

The Antrim Reporter

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ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1935

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Foliage Festival Will Be Held in Peterborough October 5th and 6th

The activities of the Monadnock Region Association never cease. After a very busy season beginning with the Apple Blossom Festival; Laurel Tour; Arts and Crafts Fair at Hancock, all very successful affairs, bringing thousands of out of state people into the region; the association will hold its second annual foliage festival in Peterborough, October 5th and 6th. This date was selected after gathering much information from sources that are as near accurate as can be found. It is utterly impossible to determine from past years when foliage will be at its best, or just what Dame Nature will do about decorating her world in colors. Anyway, foliage colors are appearing in ever increasing places, which makes those in charge of the festival feel the peak will be about October 6th.

The festival at Peterborough will be on a much larger scale than ever before attempted by the association. About 100 miles of "Foliage Drives" will be laid out combining the utmost in scenic beauty and foliage. These "Drives" will start from all principle entrances of the region, plainly marked with large signs giving the mileage to the festival, together with intermediate "Drives" to some of the most spectacular spots where foliage is unusually heavy and colorful. Outside of the "Drives," the program will be divided into two main parts: Saturday — personally conducted tours starting from the entrances to the region, giving the

visitors the advantage of first-hand knowledge of the region through which they are passing, as well as the best intermediate drives converging on Peterborough. This arrangement will save time and confusion for the visitor, also it will show up the region to the best advantage. Sunday — morning can be spent as one wishes; church, visiting places of interest, or viewing the foliage. An elaborate pageant will be presented Sunday afternoon. The pageant was written, and will be directed by Mrs. Marion Connor, of Hudson, Extension Service head, assisted by Miss Mary Hall with a group from Keene, also the Extension Service. Miss Pat Allen of Manchester, is heading a group of "interpretive dancers" under her special direction. Miss Allen has won distinctive success in this particular mode of dancing. Other entertainments are being discussed by the Committee, to be announced later.

The foliage in the Monadnock Region of Scenic New Hampshire is conceded to be the finest in the country, barring none, and you don't have to travel many miles from the metropolitan centers to see it. In the past people have driven long distances to see the foliage in this region, its reputation is wide spread.

Representative committees have been appointed by Francis Donovan, chairman of the general committee. With the personnel of these committees, the arrangements for the festival will be well planned, and carefully carried out.

Elections and Other Activities in the Different Branches of I.O.O.F.

The Father and Son entertainment and supper, to be given by Waverley Lodge will be held on Saturday evening, October 19. A pleasant occasion is in preparation.

D.D.G.P. Howard S. Humphrey and suite of installing officers went to Contocook on Thursday evening last and inducted into office the newly elected officers of Eagle Encampment, No. 8, of that town.

Hand in Hand Rebekah Lodge, at their meeting on Wednesday evening, voted to serve a supper in Odd Fellows' hall, at the coming District Meeting of the Subordinate Lodges, on Saturday evening, November 2, when the lodges in District No. 12, including Peterborough, Hillsboro, Henniker, East Jaffrey and Antrim, will come together as is their annual custom. The meeting will be held in the town hall, and the First Degree will be conferred by Monadnock Lodge, No. 90, of East Jaffrey. Grand Officers will be guests on this occasion. The supper will be served after the meeting.

The annual election of officers of Waverley Lodge, No. 59, I.O.O.F., was held on Saturday evening last, at their hall, with the following result:

Noble Grand—Clarence O. Rockwell
Vice Grand—Walter C. Hills
Rec. Sec'y—J. Leon Brownell

Fin. Sec'y—Howard S. Humphrey
Treasurer—Leander Patterson
Trustee for three years—Charles W. Prentiss

Installation will be held on Saturday evening, October 5, at 6 o'clock; Maurice A. Poor, D.D.G.M., and suite, from the local lodge, will conduct the exercises. Deputy Grand Master Edwin Cook, of Manchester, will be a guest.

At the annual election of officers of Hand in Hand Rebekah Lodge, No. 29, I. O. O. F., last Wednesday evening, the following members were elected to serve for the coming year:

Noble Grand — Mrs. Jessie Bezio.
Vice Grand — Mrs. Ida Butterfield.
Recording Secretary — Mrs. Ethel Roeder.
Financial Secretary — Mrs. Helen Swett.
Treasurer — Mrs. Hazel Sanborn.
Trustees — Mrs. Cora Hunt, Mrs. Vera Butterfield, Mrs. Nelly Thornton.

The installation of officers will take place at the next meeting of the Rebekah Lodge, on Wednesday evening, October 9, at Odd Fellows' hall. Mrs. Yeaton, D. D. President, and suite of installing officers from Hope Rebekah Lodge, of Hillsboro, will perform the installation ceremony.

Previous to the installation, at 6.30 o'clock, a supper will be served in the banquet hall, by a special committee.

Topics of the Day Presented to Reporter Readers in Concise Form

A wise idea, about this time, to fill up the fuel oil tanks; it may be sufficiently cool so the oil burner will have to be started for heating purposes at any moment.

Bellarmina Turini, a native of Italy and a merchant in Hillsboro for 40 years, died at a Manchester hospital

on Friday last, and funeral was held on Monday of this week.

The Great Game of Politics as it is played in America during presidential campaigns is definitely underway. The ball is up in the air. From now until November 5, 1936, there will be a few moves

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Over One Hundred Items on This Sale. Come In and Get a Sale Circular, Giving Full List of Items.

At the Main St. Soda Shop

ANNUAL SUPPER!

THE NORTH BRANCH LADIES' CIRCLE will hold their Annual Supper at

The North Branch Chapel

SATURDAY, OCT. 5, 1935

At Six o'clock p.m.

Supper and Entertainment

Adults 40 cents - - - Children 25 cents

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Elmore Feeds, Cement, Mason Supplies, Federal Tires and Tubes to compete with Mail Order Houses, Barrett Company Roofing, Plastic Cement, Roof Paint, Carbosota for Painting Roosts, Motor Oils, Flour, Trucking. We are now ready to quote prices on Blue Coal and New England Coke.

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.

United Garden Clubs of New Hampshire

The October Meeting of the United Garden Clubs will be held in the Unitarian Church, corner of Park and Maple Sts., Wilton, N. H., on Wednesday, October 9

Morning Session, 10.45 o'clock

Routine Business

Reading—"Patience and Her Garden"
Mrs. W. Shirley Crowell, of Keene

Lost River Camp

Miss Florence Rideout, of Wilton

Afternoon Session, 2 o'clock

Roll Call and Collection

"Putting the Garden to Sleep for the Winter"
Mrs. Rachel E. Caughey, of Antrim

Picnic Lunch. Coffee will be served by the Hostess Club

Please extend this notice to all members

made nationally by either political party without an eye cocked toward the voters, and the wise voter will look for these hidden motives. The only thing actually certain about the coming election is that there are so many straws in the wind, so many unknown and unprecedented factors that it is a valiant soul who will attempt forecasts.

United States Ahead of Europe in Flying Boats

Foreign Manufacturers Using Subsidies to Catch Up.

Washington.—Backed by large government subsidies aircraft factories in Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy are busily at work on huge flying boats aimed at catching up in the race for over-ocean trade routes of the air which the American system, Pan American Airways, now dominates. There is rivalry as between the European countries themselves, but all are bent upon a race with American aviation in the field of overseas flying in which the big Clipper ships constructed in this country are far in the van.

Few details of specifications for foreign boats have been allowed to leak through the cordon of military secrecy. Those craft that have reached the flying stage, however, have fallen far below the performance of the American ships. Great Britain, for example, started the testing of the first of her four-engine flying boats of new construction on a flight by easy stages from Plymouth to Singapore. Preliminary test flights of the Short Brothers craft showed that in efficiency it did not compare with the Sikorsky and Martin Clippers built here.

New Boats for England.
Construction has therefore been begun by the air ministry for Imperial Airways of two six-engine, 85-ton flying boats for the domination of the transatlantic route to America. One of these ships is being built by Short Brothers and the other by Blackburn Ltd.

The French have had preliminary hard luck with the first of their ocean-going giants to be flown, the 37-ton Lieutenant de Vaisseau Paris. Powered with six 850-horsepower engines, this boat was constructed inland and then hauled to the sea in order to better preserve the secrets of its construction details and spring a surprise when it went into service for Air France.

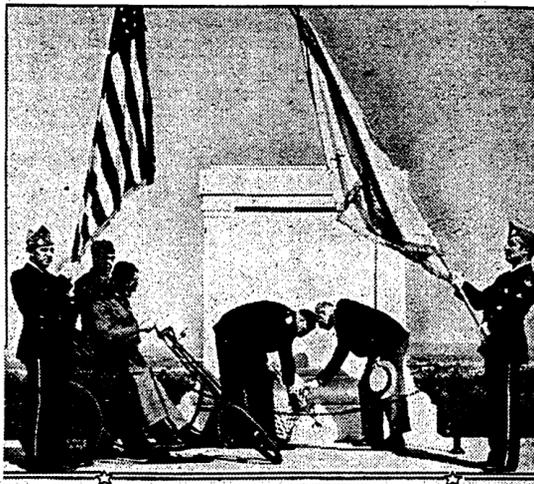
The Pan American Clipper has twice crossed the Pacific, 2,410 miles between California and Hawaii at an average speed of 138 miles an hour and had sufficient gasoline in the tanks at either end for an additional 800 miles.

While the first of the three big Martin boats being built at Baltimore for the American airline weighs 26 tons

as against the 37 of the Vaisseau Paris, it can carry as great a passenger, mail and express load over ranges of 2,000 miles and transport them nearly 50 miles an hour faster and at one-third of the estimated cost per mile. The Martin, which will have speed trials in the next week or so, has already made 180 miles an hour in tests over Chesapeake bay.

Italy Holds Speed Records.
Details of Germany's Dornier Wal boats for the South Atlantic service, except those comparatively small types which have been using the steamer Westfalen as a mid-ocean base, are unavailable here. Little more about Italy's big boats is available. It is known, however, that within the past year Premier Mussolini welded into one operating unit, government owned, all operating airlines under the Italian flag for the acknowledged purpose of a unified drive for a dominant place

Blue Devils Honor Unknown Soldier



A group of representatives of the famous Blue Devils, a French World War veterans' organization, as they placed a wreath on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington National cemetery.

Chinese Remember College Rah-Rahs

Nanking.—The great impression which American university life has made on the Chinese national government was well illustrated at the annual meeting of the American University Club at Nanking. Six hundred graduates of colleges and universities in the United States attended the function, the vast majority being Chinese. Practically the entire 600 members are officials of the government. American college yells and songs showed that the Chinese had not forgotten their student life.

Check on Spending

Washington.—When President Roosevelt entered the White House March 4, 1933, every dollar of federal money that was expended was accounted for and the vouchers reviewed by the general accounting offices. J. Raymond McCarl, comptroller general of the United States, occupied and still occupies an independent position in the accountings he directed and the reviews that were made under the budget and accounting law. But with the arrival of the New Deal and the crisis in government and the nation arising from the depression, scores of new laws were enacted, new agencies of government were created and billions of dollars were appropriated, the bulk of it being spent without reference to the accounting act or the bureau of the budget. Congress, under White House direction, did not make these new agencies or their spending accountable to the comptroller general.

It was almost two years before President Roosevelt saw fit to make any of the emergency agencies, the alphabetical soup, amenable to the general accounting office. Consequently, millions upon millions of dollars were spent and only the spending agencies knew whether they were spent in accordance with law. Now, however, things have changed. Late last winter, the President began extending the broad wings of the general accounting office over emergency agencies and has continued to do so until, only the other day, the last of these were made responsible to the comptroller general.

Thus an independent governmental unit—one with no axes to grind—again is in a position to say whether federal money is being spent as congress directed and in a manner which the taxpayers have the right to demand.

This spending of money in gigantic amounts always breeds suspicion. It causes people to inquire, whatever the form of government may be or whatever political party may be in control, whether there is waste or graft, whether the then office holders are feathering their own nests, and many another question of the like. It was true in the case of the New Deal. Observers here in Washington constantly were receiving information alleging that this individual or that had been displaying signs of unusual prosperity; that rumors were afloat concerning graft and crookedness in one agency or another and that "somebody ought to expose" the goings-on with respect to a named department of government. It was not an unusual circumstance because in every administration we here in Washington who attempt to see and to hear as much as we can, get the same kind of reaction. Only, it seemed to have been worse this time and well it may have been because the amount of money made available to President Roosevelt and his subordinates was so much larger. It is my belief, however, that there has not been more of this intangible thing called graft in government in the present administration than in most others. There has been some crookedness because there have been court convictions of some officials but I expect when and if the future lays bare all facts concerning the present administration and its handling of the vast sums of money available to it, it will be disclosed that most of the New Deal officials have been honest in their disbursement of funds. Their friends may have profited but, if they have, that is just a repetition of an old story, a circumstance always developing in a government managed under the two party system. To the victors always go the spoils.

FANS LIKE THE UMP



Dolly Stark, National league umpire, is so popular among New York baseball fans that they recently presented him with an automobile. Dolly is here seen, at left, as he accepted the gift from Ford Frick, president of the National league, who acted on behalf of Stark's admirers.

Professor Calls Five Hours' Rest Sufficient

Helsingfors.—Five hours' sleep a day are sufficient for the average human being, a German professor, Doctor Schiffhauser, believes, after experiments. In order to live a healthy normal life, he asserts, everyone should go to bed at 7 p. m. and rise again at midnight.

The following of such a spartan rule, he says, will avert all danger of suffering from neurasthenia and similar nerve troubles.

Experiments conducted by the professor on school children are stated to have given beneficial results.

When Is a Rotten Egg Rotten?—Law Defines

Boston.—Just what constitutes a bad egg in Massachusetts has been established by an act passed by the legislature.

The definition, somewhat technical, specifies the depth of the shadow of an egg's interior under a testing lamp, and stipulates that the yolk must conform to uniform health standards now in effect.

Old Apple Trees Still Grow
Marysville, Ohio.—Five apple trees which were planted by one of Ohio's first pioneers, Johnny Appleseed (Jonathan Chapman), are still growing.

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted By WILLIAM BRUCKART



Washington.—When President Roosevelt entered the White House March 4, 1933, every dollar of federal money that was expended was accounted for and the vouchers reviewed by the general accounting offices. J. Raymond McCarl, comptroller general of the United States, occupied and still occupies an independent position in the accountings he directed and the reviews that were made under the budget and accounting law. But with the arrival of the New Deal and the crisis in government and the nation arising from the depression, scores of new laws were enacted, new agencies of government were created and billions of dollars were appropriated, the bulk of it being spent without reference to the accounting act or the bureau of the budget. Congress, under White House direction, did not make these new agencies or their spending accountable to the comptroller general.

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Break for Taxpayers

The importance of the Ickes-Hopkins row to the reader of this column, however, lies largely in the fact that the particular reader is a taxpayer. The connection is simply this: the last congress appropriated \$4,880,000,000 for use by the administration in public works and relief. If all of that sum were spent the public debt would be increased by that amount because internal revenue taxes are insufficient to offset more than the ordinary government expenditures. Therefore, if all of this money is not spent, and it cannot be spent if the Ickes-Hopkins dispute continues to hold back administration plans, then the taxpayers will have just that much less of a government debt to meet through this payment of their taxes.

So the President's order placing all administrative agencies under the general accounting office to see that their spending is honestly done and the developments within the administration over a difference in policy must be taken together as a break for the taxpayer.

Potato Control

Agriculture adjustment administration officials are about ready to present to the farmers of this country a detailed plan for control of potato production. It will provide means for boosting the incomes of the potato farmers something more than 100 per cent, and will increase the cost of this item of food to consumers by a proportionate amount, of course. Conferences soon will be held between the AAA and representatives of farmers' organizations to work out phases of the plan requiring farmer approval.

Various thoughts arise if one reflects upon potato control. First, control of potato production marks the fourteenth agricultural crop brought under regimentation and it presents, probably, the toughest of all of them in the matter of enforcing its provisions. Adoption of the potato control program represents attainment of a point in the life of the AAA where one step has led to another until control of potatoes was essential, or the whole plan of crop control flops. It will be recalled that the declared purpose of the AAA at the beginning was only for the control of cotton. Land withheld from cotton then was planted to tobacco and tobacco had to be controlled; when tobacco was controlled, and the land withdrawn, farmers in some sections turned to peanuts and peanuts had to be controlled.

I understand the AAA is considerably worried about the job of enforcing the potato control law. That law provides compulsion against overproduction in the form of a tax club—a tax of 45 cents a bushel. In addition, there are penalties of an amazingly severe kind—\$1,000 fine for the first offense and imprisonment for not more than a year for the second.

From this point, one may look into the crystal of the 1936 campaign and it takes no stretch of the imagination to visualize what a pounding the New Deal opposition will give the Roosevelt administration on this question of spending.

When Mr. Roosevelt began spending, he declared it was justified because hundreds of thousands of citizens were starving. His next pronouncement on this subject by way of explaining continued expenditure was that if the government spent freely, it would serve as a priming of the economic pump; that the circulation of federal money would allow industry to sell and that industry would replace by manufacture the things sold. That, too, brought little or no result. Then we entered the current stage where the spending was to be closely supervised and only projects that held promise of actually developing manufacture and retail selling would be approved and financed by federal money. It is regrettable but it is a fact that almost nothing has come of this program.

And to make matters worse, lately, Secretary Ickes, public works administrator, and Kellie Administrator Harry Hopkins have locked horns on the bulk of the projects on which federal money was to be used.

It is not strange that these two men should differ. Mr. Hopkins, being a trained, a professional, welfare worker, sees things only from the standpoint of the individual who needs food. Mr. Ickes has a conception of federal spending that embraces the use of money in ways designed to start the great industries in motion. He figures that if these industries get going, they will employ workers; the workers will spend their wages and the retailers will profit thereby and, as the retailers sell from their shelves, they seek replacements from the manufacturers. The controversy between Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Ickes, therefore, is not one to be settled by compromise or by soft words. In fact, it may never be settled until one or the other gets out of his place in the government.

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Dispatches from Tokyo

Dispatches from Tokyo tell of planning political murder wholesale. The "god-sent troops" that have committed occasional murders in highest places are tired of "occasional" murders, and decided to wipe out the Japanese cabinet in an air raid with bombs, destroy the financial district of Tokyo, assassinate hundreds of industrial and financial leaders and "re-establish imperial despotism."

The burning of buildings to put the throne and Tokyo in a state of chaos was part of the plan.

Sir Malcolm Campbell, who took his giant English-built automobile to the smooth surface of the Great Salt Desert, west of Salt Lake City, and drove the car faster than 300 miles an hour, returns to New York advising motorists to "drive carefully."

Sir Malcolm, who has surpassed every speed record on the surface of the earth, selects the right place for speeding. At home he belongs to English organizations established to promote safety.

Sir James Jeans, British astronomer and physicist, whose "The Mysterious Universe" and other books you should read, has changed his mind about the age of the universe, and, like Professor Einstein, when he changes his mind he tells you.

He thinks the universe is about 10,000,000,000,000 or ten trillions of years old. That is a long time to Sir James Jeans and us, but, for all Jeans or anybody else knows, it may mean less than one hour in the life of some "super-universe."

Hitler, talking to his army about "iron discipline," blames Christianity and the Hohenzollerns for the rise of Communism that "I crushed when I came to power." Whether he crushed it or not remains to be seen.

A sailor from an American ship is locked up in Germany for humming "The Internationale," Communist hymn, and making the hymn worse by saying something unpleasant about Hitler.

Palmetto, Ga., reports negro tenant farmers selling their salt pork and eating chicken instead, because prices for pork are higher than for chickens. The drought, lack of feed and the professor who invented the idea of killing mamma pigs before the little pigs were born are highly appreciated by Georgia's "hog raisers."

BRISBANE THIS WEEK

Washington Said It Scaring Mussolini
Ethiopian War Fever Not Even a Nest Egg

One hundred and thirty-nine years ago George Washington made his farewell address. It is mid-Victorian to drag in George Washington now, when so many are prepared to write a better Constitution than the one he signed. Nevertheless, some of the old-fashioned may tolerate a reminder that in his farewell address George Washington said:

"It is our true Arthur Brisbane policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world."

Also, with apologies to pacifists and high-spirited young college gentlemen who say they would not fight under any circumstances, you are reminded that George Washington said in 1790:

"To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace."

If Mussolini can be scared by British gestures, he will be scared, with England sending her great battleships to the Gibraltar harbor. Other battleships and thousands of soldiers are sent to her island of Malta, and, imitating real war, she is putting "submarine booms" in the Gibraltar harbor on the assumption that wicked Mussolini might send submarines to blow up her battleships; and that is exactly what he would do if it came to war.

Mussolini is not alone in his desire for war. On Sunday in the Ethiopian capital, Addis Ababa, according to the Associated Press, "2,000 shrieking Ethiopians," yelling "We want war," gathered before the imperial palace demanding weapons. The Associated Press says: "The scene was so violent that police confiscated motion picture films of it." That was wise, because films might have convinced the outside world that Ethiopians and Italians are much alike "under the skin."

Sewell L. Avery, head of Montgomery Ward & Co., will tell you that the work of the tax gatherers in America is done thoroughly. His company,

on its regular business in six months, made \$4,349,768. Taxes on this business amounted to \$4,000,000 or \$251,000 more than the concern earned. You might almost call that "discouraging business." When you take the eggs from the nest of the hen that would like to set, you always leave one egg, or at least a door knob, "to go on with."

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Dental Drug Makes Patients See Double

Puts End to Choking Sensation of Gas.

London.—A jab in the arm instead of the choking sensation of gas is a new method of "putting you to sleep" in the dentist's chair.

The new drug is called evipan-sodium, and it has been in use for some months, not only for dental work but for more serious operations.

You sit in the chair. The anesthetist puts a strap around your upper arm just as in taking a blood pressure. A vein expands a little under the pressure. You feel a short jab of the needle.

In a second things become hazy. You feel delightfully tired. Then you sleep. There is none of that swelling, bursting, choking feeling that gas gives some people.

You do not suspect the surgeon and the doctor of trying to suffocate you.

In fact, you do not suspect anything. You do not even dream as you do under gas.

Meanwhile your teeth are being extracted.

Then you come round—slightly intoxicated. You see things double. You are not safe on your feet.

And this is the disadvantage of evipan. Unlike gas, you cannot go back to work after it. You must rest; and sleep.

But the evipan method is excellent for people who have had gas once and fear it.

Almost everybody can have it. If the dentist is given warning that it is wanted. The exceptions are people who have liver trouble or whose veins are too thin to take an injection.

Evipan, however, is more expensive than gas. It is a German discovery. Some dental experts are against using it, on the grounds that not sufficient is known about the drug.

But it is expected that when sufficient data are available its use in dental and other operations will be more common.

Chinese Officials Order Machine Strangulation

Peiping.—Provincial police authorities are instructed to execute criminals with strangulation machines in an order issued by the Chinese Ministry of Justice.

The penal code provides strangulation as the means of carrying out death sentences, but up to the present it has been done by two men twisting a cord about the neck of the convict.

Such a method is declared less humane than the prescribed machine, which, however, will work on the same principle of strangulation.

In order to lessen the shock to the victim, the ministry further prescribes that the culprit be chloroformed prior to carrying out of the death sentence.

Authorities in most places continue, however, to execute some prisoners by the simple expedient of a revolver placed against the base of the skull of the kneeling victim.

Old Lifeguard of Seine Rescues More Than 100

Paris.—Paris nearly lost one of its remaining picturesque characters recently when Father Chartier, as every one calls him, caught a cramp and nearly drowned in the Seine.

Father Chartier is Paris' unofficial lifeguard. All passers who have occasion to cross the Pont St. Michel regularly know his little boat, moored to its quays. It carries a blue pennant on the one small mast, with the white lettering, "Volunteer Lifeguard."

Life saving is Father Chartier's hobby. He has actually rescued from the treacherous and swiftly flowing waters of the Seine more than 100 persons. He has 40 life saving medals. He made his first rescue when he was thirteen. That makes 49 years he has been a life saver. He is sixty-two now.

Austrian Blind Will Be Aided by Yankee Couple

Vienna.—Through the efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Graves Mather of New York city Austria soon will have its own lighthouse for the blind.

When the Austrian Lighthouse is founded it will be the eleventh caring for the blinded poor of four continents, the North and South Americas, the Far East, and Europe.

Mrs. Mather, the former Winifred Holt of charity fame in New York, has interested Princess Fanny Starhemberg, Austria's vice chancellor, in the scheme.

It is proposed to organize the Aus-

HEADS LABOR BOARD



Joseph Warren Madden, attorney, of Pittsburgh, Pa., who was appointed chairman of the new national labor relations board.

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, news of whose murder in Chicago has 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 slaps 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. She meets Roddy, by chance, that night. Silver tells Sophronia ("Phronie," by request) something—but by no means all—of her relations with Gerald Lucas, gambler friend of her father. Roddy marries Corinne, and brings her home.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

Paula entered the living room, and while Corinne, playfully democratic, introduced her to Silver and Jason, Silver found her interest quickened by the German girl's appearance. She was Junoesque in build, with vast thighs and breasts and shoulders. Her legs and arms were almost breath-taking when she walked. Silver thought she had never seen anything more beautiful than her corn-silk hair, which was plaited in a coronet across her head. Her face was round, rosy and placid, but far from vacant.

"Please-to-meet you," said Paula to Silver, as she made a prodigious curtsey.

But it was Jason's eyes, fastened on Paula, that really startled Silver. Corinne, however, was taking no note of his reactions. She was glancing about at the walls of the living room in an appraising way.

"Funny," she said with a deprecating little laugh, "I feel as though I am in a different house from the one I remember. I love these etchings, Roddy dear!"

Sophronia vanished suddenly into the dining room.

"I thought they were good," Roddy told Corinne modestly. "But if Jason wasn't so bashful about hanging his work—"

"There's a tankful of hot water, Corinne," Jason broke in. "We thought you might want a bath."

Corinne blinked at him in a bewildered way, and Silver had the distinct feeling that she was not really looking at him.

When they were alone together in their room, Corinne, halfway through the hundred brush strokes she was giving her hair, looked at Roddy with shrinking eyes.

"Do you mean," she asked breathlessly, "that Jason is going to stay—with us?"

A painful flush mounted to Roddy's temples.

"Why, of course, darling," he stammered. "Lord—you don't mean—you don't dislike him, do you?"

Her small hands gathered over the brush on her knees.

"No," she said softly. "No—of course not."

Roddy got up impulsively, knelt beside her and drew her toward him.

"Corrie!" he pleaded. "I can see how you feel about him. But I tell you, darling, he's the finest soul in the world. And he's an artist, Corrie. He really is. You ought to see his work. If we only had enough money, I'd send him out to study. He has his studio all fixed up in the attic. It would be impossible for me to suggest that he should move. My G—d, Corrie—I couldn't! Please, sweetheart, try to like him!"

A trembling little smile passed over her lips. Closing her eyes, she leaned her head back against Roddy's shoulder.

"I'm sorry, Roddy," she murmured. "Of course I'll like him."

In anguish, Roddy kissed her. Then he kissed her again, and she drew a lock of her scented hair across his lowered eyes.

CHAPTER V

Old Roderick pointed with his pipe up at the big house, where young Roddy lived with his wife Corinne.

"You know," he said whimsically, "maybe I'm gettin' on, but I swear that house ain't sitting right on the ground. It's up in the air a little more every night I look at it—and farther east, too."

Silver laughed with Jason and Steve. "It ain't likely to go much higher with that big hired girl they have in it," Steve, the hired man, observed drily.

Jason cleared his throat. "Oh, I don't know that she's so big," he said. "She has better ankles and feet than most girls in Heron River."

Silver stretched out full length on the birch bench, a cushion beneath her

head. She felt tired after the long day's work in the garden with Sophronia. Her feet ached with a kindly, pleasant sort of ache.

Phronie opened the door and called out to them. "I wish one of you youngsters would run up and borrow some cinnamon for me. I've started to make cookies—"

"Can't you ever rest, Ma?" Jason said, getting to his feet.

"I'll go, Jase," Silver said quickly. "You stay here and play."

While she went lightly up the slope, she thought again, as she had countless times during the past weeks, of Corinne's baffling attitude toward Roddy's brother. She appeared to be cordially itself toward him; was, in fact, almost glib with sisterly solicitude.

Perhaps that was the trouble, Silver reflected. For through it all Silver had had the distinct feeling that Corinne was deliberately shutting poor Jason out of her consciousness. She feared, too, that Jason sensed this, and often wondered how long his pride or perverse humor would sustain him under the same roof with his brother's wife.

Then there was Paula. But Jason was too diffident and Paula too shy for the development, as yet, of any friendship between them which might be embarrassing to Corinne. Only yesterday, however, Corinne had called Paula sharply away from the yard where she was watching Jason repair a corn-crib, and had set her to some trivial and unnecessary task.

When Silver entered Roddy's house, she found Corinne writing letters in the living room. Roddy, at the dining room table, was at work over his ledger.

"Phronie wants to borrow some cinnamon, Corinne," Silver explained when Roddy's wife inquiringly turned her head. "I can find it myself in the kitchen."

"Oh," Corinne said inattentively. "Paula will be down in a minute. She's upstairs—tidying her hair, I suppose. She'll find the cinnamon for you. I'm sure I don't know where she keeps it. Sit down, Silver. I must get these letters finished."

Silver picked up a copy of Vanity Fair and seated herself in the dining room. Roddy gave her an odd, vaguely troubled look, then dropped his eyes again to his ledger.

But immediately there was the sound of a car entering the driveway, and Corinne went to answer the doorbell.

"I'd better go home," Silver said quickly to Roddy.

A gleam of anger lit Roddy's eyes. "You stay where you are," he commanded. "Didn't you tell me people round here had to get used to you?"

Silver had no time to make a reply. A tall, granite-faced woman with a mottled red nose and a hat that bore a stiff little feather, entered the living room. In her wake, not unlike the trailing ruffle of a great ship, came a simpering miss of seventeen or eighteen, much befriended, and wearing a flowered leghorn hat.

It was Mrs. Leander Folds, the school-superintendent's wife of Heron River, and her daughter Ethelwyn.

"My dear," Mrs. Folds was saying loquaciously, "I suppose I should have telephoned. But I am a woman of impulse, you know! We just got back yesterday from our holiday in the Black Hills, and heard about Roddy's marriage. We were out driving, and I thought this would be a good time to catch you in. We must—just must have you in our reading club. Ethelwyn here is secretary of it, and it's so instructive for the young people—"

Mrs. Folds had advanced farther into the room, and now her eye fell upon Silver. A curious, tight look appeared on her face as though she were holding her breath. Silver stood up.

"Have you met Silver Grenoble, Mrs. Folds?" Corinne asked hastily. "My husband's cousin."

"How do you do?" Silver said, but made no move toward the two visitors.

"Oh—" Mrs. Folds surveyed her thoroughly. "How do you do? Roddy's cousin by—by marriage? Of course. Yes, yes. And how do you do, Roddy? Oh, dear. I just thought of something." She turned abruptly and patted Ethelwyn's arm. "Run and see if I brought that book I wanted Mrs. Willard to read. It ought to be in the car. If it isn't, wait for me there, my dear."

Ethelwyn vanished docilely, although her eyes a moment before had been frankly devouring Silver. Silver could feel the hot blood pounding in her throat, her temples. Mrs. Folds' strategy had been so brutally obvious. Yet she was powerless to move.

"Now," said Mrs. Folds, "I can't stay a minute—but you must promise to come to our meeting on Tuesday, Mrs. Willard. We are studying Hardy at the moment—with one of the moderns thrown in, just for relief, so to speak." She smiled apologetically.

Roddy gave a sardonic bark of a laugh. "Hardy? You don't consider him a modern, eh?"

Mrs. Folds looked bewildered. Corinne agitatedly stepped closer to her and said, "Thank you so much, Mrs. Folds. I shall be glad to come, indeed."

"I'm sure you will find our little group very stimulating. Some of them are very young, but then you're young yourself. Remember—we live right next to the schoolhouse. Now I must run. You have a charming wife, Roddy. You lucky boy!" Mrs. Folds shook a roguish finger at him. "Take good care of her!"

"By the way, Mrs. Folds," Roddy said coldly, his face curiously white beneath his tan, his eyes two grayly burning silts, "has this club of yours a limited membership?"

Mrs. Folds reddened unbecomingly.

"Er—yes, it has," she plunged. "You see—our house is small—"

Silver stood with her hands clenched about the table's edge, back of her. "That's fortunate," Roddy interrupted Mrs. Folds, and laughed aloud. With that he slammed shut the covers of the ledger, flung it with a sharp report down upon the table and strode through the dining room into the kitchen.

Mrs. Folds smiled feebly and extended two fingers to Corinne. As though across waves of heat, Silver saw Mrs. Folds sail out of the house, Corinne accompanying her.

Paula had come down the back stairs. She entered the dining room now and handed Silver the can of cinnamon. Silver was suddenly aware of Roddy standing before her with crossed arms.

"You'll find this place isn't worth the trouble, kid," he said somberly. "The women will knife you—every chance they get."

She gave him a steady look. "Mrs. Folds can't hurt me—really," she said with a proud lift of her head.

Roddy's lips moved in a hard way. "That isn't all of it," he continued. "I meant to tell you when you first came in, but I didn't get a chance. That man Gerald Lucas was enquiring about you today in Heron River."

For a moment Silver leaned heavily against the table. Her eyes were fixed wide upon Roddy's face, as though she expected to hear him repeat his words.

Corinne came blithely in through the front of the house.

"What an ogre of a woman!" she cried, laughing. "I'm glad you snubbed her, Roddy. I couldn't very well, because I thought she meant to invite—"

"Phronie is waiting for the cinnamon, Corinne," Silver said dully. "I must go."

But it was Jason who took the spice into the house to Sophronia. Silver felt that she could not, right now, bear the interior of the stone house, even for a moment.

"I'm going for a walk," she told Jason.

"A walk?" he asked, and frowned. "But Silver broke away and started for the road. She thrust her hands



The Man Was Gerald Lucas.

Into the pockets of her sweater and walked blindly into the last sinking glow of the sunset.

Presently a long, graceful roadster turned the corner and came toward her. As it slowed down and stopped beside her, the man at the wheel laughed with pleased surprise and leaned over the door. Silver glanced up at him.

The man was Gerald Lucas.

For an instant, as Gerald climbed down from his car and stepped toward her, Silver contemplated flight. Instead, when the impulse had passed, she thrust her hands into her pockets and looked coolly up at him.

Gerald seized her hands. "Silver—what's the matter with you?" he demanded. "Get in and we'll take a drive and talk things over."

"No," Silver said firmly. "I don't want to go driving—and I have nothing to talk over, Gerald."

He put his hand lightly on her arm and drew her toward the car. "Listen to me, Silver," he urged. "What's got into you? I didn't come out here to kidnap you, though I'd like to. You've grown even more luscious—if that's possible. Sit in the car and let's talk."

For a moment she hesitated, then with a shrug she got into the car. She surveyed him with detachment, and wondered what had happened to her since she had last seen him. He was as rakishly good-looking as ever, his eyes as full of confidence and meaningful laughter as ever. But it was as though she looked at him now through an obscuring film.

Gerald looked critically down at her. "You should have known better than to try running away from me, sweetheart. You didn't even give me a chance to tell you how sorry I was—about your father."

"I'm trying to forget that," Silver said briefly. "How did you find out where I had gone?"

He pinched her chin lightly and smiled. "Little Gerald finds out just about everything he wants to know. Old Ben Hubbard is a friend of mine. So I came out here and spoooped before I looked you up. And lo and behold! I've got the very thing I've wanted for some time. A resort on Emerald bay, my love! You see, I had a few grand salted away—"

"You had to get out of Chicago,

didn't you, Gerald?" Silver asked, and looked at him levelly.

The faintest glimmer of annoyance passed over his face. But, at that, it was annoyance tinged with amusement.

"Well, now, my dear," he protested, "do we have to go into that? I'll admit—things were getting warmish. But this—or these—are the wide open spaces. And here I am with a peach of a lay-out up on that lake. It's right on the highway so I can keep it open for the winter trade. All I need now is a kiss from you, Silver."

She drew back deliberately. "No." He looked at her narrowly, then leaned toward her with a darkened face. "I don't quite follow you, Silver. I thought it was all fixed between us. I've been on the level with you, haven't I? We've been everything, to each other, haven't we? Now, what's it all about? I thought you ran away because of your father's death. I couldn't believe it was because of me, Silver. Honestly, I thought you expected me to follow you. Well—I think you ought to do some of the talking."

She had been staring vacantly past him at the darkening west. Some of the old fire was stirring within her at the sound of his voice and the nearness of him. But it was, she told herself with the deeper part of her consciousness, only the quick and vanishing fire of a will-o'-the-wisp. In some way she had changed. She was no longer swayed completely by Gerald Lucas.

"Yes, I ought to talk, Gerald. I know that," she said. "But I don't know how to tell you." She brought her eyes even with his own. "It's just that—I've got over all the—" She hesitated.

"Are you trying to tell me that you don't love me any more?" he prompted.

"Oh, Gerald!" she cried in desperation. "Do you believe I ever loved you? Could you call that love—in that feverish atmosphere? You—you appealed to me in a certain way, that's all. I know that now, Gerald. And I don't want to go back to what I left behind me. I don't want that kind of life—yours and—Dad's."

He looked at her hard, and she saw an almost wistful disappointment enter his eyes.

"Well—of course—that lets me out," he said slowly. "But you happen to be the only girl I've ever wanted to marry, Silver. And I'm thirty-two now." He was thoughtful for a moment. "Are you sure you won't want to go back, after you've had a taste of this life?"

Her restless hands came tightly together in her lap.

"Oh," she shrugged. "This evening a woman called on the wife of my aunt's stepson—I know you'll laugh at that, Gerald—anyhow, she looked down on me, because I'm me. But the people here aren't all like her."

Before he replied he looked at her seriously for a long moment. "Perhaps they aren't," he said finally. "But I can't see Silver Grenoble living in a place like this. It's all right for you to like it—but the place has to like you, remember, or it's going to raise h—l with you. Did you ever see a prize pup trying to make up to a pack of mongrels? It's a lot of fun—if you don't happen to care for the prize pup."

"I'm taking that chance," she retorted. "Anyhow—I don't consider myself a prize pup. I have a good deal to live down, Gerald."

He patted her interlocked fingers. "I'm sorry you feel that way about it, darling," he said softly. "Guess I'm to blame."

Silver's free laugh rang out. "I should say you were not! If I do anything, it's because I want to, whether it's right or wrong!"

Gerald gave a low whistle. "There speaks Jim Grenoble!" he said soberly. "But I'll believe you, Silver. And I wish you luck. If it doesn't work out, I won't be far away. At least not for a while. Do you want me to drive you up to the house? I'll promise not to set foot on one little bit of your sacred—"

"Gerald!" Silver interrupted sharply. She thought quickly for a moment. "All right—drive me up."

Quite abruptly and mysteriously, her relationship with Gerald Lucas had changed—had changed so that it seemed it had never existed. Less than a month ago, his very presence would have thrown her into a panic of wild emotion. Was it her father's death that had made of her a different person, or was it this uncompromising landscape, in which Gerald and his kind seemed a little absurd? Both, perhaps. But there was something else, too—something which she could not pull up to the light of analysis.

Gerald was turning the car in at the Willard gate. And there, between the poplar trees that were defined vaguely against a moon that was like a rising red world, stood Corinne in her white dress.

Silver got out of the car. Gerald swung it about to leave immediately, but Corinne came toward it and stood for a moment in the glare of the lights. Silver looked at Corinne and then at Gerald. Suddenly, as she saw Gerald's eyes dwelling upon that white figure standing in the light, there came an instant's conviction, lucid and electrifying, that nothing would ever be the same again. Corinne stepped around to the side of the car.

"This is Gerald Lucas," Silver said quickly, and hesitated.

Gerald smiled and put forth a hand. "And what's the other half of it?" he asked.

"I'm Corinne Willard," Corinne replied as she took Gerald's hand.

He gave her the half-amused, searching look that Silver understood only too well.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

EASY DECISIONS



"My wife and I never argue, so we get along beautifully."
"How do you manage it?"
"When anything goes wrong I always figure out that it was my fault and she never disagrees with me."

THE QUESTION



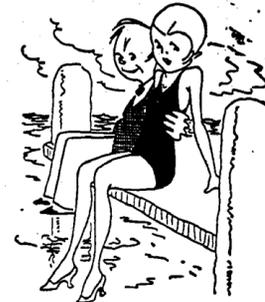
Mr. Lovesick—Sarah, will you be the partner of my joys and sorrows?
Sarah—What are you offering me, the joys or the sorrows?

FETCH HIM ON



The Messenger—Me brudder wanted me to see if you'd be engaged dis evening.
Miss Sweet—What a funny way for him to propose.

THE CRASH



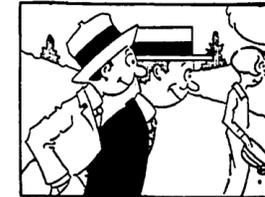
She—Aren't you afraid we'll fall in?
He—I've already fallen in—love.

THE LANDSCAPE



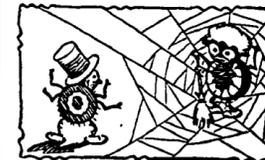
She—Isn't the view grand from here?
He—Oh, I don't know. It wouldn't amount to much if you weren't included in it.

A FEW LEFT



"What sort of girl is she?"
"The kind that everybody says will make a good wife for somebody some day."

SYSTEM



Mr. Spider—Why are you cleaning the house, my dear?
Mrs. Spider—Oh, I'm just straightening up the parlor before I invite some flies up to see me.

HALF-AND-HALF LAW CASE

When a Dutchman refused to cross the frontier into Germany to give evidence, a strange court was held near Elten. The Dutchman was willing to give evidence, so the court removed to the Dutch customs house on the frontier, a little way from Elten. There a table was placed half in Dutch and a half in German territory. The witness, standing on Dutch land, made his statement to the German judges sitting in Germany. —Tit-Bits Magazine.

WHEN THEY SHOW THESE SIGNS

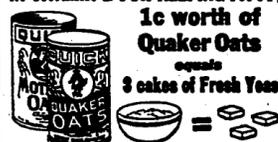
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Many are nervous, poor in appetite, system out of order, because their daily diets lack enough of the precious Vitamin B for keeping fit.

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United States Ahead of Europe in Flying Boats

Foreign Manufacturers Using Subsidies to Catch Up.

Washington.—Backed by large government subsidies aircraft factories in Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy are busily at work on huge flying boats aimed at catching up in the race for over-ocean trade routes of the air which the American system, Pan American Airways, now dominates. There is rivalry as between the European countries themselves, but all are bent upon a race with American aviation in the field of overseas flying in which the big Clipper ships constructed in this country are far in the van.

Few details of specifications for foreign boats have been allowed to leak through the cordon of military secrecy. Those craft that have reached the flying stage, however, have fallen far below the performance of the American ships. Great Britain, for example, started the testing of the first of her four-engined flying boats of new construction on a flight by easy stages from Plymouth to Singapore. Preliminary test flights of the Short Brothers craft showed that in efficiency it did not compare with the Sikorsky and Martin Clippers built here.

New Boats for England.
Construction has therefore been begun by the air ministry for Imperial Airways of two six-engined, 35-ton flying boats for the domination of the transatlantic route to America. One of these ships is being built by Short Brothers and the other by Blackburn Ltd.

The French have had preliminary hard luck with the first of their ocean-going giants to be flown, the 37-ton Lieutenant de Vaisseau Paris. Powered with six 980-horsepower engines, this boat was constructed inland and then hauled to the sea in order to better preserve the secrets of its construction details and spring a surprise when it went into service for Air France.

The Pan American Clipper has twice crossed the Pacific, 2,410 miles between California and Hawaii at an average speed of 136 miles an hour and had sufficient gasoline in the tanks at either end for an additional 800 miles.

While the first of the three big Martin boats being built at Baltimore for the American airline weighs 28 tons

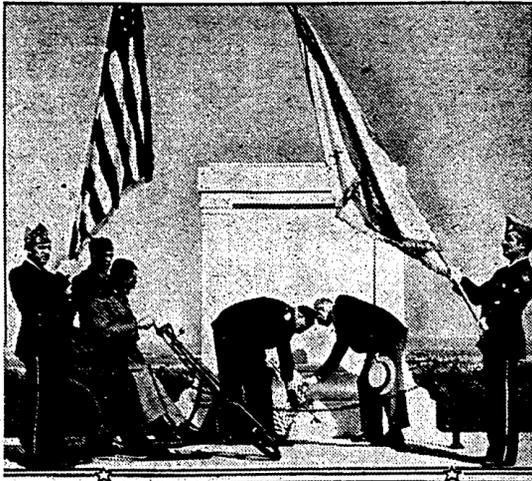
as against the 37 of the Vaisseau Paris, it can carry as great a passenger, mail and express load over ranges of 2,000 miles and transport them nearly 50 miles an hour faster and at one-third of the estimated cost per mile. The Martin, which will have speed trials in the next week or so, has already made 180 miles an hour in tests over Chesapeake bay.

Italy Holds Speed Records.
Details of Germany's Dornier Wal boats for the South Atlantic service, except those comparatively small types which have been using the steamer Westfalen as a mid-ocean base, are unavailable here. Little more about Italy's big boats is available. It is known, however, that within the past year Premier Mussolini welded into one operating unit government owned, all operating airlines under the Italian flag for the acknowledged purpose of a unified drive for a dominant place

in the 300,000 miles of organized airways which now link the outposts of the world.

Under the impetus of this move Italy has already achieved world's records for aircraft speed and distance. The lessons learned from the smaller aircraft making these records are said to be incorporated in long-range flying boats now under construction. Two of them are four-engined of 3,600 horsepower each.

Blue Devils Honor Unknown Soldier



A group of representatives of the famous Blue Devils, a French World War veterans' organization, as they placed a wreath on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington National cemetery.

Chinese Remember College Rah-Rahs

Nanking.—The great impression which American university life has made on the Chinese national government was well illustrated at the annual meeting of the American University Club at Nanking. Six hundred graduates of colleges and universities in the United States attended the function, the vast majority being Chinese. Practically the entire 400 members are officials of the government. American college yells and songs showed that the Chinese had not forgotten their student life.

Check on Spending

Washington.—When President Roosevelt entered the White House March 4, 1933, every dollar of federal money that was expended was accounted for and the vouchers reviewed by the general accounting offices. J. Raymond McCarl, comptroller general of the United States, occupied and still occupies an independent position in the accountings he directed and the reviews that were made under the budget and accounting law. But with the arrival of the New Deal and the crisis in government and the nation arising from the depression, scores of new laws were enacted, new agencies of government were created and billions of dollars were appropriated, the bulk of it being spent without reference to the accounting act or the bureau of the budget. Congress, under White House direction, did not make these new agencies or their spending accountable to the comptroller general.

It was almost two years before President Roosevelt saw fit to make any of the emergency agencies, the alphabetical soup, amenable to the general accounting office. Consequently, millions upon millions of dollars were spent and only the spending agencies knew whether they were spent in accordance with law. Now, however, things have changed. Late last winter, the President began extending the broad wings of the general accounting office over emergency agencies and has continued to do so until, only the other day, the last of these were made responsible to the comptroller general. Thus an independent governmental unit—one with no axes to grind—again is in a position to say whether federal money is being spent as congress directed and in a manner which the taxpayers have the right to demand.

This spending of money in gigantic amounts always breeds suspicion. It causes people to inquire, whatever the form of government may be or whatever political party may be in control, whether there is waste or graft, whether the then office holders are feathering their own nests, and many another question of the like. It was true in the case of the New Deal. Observers here in Washington constantly were receiving information alleging that this individual or that had been displaying signs of unusual prosperity; that rumors were afloat concerning graft and crookedness in one agency or another and that "somebody ought to expose" the goings-on with respect to a named department of government. It was not an unusual circumstance because in every administration we here in Washington who attempt to see and to hear as much as we can, get the same kind of reaction. Only, it seemed to have been worse this time and well it may have been because the amount of money made available to President Roosevelt and his subordinates was so much larger. It is my belief, however, that there has not been more of this intangible thing called graft in government in the present administration than in most others. There has been some crookedness because there have been court convictions of some officials but I expect when and if the future lays bare all facts concerning the present administration and its handling of the vast sums of money available to it, it will be disclosed that most of the New Deal officials have been honest in their disbursement of funds. Their friends may have profited but, if they have, that is just a repetition of an old story, a circumstance always developing in a government managed under the two party system. To the victors always go the spoils.

If Mr. Roosevelt has been able to keep down straight-out crookedness, he is to be commended. It will remove from the forthcoming campaign some of the mud slinging that really has no place in national politics. But, while the President is entitled to commendation for the attempts at honest disbursement of funds, I hear more and more criticism of the way the money has been spent. Indeed, it appears now that the vast expenditures by the administration are likely to be as much of a campaign issue as is his proposal to alter the Constitution to fit New Deal plans.

Every one knows that when an individual's pocketbook is touched, he rises in revolt. By the time the next election comes around individuals will have had their pocketbooks touched rather forcibly by national and state and local taxes of an increased amount. Thus, it is easy to see how the criticism of Roosevelt's spending is growing and can continue to grow. The government has been pushed ten or ten or twelve billion more in debt and the end is not in sight, despite the fact that Mr. Roosevelt has intimated on several occasions lately that he proposes to curtail federal expenditures except for emergency purposes. Those announcements and any future declarations he may make are not going to soften the antagonistic feeling that people have for any public official who wastes money whether

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted By WILLIAM BRUCKART



the motives be proper or improper. From this point, one may look into the crystal of the 1936 campaign and it takes no stretch of the imagination to visualize what a pounding the New Deal opposition will give the Roosevelt administration on this question of spending.

When Mr. Roosevelt began spending, he declared it was justified because hundreds of thousands of citizens were starving. His next pronouncement on this subject by way of explaining continued expenditure was that if the government spent freely, it would serve as a priming of the economic pump; that the circulation of federal money would allow industry to sell and that industry would replace by manufacture the things sold. That, too, brought little or no result. Then we entered the current stage where the spending was to be closely supervised and only projects that held promise of actually developing manufacture and retail selling would be approved and financed by federal money. It is regrettable but it is a fact that almost nothing has come of this program.

And to make matters worse, lately, Secretary Ickes, public works administrator, and Keller Administrator Harry Hopkins have locked horns on the bulk of the projects on which federal money was to be used. It is not strange that these two men should differ. Mr. Hopkins, being a trained, a professional, welfare worker, sees things only from the standpoint of the individual who needs food. Mr. Ickes has a conception of federal spending that embraces the use of money in ways designed to start the great industries in motion. He figures that if these industries get going, they will employ workers; the workers will spend their wages and the retailers will profit thereby and, as the retailers sell from their shelves, they seek replacements from the manufacturers. The controversy between Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Ickes, therefore, is not one to be settled by compromise or by soft words. In fact, it may never be settled until one or the other gets out of his place in the government.

The importance of the Ickes-Hopkins row to the reader of this column, however, lies largely in the fact that the particular reader is a taxpayer. The connection is simply this: the last congress appropriated \$4,880,000,000 for use by the administration in public works and relief. If all of that sum were spent the public debt would be increased by that amount because internal revenue taxes are insufficient to offset more than the ordinary government expenditures. Therefore, if all of this money is not spent, and it cannot be spent if the Ickes-Hopkins dispute continues to hold back administration plans, then the taxpayers will have just that much less of a government debt to meet through this payment of their taxes.

So the President's order placing all administrative agencies under the general accounting office to see that their spending is honestly done and the developments within the administration over a difference in policy must be taken together as a break for the taxpayer.

Agriculture adjustment administration officials are about ready to present to the farmers of this country a detailed plan for control of potato production. It will provide means for boosting the incomes of the potato farmers something more than 100 per cent, and will increase the cost of this item of food to consumers by a proportionate amount, of course. Conferences soon will be held between the AAA and representatives of farmers' organizations to work out phases of the plan requiring farmer approval.

Various thoughts arise if one reflects upon potato control. First, control of potato production marks the fourteenth agricultural crop brought under regimentation and it presents, probably, the toughest of all of them in the matter of enforcing its provisions.

Adoption of the potato control program represents attainment of a point in the life of the AAA where one step has led to another until control of potatoes was essential, or the whole plan of crop control tops. It will be recalled that the declared purpose of the AAA at the beginning was only for the control of cotton. Land withheld from cotton then was planted to tobacco and tobacco had to be controlled; when tobacco was controlled, and the land withdrawn, farmers in some sections turned to peanuts and peanuts had to be controlled.

I understand the AAA is considerably worried about the job of enforcing the potato control law. That law provides compulsion against over-production in the form of a tax club—a tax of 45 cents a bushel. In addition, there are penalties of an amazingly severe kind—\$1,000 fine for the first offense and imprisonment for not more than a year for the second.

Palmetto, Ga., reports negro tenant farmers selling their salt pork and eating chicken instead, because prices for pork are higher than for chickens. The drought, lack of feed and the professor who invented the idea of killing mamma pigs before the little pigs were born are highly appreciated by Georgia's "hog raisers."

Hitler, talking to his army about "iron discipline," blames Christianity and the Hohenzollerns for the rise of Communism that "I crushed when I came to power." Whether he crushed it or not remains to be seen.

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BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

Washington Said It Scaring Mussolini Ethiopian War Fever Not Even a Nest Egg

One hundred and thirty-nine years ago George Washington made his farewell address. It is mid-"Victorian" to drag in George Washington now, when so many are prepared to write a better Constitution than the one he signed. Nevertheless, some of the old-fashioned may tolerate a reminder that in his farewell address George Washington said:

"It is our true and permanent policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world."

Also, with apologies to pacifists and high-spirited young college gentlemen who say they would not fight under any circumstances, you are reminded that George Washington said in 1790:

"To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace."

If Mussolini can be scared by British gestures, he will be scared, with England sending her great battleships to the Gibraltar harbor. Other battleships and thousands of soldiers are sent to her island of Malta, and, imitating real war, she is putting "submarine booms" in the Gibraltar harbor on the assumption that wicked Mussolini might send submarines to blow up her battleships; and that is exactly what he would do if it came to war.

Mussolini is not alone in his desire for war. On Sunday in the Ethiopian capital, Addis Ababa, according to the Associated Press, "2,000 shrieking Ethiopians," yelling "We want war," gathered before the imperial palace demanding weapons. The Associated Press says: "The scene was so violent that police confiscated motion picture films of it." That was wise, because films might have convinced the outside world that Ethiopians and Italians are much alike "under the skin."

Sewell L. Avery, head of Montgomery Ward & Co., will tell you that the work of the tax gatherers in America is done thoroughly. His company,

on its regular business in six months, made \$4,340,768. Taxes on this business amounted to \$4,600,000, or \$251,000 more than the concern earned. You might almost call that "discouraging business." When you take the eggs from the nest of the hen that would like to set, you always leave one egg, or at least a door knob, "to go on with."

Dispatches from Tokyo tell of planning political murder wholesale.

The "god-sent troops" that have committed occasional murders in highest places are tired of "occasional" murders, and decided to wipe out the Japanese cabinet in an air raid with bombs, destroy the financial district of Tokyo, assassinate hundreds of industrial and financial leaders and "re-establish imperial despotism."

The burning of buildings to put the throne and Tokyo in a state of chaos was part of the plan.

Sir Malcolm Campbell, who took his giant English-built automobile to the smooth surface of the Great Salt Desert, west of Salt Lake City, and drove the car faster than 300 miles an hour, returns to New York advising motorists to "drive carefully."

Sir Malcolm, who has surpassed every speed record on the surface of the earth, selects the right place for speeding. At home he belongs to English organizations established to promote safety.

Sir James Jeans, British astronomer and physicist, whose "The Mysterious Universe" and other books you should read, has changed his mind about the age of the universe, and, like Professor Einstein, when he changes his mind he tells you.

He thinks the universe is about 10,000,000,000,000 or ten trillions of years old. That is a long time to Sir James Jeans and us, but, for all Jeans or anybody else knows, it may mean less than one hour in the life of some "super-universe."

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Dental Drug Makes Patients See Double

Puts End to Choking Sensation of Gas.

London.—A jab in the arm instead of the choking sensation of gas is a new method of "putting you to sleep" in the dentist's chair.

The new drug is called evipan-sodium, and it has been in use for some months, not only for dental work but for more serious operations.

You sit in the chair. The anesthetist puts a strap around your upper arm just as in taking a blood pressure. A vein expands a little under the pressure. You feel a short jab of the needle.

In a second things become hazy. You feel delightfully tired. Then you sleep. There is none of that swelling, bursting, choking feeling that gas gives some people.

You do not suspect the surgeon and the doctor of trying to suffocate you. In fact, you do not suspect anything. You do not even dream as you do under gas.

Meanwhile your teeth are being extracted. Then you come round—slightly intoxicated. You see things double. You are not safe on your feet.

And this is the disadvantage of evipan. Unlike gas, you cannot go back to work after it. You must rest; and sleep.

But the evipan method is excellent for people who have had gas once and fear it. Almost everybody can have it, if the dentist is given warning that it is wanted. The exceptions are people who have liver trouble or whose veins are too thin to take an injection.

Evipan, however, is more expensive than gas. It is a German discovery. Some dental experts are against using it, on the grounds that not sufficient is known about the drug.

But it is expected that when sufficient data are available its use in dental and other operations will be more common.

Chinese Officials Order Machine Strangulation

Peking.—Provincial police authorities are instructed to execute criminals with strangulation machines in an order issued by the Chinese Ministry of Justice.

The penal code provides strangulation as the means of carrying out death sentences, but up to the present it has been done by two men twisting a cord about the neck of the convict.

Such a method is declared less humane than the prescribed machine, which, however, will work on the same principle of strangulation.

In order to lessen the shock to the victim, the ministry further prescribes that the culprit be chloroformed prior to carrying out of the death sentence.

Authorities in most places continue, however, to execute some prisoners by the simple expedient of a revolver placed against the base of the skull of the kneeling victim.

Old Lifeguard of Seine Rescues More Than 100

Paris.—Paris nearly lost one of its remaining picturesque characters recently when Father Chartier, as every one calls him, caught a cramp and nearly drowned in the Seine.

Father Chartier is Paris' unofficial lifeguard. All passers who have occasion to cross the Pont St. Michel regularly know his little boat, moored to its quays. It carries a blue pennant on the one small mast, with the white lettering, "Volunteer Lifeguard."

Life saving is Father Chartier's hobby. He has actually rescued from the treacherous and swiftly flowing waters of the Seine more than 100 persons. He has 40 life saving medals. He made his first rescue when he was thirteen. That makes 49 years he has been a life saver. He is sixty-two now.

Austrian Blind Will Be Aided by Yankee Couple

Vienna.—Through the efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Graves Mather of New York city Austria soon will have its own lighthouse for the blind.

When the Austrian Lighthouse is founded it will be the eleventh caring for the blinded poor of four continents, the North and South Americas, the Far East, and Europe.

Mrs. Mather, the former Winifred Holt of charity fame in New York, has interested Princess Fanny Starhemberg, Austria's vice chancellor, in the scheme.

It is proposed to organize the Aus-

trian Lighthouse at Lillfeld, where the blinded poor from all parts of Austria can gather to learn new trades. It will be conducted on similar lines to the blind institutions established in New York, Paris, China, Japan, and South America by Mrs. Mather and her husband.

FANS LIKE THE UMP



Dolly Stark, National league umpire, is so popular among New York baseball fans that they recently presented him with an automobile. Dolly is here seen, at left, as he accepted the gift from Ford Frick, president of the National league, who acted on behalf of Stark's admirers.

Professor Calls Five Hours' Rest Sufficient

Helsingfors.—"Five hours' sleep a day are sufficient for the average human being," a German professor, Doctor Schiffhauser, believes, after experiments. In order to live a healthy normal life, he asserts, everyone should go to bed at 7 p. m. and rise again at midnight.

The following of such a spartan rule, he says, will avert all danger of suffering from neurasthenia and similar nerve troubles.

Experiments conducted by the professor on school children are stated to have given beneficial results.

When Is a Rotten Egg Rotten?—Law Defines

Boston.—Just what constitutes a bad egg in Massachusetts has been established by an act passed by the legislature.

The definition, somewhat technical, specifies the depth of the shadow of an egg's interior under a testing lamp, and stipulates that the yolk must conform to uniform health standards now in effect.

Old Apple Trees Still Grow
Marysville, Ohio.—Five apple trees which were planted by one of Ohio's first pioneers, Johnny Applesseed (Jonathan Chapman), are still growing.

HEADS LABOR BOARD



Joseph Warren Madden, attorney, of Pittsburgh, Pa., who was appointed chairman of the new national labor relations board.

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, news of whose murder in Chicago has 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 slaps 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. She meets Roddy, by chance, that night. Silver tells Sophronia ("Phronie," by request) something—but by no means all—of her relations with Gerald Lucas, gambler friend of her father. Roddy marries Corinne, and brings her home.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

Paula entered the living room, and while Corinne, playfully democratic, introduced her to Silver and Jason, Silver found her interest quickened by the German girl's appearance. She was Junoesque in build, with vast thighs and breasts and shoulders. Her legs and arms were almost breath-taking when she walked. Silver thought she had never seen anything more beautiful than her corn-silk hair, which was plaited in a coronet across her head. Her face was round, rosy and placid, but far from vacant.

"Please-to-meet you," said Paula to Silver, as she made a prodigious curtsy.

But it was Jason's eyes, fastened on Paula, that really startled Silver. Corinne, however, was taking no note of his reactions. She was glancing about at the walls of the living room in an appraising way.

"Funny," she said with a deprecating little laugh, "I feel as though I am in a different house from the one I remember. I love these etchings, Roddy dear!"

Sophronia vanished suddenly into the dining room.

"I thought they were good," Roddy told Corinne modestly. "But if Jason wasn't so bashful about hanging his work—"

"There's a tankful of hot water, Corinne," Jason broke in. "We thought you might want a bath."

Corinne blinked at him in a bewildered way, and Silver had the distinct feeling that she was not really looking at him.

When they were alone together in their room, Corinne, halfway through the hundred brush strokes she was giving her hair, looked at Roddy with shrinking eyes.

"Do you mean," she asked breathlessly, "that Jason is going to stay—with us?"

A painful flush mounted to Roddy's temples.

"Why, of course, darling," he stammered. "Lord—you don't mean—you don't dislike him, do you?"

Her small hands gathered over the brush on her knees.

"No," she said softly. "No—of course not."

Roddy got up impulsively, knelt beside her and drew her toward him.

"Corrie!" he pleaded. "I can see how you feel about him. But I tell you, darling, he's the finest soul in the world. And he's an artist, Corrie. He really is. You ought to see his work. If we only had enough money, I'd send him out to study. He has his studio all fixed up in the attic. It would be impossible for me to suggest that he should move. My G—d, Corrie—I couldn't! Please, sweetheart, try to like him!"

A trembling little smile passed over her lips. Closing her eyes, she leaned her head back against Roddy's shoulder.

"I'm sorry, Roddy," she murmured. "Of course I'll like him."

In anguish, Roddy kissed her. Then he kissed her again, and she drew a lock of her scented hair across his lowered eyes.

CHAPTER V

Old Roderick pointed with his pipe up at the big house, where young Roddy lived with his wife Corinne.

"You know," he said whimsically, "maybe I'm gettin' on, but I swear that house ain't sitting right on the ground. It's up in the air a little more every night I look at it—and farther east, too."

Silver laughed with Jason and Steve. "It ain't likely to go much higher with that big hired girl they have in it," Steve, the hired man, observed drily.

Jason cleared his throat. "Oh, I don't know that she's so big," he said. "She has better ankles and feet than most girls in Heron River."

Silver stretched out full length on the birch bench, a cushion beneath her

head. She felt tired after the long day's work in the garden with Sophronia. Her feet ached with a kindly, pleasant sort of ache.

Phronie opened the door and called out to them. "I wish one of you youngsters would run up and borrow some cinnamon for me. I've started to make cookies—"

"Can't you ever rest, Ma?" Jason said, getting to his feet.

"I'll go, Jase," Silver said quickly. "You stay here and play."

While she went lightly up the slope, she thought again, as she had countless times during the past weeks, of Corinne's baffling attitude toward Roddy's brother. She appeared to be cordially itself toward him; was, in fact, almost glib with sisterly solicitude. Perhaps that was the trouble, Silver reflected. For through it all Silver had had the distinct feeling that Corinne was deliberately shutting poor Jason out of her consciousness. She feared, too, that Jason sensed this, and often wondered how long his pride or perversa humor would sustain him under the same roof with his brother's wife.

Then there was Paula. But Jason was too dim and Paula too shy for the development, as yet, of any friendship between them which might be embarrassing to Corinne. Only yesterday, however, Corinne had called Paula sharply away from the yard where she was watching Jason repair a corn-crib, and had set her to some trivial and unnecessary task.

When Silver entered Roddy's house, she found Corinne writing letters in the living room. Roddy, at the dining room table, was at work over his ledger.

"Phronie wants to borrow some cinnamon, Corinne," Silver explained when Roddy's wife inquiringly turned her head. "I can find it myself in the kitchen."

"Oh," Corinne said inattentively. "Paula will be down in a minute. She's upstairs—tidying her hair, I suppose. She'll find the cinnamon for you. I'm sure I don't know where she keeps it. Sit down, Silver. I must get these letters finished."

Silver picked up a copy of Vanity Fair and seated herself in the dining room. Roddy gave her an odd, vaguely troubled look, then dropped his eyes again to his ledger.

But immediately there was the sound of a car entering the driveway, and Corinne went to answer the doorbell.

"I'd better go home," Silver said quickly to Roddy.

A gleam of anger lit Roddy's eyes. "You stay where you are," he commanded. "Didn't you tell me people round here had to get used to you?"

Silver had no time to make a reply. A tall, granite-faced woman with a mottled red nose and a hat that bore a stiff little feather, entered the living room. In her wake, not unlike the trailing ruffle of a great ship, came a slumping miss of seventeen or eighteen, much befluffed, and wearing a flowered leghorn hat.

It was Mrs. Leander Folds, the school-superintendent's wife of Heron River, and her daughter Ethelwyn.

"My dear," Mrs. Folds was saying loquaciously, "I suppose I should have telephoned. But I am a woman of impulse, you know! We just got back yesterday from our holiday in the Black Hills, and heard about Roddy's marriage. We were out driving, and I thought this would be a good time to catch you in. We must—we just must have you in our reading club. Ethelwyn here is secretary of it, and it's so instructive for the young people—"

Mrs. Folds had advanced farther into the room, and now her eye fell upon Silver. A curious, tight look appeared on her face as though she were holding her breath. Silver stood up.

"Have you met Silver Grenoble, Mrs. Folds?" Corinne asked hastily. "My husband's cousin."

"How do you do?" Silver said, but made no move toward the two visitors.

"Oh—" Mrs. Folds surveyed her thoroughly. "How do you do? Roddy's cousin by marriage? Of course. Yes, yes. And how do you do, Roddy? Oh, dear. I just thought of something." She turned abruptly and patted Ethelwyn's arm. "Run and see if I brought that book I wanted Mrs. Willard to read. It ought to be in the car. If it isn't, wait for me there, my dear."

Ethelwyn vanished docilely, although her eyes a moment before had been frankly devouring Silver. Silver could feel the hot blood pounding in her throat, her temples. Mrs. Folds' strategy had been so brutally obvious. Yet she was powerless to move.

"Now," said Mrs. Folds, "I can't stay a minute—but you must promise to come to our meeting on Tuesday, Mrs. Willard. We are studying Hardy at the moment—with one of the moderns thrown in, just for relief, so to speak." She smiled apologetically.

Roddy gave a sardonic bark of a laugh. "Hardy? You don't consider him a modern, eh?"

Mrs. Folds looked bewildered. Corinne agitatedly stepped closer to her and said, "Thank you so much, Mrs. Folds. I shall be glad to come, indeed."

"I'm sure you will find our little group very stimulating. Some of them are very young, but then you're young yourself. Remember—we live right next to the schoolhouse. Now I must run. You have a charming wife, Roddy. You lucky boy!" Mrs. Folds shook a roguish finger at him. "Take good care of her!"

"By the way, Mrs. Folds," Roddy said coldly, his face curiously white beneath his tan, his eyes two grayly burning slits, "has this club of yours a limited membership?"

Mrs. Folds reddened unbecomingly.

"Er—yes, it has," she plunged. "You see—our house is small—"

Silver stood with her hands clenched about the table's edge, back of her. "That's fortunate," Roddy interrupted Mrs. Folds, and laughed aloud. With that he slammed shut the covers of the ledger, flung it with a sharp report down upon the table and strode through the dining room into the kitchen.

Mrs. Folds smiled feebly and extended two fingers to Corinne. As though across waves of heat, Silver saw Mrs. Folds sail out of the house, Corinne accompanying her.

Paula had come down the back stairs. She entered the dining room now and handed Silver the can of cinnamon. Silver was suddenly aware of Roddy standing before her with crossed arms.

"You'll find this place isn't worth the trouble, kid," he said somberly. "The women will knife you—every chance they get."

She gave him a steady look. "Mrs. Folds can't hurt me—really," she said with a proud lift of her head.

Roddy's lips moved in a hard way. "That isn't all of it," he continued. "I meant to tell you when you first came in, but I didn't get a chance. That man Gerald Lucas was enquiring about you today in Heron River."

For a moment Silver leaned heavily against the table. Her eyes were fixed wide upon Roddy's face, as though she expected to hear him repeat his words.

Corinne came blithely in through the front of the house.

"What an ogre of a woman!" she cried, laughing. "I'm glad you snubbed her, Roddy. I couldn't very well, because I thought she meant to invite—"

"Phronie is waiting for the cinnamon, Corinne," Silver said dully. "I must go."

But it was Jason who took the spice into the house to Sophronia. Silver felt that she could not, right now, bear the interior of the stone house, even for a moment.

"I'm going for a walk," she told Jason.

"A walk?" he asked, and frowned. But Silver broke away and started for the road. She thrust her hands



The Man Was Gerald Lucas.

into the pockets of her sweater and walked blindly into the last sinking glow of the sunset.

Presently a long, graceful roadster turned the corner and came toward her. As it slowed down and stopped beside her, the man at the wheel laughed with pleased surprise and leaned over the door. Silver glanced up at him.

The man was Gerald Lucas.

For an instant, as Gerald climbed down from his car and stepped toward her, Silver contemplated flight. Instead, when the impulse had passed, she thrust her hands into her pockets and looked coolly up at him.

Gerald seized her hands. "Silver—what's the matter with you?" he demanded. "Get in and we'll take a drive and talk things over."

"No," Silver said firmly. "I don't want to go driving—and I have nothing to talk over, Gerald."

He put his hand lightly on her arm and drew her toward the car. "Listen to me, Silver," he urged. "What's got into you? I didn't come out here to kidnap you, though I'd like to. You've grown even more luscious—if that's possible. Sit in the car and let's talk."

For a moment she hesitated, then with a shrug she got into the car. She surveyed him with detachment, and wondered what had happened to her since she had last seen him. He was as rakishly good-looking as ever, his eyes as full of confidence and meaningful laughter as ever. But it was as though she looked at him now through an obscuring film.

Gerald looked critically down at her. "You should have known better than to try running away from me, sweetheart. You didn't even give me a chance to tell you how sorry I was—about your father."

"I'm trying to forget that," Silver said briefly. "How did you find out where I had gone?"

He pinched her chin lightly and smiled. "Little Gerald finds out just about everything he wants to know. Old Ben Hubbard is a friend of mine. So I came out here and spoooped before I looked you up. And lo and behold! I've got the very thing I've wanted for some time. A resort on Emerald bay, my love! You see, I had a few grand salted away—"

"You had to get out of Chicago,

didn't you, Gerald?" Silver asked, and looked at him levelly.

The faintest glimmer of annoyance passed over his face. But, at that, it was annoyance tinged with amusement.

"Well, now, my dear," he protested. "do we have to go into that? I'll admit—things were getting warmish. But this—or these—are the wide open spaces. And here I am with a peach of a lay-out up on that lake. It's right on the highway so I can keep it open for the winter trade. All I need now is a kiss from you, Silver."

She drew back deliberately. "No." He looked at her narrowly, then leaned toward her with a darkened face. "I don't quite follow you, Silver. I thought it was all fixed between us. I've been on the level with you, haven't I? We've been everything, to each other, haven't we? Now, what's it all about? I thought you ran away because of your father's death. I couldn't believe it was because of me, Silver. Honestly, I thought you expected me to follow you. Well—I think you ought to do some of the talking."

She had been staring vacantly past him at the darkening west. Some of the old fire was stirring within her at the sound of his voice and the nearness of him. But it was, she told herself with the deeper part of her consciousness, only the quick and vanishing fire of a will-o'-the-wisp. In some way she had changed. She was no longer swayed completely by Gerald Lucas.

"Yes, I ought to talk, Gerald. I know that," she said. "But I don't know how to tell you." She brought her eyes even with his own. "It's just that—I've got over all the—"

"Are you trying to tell me that you don't love me any more?" he prompted.

"Oh, Gerald!" she cried in desperation. "Do you believe I ever loved you? Could you call that love—in that feverish atmosphere? You—you appealed to me in a certain way, that's all. I know that now, Gerald. And I don't want to go back to what I left behind me. I don't want that kind of life—yours and—"

He looked at her hard, and she saw an almost wistful disappointment enter his eyes.

"Well—of course—that lets me out," he said slowly. "But you happen to be the only girl I've ever wanted to marry, Silver. And I'm thirty-two now." He was thoughtful for a moment. "Are you sure you won't want to go back, after you've had a taste of this life?"

Her restless hands came tightly together in her lap.

"Oh," she shrugged. "This evening a woman called on the wife of my aunt's stepson—I know you'll laugh at that, Gerald—anyhow, she looked down on me, because I'm me. But the people here aren't all like her."

Before he replied he looked at her seriously for a long moment. "Perhaps they aren't," he said finally. "But I can't see Silver Grenoble living in a place like this. It's all right for you to like it—but the place has to like you, remember, or it's going to raise hell with you. Did you ever see a prize pup trying to make up to a pack of mongrels? It's a lot of fun—if you don't happen to care for the prize pup."

"I'm taking that chance," she retorted. "Anyhow—I don't consider myself a prize pup. I have a good deal to live down, Gerald."

He patted her interlocked fingers. "I'm sorry you feel that way about it, darling," he said softly. "Guess I'm to blame."

Silver's free laugh rang out. "I should say you were not! If I do anything, it's because I want to, whether it's right or wrong!"

Gerald gave a low whistle. "There speaks Jim Grenoble!" he said soberly. "But I'll believe you, Silver. And I wish you luck. If it doesn't work out, I won't be far away. At least not for a while. Do you want me to drive you up to the house? I'll promise not to set foot on one little bit of your sacred—"

"Gerald!" Silver interrupted sharply. She thought quickly for a moment. "All right—drive me up."

Quite abruptly and mysteriously, her relationship with Gerald Lucas had changed—had changed so that it seemed it had never existed. Less than a month ago, his very presence would have thrown her into a panic of wild emotion. Was it her father's death that had made of her a different person, or was it this uncompromising landscape, in which Gerald and his kind seemed a little absurd? Both, perhaps. But there was something else, too—something which she could not pull up to the light of analysis.

Gerald was turning the car in at the Willard gate. And there, between the poplar trees that were defined vaguely against a moon that was like a rising red world, stood Corinne in her white dress.

Silver got out of the car. Gerald swung it about to leave immediately, but Corinne came toward it and stood for a moment in the glare of the lights. Silver looked at Corinne and then at Gerald. Suddenly, as she saw Gerald's eyes dwelling upon that white figure standing in the light, there came an instant's conviction, lucid and electrifying, that nothing would ever be the same again. Corinne stepped around to the side of the car.

"This is Gerald Lucas," Silver said quickly, and hesitated.

Gerald smiled and put forth a hand. "And what's the other half of it?" he asked.

"I'm Corinne Willard," Corinne replied as she took Gerald's hand.

He gave her the half-amused, searching look that Silver understood only too well.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

EASY DECISIONS



"My wife and I never argue, so we get along beautifully."
"How do you manage it?"
"When anything goes wrong I always figure out that it was my fault and she never disagrees with me."

THE QUESTION



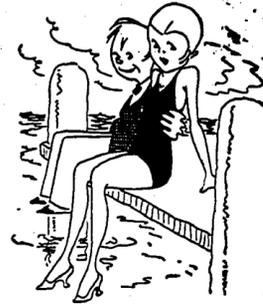
Mr. Lovesick—Sarah, will you be the partner of my joys and sorrows?
Sarah—What are you offering me, the joys or the sorrows?

FETCH HIM ON



The Messenger—Me brudder wanted me to see if you'd be engaged dis evening.
Miss Sweet—What a funny way for him to propose.

THE CRASH



She—Aren't you afraid we'll fall in?
He—I've already fallen in—love.

THE LANDSCAPE



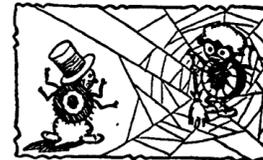
She—Isn't the view grand from here?
He—Oh, I don't know. It wouldn't amount to much if you weren't included in it.

A FEW LEFT



"What sort of girl is she?"
"The kind that everybody says will make a good wife for somebody some day."

SYSTEM



Mr. Spider—Why are you cleaning the house, my dear?
Mrs. Spider—Oh, I'm just straightening up the parlor before I invite some flies up to see me.

HALF-AND-HALF LAW CASE

When a Dutchman refused to cross the frontier into Germany to give evidence, a strange court was held near Elten. The Dutchman was willing to give evidence, so the court removed to the Dutch customs house on the frontier, a little way from Elten. There a table was placed half in Dutch and a half in German territory. The witness, standing on Dutch land, made his statement to the German judges sitting in Germany. —Tit-Bits Magazine.

WHEN THEY SHOW THESE SIGNS

Nervousness, Constipation, and Poor Appetite, check their diets for this all-important, 3-purpose vitamin

Many are nervous, poor in appetite, system out of order, because their diets lack enough of the precious Vitamin B for keeping fit.

Few things keep them back like a lack of this protective food element.

So give everyone Quaker Oats every morning. Because in addition to its generous supply of Vitamin B for keeping fit, it furnishes food-energy, muscle and body-building ingredients. For about 1/2¢ per dish.

Start serving it tomorrow for a 2-weeks test. Quaker Oats has a wholesome, durable, luscious appeal to the appetite. Flavors, surpassingly good. All groceries supply it.

IN VITAMIN B FOR KEEPING FIT... 1c worth of Quaker Oats equals 3 cakes of Fresh Yeast



Quaker and Mother's Oats are the same

Religious Liberation London has a Society for Liberation of Religion from State Patronage.

USE—

CLABBER GIRL

DOUBLE ACTING BAKING POWDER

10 CENTS

Big Coconuts Coconuts weighing 40 pounds have been found in the Seychelles Islands.

GOOD LIGHT Every Night

WITH A Coleman LANTERN

THIS is the little Coleman lantern, with the big difference. It lights instantly and is always ready for any lighting job, in any weather. Just the light you need for every occasion. It's the only lantern that gives you the best of both worlds. It's the only lantern that gives you the best of both worlds. It's the only lantern that gives you the best of both worlds.

SEE YOUR LOCAL DEALER—or write THE COLEMAN LAMP AND STOVE CO., 116 W. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 1, or 1200 N. Dearborn, Chicago, Ill. 1.

MERCHANDISE

Must Be GOOD to be Consistently Advertised

BUY ADVERTISED GOODS

Now is the Time To Paint

Your Kitchen Set, Floors, Porches and Walls—and Varnish your Furniture and Linoleums.

BUTTERFIELD'S STORE

Telephone 31-5 - Antrim, N. H.

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HILLSBORO GUARANTY SAVINGS BANK

Incorporated 1889

HILLSBORO, NEW HAMPSHIRE

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

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

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

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent \$2.00 a Year

RUBEROID ROOFING

Shingles, Roll Roofing, Wood Shingles, Nails, Roof Paint and Plaster Cement.

I buy at factory in carload lots, and the price is right. A large stock always on hand.

ARTHUR W. PROCTOR

ANTRIM, N. H.

The Shipment of SHINGLES

Has Arrived

PRICE RIGHT

GUY A. HULETT

Antrim, N. H.

YOUR HOME IS YOUR CASTLE

Admit only clean, constructive news by reading THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

A Daily Newspaper for the Home

It gives all the news that is fit to print, without sensationalism and scandal. Has interesting feature pages for all the family on Women's Activities, Homemaking, Gardening, Religion and Books. Also pages for the Children and Young People. News of the world and an interpretation of news in the "March of the Stars" on the life of the great men.

The Christian Science Monitor is published daily except on Sundays and public holidays. It is published in New York, Boston, London, and other cities. It is the only newspaper in the world that is published in both English and French.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....

Sample Copy on Request

The Antrim Reporter

Published Every Wednesday Afternoon

Subscription Price, \$2.00 per year

Advertising Rates on Application

H. W. ELDRIDGE, Publisher

E. B. & C. D. ELDRIDGE, Assistants

Wednesday, Oct. 2, 1935

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

Long Distance Telephone.

Notices of Concerts, Lectures, Entertainments, etc., to which no admission fee is charged, or from which a revenue is derived, must be paid for as advertisements by the line.

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



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression"

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

What Has Happened and Will Take Place Within Our Borders

Eugene Flower, of Manchester, has been spending a few days with Hiram Allen and family.

NURSING—Will do day or night Nursing, or both. Call Antrim 41-2, for further information. Adv. 3t

Born, at Margaret Pillsbury Hospital, Concord, September 27, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Earl X. Cutter, of Antrim.

For Sale—Winter Turnips, Beets and Carrots. Apply at the Craig Farm, Antrim. Adv.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Robbins, of Concord, were in town on Sunday, calling on friends; they formerly resided in Antrim, leaving here twenty-six years ago.

Taking care of children evenings and work by the hour. Apply to Miss Nanabelle Buchanan, P. O. Box 190, Antrim. Tel. 69-2. Adv. 1f

Miss Thelma Fuller, from Brooklyn, N. Y., was the guest of her mother, Mrs. Lila Fuller, at her home here. Miss Fuller is employed in a gas and electric office, in New York City.

For Sale—Kitchen Cabinet, flat top; five drawers and large space with doors. Will sell at reasonable price. Inquire at Reporter Office. Adv.

Caughy & Pratt are doing grading on the West Street lot of the New Hampshire Power Company, preparatory to later erecting a sub station thereon, should the Company decide to so do

Erwin D. Putnam has been engaged by Custos Morum Rebekah Lodge, of Milford, to give a program of his colored pictures, this Wednesday afternoon, at the Odd Fellows Home, in Concord.

A display adv. on our first page today announces the Harvest Supper, at North Branch, concerning which our readers will be interested. Read it.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Antrim Center church will serve their annual Harvest Supper on Friday, October 11, in the church dining room, at 6 o'clock. A sale and entertainment will follow at Grange hall.

Middle-aged Man Preferred to represent lowest priced direct-to-customer Nursery House in the East. No delivering or collecting. Pay weekly. Old established firm. Burr, Manchester, Conn. Adv.

Fred L. Proctor has recently sold a building lot to parties from Stoneham, Mass., who are to begin at once the erection of a bungalow for summer occupancy. The location of the lot is in the upper left field, beyond the barns on Mr. Proctor's farm home.

Don't fail to take advantage of the many bargains, at the One Cent Sale, at the Main St. Soda Shop; this sale closes next Wednesday night. Ask for sale bill giving full list of items. Adv.

Many of our people, who had come to know Dr. A. H. Wood, as he had visited here several summers, will regret to learn of his death on Saturday last, at his home in Providence, R. I., after a six month illness; his age was 74 years. Dr. Wood was father of Mrs. Ralph Hurlin, of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Otis Smith, of Boston, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Smith, at Alabama Farm.

Mrs. M. C. Heath and young son, Donald Wayne, have returned to their home here from Grasmere Hospital.

Mrs. Bertha Starkweather has entered the Elliott Hospital, in Manchester, for several weeks' stay, while she has an operation on her hip and awaits recovery.

Mrs. Mary Temple and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Miner will occupy a tenement in H. E. Wilson's house, on Main street, removing from the A. L. Smith house, on West street.

Miss Frances Forsaith has gone to Boston to resume her teaching duties in the public schools; she has been spending a portion of her vacation with friends in this village.

Mrs. H. W. Elliott was recently called to Hartford, Conn., to assist in the household duties for her son, Clarence Elliott, whose wife had the misfortune to fall and break a bone in her ankle.

Mrs. Emily Tewksbury has returned to her home in Deering, after spending a season at The Highlands, assisting in the household work for Edward Coughlan, while his sister, Miss Josie Coughlan, was on vacation.

A number of members of the local W. C. T. U. recently attended the County Convention, at North Weare, where a report was given of the National Convention, held at Atlantic City, N. J., by Mrs. Alice Tolman, of Nashua.

Mrs. Fred I. Burnham returned to her home here on Tuesday last, after having passed several weeks with her daughter, Mrs. A. T. Anderson and family, in Prescott, Arizona. She reports a very pleasant visit during her stay in the West.

Miss Josie Coughlan recently returned from a trip to Grand Rapids, Michigan, where she attended the National Convention of the Woman's Relief Corps. Miss Coughlan is Dept. Patriotic Instructor of New Hampshire, and went with a party of delegates by special train from Boston. She had a most wonderful trip and visited many places of historic interest on the way.

Meeting of Young Republican Clubs of State

At a meeting in Concord of the Organization Committee of the Young Republican Clubs of New Hampshire, it was voted to hold the State session of the Clubs on Saturday and Sunday, October 19 and 20, at the Hotel Carpenter. At that time State officers will be elected and plans are being made for an interesting program that will include a banquet and dance as well as important business. The members of the organization committee are President Fred Tilton, of Laconia; Stuart Wilkins, Manchester; Wilbrod Faancoeur, Nashua; Arthur Lake, Claremont; James Graves, Keene; Paul Morin, Berlin; Morris Cummings, Exeter; John Leighton, Conway; Osmond Strong, Concord; Hazen Sturtevant, Plymouth; Edw. Jewell, Wolfboro.

Weekly News of Interest From a Few Towns Surrounding Antrim

FRANCESTOWN

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Reindeau and family were in Concord over a recent week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Freese and children of New Haven, Conn., were week-end guests in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw Langmaid and two daughters, of Marblehead, Mass., spent the week-end at their summer home here.

An all-day meeting of the Woman's Alliance was held Wednesday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Brown. A dinner was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Clark and children and Mrs. Rosa Prescott went to Dover, Mass., to visit Elizabeth Clark and Rev. and Mrs. William Rice.

Misses Ruth and Grace Lord, who are attending school at Exeter, spent the week-end with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Lord.

DEERING

Miss Lauretta Cote has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Leo Drouin, in Lebanon.

Prof. M. F. Abell, of the University of New Hampshire, and Oliver H. Toothaker of Rockland, Mass., were recent callers in town.

Mrs. Eva Davie, of North Deering, who has been in ill health for a long period, has been taken to Margaret Pillsbury hospital for treatment.

John Holden, John Davie, Harry Dutton and Harold Taylor are employed at Alexandria and Bristol, clearing a right of way for an

GREENFIELD

The Woman's Club next meeting will be October 11 with Mrs. Herbert Holt.

Mrs. Clarence Lowe has returned home, after enjoying a week at Monsam Lake, in Maine.

Miss Russell and Miss Abbie Moxley, of Medford, Mass., were week-end visitors in town.

Greenfield Grange observed Neighbors' Night Tuesday. Antrim Grange furnished the program.

Mr. and Mrs. George Shea are happy in the arrival of a son, born September 17, at the Peterboro hospital.

Mrs. Zella Loan, who spent the summer with Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Atherton, has returned to her home in Somerville, Mass.

Paul Brooks, who graduated from Keene Normal school last June, has entered New Hampshire University for further study.

Two beautiful baskets of flowers adorned the pulpit of the church on a recent Sunday morning. One was the gift of Mrs. Alice Davis and the other of Mrs. E. H. Mather.

Dr. Rockwell H. Potter, president of the American Board and Dean of The Hartford Theological Seminary, preached at the regular service in the Congregational church last Sunday morning.

electric line.

A stretch of approximately two miles of the Frankestown road, leading past the old poor farm, has been improved this fall. Culverts have been installed and a large amount of gravel has been used in resurfacing.

Officers and Program of Greenfield Woman's Club For 1935 - 1936

The yearly program of the Greenfield Woman's club has been printed and distributed to club members. Herewith is given the calendar for the year:

August 23
Town History, Mrs. Henrietta Hopkins; hostesses: Mrs. Mather, Mrs. Varnum.

September 13
Talk on College Entrance Requirements, by Dr. Elsie Hobson; hostesses: Bertha Merrill, Fannie Hopkins.

September 16
Talk by Mrs. John Heck, State President. Meeting at Bennington.

October 11
"Hobbies," by Mrs. A. Erland Goyette; hostesses: Dorothea Holt, Edythe Atherton.

October 25
"Book Sampling," Mrs. Carl L. Schroder; hostesses: Violet Coley, Blanche Gage.

November 8
Talk by Daisy D. Williamson; hostesses: Lucy Brooks, Gertrude Clement.

November 22
Thanksgiving Skit; hostesses: Kathryn Carter, Meta Shea.

December 20
Christmas Party; hostesses: Elizabeth Hopkins, Doris Hopkins.

January 10
Musical Program; hostesses: Lilla Belcher, Mary Waite.

January 24
Speaker, Mr. Aylesworth; hostesses: Vernie Holt, Dorothy Holt.

February 14
Valentine Party; hostesses: Henrietta Hopkins, Florence Adams.

February 28
Adult Education, Mrs. George

Morris; hostesses: Blanche Gage, Laura Smith.

March 13
Town Planning, Mr. Clatt; hostesses: Annie McCanna, Mary McCanna; meeting at the Town hall.

March 27
Executive Board; hostesses: Nellie Mason, Edna Thomas.

April 10
Talk by Dr. Fletcher; hostesses: Angie Russell, Gady Hopkins.

April 24
Election of Officers; hostesses: Daisy Perham, Louisa Russell.

May 8
Musical Program; hostesses: Abbie Russell, Mary Hopkins.

May 22
Gentleman's Night.

June 12
Speaker, Donald Tuttle; hostesses: Mable Holt, Grace Hall.

June 26
Picnic; hostesses: Irene Davis, Leona Howland.

Officers

President, Elizabeth Hopkins. Vice President, Lucy Brooks. Secretary, Henrietta Hopkins. Treasurer, Blanche Gage. Executive Board — Angie Russell, Blanche Gage, Mary Waite. Investigating Committee — Daisy Perham, Mabel Holt, Lilla Belcher.

Flower Committee — Florence Adams, Meta Shea.

Program Committee — Bertha Merrill, Lucy Brooks, Doris Hopkins, Elizabeth Hopkins.

Meetings held the second and fourth Fridays of each month. Time of meeting: two-thirty o'clock.

New Feature in Next "Yankee", the New Hampshire Magazine

Frances Parkinson Keyes begins a regular feature in the October issue of Yankee called Pine Cones, and according to the Editors, this will appeal to everyone, no matter what their walk of life may be.

Continuing a policy of writing up some Yankee town or city every month, the editors have included in this issue "Some Pen Pictures of Early Manchester," by Fred W. Lamb, Director of the Manchester Historic Association. Mr. Lamb tells of early town meetings, how Manchester acquired its name, the founding of the mills, and the weird storm of 1804.

From this article comes the sig-

nificance of this month's cover, a line drawing in color of Samuel Blodgett, builder of the Amoskeag Canal.

Other feature articles are likewise interesting and notable.

"Yankee is the only monthly magazine published in the interest of Yankee traditions," its editor states. "Its destiny is the interesting expression of Yankee culture, and all contributions, criticisms, and suggestions will be welcomed. The September issue had a phenomenal sale and if this magazine continues to receive the support which greeted its first issue, it can not fail."

Typewriter Paper

We still carry a stock of Bond Typewriter Paper, cut 8 1/2 x 11 inches, at prices varying with quality. Extra by parcel post.

This we will cut in halves, if you desire, giving you sheets 5 1/2 x 8 1/2 in.

We also have a stock of Light Yellow Typewriter Sheets, 8 1/2 x 11, 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 Wares Are Given, We'll Give Them"

Bennington.

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

The Missionary Society meets with Mrs. M. C. Newton on this Wednesday afternoon.

Properly fitted glasses for eyes that need them. The Babbitt Co. Three days. Antrim Pharmacy. Adv. 15

"Cappie" Martin and friends, numbering six, have returned from a camping trip way up North; they report enjoying a fine outing.

September increased our population one more. A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor, which carries the number to three for the month.

The Rummage Sale, held at the home of Miss Lawrence, on Friday afternoon, netted a goodly sum for the church treasury, considering the very low prices asked for the collateral.

Mrs. Tarbox had an auction of her household goods on Saturday afternoon; nearly everything was sold, in spite of the rainy day. It is reported the house is sold to the Sylvesters.

Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Peck, on their return trip to their home in New Haven, Conn., from Lake Winnepesaukee, where they have been camping, made Mrs. Gordon a brief visit on Monday.

On Thursday afternoon, the "crazy eight" gave Mrs. Gordon a party, bringing lots of good things. Mrs. Whitney, of Antrim, and her mother, Mrs. Woodward, of Milford; Mrs. M. C. Newton brought her aunt, Mrs. Peters, of Southern New Jersey, who is visiting her; Mrs. Daisy Ross was kept at home by illness, but Mrs. Perry was present. A most enjoyable afternoon was passed.

The regular monthly meeting of the Bennington Sportsman's Club will be held on Thursday evening, Oct. 3. Program of events include:

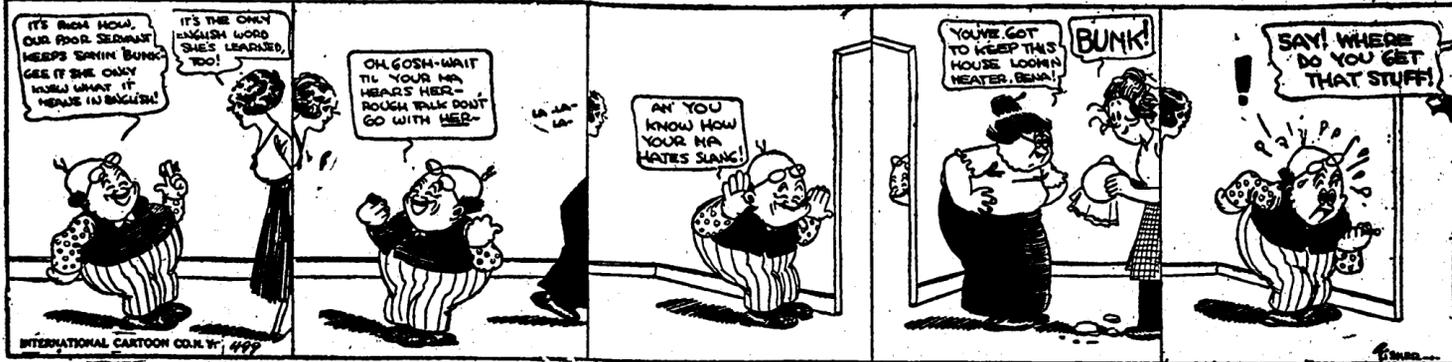
- Business meeting
 - Baked bean supper, with all the fixings
 - Entertainment—Acts of Vaudeville
 - Prominent Speakers
- A good time will be had by all, says the committee in charge.

Auction Sale

By C. H. Muzzev, Auctioneer, Antrim

Mrs. John Cody, having decided to break up housekeeping, will sell at Public Auction, at her home in Bennington village, on Saturday, October 5, at 9:30 a. m., her household goods, consisting in part of kitchen range, parlor stove, radio, oil stove, tables, chairs, mattresses, beds and bedding, art squares, rugs, lumps, crockery and glassware, cooking utensils; and in addition to a large lot of these goods there are a number of pieces of antique. The sale should attract a lot of buyers. For particulars read auction bills.

Raising the Family - Ma can swing a little slang herself



ANTRIM POST OFFICE

Mail Schedule in Effect September 30, 1935

Going North	
Mails Close	Leave Station
7.29 a.m.	7.44 a.m.
8.30 p.m. via bus from Elmwood to Concord.	
Going South	
9.15 a.m. via bus from Concord to Elmwood.	
3.40 p.m.	3.55 p.m.
6.15 p.m. via bus from Hillsboro to Elmwood. Returning at about 7.15.	
Office closes at 7.30 p.m.	

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Rev. William Patterson, Pastor
Thursday, October 3
Mid-week service omitted
Sunday, October 6
Regular Morning Worship, at 10.45 o'clock. Rev. William Weston, of Hancock, will preach.
Communion service.
Sunday school at 12 a.m.
Union evening service, at 7 o'clock, in this church.
Rev. Wm. Weston, preacher.

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

Baptist
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, October 3
Mid-week meeting at 7.30 p.m.
Topic: Paul's Earliest Letter. 1st Thess.
Sunday, October 6
Sunday school at 10 a.m.
Morning Worship at 11 o'clock.
The pastor will preach on Getting the Most out of Life.

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.

It's disappointing to call for a copy of The Reporter and not get one. Better subscribe for a year—\$2.00.

NEW POSTMASTER

Takes Over Office - Retiring Postmaster Remains as New Assistant

On Tuesday morning, October 1, Antrim's newly commissioned Postmaster, Earl X. Cutter, took over the duties of his new position. He had been assisting in the work as clerk since receiving his commission, learning many of the things which a postmaster must know. Beginning a new quarter of the year's work, Mr. Cutter is Postmaster in full charge of affairs, and begins the work with the best wishes of everybody. His friends wish for him much success in his new undertaking, and feel that the public generally will continue to be well served along this particular line.

Miss Alice R. Thompson, who has been Postmaster for a number of years and previously was Assistant Postmaster, and has a reputation of maintaining as good a Postoffice as Antrim ever had, will continue to serve the patrons of this office for the present at least, as Postmaster Cutter has made satisfactory arrangements with her to remain as Assistant Postmaster. Her friends here and elsewhere will be glad to know this, and feel they will continue to receive efficient and courteous treatment at her hands.

A change of Administration makes necessary a change in Postmasters at the Antrim office, as this has become a political proposition in an outstanding manner.

Being Postmaster and Assistant are unusually trying positions, as only those know who have done this work; patrons of the office are slow at times in considering this matter in its proper light, and don't always use the utmost of consideration. Public servants of this nature are long-suffering as a rule and should be given assistance in their work rather than otherwise. Antrim's Postoffice will doubtless continue to be one of the best conducted offices in this section.

Of Miss Evelyn M. Parker, who retires from the position of Assistant Postmaster, it is nice to say that she has done the job well and been an obliging and courteous official, and in leaving this position she has the respect and best wishes of a lot of friends.

Antrim Woman's Club

The Antrim Woman's Club will hold its first meeting of the year 1935-'36 on Tuesday, October 8, at 8 o'clock p.m., in Library hall. Vincent Gatto, Superintendent of Schools, will speak on "A Philosophy of Education." Parents and teachers, and others interested in the schools, are cordially invited to attend this meeting.

Miriam W. Roberts,
Publicity Com.

Spinach Keeps Hair On
He who eats much spinach does well by his hair. Vitamin C, which is contained in spinach in great quantities, plays a very important part in the organism of the body. Shortage of this valuable vitamin results in impaired growth and premature old age, accompanied by the shedding of hair.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Salt-Water Pike
The barracuda is a salt-water pike. In general conformation the fish closely resembles a big, great northern pike or muskellunge. It is gray, marked with black on the back, shading through silver to white on the stomach. It is considered one of the most savage fish that swims and its great gaping mouth, armed with sharp slashing teeth, make it an instrument of destruction probably not equaled by any other fish its size. While an inferior battler to many game fish found in the same water, its strike is terrific. It hits a trolled lure or bait with a viciousness calculated to destroy and does not hesitate to mutilate other fish nearly or quite its equal in size.

Low Rate on Farm Loans Factor in Improvement

Improved conditions have changed the entire outlook of many farm families who a short time ago "thought they were facing a tough winter," according to Hiram C. Bruce, of Milford, secretary of the Souhegan Valley National Farm Loan Association. One factor that has contributed to a brighter outlook is the low interest rates on farm loans and recent changes that have simplified and liberalized loan requirements.

For the first time in the history of farming in this country, first-mortgage farm loans are available on long-term contracts at a maximum interest rate of 4 per cent. Temporarily this rate is cut to 3 1/2 per cent. on interest payments that come due before July 1, 1936, but after that date loans now being made will never bear more than 4 per cent. throughout their entire period of 20 to 33 years.

Although regular first-mortgage loans never exceed 45 to 50 per cent. of the value of a farm, they may be supplemented by special funds to bring the total up to 75 per cent. of the value of the property. This money can be used not only to pay up old debts but for repairs and improvements. For the first time also, loans are now made on that basis for outright purchases.

Antrim Grange, No. 98

Antrim Grange observed Booster's Night on Monday, Sept. 30. About fifty members and guests were present. The address of welcome was made by the Worthy Master, Rachel Caughey.

Rev. John W. Logan, of Bennington, was the speaker of the evening. He gave an interesting and inspiring talk on "Grange Ideals." A required essay, "What Should be the Long Time Program for the Grange," was presented by Mrs. McIlvin. Two short farces, several musical numbers, a group of charades, and a reading, completed the program.

October 2 will be Neighbor's Night. The Second Degree will be exempted for Deputy Scott Eastman. Supper will be served by the Brothers.

October 8, Antrim Grangers will visit Bennington Grange and present the literary program.

Marietta S. Lang, Sec.

Astrologers Licensed

Despite the fact that astrology has been ridiculed by intelligent people and even banned by law in many countries for 4,800 years, it remains today the most elaborately organized of all superstitions, writes C. C. Carley, Washington, D. C., in Collier's Weekly. In the United States, astrologers still are licensed to forecast future events.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss.
Court of Probate

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

Whereas Ralph G. Smith, 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 Manchester, in said County, on the 19th day of November 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 24th day of September A. D. 1935.

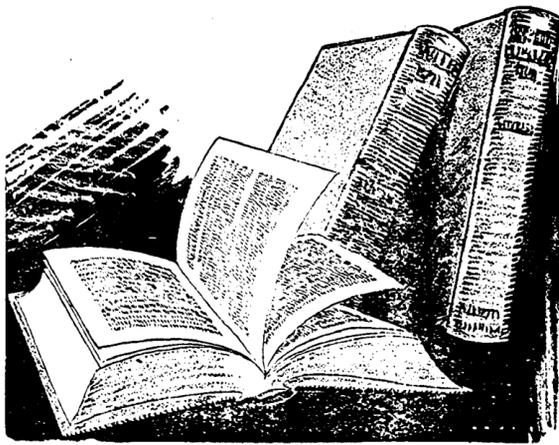
By order of the Court,
WILFRED J. BOISCLAIR,
Register.

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.

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The Antrim Reporter

Antrim, N. H.

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The National Survey,
Chester, Vermont

Frock That Puts Accent on Youth

PATTERN 9343



Always a good beginning, this youthful talkred collar on the simple yoke makes a demure foil for the dainty softness of the bodice. The prettiness of the chic frock is furthered with a graceful flare sleeve—or it may puff, if you prefer. The results are so satisfying you'll find it real fun to run up this little dress in a dainty printed silk or cotton. A soft handkerchief linen would be stunning, too, and so easy to tub. Buttons and belt can pick up a color in the print and make a striking accent.

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John—How'd you like to eat dinner with me tonight?
Joan—I'd love to.
John—Okay, tell your mother I'll be there about six o'clock.

Top Short

Mr. Newlywed—What's wrong with that pie-crust, darling? It doesn't half cover the pie.
Mrs. N.—I asked your mother how to make pies to suit you, and she said to make the crust very short.

Slight Misunderstanding

Customer—What kind of meat have you today?
Butcher—Mutton and venison.
Customer—Is the mutton deer?
Butcher—No, the venison is deer.

Impromptu Howler

Teacher—William, construct a sentence using the word "Archaic."
William—We can't have archaic and eat it too.

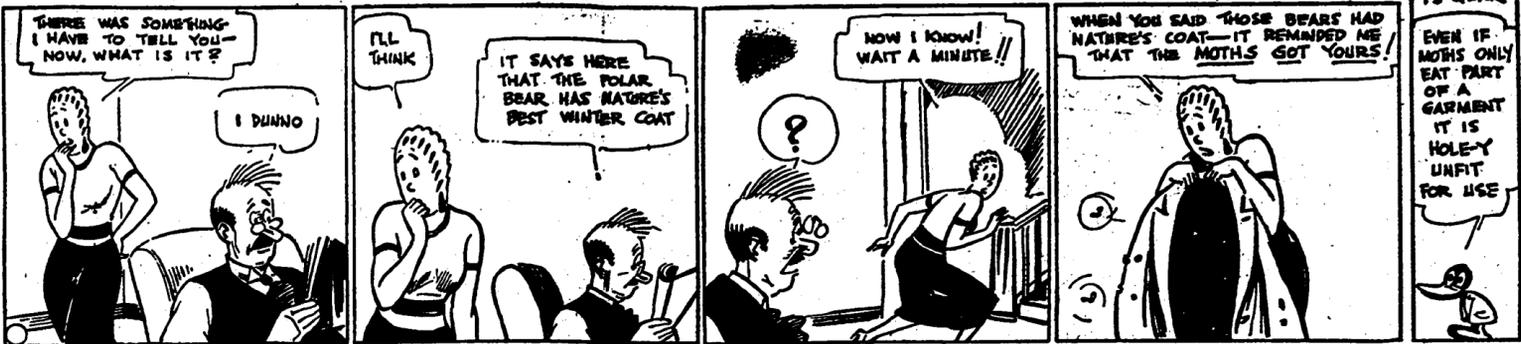
Fetch the Tear Gas

"I learned to play the saxophone entirely by ear."
"Didn't it give you the earache?"



THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne

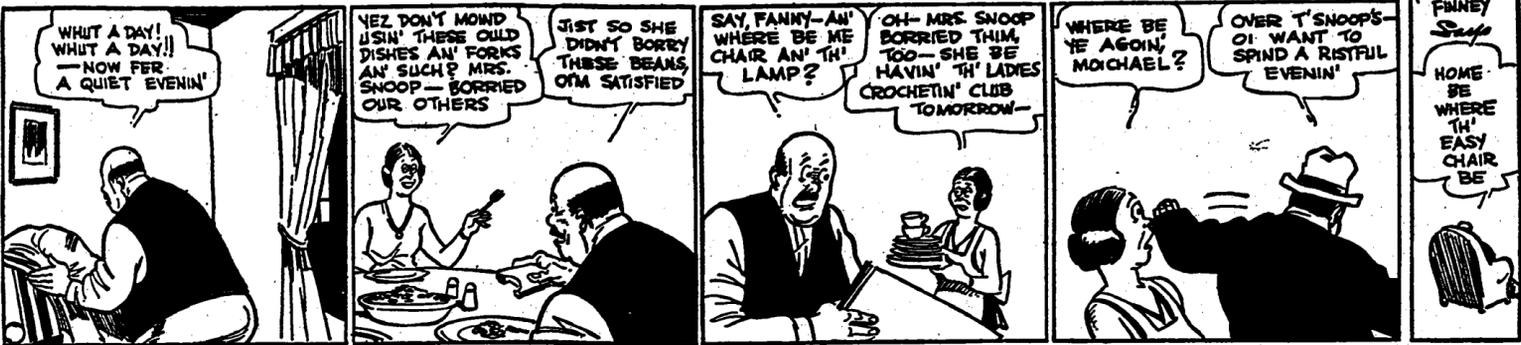


Out of Hole Cloth



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin



Transfer



S'MATTER POP— Uncle Cy Calls for a Check Up on Hisself

By C. M. PAYNE



MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY

Muley Might Be Concerned at That



"REG'LAR FELLERS"

Unappreciated Artist

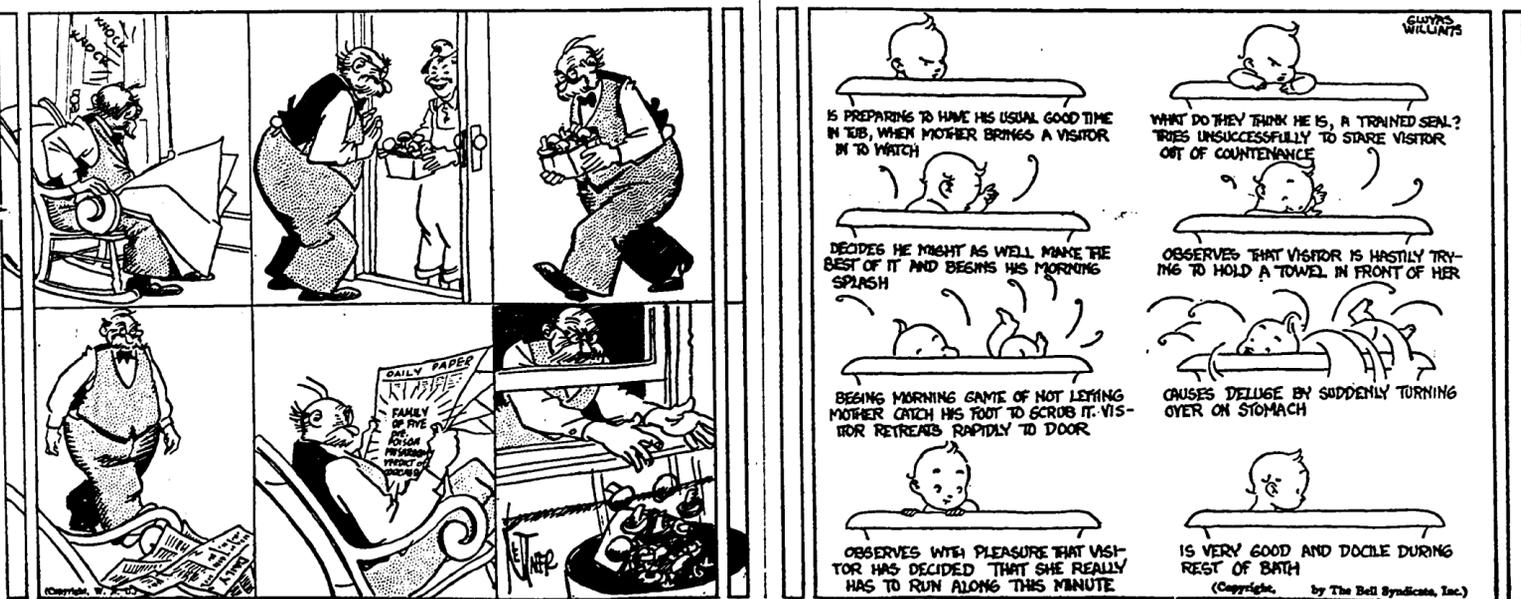


Our Pet Peeve

By M. G. KETTNER

BATHROOM VISITORS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



**PEASANT COTTAGE
POT HOLDER SET**

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



With a very little handwork you can have this charming little peasant cottage with a fence around it, right in your kitchen. When you are not using it the house fits inside the pocket formed by the fence. Colors in the house and field beyond are stamped and stenciled and require merely outlining. Size finished about 9 by 12 inches.

Package A-11 contains the stamped and tinted material of linene for the potholder and the container, also the binding for fence and instructions how to make it up. Sent postpaid for 15 cents.

Address HOME CRAFT CO., DEPT. A, NINETEENTH AND ST. LOUIS AVE., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Inclose stamped addressed envelope for reply when writing for any information.

Redskin Still Superior

The traditional superiority of the redskin over the white man in canoeing is still maintained by the Indians living near Old Town, Maine, whose expertness enables them to win practically every canoe race they enter.

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MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

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If Mothers Only Knew

Thousands of Children Suffer from Round Worms, and Their Mothers do not always know what the trouble is. Signs of Round Worms are: Constipation, deranged stomach, swollen upper lip, offensive breath, hard and full stomach with pains, pale face, eyes heavy, short dry cough, grinding of the teeth, etc.

Mrs. E. W. Stephan, 31 Kenberma Road, Dorchester, Mass., wrote: "My little girl's freedom from children's diseases, colds, constipation, etc., I attribute in a large measure to the use of Dr. True's Elixir."

Dr. True's Elixir

The True Family Laxative and Round Worm Expeller Made from imported herbs, aids nature in cleansing the intestinal tract. For Children and Adults. Successfully Used for 84 Years

Watch Your Kidneys!

Be Sure They Properly Cleanse the Blood
YOUR kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as nature intended—fail to remove impurities that poison the system when retained. Then you may suffer nagging backache, dizziness, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, swollen limbs, feel nervous, miserable—all upset.
Don't delay! Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are especially for poorly functioning kidneys. They are recommended by grateful users the country over. Get them from any drugist.

DOAN'S PILLS

WNU—2 39—32

ITCHING...
anywhere on the body—also burning irritated skin—soothed and helped by
Resinol



Hugh Bradley Says

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Alumni Pleas Bring Survey of Grid Hopes

PROBABLY it is too early to go into this sort of thing as a serious business and yet the temptation is great. Even though various tennis championships, pennant races, prize ring arguments, golf titles and turf contests must be decided before the thing can get any man-sized attention. Well, I just cannot resist the wistful eyes of all those old alumni who stand there pleading to be steered wrong concerning the fates of their various Siwashes this season. So today will be devoted to rapping on wood and mentioning various items concerning the varsity hopes of football, taking only the East for the time being.

As usual the top choice must be Pittsburgh. Even though the Rooters, the Shotwells and the Welstocks have graduated Jock Sutherland undoubtedly will produce very satisfactory service for his very handsome salary this fall. Indeed he may do even better than in 1934. There is a reason that is more important than the individual prowess of the Souchaks and the Glassfords who will seek to replace the departed stars.

Last year the Panthers were rather lightweight for such a wearing, tearing schedule. In was the extra pressure of pounds put forth by Minnesota in the final quarter which, more than anything else, squeezed Pittsburgh into its only defeat. Now there is more weight, almost ten pounds of it per man, among the reserves. But probably U. S. C., Nebraska, Army, Fordham and Notre Dame have enough problems now so we can proceed to Princeton.

The Tigers of 1934 had experience, training and physical power enough to have become the greatest of all Nassau teams. Given a schedule such as that played by Pitt it is possible that they might have been even more successful. As it was, toppling over ancient but easy opponents, the Sandbachs, the Le Vans and the Wellers became overconfident.

This was apparent against Harvard and disastrous against a mediocre Yale eleven which chose one afternoon to recall the glories of the Heffelfingers and the Hinkeys. Naturally the same thing can happen to Princeton this fall, even though Yale continues no more than mediocre and Harvard's main pointing will be toward the Eli contest. But for all that Red Blaik's Dartmouth eleven will be improved and Cornell has afternoons full of surprises, do not bet on it.

Never Overlook Pop Warner's Team

Also do not make too many rash predictions concerning any chance defeats that may befall Temple. This is the season that Pop Warner has been awaiting ever since he returned East and when he has a fullback such as the burly Dave Smuckler the greatest of coaches easily does not have to confess that he has waited in vain.

Much the same can be said about his former pupil and assistant, Andy Kerr. The Red Raiders have a harder schedule than usual but they also have a heavier and more experienced team with which to score touchdowns while opponents are bedazzled by the flim-flam of the laterals. They also have such backs as Irwin, McDonough and Kerr. If that is not enough they . . . But perhaps there are folks in Syracuse who read these pieces because they spread sweat and light and so enough of that.

And then there is Fordham, with one of the toughest schedules any team ever has tackled. With Joe Maniaci, Amerino Sarno and Emil Dui available just to mention a few of the lads whose names can be spelled inside a paragraph—the Rams also have one of the country's most impressive squads. Yet . . . Well, at least one can wish Jimmy Crowley all the luck that he most certainly will need.

Columbia will, of course, be good. Just how good is a question that could very well be answered on October 19. Then the Lions meet a Penn eleven that had almost everything save experience last fall. Maybe Lou Little, who often performs miracles with such sophomores as those he is working with now, can do it. But—just as a thought—this Mr. Harvey Harmon at Penn has, in a very quiet manner, proved that he deserves a far higher rating as a coach than any that has yet been accorded him.

SOME of the tales that are told when gray-haired men gather on the verandas while the stars stand their watch at Saratoga:

There are the whispers about the fortune Arnold Rothstein, the sure-thing gambler, may have hidden some place before he suddenly departed from this earth. Most of the veterans here knew him—some of them only too well and too sadly—and they doubt whether his estate could possibly have been as small as the records show.

It is not that they suspect any living person but they knew Arnold as he was, a close-mouthed fellow who early learned that you seldom can go broke when you have aces wired. So they sit and wonder where those aces—the reserve fund, the stake for another day—can be.

Some of them will whisper that there must be close to \$500,000 worth of cash or easily negotiable securities awaiting in some safe deposit vault for an owner who never will return. They—those veterans who knew Arnold so well and sometimes so sadly—say that would have been just like him. To rent the box under some assumed name and then, trusting no man, to keep the secret locked forever in his own mind.

Others confide that this cold, suave man who knew Broadway so well that only once could he be persuaded to venture more than 500 miles away from it—that was when he had the pleasure of viewing the 1919 world series preparations of the Reds and the hitherto well-laundered White Sox—would never have given a bank such a break.

They whisper that he must have hidden his \$500,000 in which they believe so implicitly some place on Long Island. Perhaps in some deserted house, they say, or maybe even in a hole in the ground where only he knew the marks that must be known before a Twentieth century treasure hunt could be of any avail.

But the evening grows old along with such vague wonderings and—

Horse Gets "Hot Seat" for Eating

There is the tale of Kercheval. A popular horse in the West 30 years or so ago, he had won the Burns handicap, then one of California's most celebrated turf events. But perhaps success went to his head or it may have been that he was a bad one at heart. To this day men will argue about that, but the facts in the case are plain.

Kercheval was a man-eater. At first he merely nibbled at his stable boys and—since those free and easy horsemen of another era probably figured that there was no accounting for tastes—nobody took that seriously. Later, though, he began snapping at every one who hove into sight.

Soop not even the biggest helping of oats or the juiciest hay that money could buy could tempt him half as much as a nice bite out of a customer's arm. Even in an era when Diamond Jim Brady and other monumental eaters were searching the world for new inspirations for jaded appetites this was a trifle too much. They wanted to be fair though and so they gave him another chance.

It was no use. Like many a man who lets temptation run away with him, Kercheval was determined to dig his grave with his teeth. So, one afternoon after he had slashed off most of a lady's bonnet as well as two feet of hair and some scalp, they decided that there was nothing else to do.

Kercheval was indicted and tried in due form by the sovereign state. There was much that could be said in his favor because, as has been mentioned, he was a horse with winning ways. But when Brady, Bet-a-Million Gates, Marcus Daley and those others could be satisfied with lobster, guinea hen and a few assorted truffles it seemed to the jury that this four-legged glutton was asking too much.

So they deliberated—those twelve good men and true—and then returned with the verdict. Of course there were other alternatives open to them, even though they deemed him guilty beyond doubt. But the thing was new then and the West ever has been a section given over to novelties. Besides, there may have been those who noted a wicked gleam in the eye of this horse who stood in the crowded courtroom with probably never a worry as to where his next meal was coming from.

I do not know about that though. I know only the facts in the case, and they are plain.

While Kercheval looked longingly at the fat foreman the verdict was read. There was no recommendation of mercy for this horse, who probably knew his oats so well that he never cared for them when he could get something tastier. The judgment was terse and definite and clear.

Kercheval had been sentenced to be electrocuted.

And these are the tales that are told in the evening.

Dan Topping, whose sports holdings include the Brooklyn pro football team, is still paying off on golf bets, running to four figures, he lost to "Wild Bill" Meany last season. Meany, who can't afford to lose too many wagers, delights in taking the more moneyed boys over the hurdles whenever they become too sure of their links skill.

Let Our Motto Be
GOOD HEALTH
BY DR. LLOYD ARNOLD
Professor of Bacteriology and Preventive Medicine, University of Illinois, College of Medicine.

ASTHMA, HAY FEVER, HIVES AND SICK HEADACHE

Spontaneous hypersensitiveness in man are big words that, without proper explanation, mean very little, but, as a matter of fact, spontaneous hypersensitiveness includes asthma, hay fever, eczema, and such common diseases which, while they rarely carry us to the grave, certainly make us exceedingly uncomfortable. Asthma attacks the muscular tubes of the air passages and causes these muscles to contract, thereby diminishing the volume of air that is breathed in. Hay fever attacks the membrane of the nose. Eczema may break out in the skin almost anywhere.

It has been found that, when both parents have suffered from hay fever or asthma, 58 per cent of the children have these ailments. When only one parent suffers from hay fever and asthma, usually just half of the children have the same ailment. But hay fever and asthma also develop in some children where there is no family history of this disease. When both parents are asthmatics or hay fever sufferers, children develop the same disease earlier in life than when only one parent is involved or when there is no history of these particular ailments in the mother or father.

Hay fever parents usually beget hay fever children, and asthmatic parents beget asthmatic children.

Hay fever is usually associated with August, the month in which ragweed pollens are most numerous in the air. But the hypersensitive condition of the nose can be brought about by other substances than plant pollens, animal hair, dandruff, or such substances can cause it, as can face powders, perfumes and certain foods, such as strawberries, almonds, fish, etc. Or it can be brought about by bacterial infections. In this instance it is not the bacteria that cause the disease, as in the case of a boil, but it is the component parts of the bacteria that are absorbed by the blood stream and come in contact with the nose in this way.

The cause of asthma can be the same as that of hay fever. Inhaling certain substances, ingesting certain substances as food or remote food of bacterial growths, can cause an increased sensitiveness of the musculature of the tubes leading air to the lungs. This increased sensitiveness causes spasms of these muscles. It is during the period of spasm or cramps that the asthmatic is most uncomfortable. Another manifestation of hypersensitiveness to foods is the uterica or hives that break out on the skin after the eating of certain foods.

In studies which have been carried on at the Illinois Research hospital in connection with the University of Illinois, it seems that an individual belonging to the asthma, hay fever, eczema or hives group is put together in a different way from the rest of us. These hypersensitive people are so constituted and constructed that they react in an abnormal manner to what would be normal to most of us.

The individuals who suffer from migraine headache, the sick headache that comes on with regular periodicity, really belong to the same general group as the hypersensitive persons do. This does not mean that the migraine is brought on like an attack of asthma or hay fever. But studies of the headache groups that we have made in our research laboratory leave us impressed with the fact that preceding an attack of sick headache, certain definite internal changes take place. These include changes in constituents of the blood, and there seems to be a difference in the internal metabolism of these migraine sufferers. The changes seem to be periodic, occurring some times at weekly intervals, and again at fortnightly, monthly or even longer intervals. Consequently these sick headaches, although not brought on by inhaling plant or animal substances or by eating certain foods, seem to depend on a changing or unstable internal regulating system that makes the migraine patient closely akin to asthmatic and hay fever sufferers.

Our conclusion then is that persons suffering from asthma, hay fever, eczema, hives and migraine, have a very unstable involuntary nervous system.

The involuntary controlling machinery of their body functions is so regulated that it can be upset or thrown out of tune as a result of contact with irritating substances that to the rest of us produce no deviation from the normal. We know even less about the migraine group of sufferers than the hay fever group. The cause of the attacks of sick headache seems to be developed within the individual, because we can demonstrate certain internal body changes preceding the onset of migraine. It will be necessary to do a great deal more laboratory work before these spontaneous hypersensitive people and the migraine sufferers can be clearly understood. We must know more about the cause and how the body changes during the attacks of these diseases before we can attempt to prevent them.

© Western Newspaper Union.

Home Preservation of Fruits, Vegetables for Winter Meals

This is the season when canning and preserving are at their height. In this cataloging, jelly-making and pickling are included. In each instance the fruits and other ingredients are so cooked or prepared that they are saved with flavor kept or diversified, as the case may be, until later dates when they will tempt appetites in their cooked or preserved form. Methods of preparation vary, but the thrifty preservation of an extra supply of the ingredients, is a main object, with the desire for delicacies on winter tables as a secondary one, especially when ingredients have to be bought to put up.

Canning is the easiest form of home food preservation. Ingredients require to have all live germs destroyed. This is done by heat. It is also necessary to have such immediate and close sealing as will prevent entrance of agents that will cause spoilage. Sugar is not necessary. It can be added later, but during cooking or after jars are opened later on the fruits will need sugar in proportion to their acidity, exactly as when eaten fresh. The general method is to sweeten fruits during process of canning, thus making them instantly ready for serving when the can is opened. However, sometimes it happens that the sugar supply gets so low that there is not enough for fruit which should be canned in its prime. It is at such times that it is well to remember

that sugar can be left out, and be added later on.

Methods of canning vary. Fruit or vegetables are peeled, cored, and cut up or otherwise made ready for canning, and simmered in a little water, and their own juices which the heat will extract, and then put in jars filled to the brim and sealed immediately. Or the ingredients may be prepared and cooked for a few moments in water with or without sugar, the time varying according to varieties. Then they are packed in jars attractively, and the liquid poured in to fill jars. Covers are put on jars with rubber bands around tops, and are only half fastened down. The jars are then put on a rack in the bottom of the preserving kettle, and covered with cold water. Boil until fruits or vegetables are done. Time varies with ingredients being canned.

Remove jars and seal completely. Stand jars on their heads, to discover if there is any leakage. If so, process the fruit again, as otherwise it will not keep. Covers are not fastened down tight at first, as to do so would be likely to cause breakage by expansion of steam in jars. The slight leeway between jar and half fastened down tops permits escape of surplus steam.

Paste a label on each perfect jar, indicating what the contents are, and the year when put up. Put jars in a dark closet, preferably. The well stocked preserve closet is a satisfaction to every homemaker, and indicates thriftiness, and readiness for emergencies.

© Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

HITCH-HIKING FLY SPREADS DISEASE

The common house fly is a hitch-hiker. However, the fly doesn't bother to jerk a thumb and ask a ride; it flies into moving autos or even trains or airplanes without permission and often travels hundreds of miles before leaving its chosen vehicle.

This habit of flies traveling great distances on other power than their own has made local fly eradication campaigns less effective than the campaigners hoped. Cases have been found where a fly carried disease germs on its legs and body for miles and infected people in the community where it settled. No previous cases of the disease were in existence in the new community and health authorities could find no other source of infection than flies.

Repeated warnings of physicians and health officials have apparently failed to instill a proper fear of the house fly in the average mind. However, a more thorough knowledge of the habits of a fly would increase the respect for this tiny insect, according to authorities on the subject. Decent cleanliness in any home requires protection against the menace of flies. Whether a fly is home-born or a hitch-hiking visitor, he is a danger. Fortunately, an effective fly-killing program can be conducted in any home by the use of a reliable fly spray containing an ample quantity of Pyrethrin, a product derived from Pyrethrum flowers, which is death to flies, when sprayed in a fine mist.

Find Mummified Dogs
The remains of two mummified dogs were found in northeastern Arizona recently, buried beside the bodies of ancient residents of that country. It is said that this civilization flourished between 2500 and 1500 B. C., which would indicate that dogs as pets or companions were known at that time. One of the dogs resembled a yellow-haired collie and the other was black and white, but considerably smaller. They were in a perfect state of preservation.

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SIMONIZ**

WHEN THE DOCTOR SAYS YOU HAVE "TOO MUCH ACID"

Health, your doctor will tell you, is based on a delicate balance in the system between *alkalinity and acidity*. Modern day habits, especially the foods we eat, destroy this balance by creating *excess acids*. Watch for acid danger signals!

In the mouth acids attack enamel, bring tooth decay and bad breath. In the stomach they attack delicate linings and bring sick headaches, indigestion, gas and constipation, and often chronic disorders.

Neutralize excess acids as once with Milnesia Wafers—original Milk of Magnesia in tasty Wafer form. One Wafer before bedtime, and the whole digestive system, from mouth and gums to intestines, is kept sweet and clean and clear of these harmful acids. Thousands of physicians now recommend Milnesia.

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 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 contain 5 million tiny tubes or filters which may be endangered by neglect or drastic irritating drugs. Be careful. If functional kidney or bladder disorders make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Loss of Sleep, Pain, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Cries Under Eyes, Nausea, Aching, Burning, Smarting or Itching, you need to take chances. All druggists now have the most modern advanced treatment for these troubles—Doctor's Prescription called Cystex (Sis-Tex). Works fast—safe and sure. In 48 hours it must bring new vitality and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger in one week or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs only 35¢ a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.

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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.
 Meetings 7 to 8
HUGH M. GRAHAM,
JAMES I. PATTERSON,
ALFRED G. HOLT,
 Selectmen of Antrim.

Dr. Elgen M. Bowers
Dentist
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 Office moved to
 Rumrill Block over Derby Store

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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. Dorcie 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

If there is any doubt in your minds about the popularity of a Dog Field trials you should have attended the Trials at Ashby, Mass., last Sunday or the trials at Nashua Saturday and Sunday. Over ten thousand people attended these two trials on Saturday and Sunday and a week ago at the Stobie Farms at Hooksett, N. H., where the New England Bird dogs trials were held. No matter what you say or think the people are sure going to the dogs.

Well the first bob cat of the season made its appearance one day this week. Frank Gerrish of Deering, N. H., was the lucky fellow and the cat was a 1935 kitten about seven pounds. But they bring just as much as one that will tip the scales at forty.

Here comes a letter from H. G. Upham. He wants to put me right on this band concert business. I have been bragging about the Wilton band and how generous the town is to appropriate the sum of \$300.00 a year for ten concerts. Upham says that the town he claims a resident in has got Wilton stopped a mile when it comes to band concerts. Why his town puts up five hundred big iron men and they give 21 concerts in Conway, North Conway and Center Conway. Glad to hear of another wide awake music minded town.

Mrs. Melville H. Robbins of New London, N. H., sends down a rubber band she took off of a carrier pigeon that got killed in her yard. It's number — 61-1-992 — Not on my list.

Elwin P. Swicker of Townsend, Mass., has got a litter of Irish Setter puppies. This will answer two letters I got last week asking for this breed of dogs. Here is a man that wants a real pal dog for a boy aged eight. He wants a smooth haired dog that can "Take It" from this boy. While on the dog subject Mrs. Elmer P. Adams of Milford has a litter of old fashioned Shepard puppies, prices right.

The new waterfowl law does not permit of the sunrise hunting any more. You cannot get out onto the marshes and into the blinds till 7 a. m., and no hunting after 4 p. m. No more baiting of the birds and no more live decoys will be permitted. The new law also says that you cannot use but 3 shells in your gun at one time and this also pertains to the hunting of woodcock.

All the big calibre guns will have to be left at home nights when you go raccoon hunting. Nothing over a 32 calibre in a pistol or revolver will be allowed and nothing over a 22 cal. rifle after dark. Guns found will be confiscated and the poor hunter will be out of luck. This law is to stop the jacking of deer at night.

Saw a picture of the Massachusetts Warden's the other day in full uniform. They are a good looking bunch but the picture I saw they looked like a bunch of hard boiled eggs. And from what I hear some of them are that and more. But they do look good in their new outfits.

These Migratory bird laws are federal and a very heavy fine is attached to the taking of any of them from a moving automobile, airplane, power boat, sail boat. Then you have to buy that stamp back one big iron man. But without that stamp your Uncle Sam will ask you to dig down for a \$500 fine and a short vacation at some federal boarding house where the underpinning runs to the roof in a straight line.

Rapic strides have been made this past season in the raising of wild water fowl and pheasants which in the past have always been a failure. Soon we will be able to buy birds that in the past have been rare and beyond the pocket book of the average man.

Isn't it funny they will not let you forget the fact that you are getting a year older. One day last week I had another mile stone come around and they won't let me forget it. I got a couple pair of good socks — not the kind that some of them wish I had but the kind you wear on your feet — and birthday cards galore. Guess it's worth having after all.

One of the boys gave me the socks but after I got them I found that they were the same size he wore so I put them into cold storage till I need them.

That big dog I picked up several weeks ago over in Mason belonged to a man in Arlington, Mass. It was a valuable fox hound and he got his dog back. This dog came under the new law — running at large without a collar or any mark to tell who he belonged to. This dog could have been shot and buried and the owner would have been out one good dog. So it's up to every owner of a good hunting dog to put a collar on with name and address upon same. Then he has some show of getting his dog back.

Was asked the other day in Ashby, Mass., how many dogs I had killed in the woods running at large without a collar. Well I have killed none to date. I have picked up quite a few in the past few weeks and taken them home and warned the owner to tie them up. We know of very valuable dogs that slip their collars and run but if an owner tries to keep his dog or dogs confined we overlook a break once in a while.

From all points of the compass we get reports that this is to be the biggest game season for many years past. The country is full of grey squirrels. The ruffed grouse

some of these wise ones will be quick if your name is there. using show leather instead of gas and rubber. Fair warning. Now that the dog and gun season is on the damage to dogs by quill pigs will be heavy. Take the dog to a good Vet. We have one here in Wilton, Dr. Archer. Other towns all have a good Vet. Don't try to take them out yourself. You may injure your dog for life. If you value your dog call a "Vet."

The fall foliage is about ready for the annual inspection. From Peard's hill just a short ways from my place the view is wonderful. A few more frosty nights and the scenery will be at its best. The swamps are beautiful right now. Owners of valuable dogs should check and double check on their dogs just now as many cases of distemper is being reported in and many a good dog has passed out within the past few weeks with this dreaded disease. Keep your dog away from strange dogs. My old friend Jack O'Dowd, the County Sheriff and Jailor at the Manchester jail has added another feather to his cap by rounding up the gang that's been doing a lot of breaking and entering in this section. You have got to hand it to Jack when it comes to getting his man.

This year there is a new law by which you cannot use a whistle, cow bells, horns, or other noise making devices in hunting deer. It's unlawful this year to set a trap of any kind in a public way cart road.

I still have that little beagle hound that I picked up about five weeks ago. Looks like a valuable dog that some one lost. No name just a plain trap.

Don't set that fire without a permit from the local town Forest Fire warden. Laws are strict and will be enforced. Did you know there was a law forbidding the placing of any signs on a trunk line or state aid highway within the rights of way which is usually 66 feet. This is section 15 Chapter 47 Public laws of N. H. The fine for this is \$100. We have noticed in the past week a lot of ball game, dance, auction signs stuck up on trees and fences. This comes under the Highway department and this law is to be enforced to the letter. Just a tip in case you had not heard of this law.

Did you ever see the young raccoon that Mr. Muzzey of the Bennington Fish and Game club has raised at his Game Farm on the main road, route 31. Better stop the next time you go by and admire this young raccoon. He also raised a lot of Ring Necks. His pens are also worth looking over.

Jim DeRoche of the Federal Hatchery at Nashua planted three thousand trout in Brookline brooks one day last week. Jim have you forgotten us?

Now the hunting season is about to begin don't hunt your dog without your name on the collar. We can get your dog back to you

Again—
The People Speak
 By RAYMOND PITCAIRN
 National Chairman
 Sentinels of the Republic

An event of unusual import to those who would tinker with the United States Constitution has occurred recently in Pennsylvania—the state wherein our National Charter of Liberties was conceived and written.

These for the first time since recent efforts to remould our Federal Constitution along the lines of the newer political philosophy gained national prominence, the people themselves were given opportunity to say what they thought of that sort of thing.

Emphatically they rejected the idea. Dominated by the vote from rural districts and the smaller cities, they decided that this was no time to risk the possible writing into fundamental law of various unproven theories now being urged throughout America as a substitute for crystallized experience.

The people of Pennsylvania, of course, voted only on the question of revising their own state constitution. But fundamentally—and despite whatever political spokesmen on either side may claim—some of the principles involved were comparable to those brought into prominence by the nation-wide efforts of certain groups to remould our Federal Constitution into a form more readily influenced by passing fears and passions.

In the response may be read a heartening message of encouragement to all who oppose efforts to scrap certain essential elements of our American system of government in favor of new and untried theories. It is: "That the great body of the people—men and women who constitute the backbone of America—are not at this time in sympathy with a policy of sudden changes. They realize that while it was the Declaration of Independence that proclaimed personal Liberty, it is the Federal Constitution that assures it. They do not intend to surrender that guarantee. Again—the People speak."

Fire Insurance

If you are not now carrying as much Insurance as you should have for protection purposes, or need your present policy changed in any way, or for any reason wish to patronize some other Agency, this announcement is to remind you this Agency represents some of the Best, Strongest, and Most Reliable Companies doing business in this State. A share of your patronage is solicited.

THE
ELDREDGE INSURANCE AGENCY,

ANTRIM, New Hampshire