

NOVEMBER 20th

FRONT PAGE MISSING

Napoleon's Funeral Is Depicted by Eyewitness

St. Helena Rites Described in Letter to Mother.

London.—Among the 1,600 British troops who assisted at the burial of Napoleon at St. Helena, May 9, 1821, was Lieut. Duncan Darroch, of the Twentieth Foot. The day after the ceremony he wrote his mother an account of it. Napoleon had died May 5, and his body remained in its island tomb until 1840, when, by direction of King Louis Philippe, it was conveyed to Paris and placed in a magnificent sarcophagus under the dome of the Hotel des Invalides.

Lieutenant Darroch's letter has been published for the first time in The Sunday Times, of London. The Sir Hudson mentioned in the letter, which is reprinted here, was Sir Hudson Lowe, who had been governor of St. Helena since 1816, shortly after Napoleon was interned there. The letter reads:

"We yesterday interred the remains of Napoleon Bonaparte with military honors. The funeral I will describe as best I can.

"In the first place, you must understand the figure of the ground near Longwood. The island (generally speaking) is composed of high and narrow diverging ridges of hills running, or rather diverging from Diana's Peak toward the coast, where they terminate abruptly in tremendous precipices; the valleys between these are very deep.

Chosen by Napoleon.

"Longwood is situated on one of these ridges, and the place Nap chose for his body to lie in was in the valley between that and James' valley, where the town is, and which, from its circular form, is called (at least, near the head of it) the Devil's Punch Bowl, the part near the sea is called Rupert's valley.

"The troops, of which there were about 1,600, were formed from Longwood Guard house on the bank above the road in succession, by seniority—Twentieth Marines, Sixty-sixth St. Helena Artillery Regiment and Volunteers; on the left eleven guns of the Royal Artillery as the firing party. We were in open order, resting on our arms reversed. Bands playing the dirge.

"After a little while the procession appeared through the gate. First came the priest and Henry Bertrand, carrying the censer, after these, Doctor Arnott and the French doctor, next the undertakers, and then the body.

"The body of his own carriage had been taken off, and something like an open hearse put in its place. He was drawn by four of his own horses with

postillions in his imperial livery. There was a plain mahogany coffin, and instead of a pall his cloak was thrown over it. On the top was a large book with his sword lying on it. "Napoleon Bertrand and the head valet walked one on each side of the hearse; six of our grenadiers, without arms, marched on each side.

French Wear Black.

"After the body came the lead horse, beautifully caparisoned; on either side rode Counts Bertrand and Montholon; after them, a small carriage with the countess and two of her children in it. (All the French were in black). The naval and staff military officers followed, and as soon as the whole had passed the left of the rear, we rounded arms and followed.

"The troops did not go down into the valley, but formed in the road immediately over the grave, in the same order, resting on our arms while the ceremony went on.

"I must now describe the grave or tomb that was prepared for him. The spot that he chose is in the highest extremity of a small garden belonging to a Mr. Torbett; it is completely over-

Deaf and Dumb See Plays Acted Out

Moscow.—One theater for the deaf and dumb, believed to be unique, where the management, cast and audience are all deaf and dumb, is operating here. Instead of spoken words the lines of the plays are expressed by gestures and facial expression. Among the plays in the theater's repertoire are most of Shakespeare's tragedies. The theater has a seating capacity of 500. It is nearly always full.

hung for a space of about thirty square yards or more with five or six weeping willows, and a little on one side was a spring of the best water in the island, and which he used every day to send for.

"This runs down the valley; there is no stream perceptible; near the grave the moisture is just sufficient to keep the turf completely green and the place cool—here the grave was dug. Interior capacity was 12 feet deep, 8 feet long and 6 feet wide, surrounded by a wall about 3 feet thick all the way down and plastered with Roman cement to about 2 feet from the bottom and resting on blocks of stone. The stone coffin was constructed like a large stone box with the lid open and the lid resting on one of its edges."

"Young Lincoln" in Buffalo, N. Y.



Bryant Baker, noted sculptor, standing beside his heroic bronze statue, "Young Lincoln," which was dedicated on a site in Delaware park, Buffalo, N. Y. It was paid for from a fund created by Julia Spitzmiller as a memorial to herself and her husband.

Dice Furnish Clue to Life Centuries Ago

They Prove Trade Flourished, Says Scientist.

Philadelphia.—Terra cotta dice used in gambling operations at Tepe Gawra nearly 50 centuries ago furnish evidence that international commerce flourished to a hitherto unsuspected degree in ancient Mesopotamia, according to Dr. E. A. Spelzer, University of Pennsylvania archaeologist.

Describing in a new volume the excavations at Tepe Gawra, Professor Spelzer points out that although all numbers from one to six appear on the dice, the sum of the numbers on opposite sides does not total seven. Thus, he says, they are like dice found at Mohenjo-Daro, an archaeological site in India, and indicate the existence of commercial relations between the two cities.

The dice are among objects found in the first eight levels of the ancient mound at Tepe Gawra by an expedition under Professor Spelzer's leadership. He cites also a toy four-wheeled wagon of terra cotta, figurines representing the Mother Goddess and

other finds of pottery, stone and copper as evidence of a widespread international commerce there.

The toy wagon, drawn by an animal of terra cotta, belongs to a type unknown in Mesopotamia in that period but it closely resembles models of hooded chariots found above and beyond the distant Caucasus and the Caspian sea and constitutes tangible proof of trade with those regions, Doctor Spelzer contends.

Other Tepe Gawra finds, it is stated, have affiliations with cities in various parts of the ancient East, including Cyprus, Susa in Persia, and Ur of the Chaldees, Kish and Uruk in Babylonia.

Doctor Spelzer first investigated the ancient mound at Tepe Gawra in northeastern Mesopotamia in 1927 when he was field director of an archaeological expedition sponsored by the University museum of the University of Pennsylvania and the American Schools of Oriental Research.

Doctor Spelzer returned to the university in 1932 to resume his work as professor of semitics, and Charles Bache became field director of the joint expedition.

During the season of 1934-35 the expedition led by Mr. Bache uncovered the oldest city in the world on Level 12 at Tepe Gawra.

Police Are Told Whisky Will Counteract Poison

Kansas City.—Members of the homicide squad exchanged pleased grins and visioned future orders commanding them to add whisky, or some other alcoholic beverage, to their usual equipment, following a session at a recent police school here.

They were advised by a city laboratory head that such might be a handy addition.

"Whisky, gin, or any other alcoholic beverage," he told them, "is the best possible chaser for any poison containing carbolic acid."

U. S. Halts Special Coins After Texas Complains

Washington.—The New Deal decided that it would discontinue issuing trick coins for special events.

The mint coined 10,000 extra-special half dollars and sold them at face value to the (El Paso, Texas) museum committee, which resold them at \$2 each to the public as pocket pieces commemorating the Spanish trail across the southern states.

Then the complaints began to arrive. Most of them concerned the cadaverous engraving of a cow's skull on the

face of the coin. The writers said they didn't think these bones were a fit substitute for the Goddess of Liberty.

Numismatists complained even more. They tried to pay \$2 for coins worth 50 cents, but couldn't get them for less than \$3, from speculators, after the original 10,000 had been sold.

The mint laid the responsibility on congress.

PUERTO RICO BOXER



Pedro Martinez of Puerto Rico, now engaged in boxing bouts in the United States, is regarded by experts as a highly promising lightweight. He hopes to be matched against Tony Canzoneri for the championship.

Smallest Man in Orient Is Only 32 Inches Tall

Kobe.—A Manchurian farmer, who claims to be the smallest man in the Orient is "celebrating" his thirty-second year of grass widowhood. He is Huang Chen Yu and he is only 32 inches in height. But in addition to this, he has two other claims to distinction, for he was married at eight and divorced at fifteen. Huang Chen Yu is not going to marry again. "How can a man my size command respect in a wife?" he asked reporters.

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted By WILLIAM BRUCKART



Washington.—About this time every fall, the President calls the director, in Huddle on Budget

of the budget to the White House and they go into a huddle about the finances of the government, about the needs for money of the various governmental agencies who must pay their employees and the other expenses to which they are put and in addition they discuss general questions of policy. It is, as I said, an annual affair that presages a new tempo in the movement of activities in Washington because it occurs some weeks in advance of the reconvening of congress. Congress, under the Constitution, must appropriate the money which is spent by all branches of government.

Well, the annual huddle has just been held by President Roosevelt and Daniel W. Bell, acting director of the bureau of the budget, and Mr. Bell has gone back to his office in the treasury with instructions to begin formulation of budget estimates for submission to congress.

Of course, budget making goes on throughout the year. The huge staff of experts and accountants who work under Mr. Bell's direction are busy the year round examining the proposed requirements of the various agencies and arriving at conclusions as to what their needs reasonably should be. The White House conference, therefore, represents the second step because those were the figures that formed the basis of the discussion between the President and his budget director.

In drafting the budget for submission to the next session of congress, the administration is confronted with a variety of problems, not the least of which is

Problems to Solve

the political phase. It is to be remembered that the budget now under consideration covers money that will be appropriated for use after July 1, 1936, and the succeeding 12 month period. Therefore, half of the Presidential campaign next year, indeed, the heated part of that campaign, will take place after governmental agencies have begun to use the new appropriations. It is easy to see, therefore, that politics can hardly be kept out of the forthcoming budget in some form or other even though every President says politics does not influence budget making. Nevertheless, New Deal spending and future taxation constitute questions which the President cannot overlook and is not overlooking because those things are vital to every man, woman and child in the nation.

It seems to be pretty well settled now that the Republicans are going to make spending and taxation their major ammunition against Mr. Roosevelt and his New Deal. In fact, it seems reasonably sure that the Republican slogan will be "Throw the Spendthrifts Out." That being the case, Mr. Roosevelt obviously must have in the back of his head considerable concern over the current budget making.

Knowing "Danny" Bell as I have known him for nearly 20 years, during which time he has grown up in the treasury service, I think it ought to be said in his favor that politics is farthest from his thoughts. He is as nearly a human figuring machine as any man I have known in my Washington career except possibly the man under whom he was trained, namely, the late Robert Hand. His chief concern is and always has been a determination to have accurate statistics, accurate conclusions and recommendations based as nearly as may be upon sound judgment.

But in saying these things about Mr. Bell I am not saying that budgetary plans are not subject to manipulation. It has been true in previous administrations and it is true in this one. The vast totals of figures with their minima of explanations are never easy to understand. This is one way of saying that they can be made, to conceal a great deal more than they reveal.

Spending, Taxation

I mentioned the issues of spending and taxation. The American Liberty League which has consistently warned about the possibility of future heavy taxation has not been silent since the President some weeks ago made public a pre-budgetary summation. The League insists that while present tax rates soon will provide enough money to meet what the President terms as "ordinary" expenditures of the government, the rates are insufficient to meet the spending which Mr. Roosevelt calls extraordinary in that it covers relief. Further, the League, in a statement the other day, asserted "its belief that the present tax level was high enough to meet 'legitimate' relief if present unsound spending policies are abandoned." But it is emphasized by the league that even "if unsound spending policies are abandoned," the present tax levels are insufficient to make possible any appreciable retirement of the gigantic debt that has been built up through the New Deal relief program. So it is easy to see that a head-on collision between two schools of

thought is inevitable. Mr. Roosevelt and his brain trusters have contended and will continue to contend that federal spending in the volume that has taken place was the only means by which the nation could be carried over this period of depression. On the other hand there will be the vicious attacks of Republican campaigners, the shots by such men as Lewis Douglas, former director of the bureau of the budget, who broke with Mr. Roosevelt over "reckless spending," and all of those groups of which the Liberty League is typical. These have plenty of campaign material, and you can make sure that they will use it.

My experience as an observer of politics and government prompts me to say that there is nothing that strikes the heart of the average taxpayer quite so fundamentally as displays of waste with the accompaniment of forecasts of greater taxation. Thus, if the New Deal opposition goes ahead on the course that appears to be charted for them—actually it is made to order for them—they can cause the administration many anxious moments. I say this, knowing full well, that the administration has much argument on its side and that it is equipped with the finest layout of machinery for influencing public opinion that any administration ever has had. It has at its command all of the machinery used in crop production control, the thousands of persons on the federal pay roll and the millions who believe Mr. Roosevelt is earnestly seeking to make this a better country in which to live. It is, therefore, no small task for the New Deal opposition if it is to succeed even in turning the New Deal strength in the house of representatives to anything near an even distribution of the seats.

New Deal Opposition

Apparently, New Deal opposition will be concentrated as much in the congressional districts as against the President himself. The reasons are simple. First, the senate is going to remain Democratic whether Mr. Roosevelt is re-elected or defeated. Only one-third of the 96 senators come up for re-election next year and the bulk of these are from normally Democratic states. Unless a cataclysm follows the Democratic party, the senate majority for the Democrats will continue to be ample.

Such is not the case in the house of representatives where the entire membership must seek election every two years. There are in the house membership probably as many as 75 Democrats who can be called pure political accidents. That is, they were elected from districts which are normally Republican during the landslide that swept Mr. Roosevelt into office. A considerable number of these naturally will be retired by the voters just as a considerable number of Republicans were retired after they had held house seats in the early 1920's by virtue of election in the Harding landslide. Consequently, changes may be expected in the house New Deal strength. In concentrating the fight in congressional districts, the New Deal opposition is battling for position. If the New Deal majority in the house can be whittled down, it will then become impossible for the President to drive through his program of legislation as he has done in the last three sessions. From the Republican standpoint, this would be important since it would place Mr. Roosevelt in much the same position that President Hoover found himself in the last half of his administration when he had an adverse congress on his hands. No political leader likes that situation.

When the New Deal opposition jumps onto the questions of spending and taxation, therefore, and when it goes back to the grass roots of congressional districts, it takes no stretch of the imagination to see that a real political fight lies ahead. Developments between now and the nominating conventions next June may change the general perspective.

Washington on Rights

While several of the federal courts, including the Supreme court of the United States, are considering questions revolving around President Roosevelt's program for development of Muscle Shoals in the Tennessee river as an electrical power project, government owned, a newly discovered letter written by President George Washington takes on unusual interest. It seems that even in 1791, there was argument about the development of Muscle Shoals. The letter, which was addressed to the attorney general of the United States at that time, called attention to the efforts being made by individuals to effect trades with Indians and suggested the necessity for federal laws that would afford some protection for the Indians in their dealings with the white men. It will be remembered, of course, that the Tennessee river valley in those days was populated by Indians but the problem that existed then exists today, namely, protection of the rights of the individual.

what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

The Cultural Expansion. SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—What a war it has been for education.

They were savages, ruthless and very ignorant. But now they know about the armored tank and the screaming shell and the admirable flame-thrower which cooks the flesh on the living bone. They were isolated. Dat ole long-distance gun, she sho' kin find you wherever you's at; all she wants is you' home address. They had barbaric pride—'twas the breath in their black nostrils—but poison gas would be the cure for that foolishness. Like foxes, they den in the earth. The scout plane spies on them and the bomber plane comes and makes scrap of their bodies. Like lions, the naked spearsmen advance; the machine gun levels the ranks down flat. Like moles, the fugitives burrow under the mud walls. So, with his high explosives, the white man blasts them out.

Irvin S. Cobb.

Verily, there is no excusing any race, however remote, however backward, for failure to share in the cultural beauties of this modern civilization.

Joe Robinson's Elegance

SENATOR Joe Robinson, somewhere in Arkansas, Dear Sen.—I hear some of the boys are agin you for reelection because you've been guilty of spats in the first degree. If your home-folks predicate fitness for office on ruggedness of feet, Primo Carnera is their man. But if they want brains at the other end to balance the load, I insist you've got the credentials.

I know how you've suffered. You put on spats, and, just about the time you quit being self-conscious, the weather turns warm on you.

Still, a more tolerant day is dawning. Why, the first time I wore spats in Paducah I needed police protection. It was a good thing for me I wasn't a Yankee. And on down in the tall timber my wrist-watch was mistaken for a handcuff with a time-lock on it. I reckon they thought I was a fugitive from a Vassar daisy chain.

Now, just around every corner is a service station, a beauty parlor or a country club. And that, mind you, where once, when a boy came of age, they had to run him down with dogs to put pants on him.

So cheer up, Sen. At least they didn't prove a monople on you. Yours sympathetically, Cobb.

A Week of Peace

THE sentimentalists amongst us, the peril of the moment is that we may run out of these something-or-other weeks. You know, weeks dedicated to hay fever or sanitary plumbing or ankle-length union suits or anemic Armenians. You see, we only have 52 weeks to start with.

The surest way to spoil a good thing is to overdo it. That also goes for salad dressings, four-plus pants, rice pudding and the young thing who puts so much make-up on her eye lashes she looks as though she were peeping out through two buttonholes in an old plush vest. Any party could gain a lot of votes by inserting a plank in its platform calling for just one plain, old-fashioned week starting without excitement on a Monday and ending very quietly the following Sunday.

Tugwell and Native Sons

UNTIL he hauled off and made that speech recently, Professor Tugwell was leading the brain trust with the title of Chief Lobe. He may still be that, but just the same, if I were Tugwell, I believe I'd follow the advice which the fire department prints on the theater programs: "Look about you now and choose the nearest exit."

Speaking of vanishing species, whatever became of the pedestrian classes in America—you know, people who went places by the quaint old-fashioned process called walking? Today the population seems exclusively to be made up of two major groups—those with cars who are riding and those with thumbs who crave to do so.

And, speaking of traveling, I've discovered what, in the modern sense of the term, is a true California native son. A native son is a fellow who has been here long enough to sell his trailer.

Two Promising Actors

MY BUDDING ambition to turn actor has had a boost. A young fellow, who, I predict, will get somewhere in this business if he keeps on trying, was over here, and, after dinner, this party, whose name is Charles Chaplin, gave an imitation of a buzzard lighting alongside a sick horse. Such judges as Claudette Colbert and Edna May Oliver agreed that, as a buzzard, he would fool any living creature, except possibly another buzzard.

But talk about acting, now. By special request I played the principal supporting role, that of the horse, and the sheer artistry of the performance gave delight to one and all. So now I'm convinced my future is assured, if only we can get somebody to write a show with a part in it for a sick horse.

IRVIN S. COBB.

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OUT FOR GOVERNOR



Leslie E. Edmonds, Wichita banker and nationally-known Legionnaire and sports authority, who is the first to announce his candidacy for the Republican nomination for governor of Kansas. He is also mentioned for the Presidency of the United States. His platform will follow that of Gov. Alf Landon, who is known as the budget-balancing governor. Born, reared and educated in Kansas, Edmonds served overseas during the World war.

There's Always Another Year

MARTHA OSTENSO

Copyright Martha Ostense

WNU Service.

SYNOPSIS

To the town of Heron River comes Anna ("Silver") Granoble, daughter of "Gentleman Jim," formerly of the community, known as a gambler, news of whose murder in Chicago has reached the town. She is to live with Sophronia Willard, Jim Granoble's sister. Sophronia's household consists of her husband, and stepsons, Roderick and Jason. The Willards own only half of the farm, the other half being Anna Granoble's. On Silver's arrival Duke Melbank, shiftless youth, makes himself obnoxious. Roderick is on the eve of marriage to Corinne Meader. Silver declares she wants to live on the farm, and will not sell her portion. She tells Sophronia ("Phronie," by request) she is compelled to leave her home of her relations with Gerald Lucas, gambler friend of her father. Roddy marries Corinne. She has a maid, Paula, who attracts Jason. Silver again meets Gerald Lucas, who has a gambling resort. She is compelled to introduce him to Corinne. Willard, much against her will. Friendship between Lucas and Corinne develops. Duke Melbank insults Silver. Roddy's solicitude brings her to the realization that she loves him. Roddy is offered a position at the University farm, but to Corinne's dismay, he declines it. To break up the over-friendliness of Lucas and Corinne, Silver tells Roddy she has decided to sell her portion of the farm. Not understanding, he reproaches her for her "treachery." Silver witnesses a meeting between Lucas and Corinne which convinces her Corinne is in danger. Corinne absents herself from Jason and Paula's wedding, going into the city, shopping. She returns, with purchases little suitable for farm life. Roddy's mild reproaches are met with contemptuous references to "counting pennies." Roddy tells Silver he is sure Lucas and Corinne met in the city. While Silver is alone, Duke Melbank enters the house, drunk and abusive. Roddy's arrival frightens him away and in her perturbation Silver unwittingly reveals her love for Roddy. He responds, ending all doubt as to their mutual feelings. Grasshoppers devastate the Willard farm.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued

Dave tilted his hat and scratched his blond head. "Well, it might have been worse, of course. Two fellows from Minneapolis got into a poker game over at the club last night. There was a row and one of them pulled a gun and plugged the other one. He didn't do much damage, I understand, but the news has leaked out and the cops will be on Lucas' neck before night. Mr. Lucas will have to get out—and fast—or he'll be taken in before he's another day older."

As though she had been there, Silver swiftly reconstructed the scene. Gerald could afford no such publicity, no investigation. He would have to get out immediately. Silver was all too familiar with the procedure in such circumstances.

"I see," she said absently. But she had become quite unconcerned of Dave's elaboration of the episode. One thought occupied her mind. With Gerald safely out of the way, there would still be a chance of Corinne's becoming reconciled to her life with Roddy. It was all working out for the best, of course. And next week Silver would be leaving to take the position that was open to her in Chicago. Sophronia had been curiously resigned last night when Silver had told her of her decision to go away.

The leaves of the poplars above her rustled sharply, but the breeze that moved them was like a gust from an oven. Silver got to her feet and saw in the cornfield to the east the gray-white wave of air moving over the pale, brittle tassels. The heat licked over the field like a red-hot tongue of dull fire. Between the large field and the pasture on the south, lay Roddy's plot of hand-pollinated corn. Every day for the past week he had been hauling barrels of water down from the windmill and watering that small tract as though it was a flower out of his very heart.

Silver paused in the dry grass half way down to the yard. Suddenly every fiber of her being was alert to a sound in the air that was more than the burning flow of the wind. She knew at once that the sound had been present from the moment when she had gone up the hill, that her pre-occupation with her own thoughts had shut it out. It was a brisk drone, muffled and yet somehow sharp, as a keens sound might strike on the ear of a person partly deaf. Silver glanced apprehensively about her, then upward at the sun. It seemed now that the hot chatter in the air was increasing in volume with every second.

She saw Roddy and Steve drive in from the highway in the truck and stop in the shadow of the barns. She hurried back down the hill and into the yard. On the hard, level ground in front of the barn, where a tarpaulin had been spread, Roddy and Steve had dumped a quantity of bran. In a large tin container, old Roderick was mixing water, arsenic and molasses. Sophronia was standing to one side, watching the men.

"Phronie!" Silver cried. "What are you doing out here?"

"Behn' out here won't do me as much harm as sittin' in the house and worryin'," Sophronia retorted. "Steve, you old galoot, you're lettin' that bran run off on the ground, there."

Silver stepped forward and lifted the edge of the tarpaulin and shook the bran back into place. Then old

Roderick poured the arsenic mixture over the pile of bran while Roddy and Steve turned the mash over and over with scoop shovels.

Each then took a corner of the tarpaulin and lifted it into the truck. Roddy climbed up and seated himself at the wheel.

"You get into the house and lie down, Phronie," Silver commanded severely. "I'm going out and help spread it."

She climbed into the seat beside Roddy, while Steve and old Roderick stood up on the truck floor behind them.

"You'd better put these gloves on then," Roddy said, tossing a pair of white cotton gloves into her lap. He did not look at her as he started the engine and drove the truck down over the bumpy slope.

Silver drew the gloves over her hands.

"And don't let any of this stuff get on your skin," he admonished further. "It burns."

"I'll be careful," she promised. They bumped along for some distance in silence.

"Is there something I have to learn—about scattering the bran?" Silver ventured finally.

"There's a right way and a wrong way," Roddy told her. "Scatter it in fakes—not in lumps. We don't want the cattle to get a dose of it. They might uncover it in the fall and cattle don't thrive on poison, as a usual thing. Just watch the way Steve does it."

"Cripes!" Steve exclaimed in an awed voice as they came to the edge of the field. "The little devils are on the job, for sure!"

For more than three hours, Roddy drove slowly over the fallow fields and the wild-hay meadows, over sod land and weedy ground, and back and forth at regularly spaced intervals across the great cornfield, crushing down stalks that must be sacrificed. Old Roderick, Steve and Silver, standing up in the truck, cast the flakes of mash into the wind with a sharp snap of the wrist as Roddy had cautioned them to do.

The air had become infested as though by a swift, green-brown hail which swept horizontally along the earth. The hysterical sound of the advancing hordes of insects individualized itself hideously on the senses, and in the scorching heat seemed, to Silver, to be burrowing into her brain. The grasshoppers, in their insane, headlong flight, battered themselves against the sides of the truck, dashed with the sting of pebbles into the very faces of the riders. And constantly, up and down the succulent stalks of corn, the appalling myriads moved with small, ferocious alacrity, incredible greed.

From time to time, Roddy swore softly under his breath, or burst out anew in futile wrath at the lackadaisical farmers to the westward who had not done their share in helping to stop the advance of the plague.

"There's not much use in losing your temper, son," his father observed. "You can thank your stars that pet field of yours is far enough south of here to get the tail end of the business. They'll be half dead by the time they get over there."

"They'll do enough, anyhow, even there," Roddy replied dourly. "You sprinkled it good and plenty last night, didn't you?" old Roderick asked.

"Plenty," Roddy replied. "I was at it until after midnight."

"Well this tribe won't go far past our own land, that's a cinch," Steve put in. "Old man Flathe will thank us, if nobody else does."

Roddy glanced up at Silver and saw that her face was white and drawn under the superficial flush caused by the heat.

"Here, kid! You look about ready to drop!" he cried with dismay. He turned the truck about and started more rapidly in the direction of the pasture below the hill. "You get out here, now," he said, "and run home. I don't know what I've been thinking about! Beat it!"

Silver got down unsteadily and started off.

"Look in on Corinne," Roddy called after her. "She wasn't feeling so well when I left the house."

Silver found Corinne in her room upstairs, in a pitiful huddle on her bed, the counterpane drawn over her head and shoulders.

"Corrie!" Silver said gently as she seated herself on the side of the bed. "You'll die here, in this heat."

There was no response save for the muffled sound of the girl's sobbing. Silver's patience suddenly left her.

"Here—pull yourself together!" she said severely. "It's no worse for you than it is for the rest of us."

The counterpane was flung violently aside and Corinne sat up. Her tear-stained face worked spasmodically. She pointed to a ragged object on the floor.

"Look at that sweater!" she stormed. "I left it out on the lawn. Look at it! They've made a sieve out of it!"

Silver picked up the garment and began to laugh.

Corinne turned upon her. "Laugh! What's so funny about it?" she shrieked. "My G—d—I feel as though my very

eyes have been eaten out! And you can laugh!"

"I can't help it, Corinne," Silver confessed. "I was just thinking of what they're doing to Roddy's corn-field."

She threw the tattered sweater into a chair.

Corinne clutched her cheeks. "Oh, my G—d, what a life! Listen to them—banging against the windows. I can't stand it—I can't—"

But Silver had seized her wrists and, with a choking gasp, Corinne's frenzied cries stopped.

"Listen to me, Corinne," Silver said firmly. "You get out of bed and take a cold shower and come down to the other house. You can't go on like this. Everybody feels crazy enough without your carrying on like a two-year-old."

But Corinne recoiled in sullen obstinacy. "I'll not stir out of this house today. Go away and leave me alone."

After a moment, Silver got up from the bed and started toward the door.

Corinne sprang suddenly to her feet. "What do you mean by going to Gerald Lucas and talking to him about me?" she demanded. "I know you did."

Silver paused and turned to look at her. "Did Gerald tell you that?" she asked.

"Why shouldn't he tell me?"

"I thought he'd have more sense, that's all," Silver replied.

Corinne laughed contemptuously. "I should think you'd have more sense than to interfere in my affairs. It's really funny—you and Roddy—the salt of the earth—trying to reform me." Her mood changed abruptly. "I'll not have it. I'll live my own life—as I want to live it—and I don't want any missionary work on my behalf—by you or anyone else. From now on, please remember—"

"Corinne!" Silver interrupted agitatedly, and stepped toward her. "I'm not trying to reform you. I was simply trying to appeal to Gerald's decency."

"Decency! What does anyone in this place know about decency? Rod-



The Leaves of the Poplars Above Her Rustled Sharply.

dy had his chance to be decent. He could have taken me out of this hole last January—if he could have thought of anyone but himself."

Silver stared at her incredulously. "Corinne," she stammered, "does Roddy's love for this land mean nothing to you?"

Corinne, her eyes glinting, looked shrewdly at Silver. "How much does it mean to you?" she asked.

Silver's cheeks burned suddenly. "So much—that I have changed my mind about selling my land this summer," she said quietly. "Roddy can stay on as long he likes, so far as I am concerned. I'm going back to Chicago as soon as Phronie is strong enough to let me go."

A lightning change came over Corinne's face. "Well!" she breathed. "So that's the next thing. That means—we'll be here next winter and—for the rest of our lives, then. What made you change your mind?"

In the parched air, Silver felt strangely cold. "Nothing made me change my mind, Corinne," she said haltingly. "I— I just couldn't go through with it."

Corinne sank down upon the bed. "Oh—what the use!" she sobbed. "I've done my best—but you're all against me—because you all hate me!"

Silver looked at her half in sympathy and half in anger.

"Don't be such a fool," she said, then stepped to the edge of the bed and laid a hand gently on Corinne's shoulder. "Does Roddy's affection mean nothing to you?"

"Affection!" Corinne cried. "Don't talk to me about affection. What can you know about it? I'm losing my mind in this hell—and you talk to me about affection. Leave me alone! Go away!"

"Won't you come down to the other house later?" Silver persisted. "I'm not going anywhere. Don't talk to me!" Corinne shrieked.

And Silver, thinking of Sophronia, went without a word out of the room. But that evening, before the men had come in from the fields, Silver saw Corinne getting into Roddy's car in front of the big house. The details of her dress became instantly vivid against the soft glow of the descending sun. Corinne, in her drooping leghorn hat and her sheer batiste frock, was, to Silver, a design of beauty suddenly superimposed upon a wry background of disaster.

CHAPTER XIV

In less than two days, the invading army of locusts had been almost completely destroyed and the hot, brooding air was full of an awesome peace. But it was the peace of death. The Willards' huge cornfield had been converted into a shambles of maimed and ugly stalks, and every green thing had been at least partially gnawed and worried as though with a pair of small blunt scissors, although—as Roddy kept repeating with grateful emphasis—enough of the ears had been spared to provide seed for another year.

On the following Friday evening, Jason and Paula drove down in time to have dinner with the old folks. Sophronia, feeling more like herself now, determined to make their visit an occasion for bringing the family together.

"We'll celebrate!" she announced. "There's been enough grief around here the past two weeks, Lord knows! What with me dyin' and the crops burnin' up and the hoppers eatin' what's left, there hasn't been much celebratin' in this place. I'll ask Roddy and Corinne to come down for supper and bring old Steve along."

Paula and Silver and Sophronia went to the kitchen to prepare the meal and left Jason and old Roderick to themselves in the living room, where they reviewed the ravages the district had suffered from the plague. Silver herself delivered Phronie's invitation to Corinne and returned at once to help with the supper and to talk with Paula.

When they were ready to sit down at last, Sophronia went to the window and looked out.

"There they are now," she said. "We'll get the things on the table, Silver." She hesitated and thrust her face closer to the window. "Where's Corinne, I wonder? She isn't with Roddy and Steve."

"Probably putting on her best dress for the occasion," old Roderick suggested.

In a moment Roddy stepped into the house and greeted Jason and Paula.

"What's keepin' Corinne?" Sophronia inquired. "Supper's ready to go on."

Roddy frowned. "She's not coming," he said.

Sophronia folded her hands in her apron. "She's not comin'? What's the matter, then?"

Roddy made a gesture of dismissal. "Don't ask me, ma! Gosh, I give up trying to understand women."

"Do you mean she's goin' to stay up there at the house by herself?" Sophronia persisted.

"She was ready to come down with me when she told me that she would have to leave immediately after supper to go over to Harry Richter's place. I told her it might be a good idea if she moved her things over there—and she went off into one of her tantrums. I can't do anything about it."

Steve slumped into a chair. "We'll get along without her, I reckon," he grumbled.

"Steve!" old Roderick rebuked him. "Well—let's sit in, then," Sophronia ordered.

They took their places at once and Sophronia forbade any talk of the plague or the hard times that loomed ahead.

"We might give our ideas of what kind of a grandfather we're going to make out of pa," Jason suggested, with a wink at Paula.

"He'll be pretty green at it for a while," Roddy laughed.

"I might have had a little practice, my lad," old Roderick retorted, "if you'd done your duty."

Silver glanced at Roddy and caught the look of embarrassment that darkened his face as the others laughed.

"Hold your tongues, now—all of you!" Sophronia spoke up. She turned to Silver. "I clean forgot the jar of pickles I set out. I wish you'd bring them in. I'm fair run off my feet."

Silver was grateful for the opportunity to leave the table.

"How are those young Herefords standing the hot weather, Jase?" Roddy asked.

And so the talk turned easily to the small concerns of the farm.

On the following morning Silver went to the Michener farm to spend the day with Freda. She left before anyone in the stone house had heard of what had happened in Gerald Lucas' "back room" the night before.

But when she stopped for a moment in Heron River to buy some peppercorns for old Grandma Michener, Haber's store was buzzing with the news. Dave Erickson, who was in the store at the time, drew Silver aside.

"This Lucas used to be a friend of yours, didn't he?" he asked with some embarrassment.

"Yes," Silver replied. "What has happened, Dave?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Males Stay Home Nights

Male ostriches of the Old world type believe in staying home nights, especially during the brooding season. Adult ostriches take turns sitting on the eggs, the male sitting at night and the female doing the day trick.



Bob Davis Reveals

Twenty-Six Men Adrift at Sea, to Say Nothing of the Dog.

S. S. FUSILLER, NORTH SEA.

SURFEITED with buses, railroads and gasoline buggies and hungry for a whiff of salt water I took passage out of Leith, Scotland, on one of the snug steel passenger boats of the London and Edinburgh Shipping company heading for London town; Commander Charles A. Piper on the bridge.

At the pier, whilst the crew was making final preparations to cast off and slip into the Firth of Forth I saw a weather-beaten man in an officer's uniform approach another individual dressed in civilian attire and impress upon him a brotherly caress. I say brotherly, because the pair of them looked enough alike to be twins. Of these two, more anon.

Once out of the harbor, into the sea lanes, and hankering as usual to levy on the skipper for a printable tale of the deep, I invaded the sanctuary of Captain Piper, as cordial a sea dog as ever I met, and made myself known.

"My dear sir," he said, upon catching the drift of my intent, "let me introduce you to Chief Officer Frederick Park, who has bucked the sea with wind and steam for more than 50 years. He can spin you 10 yarns to my one; classical stories of the big water, brave days, the ocean at its roaring best. It is your job to loosen his tongue."

The Brother's Story.

"Suits me perfectly," I said, confident that he would produce what was required, and then went below. After dinner, the moon riding high and not a whitecap visible in any direction, I returned to the bridge. Chief Park was there scanning the sea. No reference was made to the captain's promise that he would give me a story; but I did say I had seen him bidding his brother adieu on the pierhead.

"We do look alike," he remarked casually. "He and I are all that survives of the original Parks. He has had experience of life, too; more than I can ever hope to have. I mean the sort of thing that lies deep. In the year 1887, third mate of a full-rigged ship, the Carpathian, out of Liverpool, Jack—that's his name—had a taste of fire at sea; the worst thing that can happen aboard ship. A cargo of sacked nitrate, out of Antofagasta, Chile, broke into flames with so little warning that the officers and crew had no choice except to take to the small boats or roast to death in what rivaled the inferno. They had no time to lay in water from the ship's tanks. It was touch and go with far from enough hard-tack and a few butts of water from the deck supply. Two craft, a lifeboat and gig, served them to go overboard; the gig last."

An Unselfish Crew.

"How many men did the two boats contain?"

"Perhaps 40, officers and crew. Captain Finley was aboard the gig with my brother and more of the crew than there was actually room for. All hands saw the Carpathian burn like a furnace and go down by the head before they left the scene of the disaster. I must tell you that just prior to the gig putting away from the falls a mongrel dog, property of the whole crew, came yelping out of the hold, raced along the deck and jumped into the captain's arms. He was the last living creature off the ship, and he brought something with him. That he did."

Chief Park, his back to the bridge, his figure silhouetted against the sky, suddenly ignored my presence and told the rest of the story to himself. He seemed like one detached. "Yes sir, that dog brought something with him," echoed the voice. "After the two boats got free from the plunging Carpathian a blow came up. It was well nigh impossible for them to keep company. That night two men were transferred from the gig to the lifeboat and the craft separated. That was the last seen of the lifeboat—ever. For nine days the 26 men in the gig took their water rations at the rate of two table-spoons twice a day for each man. Yes sir, and two for the dog. But that wasn't enough, so they threw out fish-hooks baited with sea biscuit dough, caught sea birds, cut their throats and drank the blood, never forgetting the dog. Every man Jack in the gig did his share to keep the dog alive. Wonderful, wasn't it? Nobody begrudged him either blood or water. Nowadays they talk about treating men like dogs. Well—I don't know; perhaps men are not as they're used to be. When you think of that gigload of thirsting sailors 50 years ago off the coast of Chile divvying what they had to keep a dog's heart beating, it looks as though times have changed. On the eighth day some of the men drank of a vegetable oil called Colza. But the dog got his ration of water. I guess in a way that he had something to do with the unselfish behavior of those men in the gig. I do believe that."

Mr. Park turning suddenly, acted as though I had just arrived.

"Yes," I said, "there is no question about it."

"It would seem so, wouldn't it? On the ninth day the gig with all alive, including the dog, was picked up by a sailing vessel off Africa."

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KOSCIUSKO
The bones of the great patriot
served as Washington's
ing the Revolution
a result of the
in Poland. Every
Americans visit
mound of earth
people built to
for the mound
ants from all
their long-flowing
and spruce.



LITTLE MISS MUFFET
SITS ON A TUBBY
AND SAYS "I WANT NO WHIFF!"
I'VE GOT MY TUMS
IF SOME STOMACH COMES...
I'LL EAT MY TUMS TODAY!

"YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN"
SO...CARRY...TUMS

PEOPLE everywhere are surprised that
TUMS are so effective. They are so effective
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Insurance is an important item in today's living expenses

Whether it be on your life, auto or home.

It is equally important to insure yourself against wet feet, colds and general discomfort.

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The Shipment of SHINGLES

Has Arrived

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Antrim, N. H.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

By His Excellency, the Governor

A Proclamation for THANKSGIVING DAY

It is fitting that among the days we designate for holiday observance in our State there should be included a day of giving thanks to Almighty God for the unnumbered blessings bestowed upon us and upon our homes in a favored land. In proclaiming Thursday, November 28, 1935, as Thanksgiving Day in New Hampshire, I ask our people to observe it in the time-hallowed manner of religious service and family reunion, taking thought of the meaning of the day to others as well as to ourselves. The flag of our country may well be displayed as an expression of what the Nation owes to the Supreme Power which has guided its progress and made possible its achievements for the liberty and fraternity and enlightenment of mankind.

Given at the Council Chamber in Concord, this twelfth day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-five and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and sixtieth.

H. STYLES BRIDGES, Gov. With the advice and consent of the Council,

ENOCH D. FULLER, Secretary of State.

The Antrim Woman's Club

Met on Tuesday, Nov. 12, in Library hall. The Club voted to give \$5.00 to the N. H. Tuberculosis Association, and \$3.00 to the Disabled Veterans. After the business meeting, Mrs. Ethel Roeder sang "The Rainbow Trail." Miss Daisy Deane Williamson spoke on "The House by the Side of the Road." The address was one which left much with each one in the audience to remember. Tea was served by the hostesses.

Miriam W. Roberts, Publicity Com.

Chickens for Thanksgiving

Orders taken for Roasting Chickens for Thanksgiving, weighing from five to six pounds. Barred Rocks. Apply to Benj. F. Tenney, Tel. 11-5 Antrim. Adv 2t

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The Antrim Reporter

Published Every Wednesday Afternoon

Subscription Price, \$2.00 per year
Advertising Rates on Application

H. W. ELDREDGE, PUBLISHER
H. B. & C. D. ELDREDGE, ASSISTANTS

Wednesday, Nov. 20, 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 a publication fee is charged, or fees 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

Lost—October 1, Sammy, gray and white male cat; back legs white. Margaret Clark, Antrim Center. Adv

Sunday was November 17—just a bit beyond the middle of the month—and this was the day of our first snow storm. This date is later than former years, but early enough to suit most everybody, unless possibly the boys and girls.

For Sale—Hard Wood, 4 ft. or sawed for stove; extra good quality. Fred L. Proctor, Antrim. Adv.

Already some of our young men are on their way to Florida, those recently leaving are: Arthur Holt, Christie Ellinwood, Carl Stowell and Arthur Everhart. They hope to find work in the sunny South.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Wallace George were called to Dover on Tuesday, by the serious illness of Mrs. George's father.

On Thursday evening last, Prince Irakly Toumanoff, proprietor of "Hootor" turkey farm, of Hancock, gave an interesting talk before the Antrim Rod and Gun Club; a large attendance was present to hear him. He talked on fish and game in his native Russia, as well as in the land of his adoption, and gave one of the outstanding talks that this company of sportsmen has ever listened to.

Fancy Work For Sale—Pillow Cases, Luncheon Sets, Handkerchiefs, Aprons, Chair-back Covers, and other useful articles. Apply to Miss Mabelle Eldredge, Grove St., Antrim. Adv.

Posters will be up this week announcing the annual Grammar school operetta, which will be given on Friday evening, December 6. All the action takes place on the moon and involves a group of moon maids, and the passengers and crew of a disabled American airship which has to land on the moon for repairs. Anyone who has seen the operetta put on by our Grammar school students, will not want to miss "The Moon Maiden."

Want To Sell—About January first, large size Roll Top Desk; has ten drawers and a dozen pigeon holes; in first class condition. Will be sold right. Apply at Reporter Office. Adv

It is with regret that we record the changes that our part-time residents make at this season of the year. Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Wheeler have closed their home, on Concord street, and taken rooms at The Princeton, Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Edw. E. Smith will close Alabama Farm the first of next week and go to Hotel Westminster, Boston. These are among the last of our Summer people to leave us. We wish all our part-time residents a happy Winter and an early return in the Spring to our beautiful town.

KNITTING YARNS
Pure wool yarns. A New England Product spun in our own plant for knitted suits, caps, mittens, and all other outerwear. Also for afghans and hooked rugs. Free samples upon request. Also new 16-page knitting book for only 15c.

Concord Worsted Mills
Concord, N. H.

Ellerton H. Edwards is employed in Croydton, on a bridge construction project.

Mrs. B. J. Wilkinson has been spending a part of a week with relatives in Goffstown.

Mrs. L. G. Robinson has been entertaining Miss Anne Fassett and her sister, of Peterborough.

Hiram Allen and Miss Allen are entertaining Mrs. Mary Tracy, from Maine, at their Urst street home.

Mr. and Mrs. Don H. Robinson and two sons recently spent a few days with relatives in Arlington, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar H. Robb are anticipating the celebration of their golden wedding in their home on November 28. Their many friends congratulate them upon the event and wish them many years of life and happiness together.

Kenneth Astles, of Hillsboro, who was quite seriously injured in an auto accident recently and was successfully operated on for an injured skull, has been visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cutter; he will soon resume his school work.

Jerome Rutherford and Ira Codman have returned from hospitals, to their respective homes here, after operations for appendicitis; the former was at Concord and the latter at Peterborough.

Letters from Mrs. Patterson state that Rev. William Patterson, pastor of the local Presbyterian church, has left the hospital and now is in a convalescent home, in Philadelphia, and appears to be improving in health.

Hugh M. Graham and James I. Patterson, Antrim Assessors, and Charles W. Prentiss, Tax Collector, attended the meeting of the Association of N. H. Assessors, in Manchester, last Wednesday, remaining for the banquet and speaking in the evening. Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Swett were present at the banquet and evening program.

The Third Degree will be conferred by Waverley Lodge, No. 59, I. O. O. F., on Saturday evening, November 3, thus finishing up the work on two candidates, from Hancock, who have been receiving the mysteries of the several degrees. From all appearances it may be safely said that soon degree work will again be the order at each regular meeting.

The Antrim Rod and Gun Club is sponsoring an Amateur Contest, which will be conducted by the Singing Sheriff, in the local town hall, on the night before Thanksgiving, November 27, at eight o'clock. First, second and third cash prizes will be awarded. At about 9.30, dancing will follow, with music by Wes Herrick and his Georgians. This will be an evening full of entertainment, and should be largely attended. For particulars read posters.

Hand in Hand Lodge of Rebekahs have begun rehearsals of their degree in preparation for inspection when the Warden of the Rebekah Assembly, Mrs. Martha Longway, of Goffstown, makes her official visit to this Lodge, on Wednesday evening, December 11. This occasion is always one of the outstanding meetings of the year and everything is done to make it a pleasant affair. Supper will be served by an efficient committee, which has already been selected.

"OUR BEAUTY SHOPPE"

Telephone 66

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

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

New Unemployment Compensation Law Beginning January, 1936

Continued from page one

one-half per cent; and if the reserve is fifteen per cent or more, the rate shall be one per cent. The minimum contribution thus payable to the fund by the employer in his own behalf shall in no case amount to less than one per cent.

8. Accounts. The commissioner shall keep separate records of the amounts paid into the fund by each employer in his own behalf, or chargeable to him as benefits; but nothing in this chapter shall be construed to grant any employer or his employees prior claims or rights to the amount contributed by him to the fund, either on his own account or on behalf of his employees. The amount of employer contributions together with the employee contributions shall be pooled and available to pay benefits to any employee entitled to benefits under the provisions of this chapter regardless of the source of such contributions.

9. Liability of Employer's Account. For the purpose of determining which employer shall be debited with the amount of benefits paid to an employee who, during the period of the effective operation of this chapter, prior to the receipt of benefits, has worked for more than one employer, the liability of the two or more accounts shall be in inverse order to the succession of the several employments of the employee. The liability of any employer's account shall be limited to two years previous to the time when the worker last registered as unemployed; and the extra weeks of unemployment benefit for those who are entitled thereto because of previous steady employment dating back more than two years, as provided herein, shall not be chargeable against any employer's account.

10. Limitation. No employer shall have the advantage of a merit rating unless the reserve computed remains at a level justifying the lower rate of contributions, except that the commissioner may, for purposes of convenience, fix quarterly half-yearly, or other reasonable periods during which the lower contributions based on merit ratings shall remain unchanged.

11. Segregation of Special Risks. The commissioner shall investigate and report upon the degree of unemployment hazard in various industries and occupations and their cost to the unemployment fund. He shall recommend to employers in industries or occupations showing an excessive cost to the fund means for stabilizing employment. He shall also, if necessary, recommend to the legislature a higher rate of contribution for any classification of industries or occupations in which unemployment is excessive or chronic.

12. Contributions by Employees. Beginning on January 1, 1936, each employee shall contribute to the fund one half of one per cent of his wages; and beginning on January 1, 1937, and thereafter he shall contribute one per cent, provided that the rate of contributions required of employees shall in no case exceed fifty per cent of the general rate required of employers. Each employer shall withhold such contribution from the wages of his employees, shall show such deduction on his pay-roll records, and shall transmit all such contributions to the fund, pursuant to general rules of the commissioner.

Benefits

13. Payment of Benefits. After contributions have been paid under this chapter for two years, benefits shall become payable from the fund to any employee who thereafter is or becomes unemployed and eligible therefor. Such benefits shall be paid through employment offices at such times and in such manner as the commissioner may specify.

14. Weekly Benefits for Total Unemployment. An employee totally unemployed and eligible in any week shall be paid benefits, computed to the nearest half dollar, at the rate of fifty per cent of his full-time weekly wage, except that:

- (1) the maximum benefit payable shall be fifteen dollars per week; and
- (2) the minimum payable in the case of an employee whose full-time weekly wage is ten dollars or less shall be seventy per cent of his wage, but not more than five dollars.

15. Weekly Benefits for Partial

Unemployment. An employee partially unemployed and eligible in any week shall be paid sufficient benefits so that his week's wages and any other pay for personal services, including net earnings from self-employment and his benefits combined, will be at least two dollars more than the weekly benefit to which he would be entitled if totally unemployed in that week, but not exceeding sixty per cent of the earnings for full-time employment. In any week in which the employee has received benefits for partial unemployment, the amount of time he has worked shall not be used as a basis for further benefit.

16. One-to-Four Ratio of Benefits to Employment. The aggregate amount of benefits an employee may receive shall be limited by the number of his past weeks of employment against which benefits have not yet been charged hereunder. Each employee shall receive benefits in the ratio of one week of total unemployment benefits to each four weeks of his full-time employment or its equivalent occurring within the one hundred four weeks preceding the close of his most recent week of employment.

17. Weeks of Benefit in Any Year. Benefits shall be paid each employee for the weeks during which he is totally or partially unemployed and eligible for benefits, based on his past weeks of employment. Except as provided in section 18, no employee shall receive for his weeks of unemployment occurring within any fifty-two consecutive weeks more than sixteen weeks of total unemployment benefits, or an equivalent total amount of benefits for partial unemployment or partial and total unemployment combined, as determined by rules of the commissioner. In no case shall benefits for partial unemployment be paid for a longer period than fifty-two weeks.

18. Additional Benefits, One-to-Twenty-four Ratio. An eligible employee who has received the maximum benefits permitted hereunder shall receive additional benefits in the ratio of one week of total unemployment benefit, or its equivalent, for each unit of twenty-four aggregate weeks of employment for which he has paid the employee contribution of one per cent provided herein occurring within the six years preceding the close of his most recent week of employment, and against which benefits have not already been charged under this chapter thus allowed shall be ten, provided that such additional weeks shall not be a basis for partial unemployment benefits.

19. Benefits in Emergencies and for Special Groups. If in any six-months period the amount paid in benefits from the unemployment fund has exceeded the income; or, if, in the judgment of the commissioner, the reserves in the fund are in serious danger of depletion, the commissioner may declare an emergency and announce a modified scale of benefits, an increased waiting period, or other changes in the rules and regulations regarding eligibility for payment of benefits which he may deem necessary to maintain the reserves of the fund. If, as a result of experience there should be found within the

To be continued next week

Administrator's Notice

The Subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Maude J. Handy, late of Bennington, in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.

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

Dated August 12, 1935.

ROBERT J. HANDY.

Trust Forbidden

Notice is hereby given that my wife, Edith Parker, having left my bed and board, I forbid all persons harboring her on my account, and will pay no bills of her contracting from this date.

WALTER PARKER.

Bennington, Nov. 4, 1935.

BENNINGTON

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

Mrs. Patrick Shea is entertaining a broken wrist, which is not very good company.

The November hostess committee of the Woman's Club met with Mrs. Gordon on Friday afternoon.

There are fairies or witches about again, and they are good ones, who leave nice things on one's door-step.

Mrs. M. L. Knight has had a cluster of rosebuds on her crimson rambler (which grows on one of the piazza posts) almost up to now, but they did not open.

Mrs. John W. Logan is in Memorial hospital, Nashua, where she underwent an operation on one of her eyes, for impaired sight. Dr. Nutter performed the operation.

Mrs. L. E. Parker and daughter, Miss Evelyn Parker, have rented the Sylvester tenement, nearly opposite Knight's store. Miss Parker is clerking at the post office.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cleary and Mrs. J. J. Griswold motored to Albany, N. Y., just recently, visiting William Griswold and wife. They were gone three days.

Born, at the Peterborough hospital, on the 13th, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. George McGrath, who have recently moved into the William Taylor house, recently vacated by Mrs. Cora Sheldon.

The School News Reporter of the Keene Normal sends The Reporter the following item: Miss Florence Edwards, of Bennington, was the Keene Normal School student leader of archery at a recent Fall Sports' Day with Fitchburg Teachers' College, held in Keene.

Mrs. Hartley, of Lowell, Mass., who has many friends here, is in the Memorial hospital, Nashua, with a sprained ankle. She was on her way to visit Mrs. Seaver, when she made a mis-step at the railroad station, in Nashua, and has been confined there a month or more.

NEW GRANGE OFFICERS

At the last meeting of Bennington Grange the following officers were elected for 1936:

- Master, Freda L. Edwards.
- Overseer, Elizabeth M. Sargent.
- Lecturer, Grace Parker.
- Steward, Doris Taylor.
- Assistant Steward, Prentiss Weston.
- Chaplain, Isabelle Gerrard.
- Treasurer, Allen Gerrard.
- Secretary, Florence K. Newton.
- Gatekeeper, Frank Taylor.
- Ceres, Alice Sylvester.
- Pomona, Laura Levesque.
- Flora, Ruth Putnam.
- Lady Assistant Steward, Martha Weston.
- Chorister, Louise Davie.
- Executive Committee, Morris Newton.
- Trustee for three years, John T. Robertson, Jr.

4-H CLUB OFFICERS

The first meeting of the new year for the 4-H girls was held at the home of Mrs. William Taylor, on Saturday, November 16, at 1.30 o'clock. The meeting was called to order by Vice President Hattie Parker. The Club elected their new officers for 1936 as follows:

- President—Hattie Parker
- Vice President—Pauline Shea
- Secretary—Inez Dodge
- Treasurer—Florence Perry
- Captains—Hattie Parker, Rose Cudemi and Inez Dodge

Our President is conducting cooking class with five members. Mrs. Taylor is acting as leader for the clothing project. The cooking class will be held the first Saturday of every month, sewing class held the third Saturday, and a joint meeting held the second Saturday of every month. The meeting was adjourned at 2.45, after which pop corn and apples were served.

Ruth Wilson, Club Reporter.

JOHNSON — CALL

Miss Isabelle Mae Call, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Call, of this town, was married here recently to Lewis P. Johnson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence J. Johnson, of East Westmoreland.

The single ring service was used, with Rev. John W. Logan officiating. The bride was attended by Miss Virginia Park, of Pittsfield, and Daniel H. Richardson, of Laconia, acted as best man. Following the ceremony a reception was held at which a buffet lunch was served.

Mrs. Johnson is a graduate of Hillsborough High school with the class of 1927 and of Keene Normal school with the class of 1931. She had been engaged as a teacher in the schools of East Westmoreland and also served as a clerk in the Bennington postoffice. Mr. Johnson is a graduate of Keene High school with the class of 1928 and is employed by the New Hampshire Highway Department.

After a short wedding trip the couple will make their home at 9 Court street, Keene.

The bride was attractively gowned in sapphire blue velvet and wore a corsage of talisman roses. The bridesmaid wore a gown of oriental red crepe. Her corsage was yellow roses. After the wedding the bride cut a wedding cake, and a buffet lunch was served.

Those present at the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Shelley and sons, Hugh and Walter, Westmoreland; Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Richardson, Laconia; Mr. and Mrs. Niles Aldrich, Miss Persis Neaves, Keene; Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Winham, Marlow; Miss Marion Bassett, Fremont; Miss Virginia Park, Pittsfield; Mrs. Mary Whitney, Miss Pauline Whitney, Antrim; Mr. and Mrs. William E. Call, Theodora F. Call, Arthur Call, Gerald Call, Mrs. Frank Wyman, Bennington; Reginald M. Call, New York City.

Weekly News of Interest From a Few Towns Surrounding Antrim

FRANCESTOWN

Atlantic Chapter, O. E. S., No. 28, met at the Masonic hall last week Monday evening.

The Boys' 4-H Club motored to Boston to attend the Harvard college and New Hampshire football game.

Dr. and Mrs. E. H. Place and family of Newton, Mass., spent the week-end and holiday at their summer home.

Thomas Stewart, Burt Smith, Arthur Lord and R. Cleaves have been on a hunting trip in the northern part of the state.

The Benevolent society met with Mrs. Fred Pettee Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. William Stone and Mrs. Fred Pettee were hostesses.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Koetler and her sister, and Miss Matilda Clement, of Everett, Mass., spent the week-end and holiday at their summer home.

At the recent meeting of Oak Hill Grange the degree team from Wyoming Grange of South Weare

GREENFIELD

Mr. and Mrs. George Russell are the parents of a son, John Walter, born at Memorial hospital, Nashua.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hopkins. Miss Doris Hopkins and Mrs. Abbie Russell left Tuesday of last week for West Palm Beach, Fla., for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. George Reynolds are in Lakeland, Fla., for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. George Blanchard will occupy their house during their absence.

Dr. and Mrs. Leroy Miner, of Newtonville, Mass., who have a summer home here, attended the American Dental Association convention in New Orleans, where Dr. Miner was elected president of the association.

conferred the third degree and Hillsborough Grange conferred the fourth degree. There were over 100 in attendance. Refreshments were served by Mrs. Edith Nichols and Mrs. Eva Nichols.

Antrim Locals

Maurice A. Poor, J. Leon Brown, Edw. E. George, Chas. W. Prentiss and H. W. Eldredge attended the meeting on Tuesday evening of the Nashua District, No. 7, I.O.O.F., in Hudson.

On Nov. 7, Miss Josie Coughlan, Dept. Pat. Instructor, attended the Armistice Ball, at Manchester, sponsored by Dept. Chron. Ex. Bd., Mrs. Somerville. On November 12, with Dept. officers attended the 41st anniversary of Darius A. Drake Corps, No. 14. Nov. 14, visited 1st and 2d grades of Amoskeag school, at West Manchester. In the evening, attended with Dept. officers, the inspection of Louis Bell W.R.C.

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Rev. William Patterson, Pastor
Wednesday, November 20
Meeting of Ladies' Mission Circle at 8. Public supper at 6.
Thursday, November 21
Mid week service at 7.30, in charge of the elders.

Sunday, November 24
Regular Morning Worship at 10.45.
Sunday School at 12 o'clock.

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

Baptist
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, November 21
Mid-week meeting at 7.30 p. m.
Topic: Embroidered Slippers and Zenana Walls.

Sunday, November 24
Sunday school at 10 a. m.
Morning Worship at 11 o'clock.
The pastor will preach on: Why Not Try God?

Crusaders meet at 4 p. m.

Union evening service at 7, in this church. A Scripture Meditation.

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.

Willoughby Crampton

The death of Willoughby Crampton occurred on Sunday, at his home, on High street, at the age of 68 years. His last illness was of nine weeks' duration, having been afflicted for a long time with a weak heart, and had been a great sufferer. All during his sickness he had the tender care of a loving wife and other members of the family, to whom the sympathy of all is extended.

Mr. Crampton was born in Sheffield, England, and came to this country more than forty years ago, coming directly to Antrim, and his working days here were all spent in the employ of the Goodell Company. Was a faithful and conscientious employe and a good workman.

Besides the widow, he is survived by two sons, Carl, who resides in Connecticut, and Baden, who lives at home; and one daughter, Mrs. Fred Dunlap, residing in Antrim; and a number of grand-children. Also, he is survived by two brothers and two sisters.

Funeral services are being held today (Wednesday) from his late home; Rev. R. H. Tibbals is the officiating clergyman.

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For TRUCKS and TRACTORS
See the handy
HOME SNOW PLOW

To fit your car and relieve you of shoveling the drive-way. Inspection invited in Peterborough.

Templed Hills Farm
Savings Bank Bldg.,
Peterborough, N. H. Tel. 258-W
Representing
Brackett & Shaw Co.

Antrim Locals

Philip Clark was confined to his room, at Maplehurst, a few days the past week, suffering with intestinal flu.

For Sale—Dry Hard Wood, 4 ft. or fitted for stove. Quick delivery. Price right. M. A. Edwards, Tel. 75 Antrim.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Grant, of South Weare, are pleased to hear that the whole family are convalescing from their recent sickness.

Movie—"O'Shaughnessy's Boy," at Gem Theatre, Friday, Nov. 22, benefit Senior Class. Bus will leave town hall at 6.15; price 15c. Movie tickets may be bought of Seniors. Adv.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bailey have come to reside with Mrs. James A. Elliott; they will assist Mrs. Elliott in her work.

Coon hunters are having pretty good luck capturing the cunning animals, and some of them have been of good size and quality.

The rain of last week was very welcome and while it did not fill up streams and ponds to any noticeable extent, it did lots of good.

The senior class of the local High school were guests recently of Miss Alice Cuddihy on an auto trip to Tilton to witness a football game.

Miss Elinor Moul was operated on last week Tuesday for appendicitis, at the County Hospital, Grasmere, and is reported as making satisfactory recovery.

Miss Lillian Twiss, who has been spending the summer months with Mrs. L. G. Robinson, has gone to St. Augustine, Florida, where she annually spends the winter.

November 14, near enough to the middle of the month, Dalton Brooks picked a buttercup in full bloom in Caughey and Pratt's mill yard and brought it to The Reporter office.

Arthus W. Proctor has removed the fence in front of his home property. It does look strange and 'twill be a long time before everyone will get used to seeing this handsome colonial residence without a fence in front of it.

A carload of Odd Fellows attended the meeting of Echo Lodge, No. 61, in Derry, last Thursday evening, when Friendship Lodge No. 20, of Cambridge, Mass., exemplified the First Degree in a manner in which only this Lodge can do it. A large gathering was present.

The publicity department of Radcliffe College sends The Reporter the following information:

Miss Ruth Wilson Felker, of Antrim, is one of four seniors at Radcliffe College who has just been elected to membership in Iota Chapter, Phi Beta Kappa. Four different fields of study are represented by these young women; Miss Felker is working in psychology.

Rev. William Weston did not occupy the pulpit at the Presbyterian church last Sunday morning, as first of the week previous he was operated on for varicose veins, and was not able to be on his feet very much. He is getting along nicely and will without doubt occupy this pulpit next Sunday. Rev. Frank B. Smith, of Springfield, Mass., was the speaker last Sunday.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE Hillsborough, ss. Court of Probate

To the heirs at law of Edith M. Sawyer, now late of Bennington, in said County, deceased, formerly under the guardianship of Allan Gerrard, and all others interested therein:

Whereas, said guardian has filed the final account of his said guardianship in the Probate Office for said County:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Peterborough, in said County, on the 29th day of November next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

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

Given at Nashua, in said County, this 30th day of October, A.D. 1935.
By order of the Court,
WILFRED J. BOISCLAIR,
Register.

Another Milestone is Reached in the Life of The Antrim Reporter

It seems only a few short weeks since we were saying that The Reporter had reached another milestone in its existence and service to the people of Antrim and vicinity; and now we are saying that this is our 53d birthday. It doesn't seem as long; we personally remember forty-three years with The Reporter of these fifty-two. We also remember that it was the day Grover Cleveland was elected President the second time that the editor of The Reporter with his family arrived in Antrim; and do we recall the lean years that followed? In some respects history repeats itself, and during the past few years we have thought many times of those former years. This is enough of past history — we hear some one say!

The Reporter has always advo-

cated those things that were best for our town and its people, and will continue to do so. It is one of Antrim's long established institutions, and is pledged always to "stand by." All these years, it is felt we have had the co-operation of our people in our public service, and in renewing our loyalty to the town's best interests, it is with a feeling of certainty that this co-operation will be continued; for with this working as a unit much more can be accomplished in cementing together and building up ourselves — generally speaking. In a smaller town it is more necessary that all help each other and thus build up our general interests — only the spirit of co-operation in a real way the grand element that brings success and accomplishes that which everybody enjoys most.

Topics of the Day Presented to Reporter Readers in Concise Form

Continued from page one

ment sink in deep, and consider who pays the big increase of taxes — and why?

Candidate Maj. Murphy

Besides being a successful business man popular with the working class, Major Murphy has had first hand knowledge of how things are done in State matters, having been in the Legislature and a member of the Governor's Council. The following brief report concerning an address he recently made, The Reporter is pleased to give space, that our readers may know his position, and how he views the all important questions that confront us:

Columbus First Democrat?

There is a story going the rounds (probably started by Republicans) that Columbus was the first Democrat because: when he started out he didn't know where he was going; when he got there he didn't know where he was; when he got back he didn't know where he had been, and he did it all on borrowed capital.

Balancing the Budget

And regardless of revenues, the people are going to look to President Roosevelt to make deep and genuine cuts in the governmental expenditures for the coming year. For the nation must look to the time not far hence when it should not only be balancing its budget but also setting aside a surplus for the reduction of the debts it has incurred, says the Christian Science Monitor in a recent editorial on the sound business principle of balancing the budget.

Increase in Business and Taxes

The volume of business done by Sears, Roebuck Co., grew from \$350,000,000 in 1930 to \$380,000,000 in 1935, but over that same period its taxes jumped from \$4,000,000 to \$8,333,000. In other words, while the volume of business made a five year increase of 8.5 per cent its taxes grew by leaps and bounds for a total of 108 per cent.

Kind reader, let the above state-

SPECIALS!

Thursday, Friday & Saturday

A-1 Native Beef

- Round lb. 20 cents
- Sirloin and Rump lb. 25 cents
- Chuck lb. 15 cents

Western

- Sirloin lb. 35 cents
- Chuck lb. 20 cents
- Grapefruit 3 small cans 25 cents
- Citron package 10 cents
- Mixed Fruit package 10 cents
- Dates package 15 cents
- Figs package 10 cents
- Catsup 14 oz. bottle 15 cents
- Breakfast Coffee lb. 20 cents

Antrim Cash Market

J. M. Cutter, Prop.

HERHEADS By Gilmore

SMATTER POP—The Juggler By C. M. PAYNE

(© The Dell Syndicate, Inc.)

MESCAL IKE By S. L. HUNTLEY

That's Something Else

(Copyright by S. L. Huntley, Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

FINNEY OF THE FORCE By Ted O'Loughlin

The Dog Resented It

PHOENIXER FINNEY

THERE WOULD BE FEWER BARKED SHINS IF DOGS WUZ ALLUS QUIET UNDER TH' TABLE

"REG'LAR FELLERS"

Everybody's Friend

© The Associated Newspapers

SNAPSHOTS OF A BOY GETTING SET FOR WORK By Gluyas Williams

PAW BY AL LEWIN

ALL SHOW MY WIFE I CAN COOK.

OH! OH!

OW!

OH WELL! I'M NOT HUNGRY ANYHOW

WRIGLEY'S FLAVOR IS WORTH TALKING ABOUT

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM

AFTER EVERY MEAL

Farmer Makes Home of Tomb, Fears Only Rats

Back in 1907, Linn Smith designed and built a mausoleum near Medina, Ohio, to hold the bodies of his entire family. But only the remains of Smith's father, mother and younger brother ever were placed in this tomb. Soon after the body of the younger Smith was placed in the vault, the door at the entrance was broken down and the body stolen. An unsigned note offered return of it for \$200. A neighbor youth was suspected, confessed the ghouliah act and returned the body. This occurrence turned Linn Smith against mausoleums and he transferred all three bodies to a cemetery. The vault, empty for years, now is occupied by Charles Ritter, bachelor farmer, who finds it quite a desirable place in which to live, cool in summer and warm in winter. A chimney was built and a stove installed which Ritter uses for cooking and what heat he needs in winter. Ritter says he doesn't fear ghosts nearly as much as rats that like to share his strange home with him.—Capper's Weekly.

Eavesdropping on the "Monticello Party Line"

The Monticello-Party Line is an unusual new radio program, recently begun on a series of middle-western and southern stations. It is unique in that all of the action takes place over the party line—and the listener is simply "eavesdropping" on the fun, the daily activities, the occasional troubles that keep the people of Monticello busy on the line. The setting of the program is a real community, Monticello, Illinois—the home town of Dr. (ad)well's Syrup Pepsin, sponsor of the show.—Adv.

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Tells How Trappers Get EXTRA MONEY for RAW FURS

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Please mail me, without cost or obligation, for shipping tags and latest edition of "Tips to Trappers."

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Suggestions for your WINTER VACATION

Bermuda—Nassau—Florida Tours
West Indies Cruises—All Lines
South America Cruise—Tours
California by Boat or Rail
Honolulu and the South Seas

MEXICO TOURS

Our own All-expense Conducted Tours leave in January, February and March.

Independent Mexico Tours daily by rails; weekly by boat.

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Write us for information on Cruises and Tours

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80 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON
TELEPHONE HANCOCK 1076

WHAT WERE YOUR PULLET LOSSES LAST NOVEMBER?

What will they be this year? What are you doing to prevent them? Use **PARK & POLLARD**

MANAMAR FEEDS

and you will effectively check those losses. Ask your dealer or write **THE PARK & POLLARD CO.**, 264 Marlet Ave., Buffalo, N.Y. Boston, Mass.

KNITTING YARNS

COMPARE PRICES on finest quality Domestic and Imported Yarns

Boyle \$1.50 lb., 4 Fold or Shetland or Rug \$1.25 lb., Zephyr Tweeds \$1.50 lb., Angoracres \$1.25 lb., Cashmere Sport \$1.50 lb. Save money on all other yarns. Over 1000 colors in stock. Write for sample cards. Prompt mail service. Money back guarantee. Successful for 27 years. I. B. S. & CO., Dept. 16, 787 Sixth Ave., New York

Quilt Patches 4 lbs. Assorted (about 900) patches and a lovely green all sets for 25 cents plus postage. **SHIELDS BROS.** PRESIDENTS - HUNNELSTOWN, PA.

CLASSIFIED ADS

STOP THAT DRIP IN YOUR TOILET tank. Use Tight Ball—35 cents Guaranteed 4 years. Postage paid. **SHIELDS BROS.** POST WASHINGTON, NEW YORK.

District Manager Wanted. Make big money hiring sales people. Buy direct at Wholesale prices. Write **Edwin Anderson, 8166 Producers, Inc., Bowman Bldg., Scranton, Pa.**

Don't Guess But Know

Whether the "Pain" Remedy You Use is SAFE?

Don't Entrust Your Own or Your Family's Well-Being to Unknown Preparations

THE person to ask whether the preparation you or your family are taking for the relief of headaches is SAFE to use regularly is your family doctor. Ask him particularly about Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN.

He will tell you that before the discovery of Bayer Aspirin most "pain" remedies were advised against by physicians as bad for the stomach and, often, for the heart. Which is food for thought if you seek quick, safe relief.

Scientists rate Bayer Aspirin among the fastest methods yet discovered for the relief of headaches and the pains of rheumatism, neuritis and neuralgia. And the experience of millions of users has proved it safe for the average person to use regularly. In your own interest remember this.

You can get Genuine Bayer Aspirin at any drug store—simply by asking for it by its full name, BAYER ASPIRIN. Make it a point to do this—and see that you get what you want.

Bayer Aspirin



Short Lived Everything in bad taste dies out because it is soon overdone.



I'M SOLD

It always works

Just do what hospitals do, and the doctors insist on. Use a good liquid laxative, and aid Nature to restore clocklike regularity without strain or ill effect.

A liquid can always be taken in gradually reduced doses. Reduced dosage is the real secret of relief from constipation.

Ask a doctor about this. Ask your druggist how very popular Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin has become. It gives the right kind of help, and right amount of help. Taking a little less each time, gives the bowels a chance to act of their own accord, until they are moving regularly and thoroughly without any help at all.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin contains senna and castor—both natural laxatives that form no habit. The action is gentle, but sure. It will relieve any sluggishness or bilious condition due to constipation without upset.



Kill Rats Without Poison

Proven Extremator that Won't Kill Livestock, Poultry, Dogs, Cats, Baby Chickens—Gets Rats Every Time

K-R-O can be used about the home, barn or poultry yard with absolute safety. It contains no deadly poison. K-R-O is made of Squill as recommended by U.S. Dept. of Agriculture. Oven-dried process which insures maximum strength. Used by County Agents in most rat-killing campaigns. Sold by druggists, seed merchants, poultry supply dealers. Remember, every rat on your place costs you at least \$2 a week. Kill them sure with the original, genuine K-R-O. Sold in Ready-Mixed or Powder Form. Beware of cheap imitations. Don't waste time and money on ineffective imitations. K-R-O Co., Springfield, O.

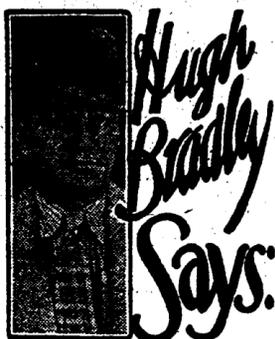
K-R-O KILLS RATS ONLY

WNU-2 48-35

Miserable with backache?

WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer a nagging backache, with dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination and getting up at night when you feel tired, nervous, all a part . . . use Doan's Pills. Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended the country over. Ask your neighbor.

DOAN'S PILLS



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Here's Hoping, Kid, You Are One of Brave Dark Horses

HE IS a freckled-faced young man whose legs always seem several inches too much for his first long trousers. Ordinarily I see him busily engaged in proving that given an unguarded lot and a few kindred souls, the average American boy can make scant work of those theorists who claim that baseball no longer is the great national game. This night, though, he was standing on the corner watching.

"What's the matter, Kid?" I asked him. "Sick or something?"

He hesitated while a deeper red united all the freckles. "Now," he said, stuffing at the shirt that never seems to make proper contact with the top of those first long trousers. "They—aw—well, you see we got a football team now and—they—well—aw—"

Since the story is painful it may be passed over quickly. The young man is an individualist as well as a citizen of considerable daring, imagination and ambition. So he had been inventing some new plays and trying them out on his own because—"Aw well, you know they got a better team than we have because they're bigger and some of 'em work and—"

Again let us skip the woe. Probably the plays were very good ones but, as his teammates pointed out before sending him to the sidelines, they were not working. In an important contest such as the one that night you could not blame them for this because—"Well, maybe he oughtn't to have tried that lateral but those other birds were so much bigger that he thought—Well, if he could just get another chance he'd show them that he—"

Can't Dim This Lad's Confidence

Just then there was an insistent yelling from across the street where a badly scuffed, poorly inflated thing that seemed to be a football was being given a moment's rest. There was only a minute or two more to go and if those bigger fellows were to be defeated there was dire need for the services of a young man who is an individualist as well as a citizen of considerable daring, imagination and ambition. So the captain was calling and—

I did not have time to wait. Somehow when you write pieces for the paper you seldom have time for anything except attending stuffy dinners in the evenings. But—

There was slim Francis Quimet. Only a caddy scant months previously, he surged with patriotic fervor when he met the mighty Vardon and the mighty Ray in the national open in 1912. He won the play-off and a golden miracle was recorded.

In 1912 an unknown pace-setter summoned new strength, refused to quit when a more favored teammate faltered, and Ted Meredith raced on to fame in the Olympics.

They said Molla Mallory was through in 1921. She walked onto the court one afternoon late in summer. When she walked off Suzanne Lenglen, winner of three straight Wimbledon titles, had been defeated in the United States woman's national tennis championships. Bronzed giants came out of the West in 1923 and Washington upset a rowing dynasty. In 1906 a parent, who was a tireless taskmaster, received his reward when red-cheeked little Willie Hoppe was carried away on the shoulders of a cheering Paris through which had just seen him defeat the great Vignaux, billiard champion of the world.

Even the most loyal fans knew that the Glants were doomed to a miserable second division existence in 1933. They took command at the start and remained triumphant to the finish, even to the triumph of the World Series.

In 1913 a proud Army eleven scheduled a practice game with a team from "a little school some place out West." Dorais passed to Rockne, Eichenlaub hit the line and Notre Dame was launched as a gridiron power.

There was Johnny Rawlings, Pepper Martin, Howard Ehmke. There—But the list is too long to name them all even during a dinner that stretches through long hours.

They were dark horses, Americans who came through when the odds and the world's beliefs were long against them. I am sorry that I missed seeing you, Kid. But I hope that you made it, too.

IT PERHAPS is not entirely true that if Mr. Arthur Brisbane ever took a gander at Tony Galento, the best gorilla investors could get from then on would be even money. Yet, since each mail brings evidence that other gifted, if not so well informed, writers are vastly impressed with what the squat, hairy Tony might do if the Hearst press should slip him a more reasonable assignment, his talents will be discouaged upon today.

Definitely, a considerable portion of the literate metropolitan populace seems overcome by an irresistible yen to see the Newark Nightstick swinging against Joe Louis for the greater glory of Mike Jacobs and the financial benefit of the Christmas Basket fund. So because a show is promised for December and the stamp buyers should have fair opportunity to hoard those pennies which can be exchanged for ringside seats, there has been some wonder as to why the subject goes into a St. Vitus dance each time it is touched upon.

Galento, once the most eminent of New Jersey's far famed and efficient galaxy of speakeasy bouncers, is a round-headed, beady-eyed young man who probably would be doing Mussolini a lot of good right now if he had not had the luck to be born in Orange. He is not though—for all the honor that came to Luis Angel Firpo, with whom he compares favorably, hair for hair—a pugilist whose top flight pretensions ordinarily could be taken seriously.

Plainly—as even those partisans who suffered so acutely during his recent strivings against Willie McGee—he is not a boxer. Aside from some slight concession to form in the matter of sticking a plump left arm out in front of him, his score for those neckties introduced by the Marquis of Queensbury is as evident as is that desire of better celebrated heavyweights to avoid him.

Such disregard for the finer phases of the manly art of self-defense should long ago have caused him to go into discard along with those other fifth-rate performers who so frequently have outpointed him. That, instead, he now has become a town topic must be because he is a man with a mission in life and a pride in his work.

Whether this mission is to become such a source of embarrassment to Joe Louis as the similarly roly poly Willie Meehan once was to Jack Dempsey is something that need not be unduly discussed here. What is more important is the pride Mr. Galento takes in beating par in the matter of belting out any designated opponent.

This is a work at which he moves with real zest and with a pretty disdain for the punches that may meanwhile be bouncing off his own ironclad jaw. While toddling around the ring, right arm almost on a level with his own bear knee, there is something almost wistful about him. He seems to be a guy who would willingly be put to bed without supper if an opponent would just—

Tony's Mighty Right Makes Fans Happy

Here the opponent, perhaps overtired from piling up points, relaxes for a sympathetic moment. There is a scant opening. The Newark Nightstick is leveled upon a defenseless lug.

Mr. Galento puffs, dabs daintily at the beads of sweat upon his chest and then glances at the victim squirming upon the canvas. Sometimes then there is a disdainful gleam in his eyes but it is not for the weakness of this victim who, a moment ago, was doing so well. Rather Mr. Galento is ribbing his own right hand, telling it that it ought to be ashamed of itself having to take two swishes before it could convince a mere 230-pounder such as Young Hippo to stay tagged.

It is at such moments that Mr. Galento and his audience are happiest. Perhaps his delicate pinkies have not yet been planted under enough jaws to merit such intimate esteem as caused an entire nation to hail Frank Moran's maulie as Mary Ann. Yet, for all that there may be people who love and honor him for other more enduring qualities, it is only because he has that right hand that Mr. Galento can charm an audience into paying real money for the chance of being happy.

Therein also is the reason—far more than any prejudice against the rights of the foreign born Schmelings, Neusels and Paulinos to take satchels full of gold out of this country—why the audience seems to crave him as Louis's next opponent.

Probably the fight would be a very bad one. Louis, the best boxer among the heavyweights of the day, should outpoint him with ease. Possibly Louis, who hits almost as hard as Detroit's other idol, Hank Greenberg, might also knock him out. Yet, even though the League of Nations might persuade Ethiopia and Italy to revert to the ancient custom of settling their own mass troubles by this one test, it is rather evident that it is a fight that never will take place.

I mention this for the benefit of those citizens who have been wasting so many stamps while calling attention to their eagerness to lay it on the line for Santa Claus. The reasons should be obvious even though I personally think that, if left to his own devices, Joe Louis would welcome such a chance.

Louis is a million dollar fighter. Galento probably could fetch \$250 if the market happened to be in a buying mood. Joe probably could be writing his life story with one hand while outpointing Tony with the other. But—

Sculptor Loses Fortune and Bemoans His Fate

A talented young sculptor was the last to arrive at the party. He seemed gloomy and dejected and the smile was missing from his usually cheerful countenance. As he seated himself beside the Woman she found it unnecessary to ask the cause for his dejection, for he immediately informed her ruefully, "I lost \$2,500 today."

The Woman was surprised. Although he is a talented young man he has not yet reached the stage in his career where he can turn his talent into a means of livelihood. He has difficulty selling his work and the woman never would have suspected that he owned so much money. She said nothing and he continued, "I'm so mad at myself. It's all my own fault, too."

Her curiosity prompted her to put the question for which he was waiting. "What happened?" she asked.

He seemed glad to unburden his troubled soul. "I wanted to bet on the horse that came in first today and if I had, I'd have won \$2,500. But I didn't have the \$12 to put on him—damn it. I'm as mad as hops at myself—all that money lost."—New York Sun.

Thrice the Slaves in World as Century Ago

The world may be improving in some ways but in regards to human bondage it is growing steadily worse, according to figures gathered by Lady Simon, wife of Britain's foreign minister. There are three times as many slaves in the world today she says, as there was 100 years ago (not counting those in the United States).

Slave trading is carried on openly in most of the larger cities of Arabia and a slave market adjoins the Great Mosque of Mecca. Oddly enough, Liberia, which at one time was a refuge for escaped and liberated slaves of the United States, has nearly 800,000 slaves numbered among its 2,500,000 population. Slavery still exists in many parts of Ethiopia, many parts of China and northern Africa.

DIDN'T GET AROUND MUCH

In the course of an argument, a Canadian informed an Englishman that the inhabitants of the Old Country were too reserved. "Oh, nonsense," replied the Englishman. "Why, years ago, when I was in the Cambridge 'eight,' I knew all the ether fellows quite well . . . that is, all excepting one, and he was away up in the bow."—Boston Evening Transcript.

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4.75/5.00-19.....	8.50
4.50/4.75/5.00-20.....	8.35
5.25/5.50-17.....	10.55
5.25/5.50-18.....	10.65
6.00-16.....	11.95
HEAVY DUTY	
4.40/4.50/4.75-21.....	\$ 9.80
4.75/5.00-19.....	10.60
4.50/4.75/5.00-20.....	10.35
5.25/5.50-17.....	12.50
5.25/5.50-18.....	12.75
6.00-16.....	14.15
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32x6 Truck Type.....	\$27.65
32x6 H.D.....	36.25
6.00-20.....	16.95
6.50-20.....	21.95
7.00-20.....	29.10
7.50-20.....	35.20
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8.25-20.....	49.30
8.25-24.....	54.75
9.00-20.....	60.75
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7.50-18.....	17.45
9.00-36.....	73.95
11.25-24.....	66.60
CHEVRON TYPE	
5.50-16.....	\$ 9.40
7.50-18.....	14.05
9.00-36.....	62.95
11.25-24.....	56.60
Other Sizes Priced Proportionately Low	

Leager by George Proctor, Fish and Game Warden

...the Rockingham Conservation Office... has a 75 pound bear... he will have him... before spring.

...eat any woodchuck?... night of this week I... the annual game supper... New Boston Club and did... A. Cooper... pheasant... ragoon and woodchuck... Conservation Officer Floyd Cole... was present and did... we have a good time. The boys over... in that town sure do know how to entertain.

The trapping season is on and a few hinds might not come amiss. There is now no age limit to persons that trap. Everyone without regard to age must have a license to trap and also land permit properly made out and filed. The only ones that can trap without a license are resident land owners and their minor children. This is a good law and has its good points as well as poor ones. Many boys trap who do not know how to set a trap and catch cats and dogs. This will stop that and that five dollar fee will stop a lot more. On the other hand many boys have trapped for years and may take a chance. In the past week we have found over a dozen such boys but all had not heard of the new law.

The pheasant season is over for 1935 and the results in this section were not up to last year. There are in our opinion more birds than ever but they are wiser and in some of the best hunting places last year the same were closed to all hunting this year. Hundreds of birds were saved through this No Trespassing law.

Luther Richardson of Abbott Hill, Wilton, shot a big cock pheasant about two miles from Wilton village with a Massachusetts tag on its leg. He must have wandered at least ten miles from the border.

We ran in to see Frank Muzzy at the Peterborough hospital the other day. He is getting along from his bad accident when he broke his nose, arm and leg from a fall from his barn at Bennington. He is the game farm manager of the Bennington club.

Any act of assistance to any person or persons while fishing or hunting — you can take your friend with you hunting or fishing and he or she does not have to have a license if they do not assist you in any way. You cannot row a boat for any other to fish. You cannot shoot the ragoon or carry same. But you can have your wife or friend drive you to your fishing place or to your favorite bird cover and that person does not have to have a license.

Although the grey squirrel season was a great success as to the number of squirrels killed we can't see where they were taken from. We have seen just as many since the law went back on as before.

Another dog has been reported as lost and this time from the Merrill farm at Greenfield. It's a part Alredale-Donber Plincher and a great pet. Let us know if you hear from him.

According to one of our out of state hunters we have enjoyed one of the best woodcock seasons for a number of years. One man said he could have got his limit every day if he had wanted to. But being a good sport he left a few for seed.

The boys that are trapping mink are reporting very good luck. The open fall is keeping the brooks open and is a great help to the trapper.

The past week has seen several big flights of Homing pigeons from Buffalo, N. Y. to big cities in Massachusetts. This will mean that a lot of strays will be found in all parts of this section. Don't confine a homing pigeon. Feed him but let him have his liberty.

Here is a good item to cut out and stick in your hat: "Help the thoughtless to respect the rights of others."

If you see a sign that says "No Trespass" stop and go around. In many cases a call on the owner will result in permission to hunt on that property. We know of a few young fellows who are to lose their permits to hunt and fish for trespassing and when ordered off were very careless with their language.

The Profile Kennel Club of N. H. are to hold a big show in Nashua some time in December. Will tell you the dates later.

Although it's only two weeks since the open season on trapping started we have two reports that Johnny Sneakum is at work on two trap lines. Now if you don't happen to know Johnny he is the guy that goes around on your trap line a few hours before you do. Takes the catch and resets your traps. Now there is a heavy fine for anyone that disturbs any traps of another without his permission.

I hope that every sportsman who is reading this column this week will get the December number of Field and Stream and turn to page 15 and read the article entitled "The Anti-Gun Mania." It's by Ray P. Holland, Editor in chief of the magazine. It's an article that you want to read and think over.

Listen, 34,000 people were killed in the United States last year by automobiles, 4000 were children. Let one man or woman be killed by gun fire and a great hue and cry goes up. Close the safe to hunting. Why not stop everyone using cars for a while?

I have a great faith in human nature. Listen, last June I lost a

golden cock pheasant. He stayed around a few days and then disappeared. He has been seen two miles from my place. Sunday afternoon he came back and is now trying hard to get back to his regular meals. During the recent open season I know of three men that had a chance to shoot him but they passed it up. That's what I call real sportsmanship.

There is one thing that will slow up traffic no matter how thick it is. A mother skunk and her family of five marching across the highway in single file will do the trick every time. This happened in one large Massachusetts city only a week ago and hundreds of cars were brought to a standstill till she had made her safe passage across the street. 100 policemen would not have been any more effective.

Saw an article the other day in a well known magazine which made the statement that white albino trout were very rare and could not be raised to adult size. Wish that fellow that made that wise crack could drop into the state hatchery at New Hampton and see the several hundred raised by Supt. Harry E. Hubbard at that station. Harry still has the original pair.

No, pheasants will not eat strawberries. Two hen pheasants raised a brood of young right in the center of a big strawberry bed and never had a berry. This out in Iowa.

How is this fishing with rifle? Some man off the Maine coast shot an 800 lb. tuna fish with a high powered rifle. Is that a fish or hunting story?

Jack Miner of Canada has offered to give his wonderful bird refuge to the Jack Miner Migratory Bird Foundation, Inc., to be kept for all time. Here is a chance to give to a real worthwhile cause. If you have not already done so read his books on Waterfowl. In any up to date library.

Here is without doubt the oldest dog in the USA. Born 1921 in N. Y. State, an English bulldog. Can you beat that one?

The state of New York is going to enjoy possum hunting again. These little southern fellows related to the raccoon are increasing in New York and an open season will be enjoyed.

Did you ever hear of the racing deer? A man out in California has five deer that he has trained to race on the same plan as the racing greyhounds. Dogs are not in the same class with them.

The State of Wisconsin has stole a march on all the other states by introducing into the public schools the study of wild life preservation. Why not? The pupils of today are the hunters of tomorrow.

Last year 600,000 waterfowl were killed over baited waters. This year baited waters are on the black list so they claim that thousands will be saved. The use of live decoys last year brought an awful toll of waterfowl life. Live decoys are also banned this year.

Watch your step while riding the back roads. Out in N. J. last week a herd of 7 deer led by a big buck charged an auto and did a lot of damage to the car. They left the scene as soon as they had scared the driver out of three years' growth.

A pack of German Shepherds so called but in fact a pack of mongrel dogs attacked a flock of sheep in a western Massachusetts town and that town will pay several hundreds of dollars damage. The real German Shepherd dog is a wonderful animal but now a big long haired dog is called a German Shepherd. A dog hunt has started in that town as the Selectmen are out to get them.

Did you know that the first state in the union to issue hunting license was New York State and in 1864?

New Brunswick was offering bargains in hunting licenses this year and several young fellows from Milford and Hollis took advantage of this offer. You can take a deer and two bear for ten dollars. Mr. Stickney of Milford showed me his button to wear on his bright red shirt and tags galore. Pretty strict down that way.

Believe it or not but down in West Virginia one day recently in a drive to kill the enemies of game fish, 634 water snakes were killed and not a good day for snakes either.

The Wilton Winter Carnival Association, Inc., have decided on Feb. 1st and 2nd for the dates for their annual big time. Better than ever for 1936 is the slogan.

It seems to us that the motive of the New England Sled Dog Association Inc. is wandering from its first love. In the first when I was a charter member of this association, the purpose was to advance the interests of the real honest to goodness sled dog. In the races held last year in many of the towns of the state we noticed that the real old fashioned sled dog was very conspicuous by their absence. Most of the teams that won were mutts crossed to get more speed while the owners care nothing for looks. The real sled dogs are not fast but are used more for hauling heavy loads over the snow. Let's get back to first principles. When the races are much slower let's have the real sled dogs and forget about mutts and speed.

Sure if you have an out of state friend that wants a license to hunt I can write him out one for the usual fee of \$15.15. Last week I had a chance to sell eight such licenses; all the agents were closed. Now I have a block of them and bring them

Who Pays The Federal Payroll? By RAYMOND PITCAIRN National Chairman Sentinels of the Republic

Maybe he doesn't realize it, but the average American citizen and taxpayer today is footing the bill for one of the largest payrolls in history.

Moreover he is increasing it at a rate seldom, if ever, equalled in days of peace.

For evidence of this, consider the growing list of Federal job-holders—whose pay checks come out of taxes charged ultimately to the American citizen and worker and earner. Here are some official statistics from Washington:

In June 1933, there were approximately 565,000 job-holders on the Federal payroll—exclusive, of course, of the Army and Navy.

By June 1934, the total had been boosted to more than 651,000.

By June 30, 1935, it had soared to a total of 717,000.

The climb continued. By September of this year it had reached a peak of 794,000—all paid out of taxes.

That's a lot of job-holders. There are at least ten states in the Union that can't count as many heads in their entire population. And they are costing the taxpayers more than \$100,000,000 a month.

But these figures tell only half the story. Add to the list of Federal job-holders the various public employees of states, cities and smaller political divisions, and your total will run into millions—also paid out of taxes, direct and indirect, clipped from the average citizen's earnings or savings. And remember, these totals include only the regular job-holders. They don't include the numerous relief beneficiaries. That's an entirely separate list.

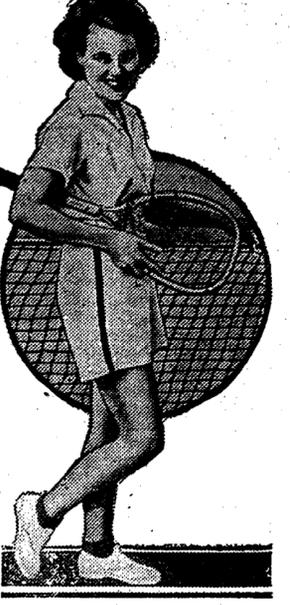
Expensive? Of course it's expensive! No farmer, no merchant, no industrial concern, could succeed with such padded payrolls. But in government it's different. The politicians who pad the payroll don't have to foot the bill. They leave that detail to the people—and arrange for it through taxes.

That's one reason why, as economists have computed, more than 20 per cent of our national income goes into taxes—national, state and local. That's what statisticians have in mind when they tell us that the citizen who hasn't got a political job labors one day out of five to help support those who have.

When we realize these things, and insist that the politicians devote themselves to efficiency in government, rather than patronage, another great stride will have been achieved toward economy—and recovery.



This dazzling brunette with the sinuous curves is Miss Rita Rio, who is now appearing in the featurette "Stars of Tomorrow," the new series of short productions which are now being brought to the screen by Columbia Pictures.



Petite Barbara Kent, is already for her daily workout and she swings a mean racket. Miss Kent is one of the most versatile young actresses in Hollywood, and has been featured in dramatic parts, as well as in westerns and comedy dramas.

Maple sugar
Though the sugar maple tree is the best known source of maple sugar, sap from any maple tree can be boiled down to sugar.

Origins of Some Common Words
The Brabant manufacturer, Hanks, gave his name to the skin of worsted, which still retains it; and Thomas Blanket, a weaver in Bristol, has given a bedfellow both to ladies and gentlemen.—London Spectator.

River Changes Course
The river Hoang Ho of China, almost 3,000 miles long, is believed to have changed its course nine times in the past 2,500 years. In 1887, when it changed its course, a million Chinese were drowned in the process.

Squaring of a Circle
The squaring of a circle is attempted in the Rhind Papyrus, 2000 B. C., the oldest known mathematical book, by Ahmes, an Egyptian priest. Since that time this famous problem has been studied by Archimedes, 200 B. C.; Huygens, 1654; Newton, Leibnitz, and many others.

Magnesium a Lightweight
The light weight of the metal magnesium, which is the principal component of down-metal stratosphere balloons, is strikingly shown in an exhibit at Field Museum of Natural History, where a small piece of iron in one pan of a scale balances a bar of magnesium a foot long, says a bulletin from that institution.

In 1874 Senator John Sherman of Mansfield, Ohio, introduced the famous Resumption Act, which passed the senate the same year and the house early in 1875. In 1877 he was appointed secretary of the treasury by President Hayes, and in that position had the unique experience of carrying out the crowning triumph of his fiscal policy which as senator he had originated and advocated. Through his supervision the resumption of specie payments by the government was accomplished, despite the dismal forebodings of several practical, acknowledged financiers.

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Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids
The only way your body can clean out acids and poisonous wastes from your blood is through the delicate kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. If functional kidney or bladder disorders make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Backache, Circles Under Eyes, Headaches, Rheumatic Pains, Acidity, Burning, Smarting or Itching, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription called Cystex (Text). Works fast, safe and sure. In 48 hours it must bring new vitality, and is guaranteed to fix you up in one week or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs only 25¢ a day at druggists, and the guarantee protects you.

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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
Tel. 123-2, Hillsboro, N. H.
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. Dorsie Williams of Danville, Illinois, says, "I had no ambition and was terribly nervous. Your Tablets helped my periods and built me up." Try them next month.
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