

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME LIII NO. 14

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1936

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STATISTICS

One of a series of brief discussions on government finances prepared by the New Hamp. Foundation

No. 1—Do We Pay As We Go?

Listen, Neighbor:—

Goodness knows I've got troubles enough of my own to worry about, but I've just been looking over some figures on State finances—and they don't look good to me.

My own finances are such small potatoes alongside the costs of running a government that some of the State figures don't really mean much to me, and I don't pretend to make head or tail out of all the charts and tables and statistics you see in the papers.

Just the same, I do know that the same fundamental principles apply to the State as much as they do to me. And when it gets to the point where we're spending more year after year than we take in, I know it's high time something was done about it.

In 1928, the year before the depression, we were spending more than our income and going into debt for it. Ever since then, taxes have been going up and up, giving us the biggest State income we've ever had—and still the expenditures run ahead of the increased income.

State Finances:	1928	1933	1934	1935
Income	\$7,085,000	\$10,420,000	\$14,030,000	\$18,052,000
Spending	9,257,268	18,141,027	18,131,794	20,351,028

So, in this time our State debt has gone up from a little over one million in 1928 to over twelve million in 1935.

It stands to reason we can't go on this way. I don't know just what we can do about it, but seems to me if we all got together, we ought to be able to figure some way out.

Julius W. Public.

Topics of the Day Presented to Reporter Readers in Concise Form

Vote For Delegates

Not only is March 10 Town Meeting Day, but it is also Primary Election Day, for voting for delegates and alternates to the Republican and Democratic Conventions to be held in June next. Voters will probably be handed two separate ballots by the ballot inspectors, and each must be marked and passed to the Moderator. Every voter should do his or her full duty in both respects.

I.O.O.F. Mass Meeting in Keene

A joint meeting of the lodges of Contoocook Valley District, No. 12, Keene District, No. 13, and Charlestown District, No. 14, will be held in Odd Fellows hall, at Keene, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 25. A degree will be conferred, and doubtless a large attendance will be present. Grand Officers will attend. Supper after the meeting.

A number of members of Waverley Lodge, of this place, are planning on attending this meeting. A bus has been hired, and anyone desiring transportation should get in touch with Charles W. Prentiss.

Anniversary 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 Waverley Lodge, No. 59, I.O.O.F., will receive proper notice.

An efficient committee has charge of the turkey supper, which will be given in their banquet hall, at six o'clock, and all Odd Fellows in this section have an invitation.

The regular meeting in the Lodge hall, at 8 o'clock, follows the supper. The Past Dist. Dep. As-o'n will have charge of a program, which will be given at the conclusion of the meeting, and will consist in part of discussing some of the problems that are constantly confronting Odd Fellows.

The Woman's Club

The Antrim Woman's Club met in Library hall on Tuesday, Feb. 11. The program opened with a solo by Mrs. Ethel Roeder. The president then introduced George H. Aylsworth, Supt. of the State Industrial School. He told of the problems which must be met by the school, and of the methods used in meeting them. He stated that many of the boys and girls who come to the school are helped to an entirely new conception of what life should mean. Many left the meeting with a new interest in the Industrial School.

During the business meeting, an invitation from the Fortnightly Club, of Hillsboro, to attend their meeting on May 7, was read and accepted. The Ways and Means Committee reported that plans were being made for a luncheon and bridge, to be held sometime soon. Miriam W. Roberts, Pub. Ch.

Smoking in the Town Hall

Editor of the Reporter:

As you have kindly offered space in the Reporter, for any suggestions, or items of interest, which may be discussed at our forth-coming Town Meeting, on March 10, so far no one has taken advantage of this privilege, may I take this opportunity to draw to the attention of the tax payers the fact that it might be well for this Town to adopt a by-law prohibiting smoking in the Town Hall building. After an entertainment or rehearsal, one can pick up several cigarette stubs, lying around on the back stage.

Our Town Hall is too valuable a piece of property to have damaged, through a smoldering cigarette stub starting a fire. Personally, I think it would be wise to prohibit smoking anywhere in the building before it is too late. Tax Payer.

John Rees

Who has lived in Antrim more or less the past few years, died in Winchendon, Mass., last Saturday, aged 70 years, of a heart affection. He leaves five children: three sons, two daughters; Mrs. Earl Cutter is a granddaughter. Funeral was on Monday.

Washington's Birthday Dinner!

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

MENU:

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

Tickets: Adults 50c. Children 25c.

Entertainment by 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.

Fire Insurance

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

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Some Interesting Facts Concerning Antrim's 1935 Vital Statistics

In looking over the Town Clerk's records of births, marriages and deaths for the past year, here are some of the interesting facts we find:

In Antrim in 1935 there were 22 births; there were 18 in the previous year.

Eight were born in Antrim; others in hospitals and maternity homes.

Twelve were males and ten females; all living when born.

Fathers were all born in the States; one mother born in Ireland, one in Quebec.

Seven were the first child; six were the second; three were the third; two the fourth; one each the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth.

Of the marriages, there were fifteen during the year; twelve during the previous year.

Nine couples were married in Antrim; one in Hancock; one in Peterborough; two in Hillsboro; one in Nashua; one in Claremont.

Nine of the men were residents of Antrim, and nine of the women; this does not mean that the nine town men married the nine town women. They each matched with mates from various places.

The ages of the couples varied from fifteen to sixty, the average being about 28 years.

Four of the thirty claimed Antrim their birthplace; all born in U. S. A.

Twenty-five had never married before; one was divorced; four were widowed.

Twenty-five deaths were recorded for last year, against twenty-two the year before.

Fourteen of these died in Antrim; five were born in town.

Twelve were males, and thirteen were females.

Five were single persons; eight married; twelve widowed.

Of the fathers of those who passed away, eight were born in Antrim; and of the mothers, three were born in town.

The youngest person to die in Antrim was 47 years; the oldest was 91 years.

The average age of the fourteen passing away in town was better than 73 years.

Of the eleven who died out of town and brought here for burial, four were really Antrim residents.

Of the other seven, all had family connections here; and most of them were buried in Maplewood cemetery.

All but two who died were born in the States; one of the two was born in England, and the other in Nova Scotia.

Budget Balanced?

Let's see, who was it a couple of years ago who predicted that the revenue Uncle Sam got from the liquor tax would be enough to balance the budget, ask an exchange. Maybe he had his fingers crossed and was talking about the State's budget.

George Washington, Westerner



Washington as a Colonial Militia Officer
(From The Paintings by P. Peale)



Washington Raising the British Flag, Fort Duquesne (1755) FROM A PAINTING BY J.R. CHAPIN

Washington at Braddock's Defeat

In 1754, when Governor Dinwiddie issued a proclamation giving 200,000 acres of western land to men who had served in the war, Washington, as a major, received 15,000 acres on the Ohio although he did not succeed in having it surveyed and patented until seven years later. By the Royal Proclamation of 1763, at the close of the French and Indian war, he received 5,000 acres more in his own right and from other officers and men who held their claims lightly he purchased 2,500 acres more.

In 1770, acting as agent and attorney to locate the western lands granted to officers of the First Virginia regiment by Governor Dinwiddie, Washington, himself, journeyed to Fort Pitt (the former Fort Duquesne). There he held conferences with George Croghan, Indian agent, and with the chiefs of the Six Nations and then, accompanied by Doctor Craik, his physician-friend, and three servants, started down the Ohio by boat. This expedition, which took him down to the mouth of the Kanawha river and up that stream for a considerable distance, was for pleasure as well as business and his diary is full of references to the hunting which he enjoyed in that region.

In addition to looking after the land interests of his brother officers he was also inspecting the lands which William Crawford had marked out for him, for Lund Washington and for his own brothers, Samuel and John Crawford. Washington was especially concerned with establishing his title to these lands.

One of the results of this journey is seen in an advertisement, signed by Washington, which appeared in the Maryland Journal and Baltimore Advertiser for August 22, 1773, and which offered for sale 20,000 acres of land on the Great Kanawha and the Ohio rivers. In this advertisement Washington states that "if the scheme for establishing a new government on the Ohio, in the manner talked of should ever be effected, these must be among the most valuable lands."

Eventually a new government was established there—but not the one, perhaps, which Washington had in mind. Soon after the struggle for liberty began, Washington's mind was occupied with a greater problem than that of his western lands and it kept his mind occupied for the next seven or eight years.

At the close of the Revolution Washington owned land in what is now New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Ohio and Kentucky, even as far west as Louisville. Besides owning all this land, Washington was also interested in developing routes of communication and travel between the East and the West because he knew that the West could not be developed rapidly without them.

In 1784 he set out on another journey to the West "to obtain information of the nearest and best communication between the Eastern and Western waters." This information he secured by traveling on horseback across ten mountain ranges and covering a distance of 634 miles in 34 days. Upon his return he wrote: "I am well pleased with my journey, as it has been the means of my obtaining a knowledge of facts—coming at the temper and disposition of the Western inhabitants, and making reflections thereon which otherwise must have been wild, incoherent, or perhaps as foreign from the truth as the inconsistency of the reports which I had received even from those to whom most credit seemed due, generally were."

One result of his journey was the founding of the Potomac company, incorporated in 1785 by the legislatures of both Maryland and Virginia for constructing a canal to connect the James and Potomac rivers with the Ohio. A part of the canal was dug but it was never carried to completion. Washington was given 50 shares in the Potomac company and he left these in his will to the founding of a university to be established in the District of Columbia.

When Washington died he owned more than 50,000 acres of land, valued at nearly half a million dollars. The greater part of this was in the West, or, at least, what was regarded as "the West" at that time. They included 27,438 acres in Virginia, 23,341 on the Great Kanawha river, 9,744 on the Ohio river, 5,000 on Rough creek in Kentucky, 3,051 on the Little Miami river in Ohio, 1,119 in Maryland, 1,000 on the Mohawk river in New York, and last, but not least, 234 acres included the Great Meadows, where a young frontier fighter had built Fort Necessity and embarked upon the military career (even though it was with a defeat) that made the name of George Washington forever famous!

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Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
By WILLIAM BRUCKART

Washington.—If ever there were a time other than when the nation was at war when money dominated the situation at Washington, it assuredly is now.

Money Dominates
One can go where he chooses about the government departments, to the White House or to Capitol Hill and the subject under discussion is or soon will be money.

A year or so ago, we heard a great deal about money. We heard of it in connection with an appropriation of \$4,880,000,000—the greatest single peace-time voting of money in our history. And, likewise, we heard money discussed when the President used his power to devalue the dollar in its relation to gold.

Now, however, the subject of money is discussed in a slightly different vein. The question that is paramount is how can the government get the money it needs. In other words, we are now getting around to the question of taxation, and it is a question that neither the President nor his lieutenants in congress like to face. It is an election year and a tax increase in election year is not what the politicians would call smoothing the highway of a campaign.

Passage of the legislation providing immediate payment of the veterans' bonus brought conditions to a head. The President vetoed the bonus bill and congress promptly overrode that veto. So the President promptly told congress that something had to be done about it, that the only funds the treasury could muster would be by borrowing and that since congress had yielded to the vocal minority represented by the greatest lobby ever to populate the Capitol, it thereby captured for itself a problem of raising the money.

Of course, the President must assume some responsibility even though he vetoed the bonus for the reason that some of the funds which must be raised will go to pay the crop control benefits or bonus resulting from invalidation of the processing taxes and the Agricultural Adjustment act. The President, as well as the political leaders in congress, want to continue that payment and they also want to pay farmers on commitments previously made because they regard them as moral obligation under the AAA contracts. Yet the country is likely to think in terms of the bonus for the war veterans and pay little attention to the smaller amount scheduled to go to the farmers and, indeed, the veterans' bonus is almost six times that which the administration desires to pay to the farmers.

There was in this situation a development to which I believe attention should be called.

"It's Up to Henry"
Through many years congress has been an easy spender. Through the same years it has avoided at every turn laying taxes to offset the money it voted out of the treasury. Under the Roosevelt administration the peak of easy spending has been reached and congress has gone along with a vociferous "aye" on every spending proposal sent to the Capitol from the White House. The congressional attitude to which I have referred came up in bulk at the time of the bonus vote. Every time a bonus opponent inquired where the government would get the money to pay the two and one-half billion to the veterans, the answer from the bonus supporters was, in effect, "It's up to Henry."

I can recall a familiar slogan, current when I was a boy, that was used always when some one desired to shift responsibility—to pass the buck. It was "let George do it." In the bonus controversy, Senator Bankhead, Democrat of Alabama, was the first member of congress whom I heard say "It's up to Henry." He meant that the job of raising the money belonged to Henry Morgenthau, secretary of the treasury, but Senator Bankhead spoke more than his own feelings when he made the statement. He put into words a thought which permeated the minds of a vast majority of unthinking representatives and senators.

Perhaps I should not say unthinking because those men were, in truth, thinking very deeply. Their thoughts, instead of turning to song in the spring, were turning to votes in November. That was the reason for passage of the bonus. Senators and representatives seeking re-election were afraid to go into the battle for nomination and re-election this summer and have war veterans drag out the skeleton of a vote in opposition to immediate payment of the bonus.

It will be a long time before those who voted for the bonus can live it down. A keen political maneuver has something in it that calls for admiration but an obvious political maneuver such as was the passage of the bonus did not give any reason for commendation except, perhaps, the justification that if the Roosevelt administration was committed to passing out hundreds of millions of dollars on bonedoggling and other more or less useless projects, then the war veterans were entitled to be paid now the sums which congress promised them would be paid in 1947. That really is a powerful argument but if Roosevelt supporters make that argument they are at the

same time damning the New Deal spending policies, so I fancy that such an argument will be rarely advanced.

It is entirely probable that there will be no tax bill this year unless the President's letter to Speaker Byrns pointing out the necessity for raising revenue causes an unheard of number of senators and representatives to do a flip-flop. No imagination is required to see that a representative or senator in a tough spot when he goes back home asking the suffrage of his constituents and must tell them at the same time that he added to the tax burden which they must pay.

May Be No Tax Bill
Well, if that be true, how is "Henry" going to get the money? It will have to be borrowed and it will have to be borrowed on government bonds which add up into an increasing government deficit. It means that instead of a deficit of around three billions in the next fiscal year, the treasury will be confronted with a deficit of more than five billions and the public debt, in the meantime, will have been correspondingly increased. It means, in addition, that the banks of the country will have to pile more government bonds on top of the government bonds they have thus far absorbed in financing a policy of spending our way out of the depression.

The tragedy of the situation in congress that brought about Senator Bankhead's remark of "It's up to Henry" is that it indicates that congress has been looking upon the treasury as a source of revenue. It is not and it never has been. Government is non-productive. It can get funds only by taxation, by taking them away from the people—or by borrowing and if it borrows it has to pay back. In either event, new taxation must come and if congress doesn't have the nerve to pass tax legislation in this session, it must lay taxes in the next session.

The newspapers throughout the country have been full of reports concerning the early start of the political campaign. The Al Smith speech, coming from the man who made it, brought about a sudden expansion in the political fire. It really opened up the fight and henceforth we are due to be surfeited with this claim or that, this charge and that denial or counter-charge, as the various leaders marshal their forces.

Campaign Starts Early
Thus far, in addition to President Roosevelt's Jackson day speech to the \$50-a-plate diners and Mr. Smith's Liberty league dinner outburst, we have had active campaigning by former President Hoover, by Governor Tamm of Georgia, by Senator Borah, the Idaho Republican; by Governor Landon, the Kansas Republican, and by Senator Robinson of Arkansas, the Democratic leader in the senate, who spoke in reply to Mr. Smith. Others are in the offing for the Republican and Democratic national committees are engaging radio time in a big way.

As speeches and statements increase in number, and as fanfare grows louder, I find myself getting a bit callous to them all. I have been wondering whether the American people have lost their sense of humor completely, because the situation really has a humorous side. Unless the people's sense of humor has been dreadfully seared, it seems to me they ought to be highly amused over ridiculous statements now being made on one side of the fence or on the other. Take, for instance, Mr. Roosevelt's handwritten bonus veto message. It presented something a bit unusual because in my time in Washington it had happened only once before that a President vetoed a bill with a handwritten message to congress. Of course, it was intended to be dramatic—and it was. But the point is this: A year ago when congress passed the bonus the President made a personal appearance in the halls of congress and read his own veto message. He made his victorious fight and he rallied his supporters in line to sustain his veto. There has been so much talk around Washington since the handwritten message went to congress that the President really was not vigorously opposing passage of the bill over his veto that I am coming to believe that was true. In other words, he thought that immediate payment of the bonus was wrong but he had a weather eye out for the forthcoming campaign and the votes the bonus might bring.

Then consider the activity of Senator Borah. I believe the Idaho senator is too smart to feel that he can be the Republican nominee against Mr. Roosevelt, but he is going through all manner of gyrations just the same. He has purposes and objectives in mind, obviously, but they are not the Republican Presidential nomination as he leads his various audiences to infer. It is to be recalled that Senator Borah has not at any time actually said he was a candidate. We have also the circumstance of Senator Robinson replying to Al Smith over the same radio and through substantially the same number of broadcasting stations.

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By ELMO SCOTT WATSON
Map by John C. Fitzpatrick, author of "George Washington, Colonial Traveler," courtesy the Bobbs-Merrill company, publishers.

WHEN you saw the title of this article did you find yourself saying: "George Washington a Westerner? Why, I thought he was born in Virginia, lived most of his life there and died there. And Virginia certainly is an Eastern state."

You're quite right, for he was and it is! But the point is—and it's one which few Americans, perhaps, realize—that some of the most important events in Washington's career took place in the West, that he was one of the most "Western-minded" men of his day and that he retained his interest in the West to the end of his life.

Washington's first experience in "the West" came when he was sixteen years old. In 1748 Lord Fairfax engaged the young Virginian to aid George W. Fairfax, his agent, in making surveys in the Shenandoah Valley beyond the Blue Ridge mountains. This trip lasted a month and brought him for the first time into contact with the red men who were to resist so savagely the westward push of the white men.

Five years later Washington set out upon another journey farther west which was more fraught with danger and much more important historically. The Ohio company, formed in 1748 by a London merchant and several prominent men in Virginia, had obtained a grant of 200,000 acres on the Ohio river. But when the company attempted to make good its claim to these lands, the French, who were determined to dominate the interior of North America, broke up their trading posts and carried their traders away to Canada as prisoners. Moreover, Marquis Duquesne, the new governor-general of Canada, ordered forts built in the Ohio country to hold it for the French. By 1753 they had established posts at Presque Isle (the present Erie, Pa.) and Le Boeuf (near Waterford, Pa.) and an outpost at Venango (at the junction of French creek and the Allegheny).

Late in the year Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia sent Washington to warn the French off of the lands claimed by the English. Washington engaged Christopher Gist, who had surveyed the Ohio company's lands in 1750, as his guide and four others as "servitors." Later they were joined by a party of friendly Indians who accompanied them to Venango. The expedition, made in the dead of winter, was a perilous as well as a futile one. Both the French commanders at Venango and Le Boeuf were firm in their refusal to quit their posts until ordered to do so by the governor of Canada. So Washington started back to report to Dinwiddie.

During this trip Washington visited for the first time "the Forks of the Ohio" and recorded in his journal: "I spent some time in viewing the Rivers, and the Land in the Fork; which I think extremely well situated for a Fort."

Washington could not have realized at the time how important to his future career this spot was to be. For within a year Captain Trent with a party of backwoodsmen was building a fort at this "extremely well situated" place and Washington, as a lieutenant-colonel of Virginia militia, was marching with a small force of raw troops, under orders from Governor Dinwiddie, to garrison it. When he reached Wills Creek (now Cumberland, Md.) he learned that the French had swooped down, driven Trent's men away and were themselves building Fort Duquesne there.

Washington pushed on and a party of French under Jumonville came out from Duquesne "to repel force with force." On May 28, 1754, in

what is now Fayette county, Pennsylvania, "the two tiny forces met; the volleys they exchanged opened the war that was to be waged until 1763, on the battle fields of Europe, the plains of India, and around the islands of the sea, as well as in the woods of the New World."

Thus George Washington's first fight on the frontier made him an international figure. For Jumonville was killed in the encounter ("assassinated," the French declared), and after that the great conflict was inevitable. Washington fell back to the Great Meadows where he built a crude breastwork which he named Fort Necessity. There he was attacked by Coulon de Villiers, Jumonville's brother, and all day long his troops "weary, half-starved, soaked to the skin by the constant rain, and depleted by the musketry fire from the heights which commanded them, fought off their assailants." That night Washington was "forced to capitulate."

A year later Washington again rode West, this time as an aide to Gen. Edward Braddock's fine British army which was certain to capture Fort Duquesne from the French. Then came the fatal July 9 on the Monongahela and a few days later Washington was writing to his brother, Augustine: "By the all powerful dispensations of Providence, I have been protected beyond human probability and expectation; for I had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me, yet escaped unhurt, although death was leveling my companions on every side of me."

The next two years found Washington, now a colonel and commander-in-chief of all the militias in Virginia, guarding her frontier against the Indians who, encouraged by Braddock's defeat, repeatedly attacked the outlying settle-



Washington's Mission to the Ohio
(From the Painting by A. CHAPPEL)

ments. Most of this time was spent at Fort Cumberland and Fort Loudon (Winchester) with occasional trips to Williamsburg, to Alexandria and to Mount Vernon and longer journeys to Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

But at last in the fall of 1758 he set out for the West again. This time he was in command of Virginia troops accompanying the expedition of Gen. John Forbes against Fort Duquesne and on November 28 he wrote to Governor Fauquier:

"Fort Duquesne, or the ground rather on which it stood, was possessed by his majesty's troops on the 28th instant."

Victory, at last! So the career of George Washington as a frontier fighter ended. In January, 1769, he married the Widow Custis and prepared to settle down at Mount Vernon as a Virginia gentleman farmer. But his experience during the French and Indian war had given him an intimate knowledge of the land across the mountains and he realized fully its future importance and the opportunities which it would afford for a land speculator.

WATCH THE CURVES

By RICHARD HOFFMANN

Copyright by Richard Hoffmann
WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

Following his father's bitter criticism of his 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 a 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. Propinquity seems to soften Barry's unfriendliness, and they exchange kisses. Next day Hal tells Barry he loves her. She only answers that she mustn't love him, without giving any reason.

CHAPTER V—Continued

Kerrigan's eyes danced merrily under her half mustaches. "You're sure the torque hasn't taken charge?" he said. "Wouldn't like to stop off for a cold shower somewhere down the line?"

"Stop for nothing, huh," said Hal. "I want the Mississippi, what Ring Lardner jokingly called the Father of Waters. It is out here somewhere, isn't it?"

"Was last time I came through," said Kerrigan, the sparkle of his eyes laughing with and at Hal's.

Hal had a glimpse of Barry's face: her eyes, unpreoccupied, gave him brief, intimate approval, and his heart sang higher.

As each vista gave way to another level run over closely farmed country, Hal grew impatient for that coming to the rim of a long plateau which he conceived would reveal the Mississippi, flat and blue and broad, lying infinitely off toward the veils of the horizon on either hand. Then, after they had settled down to what seemed another whole country of unwatered farmland, Kerrigan took the dead cigarette end from his lips and leaned forward. "The old fella," he said quietly; and he added, as if he meant it to be all very casual, "Here, let me treat you to your first Mississippi crossing." He reached into his trousers pocket, jingling change.

"They went out on the narrow track slowly, each slanted girder sticking a gentle echo at them, and neither Hal nor Kerrigan spoke. Halfway across, Mrs. Pulsipher's voice bustled suddenly into the car: "Why, this is the Mississippi river."

"It—it is," said John, as if she'd waked him out of guilty reverie.

"Is it, Mr. Kerrigan?"

"The original, mam."

Hal said to Kerrigan, "Remember Huck Finn and that nigger on the raft; the loaves of bread with mercury in 'em floating down and a cannon booming over the water from the ferry boat, to raise their bodies."

"Gad, sir, wasn't I just thinking of that?" said Kerrigan—half startled, half pleased, as if it were a joint experience which he thought Hal might have forgotten. "I never cross the old rogue without thinking of it. I swear—just that minute—I was nowhere else but there."

"Then there's more than one mind-reader along," said Hal drily, a faint check upon his full pleasure.

"Meaning?" said Kerrigan.

Hal gave a brief shake of his head, aware of Crack sitting behind him, retrospectively aware that he had been there all afternoon. Hal had the curious impulse to recall what he'd thought and said in that time, as you might try to remember what you'd done in a room where you find you've been watched. Then he caught himself and shook off the quick discomfort. Crack might sit there as knowingly, as pleased with private, drowsy thoughts as he liked: he had nothing to do with Hal or the Mississippi or this moment.

Then Kerrigan tossed up a thick finger to indicate the Burlington shore where their bridge ran over the railway. "That belongs," he said. Four white ex-Pullman cars stood on a siding, a patiently suffered curvature to their wooden spines, broad roofs smoothed down over open-end-platforms, window-arches gay with marbled glass. Along their white sides, gold letters were painted: "Davenport Bros. Great World's Fair Shows."

"Gosh," Barry called from the back, "wouldn't it be fun to see their show?" "It would," said Kerrigan. "It'd be fun to see it, and stow away in those cars afterward."

"It'd be fun," said Hal, "to do almost anything." And in saying that, there was a separate sharing of this moment with both Barry and Kerrigan, a thankful comfort that could put away the uneasiness of a minute ago—almost put it quite away. The night was near now, and his coming to Barry, to the rout of fear from her bravery, and to his hope of Fortune in the world.

Iowa rolled in tireless undulations, the road taped over them like the fat-headed scar of a careful cut, the coming loops visible from each rise. The sun went behind a long, fagged cloud in the west, edging it with white incandescence and spreading a fan of tapered shafts below. They crossed the Skunk river, and rolled on over the dips and rises toward the sinking sun. If there had been a chance of perceiving Mrs. Pulsipher to put up with

the facilities of a little place called Agency, Hal and Kerrigan would have stopped there, for the taste of its name. But Ottumwa was close beyond, and they found clean tourist cabins in a grove of trees beside the Des Moines river, where the hopeful, snug squeaking of crickets in the grass made the gathered evening seem cooler.

The proprietor said that, given time, his old lady would throw together as good a feed, and better, and cheaper, than any they could get in them places uptown. Hal took Rasputin to a garage and supervised his priming for tomorrow. And when he got back, the others were halfway through a meal that had even such intrepid appetites as the Pulsiphers' working uphill. The full-buoyancy that Hal had carried through the afternoon still refused to take account of hunger. He did the swift best he could, so that the proprietor's old lady shouldn't be hurt; but when Barry pushed her chair back from the long table and squeaked her lips at Doc, he abandoned the business abruptly and followed her out-doors.

Fresh eagerness exulted in his blood, tried to lift his body with a hundred different excitements, urged him to leap and shout out his joy for these hints of immortality. He stopped her walking with his hand, turned her to him and held her while he said, "Barry, we've got to go somewhere—quickly."

In the light from her cabin under the trees, he saw that her smile was slow, the droop of her eyelids slow, weary. "Hal, we can't," she said, as if he had been urging her for a long time. "I couldn't—couldn't tell you what I have to. I'm too tired to be strong. I shouldn't tell you it's hoping, wishing, praying about you that's made me so tired, but I want to tell you. Because I—I—Hal, we can't go; I've got to go in." She moved a little, as if she were going to let her head go against his shoulder. But she stopped herself, and her low, lovely voice murmured, "My darling."

"You don't have to tell me anything," said Hal, shocked by the quiet decision that was trying to rob him of this time he had so surely looked to: "all you have to do is listen to me, to the things I must tell you. You can rest, listening to them—just up there, a little way, by the river. We'll sit against a tree, and when you want me to stop, I'll stop and you can sleep on my shoulder. I promise, if you tell me to, I won't speak again—not a word, not even what keeps on running and trembling in all my nerves, muscles, heart, tongue, everything: I love you, I love you so that—"

"Hal, don't, oh, don't, please, Hal darling." Her free hand gripped his arm hard, and he couldn't tell whether it shook to enforce what she said or whether the desperation that shivered under her voice was in her body, too. "Barry," said Hal in severe quiet. "You've got to listen. Why do you try to frighten yourself? Why do you try to frighten me—before you've let me say what I must say, before—"

Her exclamation was a whimper of fear, and she turned her frantic head toward the cabin. "Sister Anastasia!" The door opened on the neat, lighted room of raw boards, with the nun's silhouette in the oblong. "Yes, sweet?" she said, her modest voice tranquil and soothing as the sound of a little wind among sleeping trees.

"Sister, I just wanted to know you were there. I'm coming now. Please wait for me." She bowed her head as if to see more clearly the joining of their hands in the dimness. "Good night, my darling," she said hurriedly. "I'm a coward—a coward, and I'm so sorry."

She had her hand away from him, and quickly she was at the nun's side in the lighted doorway.

"Till bet you," said Kerrigan, and the smoking cigarette end in the corner of his mouth looked short enough to burn him, "I'll bet you if we went in to town we could find a something would knock us out from under our hats."

"I'll bet you we couldn't," said Hal listlessly, the echo of Rasputin's long droning in his ears again. "I'll bet you two somethings we couldn't."

"Sir, a wager," said Kerrigan. "Do we ride or walk?"

"Walk," said Hal. "It's not far." In spite of the fact that he had no use for it, he felt the soft, impermanent refreshment under the stars. It was to him as if, out of a world murmurous with simple expectancy and unentangled pleasure in the hushed resting of the night, he were singled out for traffic with deviousness and complication. Put into plain order of words, it was all so straightforward: he loved Barry; she indicated by every look, every gesture, every shading of her low voice that she was, at the least, ready to love him. So there they were—or should be. If she wasn't sure of herself, she could tell him so; if there was a more definite barrier against her coming to him, it could be spoken, faced, and—if not demolished—then circumvented. That was so simple. Barry was candid of nature, as honorable as her golden head, her lithe body, were lovely; yet she ran from him, left him to a darkened, indefinable complexity in which he felt the restive nearness of fear and remembered the presence of something impending, something that seemed to prowl in stealth out of the future, vanish into it again when he looked warily to see its shape.

Thank heaven for Kerrigan—good Kerrigan. Hal had started out with him for the purpose of getting a stiff, resentful drink and venting his beleaguered gloom on whatever his companion chose to talk about. But just in walking beside him, Kerrigan's air of unacquisitive well-being, of confidence in the propriety to his soul of anything that might happen, brought Hal's hopes a little away from the dominion of bafflement and left his uneasy brooding to wait.

They went on up the street. Down a half-respectable alley with a wrecking car and some stacks of old tires in it, they came to a door that had "Office" printed on the dark glass; and Kerrigan knocked briskly. A crack opened, revealing bright light on unstirred layers of tobacco smoke beyond a screen, and a dim strip of face that held one steady eye.

"Pete here?" said Kerrigan.

"No."

"Like to see where he works," said Kerrigan.

"He don't work nights."

"Frisby sent us. I've got his penny."

The strip of face vanished and the door swung wider.

It was a small, unpolished room with perhaps four tables and a short bar, a mirror behind that, and on display there a museum collection of old, labeled, but empty bottles.

They sat down at a table, and a dark, competent young man waited without speaking. Kerrigan turned to him pleasantly. "What's the bourbon situation?" he said. There was no particular in which you could have said the young man's expression yielded to Kerrigan's friendly ease, yet it did change; and he said, "We got some stuff here in Kentucky bottles, but you wouldn't call it bourbon."

Kerrigan looked at Hal. "Rye, then?" he said.

"Fine," said Hal.

Kerrigan looked up and said "Rye." The young man stood there watching Kerrigan steadily; he said, "Want some bourbon?"

"Bourbon?" said Kerrigan, with just the right mixture of interest and incredulity.

"Half a minute," the young man said crisply and disappeared through a door beside the bar.

"Now there you are," said Hal sincerely. "If I lived to be a hundred, I'd never have the gift. Here it is fifteen minutes after you decide you want a drink in a strange town, and you not only get it but get something special, almost without asking for it. I need lessons."

The young man came back with a veteran bottle, three-quarters full. Kerrigan read the stained label reverently while they waited for glasses and water. It was bourbon, and not of this decade either; and even before they tasted it they had tacitly acknowledged that this time was ripe for something more than a nightcap. Kerrigan hooked a chair toward him with his toe and swung his feet up on it before he said, on a relaxed key, "It's a good trip; and there's more of it coming to us yet."

"Hope not more of it only," said Hal.

"There's a toast no bourbon's too good for," Kerrigan said quickly, almost as if there were something a little foolish about saying it. "A good trip," he went on, "in spite of something funny, something queer going on—that—" He stopped as Hal's look promptly sharpened. "Maybe you know all about it," he said.

"I don't know a thing about it," said Hal, "but every so often it gives me a scunner, makes me feel something might be going to happen."

"X-know," Kerrigan began, watching the young bartender pass to answer a knock at the door, "we had gifts once, a couple of ten-thousand years ago, when we were roaring around Middle Europe in bearskins, looking out for ourselves and making darn few mistakes—we had gifts then that have got good and rusty since. Sometimes we get some use out of 'em—in hunches, intuitions; sometimes one of those rusty gadgets will get contact—try to do its job—and our civilized, so-called minds can't make out what that bumping is in the cellar; it makes us uncomfortable. If you could harness that, even without understanding it—"

The bartender came to their table and leaned his hands on it, looking down at its ring-stained surface. "There's somebody wants in," he said. "Says he knows you two." He looked at Kerrigan.

Kerrigan glanced at Hal in dubious expectation, then up at the young man again. "Don't know anybody here," he said, giving his head a shake that was not quite final. "No. Tell him he's made a mistake; or—wait, I'll look at him." He dropped his feet and heaved himself up reluctantly.

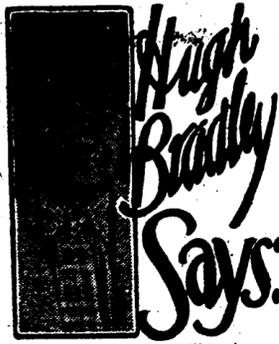
Just talking about it had brought that unsubstantial whisper of premonition somewhere near again; Hal cursed it, and the interruption that left him there alone with it.

Behind the screen the doorlatch clicked and there was a moment of silence. Then without surprise or pleasure, Kerrigan's voice said, "Why, hello there, splash!" and he came back into the room looking gloomily thoughtful. Martin Crack ambled after him, his smooth-skinned face under tidy hair barely stirred by the slight unassuming smile.

"Sit down, sit down," Kerrigan grumbled at him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Indians Bleach Women
Indians who bleach their women and sell them to the highest bidder, have been discovered in South America.



Ruppert Throws Party—Guests Square the Rap

COL. JACOB RUPPERT, who finishes almost as high up in the national listing of millionaires as his Yankees recently have been finishing in the American league, threw a party to his sports-writing pals the other night. Then permitted the waiters to badger the guests into anteing up sizeable service fees for the privilege of attending the party. . . . The boys and girls in Harlem continue vastly indignant at Jack Johnson because the only negro who ever has held the heavyweight title persists in denying the manifest virtues of Joe Louis.

If you wish to make a sizeable wager without hurting the pari-mutuel price you can be accommodated by bootleg bookmakers at beautiful Hialeah park. Although they know that similar carryings-on would cause them to be barred for life from some such track as Pimlico, the undercover layers seem to operate without fear of the Florida management. . . . Jay Berwanger, who played so much halfback for Chicago U. last fall, now is paying the penalty of fame. Almost every night he has to speak at some dinner or other social gathering. . . . Harry Berg, new promotional manager for the Chicago Catholic Youth organization, managed the swimming team at Notre Dame in 1928.

Jim Norris, the big money man who already owns such sports emporiums as the Detroit Olympia and the Chicago Stadium, is not seeking stock control of Madison Square Garden. He wants to own the \$5,000,000 joint outright. . . . Ward-in-Chancery, entered in a cheap claiming race at Hialeah, once ran in the colors of King George V of England. The bay gee is bred from the Alimony-Son-in-Law strain. . . . Which, for no reason at all, recalls the fact that a jurist who is celebrated for the steep assessments he slaps on misbehaving husbands in a famous metropolis, is being implored to settle the all-too-many markers he has in a bookmaker's safe.

Mike Couldn't Imagine Joe Not Filling House
Mike Jacobs blames the Chicago Stadium management for the failure of the Louis-Retzlaff affair to sell out. Believes that the house was scaled wrong, that is, the prices were out of line with what the public could bear. Undoubtedly a much better job was done when the Hearst A. C. glorified the Louis-Baer thing with its patron's press arrangements. . . . Johnny McNaughton, for many years one of the most popular soccer officials, now manages Brooklyn's Galloping Gaels of St. Mary's. . . . Harvard, which still plays such minor league basketball that even a N. Y. U. student probably could get in to see a game, once abandoned the sport. That was in 1910 and the reason was that the higher authorities figured that basketball was too rough.

The chairman of the New York State Racing commission evidently understands the fine distinction between practicing and preaching. He told the national convention of turf solons that all suspended jockeys and trainers should be heaved out of the tracks for the entire period of the suspension. Last summer Clarence Buxton supposedly was suspended from the arenas ruled over by the N. Y. S. R. C. Mr. Buxton then continued to do practically everything save saddle his own horses in the paddock. . . . Pete Renszull, who tanded goal for the Giants when the late Charles A. Stoneham was a soccer magnate, now is treasurer of the New York State Junior Soccer league.

In Chicago the cads say that Freddy Lindstrom is very ambitious, that Charley Grimm likes managing the Cubs, and that when Charley quits liking to manage the Cubs the job definitely goes to Gabby Hartnett. That left Freddy just where he was in his saddest days with the Giants and so the star (always the heir-apparent but never the heir, if you get the general idea) was turned loose to try his luck in newer and more promising fields. They also add, the brutes, that all Manager Casey Stengel knew about the recent signing was what the Brooklyn directors let him read in the papers.

All is not sweetness and light at Lafayette, which went all the way to Harvard to get a new athletic director and all the way to the Pacific coast to get a newer football coach. . . . Harold Starr, who did not quite live up to his name on the defense, is mad at the Rangers for trading him to their Philadelphia hockey farm.



Jacobs.

Jack came up to the plate swinging his bat. Penneck pitched. Jack was kept at the plate. Shocker pitched. There was no recess for Jack. Hoyt took up the pleasant task. Still Jack stood up there, swung and aweated.

At last, although there were two or three other pitchers yearning for their proper reward, the humane Miller Huggins called a halt.

Sixty-five balls had been thrown at Jack. He had swung 65 frantic times. No umpire was needed to provide the sad news that he had piled up exactly 65 strikes.

Even the greatest player of them all was not precisely a violet when he attended his first training camp in a little North Carolina town. Since then he has bought and junked dozens of high-priced automobiles but until the Orioles took him South he never had ridden in a car.

After his first ride the idea appealed to him considerably and so he took matters into his own hands.

For days after that the veterans in the camp wondered why the slim kid who previously had displayed such a marvelous appetite was so late to breakfast nowadays. Then a reporter returning to the hotel in the wee hours discovered the reason.

Babe Ruth had been arising at 8:30 each morning so that he might ride around town in the rattling old truck in which the milkman was delivering his wares.

Another of Babe's quaint ambitions was to be an elevator operator. One afternoon he failed to report for practice. One of the outfielders glanced into the bleachers and saw that the colored boy who was the regular custodian of the one-man hotel elevator seemed to be having an afternoon of leisure.

That gave him an idea. There was an investigation. Sure enough. Back in the hotel they found the Babe proudly operating the elevator.

SOON the newspaper boys will be typing countless columns in the big-time baseball training camps. Wires that now sob the chill tidings concerning the defeat of another favorite at Hialeah will crackle joyfully with the red hot news about the deeds of a hundred corn-fed youngsters.

Since even the Dodgers or the Phillies might become pennant contenders if enough Ty Cobbs could be discovered among the newcomers it is only fair that a vast share of the spring-time literature should be devoted to the rookies. Yet there does come the all too frequent moment when the writing brethren err.

Sadly they wait a tear in the direction of youthful giants eating two-dollar meals in four-dollar-a-day hotels. Then, with true poetic fervor, they compare the hopefuls to the flowers which must blush unseen or waste their fragrance on the unsympathetic ozone.

There never was a greater mistake. Perhaps there has been a rookie who could blush but—if so—his name is lost in the pages of forgotten time.

For instance there was a youngster who went South with the Giants not too many seasons ago. He was a red headed, likable kid from some place in New Jersey. Before the train had reached Manhattan Transfer he had given out new interviews, considerably improving on the first performance.

That kept up for a night and a day. He confided to the porter that he could play any place on the field and that he could throw strikes with either hand. In the club car his voice rose to new heights while he patiently explained that after getting an eyeful of him John McGraw would—

But let that go. It seems that he was mistaken on one or two counts in his build-up. After one glimpse of him in practice even his rookie mates knew that he could not throw with either hand and could not play any place. But he was right about one thing. Indeed he rather understated the case there.

He had promised that after one look at him McGraw would get an eyeful. McGraw got it and also seemed to become clogged up in other sections. So that rookie had one of the shortest trips on record. Four hours after he had donned his first uniform he was back on the train again with a one-way ticket for home.

There also was Jack, a broad-backed youngster who was in Florida with the Yankees during the days of their greater glory.

Jack had considerable ability and there seemed a chance that he might become a big timer. So the Yankees who, as usual, were short on reserve catchers, watched him carefully. They also listened to him plenty. While the pitchers were working their arms in shape he hit balls over all fences and proudly proclaimed that this was only a weak sample of his true worth.

Finally the situation became a trifle strained. The veteran pitchers were over tired of the talk and—probably—none too well pleased with the numerous stories that had been wired North. Since most of them were in shape by now to start the season they coaxed Jack into talking his freest one night. The next morning they met him at the ball park.

Jack came up to the plate swinging his bat. Penneck pitched. Jack was kept at the plate. Shocker pitched. There was no recess for Jack. Hoyt took up the pleasant task. Still Jack stood up there, swung and aweated.

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LOOK FOR SILVER LININGS
Get into the habit of watching for the silver lining of the glass; and when you have found it, continue to look at it, rather than at the leaden gray in the middle. It will help you over many hard places.—A. WILLIAMS.



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD
HAS FILLED HER HOME CUPBOARDS WITH GOOD AND STURDY RICE CEREALS; HER STRENGTH FEELS GOOD; SHE FEELS BETTER THAN ON BREAD. . . . SHE EATS WHAT SHE DOESN'T FEEL LIKE!

NO ALKALIES FOR ACID INDIGESTION

MILLIONS have found they do not need to drop their stomachs with strong, caustic alkalis. Physicians have said this health often brings further acid indigestion. So much more safe and reliable to simply carry a roll of Tums in your pocket, stomach 3 or 4 after meals, whenever troubled by heartburn, gas, sour stomach. Try them when you feel the effects of last night's party, or when you smoke too much. Tums contain a wonderful antacid which neutralizes acid in the stomach, but never over-alkalizes stomach or blood. As pleasant to eat as candy and only 10¢ at any drug store.



Is Santa Real?
A merry fellow was never yet a respectable man.—Chesterfield.

Quick Soft Relief For Eyes Irritated By Exposure To Sun Wind and Dust

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Break up that COLIC

Perhaps the easiest way to prevent a cold from "catching hold" and getting worse is, at once, to cleanse internally. Do it the pleasant way with a hot cup of Garfield Tea—the mild, easy-to-take liquid laxative. At drug stores.

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Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
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These mint-flavored, candy-like wafers are pure milk of magnesia in solid form—the most pleasant way to take it. Each wafer is approximately equal to a full adult dose of liquid milk of magnesia. Chewed thoroughly, then swallowed, they correct acidity in the mouth and throughout the digestive system and insure quick, complete elimination of the waste matters that cause gas, headaches, bloated feelings and a dozen other discomforts.

Milnesia Wafers come in bottles of 20 and 48, at 35¢ and 60¢ respectively, and in convenient tins for your handbag containing 12 at 20¢. Each wafer is approximately one adult dose of milk of magnesia. All good drug stores sell and recommend them.

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. Sales Products, Inc., 4402 23rd St., Long Island City, N. Y.



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a Few Towns Surrounding Antrim

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

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ANTRIM, N. H.

The Shipment of
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PRICE RIGHT

GUY A. HULETT

Antrim, N. H.

With Sincere Regrets, Antrim
Says Farewell to an Aged Friend

Mrs. Caroline S. Johnson

Mother of Hiram W. Johnson, died at his home, on Highland avenue, on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 15, where for the past 14 years she has made her home, and in her advancing years has been tenderly and thoughtfully cared for by the family.

Mrs. Johnson was born in Woodstock, Vt., April 7, 1845, daughter of Hiram O. and Sarah Ann (Morley) Cobb. She married Wales N. Johnson on May 21, 1867, and he died in 1921. During the summers she occupied her Woodstock home. Was a member of the Congregational church in her home town for nearly seventy years, and was very active in church and W.C.T.U. work as long as her strength permitted. She became a member of this latter organization in 1895; was its Windsor County treasurer for 35 years, and State Supt. of

Soldiers and Sailors Dept. for several years. Deceased held membership in Kedron Rebekah Lodge and was affiliated with Green Mountain Grange.

Mrs. Johnson was known to a number of our village people, who much enjoyed her pleasing and kindly manner. Her church attendance was regular and her occasional visits to the local Rebekah lodge were always enjoyable events.

Besides her son, she leaves four grand-children, Carroll M., Richard C., Murray C., and Helen A. Johnson. The sympathy of all goes out to the family in their affliction.

Prayers were said at the Johnson home on Monday morning, at 9:30 o'clock; Rev. R. H. Tibbals officiated. Bearer: the three grand-sons and Don H. Robinson. Funeral at her old home in Woodstock on Tuesday afternoon, at 1:30 o'clock. Interment in Highland cemetery.

The Antrim Reporter

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Advertising Rates on Application

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

Wednesday, Feb. 19, 1936

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

Long Distance Telephone
Notices of Concerts, Lectures, Entertainment, etc., to which an admission fee is charged, or from which a revenue is derived, must be paid for as advertisements by the line.

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



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression"

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

What Has Happened and Will Take Place Within Our Borders

1732 1936
February 22



George Washington

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

Mrs. Harold Proctor is making a visit with relatives in Boston and vicinity, expecting to return home the last of this week.

Mrs. Robert Warner was given a blood transfusion on Monday of this week to assist in her recovery from her recent operation.

Mrs. George E. Warren announces the marriage of her daughter, Miss Sara E. Bartlett, to John G. Barstow, of Bradford, this state.

The Hillsborough County extension service has arranged a poultry meeting, to be held in Library hall, Antrim, on Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 1:30 p.m., this being one of six such meetings.

For the Washington Dinner, at the Presbyterian Vestry, on Friday, February 21, at 6 o'clock, music will be furnished by a male quartet. Your attention is called to the display adv. on first page of this paper.

A Republican Caucus for the nomination of party candidates for Town office will be held in the town hall, on Monday evening, March 2, at eight o'clock; at the same time the Republican Club will be re-organized.

Friends of Mrs. Joseph Heritage, who has been suffering several weeks from the effects on a broken leg, will be interested to know that she has sufficiently improved to be removed from the Memorial Hospital, in Concord, and is now at the Riverside Hospital, in Henniker.

At the Plymouth Normal School, a royal good time was enjoyed when the new governor was inaugurated; Miss Edith Linton, of Antrim, was sworn in as one of the counselors. To attend the festivities, Miss Jeannette Linton, a student at Simmons College, Boston, journeyed to Plymouth.



KNITTING YARNS

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

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

Mrs. Fred A. Dunlap has returned to her home here after a week's visit with relatives in Franklin and Tilton.

Many of our people had an opportunity to see a rare sight on Thursday forenoon last, when they watched nine airplanes flying over the town.

Erwin D. Putnam recently gave his lecture "Picturesque New Hampshire," before the Woman's club, in Meredith, and the local newspaper of that town spoke very highly of it.

Mrs. F. K. Black has been at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Walter C. Hills, for some time past, where she was cared for during her recent illness with a serious bronchial trouble.

Robert Caughey, a graduate of Antrim High and University of New Hampshire, has entered Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst, Mass., for special studies, and will teach several subjects.

Mrs. Bertha Starkweather, who recently returned from the Elliot Hospital, Manchester, where she spent some months for treatment, is now at the home of her brother, William W. Austin, on Elm Street.

Another lot of snow was added on Friday last to the large quantity we already had, making traveling very difficult and a lot of noveling had to be done to keep up with it. The wind made conditions very much worse.

George A. Barrett is putting on the finishing touches to his vacant tenement, in his village block, on Main street. He is planning on removing his household goods from the Branch and occupying this tenement in the near future, having sold his Branch house to Lowell, Mass., parties, who plan to take possession about April first.

The Antrim Boy Scouts attended the 26th Birthday of the Scout movement and court of honor held in Milford, recently. The Antrim Scouts Troop No. 2 won the following merit badges: Wesley Hills, photography; music and cooking, Franklin Robinson; cooking and pioneering; Jerome Rutherford, pioneering; Ralph Zabriskie, cooking; sea scout award, Wesley Hills.

Town Team Defeats Hillsboro and Keene, Battery C

Last Tuesday evening the Antrim Town Team defeated Hillsboro by a score of 26-20. In a preliminary game the Second Team was defeated by the Bennington Pros.

On Wednesday evening both Teams went to Keene and were victorious. The Second Team won easily 14-4. The First Team won a close, fast and hard-fought game 31-30.

For Sale

Fully Accredited COWS; can go in anybody's herd, in any state: Holsteins, Guernsey's, Jerseys and Ayrshires. Fresh and springers.

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HAYDEN W. ALLEN
Chiropractor

Daily from 10 to 11 a.m.

2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p.m.

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Telephone 84

GREENFIELD

Christie Belcher and Herbert Holt attended the Sportsman's show in Boston.

Charles Mann is at Peterborough hospital, where he underwent an operation for appendicitis.

Word has been received from Mrs. Alice Davis, who has a summer home here, that she is on a world cruise.

Dr. and Mrs. Leroy Miner, their son, Robert, and two dental students, spent the week-end at their summer home here.

FRANCESTOWN

The Francestown winter carnival was held Saturday, Feb. 15, sponsored by the Junior Outing club, under the direction of the school principal, Ronald E. Tetley, who gives skiing lessons in several of the surrounding towns and is ski instructor at Kendall Hall school in Peterborough. The carnival events were specially good this year and enjoyed by a large number of people.

The committees in charge of the day's events included: Judges of scholastic events, Mason Birby, Mrs. Irene Tetley, Richard McKnight; woodchopping contest, Harry Miller; sleigh rides, Arthur Lord; supper, Mrs. Marion Clark, Mrs. Gladys St. John and Mrs.

DEERING

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred LaChance and Mrs. Matilda Blanchard, of Wilton, were recent visitors at the home of Bert Bassett, West Deering.

The Deering School Board held a meeting at Mountain View Farm, the home of the chairman, Mrs. G. E. Willgeroth, at which the budget was prepared for the coming year.

Mrs. Harry Parker and Mrs. Harold Wells attended the meeting of Union Pomona Grange, at Manchester, on Friday, February 7. Both are officers of Union Pomona Grange.

Mrs. W. P. Wood entertained the Women's Guild at her home recently. A covered dish luncheon was served at noon. At the afternoon session 28 members listened to an instructive talk by Miss Alice Belcher, principal of the Hillsborough Grammar school.

The morning train from Winchendon was stalled in the drifts near the West Deering station recently, and it was some three hours before it could proceed on its way to Hillsborough. Miss Kate Brooks, teacher in the Hillsborough Grammar school, walked a mile to the late road, and from there accompanied her trip by automobile.

Gladys McGrath; entertainment, Mrs. Irene Tetley, Miss Elizabeth Jutler and Mrs. Ruth Lord.

Antrim High School Activities, as Reported by Some of the Students

The boys of Antrim High school have organized a Science Club. The first meeting was held December 13, to organize and to elect officers. Carroll White was elected president, Vernon Brown, vice president, and Wesley Hills, secretary.

The second meeting was held December 13. Several of the boys read articles which they had in scientific magazines.

At the third meeting, which was held January 10, Wallace Nylander and Paul Prescott gave a very interesting talk and demonstration on high voltage electricity. Neal Mallet gave us some information on fruit growing and packing.

The fourth meeting was held Jan. 17. John Grimes spoke to us on Camp life and the educational value of Summer Camps. He obtained his information from personal experience.

The fifth meeting was held Friday, Jan. 24. Ralph Zabriskie explained and demonstrated the working of compound and simple microscopes. Following this Harvey Black told us some of the funda-

mentals of apple growing and packing.

Everyone seems to enjoy these science programs, and all are cooperating by giving some talk or demonstration on something in which he is interested. There is a meeting planned for the last period every Friday until Spring, when we can go back to our athletics.

Carroll White, English XII

Hiking 150 Years Old

Hiking is not modern, according to information revealed in London. It was called "pedestrianism" over a century ago, but the pastime was the same, according to a description in the Sporting Magazine, published in 1792. The opening paragraph of the article on pedestrianism declares that it is "an exercise which... has lately risen into much notice." It relates that Foster Powell, of Leeds, for a hundred-guinea wager, walked from London to York and back in five days, in the middle of November. He afterward accomplished several similar feats, and in his fifty-seventh year was still taking on bets. In 1765, according to the magazine, "a young woman went from Blisnoge in Scotland to within two miles of Newcastle in one day, which is about 72 miles."

CUTTING A LANE THRU THE DARK



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MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY — THE UNITED STATES NEWS, Washington, D. C.



Bennington.

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

And now the chickadees are looking for food; just the other day it was pheasants.

Maurice Fourrier, Jr., is acting as janitor at the present time at the Pierce School.

Kenneth Wilson has been sick with a painful gathering or something of the kind in his head.

Only three weeks to Town Meeting, and voters should remember that they have to vote for Delegates and Alternates to the Republican and Democratic National Conventions, in addition to voting for all Town officers.

Wilbur T. Durfee, whose Summer home was the one time Farrington place, in Frankestown, near the Greenfield line, died at a Boston hospital last week Tuesday, aged 64 years. Survivors include the wife and a son, John, of Bennington, who is the manager of the First National Store.

Work is still progressing at "the Corner," but not as rapidly probably as milder weather would permit. All the changes made in this immediate vicinity in the past few years have been improvements, and it is safe to say that this spot will take on something different before long, and then the entire surroundings will look more improved and this central point will look well to all who pass through our village; and our own people will be proud of it too.

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Friday, February 21
At 6 p.m., the Washington Birth-day Dinner will be served.
Sunday, February 23
Regular Morning Worship at 10 45
Sermon: Open Doors, by Rev. William Weston.

Sunday School at 12 o'clock.
Union evening service at 7, in this church.

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

Baptist
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, February 20
Mid week meeting at 7 30 o'clock p.m. The program consists of a play entitled: Who is My Neighbor?

Sunday, February 23
Sunday school at 10 a.m.
Morning Worship at 11 o'clock.
The pastor will preach on: Empty Religion.
Crusaders meet at 4 p.m.

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

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank our neighbors and friends for their acts of kindness and sympathy during our great sorrow.

Andrew Cuddihy
John Cuddihy
James Cuddihy
Alice Cuddihy
Mary Cuddihy
Matthew Cuddihy
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cuddihy
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hilton

Brooklyn Bridge's Fame
The streets spanned by the Brooklyn bridge and those on which its piers and approaches stand are not only of historic import, but have been the inspiration for interesting tales. One of the New York piers rests on the site occupied by Washington's first New York residence. Stephen Foster was an habitual wanderer about the crooked streets now darkened by the bridge. In Sandy Welch's beer cellar, which stood where now the bridge casts its shadow, Edgar Allan Poe read aloud "The Raven."

Officers, Committees and Program of John Hancock Grange, No. 33, P. of H., Hancock, for Next Year

OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES

Master..... Leah M. Hill
Overseer..... Earl Otis
Lecturer..... Alice M. Brown
Steward..... Cora F. Otis
Assistant Steward..... Cora F. Otis
Chaplain..... George W. Goodhue
Treasurer..... Minnie L. Devens
Secretary..... Bertha C. Ware
Gate Keeper..... John E. Hill
Ceres..... Eda Dutton
Pomona..... Nellie L. Eaton
Flora..... F. Helen Currier
Lady Ass't Steward..... Florence M. Loomis
Chorister..... Beulah S. Tuttle

Executive Committee: Daniel O. Devens, Walter S. Dutton, Maurice S. Tuttle
Charity Committee: George W. Goodhue, Lu M. Wheeler, Ella Goodhue, Nellie L. Eaton, Eda Dutton
Home and Community Welfare Committee: Cora Otis, F. Helen Currier, Beulah Tuttle, Agnes Quinn, Bertha Ware, D. O. Devens
Agricultural Committee: Homer C. Wheeler, Joseph Quinn, Frederick Wilder
Insurance Committee: Maurice S. Tuttle

PROGRAM

Social Hour After Each Meeting

January 9
Third Degree Ladies' Degree Team
Fourth Degree Regular Officers

January 23
Installation of Officers
Past Master Maurice S. Tuttle
Assistants: Amy Pierce and Edna Fish

February 13
Valentine Party

February 27
Required Discussion: Articles of the Town and School Warrants
Male Quartet: Daniel O. Devens, Maurice S. Tuttle, Earl Vatcher, Ralph Orlliss
Speakers: Nellie L. Eaton, Cora F. Otis, Homer C. Wheeler, Maurice S. Tuttle

March 12
Entertainment Contest—Men vs. Women
Contest in charge of Beulah and Maurice Tuttle

March 26
Vocal Solo Bessie M. Hanson
Reading Ella L. Goodhue
Special Feature Mothers and Fathers
Ladies' Quartet: Cora F. Otis, Alice M. Brown, Beulah S. Tuttle, Pansy Vatcher

April 9
Song Grange Chorus
Essay: Eye-sores I Would Remove to Beautify Our Locality Margaret Perry
Roll Call: My Pet Peeve Stanley Otis
Violin Solo Stanley Otis
Reading Lu Wheeler
Vocal Solo Alice M. Brown

April 23
Neighbors' Night

May 14
Discussion: Would the Adoption of a Sales Tax or Income Tax or Both, as Set Forth in the New Hampshire Tax Commissioner's Report to the Governor, be Desirable or Beneficial to the Agricultural Taxpayers?
Special Feature Florence and Granville Clark
Song: "Old New Hampshire"
Recitation Ralph Orlliss

Mrs. James W. Cuddihy

Died at her home Friday evening, Feb. 14, aged 81 years. She had been in failing health for the past few years, but to the last was able to be about, reading, and seemingly never idle.

She was a very retiring person, but loved to meet people in her home. She enjoyed books, and was especially interested in birds and flowers. At her farm home, she was surrounded with her gardens. The lilac and hollyhock were her favorites. Always content to live her life in her home with her family, she still kept her interest in the outside world.

She is survived by five sons, three daughters, eleven grand children, and two great grand-children; also one brother, James Coughlan, of Hancock, besides several neices and nephews.

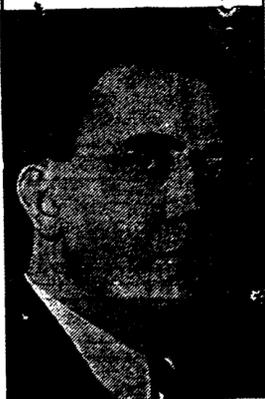
Executor's Notice

The subscriber gives notice that she has been duly appointed Executrix of the Will of Jennie E. Miller, late of Hillsborough, in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.

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

Dated, February 1, 1936.
MAUD M. ROBINSON.

ELMO SCOTT WATSON



Elmo Scott Watson, whose illustrated feature articles appear regularly in The Antrim Reporter, is widely known for his able research into significant chapters of American history, and for his human interest portrayals of these events. He also has won a high place as an educator in this same field. He is an instructor in feature writing at the Merrill School of Journalism of Northwestern University, and a book on this subject of which he is co author has been adopted as a textbook by many leading journalism schools.

ANTRIM POST OFFICE

Mail Schedule in Effect September 30, 1935

Going North
Mails Close Leave Station
7.29 a.m. 7.44 a.m.
3.30 p.m. via bus from Elmwood to Concord.

Going South
10.45 a.m. via bus from Concord to Elmwood.
3.40 p.m. 3.55 p.m.
6.15 p.m. via bus from Hillsboro to Elmwood. Returning at about 7.15.
Office closes at 7.30 p.m.

Executor's Notice

The subscriber gives notice that she has been duly appointed Executrix of the Will of Katie S. Warden, late of Antrim, in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.

All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.
Notice is hereby given that Junius T. Hanchett, of Antrim, in said County of Hillsborough has been appointed resident agent to whom all claims against said Estate may be presented.

Dated February 5th, 1936
ELLEN GARDNER DREW

Typewriter Paper

We still carry a stock of Bond Typewriter Paper, cut 8 1/2 x 11 inches, at prices varying with quality. Extra by parcel post.
This we will cut in halves, if you desire, giving you sheets 5 1/2 x 11 in.
We also have a stock of Light Yellow Typewriter Sheets, 8 1/2 x 11, especially for Carbon Copy sheets. 75¢ for 500 sheets, 12¢ extra by parcel post. Pen can be used on this very well.

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SELECTMEN'S NOTICE

The Selectmen will meet at their Rooms, in Town Hall block, on Tuesday evening of each week, to transact town business.

Meetings 7 to 8

HUGH M. GRAHAM,
JAMES I. PATTERSON,
ALFRED G. HOLT,
Selectmen of Antrim.

SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE

The School Board meets regularly in Town Clerk's Room, in Town Hall block, on the last Friday Evening in each month, at 7.30 o'clock, to transact School District business and to hear all parties.

ROSCOE M. LANE,
MYRTIE K. BROOKS,
ARTHUR J. KELLEY,
Antrim School Board.

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Just A Few Sips and—
Like A Flash—Relief!

All coughs look alike to Buckley's Mixture (triple acting)—one sip of this grand medicine soon stops an ordinary cough—tough old deep seated coughs and the persistent bronchial cough are under control after just a few doses—no more tormenting, sleepless nights.
Buckley's is alkaline, that's why it's so different—it "acts like a flash". Refuse substitutes—guaranteed. 45 and 85 cents at all druggists. W. K. Buckley, Inc., Rochester, N. Y.

SHE LOST 20 POUNDS OF FAT

Feel full of pep and possess the slender form you crave—you can't if you listen to gossipers.

To take off excess fat go light on fatty meats, butter, cream and sugary sweets—eat more fruit and vegetables and take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning to eliminate excess waste.

Mrs. Elma Verille of Havre de Grace, Md., writes: "I took off 20 lbs.—my clothes fit me fine now."

No drastic cathartics—no constipation—but blissful daily bowel action when you take your little daily dose of Kruschen.

TIRED, WORN OUT, NO AMBITION



HOW many women are just dragging themselves around, all tired out with periodic weakness and pain? They should know that Lydia E. Pinkham's Tablets relieve periodic pains and discomfort. Small size only 25 cents.
Mrs. Dorcie Williams of Danville, Illinois, says, "I had no ambition and was terribly nervous. Your Tablets helped my periods and built me up." Try them next month.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Tablets

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COULD NOT DO HER HOUSEWORK



WHEN everything is a burden—when you are nervous and irritable—at your wit's end—try this medicine. It may be just what you need for extra energy. Mrs. Charles L. Cadmus of Trenton, New Jersey, says, "After doing just a little work I had to be down. My mother-in-law recommended the Vegetable Compound. I can see a wonderful change now."

The Vegetable Compound

what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

The "Peasant" Candidate.
HOUSTON, TEX.—To certain candidates: Dear cans., please discourage your campaign strategists, whoever those poor anti-quarians may be, who believe you can prove the Spartan simplicity of your rugged souls by inviting distinguished visitors to drop in for pot-luck with you and the family in the kitchen.

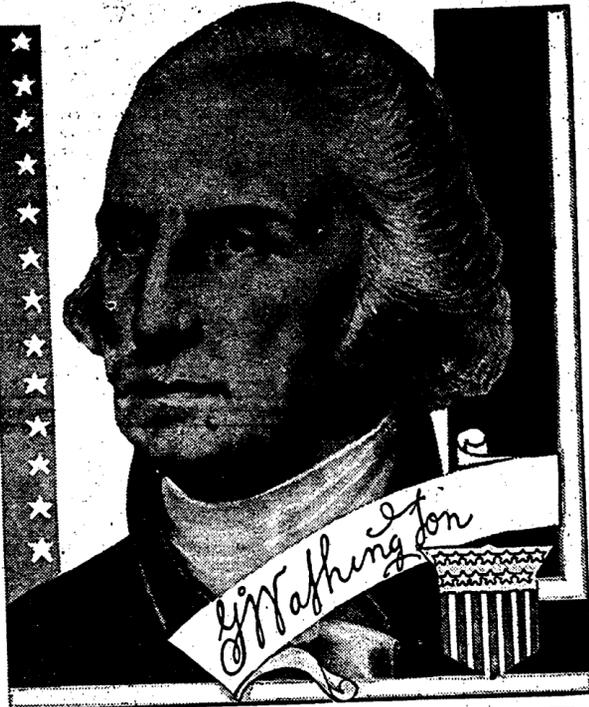
Because, dear cans., that's old stuff. It dates back to the McIntyre and Heath era of political vaudeville. The great common people may be common—anyhow the orators keep on telling them they are—but they aren't exactly stupid. Merely because a man has to live in the deep woods doesn't mean he has to think like a woodpecker. I contend it's generally the other way around.

With the exception of "Mr. Dooley," practically all the outstanding satiric observers of our national follies sprang from the soil and not from the sidewalk. If there are any true yokels left, their principal center is New York city. And if ever there was a day when Americans in mass believed a man could best qualify for the Presidency by behaving like a peasant, that day has passed.



Irvin S. Cobb

Our First Leader



Early Washington Birthdays



GEORGE WASHINGTON never occupied the White House. His executive mansions were temporary, and shifted from New York to Philadelphia while the White House was still a dream, observes a writer in the New York Times. Only his name, plus that dream, which was his, went to the city on the Potomac.

But in the stress of the formative years he was remembered with widespread festivities at his first birthday after his inauguration. Indeed, the anniversary had been hailed even earlier, since the first President was a national hero long before he grasped the reins of government.



Ragged soldiers had piped him a pathetic birthday tune at Valley Forge on the bitter February day that closed his forty-sixth year. Fellow-Virginians had trod a birthday measure at Richmond in 1781. Maryland and New York had toasted him when he was forty-nine and already in sight of success for his arms and for his country. Frenchmen who had served by his side seized the opportunity of rejoicing convivially over the anniversary of his birth in 1784, when the hostilities and the British evacuation were both in the past. Young men who had been privileged to visit him in his famous campaign tent organized birthday honors fit for a hero; and in that first February of the new era, the celebrations first began to resemble real occasions.

In Alexandria, Va., the town nearest to the General's stately mansion, the birthright ball was inaugurated an annual affair. In Philadelphia patriots celebrated "with that hilarity and manly decorum ever attendant on the sons of freedom." In New York there met "a select club of Whigs," and drank to Washington, and hailed him with song and sonnet and declamation.

The date thus far widely honored was February 11, 1732, according to the British calendar usages then officially in vogue. Nineteen years later Britain adopted the Georgian in place of the Julian calendar. But the ancient dates often stuck, and it is not until 1790 that we find Washington's birthday—his first as President—being celebrated on the twenty-second of February instead of the eleventh by the Tammany society of New York.

Tammany in 1790 was patriotic, anti-aristocratic, charitable and ambitious. As yet it did not differentiate between President Washington, its adopted "Great Grand Sachem," and the second of those characteristics. In this, the initial year of government under the new Constitution, New York strove to honor the Chief Executive and also to persuade the congress that had come to reside in its midst that New York city was the logical choice for a permanent capital.

Washington himself was busy in

New York on that February 22. He was moving from the Franklin house, at the corner of Cherry and Pearl streets, to the McComb mansion on Broadway, near the newly rebuilt Trinity church. His diary for the day reveals him as an active superintendent of the disposal of his furniture.

On the twenty-third he transferred his family to the new abode, while understanding citizens kindly stayed away from that day's regular levee.

Meanwhile in all 13 states, birthday balls had been held, not only by the cities with their higher social circles, but also in hamlets that could only muster a barn for a ballroom and a fiddle and flute for an orchestra. Soldiers had paraded. Guns had boomed, and church bells rung. Banners and armlets and headbands had blazoned forth the name and often the lineaments of Washington.

In 1791, the Society of the Cincinnati held its first Washington's birthday celebration in New York, having followed Tammany's example by resolving to mark the date each year. The President and the congress (and also the capital of the United States), had meanwhile removed temporarily to Philadelphia. But even New York's disappointment did not prevent Tammany from vying with the exclusive organization of Revolutionary officers to do honor to the day.

Alas, the good feeling did not endure. By 1798, after John Jay had come back from England with his hated treaty, Tammany was fiercely for revolutionary France; Jefferson was its god; George Washington was actually being dubbed, in public, a pro-English aristocrat; and those who celebrated his birthday were coldly accused of being (among other things) bootlickers, idolators, Royalists and sycophants. The country-wide birthday honors of that year, though even more lavish and vociferous than usual, presented for the first time the ogre of party, gnawing at the feast.

By 1797, however, the Jay treaty was being regarded much more tolerantly, and certain French proceedings were being looked at a little askance. Those who refused to salute Washington on February 22, to honor a glorious record for its own sake, and to tread a measure at the evening's gala assemblies, now formed a rather conspicuous minority.

George Washington became a private citizen in that year, and was with his Alexandria neighbors at their birthday ball of February 22, 1799—an onlooker, though in his younger days he had excelled in the minut.

There was to be only one more birthday for a living Washington to adorn. He spent that one at home at Mount Vernon, presiding over a particularly joyous occasion. His adopted daughter, his pet, Nelly Custis, was being married to his favorite nephew, Maj. Lawrence Lewis.

The radiance went out of Mount Vernon in December of 1799 and the birthday festivities the country over were turned into mourning processions when 1800 brought the anniversary around once more. This February 22 was a universal requiem. The armlets and headbands with Washington's picture were black where once they had been gayly hued.

Throughout the country business was suspended for 24 hours. Theaters, taverns, public halls, schoolrooms and college auditoriums, village greens and parks as well as churches were given over to exercises, meetings and processions expressive of the deepest grief.

Bob Davis Reveals

Inside Information on Where to Dine Outside of Paris.

PROCEED 75 kilometers-south-west from the French capital in the general direction of Chartres, until the Chateau Mademoiselle de Matignon, at one time well spoken of by Louis XIV, appears on the left. About 100 yards beyond, still left, side road to Jouy, for the distance of six kilometers until you come to a war memorial showing a fully armed poilu going over the top, in front of small church set in a grove of trees. Stop! Look! and Listen!

On the immediate right, marked by a metal sign, upon which is painted a single luminous eye, you will observe "Restaurant de la Providence, Georges Delaunay."

Monsieur Delaunay in his white apron comes forward beaming like sunshine from a crucible. Sit where you will. There is no menu, no confusing card presenting disturbing particulars. Hors d'oeuvres, fish, game, meats with a dessert, fruits, cheese, are to be had. What does the patron crave?

Leave it to Georges. State your inclination, such as it is and leave the rest to Georges. Nothing is ready; everything must be prepared in the red copper holy of holies. All one can eat, from hors d'oeuvres to the final gesture, exquisitely served, the cost 25 francs—\$1.75—and no extra kudos for extra portions. Wine and coffee, in accordance with one's humor, are extra, the caves well stocked, the tariff a mere song. So much for the now, the epicurean present, the ceremony of dining in the four walls or the garden of De la Providence, hung with diplomas bestowing the cordon bleu for triumphs from its range. Eighty kilometers from Paris to Providence. I do not hesitate to utter the alliteration that suggests itself; hell to heaven.

Here, in this quiet corner of the chateau country I found also the great Louis Coudray, formerly chef to the well-fed prince of Wales, who afterward became Edward VII of England. Monsieur Coudray, now past eighty, is the father-in-law of Chef Delaunay, which, in a measure, accounts for the latter's genius.

Louis the Great, with Sculptor Jo Davidson, who gave me escort to Jouy on the Loire, seated on one side, and your humble correspondent on the other, spread out a feast of memorabilia that I can serve only in print.

A Chef With a Past

"Fifty years ago," said the octogenarian, "I was chef for Lady Lyon Stevens at Linford hall outside of London, where the prince dined frequently. It was his pleasure then to discuss with me the food he preferred, I saw him often. Several times I was summoned to Sandringham, there to prepare special dishes. On those occasions I was not summoned into his presence. I never even saw him. Afterward I traveled with him through the British Isles in the capacity of chef. A very democratic man, fond of French cooking and French wines. At Sandringham he was royal and reserved; elsewhere, just a good fellow, as you people say. When Thomas Edison came to England in 1884, Oppenheim, the banker, first to install the electric light in a private residence, entertained the American inventor in a blaze of incandescence. I prepared the dinner." The old chef, who affects the heavy sabots worn by French peasants, tapped out a rhythmic measure as he swayed to and fro, his still alert mind on past glories. "That was a feast." Tap. Tap. Tap.

"Have you ever known a woman who possessed the epicurean palate?" asked Jo Davidson, sipping his Cointreau. "M. Coudray ransacked his memory. "No," he replied, after what seemed to be an age of reflection, "not one. I have known many who liked to eat, but what to eat, jamais de ma vie."

"Had a woman asked that question," volunteered Mme. Delaunay, "mon pere would have said 'yes.'"

"And if she had asked 'who?' what would M. Coudray have replied?" asked Jo, who has Missouriian characteristics. "No Reply Coming Here."

The chef ancient shook his head. "I would have been embarrassed to the point of silence," he said, looking his daughter straight in the eye. "Magnificent," muttered Joe, assailing his salad.

Who was the most discriminating eater he had met among men? "A gentleman by the name of Sharp. He was from Detroit, Mich. All there was to know he knew. I cannot recall his first name, but he fabricated machinery used in automobile manufacture. I heard that he had died recently. It is a great misfortune when such a palate ceases to be. There are millions of good throats and fine appetites but, alas, my friends, there are few good tongues. And for that reason the world has not so many premier chefs as there should be. All nations produce certain meats, game, fish, fruits or something special to the country, and the housewives spoil it for the consumers. You ask me who was the greatest cook in the world. I ask you in reply, who is to decide? Every man for himself is not the proper answer. I perceive that we are now becoming confused. Many great Americans have died here."

All Around the House

If your cactus does not bloom pinch leaves and branches, leaving only branches that grow upward. Water whenever soil is dry.

To dice or cut marshmallows easily dip a dry scissors into powdered sugar.

Meat thawed quickly is likely to be tough. Keep frozen meat in warm place before cooking.

One teaspoon of chopped maraschino cherries and one tablespoon of orange juice added to boiled salad dressing makes a delicious dressing for fruit salads.

If an apple tree is broken by winter storms, pare off the splinters with a sharp knife or chisel and treat the wound with creosote, then give it a coat of linseed oil and lead paint. Do not let the creosote touch the live bark.

Chocolate cake scorches easily on the bottom and sides because of the large percentage of fat it contains. It is therefore necessary to bake it in a moderate oven.

To roll marshmallows in coconut shake them one by one in a bag of shredded coconut.

Tie a cheese cloth or paper bag over the mouth of food chopper, when cutting bread, nuts, etc., through it. Every bit will then be saved.

Rub equal parts of linseed oil and vinegar well shaken into leather covered chairs, occasionally. It keeps them in good condition.

© Ball syndicate.—WNU Service.

Playful Elephants Annoy

Farmers of S. W. Africa Efforts are being made by farmers in the Outjo district of South West Africa to obtain some relief from the administration from a plague of elephants. Elephants, being "Royal game," cannot be shot, and the Outjo farmer who sees his fences, windmills and reservoirs being destroyed by them has simply to look on. This, however, is not the only complaint, for now the elephants have taken to chasing the farmers off their own farms.

On several recent occasions farmers, while inspecting their properties, have been chased by elephant herds. Each time, however, the farmers have been lucky enough to be mounted and have managed to make good their escape, but they have become so annoyed that they are now petitioning to be allowed to shoot the raiders.—Montreal Herald.

Virtues of Want

Want is a bitter and a hateful good, because its virtues are not understood; yet, many things, impossible to thought, have been by need to full perfection brought; the darling of the soul proceeds from thence, sharpness of wit and active diligence; prudence at once, and fortitude it gives; and if in patience taken, mends our lives.—Dryden.

HIS FEARS!
 A man of wit would often be very much at a loss without the company of fools.—La Rochefoucauld.

Don't Guess But Know

Whether the "Pain" Remedy You Use is SAFE?

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

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

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

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

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

Bayer Aspirin

Lack of Backbone. Lack of vitality never made a ruffian.

Iron the Easy Way
 GENUINE INSTANT LIGHTING
Coleman
 SELF-HEATING IRON

The Coleman is a genuine instant lighting iron. All you have to do is turn a valve, strike a match and it lights instantly. You don't have to insert the match inside the iron or burn fingers.

The Coleman heats in a hurry, is quickly ready for use. Burns browned steaks in less than five minutes. Perfectly self-heating. Operates for 16 hours. You do not have to keep it burning. In one-third less time, it saves you more than the iron every woman wants. It's a wonderful time and labor saver—nothing like it. The Coleman is made by the Coleman Manufacturing Company, 1000 West Washington Street, Chicago, Ill. Distributors: The Coleman Manufacturing Company, Chicago, Ill. Philadelphia, Pa. Los Angeles, Calif. Seattle, Wash.

HOW TO "ALKALIZE" YOUR STOMACH ALMOST INSTANTLY

Amazingly Fast Relief Now From "Acid Indigestion" Over-Indulgence, Nausea and Upsets



If you want really quick relief from an upset or painful stomach condition—arising from acidity following over-eating, smoking, mixtures of foods or stimulants—just try this:

Take—2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a full glass of water. OR—2 Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets, the exact equivalent of the liquid form.

This acts almost immediately to alkalize the excess acid in the stomach. Neutralizes the acids that cause headaches, nausea, and indigestion pains. You feel results at once.

Try it. AND—if you are a

frequent sufferer from "acid stomach," use Phillips' Milk of Magnesia 30 minutes after meals. You'll forget you have a stomach!

When you buy, see that any box or bottle you accept is clearly marked "Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia."

SIGNS WHICH OFTEN INDICATE "ACID STOMACH"

PAIN AFTER EATING
 FEELING OF HEAVINESS
 BURNING
 LOSS OF APETITE
 TENDERNESS

SLEEPLESSNESS
 INDIGESTION
 BLOATING
 SOUR STOMACH
 FREQUENT HEADACHES

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

ADVERTISED BARGAINS

OUR readers should always remember that our community merchants cannot afford to advertise a bargain unless it is a real bargain. They do advertise bargains and such advertising means money saving to the people of the community.

Political Life of Frank Knox

Active Party Worker and
Campaigner Since
Spanish War.

In his busy and colorful career as a newspaper editor, soldier and party worker, Frank Knox, candidate of the Illinois Republicans for the nomination for president, has been one of the most widely traveled public men in the country. Not only has he been in every state in the Union, some of them many times, but his interviews with the heads of governments in Europe last year resulted in a series of editorials in his newspapers on the trends of governments at home and abroad which attracted both national and world-wide attention.

He has been a sectional or national figure in every national political campaign for a quarter of a century and in the past two years, in an effort to rouse Americans generally to the dangers he felt were fundamental in the "new deal" policies, Knox has made speeches in more than half the states of the Union. As a result of this task undertaken, for the most part, in answer to specific invitations for his services, he finds himself today projected into the political limelight in an honorable, although personally unsought, manner.

Starting as a precinct party worker in Michigan in 1898, Frank Knox helped nominate and elect Chase Osborn as governor of that state and was state chairman of the state committee in 1910. That fight was made by progressive and liberal Republicans, with Osborn and Knox in the lead, against monopolies that were dominating the state. In 1912, feeling that President Taft had lost his popularity in the state, Knox declined to become Taft's state manager and frankly told Mr. Taft he favored Theodore Roosevelt. He directed the Roosevelt pre-convention headquarters at Chicago and in that capacity came into intimate contact with party leaders from Ohio to the Pacific coast.

When Theodore Roosevelt became the candidate of the Progressive Party for president, Knox followed him, but at the same time got from Mr. Roosevelt a promise that the Progressive Republican state officers of Michigan should be renominated and only a Progressive electoral ticket placed in the field by the new party in that state. As chairman of the state committee Knox called the state convention to order and was elected its chairman. Thereupon Senator Joseph M. Dixon of Montana, national chairman of the Roosevelt campaign, to the utter astonishment of Knox, made a speech demanding the nomination of an entire Progressive Party ticket from Governor down to constable. This was wholly contrary to Knox's understanding with Roosevelt, but in a hasty conversation, Dixon insisted he was carrying out orders from Roosevelt given him in Oyster Bay only a few days before.

With characteristic honesty, Knox promptly advanced to the rostrum and resigned both as chairman of the convention and as chairman of the state committee. He was followed to his room by party leaders who begged him to accept the nomination for Governor, but he refused. A year and a half later, when Theodore Roosevelt heard the facts he admitted he gave Dixon the orders but added: "Frank, I forgot to except Michigan." When Roosevelt died a letter was en route to him from Knox in France thanking him for his generous praise of Knox's record in the World War.

In 1916 Knox campaigned in New England for the election of Charles E. Hughes for president. He had, in the meantime, acquired a newspaper at Manchester, N. H., which he still owns. He did a like party service for Harding and for Coolidge, besides assisting in the nomination and election of numerous governors, senators, members of Congress, state and local officers. In 1912 President Taft made Knox a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners.

As general manager of the Hearst chain of papers in 1928, Knox did not participate in the party politics of that year but his business interests took him into every section of the country. It is noteworthy that Mr. Hearst that year brought his newspapers to the support of the Republican ticket.

In 1931 Frank Knox, in partnership with Theodore T. Ellis of Worcester, Mass., bought The Chicago Daily News. When the panic of 1932 began Knox was national chairman of the drive against the hoarding of gold and, as such, visited many sections of the country. He was strongly urged to accept the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee and so peremptory was the demand that, when in Europe in 1934, he had to decline the honor categorically. The same year he assisted both the Republican Senatorial and Congressional committees in an advisory capacity and spoke for Republican candidates in Maine, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan and Illinois.

In this way Frank Knox has not only a wider personal acquaintance than most public men of the day but, through his wide travels and his newspapers, he is also intimately informed of public opinion in all sections of the country daily. This information is reinforced by a monumental personal correspondence and numerous callers from all walks of life.

In ten years on that job Knox "cleaned" up one of the toughest towns in the country, helped nominate and elect Chase Osborn, one of the first of the old progressive Republicans, as governor of Michigan, and himself became chairman of the Republican state committee. In 1912 Frank Knox supported his old commander, Col. Theodore Roosevelt, for President. At the conclusion of that campaign he sold his Michigan paper at a handsome profit and, prompted by the urging of Gov. Robert Bass, another progressive governor, with his old partner Muehling he bought the Manchester, N. H., Leader. This he combined with another local paper, and, together, they still own and operate the Union-Leader, two of the progressive newspapers of New England.

Always constructive, always looking for some way in which to make things better, Publisher Knox became aware of the difficulties in which agriculture and industry were finding themselves in the New England states. It was his idea that, to protect their interests, these states should act as a unit and to that end he took a leading part in forming the New England Council, one of the country's outstanding examples of co-operation by a large group. It has survived economic stress and successfully fought off dictatorship from Washington.

Over-age for the draft, able to command influence if he wanted an officer's commission or a softer berth, Frank Knox enlisted as a "buck private" in the New Hampshire militia in 1917 when the United States became involved in the World War. No militarist, but a profound patriot when his country needed men, Knox, qualified by his previous service in Cuba, quickly found himself in an officer's training camp over his protest. He served throughout the war with the artillery train of the 78th division, participating in the St. Mihiel and Argonne campaigns. He came home this time with his hearing slightly impaired, although it was believed for weeks that an unexpected discharge of artillery had deafened him for life. The first day home he reported for work in a long-tailed coat, all he had saved from his "civvies" before going to war, a second time.

Knox's success in New Hampshire attracted the attention of Publisher William Randolph Hearst. When invited by Mr. Hearst to take charge of his Boston papers, Knox, who was in no sense a candidate for the job, fixed what he regarded as a prohibitive price on his services. To his astonishment, Mr. Hearst agreed and Knox ran the papers for a year with such success that he was tendered the general management of the entire Hearst chain of papers. In that job Knox applied the same general rules of budget balancing and editorial integrity which he had followed all his life.

Once again, Knox found himself traveling the length and breadth of the land, acquiring and applying a knowledge of local affairs, sectional interests and meeting the leading business men, statesmen and politicians everywhere. When he retired from this post in 1928 he expected to settle down in Manchester with his wife in a new home especially adapted in design and site to a troublesome throat ailment from which Mrs. Knox had suffered for several years. But Knox found he was not the kind of a man who can retire until the last horn is blown.

In 1929 Walter A. Strong, publisher of The Chicago Daily News, suddenly died. The newspaper was an institution in the city of Chicago, devoted to the public service, independent, read and believed in by the citizens of that city. Under Victor F. Lawson and Strong the paper had set a standard for American journalism for more than fifty years.

Knox, without enough money of his own to buy such an expensive property, came into the picture with Theodore T. Ellis, a successful manufacturer of press accessories. Theirs was not the highest bid. It was sold to them after the executors and directors had canvassed the country for a man of character eligible to conduct a newspaper on the high standards it had acquired. The principal editors and publishers of the country individually assured all inquirers that in Knox the right man for the job had been found.

Knox has run The Chicago Daily News on the same principles that made him successful at the Soo and in Manchester. He has stood manfully behind the forces of law and order which has brought the underworld in Chicago to its knees—the same old fight he fought at Sault Ste. Marie in his earlier days. His campaign for a new political conscience, in which courage and common honesty stand out as its chief characteristics, is showing results. He has improved the financial position of his newspaper, retiring in the first four years, over \$4,000,000 in bonds and preferred stock. This, too, is a throwback on his life-long ability to balance budgets, save money and, at the same time, give quality service.

He has continuously fought the "New Deal" as contrary to some of the things he found to be fundamental American principles: You pay your debts; you don't spend more than you earn; you make no promises you cannot keep; you keep the promises you make, and you tell the truth unsparingly about things as they are.

Illinois Republicans agree with Knox and believe in him. They think he is the type best suited to present day needs—a business man with a statesman's viewpoint and experience; a fresh, up-to-date "public citizen" fully qualified to apply the homely virtues and fundamentals to modern conditions.

The Call
for a Milder
better tasting
cigarette



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What Governor H. Styles Bridges Says Concerning a Special Session

After long and careful consideration I have come to the definite conclusion that nothing could be accomplished by calling a special session of the Legislature at this time.

Briefly the relief situation in New Hampshire is as follows: The last Legislature provided \$1,800,000 in grants in aid to political subdivisions of the State commencing with the period Jan. 1, 1935, and ending June 30, 1936. This money disbursed on a fifty per cent basis was practically exhausted Nov. 1, 1935. When the present relief act was passed it was thought sufficient funds had been provided by the State for its share in the relief burden. Two factors interfered, namely, first, failure of the Federal Government to provide any direct relief funds for New Hampshire with the exception of one month during 1935, and, secondly, the acute industrial situation which in some communities and sections of our State have increased the relief load tremendously. There was further appropriated under House Bill No. 296, \$1,200,000 which will become available for grants in aid to political subdivisions on July 1, 1936. This money when available can be disbursed by the State up to but not exceeding fifty per cent of the relief expenditures by the political subdivisions. At the current rate of relief spending, if grants from this fund are made on a fifty per cent basis, the sum of \$1,200,000 probably would suffice until the end of 1936 at which time the next regular session of the Legislature will be convened. In effect fifty per cent grants from July 1, 1936 to Dec. 1, 1936, will be the equivalent of a 25% grant in aid for the full year 1936. If it seemed more desirable to spread the actual disbursement of the \$1,200,000 over the twelve months of 1936, that could be done only by calling a special session of the Legislature and advancing the date when those funds are available to Jan. 1, 1936.

I have stated that I would be willing to call a special session of the Legislature under the following conditions:

1. If I could be reasonably sure that the Legislature would provide additional funds for relief and enact a tax program to raise the revenue needed.
2. If it would be helpful to have the money advanced from July 1, 1936, to Jan. 1, 1936, that I would

be willing to consider calling a special session to advance the date of availability of the money, if I could be assured of the limiting of the session to one day which would cost approximately \$3,800.

One branch of the Legislature favored advancing the date of the availability of funds now available July 1, 1936, but the Legislature as a whole was overwhelmingly opposed to a one day session or in any way limiting the duration of a session.

An unlimited session as favored by members of the Legislature would result in a probable cost to the State of \$40,000. Therefore, a special session called only for the purpose of advancing the availability of the \$1,200,000 with no certainty of passage by both branches of the Legislature and making no provision for the raising of more funds or taxes to provide said funds, would in my judgment be a waste of the taxpayers' money. I, therefore, have decided against calling a special session of the Legislature at this time.

The fact that during the period from the first of this year to the thirtieth of June, 1936, state funds are not available under Chapter 20 of the Laws of 1935 does not mean that the state can give no assistance whatsoever. On the contrary the credit of the State of New Hampshire is available to protect any citizen from want and distress when the town, city, or county in which he may live can no longer do so. Therefore, until long after the next Legislature meets the credit of the state is ready to protect our people from want.

Any question of reimbursement of these units for this interim period which is being raised by various people at the present time can be taken up at the regular session of the General Court. In the meantime the utmost effort should be made to reduce the cost of poor relief. Those in need must be protected adequately against hunger and cold, and at the same time we must prevent waste, discourage idleness, and restore the able bodied as rapidly as possible to the ranks of self-respecting, self-supporting, producing individuals, standing on their own feet, making their own way.

I recognize that a paramount duty of the Legislature of 1937 will be to accomplish a revision of our tax laws which will enable the State of New Hampshire to main-

No More "Sunny Meadows" Columns

Compositors on most of the state papers, and possibly many of the defenseless readers will rejoice when they learn that after this week they will no longer suffer under the affliction of "Sunny Meadows Farm Philosophy." There won't be any more—at least for a time. That last phrase must be added because it is always unsafe to make decisions that involve the future.

My thanks go to the newspaper publishers who have opened their columns to this feature for about six years. Thanks also to the countless readers who have written to me and contributed their ideas for further distribution. It was great fun to be active for a time in state development work. Some delightful friendships were formed that undoubtedly will last through the years.

With the March issue, which complete five years, my work as editor of The New Hampshire Troubadour will also be at an end. Editing that has been a most enjoyable adventure. Readers of that little monthly have been most delightfully appreciative in their letters. My thanks to all who were such good playmates.

Progress Being Made In Roadside Beautification

It is a good thing for all of us who are interested in roadside beautification that there exists such a splendid organization as the National Roadside Council, 119 E. 19th street, New York City. We give the complete address in case you want to write for more information. Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Lawton, who will probably help with New Hampshire problems, have done

tain a pay-as-you-go policy and at the same time correct a tax burden now unjustly distributed. I shall consult with the Executive Council as to the appointment of a special tax committee to make a study of new tax revenues and definite recommendations to the Legislature of 1937. As a basis for its work this commission will have the valuable special report made at the request of the Governor and Council by the State Tax Commission.

H. Styles Bridges, Gov. Concord, N. H. Feb. 12, 1936.

Sunny Meadows Farm Philosophy by Thomas Dreier, Melvin Village

fine work in many states of the nation. Fred Gardner of our own Highway Department knows their work and approves of it. Recently they sent us this list of progressive steps made in the past year:

The Massachusetts Decision rendered by the Supreme Court in Massachusetts, Jan. 10, 1935, in the famous Massachusetts Billboard case. This decision declared that rural beauty and the amenities of places are proper objects of state protection under the police power and that the rights of the general public are paramount to those of private property and private business.

The Maine Billboard Law which requires a license fee of \$25 from each billboard company and a permit fee of \$1, for each sign erected, also a set back of 50 feet from the traveled way. The law applies in part to the roadside stands and filling stations, since any roadside business is allowed only two signs free from the tax, neither sign to be over 100 square feet in area.

The New York Roadside Planting Law which authorizes the Superintendent of Public Works to plant grass, vines and shrubs on the banks and also to plant trees along existing roads, and requires such planting on all new construction, using funds appropriated for construction and maintenance of State and county highways.

The Ohio Roadside Law which authorizes the State Highway Department to retain or acquire waste areas created by re-alignment, for use as wayside parks.

The North Carolina Roadside Law which authorizes the State to condemn roadside land for scenic easements along national parkways, just as land is condemned for right-of-way. This law was passed primarily to enable North Carolina to secure the 400 foot scenic easement required by the Federal Government on either side of the national parkway connecting the Shenandoah and Great Smoky National Parks. The law will apply along any national parkway.

New Jersey defeated the bill introduced by billboard interests to nullify the present law taxing the billboards 3 cents per square foot.

California defeated several bills introduced to weaken the billboard law which she secured a year ago.