

The Antrim Reporter

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Industrial News Affecting the Nation's Welfare--- a Brief Summary

Furnished The Reporter Readers by the National Association of Manufacturers

Manufacturers Make Swift Move For Industrial Peace

Leading industrialists of America, together with thousands of small plant operators, speaking through the National Association of Manufacturers, have called upon the American Federation of Labor to demonstrate its good faith by cooperating in a campaign for industrial peace while industry readjusts itself to "codeless conditions" following the Supreme Court's adverse ruling on the NIRA.

The atmosphere is thick with threats of strikes, high officials of the A. F. of L. being among the first to utter these threats. But before the strike threats were injected into the confusion that trailed the Supreme Court's decision, the Manufacturers' Association, through its Board of Directors, appealed to its members and industry in general "to cooperate to the fullest extent to prevent any sag during the period of inevitable readjustment."

Later, the Association announced that hundreds of members had posted notices to workers that there would be no wage and hour changes, and the Association followed this with a virtual challenge to the A. F. of L. to show corresponding good faith by desisting from labor agitation during the period of readjustment. In its statement, the Association's Board said:

"The National Association of Manufacturers long before the passage of the Recovery Act was committed to the maintenance of fair wage scales, hours and conditions of labor. Since 1903 we have taken the position that fair-dealing between employer and employee is the only sound basis of employment relations."

The Federation of Labor increased the Administration's problems by making an unqualified demand for the Wagner Labor Disputes Bill, which contains many of the provisions that were declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, such as proposed Labor Board jurisdiction over intrastate commerce.

Manufacturers called upon the trade union heads to "show good faith by withdrawing demands for unconstitutional measures, and by working for industrial peace, especially during the present period of readjustment."

Washington Snap Shots

The decision of the Supreme Court throwing out the N.I.R.A., and re-defining Constitutional limitations has taken rank as probably the most notable opinion delivered since the Civil War. But one of the points generally overlooked is the dramatic qualities of the decision.

For two years the New Deal has gone forward with new statutes. Outstanding legal authorities who warned that they were unconstitutional were brushed aside as "Tories." Court tests were avoided by Administration attorneys. For two glittering years everything went smoothly but then came the present session of Congress with its new deluge of laws. Once more attempts were made to get the new statutes through before the Supreme Court could act, but a Democratic majority itself began to think towards the Constitution.

The stage was set as though by design for the Court's action. A terrific drive was in progress to get an extension of N.I.R.A. Proponents of the Wagner Labor Disputes Bill to substitute Washington authority for local authority in employment relations was being raced toward enactment. The same was true of the AAA amendments to give the Secretary of Agriculture unlimited authority over handlers of agricultural products. In fact, the week of May 27 was to be the week of the big legislative drive. Then, like a scholarly professor breaking up the pranks of a schoolboy classroom, the Supreme Court stepped in at that dramatic moment and said: "Read your Constitution."

One wag suggested that the next step for the Administration is a school for New Deal lawyers, with the Constitution as required reading. Through newspaper circles passed the laughing jest: "Well, the revolution is over."

New Dealer attorneys professed to be amazed. But Senator George, of Georgia, a distinguished attorney himself, pointed out on the floor of the Senate that there was nothing at all new about the Supreme Court's action. It has but voiced recognized Constitutional limitations based upon precedents since the time of Chief Justice John Marshall.

The fact is that the N.I.R.A. decision probably is just the beginning of an avalanche. Mark that down for future reference. The AAA program, the tariff bargaining law and other measures are likely to get the axe as they come before the Court. In other words, when the young Brain Trusters were scoffing at the Constitution in 1933 they were not fooling. They ignored it.

One of the most peculiar industrial angles to come to light recently is the fact that with many people unemployed, there is a shortage of skilled labor. A survey of 287 metal manufacturing companies employing 115,260 employees showed skilled craftsmen enough to operate at the increased production level were not available.

One statistician has figured that with Postmaster General Farley claiming to represent 22,000,000 Democrats, the Republican National Chairman 16,000,000 Republicans, Dr. Townsend 25,000,000 seekers for Utopia overnight, Coughlin 16,000,000 believers-in-fairies, Senator Long 10,000,000 "joiners," etc., that the total list of those who represent groups comes to over 300,000,000, about ten times our electorate.

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Topics of the Day Presented to Reporter Readers in Concise Form

William P. Fahey, of Manchester, is to be the works progress administrator for New Hampshire, under provisions of the \$4,800,000,000 relief fund, according to word received from Harry L. Hopkins, works progress administrator at Washington.

Col. Charles B. Hoyt, of Sandwich, was elected President of the New Hampshire Old Home Week association at the annual meeting last week. He will succeed Dr. James S. Shaw of Franklin, who expressed a wish to retire, after serving six terms in the presidency.

Capt. Maurice F. Devine, prominent Manchester attorney and National committeeman of the American Legion since 1928, will be a candidate for the office of National Commander of the American Legion a next September's St. Louis convention, it has been announced.

The death of Arthur P. Morrill, of Concord, removes an outstanding New Hampshire citizen and a high type of official. Mr. Morrill was twice a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor of New Hampshire, Speaker of the House of Representatives and President of the Senate, and was treasurer of that party for a number of years. Head of a large real estate and insurance concern he made a host of friends throughout the state. He was a man of outstanding personality and was very popular with a host of friends.

Clarence J. Brown, Republican nominee for Governor, in Ohio, in the last election, says he has information indicating newspaper editors in all parts of the country favor Col. Frank Knox for the Republican presidential nomination. The sentiment for the Chicago publisher was expressed to him at

the recent convention of the National Editorial Association in New Orleans. Mr. Brown told the Mercator Club. Himself a publisher, Mr. Brown said editors told him even people on relief are discouraged with the Roosevelt administration.—Publishers' Auxiliary.

The editor of The Reporter favored Col. Knox when he wanted to be Governor of New Hampshire and we hope to vote for him for President.

This "State's rights" question, concerning which all have read so much just recently, is a vital one and means much more than at first one may think. This issue, President Roosevelt is quoted as saying, must be decided within the next five or ten years. He has made it reasonably clear that he favors the centralization of interstate powers beyond the possibility of Supreme Court interference. The inference appears to be that this would be sought either by an amendment to the Constitution, or by a constitutional convention. The people themselves must determine the issue, he declared. The implication of the Supreme Court decision, he said, if carried to its logical conclusion would be to strip the Federal Government of many of its most important powers.

If one is not greatly mistaken, the form of government complained of is the very thing needed to keep matters in check and from "running wild" at such times when for some imaginary cause, reason or excuse, something different is desired.

Mrs. J. Lillian Larrabee is at Little Boar's Head for a season, assisting with the arrangements in holding of the meetings of the Flower Festival of the N. H. United Garden clubs.

Name of Ponce de Leon Featured in Geography

Famed Spanish Explorer Hero of Caribbean.

Washington.—Excavations beneath the Cast Blanca in San Juan, Puerto Rico, have revealed ancient foundations, once part of Ponce de Leon's palace. The present structure, though popularly known as his residence, was built a few years after his death.

"Modern biographers have neglected Juan Ponce de Leon," says the National Geographic society. "He is mentioned only occasionally in the documents and records of his day; but the events of his life are written deep in the geography of the New world he helped to create. His sturdy figure stands in sculpture in the city square in San Juan and again in St. Augustine. His name appears on every map of the Caribbean. There is San Juan, capital of Puerto Rico; Ponce, the second town of importance in the same island; and Ponce de Leon bay, cut into the southern tip of Florida.

after by Spanish treasure ships. Steering north and west he reached the coast of Florida on Easter day, naming it for 'Pasqua de Flores.' Ponce de Leon had a lively imagination, and chose romantic names for the lands he discovered. He probably landed first near the St. Johns river, then coasted south around the peninsula and north, perhaps as far as Pensacola. When he sighted the Florida Keys, he christened them the 'Martyrs.' He also found and named the Dry Tortugas, where his men caught 170 turtles in one night! Nowhere did he find the spring that he sought, but the legend persisted, and before long there was scarcely a puddle or stream in Florida that had not been bathed in by optimistic Spaniards and Indians.

"When Ponce de Leon reported his discoveries to Ferdinand he was appointed governor of Florida, and commanded to found a colony. For seven years he was delayed by wars with the Caribs; but in 1521 he sailed out of San Juan harbor with two ships

Wanted Youth Found Caddying for Judge

Port Arthur, Texas.—Deputy Sheriff Claude Goldsmith and T. G. Pool put in a hard day recently searching for a youth who was wanted on an old burglary indictment.

They went to his home several times and searched all places the youth frequented, but with no results. Finally, they decided to wait at his home until he returned.

Upon their arrival they found him, less than five minutes after Criminal Judge R. L. Murray, who was to hear the case, had left him there.

The boy had been caddying for Judge Murray while the officers searched.

loaded with men and supplies for a permanent settlement. Good fortune had deserted him, however; hostile natives attacked the party as soon as they landed, and Ponce de Leon was wounded before they could regain their ships. He died soon after they reached Cuba, and was buried in the city of San Juan."

Washington Digest

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

Probing the TVA

Washington.—President Roosevelt announced a year ago that the Tennessee Valley authority and the experiment of government production of electric power on a huge scale was to serve as a yardstick on electric rates charged by private power companies.

Lately, J. R. McCarl, comptroller general of the United States, has had his bookkeeping sleuths at work on the records of the Tennessee Valley corporation. Mr. McCarl was not concerned about the yardstick for power rates nor was he interested in experiments designed to prove the value of government ownership in the power field. His job was to determine what had happened to all of the money that had been taken from the treasury and spent in the effort to transform the Tennessee valley into a modern Garden of Eden.

It happened that Mr. McCarl's report on the audit of TVA affairs was made public coincidentally with a movement by the TVA directors for new legislation—amendments to their basic law which would give them additional authority. This circumstance resulted in the TVA and its yardstick being examined by a congressional committee under the strong lens of a magnifying glass. I believe it is generally agreed that TVA suffered in prestige, and government ownership advocates came off second best because disclosures before the committee were of such a nature as to convince most sound thinking observers that there is a colored gentleman in the TVA woodpile.

For instance, Mr. McCarl showed in his report that the federal government had expended a total of \$192,192,000 in development of the power facilities, equipment and necessary appurtenances. This property was transferred by the federal government to the Tennessee Valley authority, a corporation, and is carried on the corporation books at \$51,000,000. This is 26 per cent of the actual cost to the taxpayers of the property transferred.

Disclosures of this fact brought many charges in the course of the committee hearing and led to the conclusion by several house members that no electric rate based upon 38 per cent of the cost of the production facilities could be considered honest. In other words, the thought was that a yardstick based on such a method of calculating investment necessarily would have to be made of rubber.

Mr. McCarl told the committee also that he had found various haphazard and "trick" methods of bookkeeping and that he had found it necessary to disallow expenditures of something over two million dollars which he said were illegal. The comptroller general did not refer to these expenditures as having been fraudulently made but he told the committee it was his opinion that the law had to be stretched rather far by any spending agency to construe the payments as justifiable.

The comptroller general took sharp exception to the bookkeeping methods used by the TVA. It is upon these records that the electric rate is based. Likewise it is upon the basis of these records that the TVA must show whether it has earned a profit.

"Despite the apparently excessive depreciated value at which the Muscle Shoals property was taken up on the books, the authority is not using the valuation basis for depreciation but instead is basing depreciation on the earnings from the sale of power by charging 10 per cent of the gross revenue to operations as depreciation and accumulating the amount of such charges as a reserve for depreciation.

"Assuming a very conservative rate of valuation consumption for example, 2 per cent, the amount of depreciation, based upon the value at which the properties in question were capitalized by the authority, would be approximately \$1,000,000 per annum.

"A larger revenue will proportionately increase the reserve for depreciation at the present 10 per cent method of amortization, but to accumulate a reserve on the 10 per cent plan equivalent to the amount that would be charged to depreciation on a valuation basis at 2 per cent, the gross revenues would have to be more than ten times the present amount or about \$10,000,000 per annum.

"There is very little basis for assuming that revenues will ever reach such a figure."

The comptroller's report touched on many other phases of TVA affairs which he found subject to criticism and it made mention of a factor that, it seems to me, ought to be of vital importance to communities throughout the country. That factor is taxation. It is to be remembered that government agencies, federal, national, state or local, pay no taxes into the treasury of its jurisdiction. Consequently, the government which fosters a municipally owned power plant simply must forget, for taxation purposes, that such property exists within its do-

main. Likewise, such a plant is not required to consider interests on the investment in the shape of dividends to the stockholders who, in turn, pay taxes on their income.

Doctor Morgan and other directors of the TVA were subjected to questioning of a type about as severe as any witnesses before a house committee in recent months. They had friends on the committee who attempted continuously to shield them from the fire of TVA opponents, but apparently Chairman McSwain was unable to choke off the attack by such men as Representative McLean of New Jersey and others who doubt the advisability of the federal government engaging in power production.

There appeared just no way at all in which friendly members of the house committee could justify the action of the TVA board in its attempts to block private power development. It was shown in the course of the hearing that the TVA had gone far away from its base of operations to buy two small parcels of land—one not much larger than a city block and the other only a few acres in extent. Under questioning, TVA directors, admitted this land lay in the middle of a proposed reservoir planned by a private power corporation. In acquiring the parcels of land the TVA made it impossible for the private interests to proceed with their power development because the land in question would have been in the middle of the reservoir 300 feet under water. The private interests could not force the TVA to sell and without that land the whole reservoir program was destroyed.

The TVA probably will win and obtain the amendments its board of directors desire. There are public ownership advocates in sufficient strength to carry out the President's idea in going ahead with the TVA development. It is made to appear, nevertheless, that as a result of the disclosures before the house committee, TVA may not henceforth proceed in a manner quite so arrogant.

Politics is politics and apparently politicians will play the game always. If better proof be needed, it seems to me the demonstration over immediate payment of the cash bonus to war veterans will suffice. The bonus has been lickered for this session of congress but all indications point to a belief that the country may not be so lucky in the next session of congress which is not far ahead of the 1938 elections.

An organized minority—the World War veterans—were very close to success in forcing congress to appropriate \$2,600,000,000 and pay it over to them. They failed because President Roosevelt—like three Presidents before him—had to view the problem from the standpoint of the country's welfare and not the welfare of this minority. Credit is due the President for the stand he took just as credit was due Presidents Hoover, Coolidge and Harding. He will be criticized and attacked by this local minority just as the others were criticized and attacked. While a veto message is regarded by many as not being as strong as it might have been, nevertheless Mr. Roosevelt was firm and his firmness gave courage to enough senators to avoid the debacle of additional waste.

I am informed that the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars and various and sundry other organizations of former soldiers, sailors and marines are prepared for a bitter fight next year against those representatives and senators who dared to oppose cash payment of the bonus now when it is not due until 1945. The soldiers' lobby is the greatest and most expensive lobby in Washington now. It knows its power and it does not hesitate to characterize opponents of the cash bonus as traitors. The lobbyists are certain to go into every state and congressional district next summer and seek to defeat those who dared to follow their own conscience and vote against this raid on the treasury.

As a result of the vote on the bonus and the subsequent Presidential veto some keen political observers have begun to calculate in their own minds what the view of the country is. It was pointed out, for example, that a maximum of four million would be entitled to a bonus. At the same time attention was called to the fact that new voters are arriving at the age of franchise at the rate of approximately two million a year or almost thirty-six million since the end of the World War. These observers contend that the new voters and those who are not entitled to the bonus constitute a majority. Thus, they seek to show that there is a great majority of the voters of the country unwilling to see such a sum of money voted to a minority, especially at a time when the government is taxing its citizens and borrowing in billions to give relief to all whether they fought for their country or not. The question is then whether the politicians will wake up in time to represent the majority or be fooled by the power of a highly organized minority.

BRISBANE THIS WEEK

Goodby, NRA
Wall Street's Dormouse
Good Wages, Short Hours
Lottery Swindles

The Supreme court unanimously declares NRA unconstitutional.

High judges, whose decision nobody can veto, short of a constitutional amendment, say congress must do its work and cannot abdicate in favor of the Chief Executive.

The most important decision in many years, this probably makes further argument about extension of NRA unnecessary.

Arthur Brisbane You can't extend that which is dead. American business men may now resume business not led by the kindly light of professors and others.

Alice's puzzled Dormouse, at the Mad Hatter's tea party, could not understand his watch, that would not keep time, although the Dormouse did everything. He dipped the watch in his tea, put butter in the works. "It was the best butter," he said, "but nothing seems to please it."

The stock exchange is something like that watch—nothing seems to please it, either.

At first, stock broker gentlemen, whose "Kaaba stone" is the stock ticker, began a weird dance of joy when they heard that NRA was dead, and pushed up stock prices.

Then, suddenly, as the day wore on, one broker asked another, and every broker asked every other broker, "How do we know what is coming next?" And then they put the prices down.

It is announced, but not by Mr. Green, head of the American Federation of Labor, that a great strike will be called in protest against the Supreme court's NRA decision. Mr. Green is too wise to permit, if he can prevent it, a strike against the United States Supreme court. He may, should, and probably will, take a wiser course and work, as organized labor has worked successfully for generations, to improve working conditions.

Some union men know that wages, hours and other conditions improved in the old way are more durable than increased pay based on political fiat.

It is necessary for some one to provide as well as for some one to take it.

Peddlers of tickets in the Havana lottery send out "come-on" letters, trying to sell tickets to foolish Americans. On one such letter this is printed:

"Arthur Brisbane says large sums of money . . . are won by Americans buying foreign tickets."

What Arthur Brisbane has said, and now repeats, is that through foreign lottery schemes Americans are swindled out of large sums. He who invests in a lottery throws away his money, adding foolishness to incapacity. The Havana lottery is as much of a trap for fools as any other lottery.

Postmaster Farley's plan to hasten air mails allows a crowd of 10,000 to see a whirling autogiro drop down on the roof and deliver mail, another autogiro coming to get mail bags and carry them away.

Mr. Farley's plan is to have the autogiro fly between outlying flying fields, where high-power, fast planes land, and carry mail bags to the roofs of city post offices, saving time lost in slow street travel.

One branch of the Standard Oil company, the New Jersey branch, managed by Mr. Teagle, notified 6,000 of a bonus of 5 per cent added to their pay envelopes to meet the higher cost of living.

With no sign of smoke, flame, crater—nothing to indicate an extinct volcano—a new and live volcano suddenly begins eruption in an out-of-the-way place in Iceland. A great hole appears in the earth, flames and red-hot lava rise. No overflowing of neighboring farms as yet.

What would natives have thought had this happened in earlier days, when everybody believed that hell, the devil and all his wickedness were just beneath our feet and heaven just over our heads?

Postmaster General Farley thinks of printing on all postage stamps, Sums Corda, which means "Lift up your hearts." He sees a great summer ahead, "a summer of content."

"Car loadings," says the postmaster general, "are up," incomes reported by our taxpayers "are up," "more people are buying automobiles than before."

For some, the big news is that Little, the San Francisco golfer, has defeated Doctor Tweddell, the British challenger.

For others, more important news is the killing of 300 Chinese by Japanese troops. The 300 killed are said to have been professional bandits. The killing of 300 armed Chinese bandits cost the lives of only six Japanese, which sounds like efficiency.

Mussolini Starts Another City



Premier Benito Mussolini of Italy officially starting construction work on the new "Aeronautical City" of Guidonia in the region he has reclaimed from marsh land.

Coast Guards in Alaska Have Varied Job

Service Lives Up to Motto "Always Ready."

Juneau, Alaska.—"Semper Paratus—Always Ready" motto of the United States coast guard, is most effectively carried out in the Alaska division of the service.

Guardsmen are prepared, day and night, to rush food to starving villages, administer justice in remote communities, rescue crews of ice-bound whalers or tend sick and injured at remote Eskimo outposts.

Each of the five coast guard boats cruising in and out of rocky fjords or through ice floes is a store, post office, police court, battleship and hospital, all in one.

The story of Alaska is associated closely with the coast guard, for in 1867, when Secretary of State William H. Seward bought the vast territory, it was the old cutter Lincoln that was sent to survey the new possession.

Many thrilling rescues in the far north are part of coast guard history. In 1884 the old cutter Bear saved the lives of Gen. Greeley and his men—the same general, now ninety-

one, who was given belated recognition this spring by congress for his Arctic explorations.

Another dramatic rescue by the Bear was that of the crew of the foundered whaling ship Napoleon, in 1890. Information of the Napoleon's plight, scribbled in Eskimo on a piece of board, was passed from village to village, until it finally reached the Bear.

The coast guard brought the first reindeer to Alaska from Siberia in the '90s and under its watchful eye the Pribilof Island seal herd has increased by more than ten times in the last 25 years.

One cutter will make two hasty trips to Point Barrow this summer, carrying supplies to government employees at that remote station. Two will follow the Bering sea seal herds to protect them from poachers. The others will patrol villages and aid fishermen and shipping, if needed.

"Relic of True Cross" Is Found in California

Hollister, Calif.—What is claimed to be a relic of the true cross, on which Christ was crucified, has been found in the archives of old San Juan mission.

Father Francis Caffrey said the relic was authenticated by a letter found with it. The missive was signed by Bishop Johannes Maria Odin, conference of missions, Rome, and was written to Bishop Thaddeus, C. M., of Monterey in 1852.

The cross is composed of two tiny slivers of wood forming a miniature cross about one-quarter inch in size and contained in a larger sliver cross encased in silver and with a glass aperture through which the relic can be viewed.

Here's Absent-Minded Professor Lost in City

Cleveland, Ohio.—Here's a true "absent-minded professor" story: Though Dr. Paul A. Bielefeld, retired professor of astronomy and director of Swasey observatory at Denver university, has traveled worldwide, he came up here from Granville, Ohio, got lost from relatives and friends and didn't know what to do.

He had attended the theater with his wife, daughter and friends. Some-

how he became separated from them. He forgot his daughter's address. It didn't occur to him that her address would be in the telephone book, so he spent the night in the Cleveland Y. M. C. A.

Relatives, distraught, asked police to look for an amnesia victim. Doctor Bielefeld's safety was not established until finally he telephoned a friend. He occupies several lines in "Who's Who in America" and is an astronomical authority.

NEW GREEK ENVOY



Dimitrios L. Sicilianos is the new minister from Greece to the United States and he recently arrived in Washington and presented his credentials.

Police Short Wave Is Great Aid to Wreckers

Bridgeport, Conn.—The police short wave radio broadcasting station has proved a boon to automobile towing companies. Several concerns have equipped their wrecker trucks with radios. Many times a police car or ambulance has arrived at the scene of an accident to find several of the "wreckers" ahead of them and all ready to haul away the debris.

ELECTRIFIER



Morris L. Cooke, an Atlanta engineer, was appointed head of the rural electrification division of the works relief administration.

The Lucky Lawrences

By Kathleen Norris

Copyright by Kathleen Norris
WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

The Boston Lawrences came to California at the beginning of the gold rush, but the holdings of the family have shrunk to a small farm, and the old family home in Clippersville, Phil, 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's luck. Dick Stebbins, Phil's friend, has the run of the house. Ariel is sneaking out 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 Chipps, 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. A policeman brings Ariel home, announcing that a child has been killed in an automobile smashup. Ariel was driving one of the cars. Dick Stebbins, who has been admitted to the bar, has the case against Ariel dismissed. Gail suddenly realizes that she loves Dick and not Van.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

"No, thanks," Ariel began to answer steadily, but her voice shook suddenly, and her words came in a rush. "I don't want to go and have every old church-going, psalm-singing, cake-sale-making old woman in this town pointing me out," she said in a low tone. "I don't want my clothes to come from Muller's any more, I don't want sodas at Dobbins', and dances at Oddfellows' hall. I'm sick to death of this whole place, and this house, and being poor! I'm not going to stand it, either! I'm going down to Hollywood if I have to walk there, and I'm going—"

"Ah, sweetheart, you'll only make yourself ill!" Gail pleaded, close beside her now, sitting on the arm of Ariel's chair, with one arm about the younger sister's shoulders. "Don't get yourself all wrought up. Listen, darling—listen. If the Whites do give a fancy-dress party, and we give a birthday party—"

She stopped, for Ariel, looking at her with a trembling laugh of scorn, broke as suddenly into tears, and was laughing and crying in the familiar manner before any one of them could attempt to divert her. Guided by Gail, she stumbled from the room and upstairs, sobbing incoherently and now beginning to feel wretchedly sick—cold, hot, nauseated, dizzy.

Gail turned down the wide old bed and flattened the pillows; she carried a fresh nightgown to the poor little convulsed figure, kept an arm about the shaking shoulders. She lowered the shades, lighted a bead of gas, slipped the hot rubber bag comfortably in between the old linen sheets.

And all the while her heart sang on a strengthening note, "Dick—Dick—Dick." It was good to be twenty-three, and to have Dick in the world! Gail felt that she had never been so near to Ariel, never had loved her so dearly. And so downstairs to the dear familiar plates and lights, the peach tapoca and the blackberry punch, the eager conversation that was punctuated with laughter and supplemented by the books they always dragged in somehow, for reference or support.

"Wonderful to have it cold again!" Edith said.

"Wonderful!" Gail echoed. But it was not the autumn coolness that made her heart sing and float like a skylark. The secret was always with her, and when she forgot Dick for a second, it was delicious suddenly to remember him again. Gail had never had any feeling like this in her life before; she had never known that there was such a feeling.

"Dick," she thought. "Dick. Dick. Dick."

And at the realization that he might quite naturally come into the dining room, and sit here visibly under the rasping gaslight, she felt actually faint with ecstasy.

"You don't like Van as well as you did," Edith guessed shrewdly in the days that followed.

"No—but still I like him," Gail answered defensively.

They were in Ariel's room, and Ariel lying on her bed reading old magazines, on the Sunday afternoon following the accident. Outwardly, everything was just as usual, but Gail was conscious of changes in the air. She had been asked by Van to dinner up at the Chipps' the night before, and had declined. The thrilling prospect of shabby, quiet Dick Stebbins' company at the Lawrence house had made anything the Murchisons did or did not do unimportant.

Ariel had seemed languid and depressed, and Edith and Gail, happy in the usual sunshiny routine of beds and dishes, church and endless chatter, had been gradually infected by her mood. Gail, in a cautious undertone as they

washed the breakfast dishes, had reported to Edith that Ariel had called Van Murchison on the telephone at about ten.

"I think from what she said at the telephone—she talked very low," she had resumed, "I think that he wanted her to go off somewhere to lunch with him."

"The Chipps?"

"I couldn't tell."

"Gail, if I thought you didn't care, I'd pray about it!" Edith had said passionately. "Wouldn't it be wonderful?"

"I got a little fun out of it," Gail had analyzed the situation musingly. "I mean, I loved the excitement and knowing persons like the Chipps. But I never got—anything, really, out of Van."

"Abigail Lawrence, he adored you!"

"No, no—he liked me. I amused him. We were like two boys. Really we were," Gail had persisted, as Edith began a significant smile. "He never put his finger tip on me—he doesn't make love! Or at least he didn't to me," she had finished, thinking aloud, feeling for words.

Upstairs in Ariel's room, they reverted to the subject.

"I like Van," Gail said. "But I think he's terribly giddy."

"What would you want him to be, a priest?" Ariel demanded un sympathetically.

"Don't you have the feeling he's always laughing at everything, Ariel?"

"No," Ariel answered stubbornly, scowlingly, "I don't."

"Oh, I do," Gail said patiently.

"I want to go away, Edith and Gail," Ariel presently said quietly. "Phil can make a fuss if he wants to. Or he can help me. I don't much care. But I'm going away from Clippersville."

They looked at her sorrowfully. She had said this many times before; she



They Looked at Her Sorrowfully.

had been saying it indeed since her fourteenth summer.

But this was serious. Ariel had refused to return to school after the accident. Phil had talked to Mrs. Tripp, the principal. Mrs. Tripp had put the case plainly to Phil. Ariel Lawrence had been going too fast and too far for some time. A good boarding school, at her age.

This had frightened Gail and Phil. They had not mentioned it to the others, least of all, Ariel. They had no money for boarding school, even supposing that Ariel would go.

But very probably Ariel would rebel. She seemed older, harder, colder, in these few days. The events of the past week had seemed to embitter her, to accentuate her familiar impatience with Clippersville and life in it. On Saturday afternoon Gail had found her tolling over a typewritten letter, supposedly to some moving-picture concern. She had seen Ariel enclosing snapshots, presumably of herself—her beautiful little golden-headed self.

Poor little butterfly, caught in the trap of poverty, pettiness, shabbiness, and general small-town ugliness! Ariel was only one of a thousand, a million, girls, all over the country who were dreaming of Hollywood, contracts, admiration, excitement.

"She'd not mind marrying a man like Van," Gail thought. "She'd know how to manage him. She wouldn't want more than he could give! . . . We seem to be growing up pretty fast all of a sudden."

She had grown up anyway. She was a woman now, because she loved a man. It made her feel solemn, consecrated. It was quite unlike any feeling she had ever known before. Deeply, eternally, she was Dick's—for sorrow or joy, their two lives were indissolubly united.

She could even feel a little heart-ache for the girlhood she must leave behind her. Love, marriage, wifehood—these were solemn things. Gail experienced a premonitory pang. It was not all fun, saying good-by to being giddy, free Gail Lawrence. It was not all fun, this strangely thrilling happiness, fear, and pain that inundated her heart.

They were still gossiping and idling comfortably in Ariel's room, and the old clock in the hall had struck three in Sunday stillness, when a door slammed downstairs, and Gail, flushed and tumbled, descended to find Dick himself in the kitchen.

Going downstairs, her heart rose on wings, and she felt suffocated, but when she saw him her mood experienced a sudden chill. Dick had on the old tweeds he had bought at a sale two years ago; his pockets were full of packages.

Suddenly, seeing him so, commonplace and unexciting, in the darkened kitchen, Gail found him entirely uninteresting; her dreams melted into every day air, and she felt ashamed and

confused. Dick Stebbins in one's dreams indeed! It was a desecration of their filmy fabric even to think of him in such a connection.

He glanced at her with a quiet grin as she came in. He was unloading various cans and packages from his pockets—deviled ham, cream, rolls, butter.

Gail felt as remote from him as if she had never seen him in her life before. He was nothing, nobody; she disliked him because she had made a fool of herself over him in her own soul.

"Oh, are we picnicking?" she asked blankly.

"Aren't we?" he demanded, stopping short.

Her blood rose at once. Of course they would picnic! She began to put peeled tomatoes, lettuce, fish into a deep glass jar. Dick Stebbins! Why, he was the same country boy he had always been. Nice enough. The salt of the earth.

Dick came to stand beside Gail, the wrapped packages of coffee and sugar in his big hand, and she trembled and dared not look up.

They went up to the old dam, in the sweetness of the autumn afternoon, and built their picnic supper fire on the sunshiny shingle. The air was sweet with wild grapes, tarweed, and crushed grass; the scent of boiling coffee mingled with the other good odors in the hot sunset stillness. Phil sat silent, utterly content, watching a fish line, his handsome, thick Lawrence brows drawn together as he pondered something that was far away from fishing. Ariel and Van Murchison were on the shingle. Van was so close that his head almost touched her elbow; he was lying on his side, looking up at her as he talked.

Sam not being at home when the picnic expedition had started, a note had been left for him, planned to the kitchen door. Van, arriving before Sam, had calmly read the note, and had sat down on the Lawrence's doorstep to await Sam's return. After which they had followed the others in Van's car, a circumstance that added the last touch of felicity to the occasion for Gail. She remembered her old efforts to attract Van, a few months ago, the sallies of wit, the constant attempt to amuse him.

Ariel made no such efforts—not she! She simply was, and Van trailed her helplessly, irresistibly. When Ariel went down to walk across the old boards of the dam, Van followed. When she came back, and idly began to build a little pebbly pen for the velvet-brown, yellow-bellied water dogs, Van became her enthusiastic aide. Ariel, Gail noted, did not speak much; she never did. Van did all the chattering.

The little fire burned hotly in the windless air; long shafts of sunset were striking level upon the water now; the dam was a sheet of blue satin, twinkling in the light, and slipping into exquisite jade and ultramarine shadows against the overhanging banks.

And this was the night that Phil actually got a trout—quite a big one—and the night they saw a rattler, and the night they picked the hazel nuts.

"Oh, we do have fun!" Edith commented luxuriously, lying on the fat hot stones as the meal finished.

There was silence in the group that was resting on the shingle in the dusk. A great owl floated low over the dam, and was gone; the creek rippled, rippled in the pause.

Clearing away all signs of the picnic in the fast-gathering dusk, Gail tried an experiment. Upon Dick's carrying off the coffee pot to throw the grounds away behind the trees, she rewarded him with a casual "Thank you, dear!" said in just the tone she used to Sam and Phil. Later she said again, "Take that, will you, dear?"

She couldn't remember whether she had ever called Dick "dear" before. If she had, it had not meant anything. Probably she had, for it seemed to make not the slightest impression on him tonight. If he had looked surprised she had planned to laugh quite naturally and say, "I thought I was talking to Sam!"

But there was no necessity for this explanation. Dick paid no attention to the affectionate monosyllable. Oblivious old Dick, she thought, who never dreamed that close beside him was a woman who was thrilling with love and happiness and the need for him in this wonderful hour of autumn warmth and moonshine!

They walked, singing, down the steep, rutty half mile to the cars; Gail needed a hand now; the hand that gripped her own was Dick's. She marveled that he could not feel the electric current that ran through the tips of the square, firm fingers.

Afterward she always remembered the night they went up to the dam. A hot night of moonshine and laughter and talk on the shingle above the dam.

Soon the weather changed and autumn came in, with October, in earnest. The leaves began to fall now, and the winds to blow. To Gail it was a thrilling time, this autumn filled with hints of change, of endings and beginnings. She was in love, and it was entirely different from what she had expected it to be. Far from giggles, rapture and excitement, it was a serious business; it made her feel grown up and responsible.

She could never love anyone else but Dick; it was all settled. Everything she thought now had to have him in it; the future had narrowed itself down to just Dick.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Is Your Name Printed There?

According to the laws of New York state the banks of the state are obliged to publish, in specially designated Albany newspapers, a list of bank accounts which are in excess of \$50 and have been dormant for 50 years or more.

MR. PIKE

By R. H. WILKINSON

G. Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

IT HAD rained the night before. The grass on the common was not yet wholly dry, though the hour was close to nine in the morning, and the precipitation had long since ceased.

The sun occasionally looked from behind scudding clouds.

Mr. Pike, gentleman of the streets, member of that vast and ever-increasing army of unemployed (but by choice) paused at the edge of his favorite grass plot, stretched, yawned, gazed judicially up at the weather, stooped and frisked the spears of green with a flattened hand.

A look of doubt and annoyance replaced the usual complacency of his expression.

The morning was well advanced; 8:45 was the accustomed hour that Mr. Pike stretched out full length in the warm sunshine of his favorite grass plot and gave himself over to slumber.

Still bearing the look of annoyance, Mr. Pike took a few tentative steps off the cement sidewalk and stood irresolutely in the damp grass, trying to decide whether or not he could resist the luxury of his habitual mid-morning snooze, or risk the possibility of a racking cold by succumbing to it.

To the right and left of him other Gentlemen of the Streets reclined in various positions.

Some few, like Mr. Pike, stood erect with doubtful expressions; others, the less fastidious, the less susceptible to racking colds, were already stretched on their backs, indifferent to the dampness.

A third group had spread forth newspapers as a protective measure.

Toward this latter group Mr. Pike cast envious glances.

It was a pity, he thought, that a man didn't have 2 cents in his jeans to buy a newspaper.

There were so many uses to which one could put a newspaper.

Even one of the tabloid editions wouldn't go amiss.

Mr. Pike sighed heavily and wished for the hundredth time that the day might come when his finances would permit the purchase of a morning newspaper.

After a while he sighed again, and sat down.

The dampness, he told himself, wasn't as bad as he thought.

And the scudding clouds had nearly all dispersed.

Mr. Pike yawned, lay back on his elbows, yawned again, reclined full length, tipped his battered felt hat forward and slept.

It was past noon when Mr. Pike awoke.

The sun was radiating heat from a clear sky, and from its position Mr. Pike could tell that he had overslept.

Somewhat perturbed, he got hurriedly to his feet, paused only long enough to stretch and carefully brush from his tattered jacket the spears of grass that had gathered there, and moved with a slightly better than shuffling pace toward the nearest cement walk.

No one paid Mr. Pike a great deal of heed as he threaded his way along the crowded walks; but the indifference of fellow human beings had long since ceased to bother him.

In fact, to have been accosted, would, at the moment, have proved extremely annoying.

Mr. Pike crossed Tremont street and headed east.

Shortly he turned into a less traveled thoroughfare, later turned again and so presently came abreast of a building in front of which a line of dowdy looking males made halting progress toward the entrance.

Mr. Pike fell in at the foot of the line, and found various spots along the building's side a comfortable lounging place.

Eventually, Mr. Pike found himself inside the building, and was served a steaming bowl of soup and three crackers.

He found a place toward the end of a long table.

He ate with a certain amount of leisure, unhurriedly, relishing each mouthful.

His attitude was that of a man contemplating weighty problems while consuming luncheon.

And, indeed, Mr. Pike was contemplating a weighty problem.

He was perturbed, annoyed and extremely worried.

For, despite the brightness of that noonday sun, perceived by Mr. Pike on awaking 30 minutes before, he knew as the result of many previous scrutines of that same sun that before the next night was ended it would again rain.

And if it rained, Mr. Pike's favorite grass plot would, on the morrow, undoubtedly be even damper than on this day.

Mr. Pike returned to the common via the same route, walking slowly, mentally laboring with his problem.

He found an empty seat on a bench and sat down, wholly ignoring the movement of an extremely well-dressed gentleman, who edged away from the proximity of Mr. Pike's dowdy figure.

For more than an hour Mr. Pike sat on the bench slowly turning over and over in his mind the matter of tomorrow morning's dampened grass plot.

The well-dressed gentleman, after ten minutes of waiting, had departed and in passing had cast a wholly repulsive glance toward the contemplative Mr. Pike.

benches in mid-day with never a problem to consider.

The afternoon waned and Mr. Pike exchanged his bench seat for another, one more fully exposed to the rays of the declining sun.

After a while he dozed, awoke toward five o'clock and immediately took up again the consideration of his immediate problem.

At 5:30 Mr. Pike stood up and sauntered idly toward Tremont street and the soup kitchen.

He arrived in time to gain fourth position in the line of waiting men.

The man ahead turned and spoke throatily about nothing more important than the weather, yet Mr. Pike fairly jumped at mention of the subject and looked so strangely toward the speaker that that worthy turned back without waiting for a reply.

At 6:45 Mr. Pike had returned to the common.

But now, instead of sitting down, he began a systematic patrol of the network of walks.

It was tiresome work, but Mr. Pike did not for a single instant waver.

His mind was set; his problem, to be solved, demanded action.

Providence must have guided Mr. Pike's footsteps, for during the hour when daylight merges into dusk and dusk into darkness, his ever searching eyes fell upon a dull gleam beneath one of the park benches.

Stooping, he picked up a silver coin, a 10-cent piece that had evidently fallen from a bench-sitter's pocket.

Mr. Pike held the tiny bit of silver in his hand and looked at it, conscious of a warm glow of satisfaction, conscious, too, of a feeling that comes to a man who has labored and received his reward.

Pocketing the coin, Mr. Pike sighed heavily, contentedly, and slouched on to the nearest bench.

The rain did not cease till early morning.

At nine o'clock the sky was still overcast, the ground beneath still spongy as a result of the heavy precipitation.

Mr. Pike approached his favorite grass plot and unhesitatingly stepped from the concrete walk.

The hint of a smile played about his mouth as he felt the dampness through the thin soles of his shoes.

Reaching what he estimated was a spot likely to receive the first rays of the soon-to-appear sun, Mr. Pike paused for a moment to stare triumphantly about him.

He saw others of his class standing erect, or squatting on bits of stone or reclining on the scanty protection offered by a day-old newspaper.

For a moment Mr. Pike stood thus, warmly conscious of envious glances thrown in his direction.

Then dramatically he removed from beneath his tattered coat a great bulk of newspaper and began spreading one thickness after another atop the damp grass.

And as each thickness went down, the look of triumph and utter contentment became more pronounced on Mr. Pike's face.

For the day was Sunday and Mr. Pike had purchased with his find of the night before a Sunday edition, which provided enough thicknesses to withstand most any dampness.

Iodine May Be Applied

to Internal Infections

Applying Iodine in internal infections of the human body by means of X-ray treatments is a possibility that may soon become accepted practice in the field of medicine, according to Dr. Robert F. James, Westinghouse research physician, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Internal antiseptic treatment may be done by injecting a non-toxic compound of Iodine into the infected section of the anatomy. When this spot is then irradiated with X-rays the compound is broken down and releases free or nascent Iodine. The Iodine then performs its germicidal action.

This process continues only so long as the X-rays are present and as soon as they are removed the free Iodine returns to the compound and is carried away through the blood stream. The secondary radiations themselves have a germicidal effect.

Before this method can be used on the human body, however, years of research will be necessary in order to learn the exact conditions affecting the ability of a person to withstand the presence of toxic Iodine in his system, and for how long.

"When the scientists of the world are able to produce monochromatic X-rays it will speed the day of internal germicidal treatment by this method," says Doctor James. "The advent of essentially monochromatic X-radiation will offer an opportunity for the diagnostician to select the specific tissue that he wishes to study."

"It has already been shown that individual tissues have characteristic absorptions which will permit them to be seen in a fluoroscope without the distraction which is present today."

Red Light for Growth

Remarkable results concerning the effect of different colors on the growth of plants have been obtained at the Rose Research Institute at Calcutta, says the Montreal Herald.

An important feature is that the explanation suggested is independent of the characteristic action of light in building up the coloring matter of plants, and may, therefore, be applicable to other forms of life. It has been found that red light, directly applied, causes plants to grow more rapidly, although blue light has a retarding influence.

It was also found that when white light was allowed to fall on a plant only at some distance from the growing areas the rate of growth was increased.

Simplicity



Simplicity is always a keynote to chic. But for those who are not slender it must often be a complicated simplicity—enjoying the relief of a line here, or a tuck there. The new dress sketched is a masterpiece in design—a fashion that is new and arresting—a model whose excellent taste leads an air of refinement at all times. The deep V yoke with the tiny buttons, and the skirt panel give length and a slenderizing line. It is exceptionally attractive made in a print of flint, and not too large, design. Raglan sleeves and yoke may contrast, as in the detail sketch.

Patterns 9318 may be ordered only in sizes 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 8 1/2 yards 39 inch fabric.

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First Nurse—Has he come to his senses yet?

Second Nurse—Yes, he's quite rational now. Just asked me to elope with him.

Not Vulgarly

Jack—And now to select the ring. A very large diamond would be vulgar.

Bess—Yes, Jack, but no matter how big you get it I will forgive you.

The Easiest Way

"What line do you take when the boys try to kiss you?"

"The line of least resistance."

The Brute

Mrs. Pester—You never pay me any compliments nowadays.

Mr. Pester—I don't carry small enough change to pay 'em with.

Or Something

"I grew taller after I joined the medical corps." "You must have slept on a stretcher."

WNU-2 23-85

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The Antrim Reporter

Published Every Wednesday Afternoon

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Advertising Rates on Application

H. W. ELDREDGE, PUBLISHER

H. E. & C. D. ELDREDGE, ASSISTANTS

Wednesday, June 12, 1935

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

Long Distance Telephone

Notices of Concern, 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 lines.

Cards of Thanks inserted at 50c. each.

Resolutions of ordinary length \$1.00.



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression"

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

What Has Happened and Will Take Place Within Our Borders

Mrs. S. R. Robinson is spending a season with her son, Fred W. Robinson and family, in Arlington, Mass.

Properly fitted glasses for eyes that need them. The Babbitt Co. Thursdays. Antrim Pharmacy. Adv. 1f

Miss John Bass and daughter, from Quincy, Mass., have been spending a season with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Fred Roberts.

Piano Tuning at reasonable rates, by Howard N. Chase, Bennington, Call Antrim 48-4. Adv. 2t

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Warren entertained on Sunday his sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Mack, of Woburn, Mass.

The Ladies' Mission Circle of the Presbyterian church will serve supper at the vestry on Wednesday, June 12, at 6 p.m.

Owing to rainy weather, the Band Concert was not given on Monday evening, but will be given next week Monday evening, on the band stand, on Concord street.

The ladies of the Center Congregational church will hold their monthly supper on Friday evening of this week, at six o'clock.

Election of officers will take place at the next meeting of Mt. Crooked Encampment, on Monday evening, June 17. It is hoped that a large attendance will be present.

Everett N. Davis, Carl H. Robinson, Frank E. Wheeler and Hiram W. Eldredge were in Frankestown on Monday evening, attending a meeting of the Masonic lodge of that town.

Mrs. Hattie McClure, who has been spending some time with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Friend, in Concord, is again with Mr. and Mrs. Byron Butterfield, at their home on Summer street.

At the adjourned annual meeting of the Council of Churches of Christ in New Hampshire, held in Concord, on Monday of this week, Rev. William Patterson and Rev. Ralph H. Tibbals, of Antrim, were named members of an executive committee with five others.

Mrs. Campbell, a sister of Mrs. D. P. Bassett, from Springfield, Mass., has taken the tenement recently vacated by Mr. and Mrs. Bassett, in Mrs. Flanders' house, on North Main street. The Bassetts are now occupying a tenement in Mrs. F. I. Burnham's house nearby.

In response to a request by a large group of Plymouth Normal students who were touring the south part of the state on Memorial Day, Erwin D. Putnam arranged to show his famous colored pictures of New Hampshire scenery and flowers in the vestry of the Baptist church. The group spent an hour and a half in looking at these beautiful views and was loud in their praises of this opportunity of seeing so unusual an exhibition. The party was very grateful to Mr. Putnam for his kindness in showing the pictures and for his courteous treatment. They will long remember this outing and the pleasure it afforded.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Chaffee spent a recent week-end with relatives in Manchester.

German measles confined Mrs. Edith Sizemore to her home for a few days recently.

Gerald Sweet is employed as clerk at Butterfield's Store, taking the place of Ralph Rokes, who has been clerking there for some months.

Mrs. George W. Hunt and Mrs. Maurice A. Poor attended a meeting of the Historical Society, in Hancock, on Thursday afternoon of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Shepardon and three children, from Barre, Mass., were recent guests of Mrs. Shepardon's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Wallace.

Miss Harriet Wilkinson is among the student nurses graduating from the Margaret Pillsbury Hospital Training school this week. She now has six months' training in New York City to complete.

Mrs. Florence C. Anderson has returned to her home, on Highland avenue, after spending several months with her daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Hayes. She has with her for a season two members of her family.

Mrs. H. T. Davila, of Westfield, Mass., has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. Kate Templeton, at her home off Depot street. The latter will spend the summer here and the former will make fortnightly visits here.

Rev. and Mrs. R. H. Tibbals recently entertained for a week-end their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Tibbals, a student at Newton-Andover Theological Seminary, and Mrs. James C. Keys and son, William Keys, from Greenville, S. C.

The general committee having in charge the Rebekah Fair and Entertainment are holding meetings and making arrangements for the event, which is a new activity for this organization. It will probably take place the last week in July, although date has not yet been set.

The Reporter is under obligations to Mrs. J. Lillian Larrabee for complimentary tickets to the New Hampshire Garden Festival at Little Boars Head, on June 14, 15, 16 and 17; also for a copy of the Official Program. In this sixteen page pamphlet is contained all the events of the different days and other material concerning this very elaborate exhibit. Mrs. Larrabee is vice chairman of the organization and also committee on tickets. She has our thanks for all courtesies received.

The birthday party that has become an annual event and much enjoyed by a few specially invited guests, is the one given by Mrs. Henry A. Hurlin, and with her as an honored guest she has Mrs. Della Flanders. A bountiful breakfast was served this year to a half dozen neighbors who had a perfectly delightful time, and Mrs. Flanders, at the age of 84 years, although her eyesight is not good, entered into the spirit of the occasion, and felt young again. Aside from the two just mentioned, those present were: Mrs. Julia Hastings, Mrs. Minnie White, Mrs. Mary Wilkinson and Mrs. Helen Robinson.

Weekly News of Interest From a Few Towns Surrounding Antrim

GREENFIELD

Mrs. C. M. Gipson has presented the town a new electric motor and pump for use at Greenvale cemetery.

Mrs. Albert Collins and daughter, of Somerville, Mass., have been spending a week with Clarence McCormack and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Truell and son, Farrington, of Amherst, and Mark Chase, of Dover, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gould.

The Grammar school graduation was held Friday at the school hall. The primary school presented the operetta, "The Playroom at Night," with Miss Doris Mason as pianist.

FRANKESTOWN

The Benevolent society met with Mrs. E. H. Patch Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Donald McLeod, of Malden, Mass., spent last week at her summer home here.

Ralph F. Pearson, of Waltham, Mass., spent the week-end with his wife, Mrs. Ralph Pearson.

Miss Miriam Winslow entertained Miss Margaret Littell of Boston at the "Granny Ketch" over the week-end.

Miss Mary Bryant and Miss Jessica Merserve of Somerville and Newton, Mass., were at A. Hanlon's over the holiday and week-end.

A meeting of Oak Hill Grange was held on Thursday evening at the town hall, at which time the home and community welfare com-

DEERING

J. Churchill Rodgers, of New York, passed the week-end with his family at the "Eagle's Nest."

Mrs. Arthur Winslow and her son John, of Millinocket, Me., have been guests of her father, John Herrick.

Mrs. Sarah Webb, who has been with Miss Almada Holmes since her return from Arlington, Mass., has now opened her home at East Deering for the season.

Harry Worth, Elmer Worth and the Misses Grace and Stella Worth, of Melrose, Mass., have been at their old home at West Deering. Mr. Worth remained to plant his garden.

Warren Colburn and sister, Miss Martha Colburn of Baldwinville, Mass., have been the guests of their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Colburn, of West Deering. The former is an employe of the Chronicle office, in Athol, Mass.

Miss Geneva Rich, of North Deering, is a member of the graduating class at Weare High school. Misses Ruth Wood and Harriet Johnson are those from Deering who are to be graduated from Hillsborough High school this year. Miss Edith Johnson is a member of the graduating class of Hillsborough Grammar school.

mittee presented a program.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Crowe and Mr. and Mrs. Milton Healey, of Waltham, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. Murray Lourey of Shirley, Mass., were recent guests of Mrs. Ralph Pearson at "Pine Rest."

NORTH BRANCH

Mrs. Albin Lord recently visited with Mrs. I. P. Hutchinson.

Work on the cut-off corner, at George Barrett's, is slowly nearing completion.

Mrs. Pope is again with us for a season. Mrs. R. F. Hunt and family were at Bide-a-Wee for the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Bills and Mr. and Mrs. Leon Bills, of Milford, were with H. E. Bouelle Memorial Day.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Boutelle of Milford, and Mr. and Mrs. Young, of Greenfield, have been in town visiting old friends.

We are sorry to say that according to all reports J. D. Hutchinson's "courting" is not progressing with any great speed.

Word received from Mrs. Arloa Simonds is to the effect that she has been very ill this last winter, and is not fully recovered now.

Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Flint are

with us again for the summer. Mr. Flint is much improved in health; we are pleased to hear this good report.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dodge and Mr. and Mrs. Warren Dodge and daughter, all of Haverhill, Mass., were calling on friends Memorial Day.

George Wilkins, of Greenfield, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. Jim Moran and son, Earl, of Vermont, recently visited with their cousin, Mrs. W. D. Wheeler.

We were very glad to have one absent friend wake up and send a line to The Reporter. There are others who could also write some very interesting things, where they are visiting. We are watching for a very interesting letter from Prescott, Arizona. We hope The Reporter receives one soon for publication.

Anyone looking for an Antrim Town History, by Cochran, can learn where two copies may be purchased, by writing or calling at The Reporter Office, Antrim, N. H. adv.

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"OUR BEAUTY SHOPPE"
Cor. West St. and Jameson Ave., Tel. 66, Antrim, N. H.

Bennington.

Congregational Church
Rev. J. W. Logan, Pastor
Morning Service at 11 o'clock.

Mrs. Rosa Cossette is in the St. Joseph hospital, Nashua, for treatment.

Mrs. Nancy and Miss Anna Stevens are visiting at George Dickey's for a season.

Mrs. Eunice Thurston has had a new chimney built on her house, on Hancock Street.

Mrs. Cora Sheldon is breaking up her home here; is going to Connecticut where her folks live.

Harold Eaton and family have moved to their new home, known as the Starret house, on the acre.

Mrs. Myrtle Stowell was at her home here for over Sunday, from her duties at the State Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Keeser, who resided here for several years and then removed to Contocook, are now residing in Bradford.

Mrs. Minnie Gordon is again on the sick list, but it is hoped she will soon be up and out again. Mrs. Peter Martel is caring for Mrs. Gordon during her illness.

The operetta given by the children of the grades one to six of the Pierce School, in the town hall, on Friday evening, was well attended and put on very nicely. Every one thought the pupils did finely, especially the smaller children.

HERRICK—EATON

A morning wedding took place in Bennington on Sunday, June 2, when Robert Herrick, of Hillsboro, and Miss Leola Eaton, of Bennington, were married at the home of the bride by Rev. John W. Logan, of the Congregational church of this town. Only immediate relatives were present. The ceremony was followed by a wedding breakfast, after which the couple left on a trip.

On their return, they will reside in Bennington. Mr. Herrick is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Lotrop Herrick of Hillsboro, is a graduate of the local High school and for a time attended the University of New Hampshire. He is employed at the Hillsboro Woolen Mills. Mrs. Herrick is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Eaton, is a graduate of the Hillsboro High school, and is employed at the Monadnock Paper Mills.

RUSSELL—HARRINGTON

Frances J. Harrington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William F. Harrington, of this town, and Ralph H. Russell, son of Mrs. Walter Russell, of Greenfield, were united in marriage by the Rev. John F. Boneyar, of Hillsboro, at St. Patrick's church here on Tuesday morning, June 4th.

The bridesmaid was a sister of the groom, Grace, and best man was a brother of the bride, Atty. William D. Harrington, of Lynn, Mass.

The wedding march was played by Miss Christina Bell, assisted by the choir; Miss Barbara Mallett sang a solo during the mass.

There were a large number of friends and relatives present, from Revere, Lynn, Cambridge and Belmont, Mass., also from Antrim, Bennington, Greenfield and Milford.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell will reside at Greenfield.

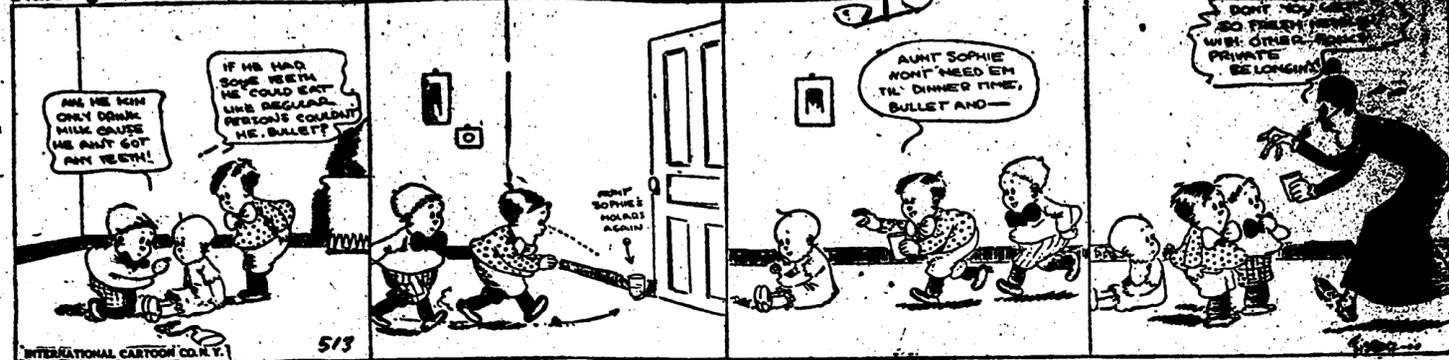
Molly Aiken Chapter, D. A. R.

The annual meeting of Molly Aiken Chapter, D. A. R., was held on Friday, June 7, at Strawberry Acres. The hostess, Miss Stanley, was assisted in entertaining by Mrs. Wm. Clark and Mrs. Maurice Poor.

Mrs. Edw. E. Smith gave a very interesting talk on her recent trip to South America.

The following officers were elected: Regent—Mrs. Byron Butterfield Vice Regent—Mrs. William Hills Secretary—Mrs. Frank Wheeler Treasurer—Mrs. Walter Hills Registrar—Miss Marion Wilkinson Historian—Mrs. B. J. Wilkinson Chaplain—Mrs. Henry Hurlin Auditor—Mrs. Herbert Wilson
Amy G. Wheeler, Pab. Chairman.

Raising the Family—It seemed sensible enough to the kids.



ANTRIM POST OFFICE

Mail Schedule in Effect April 29, 1935

Going North
Mails Close 6.29 a.m. Leave Station 6.44 a.m.
About 2.30 p.m. via truck from Elmwood to Concord.

Going South
About 8.15 a.m. via truck from Concord to Elmwood.

2.59 p.m. 3.14 p.m.
Mail connecting with Keene train arriving at Elmwood railroad station at 5.20 p.m., leaves Antrim at 4.40 p.m., and arrives at about 5.45 p.m. Office closes at 6.30 p.m.

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Rev. William Patterson, Pastor
Wednesday, June 12
Mission Circle meets in the church at three o'clock.

Sunday, June 16
Bible School meets at 9.30 a.m.
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock, with sermon by the pastor.

Baccalaureate Service of the Antrim High School at seven o'clock in this church.

Methodist Episcopal
At present, no stationed pastor, and all Sunday services temporarily suspended.

Baptist
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, June 13
Annual June Supper of the Ladies' Circle for members and their guests at 6.30 p.m. Program in Auditorium at 7.30. All members of the Church and parish are invited.

Sunday, June 16
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock.
Special Children's Day Service. The usual session of the Church School will be omitted.

The Young People will not meet again until September.

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

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss.
Court of Probate

To the heirs at law of the estate of Priscilla C. Whitmore, late of Antrim, in said County, deceased, intestate, and to all others interested therein:

Whereas, Ralph G. Smith, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County, the final account of his administration of said estate:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Hillsborough, in said County, on the 26th day of July next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

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

Given at Nashua, in said County, this 10th day of June, A.D. 1935.
By order of the Court,
WILFRED J. BOISCLAIR,
Register.

BIG CELEBRATION

Fourth of July in Antrim with Grand Parade

The American Legion Post, assisted by the local Gun and Rod Club, are busy with preparations for a bigger and better celebration than ever. Plans at the present time by the committees include a parade featuring four or five Drum Corps, floats and specialties, with prizes for the best showing of Drum Corps, and prizes for the most beautiful, most original and most horrible entree in the parade. It is hoped that every business and a large number of individuals will enter this parade and compete for the prizes. The invited Drum Corps are Keene, Peterborough, Milford, Greenville and Antrim.

A very interesting sports program is being arranged, which includes two ball games, the annual 3-mile race, and other sports, with suitable prizes.

There has been mentioned a bonfire and dance in the evening, but plans for these items have not been fully arranged.

Posters in the very near future will inform all of each detail concerning the celebration.

Committee in charge:
Happy Day,
Byron Butterfield,
Archie Perkins,
Wallace George.

In the Legislature

Mayor Frances Clyde Keefe, of Dover, majority leader in the House of Representatives, was named Wednesday last by Gov. Bridges as the Democratic member of the State Liquor Commission. The nomination was unanimously confirmed by the Executive Council. Mr. Keefe succeeds on the board Charles A. Burke of Manchester.

Last Wednesday afternoon Gov. Bridges signed the bill for the construction of an aerial tramway in Franconia Notch, the first on this Continent, and named as the commission in charge of the project, John P. Carleton of Manchester, former Dartmouth ski champion; Rudolph Holly, Littleton manufacturer; Harry B. Metcalf, Newport, editor and publisher, and Representative Robert H. Sanderson, of Pittsfield.

It is presumed that a body of Legislators like the one at Concord would not pass a law to compel its members to put in full time and accomplish its work in something like a month, instead of wasting the greater part of six months. If in some way the matter could be voted on by the people of the State, there is no question at all but what the vote would be a large one in favor. And the cost to the tax payers would be greatly reduced.

Auto Owners, Attention!

I am now prepared to do High Pressure Greasing, Simonizing, Polishing, Washing Cars, etc., on Tuesday, Friday and Saturday of each week. Reasonable Rates.

CARL F. PHILLIPS,
Box 215,
Antrim, N. H.

For Sale

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

Bekdash Temple Shriners to Stage Real Circus

Twenty star headline acts to go under Big Top at Hampton Beach, from July 21 to 28.

For the first time in history, a circus "big top" will go up at Hampton Beach with the opening of Bekdash Temple Shrine Circus next July. The show itself, already booked, will be one of the most outstanding collections of leading circus talent from the tanbark-world. Every one of the 20 acts is a real headliner in itself, and such a program is only made possible by the size of the whole project sponsored by Bekdash Temple.

Watch for later announcements.

Woman's Relief Corps

A regular meeting of Ephraim Weston W.R.C., No. 85, was held at Library hall on Tuesday evening, June 4. Next meeting will be held on Tuesday evening, the 18th.

A bridge party will be held on Friday evening, June 14, at the home of Miss Wilma Allen, West street.

Louise G. Auger,
Press Correspondent.

Dr. Elgen M. Bowers

Dentist
Tel. 123-2, Hillsboro, N. H.
Office moved to
Rumrill Block over Derby Store

Antrim Locals

For Sale—Nice lot of potatoes from certified seed; for planting or table; delivered at 65c. bushel. Apply to Chas. D. White, Antrim. Adv.

Because of the unexpected down-pour last Sunday, the motorcycle races to have been held at Three Ways on that day, have been postponed until July 4.

Friday of this week, June 14, is Flag Day, and the Stars and Stripes will be flying in the breeze. Whatever else may be worrying you, just one thought at least for "Old Glory!"

Waverley Lodge, No. 59, I. O. O. F., held a memorial service on Saturday evening as a part of the regular meeting; a large attendance was present. Selections were given on the player-piano and Philip Knowles played his piano accordion. Rev. William Weston, P. G. Representative, gave an appropriate talk, which was very well received. Acts of respect were tendered the memory of six brother Odd Fellows who have passed from this Lodge during the past year.

River Like a Sea

The Amazon river is navigable for 8,000 miles, the distance between New York and London. With its tributaries it comprises the largest river system in the world. In many places the Amazon looks more like a sea than a river.

Antrim Locals

Willie Prescott and son, Paul, and Fred Butler, attended the graduation exercises on Saturday, at Mount Hermon, Mass., when the former's son, Arthur, received his diploma.

Considerable cement work has been done at the Goodell Company factory, the past week or two by Caughey & Pratt and their workmen, preparatory to installing heavy machinery.

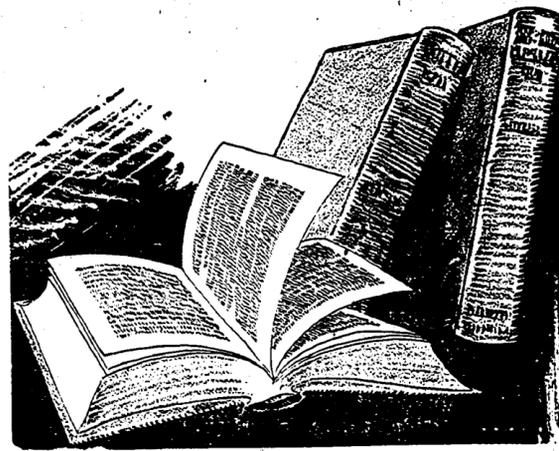
Relatives have recently been visiting Mrs. W. E. Prescott, and on Sunday they motored to Boston. Mrs. Prescott left Boston on Monday for Nova Scotia to spend the Summer at her former home.

On Monday of this week, Forrest Tenney, of Antrim, son of Benj. F. Tenney, was graduated with a class of 1350 from the Ohio State University, at Columbus, Ohio; his diploma reads veterinary medicine.

Children's Day was observed at the Presbyterian church on Sunday, by appropriate exercises. For a stormy day, the attendance was good. The committee in charge did well in presenting a nice program.

Arthur S. Nesmith, of Reading, Mass., was the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Annie Smith; a couple of days the past week. On his return, Mrs. Smith accompanied him and will spend a season visiting relatives.

Please accept these fine novels
...WITH OUR COMPLIMENTS



EVERY year this newspaper brings you at least three—sometimes more—of the finest stories in American fiction, in the form of serials which appear from week to week. Were you to buy these novels, from the pens of the highest paid writers of fiction in the world, they would cost you at least \$2 apiece in book form. Thus you get at least \$6 worth of top-notch fiction every year as only

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The Antrim Reporter

Antrim, N. H.

★ ★ The Battle of Bunker Hill ★ ★

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

JUNE 17 will mark the 160th anniversary of a battle famous in our history. On that date many an American, no doubt, will take pride in recalling how "our Revolutionary forefathers whipped the British redcoats at the Battle of Bunker Hill."

This is a story of that battle and of some of the men whose names are, in one way or another, linked with it. But, as you will discover, it does not agree in all details with the story as you learned it from your school-book histories.

In 1750 or thereabouts a Frenchman migrated from Canada to the Massachusetts Bay colony and settled on a hill overlooking Boston harbor. His name was Monsieur Bon Coeur—not a difficult name to pronounce unless you happened to be a Yankee who spoke with a nasal twang. But most of his neighbors were Yankees and they spoke thus.

The French-Canadian tried hard to teach them the throaty sound of "Bong Koor." But they couldn't seem to get it. Or else they wouldn't, because they wanted to "plague that Canuck." At any rate, their name for him was "Mister Bunker." M. Bon Coeur protested. If they must Anglicize his fine old French name, who not use the translation of it and call him "Mister Goodheart"? But, no! They wouldn't. So Bunker he became, Bunker he remained and the hill on which he lived and reared his family became Bunker's Hill. Thus came about the first paradox in the history of a famous battle.

Two decades after Monsieur Bon Coeur, late of Canada, had resigned himself at last to being Mister Bunker of Boston, that city was in a state of siege. That fact, in itself, was something of a paradox. For the besiegers, although they numbered between 15,000 and 16,000, were little more than an unorganized mass of armed civilians. Military experts of the time would probably have given this Continental army (it was not yet the American army) but little chance in a pitched battle with the besieged, composed of six or seven thousand well-trained and well-equipped British regulars commanded by Gen. Thomas Gage.

During the second week in June, 1775, Colonel Gridley of the Continental forces planned a series of earthworks which would strengthen the position of the besiegers around Boston. But before he could proceed with his plans, his commander-in-chief, Gen. Artemas Ward, ordered him to proceed to Bunker Hill for the construction of redoubts on this eminence of 110 feet overlooking Boston from across the Charles river.

In the meantime Gage had noticed the menacing heights at Dorchester and Charlestown and determined to seize them. Upon learning of this, a force of Colonials under Col. William Prescott forestalled the British commander and on June 16 took up their position on Breed's Hill, 62 feet high and nearer to Charlestown than Bunker Hill. It was a foolhardy thing to do, for Breed's Hill was a dangerously advanced position within easy gun range of Boston. In fact, the occupation of these heights back of Charlestown was a rash maneuver which might easily have proved disastrous. For if Gage had taken advantage of his opportunity to move heavy guns on the British warships at his disposal and sailed them at flood tide around into the Mystic river, he could have swept the narrow neck of land which led to Cambridge with cannon fire to cut off the retreat of the Colonials and, by landing his troops behind Bunker Hill, have caught the whole Patriot force in a trap and destroyed it.

Fortunately for the cause of liberty he was a general who had risen to his position by political wirepulling rather than by proved merit on the field of battle. So he passed up his opportunity for an easy victory and followed a course which was to prove disastrous both to his soldiers and to the prestige of the British arms. He decided upon an immediate frontal attack which General William Howe was selected to lead.

This decision was made on the morning of June 17 when the British discovered the Continentals' fortifications on Breed's Hill well advanced toward completion. A redoubt and breastwork had been erected in front of the hill and from one side of it, extending to the Mystic river, ran a rail fence which they had stuffed with hay to form a flimsy sort of breastwork in front of Bunker Hill. Immediately the British Brigade Lively in the Charles river opened fire on these fortifications but failed to stop work on them.

The whole forenoon was taken up in ferrying

the British troops across the Charles until about 3,000 had landed. Then they formed in line and about 3 o'clock in the afternoon marched forward to attack the entrenchments held by some 1,500 Colonials.

Prescott succeeded in holding his men in check as the lines of the British advanced steadily toward their breastwork. Even when the front line halted and poured forth a volley (which did little harm because these British regulars with their Brown Bess muskets were far from being good shots), there was no reply from the Continentals crouching behind the hay-stuffed rail fence. But when the marching lines of redcoats reached a point less than 50 yards away, they were met with a blast of fire beyond the power of human courage to endure. The broken lines retreated hastily down the hill.

Under the lashing tongues and the falling swords of their surviving officers, the British regulars reformed and advanced a second time, only to be thrown back again with frightful losses. But this time reinforcements under Sir Henry Clinton had arrived. By now Howe realized that another frontal attack by his infantry meant only more slaughter. Sending the artillery to make a flank attack, his soldiers advanced again with fixed bayonets. This time they were successful mainly because the Colonials' supply of ammunition had run out and they were able to offer only feeble resistance to the bayonet attack of the British. They retreated across the narrow neck of land, which was swept by fire from the floating batteries of the British in the Charles river but which caused only a few casualties.

The British held possession of the field but they had paid a terrible price for it—a total of 1,054 killed and wounded. The Continentals' losses were a little over 400. It was both a victory and a defeat for them. It was a victory in so far as it proved that untrained militia, fighting behind breastworks and commanded by such men as William Prescott, Israel Putnam and John Stark, could hold their own against British regulars.

It was a defeat in that the Continentals had been driven from their position and had lost heavily—more than 25% of their forces killed or wounded. But even more serious was the fact that this battle created the impression that victory could be won by partly trained militia and that it was not necessary to have a well-disciplined regular army. They could not then foresee the bitter years ahead which would prove otherwise.

So the Battle of Bunker Hill, which was fought on Breed's Hill and which was both a victory and a defeat, became a landmark in American history. It did something more—it gave to America one of her most famous historical paintings and one of her greatest orations.

On the afternoon of June 17, 1775 the rooftops of Boston were crowded with her citizens who followed with painful intensity the ebb and flow of the struggle up and down Breed's Hill. Up on Roxbury heights there was another watcher of that stirring scene—a nineteen-year-old lieutenant in the First Connecticut regiment. His name was John Trumbull.

Young John Trumbull did not long remain in the obscurity of a lieutenant. He made a sketch of the disposition of the British forces around Boston which won him a position as aide-de-camp on the staff of Washington.

In June, 1776, he became deputy adjutant general with the rank of colonel under General Gates at Ticonderoga. There he tried to tell Gates' engineers that Ticonderoga was untenable unless they fortified a certain commanding eminence in the neighborhood. But they refused to listen to the young Connecticut officer and did not fortify the place. As a result the British forced the evacuation of Ticonderoga by occupying that very hill. A short time later, angered because the Continental congress had dated his commission two and a half months later than it should have been, he resigned from the service and returned to Boston to continue the painting which he had determined to make his life-work before the outbreak of the war interrupted him.

But Trumbull could not stay away from the battlefield long. He next became a volunteer aide-de-camp under General Sullivan in Rhode Island and remained until his physical condition made it imperative that he get away from the rigors of army life. In 1780 he went to Paris where he told Benjamin Franklin of his desire to study painting under the great Benjamin West in London. Through Franklin's influence with Lord Germain, British foreign minister, Trumbull was received in West's studio and put to work alongside a young American named Gilbert Stuart, destined for future fame as the painter

of portraits of Washington and other Revolutionary notables.

When the news came that Major Andre, the British adjutant-general in America, had been arrested and executed as a spy, the crown authorities were furious. Looking around for a victim to be used in reprisal, they decided that Colonel Trumbull, who had been a "rebel" deputy adjutant general, was the man. He was arrested and confined in Tutthill Bridewell where he calmly went on with his painting even while his fate was undecided. After seven months' imprisonment he gained his freedom through the influence of Benjamin West, who went to the king himself and secured Trumbull's release.

Returning to America, the young painter again entered the army but the surrender of Cornwallis gave him a chance to go back to England. Again he entered the studio of West and received steady encouragement from the master and high praise from the great Sir Joshua Reynolds. At this time Trumbull conceived the idea of commemorating in a series of paintings the principal events of the Revolution.

The first one which he did was based upon his remembrance of the scene he, as a young lieutenant, had viewed from Roxbury heights. One day Sir Joshua Reynolds, visiting West's studio, saw a small painting resting on an easel. Struck by its dramatic qualities and believing that it was the work of West, he started to congratulate his fellow British artist. But West immediately told him that it was the work of the young American, John Trumbull.

Thus Trumbull's painting of "The Battle of Bunker Hill" became the first of those splendid canvases which are such priceless records of the American Revolution and which include his equally if not more famous "Signing of the Declaration of Independence," "Death of Montgomery at Quebec," "Surrender of Burgoyne" and "Surrender of Cornwallis."

Trumbull's Bunker Hill painting figured in a thrilling incident a few years later. He was in Paris during the French Revolution and, sickened by the horrors of the Reign of Terror, he determined to return to America. But when he attempted to leave France he found that he was on the suspect list with the strong possibility that the arch-Terrorist Robespierre would send him to the guillotine.

Trumbull decided to appeal to his painter-friend, Louis David, who was an ally of Robespierre. When David found that the American had his Bunker Hill painting with him, he said "That picture is worth many passports." So Trumbull with the canvas (which was a small one) under his arm accompanied David to the police prefecture. There the French painter, well-known as a "good republican," gained quick admittance. He showed the picture to the chief and explained that the American with him, although a notorious suspect, had been at the Battle of Bunker Hill. "He is as good a Revolutionary as any of us," he declared. As a result Trumbull was allowed to depart from France—his passport, the painting of the Battle of Bunker Hill. (Reproduced above).

Fifty years after the British regulars marched to their deaths up Breed's Hill, a great throng gathered on its slopes to lay the cornerstone of the monument which now stands there. Among the crowd was a small group of Revolutionary war veterans. Also present was a distinguished visitor from across the Atlantic, a Frenchman who had fought for American liberty.

But the eyes of the crowd were not centered so much upon the Marquis de La Fayette as they were upon a young lawyer who had been chosen orator of the day. Turning to the veterans, he began: "Venerable men! You have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood 50 years ago this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country."

From then on he held his audience spell-bound with the magic of his voice—in the words which he addressed directly to La Fayette and in his apostrophe to the monument: "We wish, finally, that the last object to the sight of him who leaves his native shore and the first to gladden him who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and glory of his country. Let it rise! Let it rise, till it meets the sun in his coming! Let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit!"

The speech which the orator delivered there that day has been called "one of the two orations which alone entitle him to a place in that select circle of the immortals." The orator was Daniel Webster.

© by Western Newspaper Union.

Crocheted Rug Uses New Modern Design



This crocheted rug called "Conventional" rug is made in solid colors. The design and border are in black and the background, in green and lavender. When finished it measures about 21x36 inches and approximately three pounds of rag strips are used in the making. The colors suggested are only one combination, many combinations can be worked out to match the colors in the room in which it is to be used. This rug will prove a practical as well as beautiful rug in any room in the house.

Full instructions for this rug and 25 others are included in rug book No. 25. Both are braided and crocheted rugs are found in this book.

Send 15 cents to our Rug Department and this book will be sent to you postpaid.

Address—HOME CRAFT COMPANY, DEPARTMENT C, NINETEENTH and St. Louis Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Enclose stamped self addressed envelope when writing for information.

HAND-SHAKING OUT OF DATE?

Jugoslavs in Movement to Abolish It.

The formation of an Antihandshaking club in Yugoslavia is noted by the omniscient London Times, which remarks in approbation that trusting one's right hand to a stranger is to give "the most valuable of hostages, and on occasion, as when mastering the left sleeve-link (one of the) indispensable allies in the battle of life."

"This handshaking business" the editor continues, "used to be thought a quaint survival from the days when right hands held daggers or could draw swords; to place it in the keeping of another was to clear yourself of any dangerous intention or ability. Business men have often laughed to think how little meaning the ritual need have today when fighting and ambushes take other forms. Fascists and Nazis have learned to make a gesture more nearly combining the remembrance of antiquity with the action prescribed in diagrams of Swedish drill."

"The efficient Japanese combine the quest for physical fitness and social gentility by constant bowings from the hips, bringing important abdominal muscles into play and getting better exercise in proportion as the obelance is marked. The bow and the salute have this further advantage also, that they do not betray their makers as handshaking can. People who offer a hearty grip, with a 'Doctor Livingstone, I presume?' impression that two strong white men have at last managed to meet, do not at all like it if their palm is hastily and lightly stroked, or if they are given a fleeting sense of a flabby and shapeless mass."

"There are secrets of handshaking, hidden rituals and squeezes of the brotherhoods for those who enjoy them; but from these subtle pressures and convolutions of the fingers much unhappy fumbling and discomfort arises, for many a man has been thought to have been giving some secret sign when in fact he was merely trying to ex-

tricate his unhappy hand. An occasional handshake on a big occasion between the parties to an engagement or marriage, or other major partnerships, and on other important events, is all very well, an old custom and not a bad one. But when it grows to ludicrous lengths in the interests of salesmanship and a politeness without ordinary good will behind it, it is time to cry halt and to fill in the membership forms which will enable one, as of right, to extend, for once only, the right hand of fellowship to the stalwart men of Ljubljana."

MURINE
FOR ALL EYES

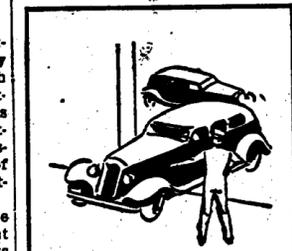
Rid Yourself of Kidney Poisons

Do you suffer burning, scanty or too frequent urination, backache, headache, dizziness, swollen feet and ankles? Are you tired, nervous—feel all unstrung and don't know what is wrong?

Then give some thought to your kidneys. Be sure they function properly, for functional kidney disorder permits excess waste to stay in the blood; and to poison and upset the whole system.

Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are for the kidneys only. They are recommended the world over. You can get the genuine, time-tested Doan's at any drug store.

DOAN'S PILLS



A GARAGE FOR SHELBY GUESTS

Storage rates here are reasonable—free delivery—pick-up. All of Hotel Fort Shelby's rooms and suites have private bath—circulating ice water—servitors. Rates beginning at \$2.00. Two popular priced restaurants. Cocktail Lounge.

HOTEL FORT SHELBY DETROIT

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\$ PER DAY

SINGLE ROOM AND PRIVATE BATH

HOTEL TUDOR

NEW YORK CITY

A new hotel on 42nd Street 2 blocks east of Grand Central Station.

Look! ahead to the future

Cuticura OINTMENT

aided by shampoos with Cuticura Soap, will keep the scalp clean and help to prevent dandruff and itching scalp irritations which cause falling hair and baldness.

Ointment 15c and 50c. Soap 25c. Sold at all drug stores.

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\$4.75 UP for a NICKEL only a Genuine **HOMCHARGER**

does it. Plugs in any lamp socket. Connects to car dash. No lifting of floor boards—no connections to battery. Charges over night. No Radio Interference. Nearly One Million sold since 1920. Sold by most Dealers. Or write to us for Free Booklet.

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528 East Third Street Cincinnati, Ohio

Flower-Adorned Gowns of Real Silk

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



ety women shop owners in the metropolitan silk showing held recently in New York.

A deep lilac silk crepe (quality-kind pure silk) fashions the stately evening gown to the left, which bears out the word from Paris that deep lilac and violet tones are outstanding this season. The wide bordering of silk violets which outlines the graceful cape speaks eloquently of the fascinating and ingenious play which designers are making with flowers.

The costume centered in the picture reflects a very ecstasy of beauty. This most alluring dinner ensemble is in gray (a very high style color for evening) pure-silk taffeta. Its cunning jacket with quaint flowing-from-the-elbow sleeves is graced with a youthful collar faced with lilacs in delectable coloring. To complete the picture milady carries an intriguing muff done in lilacs to match.

Vaporous, elusively sheer and floating, muchly-draped and shirred chiffon is the idol of the hour for evening wear. The "darling of a gown" with "red riding hood" cape to the right in the group is of exquisite white silk chiffon. The evening hood is one of the outstanding features of the formal mode. Young girls adore them. As artful as fancy can picture is the shirring on this gown which occurs at shoulder cuffs and on the skirt. The very latest gesture in silhouettes is interpreted via the elaborate draping at the sides of the slender fitted skirt. Lilacs on the hood and worn as a corsage sing a song of springtime youth and beauty for this dream of a midsummer night chiffon ensemble.

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FASHION is recapturing the elegances and enchantments which bespeak a truly feminine season. This message of a return to the exquisite, the aesthetic, the lovely and alluring in matter of dress is being told in countless beguiling trends.

A most happy evidence of increasing sentiment expressed for the sweetly feminine in dress, is the revival of that charming custom of wearing flowers, carrying flowers and trimming prettiest gowns with flowers. No need to tell you the fascinating things designers are doing with flowers, the illustration herewith speaks for itself.

Another evidence of the dawn of a new era of exquisitely feminine fashions is the re-thronement of silk, real genuine "all-silk," mind you.

This call for real silk from those of discriminating taste is not a mere passing fancy but rather a sense of fabric identification which is developing among the fair sex. We are coming to know that such terms as crepe, satin, taffeta and the like, are not necessarily silk, and when they are, should be called silk crepe, silk satin, silk taffeta, and so on.

The duo theme of flowers and real silk sounds enticing—and is it? For answer, please refer to the trio of adorable evening creations in the accompanying picture. It adds a glamorous note to these distinguished and exquisite modes that they were selected for illustration from among a collection of costumes entered exclusively by soci-

Let Our Motto Be GOOD HEALTH

BY DR. LLOYD ARNOLD
President of Department of Preventive Medicine, University of Illinois, College of Medicine.

THE THIN MAN AND THE STOCKY MAN

Have you ever stopped to think how very little you notice about your own body when you are feeling well? Beyond brushing your gums, do you ever pay much attention to your mouth when your teeth aren't aching? Do you ever consider how your stomach is acting when it isn't upset over something or you aren't hungry?

It isn't only the layman, but the medical profession as a whole has never paid any real attention to our bodies when they are well. There have been libraries and libraries written on disease, but the books written on what is normal health are virtually non-existent.

The whole effort has been to study disease and then to cure it. It has been a good way and has accomplished a very great deal.

It has in fact increased the span of our life expectancy so that it now stands at approximately sixty years. But now that we are reaching this ripe age, a number of the medical profession are saying: "Instead of waiting for a disease to manifest itself, let's see if we can't prevent it. Let's see if we can't keep people so healthy that they won't ever be laid up with long spells of sickness. We have cut down enormously the death rate from such contagious diseases as diphtheria, smallpox, rabies and measles. We have made progress with diabetes and pernicious anemia. Now let's see if we can't prevent the degenerative diseases that break down the proper functioning of the organs of the body, or at least keep them flaring up until a person is well along in years."

Obviously the first step in this objective is to make a study of normally healthy individuals so that we can learn how a healthy body reacts to certain stimuli. In the hospital connected with the University of Illinois Medical school, we had recently for a continuous period of 450 days two men, one thin and the other stocky. They were both healthy and twenty-five years of age.

We made many tests. We drew blood from each every other day, and sometimes twice daily. Stomach analysis was done at frequent intervals. All urine specimens were saved and analyzed. Basal metabolism was done daily. Ten different skin tests were made twice each week.

The stocky, blocky type proved a stable sort of fellow. He did not vary from day to day. When put into a hot room or into a cold room he was not uncomfortable. He showed little if any metabolic change as a result of these climatic environments. His urine was acid in reaction. He seemed to have little use for the alkalines in his food. We gave him certain foods to determine just how stable he could maintain his equilibrium of chemical reactions. He can be summed up as a vegetable organism. He was a digestive creature. He gained 20 pounds. He never did any type of work but stayed in bed all the time. To eat and sleep were his major functions in life. He would read little beyond the daily paper and he napped between turning the pages. He was happy and contented.

The thin man showed great variations in his body functions from day to day. His metabolism was unstable. His urine was always alkaline. He was uncomfortable in the hot room; he was excitable and uneasy; his temperature went up. His stomach stopped secreting acid and his urine became concentrated. He lost weight the day following and did not get back to normal weight for ten days. His whole water metabolism was upset. On the other hand, he fared very well in the cold room. Changes in diet produced considerable changes in his metabolism. His was a skin and nervous organism, and he was completely different from the stocky man. He was always up and about and looking for something to do. He never slept during the day. He washed glassware, helped in the laboratory, and became a real laboratory assistant in the year and a half he was under observation.

Then we made a study of a hay fever, migraine headache and hive group of patients, normal in other respects. These we found belong to the unstable types.

Their various reactions charted upon paper look like a profile of the Rocky mountains. They change more during the course of a day than the stable type change after having been given the same stimulating medicine. They are put together in a different manner and react differently to things around them. They show more changes in their blood chemistry from day to day than one would expect to find in sick people. But they are normal, that is, in so far as their fluctuating, vacillating and spasmodic type of controlling machinery will allow them to be normal.

We began these studies to gain a better understanding of normal people. Much to our surprise we found the normal range of variations to be much wider than we had previously supposed. We have still much to learn.

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Dog Defeats the Devil
A fight between a dog and the devil, ending in the defeat of his Satanic Majesty, has just been uncovered as a carving on one of the bosses in the Cathedral of Exeter, England, and is written about by the editor of The Cathedral Annual as follows: The green, scaly, crooked, snarling creature with a double forked tongue, has flown in at the window. But Roger's lop-eared dog at the base of the corbel opposite the Bishop's throne has caught sight of him and moved him to the triforium gallery opposite. The two heads can be seen supporting the

angle arches there. Next he drives him to the north choir aisle and above the tomb of Bishop Carey the dog and the evil beast are watching each other from opposite sides of the shaft that supports the vaulting. But the fight is not ended till, just outside, we see the finish in the picture. Roger's dog has cleared the devil out.

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PROTECT YOUR LIFE AND THE LIVES OF OTHERS!

There are three questions you should ask yourself about the tires you buy:

- 1—"Will the non-skid tread give me the greatest traction and protection against skidding?"
- 2—"Are they built to give me the greatest blowout protection?"
- 3—"Without sacrificing these two important safety features will they give me longer mileage, thus making them the most economical tires I can buy?"

Answer No. 1—Harvey S. Firestone early realized the value of tire traction and safety and was the first to design an All Rubber Non-Skid Tire. Through the years Firestone has led the way in the design and development of tires with most effective non-skid treads.

Firestone does not depend solely on traction and non-skid tests made by its own engineers — it employs a leading University to make impartial tests for non-skid efficiency of its tires, and their most recent report shows that Firestone High Speed Tires stop the car 15% quicker than the best of all popular makes of tires.

Answer No. 2—Blowout protection must be built into a tire. Friction and heat within the tire is the greatest cause of blowouts. Firestone protects its tires from friction and heat by a patented process which soaks every cord and insulates every strand with pure liquid rubber. This is an additional process known as Gum-Dipping, by which every 100 pounds of cotton cords absorb eight pounds of rubber. This extra process costs more and is not used in any other make of tire.

Leading race drivers investigate the inbuilt qualities of the tires they use, because their very lives depend upon their tires, and they always select Firestone Tires for their daring speed runs. In fact, Firestone Tires have been on the winning cars in the gruelling Indianapolis 500-mile race for fifteen consecutive years, and they were on the 5000-pound car that Ab Jenkins drove 3,000 miles in 23½ hours on the hot salt beds at Lake Bonneville, Utah, at an average speed of 127.2 miles per hour, without tire trouble of any kind. These amazing performance records are proof of the greatest blowout protection ever known.

Answer No. 3—Thousands of car owners reporting mileage records of 40,000 to 75,000 miles, is proof of the long mileage and greater economy by equipping with Firestone High Speed Tires. Let these unequalled performance records be your buying guide.

Go to the Firestone Auto Supply and Service Store or Firestone Tire Dealer and let him equip your car with Firestone Tires, the safest and most economical tires built.



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We select from our enormous stocks of raw materials the best and highest grade rubber and cotton for the High Speed Tire. In our factory we select the most experienced and skilled tire makers to build this tire. It is accurately balanced and rigidly inspected and we know it is as perfect as human ingenuity can make it.

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4.75-19	7.75	4.75-19	7.55	4.75-19	8.40	4.75-19	5.25
5.25-18	9.20	5.25-18	8.40	5.25-18	7.00	5.25-18	5.95
5.50-17	10.40	5.50-17	9.20	5.50-17	8.75	5.50-17	30% CL.

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SILK NET JACKET

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



This exotic silk print evening gown is white with green florals widely spaced. The silk net "butcher boy" capelike jacket is in the same shade of green. Front, back and the sleeves are pleated. This very beautiful twosome is worn by Gladys Swarthout, the lovely opera and movie star who was recently chosen as one of the ten best dressed women in America.

Pastel Colored Kids Are Latest Note in Footwear
Pastel colored kids are the next footnote. They come in pale powder blue, dusty pink, soft green and yellow, and they are designed in high cut-out sandals for afternoon wear with light frocks.

The new beach sandals come in white and eggshell linens bound with bright orange, blue or red kidskin stripes to match the beach outfit.

REGENCY TREATMENT FOR SPRING COATS

"Draped bows," "butterfly revers," "front fullness in the bodice"—call it what you will—each phrase describes the treatment that persists through the Vionnet adaptations that are shown. The coat and wrap designers give this detail an impressive position in the second spring collections.

The "pour" at front, which gives a pleasant Regency quality to the otherwise modern coat or frock, lends itself to a variety of interpretations—suitable for taffeta or flat fur for the coat and varied from ripping revers to double jabot in crisp formal wraps. Also important as a detail that promises to be heard from are the butterfly collars that are placed high across the shoulders rather than as jabot.

Knit Suit Styles Inspire You to Do One Yourself

You know how important the suit is to be. But had you thought of knitting one for yourself? You'd be inspired to make the effort after taking one look at a three-piece which includes a British looking short jacket, with skirt and sweater blouse. The jacket has all the aids of the high-powered English tailored suits of the season, with its high notched lapels, its semi-fitted lines and its casual one-button closing. Skirt and jacket are done in diagonal ribbing, with the same effectiveness of the smartest diagonal woolens.

Tweed knit coat designs are nothing short of superb.

Taffeta Takes Prominent Place in Fashion Parade

Crisp taffeta continues as a highlight of the spring fashion parade. Rustling bags, gloves, sleeves, revers, blouses and dresses are being taken for granted, but have you seen the dashing navy and white taffeta gloves?

To make them fit well, the palms are of soft woven silk. They are gauntlet type, with a heavily corded, fared cuff. They are particularly smart with a dressy navy suit and an ideal accessory.

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HEEDED DOCTOR'S ADVICE
 Mrs. Robert Hickey, Roseville, Calif., writes: "My doctor prescribed Kruschen Salts for me—he said they wouldn't hurt me in the least. I've lost 17 lbs. in 6 weeks. Kruschen is worth its weight in gold."
 Mrs. Hickey paid no attention to gossipers who said there was no safe way to reduce. She wisely followed her doctor's advice. Why don't YOU?
 Get a jar of Kruschen today (lasts 4 weeks and costs but a trifle). Simply take half teaspoonful in cup of hot water every morning. All druggists.

Help Kidneys
 Don't Take Drastic Remedies
 Your kidneys contain 3 million tiny tubes or filters which may be endangered by neglect or drastic irritating drugs. Be careful. If functional kidney or bladder disorders make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Loss of Pep, Low Pain, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, Neuritis, Acidity, Burning, Smarting or Itching, you don't need to take chances. All druggists now have the most modern advanced treatment for these troubles—a Doctor's prescription called Cystex (Sias-Tex). Works fast—safe and sure. In 48 hours it must bring new vitality and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger in one week or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs only 25¢ a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.

TIRED, WORN OUT, NO AMBITION
 HOW many women are just dragging themselves around, all tired out with periodic weakness and pain? They should know that Lydia E. Pinkham's Tablets relieve periodic pains and discomfort. Small size only 25 cents.
 Mrs. Dorrie Williams of Danville, Illinois, says, "I had no ambition and was terribly nervous. Your Tablets helped my periods and built me up." Try them next month.
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SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE
 The School Board meets regularly in Town Clerk's Room, in Town Hall block, on the Last Friday Evening in each month, at 7.30 o'clock, to transact School District business and to hear all parties.
 ROSCOE M. LANE,
 MYRTIE K. BROOKS,
 ARTHUR J. KELLEY,
 Antrim School Board.

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.

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

COULD NOT DO HER HOUSEWORK
 WHEN everything you attempt is a burden—when you are nervous and irritable—when you try this medicine, it may be just what you need for extra energy. Mrs. Charles L. Cadmus of Trenton, New Jersey, says, "After doing just a little work I had to lie down. My mother-in-law recommended the Vegetable Compound. I can see a wonderful change now."
 Try Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Weekly Letters by George Proctor, Deputy Fish and Game Warden

If you are interested to have freedom to use your guns get behind bill S 3 now in the United States Senate. Write your Senators and Congressmen. Tell them how you feel on the question.
 Did you know that many states in this United States have laws that guns and ammunition of any kind cannot be sold to a boy 12 years or under. Heavy fine.
 New Hampshire is good to its alien inhabitants. Many states will not allow an alien to own a dog or a gun and they cannot hunt or fish. You can here if you have the price.
 Roland Cadorette, president of the Lone Pine club of Nashua tells us that his club was to have had a big field trial June 9th but seeing that Milford and Wilton were to have a big time that date they postponed theirs for a week—June 16th being their date at Hollis at their club grounds. It's said that this club has got one of the best skeet grounds in New England. This club is to have another big time Sept. 15th at the same place. Write this date down on your cuff.
 According to the National Rifleman we have a new club in this state and it's at Mont Vernon and it goes by the name of the Stearns School Rifle Club. Take note of that you Milford pistol fans.
 The State of California is waking up to its Mr. Alco and his radical anti-gun bills. Some of the boys are hard to wake up to such dolings but when they do wake up—are there things doing? I'll say, and then some!
 Heard a man say the other day "You don't see any birds egg collections any more. Why, when I was a kid every boy had his egg collection." Well, there are good reasons for it now. A good stiff fine for meddling with a wild bird nest. Then again the younger generation have so many other things to take up his attention. Birds egg collecting is pretty tame work. And then again that big fine. Wow!
 We hate to spread a little gloom but it looks as if someone has got to do it, so here goes. Please don't ring me up and ask me to pay for the call unless it's a red hot tip. I have paid all my own phone calls for the past year and when a guy rings up from Keene and asks me to pay for the call and then all he wants to know is when the law is off the trout in Dublin lake and how many per day. I traced the call back to a pay station in that city. He got his information and I lost a "two bits." Then again if you want to know something just put a stamp in that letter. With over fifty letters a week and all asking for a reply. No, the Department does not pay postage either. We will be glad to pay for all calls if it's hot. Glad to answer all letters and to insure a prompt reply don't forget the "stamp."
 In the past few weeks I have had at least six letters asking me to tell them where they could buy a smooth haired fox terrier. Plenty of wires, but who's breeding the smoothies? I'll pass.
 Have a nice letter from my old friend W. A. Hatt of Lyndeboro. He says no need of putting out noise for the crows. Just soak a "little con" in tar and they never bother it.
 The State of Connecticut is this week planting in their "streams 18 million pike perch, the eggs coming from Lake Champlain in Vermont. The N. E. states are working hand in hand in this big game of conservation.
 Here is a letter from Merton L. Thompson of South Peterboro. He shot a real black woodchuck. I saw one that was shot in my home town about 30 years ago. Jet black.
 According to the American Kennel club the Boston Terrier and the Cocker Spaniel are running neck and neck in number of registrations. In fact the Spaniel for last month was giving the Boston a real run.
 Talk about your freak farms. Here is a man in California who is shipping 40,000 red worms a day for fishermen all over the country. "I've sent them to China. Boys, here is a chance for you to make some spending money."
 The Government has gotten out a leaflet entitled "The present situation regarding Beel Grass." It's leaflet BS-3, Bureau of Biological Survey.
 That Dutch Elm disease has reached Massachusetts, and it's about time we were getting alarmed over the situation. At first they said it was only on trees within 50 miles of New York city. Now it's all over Connecticut. Rhode Island and now into Massachusetts. They claim now that it can be carried with the wind. We hope that some way may be found to stop this disease which is killing the big Elms.
 You can now import registered "weebeck" from Switzerland and Union of South Africa. These countries now are free from the "hoof and mouth disease" and your Uncle Sam says O. K. by me.
 Were you ever up to Templed Hills Farm in Temple? This is owned by Amos W. Flemings and next Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Fleming are to have a house warming and have invited a large number of their friends to come and look 'em over. Their Carriage House Lodge is well worth traveling miles to see.
 Ever see Radio Nature League News edited by Thornotn W. Burgess, the well known nature stu-

dent and published by Brewer Co. When The Pine of Worcester, Mass.? A snappy little sheet on nature subjects.
 Believe it or not but the U. S. Government to relieve crowded conditions has shipped 900 lawns from the Kaibab National Forest in northern Arizona to 34 different states for stocking purposes and for zoos and parks.
 A silver grey fox being shipped by express in New York state hit his way out through a 18 gauge 2 in. mesh wire. He was gone two days in the wild and came back to the ranch where he was born and was glad to get back. This explodes the theory that a 18 gauge wire will hold a full grown male fox.
 Those four screech owls that I had last week have all gone back to nature. The first night the lady went right out through the wire cage. The next night she came and got the first one. Then we took them down to James P. Meizer and he banded them with official U. S. Government leg bands. Now there are two young owls that are wearing government bands. This brand of owl is very helpful to the farmer and should not be killed unless he gets the pigeon habit. Then—he might lose his head.
 A booklet that should be in the hands of everyone interested in a bird life. "More Game Birds by Controlling Their Natural Enemies." This by More Game Birds in America, 500 Fifth Ave., New York city. It's free for the asking and worth owning. 64 pages and full of things you should know.
 We have on hand a letter from a lady in New York city who wants to buy a small farm in this section. What have you to offer? Have referred her to our real estate friends. They will tell her.
 Had a letter from a friend of mine way up in the end of the state. He heard two men talking about the Monadnock region and winton. One said, "Yes, I was down to that little town several weeks ago to the Apple Blossom Festival." The other one said "Yes, that town is noted for its Winter Carnival, its Apple Blossom Festival and the home of the Literary Game Warden." Wow! And did my ears burn?
 Did you ever see that little pamphlet issued by the state board of health and labeled "Health." It's a monthly issue and well worth a second look.
 The past week I have been reading booklets issued by the National Audubon society and I am simply sold to the idea of that society. What they are trying to do for bird life is simply wonderful. We hope that everyone who is interested in birds will sign up in this organization. George C. Atwell of Strafford, N. H., is secretary of the New Hampshire branch.
 It won't be long now. Was in Nashua the other day for a round the table talk with Tim Barnard and Jeff Morrill of Concord. Jeff is now propagation officer and is in charge of the planting of the trout. He was giving Tim and I the low down on what we were to get and when. These trout, all legal sized, are coming from the Richmond rearing station. Supt. Dickerson has over 35,000 ready to move. Now when we stock a brook we just put a sign "No Fishing" for 15 or 30 or 60 days as the size of the brook and the conditions warrant. Lets go—to Richmond.
 Things are different this year. Every trout planted this year is to be under the eagle eye of the Game Warden. If 1,000 are booked for Stony brook you can't put 400 in Mill and the rest in Stony. No sir-ee. Everyone for Stony. In the past some of the clubs put them in brooks that dried up the next Summer. Hence the new ruling.
 The members of the Souhegan Valley Rod and Gun club are to have a real treat at their next meeting. This is to be June 12th and a Boston troupe of six well known entertainers are to show their stuff. Just to see what real sports these Wilton boys are they have hired the town hall and invited the public to come in and share the evening with them. Then Supt. Harold Dickerson of Richmond will tell 'em how he raises trout at his station. A big evening of fun and entertainment. Don't forget the date, June 12th Town hall, Wilton. FREE. What more can we do?
 Had an invite to go to a big time at South Royalston, Mass., last Sunday for Field Trials. Sorry—can't make 'em all.
 It's too bad that some of the birds that own property that's covered with the tent caterpillar don't have to sleep and live in a room with the crawlers. There should be a law. But what's the use, there are too many now! What—laws or caterpillars? Both!
 Had several calls last week to attend to dogs that had got too close to a quill pig. In fact they were well plastered. Not being equipped to handle such a case I was obliged to send them along to a "vet."
 Be sure to put sweet oil on head where quills are the thickest. This loosens the quills and they come out easy. When the quills are all out wash the wound with kerosene oil—this will take out the poison.
 Here is another party that has fleas or perhaps it's the dog that's affected. Anyhow, go to your

Sunny Meadows Farm Philosophy
 By Thomas Dreier, of Concord

Perhaps one reason why monks wear such quiet looks is because they are no longer anxious. They have taken vows of poverty, yet they know that they will be fed and provided with shelter and clothing. They do not have to compete with their neighbor. All their thoughts can be given to service. In such giving they find peace. We do not need to go into a monastery to find this same quiet inner joy. It is found right out in the workaday world, every day, by those men and women who invest their lives in thinking creatively for the happiness of others. These thinkers are the true multimillionaires of the world. They have wealth that can be destroyed only by the owners themselves, by their own wrong thinking. It is safe wealth to own.
Houses With Flowers
 An old commercial traveler, who spent the greater part of his life wandering around the country in an old fashioned surrey drawn by one horse, remarked to a group of friends:
 "I got so that in looking for a place to spend the night I would observe which houses had flowers growing about them. I found out that a home with attractive flowers in the yard or on the porch could be depended on to have a neat and efficient housekeeper—a woman who made the place a pleasant one to stay in."
People Carrying Autumn Leaves
 A man remembers a young French girl who carried an autumn leaf for miles to give him because she thought he was fine enough to appreciate such a gift. He gives thanks that he reacted in the right way. His experience tells him that the whole world is filled with people who carry such gifts around with them, who really want to do us good, who want to help us. Of course, we play our various foolish parts. We pretend at times to be wicked, or hard-bolled, or brutal, but the truth is, we are, for the most part little boys and girls playing at making sand pies and enjoying the sunshine and laughter.

When Men Think
 It is when we think about ourselves that unhappiness enters in to our hearts. Only when we are forgetful of ourselves, when we give ourselves to others, when we are plunged deep in plans or work or heaven knows what are we gloriously and noticeably nappy. As A. C. Housman says:
 Could man be drunk forever
 With liquor, love or fights,
 Lier should I rouse at morning
 And lie lie down at nights.
 But men at whiles are sober
 And think by fits and starts
 And if they think, they fasten
 Their hands upon their hearts.
 The old picture of a heaven filled with lazy people, lying around playing on narps, is psychologically wrong. People do not find hap-

Butterfly Reveals Its Sex
 Markings on the wings of the Monarch butterfly reveal the sex of the insect.
East Indian Custom
 Women of Timor-Laut, East Indies, are compelled to keep one eye closed in the presence of men.
Ornaments Indicate Residence
 Women of Walcheren, Holland, wear a gold ornament on the side of their head on market day to indicate the village from which they come. In medieval dress, crinole-shaped skirts to their feet, some of them arrive on bicycle.
Most Popular Hymns
 The two most widely sung hymns in the English language, according to many hymnologists, writes Mrs. N. G. Carter, Knoxville, Tenn., in Collier's Weekly, are "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," which was published in 1740 by Charles Wesley, and "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," published in 1775 by A. M. Toplady.
The Ace of Spades
 The ace of spades was called Spadille for the games of ombre and quadrille, and was used as an ingredient, together with two adders, twenty-four spiders, seven toads, and a ewe lamb's heart, for the concoction said to have assisted the Corsican witch to foresee Napoleon's career.—Pearson's Weekly.
The Letter "D"
 Although the sound which "D" represents and its place in the alphabet remains unchanged from earliest times, the form of the letter has undergone much development. The rounded form, as we know it, passed into Latin from the Chalcidic alphabet. This form has come down to us. In the early Phoenician and Greek, as the chart shows, the form was quite different.
No Brakes Needed
 The confidence expressed by inventors of perpetual motion machines has always been pathetic. Up to a few years ago, writes E. T. Smith, Huntington, West Virginia, in Collier's Weekly, many of these impossible devices which were received in the patent offices of both the United States and Great Britain were equipped with brakes so that they could, at need, be stopped.
Witness Trees
 When Michigan's land surveys were made from 80 to 100 years ago, surveyors marked the exact location of section corners with square wood stakes. This location was "witnessed" by trees which were blazed and marked with their distance and bearing with reference to the corner recorded in the surveyor's notes. With the passage of years, the square stakes have disappeared, but in spite of lumbering and forest fires, many witness trees still can be found. In many cases, burned-out stump holes of the witness trees are all that remain. In remnants of virgin timber stands or in swamps where fires did not penetrate, the markings of witness trees have been perfectly preserved by the new growth of the trees which has closed over them.