

# The Antrim Reporter

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ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1935

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

### A Special Session

Calling of a special session of the Legislature in New Hampshire will become a real habit if indications prove anything. It is now given out that immediately following the holidays such a thing is likely to happen. Relief is said to be the reason. It does seem that some plan could be thought out to take care of this troublesome situation so that it would not continually be the major project to contend with. Something radical may have to be done; there is surely some way to overcome it.

New Hampshire's potato marketing cooperative has just completed arrangements with First National Stores to sell potatoes to the latter on the same basis as more than 100,000 bushels of New Hampshire spuds were sold by more than 100 of the state's potato growers last year. Potatoes of the U. S. No. 1 grade will be supplied to the New Hampshire stores of the chain by New Hampshire growers regularly, and the chain, in turn, will pay prices based on quotations compiled by the U. S. D. A. market News Service.

The voters go to the polls and elect Senators and Congressmen to the National House of Representatives; these men go there to vote for the best interests of the people whom they serve; they are paid directly and indirectly to do this thing. Do they do it? Check up on how these men voted in the last session of Congress; did they vote to aid the common people and you in particular, or did they vote to aid somebody or something else? In many instances their smooth talk fooled you; don't let them do it again! Be sure of the man for whom you vote. An office seeker is not always the man you heed to make laws under which you live; he is rather apt to see something else when voting.

Up to the moment, it has not been given out generally but the supposition is that Hon. Charles W. Tobey will be a candidate to succeed himself as Member of Congress from the Second New Hampshire District. Another candidate, who has the past week announced that he will be a candidate for this position is Atty. John D. Warren, of Nashua, a World War veteran, a student of Constitutional history and Constitutional law; he is well known in Court circles. A Republican of sound principles, he will ask for your votes in the coming Primary.

### Gasoline Revenue

After slipping backward a month in gasoline road tolls revenue, the State has shown increases for June and July of this year, in comparison with similar months a year ago. From figures released by State Controller Milan A. Dickinson, June and July totals showed respectively \$12,998 and \$58,660 more than for corresponding months of last year. More business activity and increased tourist travel through the States were ascribed as the reasons for increased revenues.

### Can It Be True?

"There are no newspapers in heaven," asserts an evangelist. Of course not. You can't have newspapers without newspaper men. aptly remarks a certain newspaper.

### Automobile Inspection

The time for the Fall Inspection of all New Hampshire registered motor vehicles has been set for the month of September.

According to figures compiled from previous inspections, it was found that nearly 75% of total vehicles registered had some adjustments made in accordance with the inspection requirements.

The days are getting shorter, also the leaves will soon be falling and the inspection called for September will greatly assist in adjusting the lights and brakes for this hazard.

Authorized Inspection Stations have the necessary equipment ready and are requesting the car owners to apply early in September.

Beginning September 1st the motor vehicles registered in the State of New Hampshire must be inspected during the month of September.

Authority for Inspection: Public Laws 100, Section 6-a and 6-b: The Commissioner of Motor Vehicles may require the inspection of any motor vehicle or trailer to determine whether or not it is unsafe or improperly equipped or otherwise unfit to be operated. Such inspection shall be made at such times and in such manner as the Commissioner may specify. The Commissioner may authorize properly qualified persons to make inspections, without expense to the state, at stations designated by him, and he may at any time revoke such authorization or designation.

PENALTY: The Commission may refuse to register any motor vehicle or trailer which has not been inspected as required or which is unsafe or improperly equipped or otherwise unfit to be operated, and for similar reasons he may revoke any registration already made.

The above facts must not be overlooked and the Commissioner emphasizes the point that the penalty mentioned above will be strictly enforced.

### The Keeley Institute

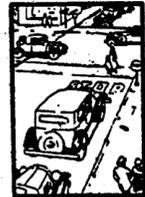
The following announcement in the press is significant: "The Keeley Institute in 1920 sold its medical plant and hotel to the United States Government for a veterans' hospital. At that time the institution had four patients. There were 516 patients in 1933. Now it has opened ten branches and had 723 patients in 1934. This gives some idea of the way the number is mounting."

It will be interesting to hear the friends of repeal explain how the overthrow of prohibition thus increases the patronage of Keeley Institute. The increase from four patients to seven hundred and twenty-three is a real good increase in times of depression. When prosperity fully returns what will this great industry do? It is a good time to invest your money in Keeley stock. It will be wise to convert our vacant school buildings into this business.—The Richmond Christian Advocate, Richmond, Va.

Mrs. Morris Burnham, of Manchester, has been spending a few days at Mrs. L. G. Robinson's, while calling on relatives and friends in this village, where she formerly resided.

### THE REAL DRIVER

9—Obey Traffic Regulations, Signals and Signs—DO YOU?



Within recent years automobile traffic on streets and highways has increased tremendously. If every motorist were permitted to drive as he pleased, serious accidents and utter confusion would result. Traffic regulations, signals and signs were devised for the benefit of the majority, to prevent such conditions. They are useless unless obeyed.

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We carry North Star Flour at \$1.00 per bag.

## The 13th Annual School Reunion Held at North Branch, August 24

The Thirteenth Reunion was held at the Chapel in Saturday, Aug. 24. The weather man was especially kind to old schoolmates and gave a wonderful day. Around 10.30 a. m., the cars began to arrive and until afternoon the receiving committee was kept busy welcoming old friends.

At noon all partook of a picnic lunch, with hot coffee furnished in charge of Mrs. Julia Huott. After lunch a visit was made to the old schoolhouse and the beautiful grounds of W. K. Flint, who each year very kindly opens to the people for the day. As one party said: it's worth the trip from Massachusetts just to be able to see these beautiful grounds. Many thanks are due Mr. Flint for his thoughtfulness at this time.

Around 2 p. m., the seats were returned to the Chapel and they were rapidly filled by friends. The meeting was then called to order and all sang "America," after which the President welcomed everybody to the old Home Town. The Report of the secretary-treasurer was then read and accepted. Communications were read by the secretary. The little thought on the card:

"Your presence is desired, But a letter will be fine; If unable to attend, please send us all a line."

brought very good results as a goodly number were received, and all enjoyed hearing the letters read. A collection was then taken as there is a little expense to be met every year.

The election of officers was held, after a nominating committee consisting of John Dodge, Herbert McIlvin, Angie Conn Russell, had renominated the old officers to serve for 1936. It was voted to hold the next reunion on the last Saturday in Old Home Week of 1936. A short memorial service was held with the audience standing, in silent prayer, while the

names were read by the president, thirteen having answered the final roll-call since August, 1934.

The program was then given. The president introduced Mrs. Madge Farnum Haskell who gave two readings in memory of her grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Swett Taft, which were much appreciated, it being a pleasure to all. Community singing was in order, with Miss Balch at the piano, after which Mrs. Dow, of Haverhill, Mass., was introduced. Mrs. Dow is well known here, having entertained us a few years ago; she was good and kindly responded to entreaties until the audience was ashamed to call again. Miss Ismay Lemander, of Franconstown, presented Mrs. Haskell with a bouquet of flowers, and Mrs. W. D. Wheeler presented a bouquet to Mrs. Dow. A closing song to tune of "Good Night Ladies," entitled "Good-bye Schoolmates."

So closed another successful reunion day. Nearly a hundred were present to enjoy the occasion.

### I.G.A. Store Reorganized

The firm of Hayward and Proctor which has been doing business in the I. G. A. store, in Odd Fellows' block for some time past, has been dissolved, Kenneth Hayward retiring from the firm and Harold Proctor becomes the head of a new firm to be known as Harold Proctor and company. In the reorganization, changes of the personnel in the store will be made but nothing else of a material nature will be effected. The new management will endeavor to carry a full line of goods usually carried in this store, at as reasonable a price as such goods can be sold, and will do everything to satisfy customers. Friends bespeak for Mr. Proctor a continuance of pleasant business relations and wish him every success possible.

# Architects Search World for Good Building Stone

## Marble Highly Valued From Earliest Times.

Washington.—One of the most strikingly beautiful buildings in Washington is the new United States Supreme court building. Its exterior is fabricated from white marble, while its interior is enhanced with columns and panels of the same stone but richly colored.

"Among the most ornamental of all building stones, marble has been valued by architects from earliest times," says the National Geographic society.

"White drums of marble from Mt. Pentelicon reared toward the clear blue sky of Athens, the graceful temples on the Acropolis. Domed Byzantine structures and Roman buildings were floored with mosaics of vari-colored marbles, veined and mottled. Visitors to the Pantheon may tread on a marble floor polished by the pacipies of august Romans over 1,800 years ago.

### Favored by Sculptors.

"Not only has marble been a popular building stone, but it is the favorite among sculptors. From it Phidias, Praxiteles, Canova, and many other artists carved their masterpieces. Carrara, in northwestern Italy, which supplied Michelangelo with marble for his famous statue of David, still supplies modern sculptors with some of their finest working material. In Carrara, a city of quarries and marble cutting factories, even the humblest of the homes have white marble lintels and steps.

"The most beautiful foreign marbles come from Italy, the French Pyrenees, and Belgium. In the United States, marbles underlie most of the eastern mountains from Vermont to Georgia, and part of the Rocky mountains. Vermont supplies 60 per cent of the amount quarried in this country.

"Marble is merely an altered form of limestone, transformed by heat and strong pressure. Limestone is much softer than marble.

"Limestone is found in many colors ranging from pink and red, through yellow to green and blue. From quarries in Indiana and Kentucky comes the variety best known in the United States.

"Although limestone is durable, it deteriorates under acids in the air and rain, especially under the sulphuric acid contaminating the air of cities. How waters containing chemicals affect the stone is dramatically shown in Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, where subterranean streams have eaten away the beds of limestone, hollowing out vast underground caverns.

### Granite is Valuable.

"Granite, igneous rock that has cooled, is a building stone valued for its hardness, strength, and durability. Unlike limestone, it is little affected by chemicals in the air and rain, but abrupt changes in temperature frequently cause it to crack. In regions where the temperature drops 80 degrees in a day, granite has been known

to shatter into boulders, gravel, and sand.

"Because it is so hard, the cost of cutting and polishing granite once prohibited its use except in a roughly dressed state. But now that less expensive methods have been discovered, it is one of the most popular building stones.

"Porphyry, another igneous rock, usually a beautiful red in color, was prized by the Romans, but is little employed by modern architects, because of the difficulty and expense in cutting and polishing it.

"New York city's famous 'brown-stone fronts' are made of sandstone, a popular building stone composed of grains of sand held together by a cementing material.

"The new air-conditioned home of the National Geographic society contains stones from many states and foreign countries. Its front steps are of pink and gray North Carolina granite. Limestone blocks and columns of the facade came from Bedford, Ind.,

## Pilgrims Take New Highway to Mecca

Jerusalem.—The opening of a new direct route between Iraq and the Hijaz is causing considerable worry in Syria.

The protest is from the merchants of Damascus and outposts on the old Syrian route. On the new route, agreements have been reached with the governments of Iraq and Hijaz for establishment of a sanitary post and a passport office at Idha.

To date 2,000 foreign pilgrims have journeyed over the new highway. Pilgrims from Mecca will not be allowed to carry cameras. The reason for the ban is to prevent photographing of the rites and scenes sacred to the Moslem religion.

and green marble spandrels from the French Alps.

"In the foyer gleam reddish-brown pillars and pilasters of polished Rojo Alicante marble from Spain. Walls are of lustrous Italian Botticino marble, a rich cream color, above a base of Belgian black marble. Brown Siena and gray Roman travertine form a large eight-pointed star in the floor."

## All-Time Record Mackinaw Trout



Justus Smith of Beulah, Mich., is telling Miss Lucille Provencer of the Traverse City, Mich., chamber of commerce, how he caught the all-time record Mackinaw trout in Grand Traverse bay. The fish weighed 43 pounds and measured 45 inches in length and qualified Mr. Smith for membership in the Traverse City Che-Go-Gon, Ottawa for "big fish club." The previous record Mackinaw weighed 39 pounds.

## Fence Posts Show Return of Prosperity

### Demand Unfailing Barometer to Woodsmen.

Escanaba, Mich.—Woodsmen in the upper peninsula of Michigan do not have to read the agricultural journals in order to get an idea how the farmers in the corn belt and other sections of the country are faring. There is an unfailing barometer of the changing weight of the farmer's pocketbook, and that is the insignificant-looking fence post.

When the farmer is hard pressed, as he has been during the last few depression years, he allows his fences to fall into a state of disrepair. But when money starts to jingle in his jeans again he takes the usual pride in them and becomes a heavy buyer of posts.

The peninsula division of the Chicago & North Western railway is reporting unusually heavy shipments of

posts this summer. A large percentage will be used for replacements, but the trend toward diversification of agriculture is also a factor. Western grazing lands, for instance, are being converted into small farms, necessitating the construction of enclosures. There is a noticeable increase in the summer volume of pulpwood traffic. Railroad officials attribute this upswing to the manufacture of many new paper products, such as table covers, curtains, bakery supplies and wrapping paper.

With the increasing demand for paper products, the lowly jackpine has taken place beside the spruce and balsam pulpwood. This heretofore useless wood is now the important element in producing paper of fine texture such as that used for waxed papers. The United States forest service has worked out plans for considerable reforestation of jackpine and other pulpwood to meet the demands of the paper industries in Michigan and Wisconsin in the future years.

### Colorful Wildflower Is Found in Nevada Hills

Fallon, Nev.—A new species of poppy, gorgeous, larger than the California poppy and yellow in color, appeared this year in the hills around the old mining camp of Wonder. Prospectors say they have never before seen this plant. Varieties have also appeared along the Lincoln highway, not only in masses of single color, but in kaleidoscopic blues, yellows, pinks and whites intermingled.

### Texas Boy, 15, Harvests Crop "Raised by Moon"

Mykwa, Texas.—Elmer Alford Fowler, fifteen years old, who farms 15 acres "by the moon" and his weather almanac, is the envy of Texas 4-H club boys.

Elmer, barefoot and in the fifth grade at school, waits for the "full of the moon" to plant and harvest because a "full moon yields a full harvest."

He expects to make 65 bushels of corn per acre. He has harvested 75 bushels of peas from an acre and a half and expects to pick as many more.

Elmer farms while his fifty-year-old father, J. A. Fowler, "works out."

"Corn husks are thick, so you can

look for a hard winter with lots of rain and cold," he says. He knows all the signs of the zodiac and plans according to "indications."

Elmer's father said he foresaw the depression and traded his \$2,000 city home for his farm. Since 1926 value of the property has mounted to \$15,000.

Elmer likes to farm because of the freedom. "You can work when you want to and quit when you want to."

### OXFORD LECTURER



Chief Aces Blue Eagle of the Pawnee and Creek tribe of Oklahoma, sailed for England on the Normandie to lecture in Oxford on the subject of American Indian art and dancing. He is pictured in full regalia which is part of his "props." He is just as much at home in evening attire.

### Potatoes and Tomatoes Growing on Same Vine

Lufkin, Texas.—J. C. Burt, farmer, living near Alto, believes he is well on his way toward raising potato-tomato vines.

In 1933 Burt planted a field of tomatoes. Last year he planted the same field of potatoes. This year he planted tomatoes again, and was surprised to find that some of the vines bore a strange fruit. The vines had potatoes on the roots and tomatoes on the stems.

**By WILLIAM BRUCKART**  
NATIONAL PRESS BLDG. WASHINGTON, D. C.

Washington.—A plainly worded and simple announcement forthcoming the other day from the

### Will Plant More Wheat

Agricultural Administration, presented one of the sharpest reverses in policy yet promulgated under the New Deal. Dozens of experiments have been tried out since President Roosevelt came into office and almost as many have run their course and have been abandoned. Many of them were tried out with high enthusiasm but the enthusiasm died long before the recently created agencies themselves went out of existence. Such was not the case, however, in the instance to which I refer because the simple announcement by the AAA resulted in the addition of 5,200,000 acres to the wheat planting area of the United States for the 1938 crop.

Not alone did this announcement represent a change in administration agricultural policy. If one is to believe the undercurrent of information available around Washington, one cannot escape the conclusion that the increase in wheat acreage to be authorized represented something of an answer to the protests, even boycotts, that have been evidenced in many sections of the country against an increased cost of living.

It is unnecessary to repeat here how hundreds of women have boycotted meat markets in Detroit and how one delegation after another in other sections of the nation have written or telegraphed to the Department of Agriculture or to their representatives and senators in congress in complaint against the high and ever increasing food prices.

Of course, boycotts and riots and demonstrations are rather silly. They just don't get anywhere successfully. About the only result one ever sees flowing from that sort of activity is a lot of publicity.

So, when Secretary Wallace and Agricultural Adjustment Administrator

### More Hogs Comes Next

Davis agreed to raise the wheat acreage from 85 to 95 per cent of the available acreage for the next crop, the consensus was that the administration felt it might have gone too far in its crop reduction program. Probably all restrictions will be lifted on hogs very soon because hog prices have sailed higher than a kite and the shortage of available live stock for packing has come to be almost appalling. Certainly, the city dwellers who constitute a big element in the market for pork products regard the shortage as appalling and they are not to be appeased by any promises from Washington.

Secretary Wallace was rather angered at published newspaper accounts from various cities to the effect that the AAA program was responsible for the high prices. He insisted that the drought of last year was responsible and that the destruction of several hundred thousand sows and several million pigs had not affected the market situation at the present time.

But Mr. Wallace's statements did not go over so well. In the first instance the bulk of the city dwellers simply will not believe that the drought had resulted in killing off a sufficient number of hogs and cattle to cause the current high prices. In the second place, wisacres around Washington who have a habit of blurring out their thoughts without regard to feelings of others, promptly inquired what good had come from the AAA corn-hog control program if the drought alone was responsible for the price increase. These same individuals were mean enough to inquire also why some experts in the Department of Agriculture had released statements to the press to the effect that meat prices, especially pork, will continue to skyrocket until the summer of 1936. They pointed out that a great shortage in supplies existed and that it was to be expected the upward trend would continue until a new crop of hogs of packing size is marketed next year.

Then, we here in Washington heard suggestions from men whose job it is to understand market conditions in which imports of pork products were predicted for the forthcoming winter. Now, importation of any commodity does not take place unless the domestic supply is short of the requirements. Thus, crop control program or no crop control program, drought effects or no drought effects, it is possible that this, one of the greatest hog producing nations in the world, may witness substantial imports of a food item for which it has always been noted as a producer.

As regards the reversal of form in the wheat control program, Mr. Wallace said in his announcement that the increase had been authorized "primarily

### Explains Reversal

to assure domestic consumers of continued ample wheat supplies." He said that the wheat carried over this year was about 152,000,000 bushels and that on the basis of present estimates of production for next year it

seemed advisable "to use the flexibility of the Agricultural Adjustment Act at this time to provide for somewhat larger production to assure adequate supplies of all types of milling wheat."

In theory, of course, the AAA control plan should permit production of sufficient wheat next year to take up the slack of left over requirements and should have the effect of maintaining American stocks at about normal. But, in practice, a different result is threatening. This nation always has exported a considerable amount of wheat. It has, therefore, had some influence in the world market and to that extent has influenced the domestic price. It happens, however, that the world wheat crop ahead of us is likely to be smaller than usual. If the United States had the wheat, it is pointed out variously, there could be a considerable return to the farmers from the export market. As it stands, possibilities of taking advantage of that situation just do not exist.

Without further reference to the practical operation of this theory, some experts have mentioned to me the fact that the 1938 American crop may not be as good as in times past. Then, not only will the American farmers be unable to take advantage of a foreign market, but they will not obtain the maximum return possible for their domestic sales because of their own shortage.

In answer to this, AAA officials point out they can use the flexibility of the Agricultural Adjustment Act as a benefit to the farmers. Their view of the situation is that the American wheat industry will be in a strong position, due to the shortage of world wheat, and can again exert its influence.

The divergent opinions of those who favor crop control and those who think the theory will not work have created many arguments even among officials. There are those who think only of the farmer's position and there are those who think only of the plight in which the city dwellers find themselves when prices are high. The whole thing, when simmered down, is simply another way of stating the age-old problem in which we find on the one hand those who produce the food and on the other those who eat it. Adoption of the principle of crop control has not solved that problem nor does it hold any prospect of solving it. It seems to me as a matter of cold judgment that the Agricultural Adjustment Administration is not any more fair with the people as a whole than are those who promote boycotts or seek to tear down gains made by agriculture. The department officials have given out statements carrying only their side of the case. Those who attack higher prices have made only their side of the argument. Neither has added much to the sum total of human knowledge or human comfort.

### Federal Pay Roll Grows

The New Deal plans for giving employment have not been so effective outside of Washington, but no one can question the result in so far as the federal pay roll is concerned. Late figures reveal that since President Roosevelt came into office more than 150,000 persons have been added to the federal list of employees. The total of workers on federal pay rolls in the executive branch of the government at the end of the fiscal year, June 30, was 717,712, whereas the total was 568,986 at the end of March, 1933—the end of the first month after Mr. Roosevelt took office. It has always been the claim of political parties that "to the victor belong the spoils." It is true under the Roosevelt administration to a remarkable degree. This is shown by the fact that the civil service list of employees in the federal government has gained very few while those appointed to jobs without the necessity of passing a civil service examination account for the bulk of the new workers.

Much of the New Deal legislation has carried specific provisions that employees in the particular agency created by the bill in question could be appointed without "regard to the civil service law." That is the simple expedient used to provide spoils for the victor.

But these new thousands are not at all secure in their jobs as distinguished from basic reason why a great many persons seek federal appointment through civil service examinations. An employee who has passed an examination and has received an appointment is supposed to be fairly secure in his job and as long as he does the work assigned to him there is scant possibility of him being ousted. This is not true of the political appointees. If and when there is a change of administration and a political party of opposite faith takes the reins, the workers who came in by reason of political plums have little chance of staying on the job. Consequently, one frequently hears around Washington now discussion as to what will happen to all of these new workers if New Deal agencies blow up or Mr. Roosevelt should fall of re-election.

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# BRISBANE

## THIS WEEK

### A Rogers Highway Our Policy? Here It Is Why Go to Town? To Discourage Vice

From Tulsa, Okla., in which state Will Rogers was born, J. D. Underwood telegraphs suggesting as "the highest tribute and a lasting memorial to Will Rogers," that Highway 66, which runs from Rogers' new home in California to his old home at Claremore, Okla., be extended on to New York, and the whole road named "Will Rogers Highway."



If every American highway can highway friends of Will Rogers living on both sides from one end to the other were named for him, there would be many "Will Rogers" highways.

### Thus run the headlines: "ITALY BARS ALL PEACE TALK." "BRITAIN WEIGHS SANCTIONS." "WANTS TO KNOW OUR POLICY."

If he wants to know the policy of 90 out of a 100 ordinary Americans, and 100 per cent of all common sense Americans, it would be this:

To mind our own business; let European nations, alternately murdering each other and robbing inferior nations, attend to their business, in their way.

Our policy now, with Italy swallowing Ethiopia, should be exactly what it was when our British friends were busy swallowing the lands of the Boers, absorbing that country with its valuable gold and diamond mines. We did nothing then. Why should we invent a special policy for Mussolini now?

France and England "fear Mussolini may involve three continents in the Ethiopian war." Has Europe heard of the New England farmer who said: "I'm on my way to town to get drunk, and Lord, how I dread it!" He need not have gone to town. European nations need not be dragged into a tri-continental war if they don't want to be dragged.

A very old poker player of the New York Press club, when he "raised the pot," remarked usually: "The only way to discourage vice is to make it expensive." That idea seems to be

working in Germany. Doctor Schacht, head of the great German bank, leading financier of the Reich, warns Germany that Nazi individuals indulging themselves in the pleasure of treating defenseless Jews brutally, are endangering Germany's prosperity. Such wanton brutality constitutes a great menace to German trade everywhere, according to Doctor Schacht, who knows.

Republicans report greatly increased demand for the nomination of Senator Borah, since the announcement that, if nominated, he will run. This will be mournful news for some Republican corporation-best minds, for whether they have to be "lashed with scorpions," or with something else, would make little difference to some of them who consider Senator Borah distinctly in the "scorpion" class.

An old gentleman of eighty-one strolled into a New York police station, remarking: "I have just walked from Kansas City and shall walk back again tonight." He was removed to a psychopathic ward. If he had substituted the verb "fly" for "walk," the police would not have disturbed him, for he could have flown in from Kansas City during the day very easily and flown back again at night. If 25 years ago he had said, "I just flew in from Kansas City," he would have been sent to the dangerous ward.

So there is progress.

At Sverdlovsk, Russian government engineers, digging sewers under the city, find gold ore that indicates a rich gold field underlying the town. The government owns practically all the city, and can easily take the rest, and a further increase in Russia's gold production, already more than three times as great as that of the United States, may be expected.

Those that believe in the wickedness of Russia may ask:

"Why does Providence allow such wicked people to find so much gold?"

One answer is, "The quickest way to make them stop their wickedness is to make them rich, and gold would do that." Gold might not change the existing government of Russia. But another generation will see another kind of government, and ownership of such a lump of gold, as we possess, might make that next Russian government consider Lenin and Stalin "old fashioned."

Providence works mysteriously.

Physicians at St. Vincent's hospital in New York report the extraordinary case of a baby, that lived for 27 days, appearing almost normal but possessing no brain.

Disgruntled "best minds" will tell you there are "babies" in Washington, some of them full-fledged professors that have lived longer than 27 days "without any brain."

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### HEADS AMERICAN BAR



William Lynn Ransom, New York utilities lawyer, who was elected president of the American Bar association over James M. Beck, former Pennsylvania member of congress and former solicitor general of the United States. Mr. Ransom was a justice of the city court of New York city at the age of thirty.

# There's Always Another Year

MARTHA OSTENSO

Copyright Martha Ostensio  
WNU Service.

## CHAPTER I

Ordinarily, when the Heron River band—an eight-man institution which included a twelve-year-old snare-drummer and a bass-drummer of sixty—played of a summer night, "Hall, Hall, The Gang's All Here," and proceeded with proper solemnity into "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," old Shad Finney looked at old Nils Ulevik and said, "Wa-al, she's finished, mate. We better get along." And Nils, sucking on his pipe, would nod his head in grave accord.

But this was no ordinary band-concert-night in July. The telegraph operator, Albert Symes, had let fall the information that the express was going to stop at the Heron River depot this evening. It was not only going to slow down as was its wont to drop off the incoming mail and to snatch up the outgoing, but it was going to come to a definite standstill. To let off a passenger. And who hadn't read in today's Maynard Times about the shooting over a gambling table in Chicago, of Gentleman Jim Grenoble—Gentleman Jim who still owned half of the Grenoble farm, fancily called Ydrasil by a fancy wife now long dead; and who had a daughter who must now be nineteen or twenty? Albert Symes, being a man of honor in his profession, hadn't said that there had been a wire to Sophronia Willard, Jim's married sister, about Jim's daughter, stating that she would arrive on the evening train. But Tillie Fink, of the telephone office, had conscientiously listened in while Albert had conveyed the message to Phronie Willard at eight o'clock that morning. So that it had been unnecessary for Albert Symes to betray his trust.

Another interesting angle in the situation was that Roddy Willard, stepson of Sophronia, had mysteriously disappeared in his car yesterday. "Just a little trip," Roddy had said. In view of the fact that Elsiebeth Fink, the postmistress and sister of Tillie, knew that four letters had been placed in Roddy's rural mail box during the past ten days, all in the same feminine handwriting, the circumstances were intriguing indeed.

All in all, conditions certainly warranted a change of procedure on the part of those two old cronies, Shad Finney and Nils Ulevik. They stamped heartily enough upon the advent of "Hall, Hall," but after that they glanced at their watches. And immediately those others who possessed watches drew them out from snug pockets, looked at them, gave a thoughtful wind to the stems and replaced them.

There was a general movement toward the depot, a block away, across from the lumber yard. Eighteen or twenty grown persons and a scattering of children.

"D'you s'pose Phronie'll be here?" Shad whispered to Nils. "Taint likely she'll send Jason to meet her. The looks o' him's enough to scare the old Nick himself!"

Nils shrugged. "She could do worse," he remarked. "Yase just so good so his brudder Roderick."

Shad spied Duke Melbank standing amid four or five men on the depot platform. Duke—whose real name was Earl—was bareheaded as usual, and his flaming red hair, shaven close about the ears and neck, could have been seen a quarter mile away.

Duke was tall, narrow-shouldered, tubular. His body suggested a length of sponge. His hands, even in summer, were always pale, were covered with red freckles and were clammy to the touch. He had a loud, almost incessant laugh which was peculiarly devoid of mirth and meaning. He was an only son, and lived with his mother on a shambles of a farm fringing Heron River. Since farming had become unprofitable, Jess Melbank and her son supplied homebrew to the neighborhood and to the campers on the lakes to the north at twenty-five cents a quart. Jess, in coloring, appeared to have been the inspiration of Duke. She was as broad, however, as she was long, and no one had ever seen her in anything but a black sateen wrapper held together by a man's

leather belt with a huge silver buckle in front.

Soon after Shad Finney and Nils Ulevik had gained the steps of the platform, Jess Melbank could be seen waddling forward from the shadowed extreme end of it. The evening being oppressive, Jess carried a huge palm fan, which she waved dextrarotundly across the vast and flabby expanse of her. She sank with audible relief down upon a bench against the depot wall, still some distance from the group of idlers who surrounded her son Duke. Shad and Nils with a certain feeling of distaste, it must be admitted, edged nearer the group.

The two old men may not have been listening to the utterances of Duke Melbank—those utterances so punctuated by his own snickers and guffaws that it took an alert ear to gather their meaning. They may not have been listening, exactly—because they were nice old men, not given to a busy interest in scandal. But they could, nevertheless, not help overhearing.

Some weeks ago, Duke Melbank, on his thirty-fourth birthday, had discovered Chicago. And Chicago, Ned Burgess, editor of the Heron River Sentinel, had estimated, "would never be the same again." Duke had read the news item at first with a slightly sour look, because Ned considered himself above everybody in the county except the Willards. But whatever Ned's intent had been, it was something to have your name in the paper, and at length the clipping nestled in Duke's vest pocket, along with certain photographs he had got from a traveling man who had been in France.

Everybody in Heron River knew, by now, what had happened on Duke's visit to Chicago, but tonight was an occasion which called for the retelling of the event.

"You was in the Grenobles' suit, wasn't you, Duke?" somebody prompted. "They don't call it a 'suit,'" Duke disclosed loftily. "They call it an 'apartment.' You bet your punkins I was in it. I wouldn't 'a' got in, neither, except I met of Jim himself in a speak-easy, and I come right home with him, bein' from his home town. He was worried like, and he didn't seem to know I was along. There was a gang to his place, all right, all right! Say, boy! Maybe I didn't smile like a wooden fox after seven or eight o' them drinks they give me! And then"—Duke drew himself up and hooked his thumbs into his green-and-orange striped suspenders—"in she comes! Silver pajamas, by hickory! They was all playin' roulette—you know, like they play over to Gale's Point." He paused and flicked his cigarette into the outer air. He knew roulette. These hicks who hadn't even been at Gale's Point probably thought it was dominoes. "Up gets this guy from the table and she goes with him into another room and shuts the door! She never even seen me. Wouldn't 'a' known me, anyhow. Somebody says it's her, so I know. I get up pretty soon and goes and opens the door, easy like. And there she is with her back to me and this guy bendin' over her like he's gonna kiss her!" Duke croaked joyously, his head thrown back with the relish of reminiscence.

Somebody prodded him. "Here comes Phronie Willard, Duke! Shut up!" Nils Ulevik and Shad Finney glanced anxiously at Sophronia as she passed them. They hoped she had not overheard any of Duke's talk, for they were law-abiding citizens, and had a distaste for public violence. But Sophronia Willard, straight and strong as a pine, and as awe-inspiring as one, ignored Duke Melbank's little group just as such a majestic tree might ignore the whisperings of scrub growth in a forest.

Sophronia had had since eight o'clock this morning to prepare for her meeting with her brother's daughter, Anna—"Silver," her mother had frivolously called her, because of the pallor of her hair and skin. Sophronia was washing the separator in the milk house when Jason had shouted to her that she was wanted on the telephone.

Albert Symes, the telegraph operator, had read the telegram to her. He had said first, clearing his throat: "I have had news for you, Mrs. Willard." Phronie had said, "Go on, go on, man! Read it." Then Albert had proceeded with the message: "As attorney to your brother James Grenoble I assume the painful duty of informing you that

your brother was shot fatally early this morning by one Lewis Rawson. Rawson was killed by police as he was trying to make his escape. Your piece Silver Grenoble will arrive Heron River tonight's train. Take care of her. Benjamin Hubbard."

Sophronia had made no outcry. She had given Albert Symes a curt "Thank you." Then she had seated herself on the chair beside the telephone and had looked up at it, there on the wall, for a long time. Jason had stood near by, fumbling with a piece of harness, or something—she forgot just what. Her eyes had moved to him slowly, and it seemed to her suddenly that this stepson of hers was more hunchbacked than usual. She could see that pitiful excrescence of bone and flesh mounting from behind the line of his shoulder. She saw his mournful, deep eyes—like the eyes of a dog that had been run over and begged to be removed from his pain.

"Jim is dead," she told him, as she might tell him that the clock needed winding.

Jason turned the bit of leather about in his powerful hands—hands that could bend a horseshoe inside out without trouble.

"How?" he asked. His voice was husky and soft as wind moving over tall grass. "How did he die?"

"He was shot."

"It would be a gambler shot him," Jason said, and his glance fell.

"I guess," Phronie said. "His daughter is coming on tonight's train. It was Jim's lawyer telegraphed."

"Too bad Roddy isn't here," Jason said laboriously. "He could meet her, Phronie."

The angry red sprang into Sophronia's cheeks. "You're good enough to meet her, Jason," she said sharply. "You're good enough to meet anybody, and don't you think different!"

Jason smiled with great gentleness, as though it were Phronie who was ill-formed. "You know I ain't," he said. "You've got to drive in."

"All right, Jase," she replied, to have it done with. "Now I've got to finish the separator."

The shining metal of the separator made whirling disks before her eyes. Jim—Gentleman Jim! Her only brother, younger than herself—handsome and wild as their grandfather had been. Not made for this land their grandfather had homesteaded on, though. Going off the deep end when his wife, Anna Egstrom, that lovely Swede, had died without asking your leave! Jim had gone away then, leaving her, Sophronia, in possession of half this farm that had belonged to their father and their grandfather—leaving her with the responsibility of the entire farm, his own half as well as hers! Going off after his wife's death, with his seven-year-old daughter, as though the earth had swallowed them up. What had there been for Sophronia to do but to marry Roderick Willard, the widower on a farm in the next county? She had deeded her share of the land to him because he had had the money to work it—and he had built this new house on the ridge, not more than a stone's throw above the little old place in which the Grenobles had lived for three generations, in which Silver Grenoble had been born and Anna Egstrom had died.

Roderick Willard had been kind. Sophronia had loved him, she supposed, so far as she knew anything of love. And his two sons, in their early teens then, had responded to her mothering, had affectionately accepted her. But Roderick, who had sold his own farm before his marriage to Sophronia, had wanted to secure complete possession of the Grenoble farm. Jim Grenoble, for some romantic reason, had refused to sell his section, and although Roderick and his sons had worked it through all the years, it had never become Willard land, and Roderick, aging now, had passed his resentment on to his son, young Roddy.

Two years after her marriage to Roderick Willard, when her stepsons were in high school at Heron River, Sophronia had had her first news of Jim. He and Silver were in Alaska. Jim did not say what he was doing, but Silver was being looked after in a convent school.

Next year Jim was in Nevada. And why he had gone, but she did not press his confidence. She thought uneasily of the letters that had come to him from Ballantyne in the past week or so, and of his niggardly disclosure of their contents. It was no secret to anyone that the Ballantyne bank had failed that summer, but that Corinne Meader, the president's daughter, should be writing so persistently to Roddy Willard was a curious thing.

A few summers ago, when the girl was a house guest at a cottage on Twin Deer lake, to the north, she had driven over and spent the afternoon at the farm, and Sophronia had learned then who it was that had become Roddy's ideal at college. She was a vivacious creature, Phronie recalled, very smartly dressed, with curly brown hair and brown eyes that had a way of widening recently up at Roddy—a way that had made Phronie grimly sick while she stalked through the barnyard showing the young thing from the city how old "Stumpy," the hen with one foot, was rearing a brood of turkey chicks. Corinne had pouted prettily over her own ignorance concerning all farm lore, and Roddy, tickled, indulgent, had laughed. Sophronia would never forget her own effort to serve the girl iced tea in the sitting room. She would never forget how Corinne's eyes had roamed over the place, scanning the floors, the walls, the furniture. And Roddy had sat there holding a glass and struggling to make his hands look small.

The neighbors did not know where Roddy had gone. It was just as well. They talked too much anyhow.

buy him out. But Jim had some sentimental attachment for the place, because of his wife Anna, who had called it Ydrasil. That word, in Norse mythology, Anna had said, meant the Tree of Life. There was a huge oak in front of the old Grenoble house.

They couldn't budge Jim. He refused to sell. Why did he want to hang on to a farm that he never meant to visit again? He was gambling for a living. Sophronia would have guessed that, even though Newt Fisher, who had run into him in Nevada, hadn't brought the news back. But his wife Anna had curiously loved her Ydrasil—silly name, silly woman! Sophronia always grew uncomfortable when she thought of Anna. Well, who hadn't loved her? She was gentle as spring rain.

And what would this daughter of hers be like? Sophronia wondered with misgiving. Product of convents (of all things—and Jim raised a Presbyterian) and boarding schools from Nome to Nicaragua—daughter of a fairly mother who had died at twenty-eight, and a father madder than his own grandfather, who would lay bets with the moon as to the color of its back-hair—what would the daughter be like? She had been born on this farm, it was true, but would she remember anything of it that was sane and sound?

Phronie had gone on washing the separator. She struggled to thrust back her memories of Jim, to recall only his unfairness, his selfishness. But it was no good. D—n him! D—n him! Why couldn't he have come back, just once? She had wheeled him through the potato patch in his go-cart when he was a year old, and had been spanked for it afterwards. She, five years his senior, had taught him to play mumblety-peg and to skin slippery elm. And he hadn't come back.

Now this young Anna Grenoble—Silver, Phronie emended with a sniff—would probably sell her share of the land immediately to one of those concerns in the city that was buying up sections around here for a pittance, against the time when the land would be worth something again. Silver Grenoble would have no use for a dreary existence on a northern farm, where taxes were a nightmare that continued through the day, through every hour of merciless toil. No doubt Jim had left her well provided for, and it would mean only the turn of a wrist, pen in hand, for her to dispose of a negligible property.

To young Roddy, twenty-seven now, with agricultural college behind him, it would be a staggering blow. He had never given up hope of one day owning the entire farm.

It was like Roddy that yesterday he should have gone off to Ballantyne in his car, saying only that he had to go.



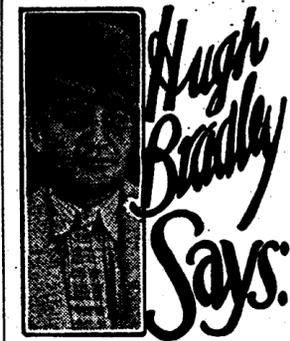
Then She Had Seated Herself on the Chair Beside the Telephone.

Sophronia had her own ideas as to why he had gone, but she did not press his confidence. She thought uneasily of the letters that had come to him from Ballantyne in the past week or so, and of his niggardly disclosure of their contents. It was no secret to anyone that the Ballantyne bank had failed that summer, but that Corinne Meader, the president's daughter, should be writing so persistently to Roddy Willard was a curious thing.

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(TO BE CONTINUED)



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## Life Is What You Make It, Even in Sport

IT IS a rule of mine that letters must be answered promptly and yet the one postmarked from a small West Virginia town has been here for almost a week. That is because . . . But enough of such stalling.

Dear Mr. —: It was nice of you to pick me out from the midst of all those other sports writers whose stories you read while trying to find some one from whom to obtain support. Yet, at the start, I may as well tell you that I am going to fail you.

Perhaps you are right in saying that your son has had too good an education to waste himself upon professional baseball. That would depend largely upon whether he has the ability to reach the major leagues quickly and to stay there for at least five years.

If he can make that grade then I think that you are wrong in believing that he will spend the rest of his life regretting lost business opportunities. Let us see.

The oldest living former National league player resides in Boston. He is past eighty and it has been more than 40 years since he ended his active days as one of the greatest of all stars. Has George Wright spent all those seasons thinking of the past and regretting opportunities that were lost by playing baseball?

Not a bit of it. Like A. G. Spalding, another great player of another day, his real fortune was achieved away from the diamond and yet because of it. What he might have become without baseball I do not know, but I do know that lessons learned in front of wildly excited crowds in those old wooden stands were invaluable to both men later while they built up businesses that yielded them fortunes.

You say that you would not care for him to travel around with a sporting crowd. Honestly, Mr. —, I should not worry about that. There are all kinds of definitions of sporting and so let us look at another side of it.

## Ball Players and the Church

There was a day, which happily no longer exists, when baseball and the church were supposed to have very little in common, when there was much feeling that young men who participated in the sport for money were doomed to no good end. That was a day which produced a great outfielder who became a greater evangelist. His name is Billy Sunday.

Sunday.

You think that if he became a star his later days would be unhappy because he would always be pining for that thrill which comes and goes with the limelight? Perhaps.

Most of the old Orioles are gone now but memory lingers on so persistently that they still must be recalled as one of the greatest of all teams. So the man who had been their manager might well look back wistfully upon those glories that have gone. Let us see again.

Years after the team had been scattered the citizens of Baltimore were planning some new parks. It was an important program and needed to be in charge of a man who not only understood the work but many other things besides.

They called upon an elderly gentleman who was busily engaged in building up a worthwhile business. Now far more residents of Baltimore think more often and more gratefully of the Edward Hanlon who did so ably as president of the park board than of the same younger Ned Hanlon who led the Orioles.

Let us try once more. To succeed upon the diamond you must recognize opportunity when it comes along. Disregard those bits of fiction which dot the magazines. The real truth is that few players have become stars through some combination of sheer strength and awkwardness. The game is one in which you must strive to think faster and more clearly than your opponent or combination of opponents.

When you develop such qualities before an audience that is quick to applaud or to condemn haven't you built up something in you that is going to serve well whatever you may tackle later?

Think it over, Mr. —. Or better still, let your son think it over. The opportunity is there and, after all, it is up to him what he makes of it.

SO MANY things are being blamed upon the weather nowadays that it is a relief to consider Brooklyn's Dodgers. Since those athletes probably would continue to drop decisions even if they were performing within the shadow of the south pole, today's collection of logic is dedicated to those persistent customers who annually must be beset by chills while the heat is being turned on elsewhere.

Plainly what is wrong with the Dodgers as well as with such better favored clubs as the Red Sox and the Indians is that even worse teamwork is displayed by the bosses than by the hired help. Until the front office can be made to understand the necessity of co-operation as well as of sustained and intelligent planning, World Series must continue to be played at the Polo grounds, at Yankee stadium, in St. Louis and Detroit.

By this I mean that there are too many straw bosses floating around in the Cleveland, Boston and Brooklyn offices. There is such an over-abundance of managers, both of the business and the field variety, that there is no real central authority. Instead of being Bill Terry, Branch Ricks, or Connie Mack, too many of the gentlemen have become Jack Horners.

Too many of them are too eager to poke in their thumbs, pull out the plums, echo the what a great boy I am refrain and then duck out the back door when some one discovers that a mess has been made of the pie.

Such confusion of purpose is nothing new in this combination of sport and business that is baseball. For instance, there are the White Sox. When Charles Comiskey was in his prime the team made money and won pennants. As he became older he slipped into a mingling of uncertainty and stubbornness that caused him to lean too heavily upon poorly equipped volunteer advisers. For years then, and after his death, the White Sox neither made money nor won pennants. Now a happy understanding between field and office is bringing success again.

There also are the Giants. For years McGraw was the supreme authority and the club was one of baseball's grandest successes. Then some of the players discovered that it was perhaps not impossible to go over the "Old Man's" head. The next pennant was won when Bill Terry, who would not accept the job until granted full and undivided control, had become manager.

In mentioning this I have no desire to be unkind to the various gentlemen who have devoted their years (albeit at salaries considerably more handsome than the results) to the executive end of the game. I merely am stating facts that are very well known to any one who ever has poked an inquisitive nose into a major league dug-out.

Probably no club has been in such a pitiful plight this season as the Braves. The principal ownership of this club is invested in two men and a bank. The season was started with a manager and with the game's most glamorous figure in the lineup as vice president and manager apparent. The result was inevitable.

There is a manager who has been bitterly assailed by newspaper men. The business manager, who talks an excellent game and who takes bows whenever there is the slightest excuse for them, is a pal of the press. This does not necessarily mean that Walter Johnson and Billy Evans do not function in perfect accord. The Yankees ruled by Ed Barrow and the Tigers directed by Mickey Cochrane are, though, somewhat out in front of the pre-season favorites.

Bucky Harris, who was the manager of two pennant-winning teams while under the overlordship of Clarke Griffith in Washington, was not a success in Boston. Marty McManus, for many reasons exceedingly popular with the fans, was separated from the Red Sox managerial duties ahead of Harris. I do not suggest that Eddie Collins, the business manager, sat in the stands and signaled to the outfielders where to shift for certain batters. I merely mention that, in the midst of such rumors of clashing authority, the \$250,000 expended by Tom Yawkey for Joe Cronin may, of course, have been a bargain.

I know of a major league ball club where a manager is not permitted to fine or otherwise discipline any of the players and, indeed, is not even given information as to how much money the athletes receive. The club, because of poor deals or the lack of any deals, is going nowhere this season or next.

Still this piece started out with the Brooklyn club and may as well end with it. After all, the weather is bad enough without getting into a sweat about so many other things. And it is true that somebody has to lose the pennants as well as win them.

Judge Micklethwait, one of the best-informed of turf observers, believes that Racing Secretary Jack Campbell will assign 180 pounds to Discovery before the New York season ends.

**Did you ever meet a gangster's moll?**

You never met one like Silver. Daughter of a gambler, she gave her heart—and more—to the big shot of a Chicago "mob." Yet, something new, more exciting and more important, she discovered in the wind-swept beauty of the Dakota prairies.

But—

"To think," she cried, "to think that when the real thing came, it had to be wrong, too!"

**THERE'S ALWAYS ANOTHER YEAR**

by Martha Ostensio

This is the first installment. BEGIN NOW!

Weekly News of Interest From  
a Few Towns Surrounding Antrim

GREENFIELD

FRANCESTOWN

Rev. Richard Carter has been at the Isle of Shoals for a week.

Last Sunday evening a candle-light Communion service was held at 7.30 o'clock.

Miss Katherine Holt, of Worcester, Mass., is spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Holt.

Rev. George Tolley, of the Second Baptist church, in St. Louis, Mo., will preach here Sunday, September 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Decker, of Norton, Mass., have been spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Atherton.

Schools opened today, Wednesday, September 4, with Miss Christine Batten, of East Rye Gate, Vt., in the Primary room and Miss Katharine Gooan, of Manchester, in the Grammar room.

DEERING

Mr. and Mrs. George Andrews announce the birth of a daughter, Joan Ruth, born at the home of Mrs. W. P. Wood.

The gift to the state of a tract of land, comprising a hilltop, pasture and woodland, by Dr. Clarence Vincent, was announced at the forestry field day recently, at the Fox Forest Reservation. The tract lies partly in this town and partly in Weare.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Ellis, West Deering, entertained at cards in honor of their house guests, Miss Jennie L. Bowles, of Somerville, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. J. Merrill Mann, of Arlington, Mass. Miss Bowles, aged 85, was high scorer for the evening. She is an aunt of Mr. Ellis.

Among those from Deering who attended the annual field day at the Fox Forest Reservation were Miss Marjorie Holden, John Hold-

George Kittredge, of South Boston, spent the week-end with Mrs. George Kittredge and family.

There was no morning worship at the Congregational church last Sunday; in the evening there was held a union service at 7.30, at the Unitarian church.

Mrs. George Miller, Grant Miller and Miss May Miller, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Miller, have returned to their home in Bloomfield, N. J.

George Ellis, of E. Dedham, Mass., and Lockwood Brown of Hyde Park, Mass., spent the week-end at the Nason House. Miss Doris Brown returned to Hyde Park, Mass., with her father, Lockwood Brown, because of the illness of her mother.

Francestown Labor Day carnival was held Monday, September 2, with a parade, at 2 p. m. Standard Time. Grenville Clark, of Dublin, spoke on "Public Affairs." There was a fair and auction on the common and an entertainment at the town hall; 4 p. m., a song recital by Mrs. Wyman Whitmore and costume fashion show attracted a goodly number. A supper was served at the Community dining room at 6 p. m., and a dance at the town hall 9 p. m., with music by a Manchester orchestra.

en, R. A. Wood, Mrs. A. Ray Petty, Miss Nancy Petty, Dr. Elmer A. Campbell, Dr. and Mrs. Edwin R. Lewis, Sir Harry Holmes and Elmer Eckis.

Rev. and Mrs. Daniel K. Poling, of Bedford, N. Y., are staying for a few days at the Long House. From here they will go to Cleveland, O., for a visit. Harriett Johnson, who has been with them at Bedford and accompanied them here, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Harry Parker.

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Revenue is derived, must be paid for as advertisements  
by the line.  
Cards of Thanks are inserted at 50c. each.  
Resolutions of ordinary length \$1.00.



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression"  
Ordinary 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

For Sale—Sweet Corn; any quantity, and at any time. Fred L. Proctor, Antrim. Adv.

Mrs. B. J. Wilkinson and her brother visited relatives in Newburyport, Mass., on Tuesday.

Miss Barbara Butterfield has returned to her home, after several weeks' stay near Orange, N. J.

Properly fitted glasses for eyes that need them. The Babbitt Co. Thursday, Antrim Pharmacy. Adv. 41-44

Mr. and Mrs. Axil Olson took a trip to South Londonderry, Vt., last week end to visit her father.

Have your eyes checked and rated for school. The Babbitt Co., Antrim Pharmacy, Thursdays. Adv. 41-44

Frank Merrill, of Marblehead, Mass., has returned to his home after spending several weeks with his cousin, Buddy Hardwick.

The monthly meeting of the Antrim Chamber of Commerce will be held on Tuesday evening, September 10, at 8 o'clock at Maplehurst Inn.

Miss Harriet Wilkinson went Saturday to the Bellevue Hospital, in New York City, where she will complete the last six months of her nursing course.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Nylander and two sons took a two day trip to the White Mountains last week, which included a climb up Mt. Washington. On the way they called at Bristol on Miss Bernice Buxton, a former teacher in Antrim.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Smead, of Springfield, Mass., Mrs. Carrie Fluri, of Greenfield, Mass., and Mrs. Louise Clark and daughter, Pattie, of Northampton, Mass., were guests of Mrs. Lena Hansli and friends over the week end and holiday.

Dr. W. Lewis Roberts, of Lexington, Kentucky, is again the guest of his sister, Mrs. B. J. Wilkinson. Mr. Roberts has been to Lexington and taught in the second session of Summer School since his visit here in town earlier in the season. His son, Raymond Roberts, of Boston, was here over the holiday.

Miss A. Louise Carlson of the Antrim High School Faculty sails today on the S. S. Normandie. She will spend a few weeks in touring England and Scotland, after which she will teach a year in a girls' school in Valenciennes, a city of 300,000 in the North of France. During the year she will also be engaged in study.

Charles M. Abbott, from Redlands, California, is visiting his mother, Mrs. Clara M. Abbott. He has been since 1922 Professor of Zoology in the University of Redlands. He reports a good trip across the country, found it rainy everywhere, but was half a day late because of washouts on the deserts of California and Arizona.

Will Consider Bids

The Selectmen will consider bids for Buckwheat Coal for Town Building for Winter of 1935-1936.

James I. Patterson  
Alfred G. Holt  
Hugh M. Graham

Miss Alice Dickie visited the week-end with her grand-mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brace, of Medford, Mass., recently visited his sister, Mrs. Della Sides.

Mrs. Mason Butterfield, from Brockton, Mass., is spending a season at her Clinton Village home.

A son was born on August 24, at the Grasmere hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Brooks, of this town.

A daughter was born August 25, at Grasmere hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cutter, of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilkinson, of Franklin, have been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Wilkinson.

Rev. Ralph Tibbals has been enjoying a vacation, a portion of which was spent in Nova Scotia and with relatives in Connecticut.

Mrs. Eva J. Hulett, who has been the guest of her son, G. A. Hulett for a few weeks, has returned to her home in Newark, N. J.

The village school house has been repainted by Guy A. Hulett and painters, and the Center school house was painted by Dewey Elliott.

Rexford Madden, from Washington, D. C., is spending a week's vacation with his father, Thomas F. Madden, at their West street home.

Miss Ethel L. Muzzey has closed her West street bungalow for the season and returned to her teaching duties in the Milton, Mass., schools.

Stanley Tenney, who has been employed in Concord, has returned to his home here, and will resume his studies at the University of New Hampshire.

Mrs. Ina Fisher recently entertained her friend, Miss Ella Shinan, of Medford, Mass. Mrs. Fisher has also been entertaining her nephew, Albert Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice A. Poor, Mr. and Mrs. Elton Ellis and son, Richard, recently took a two days' trip through the mountainous section of northern New Hampshire.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Eldredge and Miss Mabelle Eldredge have spent a few days the past week with relatives in Harwichport, Mass. They accompanied Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Eldredge of Athol, Mass., by automobile.

Friends in town were pleased to greet the family of James C. Chapman the past week; they recently removed from Antrim, and as Mr. Chapman has secured a position in Bridgeport, Conn., the family will reside in that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Smith, Jr., of Quincy, Mass., were recently entertained at the Wheeler cottage, at Gregg Lake, by Miss Frances Wheeler; Mrs. Smith was formerly Miss Maxine MacClarence, and resided in Antrim for a time.

It is with regret that many now bid adieu to a large number of summer friends, who have sojourned for awhile with us and must return to their homes, for many feel the need of getting children back into the schools. All have enjoyed the summer visitors, almost without an exception they have been most delightful people, and we shall look forward with pleasure to seeing them another season.

"OUR BEAUTY SHOPPE"

Telephone 66

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

"When Better Wares Are Given, We'll Give Them"

# Bennington.

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

Schools re-opened here on Tuesday morning, with the same teachers in all grades.

The Missionary society meets this Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Frank Seaver.

Mrs. Seaver's sister, Mrs. Barron, of Worcester, Mass., was her guest here over Sunday.

Stanley Rawson joined his mother and relatives here last week. He is studying for the ministry at Tuft's College.

The Bennington Woman's Club will hold its first meeting on Sept. 16, instead of the 17th, the regular date of meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Cox, of Mt. Kisco, New York, have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Holzman the past week. They went from here to Lake Sunapee to visit other friends.

Friends of Mrs. G. G. Whitney enjoyed their annual corn roast at her home in Antrim one day last week. There were all the usual good things, with the roasted corn over hot coals out of doors the chief feature.

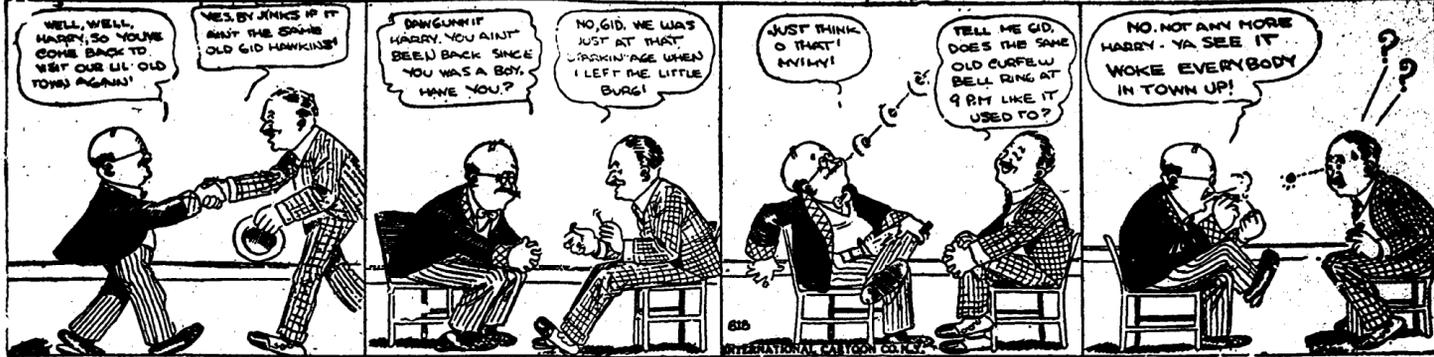
The funeral of John Cody was held at St. Patrick's church, on Saturday morning. He has been a resident here all his life, where he leaves a number of relatives; his age was about fifty years. For some time he had been in the hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hadley and children, who have been guests at the Whitney homestead, have returned to Carlisle, North Carolina, where Mr. Hadley is a teacher in Catawba College, not Carlisle University, as previously stated, the latter being located in Pennsylvania.

Rev. John W. Logan and family are at home again after having been delayed by an accident in which Mr. Logan and Arnold were some shaken, while Mrs. Logan received a bad cut on her head and the right wrist broken, calling for hospital treatment. We are glad to have them with us again and on the road to recovery.

The Fireman's Ball, on Friday evening last, was a success in every way, and largely attended. The committees in charge worked hard for its success and felt they were well repaid. Good music attracted many from adjoining towns. A goodly sum was added to the treasury of the Fire Department to help improve the equipment.

## Raising the Family - The old towns must be more good than ever!



### CHURCH NOTES

#### Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

**Presbyterian Church**  
Rev. William Patterson, Pastor  
Thursday, Sept. 5  
Sunday School Workers' Conference at the home of Wm. R. Linton, at 6 o'clock p.m.  
Sunday, September 8  
Sunday school at 9.30 a.m.  
Regular Morning Worship, at 10.45 o'clock. Rev. Frank B. Smith, of Springfield, Mass., will preach.  
Union evening service, at 7 o'clock, in this church. Rev. J. W. Logan, of Bennington, will preach.

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

**Baptist**  
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor  
Thursday, Sept. 5  
Mid-week meeting at 7.30 p.m.  
Sunday, September 8  
Sunday school at 9.30 a.m.  
Morning Worship at 10.45 o'clock. The pastor will preach.

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

**Woman's Relief Corps**  
Miss Josephine Coughlin, Dept. Patriotic Instructor, accompanied by Mrs. Anna Edwards, Mrs. Louise Auger and Mrs. Ethel Whitney, went to the Weirs to attend the W.R.C. State Encampment. A very pleasing program was rendered and a most successful sale was held.  
Louise G. Auger,  
Press Correspondent.

### Better Public Swimming Beach at Gregg Lake

In order that Antrim might enjoy a better public swimming beach at Gregg Lake, a number of young men are planning a day's work of removing rocks and filling in with gravel a section of the beach now used for swimming, on Saturday, September 14. Anyone who wishes to lend a hand, either by labor or by giving money to help defray expenses, please see Walter Rogers.

### Dresser Family Picnic

The Dresser Family picnic and dependants of Mary Chilton, of Mayflower fame, was held at the Balch Farm, in Bennington, on Saturday, August 31.

Over fifty relatives and friends were present. The usual games and festivities were indulged in, and a bountiful dinner was served and well taken care of by the crowd.

After enjoying a pleasant afternoon together, they departed, hoping to be present at the next annual meeting.

**Did Not Lighten Debt Burdens**  
"One of the strange facts about these inflations is that while they destroyed the values of most existing debts, they did not succeed in lightening the debt burdens of either the people as a whole, or of the corporations."  
"Inflation destroys the value of bonds and mortgages and so confiscates the property of these holders of obligations and hands it over to the shareholders and the equity owners. However, it introduces so many new economic difficulties that these share and equity holders are at once forced to incur new indebtedness so that when stabilization comes the problems of debt are about as troublesome as they were before, or even more so."  
The five requisites of inflation were listed by Colonel Ayres as first, a period of sustained active business; second, a rising stock market; third, real credit expansion; fourth, greater outflow of gold "than we can tolerate which would force us to cut our currency entirely free from gold"; and fifth, continued large budget deficits in government operation.

### Agriculture and Industry

Returns for the first quarter of 1935 for industrial corporations publishing quarterly reports show net profits 21 per cent more than for the same in 1934. The total farm value of all important crops, exclusive of livestock, rose in 1934 to \$4,782,423,000, as compared with \$4,114,265,000 in the previous year and \$2,882,195,000 in 1932.

### ANTRIM POST OFFICE

#### Mail Schedule in Effect April 29, 1935

Going North  
Mails Close Leave Station  
6.29 a.m. 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.

### Antrim Garden Club

The Antrim Garden Club met at Mesclbrooks Farm on Monday evening, Sept. 2, at 7.30, with a good attendance. The usual routine business was transacted, with the President presiding. Reports were given on the Annual Flower Show held August 22 and 23. It was reported that Antrim had the best show anywhere around. The United Garden Club meeting was announced for September 18, at Penacook.

The program, under the direction of the Program Committee, was very interesting. Miss Lulu Cilley read a poem entitled, "Noon in the Forest." Miss Marion Wilkinson read a legend and poem on the flower of the month, "The Goldenrod." "Sedums" were discussed thoroughly by Mrs. Roberts, and specimens were exhibited. Mrs. I. P. Hutchinson gave a paper on "Sempervivum or Houseleeks," and several samples were shown. Mrs. Goodell read an instructive paper on "Bringing the Garden Indoors," giving many happy suggestions on annual plants that may be brought in for winter blooming.

The October meeting of the Garden Club will be held with Mrs. Ross H. Roberts, on October 7. Each one is asked to be prepared to tell of the results of "New Adventures."  
Mrs. Rose Poor,  
Press Correspondent.

### 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.

### Administrator's Notice

The Subscriber gives notice that she has been duly appointed Administrator, with the will annexed, of the Estate of Arthur L. Smith, late of Antrim, in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.  
All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.  
Dated August 12, 1935.  
ARCHIE M. SWETT

### Administrator's Notice

The Subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Charles F. Woodward, late of Springfield, Massachusetts, deceased.  
All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.  
Notice is hereby given that Ralph G. Smith, of Hillsborough, in the County of Hillsborough, and State of New Hampshire, has been appointed resident agent, to whom all claims against said Estate may be presented.  
Dated August 19, 1935.  
FRED E. WOODWARD

### PROFESSIONAL Beauty Culture TRAINING

Fifteen years of practical and technical experience is your safeguard why you should attend this school.  
Terms arranged.  
Opening September 9, 1935.  
**PINSONNEAULT'S**  
School of Beauty Culture,  
45 No. Main St., Concord. Tel. 121

### Administrator's Notice

The Subscriber gives notice that she has been duly appointed Administratrix of the Estate of Bradford D. Brown, late of Bennington, in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.  
All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.  
Dated August 17, 1935.  
GEORGIETTA M. BRYER

### STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss:  
Court of Probate  
To the heirs at law of the estate of Carlton Lewis Brooks, late of Antrim, in said County, deceased, intestate, and to all others interested therein: Whereas Dalton R. Brooks, 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 Milford, in said County, on the 27th day of September next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.  
Said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by causing the same to be published once each week for three successive weeks in the Antrim Reporter, a newspaper printed at Antrim in said County, the last publication to be at least seven days before said Court:  
Given at Nashua, in said County, this 30th day of August A.D. 1935.  
By order of the Court,  
WILFRED J. BOISCLAIR,  
Register.

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

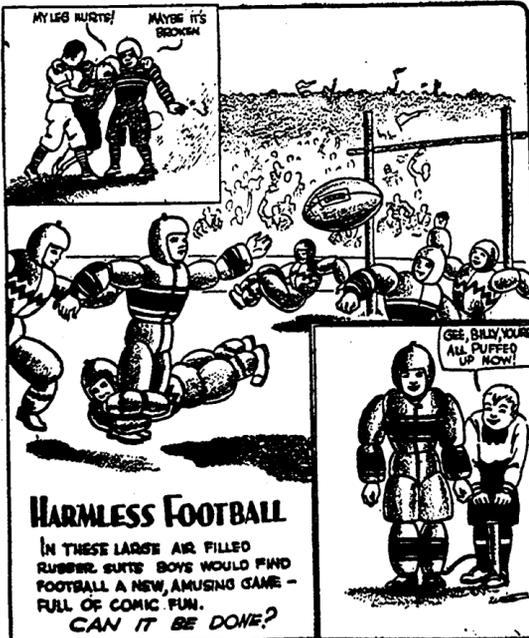
# Sales Books

That Satisfy

If you want complete satisfaction, fine quality, fast service, and fair prices, let us handle your next order. Ask us to show you samples.

REPORTER PRESS,  
ANTRIM, N. H.

## CAN IT BE DONE? — By Ray Cross



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

## NOW IN THIS PAPER...

A New and Sparkling Weekly

# Sports Feature

By HUGH BRADLEY

One of America's Foremost Sports Authorities

In his college days Bradley became widely known as a football and baseball player. Since then he has been writing about these and other sports. He has acquired such a wealth of information that he has been called a "walking sports encyclopedia."

Bradley's comments on sports of all kinds which will appear in this paper will always be rich in information and that information will be accurate, but, at the same time, you will find his style as exhilarating as the high spots of sports about which he writes. His comments will be of interest to you, whether you are an ardent follower of certain sports or have only a nodding acquaintance with them.

Watch for these entertaining and informative comments which appear under the heading...

## Hugh Bradley Says:

Baseball... football... boxing... racing... golf... tennis... all sports in which you have either an active or a casual interest will have their place in this pace-setting feature.

Read it and tell your friends about it

### Party Prize Frock for a Little Girl

PATTERN 9259



9259

"They all liked my new frock!" this little girl will be certain to say when she returns from the party—a triumphant little miss. For this dress is different. It boasts a double yoke. The second yoke is cut all in one with the pleats. And puffed sleeves are a deliciously youthful fashion. Moreover, young mothers will find this pattern no trouble at all to follow—they'll probably make it up in several cotton prints. The cost will be nominal. We suggest a sprig print or possibly a small polka dot pattern—in gay colors! Bloomers are included in the pattern.

Pattern 9259 may be ordered only in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8. Size 4 requires 2 1/2 yards 38-inch fabric. Complete diagrammed sew chart included. SEND FIFTEEN CENTS in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Be sure to write plainly your NAME, ADDRESS, the STYLE NUMBER and SIZE. Send your order to the Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 232 West Eighteenth street, New York, N. Y.



#### BREVITY

"You have to learn a great many initials."  
"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "And initials save time. In a moment of great excitement a big, big 'D' may be made to cover the entire alphabet."

**Heroine Worship**  
"Are you in favor of women in politics?"  
"No," answered Cactus Joe, "not for Crimson Gulch. I can't remember a woman that was really a first-class shot since Annie Oakley."

**Important**  
New Sultor—I wish to marry your daughter.  
Father of Morie Blond—Can you divorce her in the manner in which she has been accustomed?

**Terrible! Terrible!**  
Did you hear the joke I played on my wife?"  
"Not unless you refer to your getting her to marry you."

WNU-2

35-35



### THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



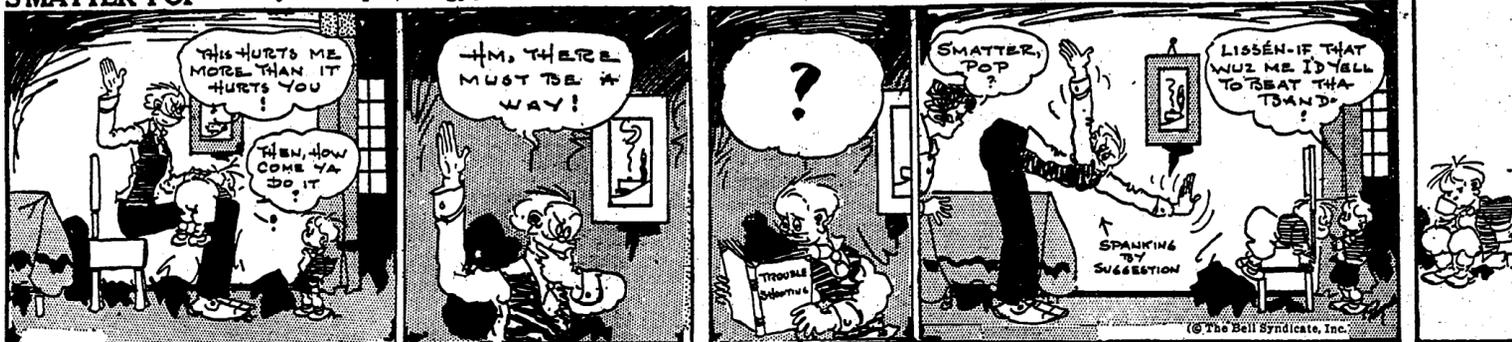
### FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin



### S'MATTER POP— Psycho—Spankology

By C. M. PAYNE



### MESCAL IKE

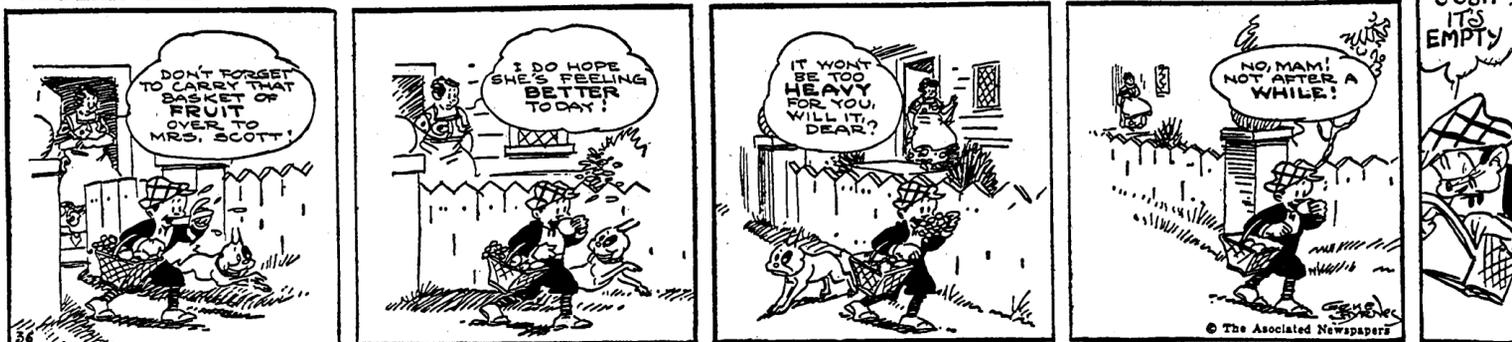
By S. L. HUNTLEY

And That's How Zeb Did It



### "REG'LAR FELLERS"

An Easy Load

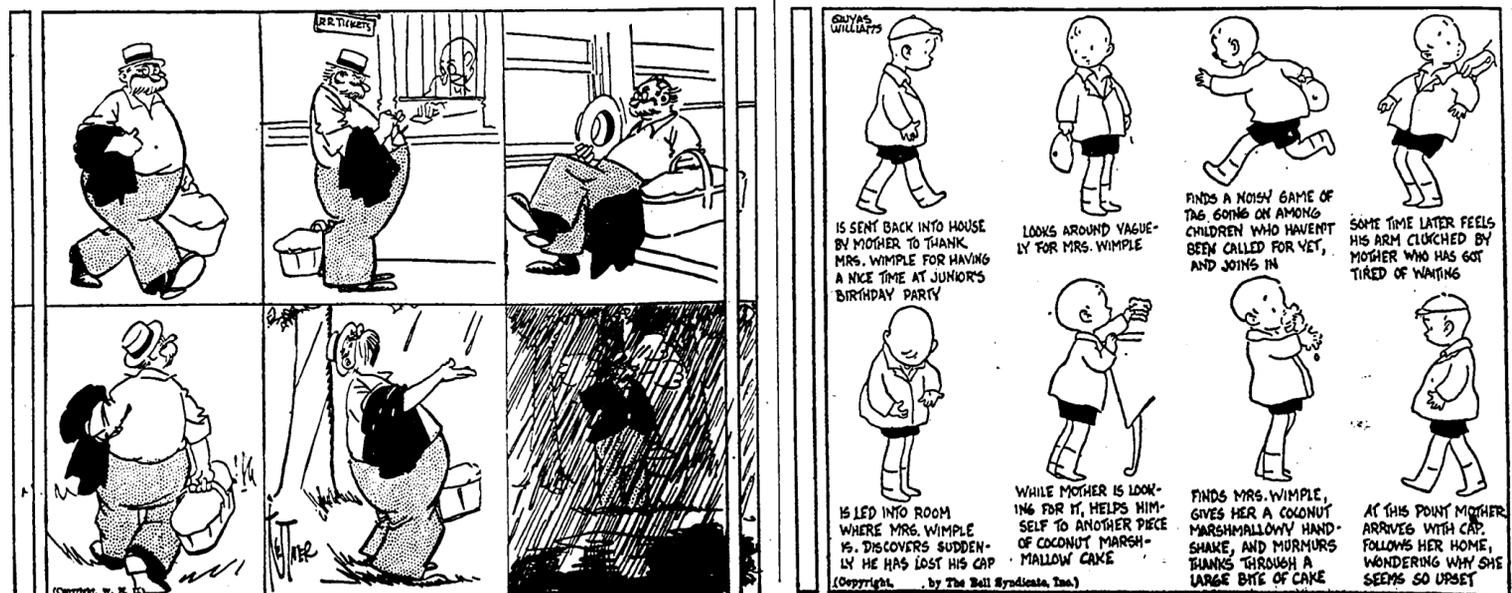


### Our Pet Peeve

By M. G. KETTNER

### "Thank You"

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



# What Do We Mean by "America"?

By WILLIAM C. UTLEY

YOU'RE going to hear plenty in the 1936 election campaigns about "what America wants" and "what America needs." These are phrases which roll off a political orator's tongue like peas off a boarding house knife.



It takes all kinds of people to make a nation. Left: Nearly 5,000,000 Americans are criminals, but more than 4,000,000 are at large. Center: Probably 20,000,000 are on the dole. Right: Only 46 persons have a million-dollar income.

And before you and I try to figure out which one of these spellbinders is right about "what America needs" it might be well to know just what they're talking about when they say "America." Certainly when they tell us that what will solve America's problem "from the rock-bound coast of Maine to the shores of sunny California" is a tax on mustache cups or a return to multiple petticoats, they are not talking about the land itself.

No elm tree ever started a communist meeting under its shade in the public park. No mountain ever wrote a letter to the editor which began: "Sir: I note, not without some due alarm, that things have come to a pretty pass when, etc." The land never needed anything until we started living on it.

When the stump-speakers refer to "America" they mean us—you and I and those awful Smiths or Joneses or Cserwinaks who ran that unspeakable speakeasy below the tracks. They mean society.

And what is society in America? There are some 130,000,000 of "us." To decide what 130,000,000 people need, let's find out what kind of people they are.

The contrasts between class groups is really as startling as that between individuals. To begin at the very bottom of our society, there are, according to J. Edgar Hoover and the Department of Justice, no less than 4,811,866 active criminals whose fingerprints are on file in Washington. A few thousand of these are conscienceless, bold rascals who would slit their own grandmothers' throat for five bucks, but the vast majority are only petty crooks who would steal the pennies out of a blind man's cup, or put on dark glasses and pretend to be blind men themselves.

Probably 20,000,000 are on the dole—getting relief. There is undoubtedly some overlapping between this and the first group. Three-fourths of all the nation's families live on incomes of less than \$2,000 a year. And there are only 46 persons—one in every 2,826,087—whose income is \$1,000,000 a year or more.

Many Crooks Go Free. Roughly, and purely for the purpose of comparison, our society may be cleaved into two divisions, admittedly arbitrary. They are 75 per cent of the families on less than \$2,000 income and the other 25 per cent, some merely solvent, some "well-to-do" and some wealthy.

In the larger group are approximately 97,000,000 persons. These include all but a few of the 4,811,866 criminals, proving that crime does not pay. Only about 12,600 are regarded as "big shots," public enemies, by the Department of Justice. Yet crime is said to cost \$12,000,000,000 to \$15,000,000,000 in America.

Federal and state prisons and reformatories in 1932 were entertaining only 64,447 "guests." The number of persons in city and county jails is believed to fluctuate around 300,000. These totals leave more than 4,000,000 criminals actually practicing their art.

Living conditions of the great mass of 20,000,000 on relief are certainly much below standard, but these conditions vary greatly with the geography of the country. To people on relief in Mississippi or Arkansas, the living standards of relief families in Chicago, New York or one of the other larger cities would look pretty good. The whole group is equal in the condition that it has been parted from all valuable possessions.

Research conducted by the PWA reveals that 86 per cent of all the housing in the United States is "definitely substandard." In some southern states, where the share cropper and his ill lot are a familiar figure, there are many cases of 10 or 12 persons living in shacks of one or two rooms.

Relief Standards Are Poor. In 1930 any apartment in Chicago which rented for less than \$30 a month was likely to be far below standard.

with such a thing as a bath tub regarded as a luxury, and with rooms having no outside window a commonplace. Yet at that time nearly one-fourth of all housing in Chicago rented for less than \$30 a month and nearly one-tenth for less than \$20.

Not all relief families live by such standards, of course, but those who don't are the exception—rehabilitated farm families, for example. But it may be said that at best all relief living is subsistence living or less, and that malnutrition is common and starvation sometimes existent.

A large portion of the farm families of course fall into the class which have a yearly income of less than \$2,000. Since the farmer is able to raise much of what he and his family eat, this income would be proportionately greater than the same income for a city family. Yet that would be speaking of the average in the class. It must be remembered that individuals in each one of these class groups vary with amazing difference. In the southern Appalachians, even in the golden year 1929, there were 52 counties where the annual income per farm person was less than \$100—and even this is an average! These people, too, must be considered when we speak of "what America needs"—yet they, with their primitive methods and manners, belong to the Eighteenth century more than to the Twentieth.

More than 10,000,000 of the 49,000,000 gainfully employed persons in 1930 were employed in agriculture. Most of these fall below the \$2,000 line. In fact in only a few farm counties was income equal to that in industrial areas.

Thirty Million on Farms. Some light may be thrown on the living status of the farmer today when it is cited that even in Iowa 62 per cent of all the farmers are tenants. The tenant-farmer situation in the South, with its desperate plight of the share-cropper, who lives at the very lowest ebb of subsistence standards, has been widely publicized of late.

When the political orator says "we, the people," he includes, whether he knows it or not, 30,000,000 persons who are dependent upon farming for a living. How do these people live? The facts may surprise you.

If the figures compounded by Morris L. Cooke, head of the Rural Electrification administration are correct, 25,000,000 of these people have derived little benefit from the inventions and the advances of science which are said to have so much bettered our living standards in recent years.

Here is what he claims to have found out: That 93 per cent of all persons who make their living from the soil have neither bath tub nor shower. That 76 per cent are still lighting their homes with either gasoline or kerosene or less efficient means; that 10 per cent of this figure either use candles or go without artificial light. That 73 per cent have to carry water from wells or other sources of supply. That 33 per cent use fireplaces in heating their homes.

These estimates seem to have been substantiated by another government bureau, the PWA, whose research men say that between 75 and 80 per cent of all farm homes have no modern conveniences whatever. It is safe to say that all of such homes fall below the \$2,000 income.

Now we come to another group, and in the transition it is well to remind ourselves that there is bound to be some duplication in segregating the various classes.

### Six Kinds of Workers.

The census bureau divides all workers into six classes—professional persons, proprietors and managers, clerks, skilled workers and foremen, semi-skilled workers, and unskilled workers. At least the unskilled and semi-skilled workers come into the class of less than \$2,000 income. There were nearly 3,000,000 semi-skilled workers listed in the 1930 census, but this figure has

probably shrunk considerably since then because of the increase in unemployment.

Among the "clerks and kindred workers" in 1930 there were 4,577,235 men and 3,072,220 women, most of whom were office workers and hovered just a little below the \$2,000 mark. Most of them live in houses or flats of three to five rooms, and some have a small car. You don't really begin to get above the \$2,000 mark until you get into the "skilled workers and foremen," and even then it is difficult to tell just how many are above. The group which the depression has injured least is that labeled "proprietors and managers." Unskilled workers, of course, have suffered most, although not much more than the "professional persons."

The great bulk of the 3,339,602 persons whose income in 1933 was between \$2,500 and \$5,000 comprises "proprietors and managers." These folks, on the whole, live comfortably in the better suburbs in houses that cost \$12,500 up and were all built several years ago. They have economized largely by limiting themselves to only one car, cutting down on the number of servants and sending their children to the state universities instead of the more expensive private schools.

They and their families are the great "middle class." Figuring four to a family, this class totals about 13,350,000 persons. Of all the Americans filing income tax returns on incomes of more than \$2,500, 91 per cent were in the \$2,500 to \$5,000 class. There were only 318,456 persons, or about 1,273,824 families with incomes between \$5,000 and \$10,000. Certainly this would indicate that the top class, in regard to income, the class making more than \$10,000 a year, constitutes a very small slice of the nation's population.

Another group severely hit by the depression has been the "professional" class—doctors, lawyers, artists, actors, reporters and the like. Many of these in the past two or three years have dropped into the division below \$2,000 and many more are even worse off. Relief rolls include plenty of dentists, doctors and artists.

### Teachers Have Suffered.

There are of course a few at the peak of each profession who have large incomes. But the majority of artists, authors, actors and reporters have not. A recent survey, which was concerned principally with metropolitan newspapers, where the wage scale is higher than it is on small town papers, placed the average reporter's salary at a little more than \$38 a week. Teachers, who include 202,337 men and 860,278 women, have had their pay checks badly cut—when they get pay checks at all.

According to Prof. Walter Rautenstrauch of Columbia university, the income of persons engaged in production has diminished far more rapidly than that of persons in service and distributive industries, which latter he refers to as "overhead." He says that the cost of overhead, increasing quickly in the last 15 years, has been further speeded upward by the depression. Service and distributive workers increased their income as a group 158 per cent from 1917 to 1932.

In 1917 actual producers numbered 24,677,000; in 1932 they had slipped to only 17,279,000. Whether employed or not, their average yearly income was only \$638; for those employed, it was \$875, neither of which figures, says Dr. Rautenstrauch, is sufficient to support an average family "decently."

At the end of our study of the population are the 46 persons whose incomes are more than \$1,000,000 a year. They are, to most of us who read newspapers, not a class but a group of individuals whose names are more or less familiar in headlines.

This, then, is "America." We have to remember the problems of all these vastly different classes when we ponder with the orator over "what America needs."

in Western Newspaper Union.

## Let Our Motto Be GOOD HEALTH

BY DR. LLOYD ARNOLD  
Professor of Bacteriology and Preventive Medicine, University of Illinois, College of Medicine.

### AIR CONDITIONING

Almost everyone has had the experience on a hot summer day of going into a movie theater that has had a sign announcing, "70° COOL INSIDE."



For the first few moments we have a grateful sense of comfort. The air seems delightful after the sizzling blasts on the street. Then gradually it dawns on us that we are cold. If we have a wrap, we put it on. But most of us don't carry wraps when the temperature is near the hundred mark. Moreover, we have discarded every article of clothing that our sense of public decency will permit us to discard. We debate whether we should go out and get warm, but we remember the unbearable heat of the heat. Eventually, though, we leave, and as we reach the sidewalk, the hot air makes us gasp for breath. We feel suffocated; we become cold, clammy. We may even have a strong feeling of nausea. A few of us may collapse entirely.

Obviously, this is over-refrigeration.

The purpose of air-conditioning is to make us comfortable, and if we are uncomfortable when we go from the outside hot air into the inside cooled air, and acutely uncomfortable, almost to the point of sickness, when we go from the inside cooled air into the outside hot air again, then something is wrong.

The skin is the largest organ of the body. If it were spread out on the floor, it would be the size of a rug seven or eight feet square. When the outer air is cooler than the body, the skin tries to prevent heat loss by reducing the amount of warm blood flowing through this body covering layer. While it is impossible for the body to prevent loss of heat by this mechanism, still excessive dissipation of heat is avoided. But the skin loses heat and acts as a radiator in spite of all that the body can do. During cold weather we lose two-thirds of the heat value of food through our skins. Sixty-five cents of every dollar we spend for food is used to heat the air in which we live. On the other hand, in the summer the skin acts like a refrigerator. We secrete water into the outside skin and the evaporation of this water cools us.

When you go from the street to an artificially cooled room during a warm summer day, your skin has to change in a moment's time from a refrigerator to a radiator. On the street your skin is working to keep your inside organs from getting too hot, for when the temperature of the air is above normal body temperature, the skin works hard to keep the body from being heated up to the air temperature.

The only health problem in artificially cooled theaters, restaurants, office buildings and homes is the difference in temperature and comfort between the outside and the inside air. There are several separate points to be considered. The sense of comfort is the desirable end point. This is a combination of three factors; namely, temperature, humidity and air movement. When the air is saturated with moisture, it feels hotter than air of the same temperature with lower humidity. Some recent work tends to show that there should not be more than 10 degrees difference in temperature of the air inside artificially cooled rooms as compared to the outside air. But there should be 40 per cent less moisture in the air in the refrigerated rooms. There should be some air movement, but not a draft or wind, sufficient to keep still air pockets forming around people sitting in these rooms. The greatest factor, however, according to these investigators, is in the humidity of the air.

Some restaurants and theaters maintain a 20 to 30 degree Fahrenheit difference in temperature between inside and outside air. Upon entering such a room—maintained at, say 70° F.—from a street temperature of 100° to 105° F., one feels a sense of coolness and well-being. Then adjustment of the body to the temperature takes place, and this sense of well-being disappears. Return to the street after an hour's sojourn is like stepping from northern Canada to southern Louisiana in one step. The skin tries to make this rapid adjustment as best it can. This is sometimes hard to do quickly.

The internal temperature rises in spite of all the skin's valiant attempt to change itself instantaneously from a radiator to a refrigerator. That is why dizziness, nausea and even collapse may accompany this rapid change from a November to a July day.

We do not know enough about air-conditioning of rooms in the summer time to make rules as yet. We have had many years of experience with heating rooms during the winter time. We need research and study upon the question of summer air-conditioning of offices, homes, theaters, restaurants and such places. The necessary equipment is expensive and special rooms must be constructed. The differences in temperature, humidity and wind movements must be examined. Normal healthy people of various ages and sex must serve as subjects. The tendency is to over-refrigerate at this time. The right and healthy temperature should be a scientific formula.

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## When to Stand and When to Sit

### Good Form and Etiquette Regulates Amenities of Social Life.

To know when to stand and when to sit down is something that enters into the amenities of social life. There is an etiquette about it which extends farther, and becomes a matter of patriotic expression, and of the courtesies of concert halls. The correct practice of these seeming trifles is an evidence of good breeding, and so becomes important. There are times when boys and girls, and men and women all follow the same customs in these observances. Also there are times when boys and men follow one set of rules, while adult women follow another.

In school children are taught to stand when the flag is saluted, and this practice continues throughout life. They are also taught to stand when the national anthem is sung and when they hear it sung. These are patriotic observances. The pupils would be reprimanded if careless about these rules. When traveling in foreign countries the same rule holds. Each country expects its citizens to show this respect to the emblem and the voice of the native land as thus expressed.

One of the immediate evidences of good breeding is standing of men in the presence of women. They remain standing until all the women in the room are seated. Boys are instructed either at home or the best boys' schools that immediately a woman enters, whether young or old, to spring to their feet. When they are older they continue to rise, but by that time they have acquired an easy and accustomed manner, rising and seating themselves unobtrusively, so that if a lady remains standing rather long, they do not appear too formal.

Since boys and men remain standing as mentioned, women should be very careful to seat themselves without unnecessary delay. I have seen young women, occasionally, stand chatting so long with one or another of the men, or women that it was very awkward for the other men in the group to remain standing gracefully. The women should never be unkindly of their rules any more than should the men.

A man always rises, when a woman is introduced to him, whether he is out of doors or in, or seated at a table, as sometimes happens in restaurants when one group greets another. The men should rise as soon as party halts by the table, if there are ladies in the group. Women rise for introductions to other women, but not necessarily when men are present. It is no breach of etiquette either way, except to remain seated when an elderly woman is presented. By the way, if the man is one of distinction, the woman, especially if young, is presented to him, which is a reversal of the custom.

In concert halls when the leader of a symphony enters it is correct form for the audience, both men and women, to rise.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

### So He Passed

A baseball player in a certain college was extraordinarily stupid, but to the surprise of everyone he passed in everything, including a special examination on chemistry. The chemistry professor was asked about it, and said:

"I decided I would let him pass if he answered 50 per cent of the questions correctly. I asked him two questions. One he answered wrongly, one rightly. Therefore I let him

pass. The first was, 'What color is blue vitriol?' He answered 'Flame.' That time he was wrong. The other was, 'How do you make sulphuric acid?' He answered that he didn't know. That time he was right."—Boston Post.

A Compensation Only those who don't have to speak enjoy the food at banquets.

Then You'll Be Happy In making others happy, be very sure you're doing it.

## CLASSIFIED ADS

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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.

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**COULD NOT DO HER HOUSEWORK**  
**WHEN every-** thing you attempt is a burden—when you are nervous and irritable—at your wit's end—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."  
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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.

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 Mrs. Dorsie 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.  
**Lydia E. Pinkham's TABLETS**

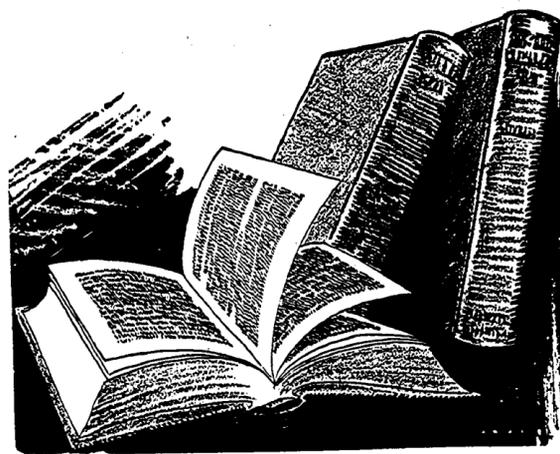
**Weekly Letter by George Proctor, Deputy Fish and Game Warden**

Heads up all you doggy people, was I went up and was soon convinced what was the matter with the "D" Sanction Match Dog Show (all breeds) at Athletic Field, Derry, N. H., Sept. 7th. This club has run some very successful dog shows in the past and this one will be up to standard. Show starts at 2 p. m. Bring along your dog and meet some real people. And then at Ashby, Mass., Sept. 22nd, Field Trials of all kinds. Raccoon, Fox and Hare Bench Show in the morning. Dinner at noon. All daylight time. The four signs of the Rideout Sanctuary on route 31 to Greenfield out of Wilton have been repainted and put back. They are nice signs. This sanctuary is under the care of the N. H. Audubon Society. Several feeding stations for wild birds will be put up before winter and will be attended by persons qualified. Sure I gave the Milford Garden show the once over the other day and was well satisfied with the time spent. It showed a lot of hard work and the ladies are to be complimented on the fine showing. Dave Hopkins who has spent the summer at Sunset Lake in Greenfield is a Conservationist. I was there the other day and Dave had about two dozen turtles and in the lot were three snappers; one would go 12 pounds or better. He had saved them out and wanted me to pick out the harmful ones. The lake will be better off without them. Had a letter the other day from a lady who is interested in this lake. She had very poor trout fishing there this year. We contacted Doc Keyes of Peterboro and the Doc said he had seen a lot of very small pout with their mothers the past few days so we know that pout are still in that lake. Four years ago I put 40,000 small ones in this lake and this year it is due for another stocking. Was in Concord the other day and Director Stoble introduced me to a new car. This time it's a "Plymouth" and from what I have seen of it I think it's a "pip." Many people have an idea that the Warden's furnish their own cars. It was so a few years ago but now they all state owned cars. We have a courtesy card for one kind of gas and oil and are obliged to buy at those stands. The car is insured against everything. We still carry along that "S" on the plates but have a new number. Last Sunday on five day plates no one knew us. The department has issued to date about 100 permits to train dogs from Aug. 20th to Oct. 1st. Only two in my district have such permits. Don't take your dogs out unless you have such a permit from the Director. Of all the odd requests I have received in the past week: Carload of pine needles; a shetland pony; wanted a small place on the state road not over 50 acres; lady wants to give away a doublepawed kitten; three parties want me to go and remove a dozen skunks more or less from their premises. And what have you. All roads will lead to Nashua the first week in September when the N. H. American Legion hold their annual convention. It will be the liveliest week that Nashua has seen for years. Do we know those boys? The shortage of berries of all kinds has driven the raccoon and hedgehogs into the towns and orchards and vast amount of damage is being done to cornfields and fruit trees. The law reads that you cannot collect damage for fur bearing animals. This fur bearing class consists of skunks, raccoons, beaver, muskrat, otter, fisher, fox, martin, sable, mink. The game animals are classed as follows: Moose, caribou, elk, deer, hare and grey squirrel. The Tobey Song Service brought out two thousand people but I was unable to attend this year. Everyone reports a fine time. The need of a State Police was never so well demonstrated as in the past few weeks. A gang of young house breakers have made life a burden to the local police in all the towns in this section. Every town has been tapped the past few weeks. Thousand of dollars worth of property has been stolen and none to date recovered. With a night cruising car for a few weeks a lot of these petty breaks would be stopped. How quick we criticize our local police department if something happens. We don't stop to consider that jobs totaling \$60,000 are pulled off in some of the big cities under the very eyes of the Police department. We see by the paper that a garageman was to deliver a new car to a buyer and went into the house to call the man and when he came back the car was gone and still missing. All the Clubs in the state are to make one horn pout trap and when all are ready a good hot campaign is to be waged to transport pout from one pond to another to mix the blood and make bigger and better pout. A complete list is being made of all the ponds in each and every town and every pond and lake will be stocked. Well we have some consolation. School means basketball and we will see some High school games this fall and winter. Had a long letter from a man who has spent over twenty years on one lake in my district. He claimed that he cannot catch any fish either in the day time or night. He asked me to run up and see what I thought the matter

from a boat on the large lakes. The woods in this section are now very dry and great care must be exercised by people using the wood lands. Found three parties with open fires last Sunday. They were not familiar with the laws of this state. Took the number of the cars and told them that they would be held responsible for any fire that occurred at that place. They put the fire out while I was there. One fire was very near a cut over place with plenty of slash near by. The new law states that all persons practicing taxidermy shall have a license so to do which costs one dollar a year. They must keep a correct account of all birds and animals mounted during the year, and submit a complete report to the Director. The new trespass law, page 85 of the new law books, Chapter 380, Section 7-12, has god sharp teeth. The fine is \$100 and six months or both. Tearing down a fence so that cattle may do damage carries a like fine but makes the jail sentence one year. Better read the law books to be on the safe side. The new Fish and Game Laws print the dog laws on page 83. Worth knowing. Did you know that any person may, and every police officer and constable shall, kill or cause to be killed all such dogs, whenever and wherever found. This section pertains to unlicensed dogs after May 10th of any year. How many town officials know this law? We still find a great many people who didn't know there was a limit on the yellow perch. Well there is and it is 40 per day per person. And that between High noon of one day and noon of the next. The same law pertains to pout. Woodcock open season for N. H. is Oct. 1st to Oct. 31st. We are in the same zone as Maine, Vermont, Michigan and North Dakota. The water fowl open season for N. H. is Oct. 21 to Nov. 19th. This is the Federal law. Don't forget you must buy a duck stamp which sets you back one big dollar bill besides your state license. You can't hunt duck before 7 in the morning and not after 4 in the afternoon and you can't use a gun with a gauge larger than a ten gauge, and not more than five a day. Have had many letters asking why there is such a law to stop the trapping of bob cat between Aug. 20th and Oct. 20th. I have passed the letters on to someone that knows the reason, I don't. George Fish, one of the Forest Fire wardens that tramps the woods more than any other warden in this section of the state reports that he never saw so many ruffed grouse as he has seen this year. He reports plenty of bob cats

in his section of the town of Tam- pie, and foxes galore. Many times we see a mill pond dam or make improvement to the mill. At such a time it's against the law to catch the fish that have been trapped by the low water. The only legal way you can take to a low pond and scoop up the fish is by a pole and line with one hook, or by flies. Many boys rush in pails. This is against the law and they can be punished. No person shall take fish by shutting or drawing off water. People little realize how strict the forest fire laws are at the present time. You cannot set a fire on the land of another person without his permit and then you must have the permit from the local town warden. A fine of two hundred dollars is assessed in a case like this. Many people have been in the habit of going to some of the near by lakes and ponds and having a weenie and corn roast and in most cases they have no permit from anyone. Traveling groups build fires and in some cases go off and leave them burning. Towns are watching the situation very closely and some one is going to get caught some day and it will cost them plenty. So watch your fires. But first get that permit from the local Forest Fire warden. Traps for the catching of minnows can be set if the owner has a fishing license but said trap must be no longer than 18 inches and the entrance to said trap shall not be over one inch in diameter. These traps must be visited every day. In answer to a letter received: No you can't dig out a litter of foxes now. There is a very strict law that you cannot dig out any fur bearing animal. You cannot keep any fur bearing animal unless you have a permit from the Director. A breeder's permit will cover you. But the young of any furbearer is protected and you cannot have it in your possession. You cannot kill or trap a skunk, otter, mink or muskrat till Nov. 1st, unless they are doing you damage and then you have to prove damage. If a skunk gets in your cellar just place a plank from the window to the bottom of the cellar and he will find his way out. Any old time after dark you will find skunks roaming around the streets of any of our towns. Many people are careless about their garbage cans and the little black and white fellow finds a good living in the villages. Don't be afraid of them they won't harm you unless you start the argument and then they put the finishing touch to the argument. Don't forget the cats when you close up the house for the winter.

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