5 year guarantee)..... 159.50

The Antrim Reporter

Published Every Wednesday Afternoon

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Advertising Rates on Application

H. W. ELDRIDGE, PUBLISHER
H. P. & C. D. ELDRIDGE, Assistant

Wednesday, May 22, 1935

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

Long Distance Telephone

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

Cards of Thanks are inserted at 50c. each. Resolutions of ordinary length \$1.00.



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression"

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

What Has Happened and Will Take Place Within Our Borders

Properly fitted glasses for eyes that need them. The Babbitt Co. Thursday. Antrim Pharmacy. Adv. T

Miss Rosalind Gould, R.N., of Boston, is spending the week at her home on Maple avenue.

Mrs. Joseph Heritage has gone to St. Sebastian, Canada, for a season, where she resided for some time before removing to Antrim a few months since.

Wanted—Tea and Coffee Route Man for regular route through Antrim and Hillsborough County. Apply by letter immediately. N. H. Kennedy Coffee Co., Kokomo, Indiana. Adv.

"Wear a Poppy." This request is made of all on Poppy Day, Saturday, May 25. Boy Scouts will sell them. Every one should wear a Poppy; your contribution will aid a worthy cause.

Rev. J. W. Logan had as guests on Sunday morning last, members of Antrim Grange, at the Center Congregational church. His address was well prepared, nicely delivered, and very interesting.

Miss Frances Tibbals and Herman Hill played in the All State Orchestra, at Laconia, on Friday last. Others who attended were Mrs. Elizabeth Felker, Alan Swett and Miss Barbara Butterfield.

The restaurant, in Henniker, known as Central Lunch, successfully managed by Kenneth Hilton, of Antrim, for the past two years, has been sold to Perley Brady & Son, of Henniker, who have taken possession.

Spring of the year is surely here, for one day last week a band of gypsies was quite prominent upon our streets late in the afternoon. A polite invitation to "beat it" from Officer Nylander had the desired effect.

Malcolm R. Wilkins, safety director of the State Motor Vehicle Department, will give an address on "Safety of the Highway," at Antrim town hall, on Monday evening next, at 8. The talk will be illustrated; is free, and it is hoped for a large attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. Will E. Gibney, of Keene, were in Antrim on Monday, calling on relatives and friends. Mr. Gibney, as a member of Mt. Crochod Encampment, was here to take prominent part in conferring the R. P. degree on seven new members, at I. O. O. F. hall, that evening.

Elbert Hubbard: "A good trade is one in which both the buyer and seller are benefited." That is exactly what we are trying to do. We are sure that with our experience we have the ability, and we know that we have the best lenses and frames to give you comfort in seeing and satisfaction in the appearance of your glasses. In fact, we can benefit you if you will put your eye troubles up to us, and we will benefit by your patronage. In passing let us thank the people of this vicinity for the very liberal patronage we have had in the past three or four years. Our greatest concern is to merit your entire confidence in taking care of your eye troubles. The Babbitt Co., Optometrists, Antrim Pharmacy, Thursday mornings. Adv.

W. E. Butcher is repainting his store property in a lighter shade of green than it was before with darker green trimmings.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Blossom are to occupy rooms in the Duncan house, on Main street, now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Everett N. Davis.

The young son of Mr. and Mrs. George Defoe, of West street, received a fall from a beam in the barn; fortunately no bones were broken.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar H. Robb have returned home from their three weeks' visit with their son and daughter, in McKeesport, Penn., and Orange, N. J.

The Contoocook Valley Telephone Company announces a reduction in rates for hand sets, and also other changes, effective June 1. Read the adv. in this paper today.

Mrs. Amanda Bowman is spending a season with her sister, Mrs. Minnie Gokey, on Elm street. Mrs. Gokey recently entertained her niece, Mrs. Harry Gokey, of Bridgeport, Conn.

And if one had the least idea that the fishing season was not producing some pretty good trout, he should have seen the nice string caught by Tom Madden. He showed them to us, but carried them away again.

The New Hampshire Power Company, of Hillsboro, has a new adv. in this paper today announcing some bargain prices on 1934 model refrigerators. Readers may be interested in knowing about these reduced prices. Read the adv.

The result in the indoor baseball games, at North Weare, last Wednesday evening, between the Odd Fellows' teams of the two towns, was a victory for North Weare, they winning two games and Antrim one. A real good time was enjoyed.

The body of the late William White, who died some months since at his home in Concord, was brought here last week for interment in Maplewood cemetery. Mr. White was son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey White, for many years' residents of Antrim Center.

In the A. H. S. Senior class, it has been announced that Miss Betty Felker will be valedictorian, and Allen Swett will give the salutatory. Graduation will be on Wednesday, June 19. Very unusual to have the closing exercises of the High school in the middle of the week; we don't recall when this happened before.

The body of Mrs. Annie Estelle Austin was brought here a week ago for interment in Maplewood cemetery; she died in a Concord hospital, after a long illness. Mrs. Austin was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Hill, and was born in Antrim in September, 1866. A sister, Mrs. Grace M. Young, of this town, survives.

The Reporter is anxious to procure copies of Antrim Town Report for the years 1877 and 1887. We have almost a complete set from 1851, and would very much like to secure these copies; when they are received by us we will be able to have them all bound together in book form. Anyone who has these years and would be willing to dispose of them will please inform us.

The American Employer of Today Hard Pressed by the Government

The American employer faces a serious dilemma today. He stands with them when requested to do so, competition and inevitable bankruptcy on the one hand, and the Charybdis of complete governmental control and dictation on the other.

If he is unable to operate at a profit, such agencies as the research and planning division of NRA classify him as inefficient. If he managed to squeeze out a profit and stay in business, the Consumers' Advisory Board treats him as a suspicious character.

If he carries on a business beyond one state's borders, he is threatened with a 30-hour week and various other union labor devices for employing Federal power. If he organized so as to stay out of interstate commerce, he is suspected of "evading" the law.

If he joins with his competitors to better conditions in the industry, the Federal Trade Commission brands him as a conspirator. If he plays a lone hand, NRA says he is a recalcitrant.

If he charges prices in keeping with the rest of the industry, he is in collusion; if he doesn't, he is a chiseler.

If he sits down with his own workers to talk over their mutual problems, he is hailed before a labor board and charged with "in-

terference" in the form of their organization. If he doesn't sit down with them when requested to do so, the labor board will charge him with "refusing or failing" to bargain collectively as required by Section 7(a).

If he pays them for time lost in conferring with him he is charged with "dominating" them. If he deducts from their pay to cover time they spend in organization activities, he is charged with "discouraging" organization.

If he enters a contract with his own employees which closes the shop to union men he is charged with violating Section 7(a). But if he enters into a closed shop contract with the union, agreeing to employ only union men, that's "collective bargaining" as interpreted by the labor boards. If, on the other hand, he refuses to enter into a contract at all, then he is charged with "negotiating in bad faith" and not making "every reasonable effort" to reach a bargain.

If he meets all the vicissitudes of modern business regulation and makes money, most of it is taken from him confiscatory and overlapping taxation. What isn't taken by taxation is devalued first and the balance is plowed under by political share-croppers.

Verily, he is the Forgotten Man who puts up the money and takes the choice — of evils.

FRANCESTOWN

Mrs. Ida Lowe, of Bennington, was in town over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanton Slack, of Keene, were at E. H. Nutting's one day recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Miller, of Keene, were at Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Miller's Sunday.

Miss Lucy Holt, of Newton, Mass., spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Holt.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Pettee and daughter of Belmont, Mass., were at Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pettee's recently.

Miss June Clark spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Clark. She is attending Keene Normal school.

Misses Nellie and Nina Nutting, of Peterborough, spent the week-end with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Nutting.

Mrs. E. H. Patch has returned to her home, after spending a few days with her son and family, Mr. and Mrs. Hervey Patch and family, of Henniker.

West Street Garage is now under new management and will be known as **Greene's Garage**. Al. Zabriskie will remain as a mechanic. We solicit your patronage and guarantee our work. Gas, Oil and Greasing. C. E. Greene, Prop.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss.
Court of Probate

To the creditors and heirs at law of the estate of Willard Manning, late of Antrim, in said County, deceased, decreed to be administered as insolvent, and to all others interested therein:

You are hereby notified, that the report of the commissioner of insolvency on said estate will be offered for acceptance at a Court of Probate to be holden at Manchester in said County, on the 18th day of June next, when and where you may appear and show cause, if any you have, against the acceptance of said report.

It is ordered, that Ralph G. Smith, administrator on said estate, give notice, by causing this citation 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 14th day of May A. D. 1935.

By order of the Court,
WILFRED J. BOISCLAIR,
Register.

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.

The Shipment of SHINGLES

Has Arrived

PRICE RIGHT

GUY A. HULETT

Antrim, N. H.

List of Depositors, in the Keene Savings Bank, of Keene, New Hampshire,

Who have not made a deposit or withdrawn any money upon their accounts for twenty years next prior to April 1, 1935, who are not known to the treasurer to be living, or if dead, whose executors or administrators are not known to him:

Name	Last known residence or P.O. address	Amount due depositor
Hazel R. Upton	Antrim, N. H.	\$7.20

PERMANENTS

NESTOIL \$7.00 SPECIAL \$5.00

ADMIRACION DELUXE

SCALP TREATMENTS SHAMPOOS

"OUR BEAUTY SHOPPE"

Cor. West St. and Jameson Ave., Tel. 66, Antrim, N. H.

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

Bumped into Phil Morris, president of the Nashua Fish and Game club the other day and did Phil have the smile that won't wash off. The reason of that smile was the fact that his club cleaned up several hundred big iron men over a two nights' stand at a play put on at a local theater. That will give that club a big boost on their new club house to be built at the Blanchard reservation. The boys have been having a wonderful time the past week taking the big ones out on a fly at their pool.

With all the warning and the newspaper publicity you would think that more people would know the forest fire laws. Every day we run across some party out with the family for the day and brought along their raw meat to cook over an open fire. Along comes the hard boiled Game Warden or the local Forest Fire Warden and just spoils a perfect day for the whole family. Some of the wise ones bring along a cute little gas range and they are all set.

The shooting of that 13-year-old boy while hunting crows up in central New Hampshire a few days ago is a calamity, with another 13-year-old boy they were

out with guns. The law is very strict as to boys under 16 hunting without parents or guardians. Down this way we take the guns away from such boys and take both boys and guns home to their parents. A warning usually does the trick. A second offense and the parents are brought into court. Heavy fine!

That fish and game club with the long name over in Brookline are to have a rearing pool and raise their own trout. They have a wonderful location for a pool. That club goes under the name of "Muscatanapus." Try that one on your plan.

Have had many calls the past week to go to towns outside of my district to take care of stray dogs and to put old ones out of the way. Just get in touch with your local dog officer. Every town is obliged to appoint one on May 1st and have him take care of the dogs.

We wish to call to the attention of the Dog Officers in some of my towns that a few dogs are running around without collars or tags. Very few hound dogs are running at large just now. Dog taxes were due May 1st and every dog three months or over is subject to the tax.

Peterborough Lumber Co.

LUMBER AND MASON SUPPLIES.
COMPLETE LINE OF BUILDERS' HARDWARE.
QUALITY AND SERVICE THE OUTSTANDING FEATURE.

In Peterborough on Depot square, telephone Peterborough 358 offer every item that goes into the construction of a home or building. They organized this firm with the idea of serving the entire community and the success that they have attained is ample proof as to the wisdom of their business policies.

The pride of every community—particularly of this community—is its beautiful homes. Outsiders judge a community by its homes more quickly than anything else. A man wants to have a home which exactly suits him or his family. There is only one way to have such a home—build it. No home built to suit the wishes of another will exactly suit you.

If you are considering building a home, you can do nothing better than to consult the well-posted members of this company. They not only can tell you what is the

best kind of lumber to use throughout the home you are planning to build, but you can refer you to the most reliable contracting firm who will take care of the actual building of your home in a most efficient manner at a most reasonable cost.

The people of this territory for many miles around are offered at very reasonable rates high-class lumber and building materials of every description as well as builders' hardware of the very best grade.

Too much cannot be said for the owners of this firm as men who know their business and who hold a high place in the minds of progressive citizens in the community and it is with pleasure that we recommend them to any one who may be in need of anything in these lines.

Langdell Lumber Co.

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF ALL KINDS.

Located on Nashua Street in Milford, is a lumber concern with an enviable record of years in business in this line and is a concern which has built a reputation as one of the leaders in the lumber business.

On account of their experience and keen knowledge of the lumber markets, they buy logs, paying the highest market prices for them, saw them into lumber and offer the local public astounding values in lumber and building supplies of every description.

The people of this territory for many miles around are offered high class lumber and building materials of every description and of the very best grade. The contractors and builders, the farmers and

the people generally have come to know that they can depend on this well known firm for just about everything that there is in the lumber and building material business. The reputation they have established for straightforward dealings is bringing many dollars to town that would go to some other trade center were this establishment not located here.

It may be truly said that this establishment is a valued asset to the community and in this edition, which calls to mind our onward progress we wish to direct your special attention to their commendable activity as one of the distinct features of our business and industrial efficiency.

Merrimack Farmers' Exchange

INCORPORATED

MERRIMACK RATIONS, FEED, FERTILIZER, FARM MACHINERY, DEVCO LEAD & ZINC PAINTS, ROOFING PAINT, PENNSYLVANIA TIRES, JAMESWAY POULTRY & BARN EQUIPMENT, DE LAVAL SERVICE, BRECK'S SEEDS. ON HAND NOW A CARLOAD OF SEED POTATOES, PRICES, GREEN MOUNTAIN, \$1.45 PER HUNDRED, IRISH COBLERS, \$1.60 PER HUNDRED.

Located at the Freight Depot in Peterborough is one of the State's most dependable Feed Houses, one which has made every effort to furnish those products best adapted to our particular sections and conditions.

Until recent years man tilled his crops more or less assiduously, according to his individual ambitions, but allowed his live stock to get along as best it could with the feeds afforded by nature of those most easily raised by man. As a consequence poultry and all kinds of stock were subjected to many diseases and all of them showed the effects of undernourishment at their critical growing time.

Young chicks need some other stimulus that will tide them over the dangerous time they must all go through.

Dairy herds should be given the proper feed to produce the greatest amount of butter fat if the herd is expected to make a profit, just as horses need a balanced diet to render the maximum service without injury to their constitution.

As a home institution we should be proud of their achievements. Their success depends on their putting out the most dependable products, and in doing this they are adding immeasurably to the value of the farms of our great state.

Edgar A. Bishop & Co.

GENERAL INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE.

THE KENDALL HALL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS WAS BROUGHT INTO THIS REGION THROUGH THE EFFORTS OF THIS OFFICE
44 MAIN ST., PETERBOROUGH, N. H., PHONE 2

The career of Edgar A. Bishop & Co., has well merited success. They have had a wealth of experience in the real estate and insurance business and their knowledge of values, past or present or future, is indeed remarkable. We say future because their natural deductions based on past and present values, give them an accurate knowledge of the future trends. In this manner their prophecies have enabled their clients to make money by following their advice.

They conduct all the various branches of this field of endeavor including rentals and sales, as well as insurance brokerage and in this

work, the companies they represent are all old line concerns that are dependable at all times to pay their claims promptly. Edgar A. Bishop & Company is also a concern that is never too busy with their own affairs to give every attention to local civic affairs, which is much to their credit. Edgar A. Bishop & Company's listings include residences, apartments and commercial structures, and in every branch they give that satisfying service that comes only after many years of experience. Edgar A. Bishop & Co., are indeed leading business men and citizens worthwhile. Their offices are at 44 Main Street in Peterborough.

J. A. Fleming & Son

CHEVROLET AND BUICK SALES AND SERVICE. TRIPLE X TYDOL GASOLINE. GOODYEAR & HOOD TIRES. ACCESSORIES OF ALL KINDS. USED CARS AT ALL PRICES.

Conveniently located on Main Street in Hillsboro, have a car to suit the price of every purchaser and willingly give demonstrations. Also have attractive purchase plans through which it is possible to purchase a car and pay for it as you enjoy it.

These cars will give many thousands of miles of service and in many cases will out live and out last many of the new cars that are selling at a similar price.

You do not need to have all cash as this firm is ready to take care of the account through the G. M. A. C. plan and you can be using the car while you are making payments. This is a great accommodation to the public and the excellent policy has met with great favor. If you want an auto go over

and get a demonstration. They have very many satisfied customers in the surrounding country who have learned real motor car economy through their service. They are pleased to give you any and all information about the cars they offer and they are men who know what they are talking about and men upon whose word you can depend!

A feature of this establishment that makes this a safe place to buy an used car is the fact that every car has been put in first class shape and you can rest assured that it will be in the very best condition.

We take pleasure in this series of articles in directing your attention to J. A. Fleming & Son, on Main Street in Hillsboro.

E. C. Rumrill

CARPENTER AND BUILDER.
ALL KINDS OF BUILDING MATERIAL.

With headquarters on Main Street, in Hillsboro, is one of the prominent and well known contractors of this part of the country. With a reputation for the kind of building work that is built to last, consequently his services are in great demand, for he is a man who knows the building business thoroughly and employs only expert workmen.

He has won a warm place in the heart of the public through the excellent work he has executed in every branch of the contracting and building business. The public has come to understand that when a contract for this class of work goes to this man it is executed according to specifications and a satisfactory job is certain.

Mr. E. C. Rumrill will be pleased

to show you whether you desire to contract just at this time or not. It is a pleasure for us to point to this contractor as one of the leading men of this section and to say that he has always been eminently fair and honest as well as progressive and up-to-date, and that he has won for himself the reputation of having the leading concern engaged in this special field of endeavor, and to point out the advantages of transacting business with him.

When you let your contract to this man you may be assured you will not only get good work, but quality materials, for the business is operated by a contractor who knows it thoroughly and insists that the best is none too good for his customers.

A. A. Yeaton

PHILGAS DISTRIBUTOR.

THE BOTTLED GAS FOR THE HOMES BEYOND THE GAS MAINS. REDUCED PRICE FROM \$36.50 TO \$9.75, THE LOWEST PRICE ON RECORD. PHILGAS IS THE ONLY 100% PURE GAS ON THE MARKET.

Located on Main street in Hillsboro, telephone Hillsboro 135-2. The gas which is taken from the natural gas wells of the earth is put through a process of refining, liquifying, bottled under low pressure and placed in drums for use. For home use the company installs an ordinary gas stove with special burners. Two of the drums are supplied each user, and when one is empty, the other is used until the service man of the company gets the empty drum and delivers a filled one in its place. A large supply of these filled ones are kept on hand by A. A. Yeaton at all times. Bottled gas serves all the purposes of piped gas, and is rapidly finding its way into many of the large industrial plants in this section of the state.

A. A. Yeaton is specially prepared in this important business and will advise you in any feature pertaining to the modernization of the home from a gas standpoint. The next time you are in town drop into his office. He will cheerfully explain the features of this modern improvement for the home to your complete satisfaction. Write or telephone for a descriptive circular for information about the economical, clean and convenient fuel, which is the greatest boom ever given to the country home.

We wish to compliment A. A. Yeaton upon the important position he occupies in the every day life of this community, and refer his service to the readers without hesitation.

The Hat Shop

LADIES' & MISSES' DRESSES, HATS & SPECIALTIES

Located in the Valley Hotel, on Main Street in Hillsboro is a most dependable store featuring ladies' and misses' ready-to-wear, rendering personal and distinctive service to each individual patron; specializes not only in superior quality at reasonable prices, but also in courteous service. So wide is the selection that one may suit their personality and still follow the latest modes. One of the most popular houses within many miles for better wearing apparel at popular prices.

With the approach of each season the thoughts of the modern person naturally turns to clothes for the new season, in this vicinity that means they take a new interest in the activities of this popular store which is under the able direction of people thoroughly familiar with every detail of the business, for this establishment is the mecca for people from every walk of life who give more than casual attention to their personal appearance.

Every department in this establishment offers not only the highest quality but the most reasonable prices possible. Therefore it is not strange that their windows are the center of interest for many and it is a pleasure for us to direct your attention to this store as one of the important features of the community's commercial efficiency. It is truly a modern and popular establishment.

Square Market

FEATURING A FULL LINE OF MONARCH BRAND PRODUCTS. HEAVY WESTERN BEEF AND ALL KINDS OF OTHER MEATS. ALL KINDS OF SEA FOOD.

Located on Central Square in Hillsboro, telephone Hillsboro 147 is headquarters for people from all surrounding territory for meats of all kinds, chickens, etc., have the latest refrigerating system and the place is kept in the most sanitary manner. "Their meats are better." "Quality, courtesy and service" are the watchwords of the establishment.

No matter what you may desire, you will find it here. Whether you go in person or call over the telephone, you will receive courteous service.

They will gladly at this store make tasty suggestions for you so that your menu will be changed each day and thus your booking will receive that well-merited praise that is due the intelligent house wife.

In writing up this series of articles and noting the spirit of the times we see that the management of this market is in strict accord with the trend of the day and we wish to compliment them upon the commanding position occupied in the business world and to suggest to our readers that they will find a visit to this store met with success and that your meat problems will be solved to your advantage if you will patronize them.

Antrim Locals

The shipment of shingles for Guy A. Hulet have arrived. Read adv. on fourth page of this paper.

Mrs. A. R. Campbell, Miss Rachel and John Campbell, of Bronxville, N. Y., and Boston, Mass., have been at the Waumbek and their cottage, "The Ledge," at Gregg Lake, the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy O. Hollis gave their seven year-old daughter, Miss Natalie, a birthday party on Tuesday of this week. A number of her young friends were present to enjoy a very pleasing occasion.

Miss Nellie MacNeill and friend, Miss Jackson, of Providence, R. I., were at the former's cottage, at Gregg Lake, over the week end. This will be Miss MacNeill's fifth season in Antrim.

Administrator's Notice

The Subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator de bonis non of the Estate of Addie M. Hutchinson, late of Antrim, in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.

All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.

Notice is hereby given that Ralph G. Smith, of Hillsborough, in said County of Hillsborough, has been appointed resident agent to whom all claims against said Estate may be presented.

Dated May 3, 1935.

ARTHUR S. NESMITH.

Administrator's Notice

The Subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator de bonis non of the Estate of John S. Nesmith, late of Antrim, in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.

All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.

Notice is hereby given that Ralph G. Smith, of Hillsborough, in said County of Hillsborough, has been appointed resident agent to whom all claims against said Estate may be presented.

Dated May 3, 1935.

ARTHUR S. NESMITH.

Gala Opening!

Massachusetts
Dance Casino

Saturday, May 25

also

Dancing All Night

Wednesday, May 29

and

Every Saturday Nite Until
Further Notice

The Annual Institute

Of the Hillsboro County W.C.T.U. will be held on Thursday, May 23, in Woodbury Memorial M. E. church, at 10.30 a.m., E.S.T. All persons interested in the work in any way are cordially urged to attend the services both morning and afternoon.

At 1.30 o'clock, the afternoon session will be called to order. The day's program will close with a candle light service; members attending are asked to bring a candle, to take part in this service.

There will be a lunch in the church dining room, at 12.30, served by the ladies of the local Union, at 35 cents each.

Hillsboro Dry Goods Co.

"THE SMART SHOPPE"

FOR THE PROM—THEY ARE PRESENTING ORGANDIE, TAFFETA AND NET IN THE LATEST MODELS, REASONABLY PRICED

On the Square in Hillsboro, features a full line of ladies' ready-to-wear garments and millinery.

Keeps right abreast of the times and offers the ladies of the surrounding territory very modish merchandise at prices that are most reasonable.

The choosing of ladies' ready-to-wear has much to do with her personal appearance. It is a well known fact that when a lady enters a place where the people in charge understand what manner of dress will fit her own style of beauty she is sure to go out well gownned. This is one feature of this establishment which has won for it the reputation of being a good store which comprehends the personal note in the selection of dresses. It has long been known that it offers all the latest styles of the current and passing seasons.

The millinery department is under most competent direction and has a reputation of offering choice millinery and the many smart hats that have been turned out from this efficient establishment have been the subject of much favorable comment among the ladies of the community.

We are pleased in this edition to give favorable mention to the Hillsboro Dry Goods Company which is gaining in custom with each season.

First National Bank of Peterboro', N. H.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

COMMERCIAL BANKING, TRUST DEPARTMENT, SAFE DEPOSIT DEPARTMENT, TRAVELERS' CHEQUES.

Serving all the surrounding territory from their well equipped headquarters at 21 Grove Street in Peterborough has come into prominence by reason of their perfectly complete and reliable service. Under direction of well-known executives who have guided this well-known bank to substantial progress evidenced by the large business it enjoys and its enviable reputation for safety to depositors.

This is one of the absolutely essential institutions which makes possible the expansion and growth not only of the community at large but of the individual business and enterprises.

This bank of course conducts a general banking business. Its service and advice is sought by the largest corporations as well as by the individual, and in every instance the same courteous treatment is extended.

A noteworthy feature of this bank is its safe deposit department. Those desiring this service may secure the use of a strong box at a very reasonable rental.

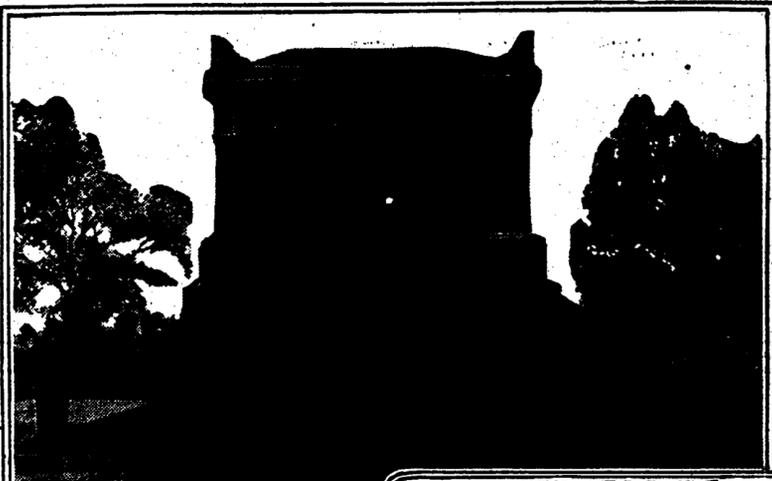
The trust department is a most accommodating feature of the First National Bank of Peterborough and performs all of the numerous duties incumbent upon the

comprehensive service of this department.

The individual cannot render the same safe and satisfactory services of this character as can the trust company, organized and equipped for the purpose, because in such work it is responsible, expert, tireless and deathless. It is never impatient or away, it is always impartial and unprejudiced.

In writing up these articles on the progress of Peterborough, we wish to compliment the officers and directors and to direct the attention of all our readers to this strong financial depository.

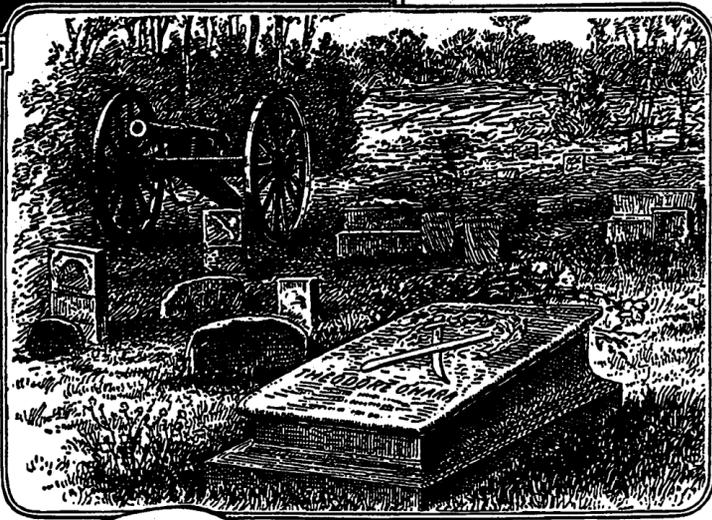
"The Blue and the Gray" in Their "Bivouac of the Dead"



Monument to the Unknown Civil War Dead in Arlington Cemetery



Theodore O'Hara



O'Hara's Tomb



Francis Miles Finch

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON
 THIS is the story of two men—a Southerner and a Northerner. It is also the story of the two poems they wrote. It is a tale that can well be told as May 30 approaches. For that date is Memorial day.

On February 11, 1820, a son was born to Kane O'Hara, an Irish political refugee, who was living in Danville in the Bluegrass region of Kentucky. The boy was named Theodore O'Hara and when the war with Mexico began he was a captain in the United States army. By the time the war had ended, he came back to the Bluegrass as a major. There were other Kentuckians who came back also—to rest in the soil of their native state. When they were buried at Frankfort, Major O'Hara, standing on a grassy hillside in the midst of a great crowd, recited a poem which he had written in tribute to his fallen comrades. It was:

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD
 The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
 The soldier's last tattoo;
 No more on life's parade shall meet
 That brave and fallen few.
 On Fame's eternal camping-ground
 Their silent tents are spread,
 And Glory guards, with solemn round,
 The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
 Now swells upon the wind;
 No troubled thought at midnight haunts
 Of loved ones left behind;
 No vision of the morrow's strife
 The warrior's dream alarms;
 No braying horn nor screaming file
 At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
 Their plumed heads are bowed;
 Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
 Is now their martial shroud.
 And piteous funeral tears have washed
 The red stains from each brow,
 And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
 Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
 The bugle's stirring blast,
 The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
 The din and shout are past;
 Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
 Shall thrill with fierce delight
 Those breasts that nevermore may feel
 The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
 That sweeps his great plateau,
 Flushed with the triumph yet to gain
 Came down the serried foe,
 Who heard the thunder of the fray
 Break o'er the field beneath,
 Knew well the watchword of that day
 Was "Victory or Death."

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
 O'er all that stricken plain,
 For never fiercer fight had waged
 The vengeful blood of Spain;
 And still the storm of battle blew,
 Still swelled the gory tide,
 Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,
 Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command
 Called to a martyr's grave
 The flower of his beloved land,
 The nation's flag to save.
 By rivers of their fathers' gore
 His first-born laurels grew,
 And well he deemed the sons would pour
 Their lives for glory too.

Full many a northern's breath has swept
 O'er Angostura's plain—
 And long the pitying sky has wept
 Above the moldering slain.
 The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
 Or shepherd's pensive lay,
 Alone awakes each sullen height
 That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
 Ye must not slumber there,
 Where stranger steps and tongues resound
 Along the heedless air.
 Your own proud land's heroic soil
 Shall be your fitter grave;
 She claims from War his richest spoil—
 The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
 Far from the gory field,
 Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
 On many a bloody shield;
 The sunshine of their native sky
 Smiles sadly on them bare,

And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
 The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
 Dear as the blood ye gave,
 No impious footstep here shall tread
 The herbage of your grave;
 Nor shall your glory be forgot
 While Fame her record keeps,
 Or Honor points the hallowed spot
 Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
 In deathless song shall tell
 When many a vanquished age hath flown,
 The story how ye fell.
 Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
 Nor time's remorseless doom,
 Shall dim one ray of glory's light
 That glids your deathless tomb.

When in the spring of 1861 the drums began beating the long roll again, O'Hara cast his lot with the South. He served until the end of the war, engaged in business at Columbus, Ga., then retired to a plantation in Alabama where he died June 7, 1867. In 1873 the Kentucky legislature voted an appropriation to bring the body of her soldier-poet back to the Bluegrass. The next year they buried him with military honors in Commonwealth cemetery in Frankfort. He rests there beside his fellow soldiers for whom he wrote the poem that has become world-famous and which has been called "the perfect requiem of four wars"—Theodore O'Hara's "The Bivouac of the Dead."

"Perfect requiem of four wars" though O'Hara's poem was, it remained for another to become more particularly associated with the Memorial day observance which grew out of the conflict of 1861-65.

In 1866, the women of Columbus, Ga., decorated the graves of their war dead and the following January the members of the Ladies' Aid society there decided to perpetuate the custom. They picked upon April 26, 1893, as the date for their Memorial day celebration.

So they held their memorial services in the cemetery on that date and decorated not only the graves of the Confederate war dead, but also those of some Union soldiers buried there.

The next spring there appeared in a New York newspaper a brief paragraph which stated that "the women of Columbus, Miss., have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of the dead. They strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the National soldiers."

At that time a young man named Francis Miles Finch was practicing law in Ithaca, N. Y. Born in 1827, he had been graduated from Yale

in 1849 and, as class poet, had delivered a memorable poem at the commencement exercises. When he read the newspaper item about the action of the women in Columbus, Miss. Francis Miles Finch, the poet, again, and in 1867 there appeared in the Atlantic Monthly this poem:

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY
 By the flow of the inland river,
 Whence the fleets of iron have fed,
 Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
 Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment-day;
 Under the one, the Blue,
 Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
 Those in the gloom of defeat,
 All with the battle-blood gory,
 In the dusk of eternity meet;
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment-day;
 Under the laurel, the Blue,
 Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
 The desolate mourners go,
 Lovingly laden with flowers
 Alike for the friend and the foe;
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment-day;
 Under the roses, the Blue,
 Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor,
 The morning sun-rays fall,
 With a touch impartially tender,
 On the blossoms blooming for all;
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment-day;
 Broided with gold, the Blue,
 Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
 On forest and field of grain,
 With an equal murmur falleth
 The cooling drip of the rain;
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment-day;
 Wet with the rain, the Blue,
 Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
 The generous deed was done,
 In the storm of the years that are fading
 No braver battle was won:
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment-day;
 Under the blossoms, the Blue,
 Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
 Or the winding rivers be red;
 They banish our anger forever
 When they laurel the graves of our dead:
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment-day;
 Love and tears for the Blue,
 Tears and love for the Gray.

This poem became instantly popular. It was reprinted in hundreds of newspapers throughout the land. It was set to music and sung as a patriotic hymn. A famous anthology of American poetry calls it "a national classic."

In later years Finch became a justice of the New York Court of Appeals, helped organize Cornell university, was a member of its first board of trustees, became dean of its law school in 1892 and held other positions of honor and trust until his death in 1907. But America does not remember the famous jurist and educator nearly so well as it remembers the man whose poetic message of reconciliation helped reunite a nation and heal the wounds of a great war.

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TREMENDOUS TRIFLES

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON.

HISTORIC HEAT WAVE

JUNE, 1920. In the city of Chicago for six days the temperature had been above 90 degrees. Delegates to the Republican national convention had sweated through those six days with nerves worn to a frazzle. There was a deadlock between the two leading candidates, Gov. Frank O. Lowden and Gen. Leonard Wood.

Then the "Senatorial Group," which had engineered the deadlock, got busy and offered for a compromise candidate, Senator Warren G. Harding of Ohio. The hot, weary convention was ready to take anybody, so enough votes were switched to Harding to insure his nomination.

Next a candidate for Vice President had to be chosen. The "Senatorial Group" had planned to give this honor to Senator Irvine L. Lenroot of Wisconsin—thus making it an all-senatorial ticket. But there was an unlooked-for interruption to their steamroller plan. Medill McCormick of Illinois was making the speech for Lenroot when, from the floor of the convention hall, Wallace McCamant, a delegate from Oregon, leaped to his feet.

He called out, "We want Coolidge! We want Coolidge!" Others took up the cry. When McCormick finished his speech and turned to leave the platform, McCamant shouted, "I nominate Gov. Calvin Coolidge of Massachusetts for Vice President."

The stampede was under way. The perspiring delegates, disgusted with the "Senatorial Group" for the deadlock which had kept them sweating for nearly a week in expensive hotels, saw a chance to retaliate. The engineers of the steam roller could not crush the uprising and Coolidge was nominated.

When Harding died in 1923, Coolidge became President. And the man who was sent to the White House by a heat-wave was re-elected with help of a slogan, "Keep Cool with Coolidge!"

POCKETFUL OF DESTINY

IT WAS the night of December 25, 1776. In the home of the Tory, Mr. Hunt, in Trenton, N. J., Col. Johann Gottlieb Rall and his Hessian officers were celebrating Christmas with much song, and good cheer, the latter poured from tall bottles. A Tory named Wall knocked on the door. On the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware river he had seen Gen. George Washington's "rebel army" launching boats in the ice-choked stream.

Denied admittance by Rall's negro slave, the Tory hastily scribbled a note of warning. The bleary-eyed colonel glanced at the scrap of paper and saw it was written in English. He would ask Mr. Hunt to read it to him later. So he stuffed it into his waistcoat pocket. When he stumbled away at dawn, the forgotten message was still unread.

Three hours later Washington and his Continentals stormed into Trenton. The sleepy, liquor-befuddled Rall tried to rally his Hessians to stem the onslaught. But it was in vain. He went down with two bullets in his body. They carried him into a church and laid him on a bench to die.

Out of his pocket fell a scrap of paper. As he listened to what was written on it, he groaned "If I had read that at Mr. Hunt's, I'd not be here . . ." Johann Gottlieb Rall bled the destiny of a nation in his pocket and didn't know it. For Washington's victory at Trenton revived the waning hopes of the Patriots and helped them carry on to final success.

DESERTER'S KNAPSACK

IT WAS just a ragged deserter's knapsack . . . full of rations.

A Union army, commanded by Gen. U. S. Grant, was on the way to attack Fort Donelson, Tenn. They were weary when the command came to halt. The staff officers surrounded their commander-in-chief and talked over the advisability of continuing the march. They all agreed that their men would be more eager for the coming fight if they stopped the march and took 24 hours rest.

The general listened to their comments and then called his aide. "Bring me that deserter who came in early today," he ordered. Then he turned to his astonished officers. "We will see what we can find out before we give any final orders."

The deserter was brought in and Grant took away his knapsack, rummaging around in its contents while he questioned the owner. "Where are you from?" he asked. "Fort Donelson," replied the deserter. "When were these rations issued?" snapped the general. "Yesterday morning—we all got the same," answered the worried target of the general's barrage.

Grant looked triumphantly at his staff. "Gentlemen," he said, "six days' rations are not issued to men in a row if they intend to stay there and fight. This means a retreat is planned. We will attack at once!"

They did, with the subsequent result that Fort Donelson, a key point in the Confederate line of defense in the West, fell into Union hands.

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SMILES

THE PERFECT HUBBY

Brown—Do you know, dear, I was reading the other day that an ostrich can see very little, and can digest anything.

Mrs. Smith—What an ideal husband!—Boston Evening Transcript

His Occupation

A group of men were watching a workman with a "starlight" burning a hole in an iron pipe. Two youngsters came along and also gazed curiously.

"What's he doing?" asked one. "Letting off daylight fireworks?" "Don't be foolish," said the other boy. "Can't you see what he's doing? He's practicing to be a burglar."

Away Out of Date

Modern Maiden—What should I do to get cigarette stains off my fingers? Old-fashioned Doctor—Try washing the dishes three or four times a day.

Wives

Man—I suppose that you and your wife share everything.

Friend—Not everything. She insists that I have all the faults.—Chelsea Record.



Blood and Thunder

By R. H. WILKINSON

ISAH FLEMISH was past fifty. He was fat and bald and prosperous.

He was accepted in the better circles, was, in fact, regarded as somewhat of a social lion.

He attended operas and musicales. Occasionally he took in a stage hit or went to the movies.

In short, Isaih Flemish was not unlike forty or fifty million other Americans who are past fifty, bald and prosperous.

And, like all of the other forty or fifty million, Isaih had a weakness. It lay in the realms of literature.

That is, if blood and thunder stories can be called literature.

Isaih doted on stories of real he-men, men who carried six-shooters and handled them with uncanny skill; men who thought nothing of running a knife between the ribs of other men, men who lived by the law of might and cunning.

It is said that all great men mix blood and thunder reading with the classics.

Not that Isaih was great.

He was like great men only from a literary standpoint. And probably like the rest, Isaih's weakness was frowned upon by a socially ambitious spouse.

There was no use explaining to her that blood and thunder, to Isaih, was meat and drink to a soul that had been deprived of adventure.

As far as Mrs. Flemish was concerned, it was all a silly and uncalled for business.

Hence Isaih was forced to do his reading in private, and was forbidden to mention the extent of his literary achievements in public.

It would, Mrs. Flemish stated, ruin them socially.

He was told—and he believed it, too, that blood and thunder stories were for morons and nit-wits.

No one, he was given to understand, with an ounce of intelligence, would waste time and money buying and reading blood and thunder magazines.

As a result of this Isaih, through fear of being ridiculed, never mentioned his weakness to any of his compatriots.

His opinions and ideas regarding the great open spaces and the men who rode the range, were confined to his thoughts and secret dreams.

This, of course, was before Isaih met Buck Willard.

He was returning one day from a business trip to New York and chanced to glance over the shoulder of the man occupying the seat in front of him.

His heart leaped.

The man was perusing the contents of Isaih's favorite blood and thunder periodical.

Moreover, the particular story then being perused was written by none other than the great Buck Willard, foremost of all blood and thunder writers.

Isaih stood up and with apologies seated himself beside the stranger.

Here, he thought, was a kindred spirit, an understanding soul.

One who would listen to and appreciate the prattle that he had for years longed to pour into the ears of one who would know what he was talking about.

"I noticed," said Isaih by way of an opening, "that you are reading a story by Buck Willard. A great writer, Willard. I enjoy his stuff immensely."

"Glad to hear it," said the stranger, smiling in friendly fashion.

"I'm one of his most ardent admirers. In fact, my name is Willard, Buck Willard. I wrote this story."

Isaih's jaw sagged. He gulped. Reddened.

"You—you don't mean it! You're not Buck Willard, really?"

"None other. And no one enjoys reading my stuff better than myself. Great. I call it."

"Say!" Isaih's eyes filled with admiration. "By George, this is a pleasure. By George! You don't know how I've followed your stories. This is an honor! Can't imagine anything I've wanted more than to meet a real heman writer like yourself. You're good!"

Mr. Willard beamed.

"Sure, I'm good. Hope to be better some day."

"Look here, Mr. Willard," said Isaih earnestly, "mind telling me how you get material for stories? It must be interesting work."

"It isn't," said Mr. Willard. "It's drudgery. Forever plowing through encyclopedias and reading western novels and going to movies. It's western, I'll tell a man."

Isaih was a little nonplussed.

He couldn't quite conceive how a writer of blood-and-thunder stories could call his work drudgery.

Isaih changed the subject. "What part of the West do you come from, Mr. Willard? Arizona, I suppose? Most of your stories are laid down there. Must be a great country?"

"Don't come from the West," Mr. Willard said briefly. "Never been outside of New York state in my life. Don't want to. Like it here. Wouldn't live in the West if I was paid for it."

"But—but—you must know a lot of westerners—two-gun men?"

"Don't know any. Don't believe there are any. Far as I can make out cowboys are a dirty, ignorant lot of nincompoops who can't find anything better to do."

Mr. Willard picked up his magazine and went on reading.

Isaih hesitated.

He was bitterly disappointed, sick to his stomach, disillusioned.

He hesitated a minute, made as if to speak, changed his mind and stood up. He returned to his seat, and his glance fell on a copy of the latest issue of Western Thrills, his favorite magazine.

He had anticipated an enjoyable journey home, with two-gun artists as his dream companions.

Sight of the magazine angered him. He picked it up, flung it on the floor and slumped into his seat.

After all, he thought a man is foolish to read that sort of stuff.

Hereafter, he'd devote his time to better literature.

Read the classics, try to improve himself so that he could talk intelligently when Shakespeare or Trollope or Dickens was being discussed by his literary friends.

Isaih did not again see Buck Willard. The writer left his seat shortly after Isaih had returned to his own compartment, and disappeared.

At Bridgeport, Buck Willard alighted, even though his ticket read to Boston.

"Easier than I thought," he told himself as he hurried into the telegraph office. "Old lady ought to be satisfied."

He grabbed a blank and scribbled off the following message: "Mrs. Letty Flemish, Boston, Mass. Plan worked fine. Your husband fell for gag. Is thoroughly disgusted with Buck Willard and all blood-and-thunder stories. Will expect check by return wire. Signed, Paul Jones."

Angel Fairy Decorated Birds to Match Woods

When the world was very young and all the lovely things like trees and flowers were being made, an angel fairy was sent to paint the birds so that they should be as beautiful as the woods where they lived, observes a writer in the Montreal Herald.

So eager they all were that a long queue had to be formed for the birds to wait their turn. The large ones came first, the little ones stood at the end of the line.

Last of all, among the small birds, was the goldfinch. Such a restless, perky little attractive fellow, too. Chirping impatiently to attract the fairy's attention, he hopped about restlessly, instead of keeping his place.

"What a lot there are to be painted before my turn comes," he thought. "I'll take a fly around while I'm waiting."

Up and up he soared on his little wings, revelling in the clear sunlight and bright blue sky. Presently he flew down again. What a lovely world it was, fresh and young and glowing with color. He was admiring the just-opened flowers and leafy trees when he suddenly remembered his own coat and flew back to the meadow. But the long queue of birds had gone. They had all been decorated, and the angel fairy was packing up his paints and palette.

The poor little goldfinch was left dowdy and plain in a beautiful world. Overcome with sorrow, he sat weeping on a branch until the fairy took pity on him.

"You were too late, through your own fault, little bird," he said. "My paints are nearly finished, but I will do what I can for you."

He still had some scraps of color left and set to work on the finch's coat with these. There was a dab of crimson for his face, a touch of blue on his head and long wing feathers, cream and yellow and soft browns for his body, and—what luck—a big splash of gold for each wing. So that is—so it is said, how the little goldfinch came by his beautiful coat.

Hail a Great Menace

Hail, the coming of which cannot be predicted, is a menace that hangs over all crops east of the Rockies, particularly in the Midwest. A hailstorm can reduce a promising field to a total loss in a few minutes. Hailstones, says Dr. W. J. Humphreys of the weather bureau, are formed in the vigorously rising air of a thunderstorm. Raindrops are blown up to a level where it is so cold that they freeze. But the ascending air is puffy, so that many of the frozen lumps must make several excursions back and forth between the levels of snow and rain. All the time they grow larger and larger by capturing snow crystals in one level and raindrops in the other, until at last they are too large to be supported by the uprushing air and fall to the ground.

Sweden Keeps Relics of Past

In preserving relics of its past, Sweden keeps not only examples of costumes and handicrafts, but whole houses, barns and mills from every part of the country. At Skansen in a 70-acre outdoor museum are buildings representing almost every development in Sweden's national life and giving one a full picture of life in former times. To preserve the illusion completely the curators have furnished the dwellings with kitchenware, furniture, hangings and wall paintings typical of each period.

Model Man

He who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man.

Saving the Money

Viola—Why so sad, dear? Joan—Oh, that idiot I was going to sue for breach of promise wants to marry me now.

Let Our Motto Be GOOD HEALTH BY DR. LLOYD ARNOLD

LIVING WITH A HEART AFTER 45

In Illinois in the last five years, of every 100 persons who died of heart disease, 86 were over forty-five years old.

This makes it clear that people over forty-five years of age constitute the heart disease group.

The same processes that cause the hair to turn gray, the skin to become flabby and wrinkled, also cause the heart to grow old.

The heart of the individual around sixty years of age is probably his most important vital organ. The sudden seizure of pain in the left chest irradiating through the left shoulder down the arm on the inner side with a sense of constriction as if the chest were held in a vise, and along with this a sense of suffocation and a feeling of impending death—these are the cardinal symptoms of angina pectoris.

Increased muscular effort usually is the exciting cause of these attacks, although sudden changes in weather may bring them on. The attacks are many times brought about by spasms of the arteries which supply the heart muscle with blood.

In previous articles, I have discussed heart disease in relation to various age groups, beginning with birth and extending to the middle age period. Deformities of the heart at birth are responsible for the deaths chargeable to the heart during the first year of life.

Then bacterial infections begin to play an important part as causes of heart disease. During the second decade of life, or adolescence, we find a continuation of these infections, but during the first twenty years there are relatively few deaths from heart disease as compared to the total span of life. Of every 100 persons who die of heart disease in Illinois, only one is in the first decade of life, and only two are in the second decade. Between the ages of twenty and thirty-five, the death rate is four, and during the next ten years, that is, thirty-five to forty-five years, we find approximately six deaths. As we said before, 86 per cent of the deaths from cardiac causes are in the age group past forty-five. The same figures would generally hold true for the other states.

This does not mean that infection of the heart is so much more prevalent among persons over forty-five years. But it does mean that the wear and tear on the heart, due to previous infections, has exceeded the limit compatible with the ordinary duties of life. Usually these older persons with heart disease have had a history of minor impairment of the heart for several years.

A heart attack should not lead one to be pessimistic. It should be regarded rather as a red signal and a request from a tired worn-out heart muscle for a much needed rest. One should not become unduly excited, but should consult a physician to determine just what the heart can endure, so that it will not be overtaxed to the point where it stops beating. Under intelligent and proper supervision, this right way of living may mean only a slight change in the daily routine, such as avoiding strenuous exercise or reducing the weight, or abstaining from tobacco, alcohol or such irritants.

It may be that complete rest in bed is the only solution, but this is seldom the case. An active, hard-working man or woman of fifty-five or sixty may actually be damaged by forced idleness in bed. The worry and sleeplessness will offset the value of such rest. A gradual decrease in the working hours combined with relief from worries, sleeplessness and physical exhaustion will oftentimes do more to rest the heart than will complete idleness. The treatment of heart disease, however, is always individualistic and must be carried out under the direction of a physician who takes into consideration all the factors involved.

Usually the older individual with heart disease has in addition hardening of the arteries and often a deficiency in kidney function. Now that medical knowledge and an easier way of living have increased our life expectancy to a span of sixty years, the first forty years are proving the healthy years. After that we are likely to show wear and tear, and the degenerative diseases, such as heart disease, kidney disease and cancer become real hazards. The blood vessels of the brain may become so diseased and weakened that they break and apoplexy follows.

If we have damaged any of our important organs in our younger years, we are pretty apt to reap the results in our older years when this organ has reached the limits of its power of adapting itself to the needs of the body.

The heart normally beats 72 times a minute, with a rest period in between each beat. If it beats more often, then the rest period is correspondingly curtailed, and to keep going the heart has to call on its reserve strength. We are born with just so much reserve force. The person who uses his reserve before forty-five, may expect to watch his step afterward.

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Week Effective Ways of Fighting Coddling Moth

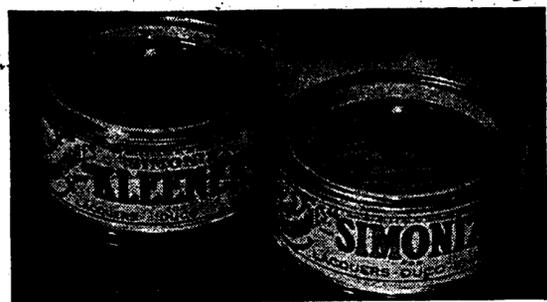
Derris, a tropical plant containing a poison known as rotenone, and pyrethrum, which contains the toxic substances used in most insect powders and fly sprays, failed to control the coddling moth, which destroys large quantities of apples and pears, under the conditions of last year's experiments. The Department of Agriculture is keeping up a search for new plants which may contain substances harmless to human beings, but deadly to insects. Information on such plants has been collected from many parts of the world.

Tests last year with bait traps and light traps reduced the number of moths somewhat, but not to the point of lessening greatly the need for spraying. The orchard sanitation practices recommended by the department and successfully demonstrated last season are of value in reducing the number of spray applications needed. Fewer sprays, especially late in the season, mean less residue to wash from the fruit. Electrified light traps used in the work in 1934 were very expensive to install and operate, but it is hoped that with improvement in their effectiveness the number needed can be reduced to a point where their employment in practical orchard operations would be profitable.

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