

# The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME LIII NO. 13

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1936

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

### Bridge Pictures Presented

Col. Arthur J. Pierce, of Bennington, has presented to the Tucker Free Library, in Henniker, two framed pictures. One is of the old covered bridge at West Henniker, the other of the bridge over the canal. Both pictures were taken in 1906. The covered bridge was replaced about 1915.

### P. D. D. Meeting, Anniversary and Supper

On Saturday evening, February 22, the regular meeting of the Past Dist. Dep. G. M. Association of the Contoocook Valley District comes to Antrim, and a few of the Grand Officers, present and past, will be entertained. This occasion will take on a broader observance, and in addition the 60th anniversary of the institution of Webster Lodge, No. 59, I.O.O.F., will receive proper notice. The program is not yet fully made up, but a supper will be given and a committee has already been selected. Further particulars will be given in next week's Reporter.

### Fifty-two Times a Year!

One resolve that I made the first of the year, Was to stick to the "Antrim Reporter" dear; So Mr. Editor here's a couple a-dollar For to send to me your welcome caller 52 times this year!

Since first brought out by a man named Ball,

I've read its pages, one and all; Thursday's the day it's due to come, Then a rush to grab it—if folks are home!

52 times a year!

You folks who live in "The Old Home Town,"

Who haven't been forced afar to roam Don't know what a kick is received by each kick,

As they sit down to roam through the paper from home!

52 times a year!

### Hancock Tombstone Pays Negro Tribute

On a tombstone in a small cemetery in Hancock is seen the following inscription: "Jack Ware, an African, died March 2, 1826, age 100 years." Underneath this inscription it reads: "This monument is erected in commemoration of his virtues, by the voluntary contributions of the citizens of Hancock."

History reveals that Jack Ware was a negro and had been a slave. Years ago he related to friends that when he was a small child a white man came along in a fine buggy and broke a cake in two, gave him one-half and his little brother the other, then he picked them up and carried them off to slavery like a hawk would a hen. The date of his coming to Hancock is not known, but the old tombstone in the graveyard is a testimonial to his fine character.

### A Masquerade Ball

Will be given in the Antrim town hall on Friday evening, February 21. Cash prizes will be awarded to the most beautiful, most original and most horrible. This is the second annual masquerade ball, sponsored by the local Legion boys. A large number of costumes were represented last year, and we are looking forward to a larger variety of costumes this year. Music will be furnished by Dick Sullivan's orchestra, Wilton. Dancing, 8 to 1. Let everybody attend in costume. Evan R. Day, Pub. Officer.

### Feed the Birds!

Are you feeding the birds? The snow is deep and they can't find much to eat unless you assist them. And besides, it is very interesting to watch them.

### Gov. Hoffman Demoted

Gov. Harold Hoffman has been demoted as leader of the Republican Party of New Jersey. The Republican State Committee took charge in an action unprecedented in the history of the State. Dissatisfaction with the Governor's handling of the patronage and fiscal issues and his action in the Bruno Richard Hauptmann case are said to have inspired the committee's action.

### Former Teacher Marries

This item of news was taken from the Morning Mercury, published in New Bedford, Mass., Jan. 25, 1936:

#### CUNDALL—LYON

Charles D. Cundall, 70, of 66 Clinton street and Miss Anna B. Lyon, 60, of 1 Park Place, planned to be married yesterday at 5 p. m. in the Little Church Around the Corner in New York. The Rev. Lansing G. Putnam was to officiate. Their license was obtained yesterday morning. Mr. Cundall, druggist, stated that he is a native of Jewett City, Conn., the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cundall. His first wife died in 1917. Miss Lyon is a native of Fredonia, Kansas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney J. Lyon. She is a teacher at the James B. Congdon School.

Miss Lyon taught school in Antrim many years ago, and the Town report of 1901 contains her name as being here one year.

### Order Lilac Plants Early

Lilacs may be ordered through the Antrim Garden Club by anyone whether Club member or not. The order must go in as soon as possible. All who are interested in the project the Club is trying to carry out and desire to order fine lilac plants at an unusually low price, will please get in touch with Mrs. Caughey or Mrs. Poor. Any size plants and any varieties may be had.

### Antrim Garden Club

The Antrim Garden Club held its monthly meeting on Monday evening, February 3, at the home of Mrs. W. F. Clark. The President presided and the usual routine business was transacted. It was voted to hold an August Flower Show.

Because of Town Meetings, etc., it was voted to hold no meeting in March.

The President announced the Boston Flower Show to be held March 28 and the Club instructed the Secretary to send for tickets as usual. Anyone desiring tickets will see the President; also see her in ordering seeds.

The March meeting of the United Garden Clubs of N. H. will be held in Antrim the 18th. Orders for lilacs will be sent in about March 1; see Mrs. Caughey or the President soon.

An interesting program followed the business. Mrs. Roberts discussed the "Weed of the month," the Dock. Miss Wilkinson read a poem, "The Fable of the Three Elms." Mrs. Goodell read an interesting article entitled "Lincoln Among the Trees." Articles on the wise planting of trees about one's home were read by Mrs. Nylander and Mrs. Davis. Mrs. Roberts spoke interestingly on "The Catkins of Spring."

The meeting adjourned, to meet the 6th of April. The place of meeting will be announced later.

## Washington's Birthday Dinner!

FRIDAY EVENING, Feb. 21, at 6 o'clock,  
Presbyterian Vestry

### MENU:

Chicken Pie.	Mashed Potato
Peas	Salad
Washington Pies	Cranberry Jelly
	Rolls
	Coffee

Tickets: Adults 50c. Children 25c.  
Entertainment by Double Male Quartet

Tickets will be limited, so those desiring them should make sure of them before, by getting in touch with the committee. Mrs. George W. Nylander, Chairman.

## "The Statistics and Gazetteer of New Hampshire", Published 1874

At the Reporter office, we have a copy of "The Statistics and Gazetteer of New Hampshire," published by Fogg in 1874, containing some valuable information of that date and is most interesting to read today. We are publishing from time to time extracts from this book which we think will be of interest to our readers.

And this week we are taking Bennington; here is what is said of this town:

The surface of this town is uneven, but the soil is productive when properly cultivated. Bennington is a small township taken from Deering, Franconia, Greenfield and Hancock, in 1842.

Bennington has a Social Library of 400 volumes.

One hotel — the Washington House.

Bennington is bounded on the north by Deering, east by Franconia, south by Franconia and Greenfield, and west by Hancock and Antrim. Acres of improved land, 3299.

Regarding railroads: Ten miles by daily stage to Hillsborough Bridge, on the Contoocook Valley Railroad; also daily stage to Wilton, fifteen miles on the Wilton Railroad. The Peterborough and Hillsborough Railroad will pass through Bennington when built.

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

For the benefit of the many and no doubt you will see me readers on the Pacific coast and standing there when the News down in the sunny south we will reels are shown soon. The local say that the 1936 Winter Carnival Commissary were all sold out at 4 in the home town was the best of p. m., and the local stores that the eleven. We can only tell of the were open did a land office business spots as to tell it right I ness. They estimated that 10,000 people attended the carnival the two days. Much praise should be given the heads of the different committees for the fine work done. There was wonderful cooperation by the townspeople. The state and out of state papers gave us a lot of favorable publicity.

Have just received another fine picture post card from an unknown friend in St. Petersburg, Florida. Thanks.

One more good snow storm and a good wind and we see where some people over Ashby, Mass., way will spend a few days at home. It's a one way street for about a mile 150 lbs., those dogs walked right off with it. Gov. Bridges and his men standing on the hill were

family of Nashua, Don Tuttle and family of Concord, Major Goyette of Peterboro, were guests of the Carnaval. Of course columns could be written on that wedding. In order to save my off hind leg I made a flying leap when the wedding party went by and landed on the groom and rode right into the ice alter. When I picked myself up I was right there with newspaper men standing on me and crowding me onto the bridal party. Well I had a grandstand seat anyway.

Many letters lately asking about the law on trout in the Souhegan river. The law book states that Souhegan river tributaries of King brook which run into the

Continued on page 10

# THE "INVENTOR" OF THE TYPEWRITER

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

 HE click and clatter of the keys were silenced as the visitors paused beside the desk from which the noise came.

"What are you doing?"  
"I'm writing an article on the typewriter."

"I know you are . . . I can see that for myself. But what's it about?"

"It's about the typewriter."

"Oh, now I understand! You're writing an article ABOUT the typewriter ON the typewriter. But why?"

"Well, you see, February 14 happens to be the anniversary of the birth of Christopher Latham Sholes and he . . ."

"Oh yes, he was the chap who invented the typewriter, wasn't he?"

"That depends upon what you mean when you say 'inventor' because . . ."

Yea, a great deal does depend upon the definition of that word! At least a dozen men did the pioneering work that eventually resulted in the modern high-speed writing machine and each of them has some claim to the title of "father of the typewriter" or to the honor of being its "inventor."

Probably the first effort to produce a writing machine was made by an English engineer named Henry Mill in 1712. A patent issued to him by Queen Anne on January 7 of that year states that he "invented and brought to perfection an artificial machine or method for the impression or transcribing of letters simply or progressively one after another, as in writing, whereby all writings whatsoever may be engrossed in paper or parchment so neat and exact as not to be distinguished from print; that said machine or method may be of great use in settlements and public records, the impression being deeper and more lasting than other writing, and not to be erased or counterfeited without manifest discovery."

Except for this patent, which is filed in the British patent office, there is, however, no other record of the principles of operation of Mill's machine. The same is true of a writing machine which is said to have been invented in France in 1784. So neither Mill nor this unknown Frenchman have any very valid claim to the title of "inventor" of the typewriter.

#### First Claimant

The first real claimant to that title was an American—William Austin Burt, a native of Massachusetts, where he was born June 13, 1792, but a citizen of Michigan in 1829 when he invented his "typographer." At any rate the record of his invention in the United States patent office declares that "this patent discloses the actual construction of a typewriting machine for the first time in any country." It then describes the working of the "typographer" as follows:

"The type are arranged on the under side of a segment carried by a lever pivoted to swing vertically and horizontally.

"The desired character is brought to the printing point by moving this lever horizontally to a position over the same character in the index, and the impression is made by then depressing the lever.

"Several styles of type may be used and they are arranged in two rows on the lever. These rows of type can be shifted on the lever to bring either one to the printing point.

"The paper is carried on an endless band which travels crosswise on the machine, and this band is



Miss Eileen Donohue as she appeared, in the costume of the seventies, in a skit presented by the New York Y. W. C. A. as a part of the celebration in 1933 to mark the sixtieth anniversary of the invention of the typewriter and the entrance of women into the modern business world. The typewriter shown in this picture is the original model perfected by Christopher Latham Sholes from which the first manufactured machine was copied.

printing at the end of the line is indicated."

#### Principle Reversed.

This indicates that the principle of Burt's machine was the reverse of that on modern machines. In the "typographer" the type moved at the imprint of each letter until the end of the line was reached and, instead of returning the carriage, as is done on a modern typewriter, the frame carrying the printing mechanism was shifted back to the starting point while the rest remained motionless.

Burt obtained type for his machine from John Shelton, editor and proprietor of the Detroit Gazette, and Shelton on May 25, 1829, wrote the first letter on the new contraption. It was addressed to Martin Van Buren, then secretary of state, and said:

"This is a specimen of printing done by me on Mr. Burt's typographer. You will observe some inaccuracies in the situation of the letters. These are owing to the imperfections of the machine; it having been made in the woods of Michigan, where no proper tools could be obtained by the inventor, who, in the construction of it, merely wished to test the principles of it, therefore, taking little pains in making it. I am satisfied from my knowledge of the printing business as well as from the operation of the rough machine, with which I am printing, that the typographer will be ranked with the most novel, useful and pleasing inventions of the age."

On July 23, 1829, patent No. 269, signed by President Andrew Jackson and Secretary Van Buren, was granted to Burt for his "typographer." The original model of the machine was lost in the fire of December 15, 1838, which destroyed the patent office and all its contents.

#### Found No Market.

Burt's invention was so far in advance of the times that it found no market, so he turned his attention to other things. Among them was the invention of the solar compass, an instrument which remedied variations of a magnetic needle, due to local causes, and his interest in internal improvements in Michigan territory. The latter included a project for a canal around the falls in St. Mary's river, the forerunner of the present canal at Sault St. Marie, so Burt's fame as "Father of the Soo Canal" is secure even if his right to the title of "Father of the Typewriter" has never been firmly established.

During the next few years a number of writing machines of one sort or another made their appearance. The first of these, and one which showed a nearer approach to the modern typewriter, was Charles Thurber's printer which he patented August 26, 1843.

The first machine to use continuous roll paper feed, instead of an endless strip of tape, as originated by Burt, was invented by John R. Fairbanks, who produced his "phonetic" writing machine, patented September 17, 1850.

On May 20, 1856, John H. Cooper patented a writing machine which exhibited for the first time the principle of hammer-printing against a wheel or disc, which corresponds very closely to the modern typewriter.

In June, 1856, Alfred E. Beach, editor of the *Scientific American*, brought out a mechanical writer, whose principle was to record raised letters instead of printing them. It contained the first alignment of type bars in a circle, delivering their impression on a common center.

#### First Portable.

In 1857, Dr. S. W. Francis of New York added to this form of writing machine the piano-forte keyboard action for the first time. This greatly simplified the method of striking the keys.

In 1861, Thomas Hall of New York, who is said to have perfected the first "portable" typewriting machine, a model of a larger instrument on which he was working, was the first to use an inked ribbon for recording the letters and characters.

In the meantime another American, living in England, was working on an "invention" which was to have a direct bearing upon the development of the typewriter in its present form and to give him a strong claim to the title of "inventor of the typewriter." He was John Pratt, born in Unionville, S. C., April 14, 1831, and, for several years after his graduation from Cokesbury college in 1849, a journalist and lawyer in the South.

In 1864 Pratt and his wife went to England, where he devoted his attention to perfecting a writing machine which he called the "pterotype" for which he was granted a British patent in 1866. According to the *National Cyclopaedia of American Biography*, which calls him the "inventor of the typewriter" and which says that he was the "first working typewriter that ever secured a sale," Pratt claimed four operations as requisite to the accomplishment of his purpose. They were:

"That it was necessary to bring any one of a number of types at the will of the operator, and in arbitrary succession, to common point; to form a colored or other legible character at that common point; to feed the paper across the common point so as to make proper intervals between the letters and the words; to prepare a device for bringing the paper readily and speedily back to its starting point, with an interval between the lines."

In 1867 his machine was exhibited before the Society of Arts and a paper read by the inventor before that society was printed in its journal. In that same year also he made and sold several of his machines in London, among the purchasers being Sir Charles Wheatstone and Dr. Bence Jones, the author of a "Life of Faraday."

#### Three "Crank."

But more important still in the history of the typewriter was the fact that during the winter of 1866-67 in a little machine shop in the outskirts of the city of Milwaukee, Wis., "three middle-aged, thoughtful and hard-working men, looked upon as 'cranks' by their neighbors, were each hard at work on a pet invention of his own." So says "The Story of the Typewriter" issued by the Historical Society of Herkimer County, New York, in 1923. It continues:

"One of these men, Christopher Latham Sholes, a printer and newspaper man, was engaged in developing a machine for numbering serially the pages of blank books. In this work he had interested one of the others, Samuel W. Soule, while the third of the group, Carlos Glidden, put in his time trying to invent a mechanical 'spader' to take the place of a plow. Chance caused these three men to drop the inventions on which they had been working and to pool their interests in a new and far greater undertaking."

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Sholes developed his paging machine, was added to the group of experimenters in the little machine shop, and proved quite a handy man, both in carrying out ideas and suggestions. But Sholes was the man with the big idea and to him the invention of the first practical typewriter is credited.

#### John Alden Descendant.

Sholes was a descendant of John and Priscilla Alden, and was born in Columbia county, Pennsylvania, February 14, 1819. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to the editor of the *Danville (Pa.) Intelligencer* to learn the printing business, but at the age of eighteen he decided to join his brother, who was then living in Green Bay, Wis.

Two years later Sholes went to Madison and took charge of the Wisconsin *Inquirer*, owned by his brother, Charles, and in 1840 he edited the *Southport* (later Kenosha) *Telegraph*. Four years later he became the postmaster there and after moving to Milwaukee was postmaster in that city. He was also editor of the *Sentinel* and the *News*, commissioner of public works and collector of customs. It was during his career in this office that he became interested in making a numbering machine and working with the other two men in their little machine shop on a writing machine.

#### A One-Letter Affair.

The first machine which he invented was a simple one-letter affair, made with an old telegraph key, a sheet of glass and odds and ends of wood and metal. It printed only a series of W's, but it was the germ of the final machine. For, to quote from the *Herkimer county history*:

"This machine was important in the history of the typewriter for only one thing—it introduced another crank to the machine shop—James Densmore, who dropped in one day, looked the machine over, and pronounced it good for nothing save to show that the idea was feasible. He was just the man that Sholes, the dreamer and idealist, needed.

"Sholes and Densmore kept hammering away on the invention, built model after model until 25 or 30 had



CHRISTOPHER L. SHOLES

been made, and finally, in 1873, they turned out a machine which was deemed sufficiently perfected for actual manufacture. It was Sholes that named his invention the "typewriter." The model was brought to Ilion, Herkimer county, New York, where the Remingtons had a gun factory, and it was with the Remingtons that the inventors made the first contract for the manufacture of the new typewriting machine. This was in February, 1873. The actual manufacture of the machine began in the following September.

"It was a very primitive looking affair that was turned out by the Remingtons—but it was the ancestor of all the typewriters and is still labeled in its museum repository as the 'model 1 Remington.' It wrote only capital letters. The sewing machine influence was apparent in its appointments. The carriage was returned by a curious foot treadle, which, however, quickly demonstrated its uselessness and was soon displaced by the now familiar hand carriage return. Nevertheless, the fundamental principles of construction embodied in this first typewriter still survive, though their application has since been modified or transformed in many ways in the marvelous little machines of today."

"One other item in the history of Christopher Latham Sholes as the 'Father of the Typewriter' deserves mention. (Incidentally, the *National Cyclopaedia* says that 'If Sholes can be called the 'father of the typewriter,' Pratt may justly be called the 'grandfather.'") At the time Sholes was making the final improvements on his typewriter a bitter political campaign was being waged and politics was in the minds and on the tongues of everyone. That's why today, when you sit down at your typewriter to 'try its action' or to 'warm up' before you begin writing, you tap out on it these words: 'Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party.' Christopher Latham Sholes was the 'inventor' of that sentence!"

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# Washington Digest

## NATIONAL TOPICS INTERPRETED

By William Bruchart

### NATIONAL PRESS BLDG.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

that Mr. Smith has walked out on that section of the Democratic party that sticks by Mr. Roosevelt. He said it was a choice either to "put on the mantle of hypocrisy or we can take a walk." He explained it probably would be the latter course. And frankly it seems with the personal following that he has, a walkout by Mr. Smith cannot be described as otherwise than serious to the party from which that group is defected. It has all of the earmarks of an interesting political situation.

Immediately after Mr. Smith had spoken, quite a few Democrats in Congress fired back at him and in defense of the New Deal. Men like Representative Doughton of North Carolina, a Democratic wheeler as chairman of the powerful ways and means committee; Speaker Byrnes, and a flock of others. They insisted generally that the Smith barrage was more helpful to the Democrats than campaign speeches they themselves could make. Administration leaders in the executive departments are beginning to fire also, but they are smart enough to let the enthusiasm aroused by the speech die down before they attempt to upset arguments advanced by Mr. Smith.

I have no doubt, from the signs even now cropping up, that an effort will be made in Congress to discredit the league. It looks like Senator Black, Alabama Democrat and chairman of the Senate lobby committee, probably will dig into the league's files to show how it was financed to a large extent by such wealthy men as the Duponts, among others. Such an investigation likewise will carry an undercurrent of a movement to do away with political influence of such men as John J. Raskob, former Democratic national chairman, a league director, and Jouett Shouse, former executive chairman of the Democratic national committee and the league president. If that fight gets started it will be a muddling beauty.

So, summarized, the picture resulting from the league's dinner is that of a major feud, as well as a major political movement, because there is a really bitter fight between personalities in sight as well as the possibilities of a third party movement.

In the situation as it now stands, however, the Republican party holds the key. Smith and his following and the league membership generally can be counted in definite opposition to the New Deal and most all of its works only on condition that a candidate and a platform, viewed by them as sound, are put forward by the Republicans. If the Republicans turn too far to the radical side in their efforts to match the Democratic position (which necessarily must be in support of everything the President has done), then, there is likely to be a third party, which would make predictions of the outcome worthless.

Congress frequently goes off on a tangent in which it will set about exposing this or that or the other among the practices of private business. In the last several years it has been particularly active in exposing to public view secrets of corporations and individual representatives and senators have blown off much steam concerning salaries paid business executives and they have directed criticism at private business as well as for some of its other expenditures.

A few years ago Senator Norris of Nebraska, among others, spoke at great length in criticism of our government's diplomatic service because of the salaries paid and the expenditures allowed for operation of our foreign diplomatic offices. The Norris attack apparently did considerable damage to the diplomatic service because it made many capable men fearful of entering that field where highly trained men are necessary.

But all of the time during which criticisms have been leveled at private business on account of salaries paid business executives and because of other expenses, the Senate itself has been going ahead from year to year using taxpayers' money to suit its own purposes. For instance, Col. Edwin A. Halsey, secretary of the Senate, lately has made public his annual report covering Senate operations and it shows that the taxpayers' money to the extent of \$3,296,852 had been spent for maintenance of that one branch of Congress. There are 96 senators, each of whom has an office staff; there are some 80 odd committees in operation, each with a staff, and there is the regular Senate organization with a large personnel. Consequently, salaries alone take up a considerable chunk of the total outlay, but Colonel Halsey's report disclosed that general "contingent expenses" of the Senate had eaten up \$701,000. Included in this total of "contingent expenses" was an item of \$238,000 for the cost of Senate investigations in the last year. Almost half of this amount was used by the Senate investigation committee headed by Senator Nye, Republican of North Dakota, who lately was made the subject of criticism on the Senate floor because of his committee's attitude.

With equal emphasis, it can be said

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# WATCH THE CURVES

By  
**RICHARD HOFFMANN**

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WNU Service

## SYNOPSIS

Following his father's bitter criticism of his idle life, and the withdrawal of financial assistance, Hal Ireland, only son of a wealthy banker, finds himself practically without funds but with the promise of a situation in San Francisco, which he must reach from New York, within a definite time limit. He takes passage with a cross-country auto party on a "share expense" basis. With five other members of the party, an attractive girl, Barry Trafford; middle-aged Giles Kerrigan; Sister Anastasia, a nun; and an individual whom he instinctively dislikes, Martin Crack, he starts his journey. Barry's reticence annoys him. To Kerrigan he takes at once, but he is unable to shake off feeling of uneasiness. He distrusts Crack, although finding his intimacy with Kerrigan ripening, and he makes a little progress with Barry. Through a misunderstanding, at a stopping place, Hal is directed to Barry's room, instead of his own. Propriety seems to soften Barry's unfriendliness, and they exchange kisses.

## CHAPTER V—Continued

—10—

Crack gave an uncomfortable laugh as he got out, and a faint blush deepened his old-fashioned youthfulness. "I guess that pup don't like me so very well," he said. He smiled shyly at Hal, as if half-hoping for some other explanation from him; but then his eyes drifted lazily away again, undisappointed.

The morning lay hot and long over the flat croplands of Indiana and Illinois. As Rasputin sang along the road past farm and field and farm, through brief brick towns, noon-drowsy and unbustled, the land kept the character of things it knew, the assurance of things it remembered. Hal's sense of these quickened sometimes to Kerrigan's remark and implication, sometimes to untried appreciations of his own—not so much forgotten as never before found.

Rasputin ran like an aristocrat, granting an aristocrat the privilege of metallic song in the gearbox and a disinclination to compete with low-price upstarts at a change of traffic light. And before Mrs. Pulsipher could come to the fidgeting preliminaries of lunch-hunger, they were crossing the Illinois river into Peoria.

Barry saw the sign on a cafeteria in a side street, "Air Cooled and Conditioned." And there was a chorus of grateful exclamation and a struggling into jackets as the almost-chilled draft swept up the stairway. Down in the bright bustle of the cafeteria itself, Sister Anastasia suddenly sneezed, then looked at Barry with a pretty expression halfway between amusement and apology. Barry's hand went to her arm, her clear face lighted with quick, humorous sympathy. Kerrigan took the dead cigarette from his lips and, with an air of awkward courtliness upon his bulk, said to her, "We'll all catch the Russian grippe in here. Sister, allow me to take you somewhere else."

"Oh no—that's what you," said Sister Anastasia, her eyes grateful and still amused, her diction trying carefully to elide the accent that touched it.

It was an enchanting voice—in its gentleness of grace and inner assurance that still, as Barry had said, kept you from using the word humble. Hal smiled in pleasure as he watched her. And since Barry would not meet his eyes—not actually avoiding them but seeming to know of no use in meeting them—he had double welcome for an impulsive tenderness, brought his tray or lunch to the empty place beside the nun.

She spoke only when she was spoken to; but the restrained ease of what she said, the smooth, quiet cadence she gave to each sentence made it delightful to go on prompting her. They talked of nothing much that Hal remembered clearly; how long she had been in America, the pleasures and imperfections of crossing the ocean, the view from the Empire State building, the world eminence of American cities in degree of summer heat. And then Hal had an innocent, urgent desire to see her blush—a little, once, to see what she might have been like as a young girl with a first beau. And he said:

"Have you heard, Sister, that California is a place where the fruit has no flavor, the flowers no scent, and the ladies no charm?"

"No," she said, looking at him in guileless interest. "I've not 'eard that. Is it true?"

"I don't know surely, because I've never been there," said Hal, without concealing his pleasure in her. "I've tasted oranges from there which were sweet; and I've been told that their orange blossoms at least have the scent they do in other places. As for the last part of the saying, I know it will not be true when you and Miss Trafford get to California."

For an instant Hal was afraid he would have to be ashamed of himself;

Sister Anastasia glanced quickly away; but then he saw she was looking toward the other end of the table where Barry sat, her head turned from them, intent upon whatever Kerrigan was telling her. The nun turned to him again, a contained, soft smiling in her look.

"It is a long time since I 'ave 'eard anything like that," she said in tranquil simplicity. She looked down at her plate, and Hal's pleasure leapt for the faint running-up of warmth under her cool, immaculate cheeks. Then she said, very softly, "Miss Trafford is beautiful—inside, too."

Hal was two places behind Barry in the line at the cashier's window. A spectacular woman, past her twenties, leaned beside it, waiting until the cashier should be free again. She wanted a spotlight to tone down the heavy mascara on her eyelashes, the bold make-up of her lips, the revealing tightness of her bright dress. She watched Barry steadily, unwary of being caught; her resentful eyes moved from detail to detail, rapidly calculating the composition of each effect; her petulant mouth, loosely at rest, indicated neither approval nor envy. Hal was watching the woman's whole, unconscious interest when Barry paid her check.

Barry looked down at Doctor Calligari, flicked his leash to start him up, then raised her deliberate glance to the woman's face and smiled. Hal could see Barry's profile, clear and candid, as she spoke her low, friendly "Hello." The woman's sullen eyes cheered quickly and artless dimples came at once beside her efficient smile. As if she recognized Barry, she said, "Hello, cuteness."

"Hot out," said Barry.

"Hot is right," said the woman. "Keep out the sun."

"Will," said Barry, a quiet sort of thanks in her smiling; and her easy, long-legged walk took her toward the door, the woman's look following her in contented approval.

Now why did she do that? Hal asked himself in uninvoluntarily, consciously unreasonable irritation.

He caught up with her outside the door to the street that seemed baked, not only by the sun but by a fanatic furnace just under the pavement, too.

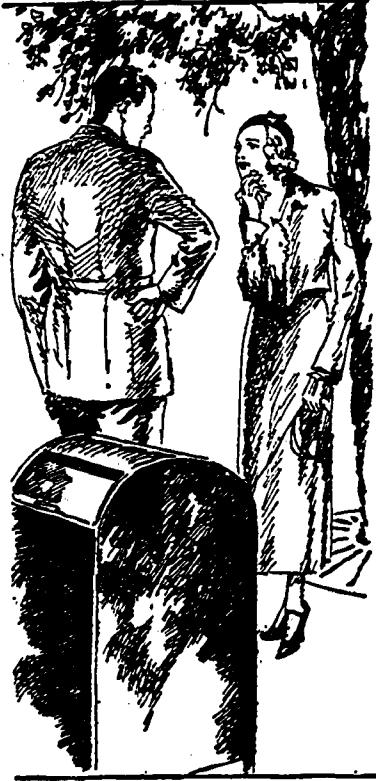
"Going to walk the Doctor, or sit in the car?" he said.

"Walk," said Barry, hardly looking at him.

With a single, mirthless laugh at the beginning, he said, "D'you rather I sat in the car till you're finished?"

She looked at him as if she hadn't quite caught his meaning. "Come if you like," she said.

They walked toward the principal street and turned into it—without speaking. Then the restive need to



"But I Mustn't Love You. You Mustn't Love Me."

clear something up, to purge something out of his gathered dissatisfaction, took sudden charge of his tongue and he said, "Barry, I want to talk to you." And the pointlessness of that was apparent to him even before he'd finished.

"All right," she said inconsequently. "What about?"

"Not on the main street of Peoria at two o'clock in the afternoon," he said.

"Why not?"

"You know d—n well why not."

Barry looked at him unsympathetically but without anger, and her low, steady voice said, "In the first place, I wouldn't have asked if I knew why not, and in the second place, throwing d—ns around doesn't help me understand you."

"Oh h—l," said Hal, more in vague disgust with himself than anything else.

"That's not necessary, either," she said.

"Barry, what's the matter?"

"Not a darn thing—with me," she said.

"Oh," he said; and they walked for another ten paces or so of silence. Then, as an accusation, he said to her, "You didn't know that woman—that woman you spoke to down there. Why did you speak to her?"

Barry waited an instant before she said, still not turning to him, "Because I liked her looks; because some day I may have to put up with what she says to me without thinking they're smart, or wanting something."

"Barry!" said Hal, in the quick authority he would have used for the dog.

"You asked me," said Harry. Her eyes and brows disclaimed responsibility for his reaction. "I supposed you wanted me to tell you."

"Barry," said Hal with forced restraint, "tell me something else. Is last night gone—clean out of your head? Did it mean nothing to you after I'd left?"—and he added with not wholly convincing bitterness—"like an idiot."

She looked round at him, the clean, long arches of her eyebrows raised. Then, not as a question but ironically, to be sure that's what he'd said, she repeated, "Like an idiot."

He watched her without speaking, almost wishing her eyes would at least do him the small honor of anger or defiance, not stay in their cool, remote composure that had nothing, one way or the other, to do with him. Then, just as some change began somewhere deep in her blue look, she turned her head and seemed to walk a little faster, as if she saw where she had to go.

Hal looked ahead too and said, with dissatisfied assurance, "I didn't mean 'like an idiot' and you know it."

He thought it was because her ankle had started to turn that her shoulder came lightly against him. But then her hand caught his, brought it halfway up, and pressed the back of it briefly against her jacket, over her heart, before she gave it back to him. And still she looked straight before her—a grave look, at nothing that was in the street ahead.

In the calm knowledge that flashed into abrupt, reckless command of his spirit, that then indeed became his spirit, his whole living conviction, he stopped her walking with his hand at her elbow. She let her body half turn to his hold of her, but not her head. That didn't matter: she would turn her face to him in another sure, plain moment. "Barry," he said, "I love you. You know that, too."

She glanced down at Doctor Calligari, as if she were trying to think of something that would show how sorry she was for him. And when slowly she faced Hal at last, her eyes were soft with grieving helplessness.

"I didn't make you say that," she said quietly. "I didn't want you to, Dear God! why did you have to say that?"

"Because I meant it," he told her, strength from extravagant stores running up to help him pierce most deeply with the bright rapier of his knowledge. "Because I'm too full of it to wait one more second of loneliness to tell you in every, sharp, desperate way there is that I love you, Barry—love you, love you. Barry—oh, blast Peoria and all its sunlight!"

When he broke off, she looked down at his mouth, then back into his eyes, her look wondering, incredulous, young in its bafflement before something not to be understood at once, mature in its certainty that all the pain was yet to be counted.

"Darling," she said softly, just to say it under his watching. Then, more strongly: "Darling, I can't love you. I mustn't. That's true, true—even if I'd—I'd give my eyes not to have it. I'll tell you why—truly; and you'll see. But I have to wait till I know how to tell you. I promise, my dearest, I shall know. But I mustn't love you. You mustn't love me!" She looked at him as if she had known him very well and he were now suddenly going to leave her.

Then quickly her eyes left his and she turned around, drawing at Doc's leash. "We must go back, Hal," she said hurriedly. "Please, we've got to."

They were on the heat-shimmered road again by three a hundred miles from the Mississippi crossing. There was a current of gaiety which carried off even the standard post-luncheon torpor, as if the atmosphere of the car were infected by the profligate, exulting buoyancy under Hal's own heart.

For Hal could dismiss the conviction of grief in Barry's eyes for his joy in the small marvels of their passage in the street; the quick touching of her shoulder to his arm; the pressure of her living side against the back of his caught hand; the near-husky enchantment in her calling him darling. What could she have behind her blue eyes to stand against his invincibility? Some fragile shadow of an obstacle—the fact that he was Frederick Ireland's son, or the beckoning of Hollywood; trifles which he could shatter when he had his time to speak, out of the strength which she herself had unleashed to surge up under the single necessity left in the world.

The time was coming—today, as swiftly as the hard road under Rasputin's wheels. Excitement filled him, pushed newly in each moment to escape his chest; and there was room for no more than a flash of shame at the niggardliness of his spirit that had quibbled with his being most valiantly in love, for the first—good G—d, yes, the first real time in his life.

The little bridge-sign announcing Kickapoo creek, made him chuckle with pleasure; and when he glanced at Kerrigan, he put no restraint on his affectionate comfort in being here beside him.

"Hey, my friend," said Kerrigan, bending gravely toward him, "where did you go in Peoria?"

"Why, Colonel?" said Hal, grinning.

"You look as though you'd slipped on a million dollars' worth of eternal verities and found your initials stamped on all of 'em."

"Little place around the corner I found on my way home from the Klondike," said Hal. "Run by an ex-adde-de-camp to the czar whose life I saved at Port Arthur. Napoleon brandy from original casks at a nickel a goblet. I've no secrets from you, Munchausen."

"Barry!" said Hal, in the quick authority he would have used for the dog.

## Gay Garden Prints Herald Spring

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



**GARDEN prints, as cool and colorful as an English countryside, will be worn by smart women for cruise and resort wear and early spring. Leading designers are turning out youthful costumes made of these refreshing prints in soft silk crepes with a supple draping quality that endears them to all. It is this type of frock that centers the stage at the present, for it answers the call for a springlike touch with midseason furs and coat.**

Of course, if you are going or have gone south you will like the idea of a jacket ensemble styled after the manner of the models here pictured. Note that the silk to the left has a white background, which makes it admirable for southland resort wear. Then, too, these pure silk prints that pattern color against white have the "new" look which says at a glance that they are of this season's vintage. The tulip motif of the garden silk selected by the designer for the fashioning of this dress is in realistic colorings that make the thrills of spring pulse through your entire system. An insert trim, in form of a hand-piped leaf motif, enhances the blouse-bodice. Other significant style details are the subtle front flare in the skirt, the medium length open sleeve and particularly the tuxedo front of the jacket ending in a clever pocket arrangement. The hat is of white toya with grosgrain band trim.

The beauty of the other two-piece ensemble pictured is that the rich dark tone of its background tuns it to immediate wear under the winter fur coats of those who are not trekking southward this season. This spangue print tells you something interesting—that the daisy patternings are

being featured in many of the new silks. Then, too, the message of grosgrain ribbon bindings is conveyed in the revers. This use of grosgrain ribbon to finish edges is pronounced throughout the field of dress design for spring. A most welcome gesture it is, too, for it keys a color scheme to perfection in that the grosgrain ribbon repeats, thereby emphasizing a dominant color-tone of the print. That is, if you want your costume to look navy or brown or green or deep red, assuming that the print carries the color itself, trimming touches of matching grosgrain ribbon turn the trick to a nicely. In the instance of the model pictured an unusual neckline is achieved with a bow trim of grosgrain ribbon such as binds the wide revers of the short jacket.

In a number of cases the new garden prints employ multicolor effects, with one tone dominating, the other bright, "springy" refreshing hues introduced to achieve contrast and variety. Then, again, two-color schemes are carried out in a great many instances such as cerise florals in solid tone drifting over navy blue or large white daisies silhouetted against a dark ground.

Nearly every print dress has its hip-length jacket of soft fabric, either in loose boxy types or in models semi-fitting, that have two or three buttons at the waistline. As a rule a very simple styling is given to the skirt. The all-around pleated skirt is on the program, but for practical about-town wear the narrow silhouette with a subtle unobtrusive pleat or shirred device, just enough to permit freedom of action is first choice.

© Western Newspaper Union.

Striking color combinations are featured by all leading dressmakers. In addition to black, which is always enhanced by vivid touches, there are many new color schemes, often daring but always effective. One combination that is more fashionable than ever is the use of moss green or water green with dark reddish brown. Rochas combines a subdued tone of blue with a faded old-fashioned red for morning and day models.

Another fashionable combination seen in many houses is great enhancing pale blue. Mainbocher shows several unusual color schemes, such as gray with red-brown and lapis, dark green with burgundy, violet with gold, red with brown, red and lapis blue; green with coral and shell pink with gold.

Prints are also influenced by the demand for color. Hand-screened and hand-blocked prints permit new and interesting color combinations.

For Resort and Spring Colors Will Be Brilliant

The vogue for strong colors which was launched last fall influences the colors used for spring and resort wear. Palm Beach colors stated for importance are yellowish tan, sun orange, chartreuse, dusty pink, strong blue, gray blue, "Rose of the Rancho" rose, wine with a yellowish cast. White is also stated for an important position.

Prints are also influenced by the demand for color. Hand-screened and hand-blocked prints permit new and interesting color combinations.

### Fur Hats

Mink and Persian lamb are used frequently to make the beguiling fur hats enjoying such popularity this season. Many wearers will bless their milliners when bitter, tricky, winter winds begin to blow, and the little fur hat stays snugly just where it is supposed to stay.

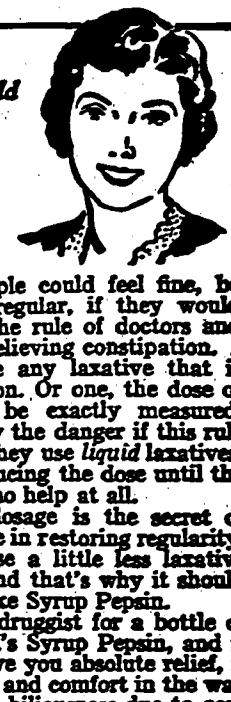
Knitted Dress Popular Two-piece knitted dresses are widely sponsored for fall wear.

**German Castle Scene of Novel Rescue by Women**

Not far from Heilbronn in Wurttemburg, Germany, is the ruin of the Castle of Weilertrees, concerning which is told one of the most curious tales of the Middle Ages. It appears that in the Twelfth century, the castle was captured by a feudal chief, who, holding the male inhabitants within its grim walls, planned to put them all to death.

As a parting gesture to the women, who were similarly captured, he gave them permission to leave the castle and take with them only their most valued piece of property. To the victor's astonishment, the women marched across the drawbridge to freedom, each carrying her husband on her back. For this reason, says the old legend, the old fortress came to be called "The Castle of True Wives."

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H. W. ELDREDGE, PUBLISHER

H. B. &amp; C. D. ELDREDGE, Assistants

Wednesday, Feb. 12, 1936

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

Long Distance Telephone

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

Cards of Thanks are inserted at 50c. each.

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**What Has Happened and Will Take Place Within Our Borders****Editor's Note!**

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Miner are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, born recently at Margaret Pillsbury Hospital, Concord.

E. J. Thompson, for many years a resident of Antrim, and holder of the Boston Post cane, quietly observed his 90th birthday on Tuesday, Feb. 11.

The president of the local Garden Club, Mrs. M. A. Poor, will assist anyone in town in ordering seeds. It will be an advantage especially to Club members.

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

On first page of the Reporter today, the Presbyterian people are announcing the date of their Washington's Birthday Dinner to be Friday, February 21. Read the adv.

Edward Rockwell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence O. Rockwell, who is attending school in Brattleboro, Vt., has been very sick, and is now reported as slightly improved.

Mrs. Robert Warner is getting along nicely, after an operation January 29, for the removal of an abscess on the kidney. She is at the Margaret Pillsbury Hospital, in Concord.

BOOK BINDING — Rebinding for Libraries, Schools, Churches or Individuals. Antique Books Restored. Moderate prices. THE LIBRO BINDERY, Orange, Mass. Adv.

The regular meeting of the local Rod and Gun Club will be held on Thursday evening of this week, at Fireman's hall. After the meeting indoor baseball will be enjoyed by a team from the Club and one from the local Legion.

Allan M. Swett, '39, of Antrim, a student at the University of New Hampshire, is cast as one of the policemen in the University production of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pirates of Penzance," to be presented by the Department of Music, on February 13 and 14.

The Auxiliary of the American Legion held its regular meeting at Mrs. Butterfield's home, on Monday evening, Feb. 10. Nine members were in attendance and considerable business was transacted. Refreshments were served by the hostess, Rachel Day, Publicity Officer.

**Card of Thanks**

I wish to thank all my friends for the lovely letters, cards and flowers, which I received during my recent stay at the Margaret Pillsbury Hospital.

Mrs. Lester Putnam.

**KNITTING YARNS**  
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There are a few lines of verse on first page of Reporter today, with author's name unattached, and we wonder how many said: "Oh, I know who wrote them!" For fear your guess is wrong, we'll say that they were written by our friend of many years: William E. Gibney, of Keene. Thanks William, for the sentiment expressed.

Make your arrangements early to attend the Legion's Masquerade Ball!

Mrs. John Newhall is recovering from an illness which has kept her at her home on Jameson avenue.

Miss Frances Tibbals recently visited her sister, Miss Elizabeth Tibbals, in Newton Center, Mass., for a week-end.

Mrs. E. D. Jameson is recovering from an attack of a bronchial trouble, which was extremely hard to endure for a time.

Mrs. Willoughby Crampton was recently taken to Margaret Pillsbury hospital, for treatment for nasal hemorrhage.

Herman Hill, a graduate of Antrim High school, class of 1933, has gone to Northampton, Mass., where he will take a course in the Business College there.

The Reporter has been given to understand that steps are being taken to make autoing somewhat safer on our Main street, by means of parking regulations of some sort, which it is hoped will accomplish something worth while.

Richard C. Goodell, of Santa Barbara, Cal., sends The Reporter a copy of the Lompoc Record, a newspaper printed in his county, with several articles marked, presumably for our perusal. We have read them in part and they proved very interesting.

The home of Fred Whitney, on West street, was practically destroyed by fire late Wednesday afternoon last; the inside of the building was burned out and Mr. Whitney lost all his personal effects. He was not at home at the time. Cause of fire is unknown.

Mrs. Lester Putnam, who has spent a few weeks at Margaret Pillsbury hospital, Concord, where she underwent a serious operation, returned to Antrim on Thursday last. She will remain at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Erwin D. Putnam for a time until she regains her normal strength.

**Antrim People Are Interested**

Lieut John L. Templeton, of the 20th Bombardment Squadron from Langley Field, Virginia, on winter maneuvers at Concord, this state, was pilot of one plane assisting in the rescue of the seven CCC boys, Cape Cod Bay, on Monday morning. Lieut. Templeton is son of John R. Templeton, of Worcester, Mass., formerly of Antrim.

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

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

Miss Forence Thomas has gone into training at the Burbank hospital, in Fitchburg, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Holt have moved from the Palmer house to the house known as the Jacob Gould place.

Master George Carter, young son of Rev. and Mrs. Richard Carter, is at Peterborough hospital for treatment to his ears.

A surprise birthday party was tendered recently to Mrs. Ella Emery by nine of her neighbors. She received numerous gifts.

Mr. and Mrs. McCormack gave a birthday party Sunday for their daughter, Mrs. Pauline Fairfield, of Wilton, and granddaughter, Iva McCormack, of this town. Mr. and Mrs. Bellville of Vermont, and Mr. and Mrs. John Mackie, of Wilton were present.

**DEERING**

Vital Statistics for the past year are: Six births, three marriages and four deaths.

John Evans and John Evans, Jr., are now in Connecticut, where they have obtained employment.

It was thought until recently that there would be no marriage recorded in Deering for the year just closing. Within the past five weeks, however, three marriages have been recorded by the town clerk.

M. S. Leo Drouin and daughter, Jacqueline, of Lebanon, were visitors at the home of Ms. Drouin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Cote. Louise Cote, who has been passing several months with her sister in Lebanon, has returned home.

Mrs. W. P. Wood, of Twin Elm Hill, entertained the Women's Aid on Thursday. The meeting lasted all day with a covered dish luncheon at noon. At the afternoon session Miss Alice Belcher, principal of the Hillsborough Grammar School, was the speaker.

Friends in town have received news of the death of Mrs. Charles Waterhouse, at her home in Oakham, Cal. The Waterhouse family lived in West Deering for some years and resided in the house now owned by Miss Helen Stanley. Mrs. Waterhouse leaves one sister, Mrs. Alice Gould, with whom she lived in Oakland.

**HANCOCK**

Mrs. E. R. Perry has returned to her home here, after spending several months at a Concord hospital.

Mrs. Nellie Newell was recently taken to the Peterborough Hospital

**CUTTING A LANE THRU THE DARK**

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**FRANCESTOWN**

George Lemander, of Boston spent the week-end with his family here.

Henry Brown, of Maine State college, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Carroll F. Clark and family.

Miss June Clark, who is attending Keene Normal school, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll F. Clark.

Oak Hill Grange met at the town hall Thursday evening. The deputy, George Harrington, of Goffstown, gave his spring instructions.

Francestown Grammar school's winter sports team won its second silver cup on a recent Saturday when it took second place in the scholastic events at the Wilton winter carnival.

Last Wednesday evening at the town hall a play, "Love A La Carte," was presented by members of the New Boston high school for the benefit of the Senior class trip and the Benevolent society of this town.

Plans are being made for the second annual winter carnival to be held on Feb. 15 at Francestown, which is to be sponsored by the Junior Outing club under the direction of Ronald E. Tetley, former New Hampshire university winter sports star.

al. for an operation for appendicitis.

A change has been made in the cadet teachers in the local High school, some new ones taking the places of those who have been here.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Upton recently entertained their daughters, Miss Cynthia Upton, Northampton, Mass., Miss Elinor Upton, of Concord, and Miss Alice Upton, of Marlboro.

The public meeting of the Historical Society on Thursday evening last was an unusually interesting one, the subject of zoning being the matter of discussion. Howard Goodspeed, of Stoddard, and Charles Bowen, of Concord, were the speakers. There were other numbers on the program.

**Town Meeting Soon**

There is beginning to be some talk regarding Town officers and Town matters for another year, beginning with the annual Town Meeting on March 10, showing that there will be a little something doing before long. Looks like the caucuses will be well attended this year.

**To Help You Keep Abreast of the Times**

So much is happening every day in the world of government that affects your living, income and buying power.

What is Congress doing? For what is money to be spent? How will they raise it? Who is to administer the spending? What does this business improvement mean? Will it continue? Why is there another side to so many questions?



THE FENTON HEADS



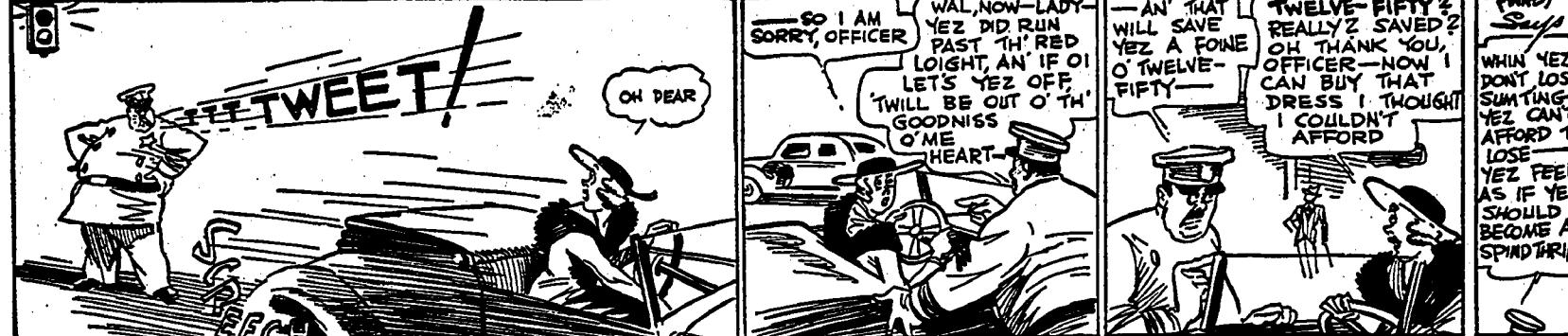
SMATTER POP—Oh Well, Maybe It Wasn't an Elephant



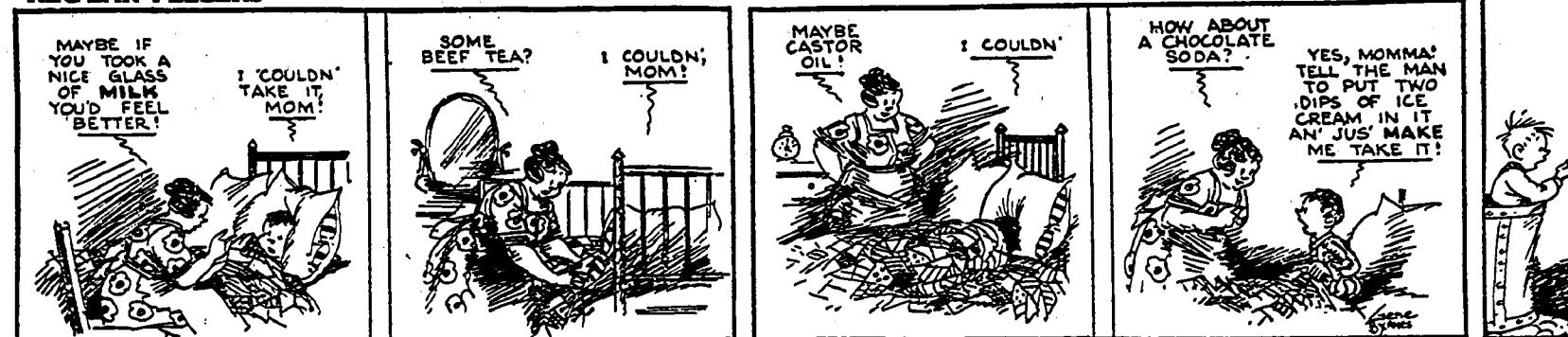
MESCAL IKE



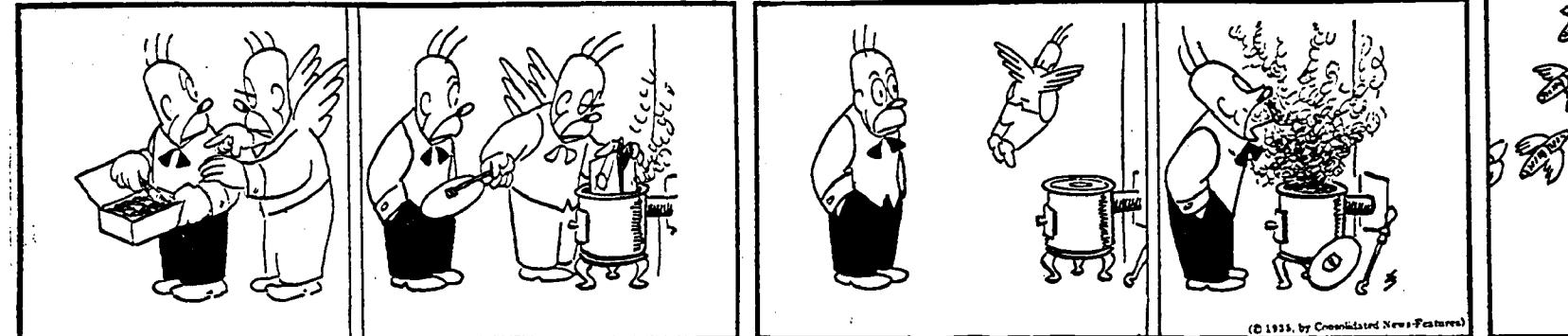
FINNEY OF THE FORCE



"REG'LAR FELLERS"



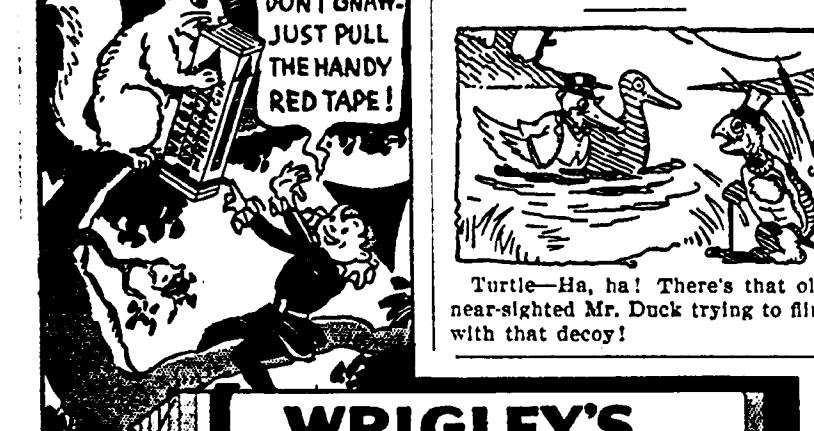
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BRONC PEELER A Volunteer Cowboy



HAR, HAR, HAR!



WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY

Cold Reception

## Bob Davis Reveals

The Shaker of Plum Tree Returns to the Black Forest.

THREE years ago on an eight-thousand-mile tour through Germany I brought up for a breathing spell in Freudenstadt on the eastern edge of the Black Forest. Between breaths said I to Herr Luz, who runs the Schwarzwald hotel, "What about some golf?" "It's here, the first course laid out in the Black Forest. My father was the moving spirit and its first president. Jacob Shurman, American ambassador at that time, 1929, made an address and drove the first ball. Two kilometers down the road and you're on the home tee. You can use my clubs."

Of course that was a figure of speech. I can't even use my own clubs. However, I accepted the tender of paraphernalia and proceeded to pluck divots when and where. The course, a nine hole, partly laid out on a rolling meadow, the rest cut like chunks of cake from the surrounding forest, has everything a golf player has any right to ask for. And, besides, I discovered near the clubhouse, situated in an orchard, a sweet plum tree of the gage species. I made it a practice to shake this tree with such frequency and success that in one week its entire fruitage came into my possession. Fact is, I cleaned it to the last bursting plum, offering a prayer that some day in the not too remote future fate would lead me back to its shade and its luscious output. Not in all my travels had I come upon its peer in the plum category.

The Wanderer Returns.

In the late autumn of last year, returning to the Black forest, I bolted for the golf club and performe the plum tree. Be it known that three years anywhere are fraught with changes. For one thing I couldn't seem to figure exactly where the tree was. A boy, tall and gangling, emerged from the caddy house and gave me the once over with an expression that smacked of wonderment. From a tool house stepped a man who looked like a farmer. Catching a gleam of recognition in his eye, I said, "Wie gehts?" which was about 20 per cent of all the Teuton my tongue could handle. No progress in that direction. In the absence of a plum tree to shake I had nothing particular to say and no way to say it. For a certainty something had gone wrong. At the moment of maximum distress a woman carrying an armful of wet wash, ready for spreading on the grass under the warm sunlight, came out of the kitchen. Our eyes met; a spark struck.

Natives Remember a Friend.

"Yah, yah," she exclaimed, casting her laundry on the greensward and coming forward. "Der American." And with that she pantomimed a strong man shaking a tree. The sign language is universal. Both the boy and the farmer caught the idea and joined merrily in the business of tree shaking, amidst exclamations of recognition. Immediately the sky cleared, and it became evident that I was back among friends. The youth, my caddie three years ago, beamed a most cordial reception. The farmer, still a greens keeper, remembered me most cordially. I struggled manfully to review the past but without success. Presently a younger woman put in an appearance and addressed me in English. In the meantime, the young man, the elder woman and the old greens keeper were shaking invisible plum trees for all they were worth and chattering in German to boot.

What worried me the more, however, was the fact that my favorite tree had vanished. Apples, pears, peaches and what appeared to be a quince tree loomed through the orchard's thick foliage. Of the woman who spoke English I asked particulars. The little group suddenly became inarticulate. What had I done to still the prattle and halt the sign language?

Presently the old greens keeper led me to a stump about 4 feet in height.

A Greater Plum Tree Shaker.

Ebambed, I turned to the interpreter. "What does he say?"

"He is saddened," said she, "to tell you that two years ago a mighty storm bringing thunder and lightning swept the Black forest and struck down the upper branches of your plum tree, leaving nothing but the stump, sawed flat for the flower pot that hides its shame. He wants me to say that the hand of God shook the plum tree and that it is no more to be shaken by the hand of man. It is a great pity, he says."

Doffing my hat I made a reverential gesture to the tree and the greens keeper, who replied in kind and beckoned me to follow him into another corner of the orchard, his face lighting as he advanced. What he wished to show me was five other small plum trees of different varieties upon which he had drafted sprigs from the original plum tree.

"Yah, yah. Danke schon," I said, in acknowledgment of the plum tree shaker's gratitude of the present, and his hope for the future.

Matter is indestructible, and shakers of plum trees need not despair while yet there is life.

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## EXPERT OPINION

"I have seen over 300 cases for 'hiccups' and have never found any remedy of indisputable. I now use Milnesia Wafers full strength."

Mr. M. E. Powers  
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Start using these delicious, effective anti-acid, gently laxative wafers today. Professional samples sent free to registered physicians or dentists if request is made on professional letterhead. Select Products, Inc., 4402 23rd St., Long Island City, N. Y.

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The Original MILK of Magnesia Wafers

Another Cause  
A whole lot of the misery of this old world is caused by folks being bald-headed—on the inside.—Tramp Starr.



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K-R-O can be used about the home, barn or porch 17 years with absolute safety as it contains no rat poison. K-R-O is made of the strongest and most effective Squill, as recognized and recommended by U.S. Dept. of Agriculture. Oven-dried process, which insures a maximum killing strength. K-R-O is the most rat-killing poison. Sold by druggists, seed merchants, poultry supply dealers. Remember, every rat on your place costs you at least \$2 a year. Kill them sure with original, genuine K-R-O. Ready-to-Use 35c, 50c, 75c, 100c. Postage paid. Don't waste time, money on useless imitations. E-P-O Co., Springfield, Ohio.

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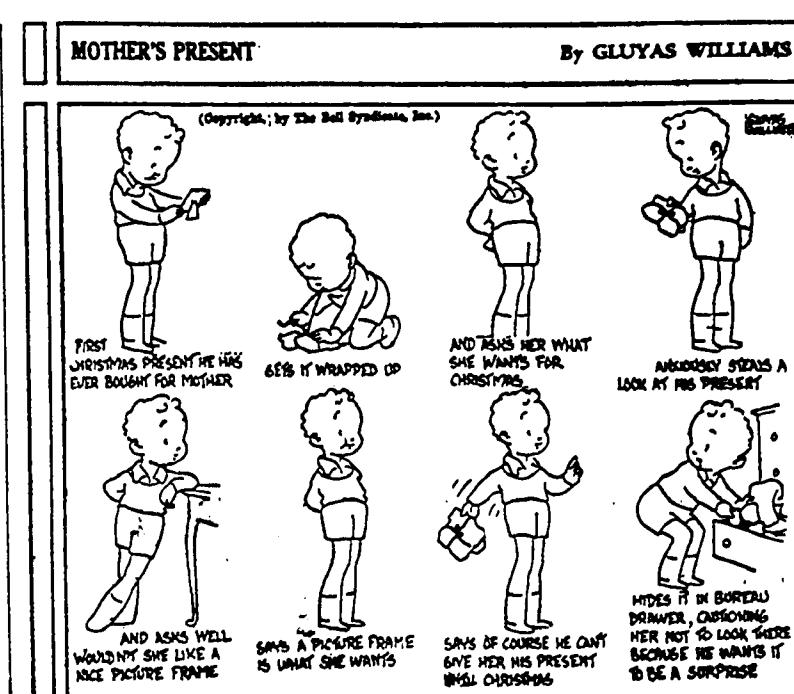
Ask your doctor. Ask the beauty expert. GARFIELD TEA—a cup daily—often does more for your skin and complexion than costly cosmetics. It helps remove dead, dry, blotchy, creased skin. A week of this internal "beauty treatment" will renew you. Begin tonight.

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**GARFIELD TEA**  
A Splendid Laxative Drink

KILL THAT COLD (Now)

Take **LANE'S** COLD TABLETS



what  
**Irvin S. Cobb**  
thinks  
about:

Middle Age and Painless Dentistry.

CULVER CITY.—Especially to those nearing middle age—the age when you begin to exchange your emotions for symptoms—it's gratifying to hear a New York scientist has hit on a formula for really painless dentistry. If he's right, the operation will only begin to hurt when you get the bill. Time was when you could hang onto your state until there was English ivy growing on them. Nowadays, no matter what ails you, they X-ray your teeth, which is a mistake to begin with, because I never yet saw an X-ray photograph that was flattering. And the next thing you know, you've a taste in your mouth like a druggist's dishrag; and your face looks like an old-fashioned buckskin purse with the draw-string coming undone; and, inside, feels as empty as a haunted house.

Still, getting the upper plate from a mail order house has its compensations. Hot soup no longer makes blisters in the palate. Just a slight smell of burning rubber—that's all.

And a beautiful brilliant new set, shimmering from a tumbler of water alongside the reading lamp, certainly does brighten up the boudoir.

#### A True Maker of Melodies.

THEY gave a dinner here to the son of "desperately poor immigrants, a modest, kindly little man who started life as a singing waiter in a bowery bar-room. The dinner celebrated his silver jubilee as a maker of melodies. It has been just 25 years since he set the toes of the nation to tingling with "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

I can think of an occasional popular composer, who might be defined as a person who has a good memory and hopes no one else has; just as now and then—but this is a trade secret—you strike a writer who is getting by not because he is such a good writer, but because he has been such a close reader.

But for Irving Berlin, it may be said that his lyrics are his own and his airs are his own and his ideas are his own. Maybe that's why his tuneful output is so good—it reflects the spirit of an authentic creator, a genuine minstrel bard.

The Great Republican Hope. I NEVER thought the stocks that I licked the desert and the Apaches would be slackers, but neither in Arizona nor in New Mexico can I find trace of an authentic Presidential boom for any home-grown statesman. On the other hand, the sheep crop is reported good.

Maybe it's just as well. Already there has been more than one favorite son boom that reminded me of a new trunk store on a side street—you know, the kind that always opens with a grand closing-out sale.

Republicans here speak highly of Governor Landon of Kansas. Still, you never can tell. If you can believe what the Sunday papers print when the editors can't think of anything else, tragedy always followed owning the Hope diamond or digging into King Tut's tomb. But being indorsed for office by W. R. Hearst is pretty fatal, too, seems to me.

A New Kind of Inflation. WHEN one of the New Deal groups—the President's consumers' council—announced the other day that Americans have larger hips than formerly, I just said: "Well, I'm glad things are expanding. There were several years when nothing I owned showed a tendency to go up except my blood pressure, and if hips are spreading, it merely means wider detours for a fellow when dancing on a crowded floor."

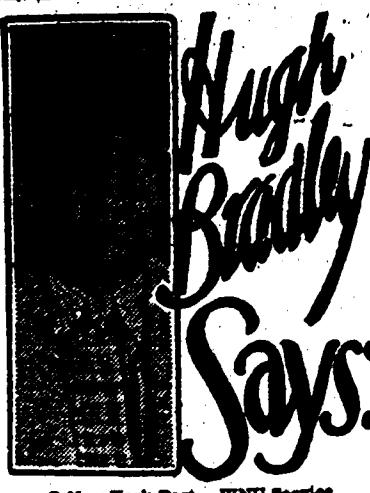
But now another White House pet, the Works Progress administration, gives a real thrill by promising to expose spinach, proving there are plenty of vegetables just as good for the diet, that taste like something and not like spinach. Maybe they'll yet find a use for spinach—by applying it externally, say? Personally I'd rather wear it in my hair than try to eat it. So would you, reader, if you were only brave enough to come out with the truth.

England's New King. IN THE matter of their ruling monarchs, the English are luckier than some. The crown is never tarnished nor the people ever shamed, for all their kings are gentlemen and all their queens are queens. That's why, I think, Britain will keep her royal line, while we keep our flag, which ought to be quite a long spell, in case any communistic person should ask you.

So, to the witty and engaging youngish gentleman, who picks up the mantle that slipped from the tired shoulders of a kindly and gracious elderly gentleman, we over here offer our best wishes. We know Your Majesty invariably will show good taste, and whilst you may not always do the right thing—that would be asking too much of any man—we're dead sure you'll always say it.

IRVIN S. COBB

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## While Cops Chased Him, Frank James Was Star of Turf

THE class in history.

Frank James, brother and partner of the more celebrated Jesse, had a long and successful career on the turf. One year, while the gendarmes were conducting a nation-wide search for him, he raced a string of horses on the Tennessee tracks, and even rode a few winners in races open only to gentlemen jockeys.

Later, after he had adjusted certain banking, railroad and homicide matters with the state of Missouri, he became an eminent betting commissioner. For several seasons he operated at Old Guttenberg course near Weehawken and handled wagers for some of the most distinguished improvers of the breed.

Tod Sloan, probably the greatest of all American jockeys, weighed less than 60 pounds when he rode his first race on an important track. That was at Latonia in 1888.

One of the first of the American heavyweight champions (this was in the bare knuckle days) was an escaped convict from Australia. One of his noted contemporaries ended in jail

after killing a policeman. A third spent years in jail for robbery and assault but was released so that he might fight a Brooklyn politician for the title.

Bob Fitzsimmons fought for the first time in 1880 when he knocked out four opponents to win an elimination tournament and become "Amateur Champion of New Zealand." His last fight was in 1914. In the meanwhile he had been heavyweight champion of the world for two years and middleweight champion for six.

Greatest Single Sculler Was Also the Tiniest

Edward Hanlan, probably the greatest single sculler who ever lived, also was one of the smallest. He was five feet eight inches tall and rowed best when weighing 152 pounds. Hanlan came from Toronto, was one of the best liked carmen of all time, and was called "Canada's Boy in Blue." That last was because he always wore a blue shirt and cap while racing.

The first recorded international boat race participated in by American carmen took place in 1824 near Hoboken. Then four New York Harbor men easily beat a picked crew from the Thames. More than 50,000 people witnessed the race and later the winners presented their boat to General Lafayette.

Walter Okeson, chairman of the inter-collegiate rules committee which looks down upon such carmen as nowadays, was one of the earliest professional football players. In the late '90s, when the pay for play business was not as well organized as now, he played with the Latrobe (Pa.) club.

Frank Ives, one of the most celebrated billiard champions, also starred as a baseball catcher, bike rider, roller skater and horseman. Perhaps his keen eyesight was the most remarkable.

Let us try again. There is the story of the Indian who won a trunkful of medals and cups at the Olympic games in 1924. Later it was discovered that he had played while competing against these amateurs of all nations. He was ordered to return his prizes.

Newspapers of the day carried tearful columns about this decision of the overlords of amateur sport. Friends attempted to sympathize with him over the loss of awards greater than those that ever had come to any athlete. Jim Thorpe peered through beady eyes, noted all this bullaboo and was genuinely surprised.

"What are you making so much of a fuss about?" he asked the mourners. "Yeah, I know those cups and things looked pretty and they would have been nice to have around the house, but what of it?"

"Yes, Jim," his well meaning friends persisted. "But think of what those things meant. They were tokens of victory and you never can have the chance to win them again. They . . ." And so on and on.

Thorpe listened, frowned and was silent. It is said that Indians never reveal their thoughts by the expressions on their faces. So his friends may have been wondering what was going on behind those high, copper-colored cheek bones during the long moments of silence. But they did not have to wait long. Thorpe stretched out one long arm, pointed at them and spoke.

"I finished first in those events, didn't I?" he asked. "I proved that I was the best of them all, didn't I? Well, then, what do I need with a lot of trimmings? You don't think that I'm going to forget all that, do you?"

This is a story without a moral, but the world being what it is—I hope it has some uses.

The thirty-seven-year-old Cecil Walker is the oldest of the bike stars now racing. A native of Australia, he has held the American sprint title three times.

Tip to Discovery—Be careful of the jinx that hounds geese that go over the mountains. Remember, as the Santa Anita Handicap draws near, that even the mighty Sun Beau and Equipoise met defeat when they did too much traveling from East to West . . .

Although he always hit, threw and did almost everything else left-handed, Babe Ruth continues to sign his name with his right paw.

THIS is a story without a moral, but—

Once a great magazine commissioned me to do an article about a self-made man who was at the head of a business enterprise capitalized at many millions of dollars. It seemed like an easy assignment and yet more than a month elapsed before the story was assembled.

There was a reason. Although he is lucky when he breaks 100 at golf, this man once had made a hole in one. So he spent the evenings talking about that ace.

"Why shouldn't I talk about it?" he asked each time I tried to change the subject. "Suppose I am the head of a million-dollar corporation. So are lots of other people, but—" and here his voice always took on a new note—"how many people ever made a hole in one?"

There was no use in pointing out that holing out in one stroke from the cup was a matter of luck and that the odds are perhaps a million to one that it can happen to him again. It was a triumph that set him apart from others, he could talk about it and be happy. No theorist could take that away from him.

Somehow—even though this often is tabbed as a world given over much to vain regrets—I suspect that there are numerous others who feel the same way.

#### His Job and Memories Are Enough for Ex-Pug

Not so long ago I passed the office of a great newspaper. At the side entrance where trucks were gathered to carry away the first editions, a tall man was standing, cap tugged down over caulked flower ear. As the match flared to light his cigarette, it revealed his twisted nose.

I had not seen him for years, had wondered what had happened to him. We stood there in the shadows and talked about a career that once had been revealed in the brightest light of the headlines.

"Kid," I said. "Are you unhappy? Do you wish you had it to do all over again, so that you might be a champion?"

The tall man grunted, then peered at me through reddened eyelids that had come into contact with thudding fists all too often in those later days when the shadows were creeping persistently about him.

"Hugh, you sports writers think of the darnedest things," he answered. "I got a job, ain't I? And I was pretty good when I was up there, wasn't I? Sure I was. Anybody'll tell you that."

He paused. Perhaps he was thinking about a past not so far distant. Then he pursed thick lips and hit a target ten feet away.

"Well then," he said. "Why should I be unhappy? Even if I wasn't champion and even if it is quite likely that I could lick most of these mugs who're around today, what of it? I smacked over some of the best, and that's enough for any man. You can't have everything."

Since most people have forgotten about him anyhow there is no real reason why his name should be hidden under the title of "Kid." But a promise is a promise, and so—

#### Medals Couldn't Take Away Thorpe's Victories

Let us try again. There is the story of the Indian who won a trunkful of medals and cups at the Olympic games in 1924. Later it was discovered that he had played while competing against these amateurs of all nations. He was ordered to return his prizes.

Lloyd George says the new king, Edward VIII, has the magnetism of his grandfather, Edward VII; that he comes to the throne with such great troubles ahead as few kings have ever encountered, but "his courage and his sure instinct will not fail him."

O. K. Allen, Huey Long's governor of Louisiana, died of a cerebral hemorrhage. He remained in succession to Senator Long, leader of the Long party, a short time only. Perhaps they are together now, both aware that nothing happening on this little earth is important; Huey Long knowing why he made such a fuss about it.

The unnecessary air disaster in Hawaii, two United States bombing planes destroyed in collision while flying "in formation" and six men killed, causes aviators to say that they object to night formation flying. They may well object; nothing more densely stupid could be imagined than sending up planes to fly at high speed, almost wing to wing, inviting disaster and death. Even in these busy times there ought to be somebody sufficiently intelligent to stop that nonsense, at night and in daytime also.

Mr. John Horan of Milwaukee, called by his fellow workers "Soda Ash Johnny," first used soda ash to clean locomotive boilers, a discovery that should have made him rich, but did not.

"Soda Ash Johnny," a proud man, refused to let his son accept a pension, told the authorities: "I am still able to work, and no boy of mine is going on the county."

It will surprise you to hear that the son, aged sixty-six, had applied for an old age pension.

The statement that imagination is worse than reality applies to everything—death included, let us hope.

When a colony of nudists move on San Diego, Calif., the strongest protest comes from San Diego's Braille club, an organization of blind people. They could not actually know whether the colonists were dressed or not, but they do not like the idea.

Consider how men have persecuted, tortured and burned each other for religious differences, in matters that they could neither see nor know.

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## BRISBANE THIS WEEK

The Crown Remains Veterans Reach the Top The Useful Red Cross Oxygen Is Life

Behind the gray walls of Windsor castle, on the hill above the Eton school, where young England learns discipline and cricket, King George's coffin was lowered into the vault to lie beside his father, King Edward VII, and his grandmother, Queen Victoria.

The magnificent crown of England was taken from the coffin before it disappeared and placed before the altar. Kings go; the crown remains.

Arthur Brisbane

The services were broadcast, new feature of a royal funeral. The simple Church of England burial service, read by the Archbishop of Canterbury, was heard far over the earth, wherever Britain's 400,000,000 subjects live.

Veterans having successfully climbed the long, long road, the government began the biggest "pay-off" job in history, the printing of two billion four hundred million dollars' worth of bonds, to be distributed among 8,518,191 World war veterans. The mere distributing cost alone will be \$7,000,000.

Now government wonders what new taxes can be invented to pay the two and one-half billion.

Interesting news from Ethiopia sent by an American correspondent says the residence of Haile Selassie's son has

on the roof a large red cross, although it has nothing to do with the Red Cross.

Associated Press sends news of a Swedish "field hospital" captured by Italians in the South, carrying ammunition on five trucks adorned with Red Cross flags and insignia. The "field hospital" automobile contained, in addition, 27 cases of munitions. In modern war, the safe plan seems to be bomb everything. The war drums of the Ethiopian hero, Ras Desta Demtu, were captured. He will miss them.

The Blood Is the Life," according to an old Hebrew saying, and oxygen is the life of the blood. No oxygen means death, in three minutes or less; too little oxygen means premature death, inferior health meanwhile.

The Dionne quintuplets are marvelous in their health. The marvelous babies sleep outdoors every morning and afternoon; on one occasion the temperature was 30 degrees below zero.

All five walk, all have gained weight

during the past month, and have new teeth. Annette has three new ones, twelve in all. All have beautiful big eyes, high foreheads, pretty faces and look as French as the Marseillaise.

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*By mild ripe  
tobacco we mean  
just this—*

FIRST—ripened in the sunshine...  
and picked leaf by leaf from the right  
part of the stalk when fully ripe.

THEN—each day's picking cured  
right by the farmer...at the right  
time and in the right way...no  
“splotching” or brittleness, but every  
leaf of good color and flavor.

FINALLY—bought in the open  
market...re-dried for storage...then  
packed in wooden hogsheads to age  
and mellow for two years or more un-  
til free from harshness and bitterness.

*That's what we mean by mild, ripe  
tobacco. And that's the kind of to-  
bacco we use to give Chesterfields  
their milder, better taste.*

Picking leaf tobacco in the  
“bright” tobacco fields of  
Virginia and the Carolinas.

Type of barn used for “five-  
curing” leaf tobacco.

*Outstanding*  
.. for mildness  
.. for better taste

© 1936, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Hogsheads of leaf tobacco  
“ageing” for two years in  
storage warehouses.

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

Continued from page one

stitute, Ohio State University,  
Utah State Agricultural College.

Souhegan river are closed to all trout fishing. The Souhegan river is open. This will answer a dozen letters received last week. These three small brooks are good feeder brooks and that is the reason they are closed for a term of

Thirty-eight states now protect bass at certain seasons of the year. Alabama is the last state to fall in right out loud in meeting, in fact it gives a great feeling that life voting a lot of space to the new worth living. The past week we lady game warden of Connecticut. Her name is Miss Edith A. Stoehr snowshoe hares for my district. I Red Cross and all New Hampshire members card from the Antrim Rod and Gun Club. The Bennington which are reserved for women on Sportsman Club, the Milford Re-yer and Rifle Club of Milford, saw her at the Big Show at Hartford, Conn., last February. She is Antrim, sends us on some interest- and appreciate it.

About thirty years ago a big bird clippings from the Pacific coast papers. 2000 in covered pens and a heavy wind storm came up and blew down a 500 acre tract for the hunting its not so hot. This is the first real big with a bow and arrow only. A hunting planting that these birds got in ter must have a license to hunt and obey all Game laws.

Here is a little advice that the South Dakota's conservation department hands out. Always give N. Y. state, much to the delight of the bird the benefit of the doubt of the natives. A smaller faster flying hawk is the Here is a whale of a story. Seven most destructive. The larger slow years ago a whale was captured in English Sparrow. A few crows are flying or sailing are the ones you the Antarctic by Norwegian sail still with us. don't want to shoot.

Out in Wyoming the sportmen weigh him or her? 174,000 pounds Well, listen to this: Roy Watson, one had been to the pond all winter raised \$600 to transfer 20 bighorn and was 109 feet long. Some whale former president of Granite Club of Milford, is feeding 19; Jim Austin came out so fast they had to trim up his brook so that the table roll. We would be pleased to of all kinds. He and his neighbors

The following colleges have established a Game Breeding course to fish it next May. He has the pheasants. We won't print your note.

but he does not stop to consider is a chance to get an idea of how out migratory bird refuges along that the trout need protection many we have in this section. We the Mississippi river totaling 41,000 from the sun and from their nat- know of at least fifty people who acres. They have also establishedural enemies. Trees and bushes are feeding the smaller birds.

along a trout stream are very much One lady had never fed the birds needed to protect the trout. Don't before but I had said so much make the big mistake of cutting about it that she thought she bushes and trees along a brook.

Much though and attention is hood have got the fever and are going to be given to the trout they getting a thrill. They have brooks this coming spring accord- bought bird books and are regu- to Commissioner Phillip Mor- lar bird fans now.

These three small brooks are good rls of Nashua. Brooks that are very low and run snow are going to an old dog new tricks. Well, Gov

have a log stuck in to create an Bridges has a different version of eddy for the protection of the trout. Holes will be made by string- rector Stobie to start school again.

out that crows will not live in the vicinity where Martins live. Better send us a colony of Martins then we may be able to raise a few Mallards next year.

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The following colleges have established a Game Breeding course to fish it next May. He has the pheasants. We won't print your note.

The Biological Survey have laid

## Insect Cannibals Lower Crop Loss

Earworm Has Habit of Eat-  
ing Its Fellows; Halt  
Greater Damage.

Supplied by the United States Department of Agriculture—WNU Service. The corn earworm's unfriendly habit of eating its fellows saves a great deal of corn that would be destroyed by these insect pests if they lived more amicably together. Out of several earworm larvae—sometimes as many as 20—entering the same ear of corn, only one may live to become an adult moth, according to recent studies by entomologists of the United States Department of Agriculture. The sole survivor of the 20 does not make away with all the others. Perhaps it kills only one or two. Its victims, however, may have accounted for one or two more, and so on. Corn earworm cannibalism is progressive.

Corn with long, tight-fitting husks is more conducive to cannibalism among earworms than corn with short, loose-fitting husks. The hungry larvae that hatch from eggs laid on corn silk outside the husk must work their way inside to the new silk and the kernels. When their only passageway is restricted—as it is when the husk covers the whole ear and extends well beyond the tip—one frequently runs upon another. No larva feeding by itself goes out of its way to pick a fight. But when it meets a fellow feeder it immediately lunges for a soft vulnerable spot of that fellow-feeder, sinks in its powerful little jaws, and voraciously devours its victim, down to the hard head capsule. In close quarters, where there is no room for a counter attack, the larva that strikes first is almost certain to win.

In open spaces, the entomologists say, all these tiny larvae lack to complete the picture of furious combat is the ability to growl, snarl, or hiss.

## Weeds Are an Obstacle to Better Grade of Hay

Weeds are one of the greatest obstacles in producing high grade hay for the market, says W. H. Hosterman, hay specialist in the United States Department of Agriculture. He reports that farmers who are planning to profit from a national hay shortage—a shortage that certainly cannot be overcome in less than two or three years—will make every effort to have their hay free from weeds.

To grade as U. S. No. 1 not more than 10 per cent of foreign material—which is usually made up of weeds—may be present in hay. For Nos. 2 and 3 the tolerance is 15 and 20 per cent respectively, except for alfalfa where the allowance is 5, 10, and 15 per cent. Alfalfa, says Mr. Hosterman, usually is “very clean,” which accounts for the difference in grade requirements.

Weeds are particularly bothersome in the annual hays such as soy beans, Sudan grass, and lespedeza.

The most bothersome weed reported in soy bean hay is the prickly spurge nettle (bull nettle). With the slightest dampness—even the breath of animals eating it—an offensive odor arises. Seed of the nettle also is objectionable when soy beans are harvested as a seed crop.

## Pine-Fed Pigs

In the Middle ages millions of porkers picked up a precarious living in the great forests, grubbing for acorns and roots. Today they are regarded on quick-fattening oil cake, which makes better bacon. But such fare is dear, and Germans have been enjoined to observe economy in pig-feeding. Now, says the Tilt-Bit Magazine, a German chemist has come to their aid with an extract from pinewood, of which commodity Germany has millions of acres. It is claimed that this extract is capable of fattening pigs rapidly and satisfactorily.

## Along the Windrows

Ten tons of soil an acre pass through earthworms each year.

Honey is used to manufacture one brand of golf ball now on the market.

Nearly 21,270,000 acres of land in England is devoted to grazing this year.

There are still 20,000 horses in New York city, requiring 600 stables to house them.

Seven farms have automobiles for every one that has electricity, in the Mississippi valley.

Official statistics shows corn is North Carolina's biggest crop, the normal yearly yield being about 50,000,000 bushels.

Two-thirds of the meat animals that are slaughtered in this country are slaughtered under government inspection.

Corn imported into the United States in 1934 amounted to 2,959,256 bushels.

More than 23,000,000 acres in Russia have been sown to grain this year.

Prospects for an apple crop in north-east Kansas are above the five-year average, a survey by the state horticultural society indicated.

When apple trees receive proper fertilizer and cultural care they will produce every year under favorable weather conditions.

## Spinach Keeps Hair On

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