

The Anttrim Reporter

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ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1935

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Program For Molly Aiken Chapter, D.A.R., For Year 1935 - 1936

The yearly program of Molly Aiken Chapter, D. A. R., for the balance of 1935 and including June of 1936, recently off the press, has been distributed to its members, and herewith The Reporter is presenting it to its readers:

PROGRAM

September Seventeenth

Constitution Day. Pilgrimage to Amherst, N. H. Paper: Amherst in History, Mrs. Wilkinson. Basket lunch. Transportation committee, Mrs. Poor.

October Fourth

Fifteen minute study-period. Monadnock: Program in charge of Mrs. Seaver. Hostesses: Mrs. Tuttle, Mrs. Nay, Mrs. Wilson. Transportation committee, Mrs. Helen Robinson.

November First

Gentlemen's Night, Baptist Vestry, 8 o'clock. Bride's Pageant, in charge of the Board of Managers. Music. Hostesses: Mrs. Helen Hills, Mrs. Butterfield, Mrs. Dearborn, Mrs. Peaslee, Mrs. Richardson, Miss Wilkinson. Each member may invite one guest.

November Fifteenth

Christmas Sale and Silver Tea, at the home of Mrs. William F. Clark, at 3 o'clock

December Sixth

Fifteen minute study-period. Paper: Our Organization: What Is It, and For What Does It Stand? Mrs. Mary G. Hurlin. Apostrophe to the Flag, Mrs. Butterfield. Music, Hymn of the D. A. R. Hostesses: Mrs. Tenney, Mrs. Chaffee, Mrs. Alice Hurlin. Transportation committee, Mrs. Lowell.

January Third

Fifteen minute study-period. Paper: Arizona, as Seen by a New Hampshire Daughter, Mrs. Burnham. Readings. Music. Hostesses: Mrs. Johnson, Miss Stanley, Mrs. Wheeler.

February Seventh

Fifteen minute study-period. Speaker: Miss Margaret Perry, of Hancock. Music. Hostesses: Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Muzzey, Mrs. Wilkinson.

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March Sixth

Fifteen minute study-period. An Hour in Old New England, program in charge of Mrs. Lowell and Mrs. Wilkinson. Music. Hostesses: Mrs. Seaver, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Helene Hills. Transportation committee, Mrs. Tenney.

April Third

Exhibition of Old China. Fifteen minute study-period. Roll Call: The Story of My Old China. Paper: The History of Some of Our Best Known Patterns, Mrs. Hunt. Music. Hostesses: Mrs. Mary Hurlin, Mrs. Burnham, Miss Robertson.

May First

Guests: Prudence Wright Chapter, of Pepperell, Mass. Baptist Vestry, 12 o'clock. Fifteen minute study-period. Folk Lore of America: Paper by Mrs. Stevens. Program arranged by Mrs. Alice Hurlin and Mrs. Johnson. Hostesses: Mrs. Lowell, Mrs. Poor, Mrs. Helen Robinson.

June Fifth

Annual meeting. Fifteen minute study-period. Report of Continental Congress. Music. Paper: National Defense. Hostesses: Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Ashford, Mrs. Gertrude Robinson. Transportation committee, Mrs. Wilkinson.

Chapter Officers

Regent, Mrs. Byron G. Butterfield.

Vice Regent, Mrs. William C. Hills.

Secretary, Mrs. Frank E. Wheeler.

Treasurer, Mrs. Walter C. Hills. Registrar, Miss Marion L. Wilkinson.

Chaplain, Mrs. Henry A. Hurlin.

Auditor, Mrs. Herbert E. Wilson.

Topics of the Day Presented to Reporter Readers in Concise Form

"I favor the policy of economy not because I wish to have money, but because I wish to save people. The collection of any taxes which are not absolutely required is only a species of legalized larceny. The result of economic dissipation to a nation is always moral decay." — Calvin Coolidge.

The remains of Joseph S. Cutter were brought to Antrim on Thursday last for interment in the late Frank Cram lot, in Maplewood. Mr. Cutter died suddenly at his home in Francestown, at the age of 58 years; he was a native of St. Lazare, P. Q., and was a cabinet maker by trade. He is survived by a widow, who was Miss Agnes Cram, a sister of the late William E. Cram, of Antrim, and three children, who have the sympathy of all in their affliction.

One day last week, The Reporter officer was favored with a pleasant call by H. M. Adams, of Greenfield, executive secretary of the Monadnock Region Association. Mr. Adams mentioned that arrangements were soon to be made for the fall activities and that some publicity would be given same in a very short time. He is most enthusiastic in the work of the Association and feels that every town in the Monadnock Region will receive good returns from the work being done in their interest.

One daily paper at least made the guess recently that Hon. Henry W. Keyes is not to be a candidate for re-election as United States Senator from New Hampshire in the forthcoming state primary. Without any hesitation on his part, Senator Keyes makes the announcement public that he will be a candidate for re-election,

thus leaving no doubt in the minds of his many friends throughout the state, who sincerely hope he will be re-elected to this position and continue to faithfully serve New Hampshire in the United States Senate for another six year period.

—

Arthur H. Spaulding, aged 72 years, for fifteen years treasurer of the Peterborough Savings Bank until his retirement last spring, died on Thursday at his home in that town, after a few months of failing health.

—

Friends here were grieved to learn of the sudden death of Dr. Robert G. Peters, in New York, last Tuesday. He had spent parts of several years in Antrim and many of our people had come to like him much. He was connected with the Echo Farm Camp, in the east part of the town. His remains were brought to Maplewood for interment.

—

Tuesday was Constitution Day and one when the flags should have been flying on our streets, but those who have attended to it in the past presumably think they have given of their time and trucks their share and some others should give some time to a patriotic service. As near as The Reporter has been able to learn, this has been gratuitous work up to this time, and very likely something ought to be done about it, — to make it an object to have this work done as it should be. Antrim has a nice lot of handsome flags; they should be well cared for, put out on every deserving occasion, and brought in at the proper time.

At the Main St. Soda Shop

Special Combination Offer!

One large box of Bath Powder with fine puff and Two good sized bottles of quality Perfume, one bottle of Jasmine and one bottle of Gardenia. This combination usually sells for \$1.00.

Specially Priced at 39c.

We have only a limited supply of these combinations and are sold exclusively.

At the Main St. Soda Shop

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Starts this week, all our stock on hand to be sold at greatly reduced prices THIS WEEK ONLY. Don't fail to take advantage of this offer.

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Have you had a demonstration of the New Farmall 12 Tractor? Have a 1934 Mower, five foot cut; all renovated, at \$55.00, runs-in-oil-type.

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

Activities Within the Ranks of the Odd Fellows of this Section

On Wednesday evening last, district, comprising Peterborough, Hand in Hand Rebekah Lodge, East Jaffrey, Henniker, Hillsboro No. 29, I. O. O. F., at their regular meeting, observed children's night, the program being given after the lodge meeting. Some 25 or 30 children were present and they presented most pleasingly a number of musical selections, both vocal and instrumental; these were well received by all present, and the young folks appeared to thoroughly enjoy the occasion. Stunts were also played. Refreshments were served. An efficient committee had the affair in charge and a most pleasant evening was passed.

The First Degree will be conferred by Monadnock Lodge, No. 90, of East Jaffrey, and the meeting will be held in town hall. Supper plans have not yet been completed.

The Past District Deputy Grand Master's Association, in District No. 12, has voted to award a prize to the Lodge in the District that sends the largest percentage of their membership to the District Meeting here on November 2.

New officers of Waverley Lodge will be elected on Saturday evening, Sept. 28, and will be installed on the evening of Oct. 5, by D. D. G. M. Maurice A. Poor. Members of the P. D. G. M. Association are specially invited guests for this occasion. It is also expected that Deputy Grand Master Edwin Cook, of Manchester, will accept an invitation to attend.

State of New Hampshire

By His Excellency, the Governor
A Proclamation for
PULASKI DAY!

By legislative act, the State of New Hampshire gives annual recognition to the services of Brigadier General Casimir Pulaski for the cause of freedom by making his birthday, the Eleventh Day of October,

a special day of commemoration of his devotion, his patriotism and his achievements. In view of General Pulaski's splendid part in our national history, it is fitting that on his birth day the flag of the United States

should be widely and appropriately displayed in his honor. I ask that this be done and that in our schools and elsewhere exercises be held recalling and celebrating the friendship and gallantry of this Polish hero.

Given at the Council Chamber, in Concord, this 11th day of September, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirty-five, and of the Independence of the United States of America One Hundred and Sixtieth.

H. STYLES BRIDGES,
Governor.

By His Excellency, the Governor, with the advice and consent of the Council.

ENOCH D. FULLER,
Secretary of State.

Romantic Old Australian Port Will Be Abandoned

Broome, Australia, Linked With Famous Pirate.

Washington.—Broome, Australia, once one of the world's most romantic ports, may soon join the ranks of abandoned towns, according to recent news reports. Its population is dwindling so rapidly that statisticians estimate the town may be extinct in another five years.

"Broome owes its decline as well as its early growth to the pearl oyster," says the National Geographic Society. "Until recently western Australia produced three-fourths of the world's supply of pearl shell, and Broome was the center of the industry."

In boom times, when mother of pearl brought \$2,000 a ton, Broome's harbor swarmed with hundreds of pearling luggers. Now dozens of derelicts rot in the nearby muddy creeks and in the turquoise waters off the mangrove-clad coast. Ten years ago, 246 luggers sailed in and out of Broome. Today, ships operating in the Broome shell fisheries number only 87 and give employment to but a few hundred divers. In most of these vessels, engines that pumped air to two divers have been supplanted by hand pumps that supply air to only one diver at a time.

Cut Down Output

"In 1932, alarmed by the drop in pearl shell prices, pearlers of Broome agreed to secure less shell to stabilize the industry. This drastic action failed to revive the business, and at present, unemployed inhabitants of Broome are deserting it as rapidly as though it were a sinking ship."

"Broome has had a romantic history. It is associated with the Seventeenth century pirate, William Dampier, the first Englishman to visit Australia. The town lies on the western shore of Dampier creek, within the northern headland of Roebuck bay, named after Dampier's ship, the Roebuck."

"In Broome's heyday, steamers from Fremantle, Australia, and Singapore arrived fortnightly, and the air service for the northwest section of western Australia called regularly. European residents lived in comfortable bungalows along palm-lined streets. Their children played in yards shaded by jacaranda and baobab trees and attended well-equipped schools. A hospital, ice works, and a police station were indications of the town's modern development."

The Asiatic quarter of Broome is truly Oriental. Here, homes of Asiatics are crowded together among warehouses and shops. In the latter, skillful pearl surgeons determine the value of pearls by 'skinning' them.

"Broome is periodically enlivened by exotic festivals. During the ceremony of the 'Feast of the Lanterns,' the town appears more Japanese than

Australian. Japanese, wearing swords and native costumes, flock to their cemetery to dance and sing for the entertainment of the departed pearl shell divers.

Industry Grew Rapidly.

"For centuries, Malays have sailed across the Indian ocean to the coast of Western Australia for pearl shell. European exploitation of the shell began with its discovery in the harbor of Port Darwin in 1884. Although almost constantly hampered by strong tides and muddy water, the industry grew until it once drew 4,000 workers to Broome.

"Most of the shell secured near Broome is exported to England, America and Japan, to be made into buttons, ornaments, and handles for cutlery. When the industry was thriving, luggers returned to Broome, heaped with pearl shells, some large as soup plates. The rigging was frequently festooned with dried oysters, which were sold as food in Japan. Crews were often allotted these as part of their wages.

"Since it was easy for divers to conceal pearls, at first, ship owners allowed them to keep those they found, relying on the shells for profits. But later, by employing mixed crews, ship owners found they could also obtain

"Dead Man's Shadow"

Legend Still Exists
Langsville, Ohio.—The strange legend of the "Dead Man's Shadow" continues to exist here despite scoffing skeptics. Unbelievers have only to look upon the weird evidence—and doubt invariably assails them, believers in the tale assert.

According to the legend, a stranger walking along a highway near here was struck and killed by a speeding automobile several years ago. His body was placed on a concrete sidewalk near the scene of the accident pending arrival of an ambulance.

When the body was removed, a vague shadow of the exact proportions of the victim remained, legend has it.

Some time later, workmen poured a thick layer of additional concrete over that particular section of the sidewalk, it is said.

But the shadow reappeared, so say the superstitions.

the pearls. Japanese, Chinese, and Malays, watching the opening of the oysters and mistrusting each other, saw that pearls were handed over to the captain.

"Other products brought in by the pearling luggers are tortoise shell, and black sea slugs found on the ocean floor and used for food in China and Japan."

Life Begins Again at 80 for Him



Most amazing of success stories is that relating to James M. Washburn, eighty, who lost a fortune and regained it at an age when most men have considered life too far behind them to begin once more. He started in a humble fashion selling candy on the street. It was good candy. He prospered and soon became the president of a chain of candy shops that stretched all around the country. Came the depression, and he was penniless again. Once more he took to selling candy on the streets. Meanwhile he invented a candy made from vegetables. It took hold and he has just signed a contract to come back as the head of a million dollar concern. "Life begins at eighty for me," he said, as his wife came to watch him stir the first batch of the new candy.

Unearth Ancient Syrian-Hittite Capital

Uncover Noteworthy Art Dating Back to 1100 B. C.

Chicago.—Discovery of the ruins of a local capital of the Syrian-Hittite world that flourished from 1100 B. C. to the invasion of Alexander the Great in the fourth century B. C., was announced by the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago.

Dr. C. W. McEwan, field director of the institute's Syrian expedition, who recently returned to this country, reported the discovery. A royal palace already has been uncovered in the mound of north Syria, about midway between Alexandreia and Aleppo.

The most interesting single find at the diggings was that of a double-lion column base—two crouching lions whose backs supported a column at the entrance to the palace. Dr. McEwan said it is one of the finest examples of Hittite art yet found.

"The Syrian-Hittite culture was a

composite of Hittite, Aramaean, Phoenician and Assyrian elements," Dr. McEwan said. "The discovery of a capital of this people will bring new light to bear on a most interesting period."

According to Dr. McEwan, a native foreman of the expedition which has been excavating two other mounds in the vicinity, was riding into Antioch, 25 miles away, when he noticed two carefully cut blocks of basalt in the deep ditch beside the road.

He recognized these as important clues. When members of the expedition investigated, they found huge column bases of a type characteristic of royal buildings of the late Hittite period.

It then was discovered that natives of a nearby little village had been digging into the mound for the ancient burned bricks which the natives used in repairing their highway.

Canada Boasts Waterfall With Drop of 1,500 Feet

Vancouver, B. C.—British Columbia may lay claim to having the highest waterfall in the world.

The fall lies 13 miles northwest of the Great Central lake. Here there is an enormous rock formation over which Delta falls drops a distance of 1,500 feet, according to provincial geographical figures. The falls are almost ten times as high as the world famous Niagara falls and nearly four times as big as Victoria falls in Africa.

The Delta falls are not easily accessible, but it is understood they are to be exploited as one of the province's tourist attractions.

Vienna Sees Joke in American "Shorts" War

Vienna.—The whole controversy about "shorts" for men in England and America causes a merry laugh in Austria.

A pair of shorts, one of linen for midsummer and one of deerskin for cooler days, are and have been an essential part of an Austrian male's wardrobe for years.

It's nothing unusual to see a pair of uncovered legs sauntering down one of Vienna's principal boulevards. Nobody stares; nobody laughs; it's taken for granted you can wear shorts in town if you wish.

In the country on Sundays 80 per cent of the men wear leather or linen

shorts, an open shirt, and no hat. The man who wears more is stared at.

Perhaps it's only honest to say that shorts are a sort of national Austrian costume for men. They originated in the mountainous Tyrol, where the peasants wore deerskin shorts before they knew pants or trousers existed.

When the Austrian man goes swimming he wears a lot less than enough to get him arrested in the States. He has long ago abandoned the simple trunks (once considered very daring in the United States) and wears only a loin cloth. Ten yards away he seems stark naked. There is considerable mixed nude bathing in the Danube, but the police discourage it. But it's often hard for the police to distinguish whether the bathers are naked or not.

PICKED FOR BIG JOB



The Marquess of Linlithgow, young Conservative, who was appointed to the supremely difficult post of viceroy of India in succession to the earl of Willingdon, whose five-year term will expire next April.

Harnesses Bull, Mule to Meet an Emergency

Bolivar, N. Y.—When one of Harry R. Roberts' mules died, the farmer was in a quandary. Extensive summer farm work lay ahead and he had only one mule left.

Roberts recruited a young bull and hitched it to a plow with the mule. The oddly matched team co-operated and Roberts was able to complete his plowing and planting.

By WILLIAM BRUCKART

NATIONAL PRESS BLDG.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The President had repeatedly urged their enactment but the congress saw fit to delay. Consequently in various quarters in Washington I heard the inquiry as to why so much damage can be done by delays of five months when there had been delays of seven months preceding enactment of the measures. Some of the more vitriolic among the New Deal critics even went so far as to inquire why all of the hullabaloo over a delay of five months when Mr. Roosevelt made no effort to obtain enactment of the social security bill—the keystone of the New Deal—in the first session of congress under his control. Without knowing all of the answers, it does appear to me that there is quite a bit of unnecessary barking going on about this one incident.

It was no occasion for surprise, therefore, when a new outburst of criticism of senate rules of procedure was launched upon us immediately after the last session of congress adjourned. Senator Huey P. Long of Louisiana, the self-styled Kingfish, broke loose as he has so many times broken loose and effectively tied senate plans in a knot. He did the very thing that has precipitated criticism of the senate through all of the years mentioned above and succeeded in a one-man filibuster in blocking passage of an appropriation bill. Indeed, he was so effective in his job that he brought down on his head the wrath of President Roosevelt and all of the New Dealers who were about to realize culmination of some of their most cherished dreams.

While the Long filibuster probably should be criticized because undoubtedly there was some unfairness about it, the reason it takes on more importance at this time is because it placed so many of the New Dealers in a state of high dudgeon mentally and because it again centered attention upon these same senate rules.

By way of preliminary explanation, I believe it ought to be said that no organized body can operate effectively or orderly without first binding itself to adhere to rules of procedure that will give each an opportunity. These rules, in the case of the senate, are very old. It may be said they are antiquated and obsolete; surely some will take that view of them. But nevertheless those are the rules and the senate has been able for a good many years to produce satisfactory legislative results under them.

I do not propose here to say that they should be revised or that the present rules should be retained. But I do believe that before changes are made and before those who propose changes spread too much ballyhoo, the country should understand some of the reasons which actuate the present urge.

The kingfish spoke for nearly six hours on the closing night of the session. He could not be prevented from speaking after he was once recognized by the presiding officer. He told the senate he was battling for a government loan rate on cotton of 12 cents per pound whereas the administration was proposing to make the rate either nine or ten cents per pound. The senate had placed an amendment on an appropriation bill to carry out the idea of twelve cents a pound and had put up the proposition to the house of representatives which showed no signs of agreeing at all until Mr. Roosevelt took a hand and suggested the compromise of ten cents a pound. All that remained was a formal vote of the senate to put the administration plan into effect. Senator Long decided it should not be and he proceeded to lick the administration single-handedly by continuing his filibuster until the midnight hour when the congress was to adjourn finally.

In blocking the administration compromise, Senator Long also defeated appropriation of something like \$100,000,000 which the administration was going to use in setting up machinery under its so-called security bill. The Guffey bill for regulation of the soft coal industry and the bond created theoretically to settle labor disputes. All of these bills were pressed hard by the administration, if one had not had its antagonists in congress. They were and are strictly New Deal measures. As a result of the Long filibuster none of them can be made fully operative until congress convenes again next January and appropriates the money. So it can be seen how the pride of the New Deal professors was wounded. It can be seen likewise why they, along with the President, did so much squawking about the Long filibuster. Senator Long was an ideal goat for the situation.

It is not my privilege nor is it within my power to say whether the legislation which Senator Long virtually nullified is so important that five months of delay is the difference between life and death in this country. Indeed, I cannot see any reason for all of the baste that is exemplified by the shorts and the criticisms suddenly brought forth because of that filibuster. The bills which were brought to final passage only a few days before adjournment had been languishing in congress since last January.

Long experience as a student of financial affairs prompts my conclusion that failure of the \$100,000,000 issue to be fully subscribed does not mean that government bonds are a bad investment. I am inclined to the opinion that the treasury tried to drive down the interest rate too low and that most investors figured they could obtain a better return than that which Mr. Morgenthau offered them. But, after all, there is something of a warning in this circumstance. I believe the warning is that if the Roosevelt administration continues to spend and spend and borrow and borrow, it must pay higher and higher interest rates for the money it borrows. Again, that "ain't so good."

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BRISBANE THIS WEEK

How Will Mussolini Fight?
Airfields and Live Wires
A Teapot Tempest
Will Eugenists Explain?

Mussolini fought in the big war as a simple soldier in the trenches, was badly wounded, saw the horrors of war from the bottom.

Noy, in command, he will see war from the top. How will he manage it? Dispatches say he must do something in a "quick drive and make big gains" before the rainy season returns, seven months hence.

Mussolini's driving power and efficiency, that have transformed the fever-breeding Pontine marshes into homes for Italian families, should need no "seven months" to produce results in Abyssinia. The thing to do is to concentrate on the "Conquering Lion of Judah," otherwise the Negus, or "Power of Trinity."

Make it clear that modern war means "the ruler of the country first, the little people afterward," and war will not last long. The "Conquering Lion" has expressed willingness, almost eagerness, to die for his country, but that must not be taken too literally.

Near Burbank, Calif., a plane crashes. Three occupants, two pilots and a stewardess burn to death, after striking a live wire.

It has been said, "Alcohol and gasoline do not mix well," meaning that men should not drive when drunk.

Air fields and live wires do not mix well either. The Department of Commerce, ruling aviation and exercising admirable rules, might include among the latter a rule against exposed live wires near air fields.

There is an unnecessary fuss about American business men having secured in Abyssinia rights to develop oil and mineral wealth. An American should be able to go shopping at his own risk and on his own responsibility, wherever he chooses, as Englishmen do, without having the State department indulge in "fits."

If one of the great American organizations, Standard Oil, Du Pont or

another, undertakes to do business in Ethiopia, it will not ask Uncle Sam to send over any of "our boys" to shed their blood.

Strange sight in a New York court—one boy, nine years old, accused of killing a girl by hitting her on the head with a stone because she denied his assertion that he could eat more peaches than she could. Another little boy of twelve, also killer of a playmate, appeared in the same court.

The nine-year-old boy seemed quite unconcerned, except that he thought his dog, "Lucky," would be lonesome without him.

Prosecuting authorities accuse the nine-year-old boy of murder, but hanging or drawing and quartering for children are part of the past.

Will agriculturists and eugenists explain these youthful crime phenomena?

The sad death of the queen of Belgium proves that the open car is the dangerous car. The queen was thrown from the car, struck her head against a tree, and was instantly killed. Had she been in a closed car, she could not have been thrown violently, and probably would have escaped death as did her husband, who was holding the wheel.

The open car is the ideal car to see the country and the sky, but a dangerous car for those who drive too fast.

San Francisco, as old in the minds of Americans as the word "California" itself, is cheerful. The great bridge that will unite San Francisco to Oakland across the bay is progressing rapidly. And the suspension bridge is already stretching its spiderweb cables across the Golden Gate, where the Pacific ocean comes rushing in to the bay.

Thanks to good management and an excellent engineer, Mr. Strauss, this Golden Gate bridge, with its magnificent span of more than 4,000 feet, will be finished on time and for less than the \$35,000,000 guaranteed as maximum price.

England wants no war, with prosperity returning and spoils of the big war not yet digested. But the wing feathers of the peace angel must tremble at sight of British and Italian fleets in the Mediterranean, near the mouth of the Suez canal.

If Britain tries to close that canal to Italy, leaving thousands of Italian soldiers cut off from their base and from food supplies, there will probably be some heavy gunfire.

It seems unlikely that devotion to Ethiopia, even though her government be a member of the League of Nations, could persuade the British to force war at this moment.

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There's Always Another Year

MARTHA OSTENSO

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SYNOPSIS

To the little town of Heron River comes Anna ("Silver") Grenoble, daughter of "Gentleman Jim," formerly of the community, known as a gambler, now a citizen of Chicago. When he reached the town Sophronia Willard, Jim Grenoble's sister, is at the depot to meet Silver. Her household consists of her husband, and stepsons, Roderick and Jason. The Willards own only half of the farm, the other half being Anna Grenoble's. On Silver's arrival Duke Melbank, shiftless youth makes himself obnoxious. Sophronia helps him. Roderick is on the eve of marriage to Corinne Meader, daughter of a failed banker. Silver declares her eagerness to live with her aunt on the farm, and will not sell her portion.

CHAPTER III—Continued

She saw the unobtrusive, faded tan of the wall paper, with the silver stripe in it. That was not in bad taste, she thought stoutly. The curtains were of ecru net, with wide stripes and valance of plain blue rep; that had been Roddy's idea. She saw the upright piano of black walnut, the keys yellowing, and recalled that until Roddy had removed it there had been a handsome green velvet scarf on its top, hand-painted in pink roses. Sophronia looked at the walls and thought how much cosier they had been with the pictures and mottoes on them, and the burnt leather panel with the head of Pocahontas and the little calendar below. Now, on the wall opposite her, were three smallish etchings, placed step-ladder fashion. Black and white—no color or life to them! One was only land and sky, the second the same with a windmill stuck in it, and the third was an old horse plodding across a frozen pond dragging a two-wheeled cart.

"And is this lawyer—this Benjamin Hubbard you speak of—" old Roderick was saying—"is he looking after all the arrangements?"

"Yes," Silver replied softly but very clearly. "Ben is looking after everything. It was dad's wish that his body should be cremated and his ashes sent here—to be near mother's grave."

"And did he live long enough to tell you that?" Phronie asked, clearing her throat.

"Oh—he spoke of that some months ago," Silver said, "right after he had his first heart attack. But he mentioned it again—before he died."

"I see," Phronie winked rapidly several times.

The men shifted their feet in awkward silence.

Sophronia kept her eyes on Silver as the girl continued speaking in the same subdued tone. Almost as though she had been there, Sophronia experienced in Silver's telling, the events of the summer. She saw the scorching day in June when Jim Grenoble had crumpled forward on the street and the doctor had warned him. She saw Jim's eyes as he had looked then—levelly into the face of doom. She heard the doctor's voice telling Jim that one of these days his heart would snap like a rubber band that had been stretched too far. She heard Jim asking his daughter Silver to see to it—if anything happened—that his ashes should rest in the country cemetery at Heron River. Sophronia could hear Silver promising—and pleading desperately with him then to go away with her to some quiet place, away from the tension and fever of the life they



"Yes," Silver Replied Softly but Very Clearly.

were living. And she could see him patting his daughter's hand gently and telling her that they would go soon—just as soon as they had enough money put by.

Presently when Silver fell silent and sat looking intently at her clasped hands, old Roderick went to her and laid his hand gently on her shoulder, patted it without a word, and then moved into the kitchen, where he lifted the stove lid and knocked out the ashes from his pipe. Jason followed immediately and went out of doors.

Phronie said, "Did Jim never mention wantin' to come back—I mean—before he knew he was dyin'?"

Silver raised her eyes, and for a moment Sophronia thought she saw in them something secret and fearful in their expression, something startling. The girl parted her lips and then

ever since his famous visit to Chicago earlier in the summer.

"You been away," Duke said as he slumped down upon a stool.

"Duke checks up on us, Lena," Roddy smiled. "We've got to watch our step."

"No," Duke objected. "I was just thinkin' you ain't heard, maybe, about old Jim Grenoble."

"Gentleman Jim?"

"Sure. Him I seen when I was to Chi last month. I could 'a' told then he wouldn't come to no good end."

"Anything happened?" Roddy asked. There was a certain leering knowingness about Duke that filled him, as always, with distaste.

"Plenty! He got himself shot last night."

"My G-d!" Roddy exclaimed. "Who shot him?"

"Fella named Rawson, it was. The police got him. Killed him when he was tryin' to make his getaway. Some o' them guys can shoot, no foolin'!"

"Poor old Jim!" Roddy said to himself. "Sophronia will take that pretty hard, I'm afraid."

Duke laughed mirthlessly. "Not so's you'd notice it."

"You've seen her?"

"seen her, all right, all right. And how! She was down to meet the train tonight."

"You mean—they sent the body—?"

Duke's hands played together. "Not exactly. The one that came in tonight wasn't what you'd call a dead one, eh, Lena? I'll tell the world! It was Jim's daughter. Her I seen that night in Chi with a big shot by the name o' Lucas."

"Is she here?"

"She's out to the farm, if that's what you mean. But that oughtn't to worry you none. She won't be stayin' long in these parts, if I know anything. Her kind don't belong round here." He chuckled. "I've got her number, all right, all right!"

But Roddy did not hear the innuendo. Duke's disclosure had flashed like lightning across his mind. He tossed a coin on the counter, seized his hat and made for the door.

Driving home, he realized that he was as near to panic as he had ever been in his life. What would this girl's coming mean? She would undoubtedly sell her land for cash. It was not likely that a couple of hundred a year rental would interest her.

He had been sending that amount to Jim Grenoble, after the deduction of taxes and Jim had promptly sent it back each time to his sister Sophronia.

Five years ago, the land might have come into the possession of the Willards, but it had not been for Jim Grenoble's obstinacy. Instead, the money that might have bought it had gone into bad investments. How, if they lost the Grenoble section, were all the Willards going to live on the meager income from their own land, which was, by some trick of nature, not half so rich? And in a week he, Roddy, would have a wife to support as well.

Rapidly he took stock of himself.

It was three years now since he had been graduated from college, and although he still clung jealously to what he had learned there, the soil had taken him back to itself again.

He had worked the Grenoble land since he was fifteen, and had vowed that some day it would be his own in fact. And now—

Roddy brought his car to a stop in the little garage beside the barn, and climbed out of it. He walked slowly through the starlit darkness up the path to the house.

He let himself in through the back door and struck a match, found the lamp and lit it. Odd, he thought, but he could have sworn he had heard a footstep in the front hall. He moved through the house and saw a white-faced girl standing in the hall with one foot on the first step of the staircase. She had a flowered, thick robe wrapped tightly about her, and she carried a flashlight and a pair of slippers. Her hair hung to her shoulders, and was soft and pale and wavy, and her eyes were, in that startling moment, enormous.

Silver was the first to speak.

"I suppose you are Roddy Willard," she said, almost breathlessly.

"Yes," he said, and came forward with his hand outstretched. "And you are Anna Grenoble, of course!" He tried to relax his mouth into a smile, to check his agitation.

Her hand lay for an instant in his, while they surveyed each other with cool appraisal.

"Yes," she said, smiling faintly.

"I only just heard—in Heron River—about what happened to your father," he said haltingly. "I'm terribly sorry."

Silver stood with one hand on the balustrade and gave him a shadowy look. "Thank you, I—" Her voice trailed away. "I couldn't sleep—so I went for a walk—down to the old house. I—I didn't expect to be caught prowling. She gave him an odd look, half apology, half defiance. "Good night," she said.

"Good night."

Sleep was out of the question. Roddy went back to the kitchen, turned the lamp low and stepped out the back door. The delicate bitterness of coming harvest filled his nostrils when he drew a deep breath. In a few days he would be a married man—and Corinne Meader established in the house of a farmer who looked into the future with blind eyes.

Then he turned to speak to Duke.

"Time you were in bed, Duke," he remarked pleasantly. This tall, soft bulk of a fellow was beneath contempt, beneath anger, even for Sophronia's sake, although he had been spreading gossip about Phronie's niece.

He found it difficult to believe that Jim Grenoble's death had coincided so nearly with his asking Corinne to marry him. It was almost like rust coming on the eve of reaping.

CHAPTER IV

Toward noon of the next day, Sophronia and Silver stood together on a crest of the gentle ridge which supported the new farmstead. The girl had her hands in the pockets of her white linen dress, and her eyes, which Phronie had ascertained were a very dark blue, were fixed upon the old house down below. Phronie followed her glance, and saw that old Roderick had placed a ladder against the north wall, and with an armful of shingles and tools had begun the ascent of the roof.

"Tell me, Phronie," Silver asked suddenly, "are you moving into the old house because Roddy is getting married, or because I am here?"

"Because you are here!" Phronie was indignant. "I never heard the like! Roderick and I always said that as soon as either of the boys gets

ALL THERE



"What do you think of Jim?"

"As a chump, he is 100 per cent per-

FOUL TIP



She—I see that man walking away from the plate!

He—Yes. He struck out.

She—Struck out? How can you say that when he didn't even hit the ball?

CUPID CALORIES



Peggy—Do you know, as soon as I made a cup of tea for Ben he proposed to me.

Carol—What did you put in it?

AIR CONDITIONED



Mouse—I suppose all those holes are for fresh air.

PLAIN ENOUGH



Chick—Say, Pop, the firm that runs this farm is called Chickens, Inc. What does Inc. mean?

Pop—Incubator, Junior.

TAKE A BOW



"What do you do when Tom talks baseball?"

"Try to look intelligent."

SUMMER-MINDED



Onion—Mr. Red Pepper is some sport.

Tomato—Yea, he's "hot stuff"!

CLOUDS GONE



"Notice how warm the water is!"

"Yes, it's those sunsh-

Popular Handbag Easy to Crochet

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



No doubt our readers have noticed the popularity of crocheted handbags. They are easy to make, cost very little and make a smart accessory to any outfit.

This bag is made of cream color crochet cotton in the attractive waffle weave stitch and measures 5 1/2 by 9 inches when finished.

Package No. 40 contains sufficient Mountain Craft crochet cotton to complete the bag, also one pair of bag handles and instructions. The bag can be made up in about two days and this package will be mailed to you upon receipt of 40 cents. If you want illustrations and instructions only, send 10 cents.

Address Home Craft Co., Dept. B, Nineteenth and St. Louis Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Send stamped addressed envelope for reply when writing for any information.

Man-Made Heat Exceeds Sun's

Without knowing it, man has been creating artificial heat greater than that on the surface of the sun. This was discovered recently by the General Electric company which developed an accurate measuring device to record the temperature of the hot-spots of electric arcs. It was found that the common carbon arc light used in movie theaters, searchlights and for other high-powered illumination produces a heat up to 9,400 degrees Fahrenheit. The temperature on the surface of the sun is 9,000 degrees Fahrenheit. The tungsten arc produces even greater heat, as much as 11,300 degrees Fahrenheit, as high as 13,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

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High Cost of Beauty Women of England spent \$100,000,000 for beauty treatments in the last year.

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your Skin deserves the Best treatment USE Cuticura SOAP AND OINTMENT

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37-35

Rid Yourself of Kidney Poisons

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

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

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

DOANS PILLS

Weather Report:**FAIR—COLDER!**

When you get up in the morning and step on the floor in your bare feet or your old Slippers—your feet are cold—aren't they?

Hard colds are often contracted this way—

Better Get a New, Warm Pair of Slippers Now. It's cheaper than staying at home from work with a sick cold!

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It gives all the constructive stories about home life, exploring crime and scandal. Has interesting features particularly on Women's Activities, Homemaking, Personal Finance, etc. Also 16 pages for the Children and Young Folks. A weekly column and an edition of news in the "News of the Nation" which is of special interest to men.

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The Antrim Reporter

Published Every Wednesday Afternoon

Subscription Price, \$2.00 per year

Advertising Rates on Application

H. W. ELDREDGE, PUBLISHER

H. B. & C. D. ELDREDGE, Assistant's

Wednesday, Sept. 18, 1935

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

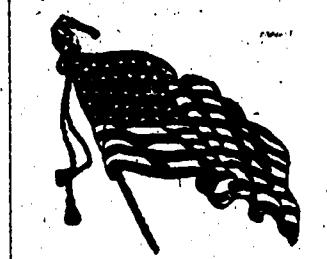
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Notices of Concerts, Lectures, Entertainments, etc., to which admission fee is charged, or from which a Return is derived, must be paid for as advertisements by the line.

Cards of Thanks are inserted in soc. each.

Resolutions of ordinary length \$1.00.

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



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression"

Antrim Locals

It can't be that we are not going to have some more warm weather before the furnace fires are started!

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Brooks passed away at Grasmere hospital a short time after his birth.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Tenney and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred G. Holt recently enjoyed an automobile trip to Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Previous to entering University of New Hampshire, Arthur Prescott spent a short time at his home here; he has been employed at Northfield, Mass., during the summer.

Robert A. Caughey is the new agent of the Morton Paige Estate, manufacturer of wood rope reels, and is actively engaged in business connected with the production of goods.

Mrs. Fred Howard underwent an operation at her home town in Maine recently, and has now recovered sufficiently to return to her home in this place, and resumed work at her Beauty Shoppe.

Miss Estelle Deacon, of Waltham, Mass., who for several years resided in Antrim with her grandmother, Mrs. Harry Deacon, is reported as being ill, with a mild case of infantile paralysis; her young friends here hope soon to hear of her complete recovery.

The Antrim Reporter, \$2.00 a year.

Antrim Locals

Beginning October 1, Mr. and Mrs. John Mayrand will occupy a tenement in Mrs. D. J. Flanders' house, on North Main street.

Prof. Charles H. Abbott has returned to his home in Redlands, California, after a brief visit with relatives and friends here.

Mrs. George W. Hunt is spending a season with her daughter in Springvale, Maine, and her mother, Mrs. Olive Baker, is visiting with relatives and friends in Marlow.

Mrs. George A. Sawyer has gone to Wellesley, Mass., where she will be employed as cook during the college year in the Norumbega Hall, a dormitory of Wellesley college.

Mrs. Leon F. Bugron, who has been out of health more or less for the past few months, was taken to the Peterborough hospital on Wednesday last for an operation. Her many friends hope that soon her condition will improve and that she will recover her former robust health.

The following people, from Rhode Island, have been recent guests of Warren W. Coombs: Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Kaye, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Kaye, Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Bates, Miss Bertha Bates, Miss Jennie Bates, Miss Grace Bates, from Johnston; Miss Mae Mosley and Mrs. Carrie Peck, Auburn; John Murther, Spring Green; Mrs. Alice Kaye, South Providence.

Weekly News of Interest From a Few Towns Surrounding Antrim**DEERING****GREENFIELD**

The children of the Sunday school, at the Deering Center church, enjoyed a picnic at Melon pond, Washington, recently.

Mrs. Arthur Winslow of Millinocket, Me., was in town last week visiting her father. Her son, John, who has been with his grandfather, John Herrick, returned with her to Millinocket.

Harold Wells is employed at a mill in Claremont. Wendall Putnam, William Kimball, Sherrod Ashby and Leonard Cote are among those in town who have found employment elsewhere, since the closing of the Hillsborough Woolen mills.

Mrs. Eugene Boissonade has closed her summer home, "Wild Acres," at West Deering. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Wuelper, the latter her daughter, drove down from Danforth, Me., for Mrs. Boissonade, who will visit them for a short time before returning to New York for the winter.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

By His Excellency, the Governor
A Proclamation for FIRE PREVENTION WEEK

The annual observance throughout the nation of a stated period during which especial attention is given to reducing the tremendous loss of life and of property due to preventable fires has been shown by experience to be a commendable and practical measure of conservation.

Continuing this wise and useful practice, I hereby proclaim FIRE PREVENTION WEEK in New Hampshire for October 6 to October 12. Let us have general and active cooperation on the part of both public and private agencies to further abate the menace by flames to our welfare and our safety.

Great progress has been made in the efficiency and equipment of our municipal fire departments. Our State Forestry Department has rendered valuable service in reducing the number and extent of forest fires. The construction, at small cost, of many water holes is a recent and excellent addition to the great field of fire prevention. This is the duty as a citizen and should be the concern as an individual of every one of us.

Given at the Council Chamber in Concord this eleventh day of September in the year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-five and of the Independence of the United States the one

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 held 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.

hundred and sixtieth.

H. Styles Bridges, Governor.
By His Excellency, the Governor with the advice of the Council.

Enoch D. Fuller,
Secretary of State.

Typewriter Paper

We still carry a stock of Bond Typewriter Paper, cut 8½x11 inches, at prices varying with quality. Extra by parcel post.

This we will cut in halves, if you desire, giving you sheets 5½x8½ in.

We also have a stock of Light Yellow Typewriter Sheets, 8½x11, especially for Carbon Copy sheets. 75¢ for 500 sheets, 12¢ extra by parcel post. Pen can be used on this very well.

REPORTER OFFICE, ANTRIM, N. H.

"OUR BEAUTY SHOPPE"

Telephone 66

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

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

Bennington.

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

Mrs. Arthur J. Pierce has resigned from the Bennington School Board.

Mrs. Harry Favor and her new son are expected home from the hospital first of this week.

Paul Traxler, who was obliged to return to the hospital a while ago, was reported not quite so well during the past week.

George Ross, who has been not at all well for some time, is a little better, although he does not come down town very much.

Mr. and Mrs. Holzman expect to go to their Long Island home during this week. September takes many of our summer guests.

It is reported, although one hundred and fifty invitations were sent out to past members, only four responded to the splendid entertainment the Grange gave for their pleasure on Tuesday night.

Mrs. M. L. Knight, Mrs. Daisy Rawson, of Worcester, Mass., Mrs. M. E. Sargent and Mrs. Gordon were guests of Mrs. H. H. Rose, on Thursday last, to Washington; a beautiful drive on a glorious day.

In reading one of Gov. Bridges' recent speeches, it was noticed he said it was a yankee trait to tell our troubles. Well, on Sunday, the plastering in the pantry fell from the ceiling and landed in a fine boiled dinner, and if that isn't trouble worth howling about, should like to know the reason.

Mrs. M. E. Sargent had a peculiar experience with a red-headed wood-pecker, which got into her kitchen chimney. After he was heard, and on opening a place in the chimney, he flew out; as soon as he had taken a few minutes on the piazza to recover, away he went, apparently all right, in spite of there having been a fire in the stove during his captivity.

Today (Wednesday) they race at Rockingham Park for the Colonel Arthur J. Pierce Cup, a Speed Handicap of Six Furlongs. This Cup has been presented the last three years, a product of the Concord Silversmiths, for the same race; the first year was won by W. W. Vaughan's "Cannon" and last year by the Whitney Stables—"Jabot"—Jockey Robertson up. What horse will win today?

Disease Turns Skin Yellow
The disease which turns the skin yellow is known as jaundice.

Saccharine Coal Tar Product
Saccharine is the imide of orthosulphobenzoic acid and is called scientifically orthobenzoic sulphonide. It was discovered by Ira Remsen and C. Fahrbach in 1879 in the course of an investigation carried out at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md. It is a coal tar product. It is many times sweeter than sugar. About eighth-grain tablet is sufficient for a cupful of coffee or tea.

Raising the Family: Anything he can't understand is slang to Pa.**ANTRIM POST OFFICE****Mail Schedule in Effect April 29, 1935****Going North**

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

Going South

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

2.59 p.m. 3.14 p.m.

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

CHURCH NOTES**Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches****Presbyterian Church**

Rev. William Patterson, Pastor
Wednesday, Sept. 18

Supper at 6 p.m., and general rally for all members and friends of the church. Guests of the evening: Dr. and Mrs. Perley C. Grant, of Barre, Vt., will address the gathering.

Thursday, Sept. 19

Mid-week meeting, at 7.30 p.m. Omited this week.

Sunday, September 22

Sunday school at 9.30 a.m. Regular Morning Worship, at 10.45 o'clock. Rev. William Weston, of Hancock, will preach.

Union evening service, at 7 o'clock, in this church.

Methodist Episcopal

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

Baptist

Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor

Thursday, Sept. 19

Mid-week meeting at 7.30 p.m. Topic: The Shining Face. Ex. 34: 29-35.

Sunday, September 22

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.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE REGISTER FOR 1935 IS NOW ON SALE

The only Business Directory for the State as a whole. Thoroughly revised to date.

- A Directory of Federal, State and County Officials.
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The National Survey,
Chester, Vermont

Resolutions of Respect

Passed by the Members of Bennington Grange, No. 207, on Death of Sister Hattie Weston

Whereas, our Heavenly Father has called our sister from our Order, we feel that our loss is her gain. We will miss her in our meetings, but submit to the will of the great Master above.

Resolved, that a copy of these Resolutions be spread on the Grange books, and a copy be sent to the bereaved family where she will be greatly missed; also published in the Antrim Reporter.

Isabella Gerrard,
Margaret Taylor,
Mae Cahoon,
Committee on Resolutions

PROFESSIONAL**Beauty Culture TRAINING**

Broaden that picture a bit, and you get a rough analogy to something that's happening in the American political scene today.

Certain lawmakers and their followers are annoyed because the Supreme Court has pointed out that some of their impractical measures violate the body of rules under which our government operates—the United States Constitution. They fear that still other measures will suffer the same fate. So they want to weaken the authority of the Court as our official interpreter of the rules.

They are shouting, "Throw out the umpire!"

Will they succeed? That's up to the people. No change so drastic in effect could be consummated without the consent of the voters. Fortunately, a nation-wide reaction has shown the popular attitude.

The people are determined to retain a National Umpire who will hold lawmakers to the rules that made us a great, successful nation offering liberty and opportunity to all.

**Please accept these fine novels
...WITH OUR COMPLIMENTS**

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

one of the many features included in the low cost of your subscription.

Follow these entertaining serials starting today. If you don't, you will be missing some of the best literature being produced in America and some of the pleasantest hours you ever spent. And remember, this is only one of the many reasons for making this YOUR newspaper.

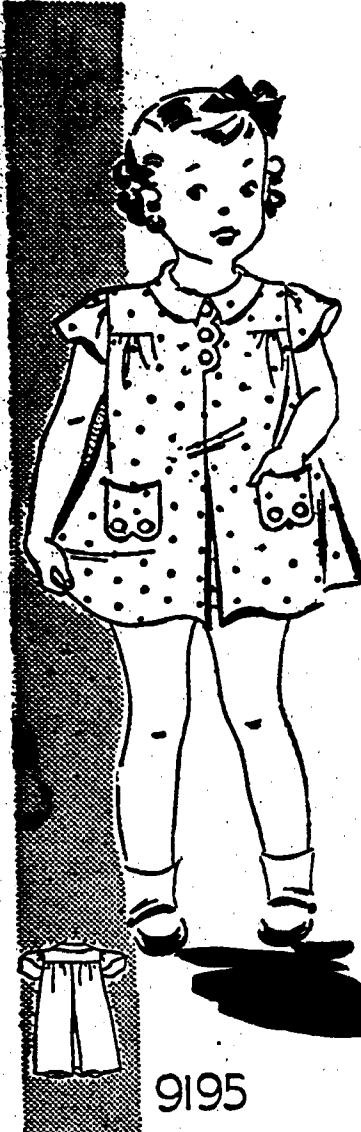
The Antrim Reporter

Antrim, N. H.

THE ANTRIM REPORTER

Play Frock
That "Stays Put"

PATTERN 9195



9195

Is she never still a minute? Racing madly about, arms and heels flying? Then here's just the little play frock she needs, the kind that will "stay put"—the neat little collar and tidy button-up front keep the dress from pulling askew! The little skirt, with its front and back pleat, allows for freedom—and with the matching bloomers, what matter if she does play leap frog with brother? The cute flare sleeve is cooler, but the pattern permits a puffed version if you prefer it. You could outline the scallops with bias tape to match the dots and buttons. Most practical in printed plique or percale, and daintiest in dotted swiss, or dimity.

Pattern 9195 may be ordered only in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8. Size 4 requires 2 1/4 yards of 36-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.

SMILES

NO TROUBLE AT ALL

"How does your son get along with his studies?"
"Oh, very pleasantly. He doesn't bother 'em none."

Distributing the Wealth
"How's business in the Old Gulch?" asked the traveling man.

"Fine," said Mesa Bill. "We've given so much attention to reform that whole lot of folks are enjoying prosperity besides the undertaker."

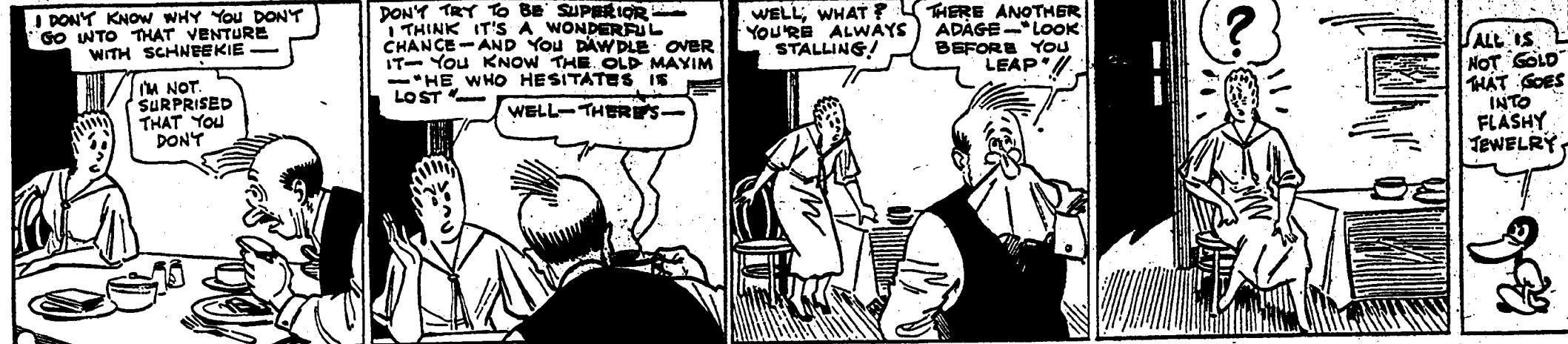
A Kick Coming
Johnny—Boy, maybe that mule isn't surefooted!
Sam—What do you mean, surefooted?
Johnny—He kicked me five times in exactly the same place!

Tired
Man—You have tire troubles?
Friend—Yes; every time my alarm clock goes off mornings.



THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne
© 1934 Features Inc.



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Leary
© 1934 Features Inc.



PHOLOSSIFER FINNEY Says

A FELLOW KIN OFTEN KAPE OUTA WURRK BY ACTIN' DUMB LOIKE

MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTER



Ally Oop!

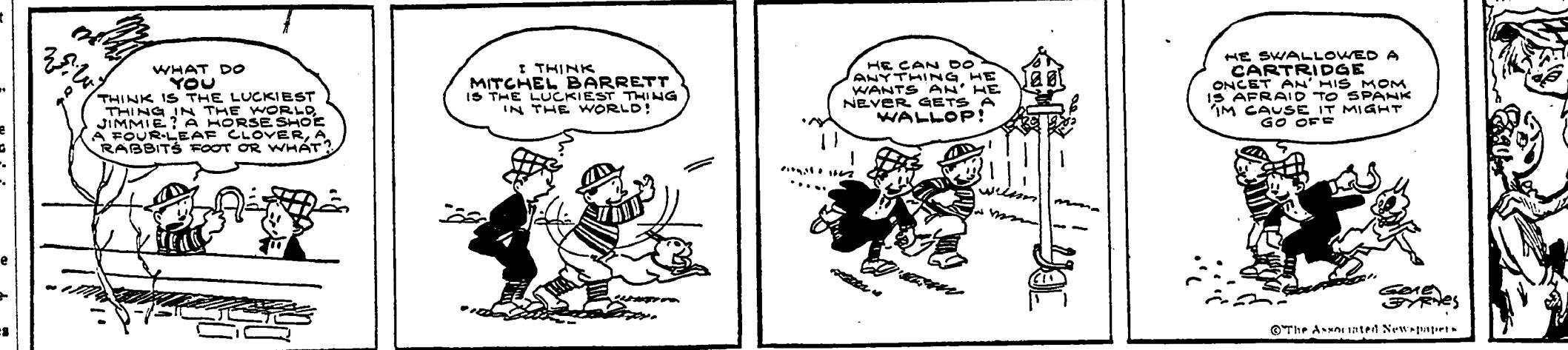
By C. M. PAYNE

SMATTER POP— When Does Maw Begin to Get Scared, Is the Question?

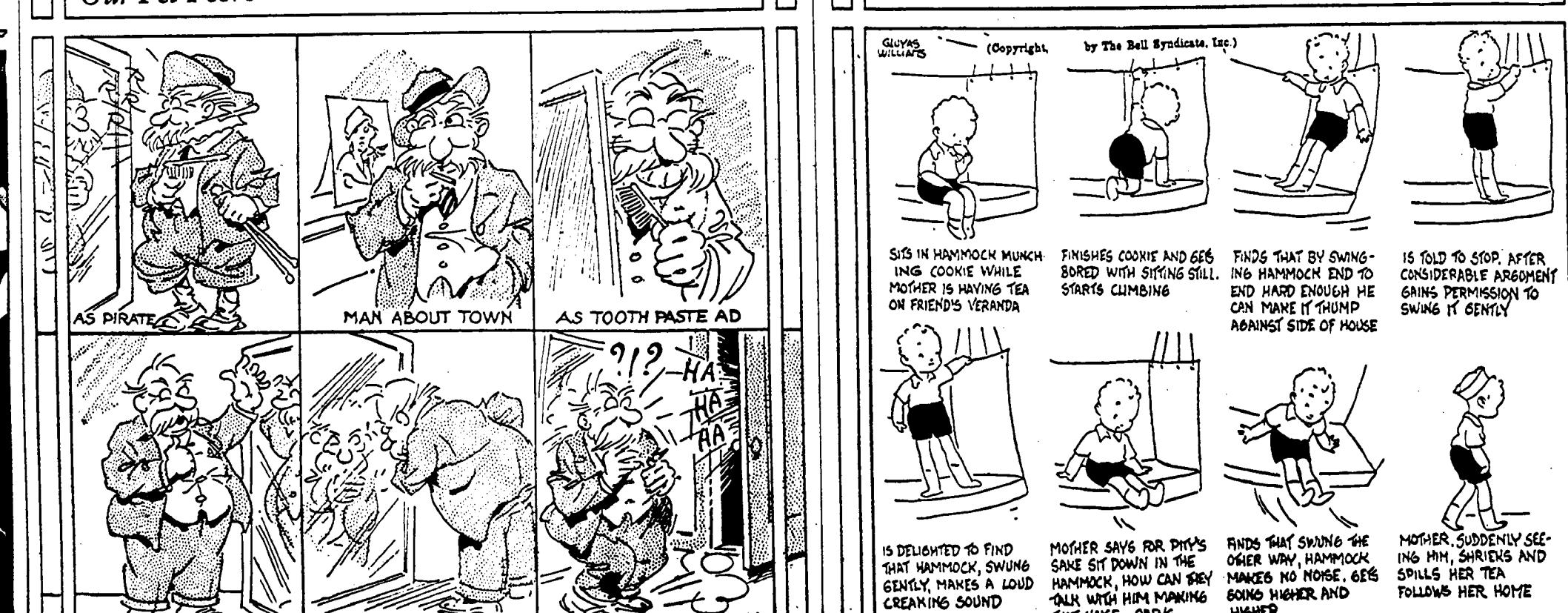


Inflation

REG'LAR FELLERS



Our Pet Peeve



Hammock Swinging

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

Hugh Bradley Says:

© New York Post-WNU Service.

Louis Victory Looks Sure on Baer's Past

THIS month a headline hero, who took advantage of every opportunity to make a fool of himself, meets a younger man who steadfastly has spurned far more glowing temptations to toss aside all sense of proportion. Perhaps the younger man is a greatly superior fighting machine but of that no matter. Because there is no real evidence that either man can, or will, change his old habits so soon, there is little need for waiting until the eve of their affair before predicting that Joe Louis will beat Max Baer easily, and probably quickly.

A superbly built man, Baer is better equipped physically than even the lith-muscled opponent whose legs must eventually cause him trouble. Whether he could have become the greatest of all champions is something that never can be decided because, obviously, there is no yardstick for such measurement of past and present. Yet it also must be as obvious that he has declined to his present estate because he listened too implicitly to those who screamed so stridently that he was the greatest of the great.

Louis, whose ears have been assailed by a ballyhoo far louder, far more intense, and probably far more reasonable, has yet to indicate that he has been swayed by it. Naturally it is pleasant for a boy scarcely more than twenty-one years old, who has not yet fought a really good man during his 13 months of professional boxing, to hear (I quote from a well-informed contemporary) that he is a combination of the best of Jeffries, Johnson and Dempsey. That he has not permitted such pleasure to interfere with his work is a far better measure of him than any one-round knockout of King Levinsky possibly could be.

Baer Must Depend on Slugging Ability

Whether his ability is such as would have enabled him to arrive so close to the top so quickly in another fighting era is something that need be touched upon here only scantly.

Through no fault of his own the supply of even second-rate opponents is scarcer now than at any time within 20 years.

Baer, even though it is quite possible that his best days are done and quite certain that those days never were as magnificent as was insisted upon by the sports page philanthropists who made him 1,000 to 1 against Jim Braddock, might be a worthy opponent. It may be that, after spending months in getting into shape for Carnera and not getting that way and after spending more months in getting in shape for Braddock and then claiming that he was not ready, Max can come into perfect form now.

Probably it would not matter anyhow. If there is one time more than another when a guy who continually pops off about his own virtues is apt to make a sucker of himself it is when he faces a cool, determined opponent who keeps boring in.

With the possible exception of the New Jersey Irishman who has been vastly underrated because of the quarrels between the Hearst press and Madison Square Garden, there is no white man who could stand a chance at outboxing the cream-colored Joe Baer, one of the poorer boxers, clearly will not try to do such a thing.

Joe Louis

That means that if he is to have any chance at all of winning he must depend upon his slugging ability. If he quickly gave up such ideas while facing Braddock, who was handicapped by an injured elbow and rib, it is difficult to understand how he possibly can continue them long against the coldly confident pride of Alabama.

If he should try to clown while awaiting his chance it is conceivable that such antics might possibly stir up enough ringside bickerings to give comfort to those who whisper (with true Christian charity) of race riots. It is more likely that they would provide Louis with just the chance he is awaiting.

That chance would be to prove, by a quick belting out, that there is considerable truth contained in the first paragraph of this piece.

THEY fired a man out in Cleveland the other day. Of course they called it something else but that is what it was . . . but maybe there are some who recall a soggy, miserable October day in 1925.

In the first game of the World series with the Pirates that year Old Barney had pitched the Senators to a 4-1 victory. He had come back in the fourth contest to do even better, to win, 4-0.

Now, while golden clouds stared down upon the soggy turf and chill mists blew up from the rivers, he was to try again in the deciding game. Almost single-handed this veteran of a departing day was to try to beat the National league champions. It was no fit afternoon to drag him forth again but there was nothing else to do and no one else to save the cause. Perhaps he thought about that as arm swathed in a heavy sweater, he warmed up slowly.

Four runs for Washington in the first, Vic Aldridge driven from the box. It was news that delighted his supporters throughout the land but he took it calmly. He knew how tired his legs were and how mercilessly the chill drizzle was seeping into his muscles.

Still, he kept at it. Bad breaks menaced him inning after inning, but in the eighth Peckinpah hit a home run and the Senators came into the final session with a one-run lead.

That was enough for Old Barney, they said. Perhaps he thought so himself. He had not yet glimpsed his most dangerous foe.

Calmly, easily he disposed of the first two batters. Only one more and a long career would be crowned with two years on world championship teams.

"Old Barney" Takes Fate's Raps Smiling

Smith came to the plate, a good batter but not a great one. He poked the ball into right field. It should have been held to a single but rain was falling again. While the outfielders sild in pursuit of the ball Smith reached second.

Bigbee batted for Kremer—it was so dark that you could hardly see him but he slashed a double to score the runner.

A tie now. Too bad, but no use crying over that. The thing to do was to get another man out. Then the Senators would have their turn and maybe they could use it to break the deadlock. If not, it was likely that the game would be called before it entered extra innings. That would provide another chance another day.

Peckinpah All this Old Barney must have been thinking as he faced Moore. He was thinking, too, of a vague face that kept leering at him from a distance.

The ball was slippery, the famous control for once was lacking. Moore walked.

"Too bad, but no use weeping. I'll get the next one. I've pitched myself out of worse holes." Old Barney must have been saying to himself, trying to ignore that leering face.

He pitched. Max Carey hit a grounder to Peckinpah. Old Barney's high, stooped shoulders no longer felt tired. He had done it.

But wait! There was a gasp from the crowd. Peck, who was setting a new record for errors, had fumbled again. Both runners were safe.

A forlorn figure, Old Barney walked back to the mound and stood there a long moment. He had staked everything on getting Carey and he had lost through no fault of his own. Still, even though he was beginning to recognize that leering face, he must try again, this time against a far better hitter than Carey.

Try he did, but Cuyler, young and ardent, was too much for him. Kiki doubled into the right field stands and the runs scored.

It was time to surrender. Old Barney knew that an enemy mightier than the Pirates was crushing him, yet he did not yield another inch. Coolly, gamely he retired the hard-hitting Barnhart and returned to the bench hoping against hope. Even when two were out in the Washington half he still hoped. But it was no use. Old Barney was beaten.

Who beat him? Cuyler, some say. Peckinpah with his errors, others add. Old Barney knows better even though he never said a word and took it with the corners of his lips turned high. He had recognized that leering face as the one which destiny turns upon men in a prankish mood.

They fired a man in Cleveland the other day. Of course they called it something else but that is what it was . . . Walter Johnson took it smiling.

Things the box score never told me.

Jock Whitney looks so much like his chauffeur that the only way to tell them apart is by the size of their gambling losses. . . . Incidentally, the Saratoga roulette wheels whisper that Whitney has lost \$70,000 to them during the present season while the more conservative Pete Bestwick has won \$1,000.

More Velvet Than Ever in Fall Mode

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WE ARE going to be more elegant in dress this fall and winter than ever. All the pre-showings of advance fashions declare for greater luxury in jewels, in furs, in fabrics, in costume design. Where there is luxury and elegance in apparel there is velvet. Which leads to the message we would convey—the outstanding importance of velvet in the mode.

There is simply no limit to the enthusiasm which style creators are expressing for velvet this fall. It's velvet everywhere this season.

Apropos of the craze for velvet which is sweeping throughout the world of fashions Paris cables the news of tailored cloth suits which are styled with velvet collars and revers. Several suits shown in early contour showings have velvet skirts with cloth jackets often of rough surfaced, bright colored novelty woolen.

The girl planning her going-away-to-school wardrobe will adore the new velvet-plus-woolen outfit. Consider, for instance, the cunning ensemble shown to the right in the picture. It is a style-select when it comes to assembling the college girl's wardrobe. The dress is of stiff deep red (red of the Italian master paintings) velvet. The bodice is designedly stitched in squares. The cloth cape in matching red has velvet buttons and velvet flowers at the throat.

Black velveteen, which is a thin velvet pile on an organdy base, fashions the handsome costume to the left in the group. Note that the flaring jacket is lined with the same gay printed organdy as makes the blouse. Lin-

ings which correlate the ensemble into an harmonious unit is a pet theme with fashion this season.

There is a boldly picturesque note about the so-called "pirate" dress centered in the trio. The unique bodice is of green mat velvet. The skirt is of non-crushable heavy white linen strikingly printed in green.

Velvet has become almost inseparable with black when it comes to talking from the viewpoint of daytime fashions. However, it is a little newer this year to introduce color—any of the dark warm colors that are booming for fall, particularly the wine purple and rich green range reflecting the Italian renaissance influence.

The favorite velvet suit for all-around wear during the daytime activities is linked with fitted lines. The very short jacket is apt to have almost butted-up-the-front closing, and intricate seaming and gores for the skirt.

The shirtwaist in velvet, begun by Mainbocher, is contributing a subject of exciting interest to the new style program. Speaking of color in velvet this trend is particularly noticeable in many of the early fall hats which are of velvet in delectable warm autumn hues. The little chapeau in the inset here shown is an ultra smart plaid velvet toque with a green feather curled to the left. The new berets of deep wine green or purple velvet are decidedly picturesque, some of them big floppy affairs dipping down over one eye, others with the new triangular and squared contours which are decidedly smart and effective.

© Western Newspaper Union.

READY FOR SCHOOL

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Coat fashions for the junior miss should be considered as "first aid" to preparedness in the matter of school girl wardrobe needs for fall. The model pictured is highly significant to certain style trends that are outstanding in the new autumn and winter modes. Note a slight flare from the hipline. Double-breasted in somewhat of a coachman style this coat takes on a new note of chic. The fur-bordered collar carries a capelike air. The material for this attractive coat is a checked velour woolen. The hat is included in the ensemble, being made of the same smart wool weave.

Style Trend
Bows of crimpine are being worn instead of buckles on evening shoes in London.

DRAPE BRIDAL VEIL IN MANY NEW WAYS

New ways of draping the bridal veil are offered the girl who is planning an early fall wedding. While in general these may be said to derive from the Russian tiara effects, they should more properly be credited to the Renaissance period. This includes the Italian, the Russian, and the Hungarian periods of corresponding dates.

One of the most charming of these diadem effects was recently constructed by Worth. Of tulle and old lace, over a stiffened wire foundation, it gains in width clear to the ears and is softened by incrusted draperies at the top in crenellated fashion.

Chanel has made a bridal head-dress which starts with a cap of tulle, embroidered in crosshairs of dull silver. This silver note is recalled in the terrace which divides the upturning and downturning sections of the slightly circular-cut ouvre, diminishing to nothing at the back of the head and giving full sweep to the simple tulle veil.

Knitted Evening Gown of Cellophane Is the Latest
A knitted evening gown of cellophane yarn is one of the sensations of the current mode.

We have seen knitted evening gowns before, introduced first at Palm Beach and taken up by New York and Paris. But the idea of using cellophane yarn is new.

The glittering cellophane, in black, follows the dictates of the season as to brilliance and glitter, and fits the figure like a mermaid's scales.

Knitted suits are blossoming forth in faultlessly tailored models, with contrasting linings and a distinct swagger.

Glossy Lace for Gowns
Glossy, transparent lace is used for gowns in black, navy and dark red. A pale shaded flower trims the corsage, and mittens of the lace go with the dress.

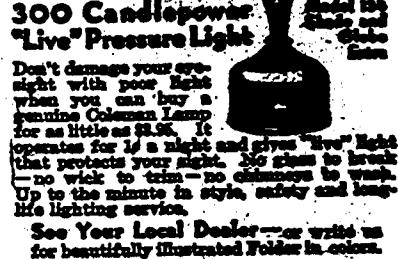
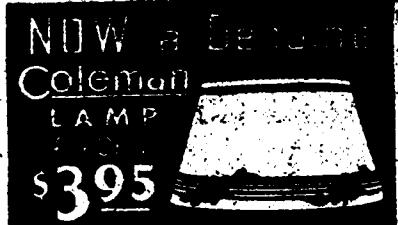
Long Time Between Drinks for Many Hawaiian Cows

Reports on cattle in Hawaii that do not drink water for long periods are verified by a representative of the bureau of animal industry, United States Department of Agriculture, in Honolulu, who tells of a number of cases where ranch cattle in the dry regions get along for months in spite of the lack of streams, springs, water holes, and artificial water supplies. The animals get the needed moisture from the succulent leaves of cactus or other plants, from dew and rain on leaves, and from occasional small pools that remain after rains.

There have been stories that some of these cattle refuse to drink water from a pool or tank and that they are even afraid of water. The bureau man reports that ranchers do not corroborate such statements. Ranchers say that cattle find pools often enough so that they are acquainted with the appearance of water in that form.

On one large ranch on the Island of Hawaii, only 6 inches of rain fell in 1933 instead of the usual 20 to 40 inches. The cattle were turned in on a large cactus area where there was no available water except in the plants, and very few deaths of animals were reported.

Keep Calm
A good deal of life is learning not to become excited.



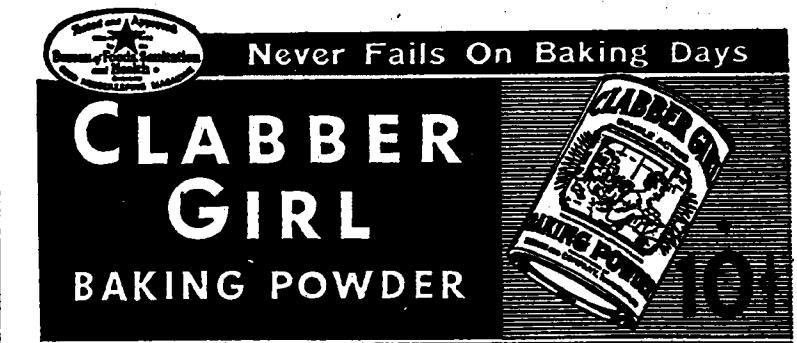
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WORRY CAUSES ACIDITY

FOR a year I've had plenty of worries. I had little appetite, no zest for work and for months I scarcely slept a wink. My physician told me that constant worry had set up an acid condition in my system which, in turn, caused sleeplessness, loss of appetite and stomach "nerves."

He recommended MILNESIA Wafers to neutralize the acids and they certainly did the trick. I still have to worry about my business but not about my health.

MILNESIA Wafers neutralize the excess acids that cause indigestion, heartburn and sick headaches. Each wafer is a full adult dose, children—one-quarter to one-half. Pleasant to take. Recommended by thousands of physicians. At all good druggists.

If your druggist does not carry Milnesia Wafers in stock send us his name and address together with 10c in coin or postage and we will forward you a full size 20c package of Milnesia Wafers equivalent to 12 full adult doses. Write

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**TOOK OFF 17 LBS.
OF UGLY FAT**

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 to-day (lasts 4 weeks and costs but a trifle). Simply take half teaspoonful in cup of hot water every morning. All druggists.

Help Kidneys

Don't Take Drastic Drugs

Your kidneys cannot stand long lay tubes or filters which may be caused by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Be careful! If functional kidney or bladder disorders make you suffer from Getting Out of Bed, Night Cramps, Lower Back Pains, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, Neuralgia, Arthritis, Burning, Smarting or Itching, you don't have to go to a doctor. All you need have the most modern, advanced treatment for these troubles—A Doctor's prescription called Cystex (Sis-Tex). Works like a charm. It helps you bring new vitality and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger in one week or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs only 25¢ doz. at druggists and the guarantee protects you."

**COULD NOT DO HER
HOUSEWORK**

WHEN everything 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.

Meeting 7 to 8

HUGH M. GRAHAM.

JAMES I. PATTERSON.

ALFRED G. HOLT.

Selectmen of Antrim.

Dr. Elgen M. Bowers

Dentist

Tel. 123-2, Hillsboro, N. H.

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**TIRED, WORN OUT,
NO AMBITION**

How many women are

just dragging themselves around, all tired out with periodic weakness and pain? They should know that Lydia E. Pinkham's Tablets relieve periodic pains and discomfort. Small size only 25 cents.

Mrs. Doris 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.

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's
TABLETS

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

While we are on the Field trials list we will tell you that the Nashua Fish and Game club are to hold championship trials (fox, coon, rabbit) on two days, Sept. 21 and 22. As an added attraction they are to have a grand fox hunters' reunion which starts Friday night. They have advertised to furnish cots and tents free but what's the use when they are to tell stories all night and the fox hunt starts at 3 a.m. They have a long list of sports and you must get a poster to fully enjoy what's going to take place. Don't forget the dates, Sept. 21 and 22 and the place is on the Frank Blanchard reservation just a short ways from the city.

Then again that Ashby meet at Ashby, Mass., Sept. 22. All sorts of events and that dinner at noon will bring 'em a long ways...

Have at hand a nice long letter from Mr. Gibbs of Hudson, Mass. He asks me a lot of questions about the N. H. laws and he suggests many changes in them. He wants a license to read something like this: One day 50 cents, one week \$1.00 two weeks \$2.00, season as is. We will think it over, Fred.

I was sorry to have missed out on the brush cleaning meeting followed by an old fashioned clam bake at the Hafells pond at Peterborough last Sunday. This was by the Peterborough Fly Fishing club.

They have a wonderful location, a nice pond full of trout and plenty of land to build a club house if they want one. A membership limited to thirty-six and are they a nice bunch of sportsmen? I'll say they are.

A big black newfoundland female dog has been lost from a farm at Peterborough. If you find one get in touch with us at once. A small Boston terrier male was picked up in Wilton one night recently with a Detroit license tag on him. We know where he is if you know the owner.

We ran down to the Derry Dog show for a few minutes last Saturday. Took down a little beagle and did we take three ribbons. Well it was a nice little show. The weather man was kind to us and we broke about even.

Sure I went down to the Legion parade Sunday and walked blisters on my feet. Am used to traveling on something softer than tarvia. A fellow noticed the way I wore my cap and spoke to me about it. Said it did not become an old grandpa to wear a cap at such a rakish angle. But I told him he did not know the half of it. The reason for the rakish angle is because I became a granddad twice within ten days and boy who is going to knock that record. Out in California on August 29th a boy was born and Sept. 5th a girl was born making the fourth grandchild. This one is named Miss Joan Dorothy KillKelly and she is now at the Pillsbury hospital at Concord, N. H. Who is to dispute that I wear my hat. And how.

Here is a bit of law that's going to make the boys sit up and blink. You cannot take shiners in waters that contain trout. Where in heck are the boys to take their shiners. The old Souhegan river has in the past yielded millions of shiners but according to the new law you cannot take them any more from that river. You cannot take them with anything but a net 48 in. across. You cannot use a net of any other kind unless you have a special written permit from the Director. That's going to be a hard blow to the boys. Any waters that contain trout.

Every sportsman in the country knows Seth Gordon and everyone of them should read the editorial in the Field and Stream for October, page 17. It's to the point and should be of interest to every sportsman.

It might be of interest to the boys to know that the Migratory Bird Treaty act is a part of the game laws of the state of N. H. That is any officer in the state employ can arrest any one violating the Federal laws and take them into the local courts. If he is also a federal officer he can take them to the federal courts also. Double dose for the same offense.

There has been a great hue and cry so up in the past week from all sections over the opening of the grey squirrel season for a whole month. They cannot be killed in a village or a cemetery or a park. Five a day is the limit.

Have a number of complaints about boys under sixteen out with rifles and shotguns. The law has been changed on this subject and now reads: While hunting when accompanied by a licensee 21 years of age or over. It used to read parents or guardians. Boys or girls under 16 years of age cannot hunt alone.

The state of Pennsylvania has declared a war against water snakes and have put out a wire trap to catch up the slippery fellows. Does the buck law work in Pennsylvania. This year they are to have a doe open season in many of the counties. Does increase at an alarming rate when there is a buck law. The last open season on does was in 1931.

Ran into Don Tuttle of the State Development Department the other day. Don had a rainbow pencil. It's something new on the market and writes in several colors at the same time. If you run across Don have him demonstrate this new wonder. Bumped into Harry Hubbard at Concord the other day. Harry says he has got a nice bunch of adult trout at his hatchery at New Hampton all ready for the brooks.

Most of the Clubs in my district have made a horn pout trap and some of them have made even more than that. It won't be long now to the time when we will be planting the trout from the Rich mond rearing station and from the Hatchery at New Hampton.

This year all the trout will be put out under the supervision of the local warden and it's to be a secret planting. All orders will be sealed and only the warden will know where they have been planted and he can't tell. So don't ask us.

Word comes to us that our districts are to be all changed again and we just now don't know where we are at. Yes, we have got the new sticker on the new Plymouth and have passed the inspection. This inspection is for the month of September only so get under the wire.

Some one picked up a big fox hound over in the wilds of Mason. He asks me a lot of questions about the N. H. laws and he suggests many changes in them. He wants a license to read something like this: One day 50 cents, one week \$1.00 two weeks \$2.00, season as is. We will think it over, Fred.

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A Girl Like Milly

By ROBERT SIDMAN

c. by McClure Newspaper Syndicate
VNLU Service

I DIDN'T like it, and I told her so. I said, "Gee, Milly, we didn't have to come to the park to sit down and talk, even if it is spring. We could have done that up at my place, or yours. Anyway," I said, "I ain't so keen on talkin'."

"Neither am I," she said. "So let's not." And she flopped down on a bench. I walked away, tryin' to dope out whether I'd get mad clean through or not. Only you can't always get mad clean through when you're that way about a girl, especially a girl like Milly."

The next thing I knew, she was lightin' a cigarette. And then it all happened.

I heard somebody say, "Milly!"

I turned about to go back to her, then, when I saw a guy I didn't know, talkin' to her. He was leavin' on a little no-account fruit cart an' sayin', "Lucky for me, I seen you lightin' that cigarette. I wouldn't've noticed you if you hadn't lit that match just when I was passin' by."

I wanted to tell him not to go hornin' into my date, but I didn't. I just stood and listened. I was goin' to tell him to run along and peddle his fruit some place else. But she was talkin' before