

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME LIII NO. 16

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1936

5 CENTS A COPY

Specials for the Week

March 6 to March 12

IGA Cane and Maple Syrup 12-oz. jug. 19c
 IGA Fry-and-Serve Codfish Cakes.. 2 10-oz. cans 23c
 Fels Naptha Soap 5 bars 23c
 Gold Test-Corn Flakes 3 pkgs. 21c
 IGA Salad Dressing 8-oz. jar 13c
 Salty Flake Crackers 1-lb. pkg. 10c
 Big Buster Jumbo Yellow Pop-Corn bulk lb. 17c
 IGA Quick-Cooking Tapioca 2 8-oz. pkgs. 19c
 Fancy Red Kidney Beans 2 lbs. 17
 Lida Club Spaghetti and Meat Balls 2 tins 25c
 IGA Fancy Cut Wax Beans 2 19-oz. cans 25c
 Oriental Chop-Suey Chow-Mein Special
 No. 2 can Oriental Bean Sprouts } 39c value
 No. 2 can Oriental Chow-Mein Noodles } for 31c
 Small bottle Oriental Sauce }

Fresh Meats

Veal Roasts, milk fed lb. 29c
 Veal Steak, milk fed lb. 37c
 Bacon Squares, Dixie lb. 23c
 Shoulders, fresh, short shank lb. 19c
 Rump Steak, boneless, no waste lb. 43c
 Rump Roasts, boneless, clear meat lb. 37c
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STATE - ISTICS

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

No. 3
 Let's Make Ends Meet

Listen, Neighbor:—

We've been talking about what a serious situation we're in on State finances—what things seem out of kilter, and how much we're paying out in taxes and still not making ends meet. Next question is—what are we going to do about it?

Well, I admit I don't know just HOW it can be done, but I do not know WHAT has got to be done somehow. When it comes to government, they call it balancing the budget—I call it: cutting your pattern to fit your cloth.

I know in my own case, I'd be in hot water in no time if I didn't have enough money coming in to pay my bills. And you're still not in a very healthy situation if you barely make ends meet. I suppose we're pretty lucky nowadays to break even, but in the long run, we've certainly got to do a little better than breaking even, if we're going to get ahead any.

The way I look at it, it's the same way with the State. We've got to work things out first so we can break even, and then we've got to plan so we have something over for permanent improvements and building for the future—or we'll never get ahead as a State.

Some people might say: "Well, what of it—plenty of cities and towns and states are spending more than their income—and the federal government, too." But I say that got nothing to do with us—we've all been brought up on a pay-as-you-go basis; and regardless of what anybody else does, we know it isn't a healthy situation when you spend more than your income. And I say: it's high time we got onto ourselves and put our house in order again!

Julius W. Public.

Weekly Letter by George Proctor, Deputy Fish and Game Warden

Robert N. Shaw of New York City and a summer resident of the home town sends me a Sports column from the N. Y. Times in which is a story by a well known trapper. I don't quite agree with this trapper when he says a fox will eat a pheasant, rabbit, squirrel or grouse every day. No doubt they do catch and eat a lot of small game but every day is a big order. We have seen the stomach of foxes that did not have a thing in them showing that they do not eat every day. Take foxes in the commercial and you will find that they are fed very little each day as you can kill them very easy by over-feeding. Let's hear your argument.

Here we have a nice long letter from Redlands, Calif., from Mrs. L. A. Holbrook. She writes in such a nice way that you feel your feet itch to visit that wonderful country of sunshine and flowers.

Here is another letter from the sunny west. This party wants me to quit my job and run out and take a position in that state raising cats to feed the rats and rats to feed the cats. You have heard that story before. Sounds well on paper.

For original ideas you have got to hand it to Robb Sagendorph, the editor of the Yankee published at Dublin. He has got a "Swappers" Column in his new magazine and it's a pipp. You will laugh when you see what people want to swap. Have you seen a copy of this new magazine? Well you have missed something.

Now we jump into Lakeland, Fla., where G. A. Reynolds of Greenfield is not tending chickens this winter. He sends a clipping where a 50 pound bobcat was killed near that city. Well Reynolds you don't have to go to Florida to get a nice cat. You will find them right in your own back yard at Greenfield. And by the way they are worth more in New Hampshire.

Talk about your up to date clubs. In Franklin, Mass., they sure do look into the future. We have at hand a poster where the Franklin Rod and Gun club are to have a Field day Sunday, May 10th. They are giving away \$80 in prizes for the raccoon, fox and hares. A bench show and rifle and pistol matches. Put this date in your notebook.

Any one lost a big, dark grey male dog. Such a one is at the home of Charles Sleeper, in Hill. In Andover lives Eugene W. Gilnes and he is a great lover of

the wild life and in the past few weeks has done a lot to save the wild birds. He writes me that his neighbors are doing a great deal to save the wild birds by feeding. He wants me to tell you who they are so that other people may take pattern — Dexter Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wheeler, C. E. Currier, Buddy Harding, Herman Seaver, Harley Hopkins, A. F. Woodward and Jerry Webster and family. He is 100% for Ernest Melendy, the Conservation Officer from Franklin and says he has run across him many times in the woods feeding the pheasants. Such interested people do a world of good at this time when the birds are having such a hard time to find food.

We see by the papers that some snowshoe hares were planted in some sections of the state and that the Humane Society took pity on them and took out a lot of cabbage to save their lives. That just goes to show how little some people know of the habits of the wild. These hares are trapped where the snow is even deeper than it is here and they know how to take care of themselves. They don't want cabbage of anything else, they just want a chance to run and they will take care of themselves. And anyone that ever raised rabbits or hares know that cabbage is the very worst thing to feed them, 99-100 water.

Ran across a new Humane Agent the other day. He is Harry Kidder of the Animal Rescue League of Manchester. He knows his stuff.

Was in Antrim the other day and visited the fruit farm of Guy A. Hulett, and have they snow in that part of the town? For a mile or more the snow was piled so high you could not see the scenery at all. But from his front yard the view is wonderful. He has a fine farm and what I saw of it on top of the five feet or more of snow looked good to me. He has a fine cold storage plant for his apples and has a large number of bushels left. Being high in the air his apples do have the flavor. He doesn't agree with me on the skunk question as he has a lot of trouble with the skunks eating his honey bees. They go to a hive and knock or scrape with their paws. The bees come out to see what's the matter and Mr. Skunk picks them up one by one and has a good feed. Just before a hive swarms the bees fill themselves with honey

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Political Advertisement

Political Advertisement

TO THE REPUBLICAN VOTERS:

JOSEPH B. PERLEY, of Lebanon, Republican Candidate from the Second District for Delegate to the Cleveland Republican National Convention in June, solicits your support.

Mr. Perley is well qualified for this position, having served in the Legislature four terms; a member of the State Senate and at the Constitutional Convention; Chairman of the Board of Selectmen in Lebanon four years.

He has always stood for Towns and State Government to be run on a balanced Budget and pay-as you go policy.

He wishes to go to the Convention as unpledged. At the present time he favors Frank Knox, but reserves the right to vote for the person who seems best fitted to represent the Republican Party, at the time of the Convention. He believes the nomination should go to the man who stands squarely in upholding the Constitution and one who will see to it that the Country lives within its income, and stop trying to spend itself into prosperity. Also, a firm believer in promoting business conditions so that industry in general can use those now unemployed.

Signed, JOSEPH B. PERLEY.

United Garden Clubs of New Hampshire

The next meeting of the United Garden Clubs will be held on Wednesday, March 18, 1936, at the Town Hall, Antrim, N. H.

Morning Session, 10.45 o'clock

Routine Business and Reports

Presidents, please report on contributions to the Lost River Nature Camp

Reading: "The Value of Beauty," from "The Garden Gate"

Mrs. William Hurlin, Antrim

"New and Interesting Flowers"

Mr. John Herrick, Hillsboro

Highlights from the Boston Chrysanthemum Show

Mrs. Ralph G. Beverly

Afternoon Session, 2 o'clock

Roll Call and Collection

Address: "Recreational New Hampshire"

Mr. Donald D. Tuttle, Public Service Director

A special 50 cent luncheon will be served at Maplehurst Inn. It will be helpful to the management if you will make reservations by postal or telephone, 101 Antrim

for the long trip and then is when the skunks do their most damage. Every one of his hives has a wire around the entrance to keep Mr. Skunk at a distance.

East Jaffrey gets the breaks for their annual carnival. Perfect weather and they get the crowds. They deserve it as they work hard to put on a good show.

Sorry to have missed the big show in Boston Friday and Saturday of last week. It was the biggest dog show that ever was put on in Boston. Many new Champions were made.

Had to laugh one day last week. We found a big Maine car stuck in a snowbank. He had no chains, no shovel and no rubbers. But he did have a new Maine number plate that said "Vacation State." I asked him when and he said, "In about four months." We helped him get on his way.

Did you ever see the Radio Nature League News published in Worcester, Mass., and edited by the well known Thornton W. Burgess, the naturalist. These can be

had free at any up to date drug-gist. It's a snappy little sheet.

One bushel of haychaff taken from the barn floor and spread on the snow gave a sick woman a great thrill last week. This place had never fed the birds and after much talk her husband did gather up the chaff. Within an hour the ground was covered with very small birds with red head and breast. These people are to build a feeder. Another convert.

Was in the Capitol city on day last week and just for the fun of the thing we checked on the number plates along the Main street. About one in 45 had on 1935 plates. What a rush April 1st.

One woman writes "Why won't the birds come to my feeding station?" Upon investigating we found out why. Too many cats in the neighborhood. The other day I noticed the maple trees were full of little birds but none on the ground. Looked out and saw a big cat hiding behind the rose bush. A snow ball well placed and the birds were back feeding as before.

A Campaign Is Coming and it will bring Songs, Slogans, Symbols and—Slanders!

SONGS THEY SANG IN OTHER PRESIDENTIAL YEARS

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

LADIES and gentlemen of America! The "greatest show on earth" is about to begin! No, this announcement hasn't anything to do with P. T. Barnum, the Ringling brothers, "Buffalo Bill" Cody or any of the others who have made circus history. This "greatest show on earth" is the quadrennial drama of a Presidential election.

So . . . hold your horses, because . . . A campaign is coming, with its songs, its slogans, its symbols and—its slanders! The singing is already under way. The other night Senator William E. Borah of Idaho appeared in Brooklyn to make a speech which, it was commonly agreed, was his opening bid for the Republican nomination. At that meeting his followers sang, to the tune of "U. S., That Means Us," the following:

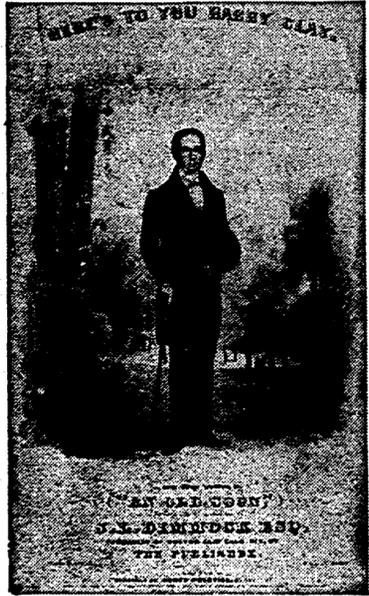
Borah rah, rah, rah,
Ring out his name far and wide,
Borah, rah, rah, rah,
Join the cheer that swells the countryside,
Let all the nation hear his call,
A "fair deal" a "square deal" for all.
Borah rah, rah, rah,
The choice of Americans all.

And now that the singing is started it's safe to predict that it will continue right up to November 4. For in campaign year America has always "gone lyrical." It started away back at the beginning of the republic when George Washington was the inevitable choice for first President of the United States. At that time everyone joined in singing

George Washington, the hero's come!
Each heart, exulting, hears the sound;
Thousands to their deliverer throng,
And shout him welcome all around!

All of which adulation for the man who was "First in War, First in Peace and First in the Hearts of His Countrymen!" was very fine, but, of course, politics being what they were even in those early times, it just couldn't last. Washington's second term was far from being a happy one, for by the time he left office there were two parties, the Federalists and the Republicans (ancestors of the Democrats today), engaged in a bitter contest for power.

John Adams was the candidate of the Federalist aristocrats and Thomas Jefferson of the Republican "common people." Taxes, states rights and other issues over which there was a



In Praise of a Famous Kentuckian.

sharp division of opinion were reflected in the songs sung during the campaign of 1796. The Republicans, resenting the efforts of the Federalists to build up a strong centralized government, sang:

Huzza, my Jo Bunkers! No taxes we'll pay;
Here's a pardon for Wheeler, Shay, Parsons and Day.

Fix green boughs in your hats and renew the old cause,
Stop the courts in each county and bully the laws.
In the next election the Republicans prophetically sang:

Lord, how the Federalists will stare
At Jefferson in Adams' chair.

For Jefferson did defeat Adams and there were eight years of Democratic Republican (paradoxical though that may sound!) rule. But that didn't mean any lessening of political partisanship. The Embargo act, which had nearly ruined New England trade, had made Jefferson very unpopular so that the Federalists during the campaign of 1808 sang:

The motley band of demagogues who rule this happy nation
Has made an end of foreign trade and stopped our navigation
Embargo's horrid name has drowned the noise of dance and labor,
And snatched the untaasted morsel from the hungry mouth of labor!

So the Republicans had some difficulty in electing James Madison, Jefferson's choice to succeed him, but they did manage to do it and he remained in the White House eight years. He was followed by James Monroe and the famous "era of good feeling" in which political partisanship died down, only to be revived when John Quincy Adams, the son of the second President, was elected in 1824. It flamed up even more fiercely in 1828 when the opposing candidates were Adams, seeking re-election as the standard-bearer of the new National Republican party, and Andrew Jackson, the candidate of the new Democratic party.

"Old Hickory's" partisans, recalling his victory at New Orleans, sang lustily:

We are a hardy, free-born race
Each man to fear a stranger;
Whatever the game we join in chase,
Despising toil and danger;
And if a daring foe annoys,
Whatever his strength and forces,
We'll show him that Kentucky boys
Are "alligator horses"!

I s'pose you've read it in the prints,
How Packenham attempted
To make Old Hickory Jackson wince,
And soon his schemes repented;
For we with rifle ready cock'd
Thought such occasion lucky,
And soon around the general flock'd
The hunters of Kentucky.

This campaign, however, was as nothing compared to that put on by the "singing Whigs" in 1840 in support of their candidate, Gen. William Henry Harrison, in his race against Martin Van Buren, the Democratic occupant of the White House. Harrison was literally sung into the Presidency. Early in the campaign a Democratic editor had made the mistake of saying about Harrison, "Give him a barrel of hard cider and a pension of two thousand a year, and, our word for it, he will sit the remainder of his days in a log cabin by the side of a sea coal fire and study moral philosophy."

Immediately the indignant Whigs sprang to the defense of their candidate. They made much of the fact that the Democrats, under the leadership of the broadcloth-clad, aristocratic Martin Van Buren of New York, had deserted the "common people" and were "casting slurs upon their General Harrison, 'Old Tippecanoe,'" who was a plain man and a poor man. So they began to sing:

Let Van from his coolers of silver drink wine,
And lounge on his cushioned settee,
Our man on his buckeye bench can recline,
Content with hard cider is he.
Then a shout for each freeman, a shout for each State,
To the plain, honest husbandman true,
And this be our motto, the motto of fate,
Hurrah for old Tippecanoe.

And on this wave of singing hysteria another military hero was swept into the Presidency. Four years later Van Buren was seeking the Democratic nomination again but he was turned down and the prize given to the first "dark horse" in political history—James K. Polk of Tennessee. Even before this happened, the Whigs had nominated Henry Clay of Kentucky, who had tried twice before (in 1824 and again in 1832) to be the Democratic standard-bearer. Theodore Frelinghuysen of New York was named as his running mate, so again the Whigs swung into a singing campaign shouting:

Hurrah, hurrah! The country's risin'
For Henry Clay and Frelinghuysen!

The Democrats were capable of doing a bit of vocalizing themselves, so they sang right back: Farewell, oh! farewell to thee, Clay of Kentucky,
We'll leave thee to wander by Salt River's shore;
We well might have known that thy cause was unucky.

For the Democrats beat these so often before!
That song was a true prophecy, for the Democrats did beat Clay again and elected Polk. But the Whigs had their revenge four years later when again they nominated a military hero and began singing the praises of

Old Zach Taylor, bold and steady
Sometimes "Rough," but always "Ready."

For his running mate they named Millard Fillmore of New York. One of their songs declared that:

The ball is opened on both sides,
The parties now have made their choice.
Cass on the Loco donkey rides,
The Whigs for Taylor give their voice.
Pull, boys, all pull steady,
For Fillmore and for Rough and Ready.

The Democrats, who had nominated Lewis Cass of Michigan for President and Gen. William O. Butler of Kentucky, a Mexican war hero, for vice president, roared back at them:

They come in Democratic van,
From old Kentucky and Michigan,
Within the nation's seat to shine,
In eighteen hundred and forty-nine.
For every state declares it so,
That Cass and Butler in must go,
Next Fourth of March will prove it so,
For thus have freedmen willed it, oh!

But the Whigs were better prophets when they sang:

He's on victory's track, and he can't be put back,
For the people have said that they trust in old Zach;
So our brave Rough and Ready in triumph shall run,
Till the White House is reached, and our victory won!



LOC CABIN
TIPECANOE WALTZ.

GEN. W. H. HARRISON,

W. C. RAYNER

1840

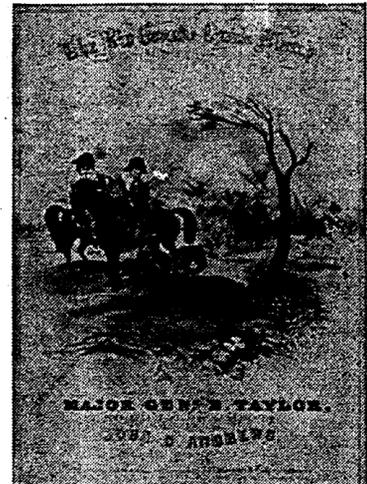
Published by John G. Andrew.

A Campaign Song of 1840.

So "Old Rough and Ready" was sung into the Presidency, just as "Old Tippecanoe" had been. The campaign of Franklin Pierce vs. Gen. Winfield Scott in 1852 was a comparatively colorless one but 1856 was another case of "whoop it up with song and shouting." The slavery question was the big issue. The "Know-Nothing" party, formed largely of pro-slavery Whigs, nominated Fillmore. The Democratic party nominated James Buchanan of Pennsylvania and the new Republican party in its first national convention nominated Gen. James C. Fremont, the so-called "Pathfinder." Thousands of Free-Sollers, with an almost religious zeal, sang:

All hail to Fremont! swell the lofty acclaim
Like winds from the mountain, like prairies
at home!
Once more the Pathfinder is forth on his hunt,
Clear the way for free soil, for free men and
Fremont!

However, the "Pathfinder" couldn't find the way to the White House, for Buchanan was elected. When the next campaign year came around another candidate came out of the West



This Helped Elect "Old Rough and Ready."

with the affectionate and vote-gathering characterization of "old"—"Old Abe" Lincoln, the Illinois rail-splitter. So the Republicans sang:

Hurrah for our cause,
Of all causes best,
Hurrah for Old Abe,
Honest Abe of the West!

And right back at them the Democrats sang derisively:

Say he's capable and honest,
Loves his country's good alone;
Never drank a drop of whisky,
Wouldn't know it from a stone!
Any lie you tell—we'll swallow—
Swallow any kind of mixture;
But, oh, don't—we pray and beg you—
Don't, for God's sake, show his picture!

Ulysses S. Grant, regarded as the savior of the Union, didn't have much difficulty in winning the election of 1868 so no songs of any importance came out of that campaign. Four years later, when Horace Greeley gave him more opposition, one of the songs which his supporters sang declared that:

General Grant's the man
To work for Uncle Sam,
He will lead the van
And beat the Greeley clan.
We'll trust him still to rule the nation,
Rule the nation, rule the nation,
We'll trust him still to rule the nation,
He saved our glorious Union.

During the Hayes-Tilden campaign of 1876, even the little children were familiar with the song that declared:

Hayes rides a white horse,
Tilden rides a mule,
Hayes is a gentleman,
Tilden is a fool!

The Cleveland-Blaine campaign of 1884 was noteworthy for its songs, the most famous being the Democratic hymn which declared that:

From Maine to California,
The people loudly shout,
"We'll vote for Grover Cleveland, who
Will turn the rascals out!"

The McKinley-Bryan campaigns saw a revival of the Hayes-Tilden doggerel with McKinley riding the white horse and Bryan riding the mule. When Alton B. Parker and Theodore Roosevelt were the opponents in 1904 the Democrats came out with the lyrical prophecy that

He will always keep the nation's credit safe and sound,
And will oust dishonest men wherever they are found—
He will bury Teddy under forty feet of ground;
Alton B. Parker is his name!

But he didn't. For, to the tune of that popular Spanish-American war song, "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," the Rough Rider went back to the White House again.

During the next two decades campaign songs were not so potent as were slogans and catchwords—that is, until 1928 when Al Smith was the Democratic candidate. Then "The Sidewalks of New York," a song of the "gay nineties," was revived and it swept the country into a frenzy of singing. But it didn't sweep it into a frenzy of voting for the Democratic candidate. Even though "Who? Hoover!" as a good campaign ballad, couldn't compare with the "Sidewalks," Hoover was elected nevertheless.

As for the last campaign, every one remembers how the American people, wanting to believe that the depression was over, joined lustily in singing "Happy Days Are Here Again" and in sending the smiling prophet of that belief to the White House.

What will be the outstanding song of the 1936 campaign?

That question can be answered better on the morning of November 5 than it can be answered now!

© Western Newspaper Union.

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
By WILLIAM BRUCKART

Washington.—We have a new farm relief law on the way. The natural and logical question is, what does it mean? A parallel question is, what will it do? And, among the cold and non-partisan analysts of the Washington field one also hears a third question, namely, is the sponsorship of any of the numerous farm plans, Republican or Democratic, sincere?

Congress, for the sake of its political hide, is anxious to do right by agriculture. It is attempting to supplant the invalidated Agricultural Adjustment act with a law about which its individual campaigning members can talk, to which they can point with pride.

But there are other and unofficial farm plans bobbing up here, there and everywhere. It seems to be the open season for proposals to aid agriculture. Few, if any, of them are grounded completely in sound practice. Each of them ought to be conceded commendation for some of the provisions they include. None of them, including that which is backed by the New Dealers, is going to completely solve the farm problem because we are going to have the farm problem with us for next year and the next and a good many years thereafter whether we like it or not.

The tragedy of the current situation is that the farm relief plans, taken individually or collectively, constitute—I was going to say a mess and on second thought I believe that is the most appropriate word that can be used. Throughout the administration's proposal for aid to agriculture and permeating every other proposal that has been put forward, whether by statesmen or panacea promoters, one can find a splendid collection of objectives that cancel each other. I mean exactly that.

Recognizing the breadth of the statement I have just made, evidence seems to be necessary. Let us look at these various plans, or certainly at the one that is scheduled to take the place of AAA.

First, the administration proposes to take something like five hundred million dollars each year from taxpayers in one form or another to use for benefit payments to farmers. It proposes to use these funds to save the soil, to prevent further carrying away of productive elements in our soil by continued cropping. New Dealers describe the purpose as prevention of erosion.

With that purpose, it seems to me there can be no quarrel. Ever since the successive portions of our country were settled and the forest coverings removed, soil has been subject to erosion by rain, by flood and by wind. The Department of Agriculture says that the top soil of probably fifty million acres has been destroyed in that manner. It would seem, then, that it was high time our government was finding ways to stop it.

Admitting the soundness of this phase of the program, one then must turn to another phase that is not written into law but results from it. If the fertility of soil is improved, is it not natural then that there should be an increase in production? And if there is an increase in production, is it not logical further that we may find ourselves developing a huge surplus of commodities from the farm—and with no foreign market? The answer obviously is, yes.

So, we find these two circumstances in the administration farm bill, proposed, even driven, by that group of New Dealers who, until a few months ago, were declaring here, there and everywhere that to maintain price we must have scarcity of production. That theory was basic in the AAA and was carried out to the furthest by Secretary Wallace and Administrator Chester Davis.

I know of no one with a superintelligence sufficient to enable him to picture the result of this combination nor have I heard any argument that was convincing to me, reconciling the previous policy under AAA with that now projected in the new farm relief plan.

There seems to be no doubt among students of the farm problem that a subsidy, whether by that name or some trick phrase, for agriculture cannot be avoided. Some way, somehow, money is going to be taken out of the federal treasury to pay benefits, subsidies, to the farm population. I do not know whether anyone can predict where such a policy will lead as a long-term national program. Political figures seem to be content with a temporary solution, something to get farm votes. In all of the debate that has moved through the ventilators of the house and senate chambers, discussion of the farm problem on a long-term basis has been noticeably absent.

This fact is just as true when anti-New Deal farm programs are subjected to a searching analysis as is the administration's plan itself. It applies to the proposal of an export bounty, offered by Senator McNary, senate Republican leader; to the plan of George Peek, former AAA administrator, to

the piecemeal presentations of Senator Borah, Idaho Republican Presidential prospect or to the ideas advanced by Senator Dickinson, Iowa Republican or any of the others.

Since it seems established that the subsidy idea will and must be kept as a part of any farm policy, the problem is narrowed down to the question of how it will be administered. Each plan provides machinery—political jobs—for administration. That fact, however, would seem to guarantee inefficiency rather than efficiency in administration. Each of the plans obviously must reach into nearly every county in the United States and the experience gained from AAA administration forces the conclusion, regretful as it is, that no efficient means for administration has been suggested.

An unbiased investigation of the whole situation, as far as I have been able to make it, prompts me to say that until partisan politics is eliminated from farm relief considerations, farm aid is going to continue in a mess. Perhaps it is a character of our system of government that the condition exists, but whatever the reason may be, I am convinced that there ought to be a distinction between the giving of a subsidy as such and the giving of a subsidy to accomplish other purposes. I mean by that if we are to have a subsidy, let us not get it all mangled up with a lot of prescribed conditions which bind the farmer hand and foot. I am one of those who believe that the average farmer is better equipped to solve his own problem than are his professional leaders who call themselves heads of farm organizations or the politicians who prate about the farmer and think only in the terms of his voting number. So I say until the farm problem can be separated from politics and until it can be separated from theories of regimentation and crop-control and binding the farmer by a lot of conditions, there will not be any effective solution for the farm problem.

Several years ago, when the present work-relief policy was young, a reader wrote me a rather critical letter because I made the statement that crookedness was bound to crop into administration of the relief programs. My prediction was predicated not upon any clairvoyance or ability as a soothsayer but upon a knowledge of the difficulty that necessarily harasses the management of a far-flung organization. It was predicated as well on an understanding that there was no way on earth to keep politicians and visionaries out of these organizations. I had no apology to make to that reader then but I do have the privilege of boasting just a bit since administrative heads of these organizations in Washington have been put to the necessity of cleaning up one dirty problem after another. It has happened in countless places, not with the consent of the ruling authorities, that petty grafters have crept in, have taken their toll.

Now, however, evidence is seeping through to the top in record form, of another danger in the attempted management of so many different groups from a central office in Washington. The best illustration of this that I have seen comes from New York where the local relief organization has a "writers' project" in operation. Just at this time the local New York authorities, with the assistance of Washington headquarters, are trying to find out whether radicals, many of them of foreign birth, have taken charge of the New York "writers' project."

One man, Samuel McCoy, assistant director, has been dismissed. He has charged that reds are in control and that they are taking up their time proselyting and seeking new members of a Communist organization. Against his charges, those he attacked countered with accusations that McCoy has continuously sought to promote Fascism among the writers.

It is an unhappy thing to occur. Here we have a paternalistic federal government seeking to provide people with work and some measure of compensation for that work, and we see a political problem injected into it. I do not know what the end will be, nor is it pertinent to this discussion. The point is, after all, that it represents, indeed it proves, the futility of attempting to run all of these things from Washington. Those who favor the old idea of states' rights certainly cannot want for ammunition in defense of their beliefs.

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"Hero" Criminals
Popular interest in criminals long before the present day has gone to the extent of making heroes of murderers and thieves. In 1754 Rev. Mr. Villlette, of London, described a sermon he had heard by a street preacher praising the remarkable skill with which Jack Sheppard, a notorious thief, had escaped from jail and "manfully burst his fetters asunder." Sheppard, as well as Dick Turpin, died in his neat attire, and the execution of both was just the theatrical show the crowd expected.

WATCH THE CURVES

By Richard Hoffmann

Copyright by Richard Hoffmann
WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

Following his father's criticism of his life, and the withdrawal of financial assistance, Hal Ireland, son of a wealthy banker, finds himself practically penniless and 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 distrusts Crack. He finds his intimacy with Kerrigan ripening, and makes a little progress with Barry. Through a misunderstanding, at a stopping place, Hal is directed to Barry's room, instead of his own. Barry drops her unfriendliness and they exchange kisses. Next day he tells her he loves her. She answers that she mustn't love him, without giving any reason. Crack brutally insults Kerrigan. Hal forces him to apologize abjectly, and his feeling of enmity and disgust toward Crack is intensified.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

Then, before the sun had finished its pitiless climbing, the road dropped past a gathering of bluffs with a look of Indian fighting and a more recent frontier, and came to Council Bluffs, to the broad bed of the Missouri river with its flats blackish and dry like emery, and to the end of Iowa. Across the river, there was the solidity, clamor, and business of Omaha—the first metropolis in so many swift miles that Hal for once felt like a countryman, come to gaze at the sights. But black-and-white route numbers under Nebraska's covered wagon marked an escape from such frailty; and they started for Lincoln, which Kerrigan assured Hal was not on a longer way and contained something worth looking at.

It did. Straight up into the hot, broad Nebraska afternoon, a silt shaft of gray rose, dry and clean-sided, from the terrace of a square-shaped building. And where the high shaft ended in its gold, blunt cap a Sower crooked his bronze arm full-muscled, a fat seedbag slung to the faintly arrogant rhythm of his shoulders, his walk sure and familiar upon the earth that received the strewn handfuls and would give them back to his labor.

Pulsipher said, "Tha—tha—that's the new state capitol, ain't it?"

"What would it be, old Gaunt," Kerrigan growled from the cigarette-corner of his mouth: "the Mauretania?"

After lunch, Barry came to the front seat beside Hal, Doc leaping eagerly to her lap.

"Kerrigan says I'm to sit here," she said.

"Bless Kerrigan," said Hal. "He's an old peach," said Barry softly. "And he likes you a little, I think. I wonder why." Then, more freshly, "Hal, could we drive down to the capitol for one closer look at it?"

"Let's," said Hal. "Won't take a minute. You know the real way to make up your mind about it would be to sleep on your first look and see it again in the morning."

"I've made up my mind," said Barry. "I think it's grand. I could do without some of those names around the outside, and the gold behind that relief of the covered wagon over the door, and I don't think the buffaloes beside the steps are strong enough, but—"

"But outside of that you like it," said Hal, grinning. "When you get to be as old as I, you'll know one look isn't—"

"Get to be as old as—" she said, affecting difficulty with her smile. "Why, darn you, I'm old enough to be your—"

"Daughter, in some ways," said Hal blandly.

"Would you rather I changed places again?" she said. "I'm darned if I'll be put in my place by you—a mere—"

"A mere" will do," said Hal. "I've never been called that before, but I like it."

"What d'you know about life, anyway?" she said, rueful mockery of anger in her eyes.

Hal stopped to watch the slowly passing features of the building and said: "Well, I had a parrot during the psittacosis scare: fear of his getting the fever aged me a good deal."

"A parrot?" said Barry, quickly brightened. "Gosh, how I've wanted a parrot! All my life. Was he fun?"

"An absolute genius," said Hal. "When we get to Los Angeles, I'll telegraph for him and you shall have him." With the others all leaning to the windows, Hal turned to her and held her sobered eyes with all the eagerness which her near, actual presence commanded. "Barry," he said quickly, and very low; "I love you. I haven't told you today, and it's harder because it's more than yesterday—so much more than—"

"That you'd give me your parrot," said Barry, and a brittle stillness held her eyes, a wooden quality the lovely lips that said it.

Hal's look hardened in the shock of that treachery to his tenderness. "At least," he said after a clouded second, "you don't look as though you thought that was so funny. Why the devil did you say it?" Where had that wretched, stealthy shadow come from?

She let out the last of her breath and turned her head helplessly, staring off through the windshield while a little shining wet rimmed her lower lids. Then she leaned partly across

him, as if for a last look at the capitol, her hand coming to his and taking tight hold.

"Darling, it's no use," she hurried out, so that he could barely hear her. "I'm not big enough, good enough, to pretend I don't love you. I never thought this would happen to me—never thought I'd be so scared and cowardly. It would be simple if I were strong—and it couldn't hurt any worse. Darling, we mustn't talk about it now any more. Tonight I'll tell you, my dearest—dearest: I promise I'll tell you tonight."

He kept her hand for another instant of baffled happiness, after her hold relaxed; then she leaned away, turning toward the back and saying quite coolly, "Kerrigan, did you like that statue of Lincoln on the other side?"

They talked or not, as the moment was meant; but either way Hal knew that Barry and he were more profoundly together there—in a closeness that grew mature and strong, ready for more thrilling aspiration. Now she had said she loved him; and with that bright finality, he belted firm his progress against any mysteries, any obstacles.

At Grand Island they crossed the Platte river—blue water among the biscuit-colored flats where you might still find the fording tracks of the covered wagons; and Rasputin droned



Rasputin Droned Away on Route 30.

away on Route 30 again, with the river hidden low to southward, the straight, gaunt line of the Union Pacific dwindling ahead to the hot horizon, and the lone red-and-white pylons of the air-beacons ready to police the night.

The vigilant welcome of Barry's eyes was quickest for the live things: the red-headed, white-tailed flash of a woodpecker drew her quick "Ahhh" of tribute; the fat-bellied little creatures that scurried across the road with tremendous haste but no speed, like small mechanical toys, stirred her soft chuckling; and she called Hal and Kerrigan to admire the lonely wisdom of the single kingfishers watching from the telegraph line above the marshy ditches. The mortality here was enormous, the road continually patched with torn fur and crushed feathers; and once a swift bird swooped in a lovely arc to deliver his small, mortal impact against Rasputin's hood; Barry's muffled cry of compassion had Hal's foot hard on the brakes.

"He's dead, surely?" she said, glancing backward.

"Fraid so," said Kerrigan.

"I'll stop if you like," said Hal.

"No," said Barry sadly, "but it seems such a poor death for him."

The sun was lower, but it was still blazing hot when they rushed by the little group that walked a shadeless, long stretch of the road. The farmer's overalls were new, his shirt white; the child asleep in his crooked brown arms wore a fresh dress, and the printed pajamas of the two elder girls following were bright and clean. Hal's thought was of the meanness of having raised that corridor of dust for them to walk in; and as he turned to speak it to Barry, Crack's indolent voice came quickly to his ear: "Notice the kid in his arms?"

"Yes," said Hal, with a short, unwelcoming nod; he hadn't thought of Crack for an hour.

There was a flat quality in Crack's next speech, as if he had exhausted the matter's interest. "It was dead," he said.

Hal suddenly felt that Crack, if he wanted to, could frighten him, and he turned aside in quick anger to mutter, "D—n it, you don't know that."

"I saw the kid," said Crack in listless obstinacy; "it was dead."

Contempt, low and briefly savage, smoldered under Barry's quick "It was not dead." Her eyes were blazing even after they had left Crack, as if what he had said were personal to her; her pursed lips lay unwillingly together, as if she tasted something turn bitter in her mouth. Crack said nothing.

Hal tried again to capture the certainty that his tainted hatred of Crack was defined within the forgettable episode of last night. It couldn't be a slowly crescent thing, begun at the journey's start. Crack was too insignificant. It must all be Hal's own reaction to a long day of driving, with

the trip-window of the speedometer near a fifth fresh start. The temptation to look around at Crack, to see if his undistinguished face were still banking in the shy pleasure of things he privately knew—that persistent temptation was part of fatigue, part of his taut impatience for the night's stop and for Barry. So too were these other dim, self-conceived bogies; an unconnected wonder whether Crack might be biding his time for some little weapon of revenge for humiliation; and that old-maid's sense of a thickening imminence stealthily preparing to come upon them, just as on the long horizon there behind, the dark was preparing.

As the sun sank, the skin of a minutely detailed range of hills to the southward—tiny, like a Rockwell Kent drawing on ticket tape—turned gradually from dry, sparse green to pale copper, with sharp-edged, blue-purple shadows defined in the tight gullies. All round the plains' far edges there were wisps and drifts and high tumbles of cloud pinkened by the sun, and a lofty pile in the southeast registered the climbing shadow of evening. Then it was twilight, and somewhere under the heavy cloudbank ahead silent lightning darted.

They dined in North Platte. If it wasn't raining afterward, they would try to make a place called Ogallala, for the night.

Just before they drew up at the hotel, Barry murmured, "I'd like to wash a little, and leave Doc. Shall I meet you down here?"

"Right," said Hal, with the brittle apprehension that unless they hurried something would happen to stop them.

Barry stood there so straight and cool, talking to Kerrigan, while Hal's hasty fingers slipped on the knots of the luggage lashing. And only when the bags were down did she go into the hotel and upstairs.

The hall was hot, but Hal's well-used, unadorned room was ten degrees hotter. He slapped the radiator in passing; it was warm to touch. It occurred to him that the management might be heat-maddened to the point of running a summer furnace—until he found that the washstand, the chipped white iron of the bed, and the painted walls were all warmer than the room's atmosphere. He washed quickly and hurried down to the car again, half certain that Sister Anastasia would appear to tell him Barry was too tired to go out so late. It was already eleven.

But Barry came—alone, hatless, a reticent smile pretending to ignore the seriousness of her brave eyes. "I haven't been long, have I?" she said, squeezing his wrist as she came to him.

"Too long," he said. "Anything's too long. It's all too long. I've had twenty-six years without you, and I grudge every d—d moment."

She bowed her head, her lips involuntarily parted to reply. But she didn't. Instead she said, "You've found where the garage is?" And she added quickly: "I don't give a darn where it is. Oh, Hal, be gentle with me; help me."

The garage was just around the corner, and beyond it the town ended nakedly, the street swallowed by the dark plains like a road running into the edge of a flood. The last house was dark; they hadn't to go far to be alone. And when they stopped, Barry parted his hands with hers, leaned back between them, and joined them before her.

"Hal," she said on a wary sigh of comfort, "I'll tell you a story."

"I know a story," he whispered against her hair. "Is it about you?"

"It's about a girl much younger than I," she said; "younger in everything."

"Then why should I hear it?"

"Because it's a sort of test," Barry said. "We don't know each other so—so very well, do we? There's something I need to know before I tell you what I have to tell you. You listen to the story and tell me what you think—and then I'll know."

"Barry, it would keep," said Hal. "Tell me some other time—after we're together, alone, for good."

She pressed his hands harder against her firmness, her head turning so that her smooth cheek ran under his lips. "No," she said, and he could tell from her voice that her eyes must be closed. "Please, Hal—now."

"All right," he said. "As a favor, Barry, which I shall want returned."

"This girl," Barry began at once, but quietly: "this girl lived on the same street I did, at home; I knew her well. It doesn't matter what she looked like, except that she was pretty—perhaps before she should have been. Her father was in the bank, on town boards, a vestryman in the church. She thought she understood him, she loved him very much, and she tried to be everything to him as he was everything to her. She knew he had started humbly in his life and she knew how proud he was of the trust and respect he had in the town, how carefully he had built it all up around him and in himself. And she was proud of that for both of them. But she knew hardly anything else about him, except what she saw, because once when she asked about her mother, he made it plain in his gentle way that she wasn't to ask questions, that some day he would tell her everything she needed to know."

Barry's pressure against him relaxed a little.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Pemmican

Pemmican as made by the early buffalo hunters usually consisted of dried and jerked buffalo meat into which was pounded the dried berries of the shadubuh. When properly made and cured it would last for an indefinite period.

Chic Suit, Gay Print Share Honors

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



LET'S go crystal-gazing in search of fashion futures for spring. What do we see? According to the signs of the times its suits, suits and suits plus, coming in endless procession on the new style program. Indeed, 'tis prophesied that this will be the biggest suit season ever.

Of course a suit means just one lovely, stunning blouse after another, and as to accessories, well, you'll be surprised at the smartness, the cleverness and the color-chic of the bags, and the belts, the scarfs, the gloves and the footwear and gadgets that novel they invite a smile, all of which will play a part in dramatizing the suit theme for spring.

After you get an "eye-full" of suits as revealed in the crystal globe of fashion, turn the other eye. Behold! The picture shifts to a scene of riotous color and startlingly new design for the incoming prints are just that. Birds, fruits, vegetables, postage stamps and newspaper print, are some of the many unique motifs that gay print fabrics are staging this season.

The lesson to be gleaned in this fore-glimpse into fashion's moves is that in assembling the new spring wardrobe one must think in terms of both cloth suit and costume of gay print. One is almost as important as the other in the scheme of fashionable apparel. So count on a budget that makes provision for both.

As to the new suits, their most outstanding message is "mannish" both as to the stunning woollens which fashion them as well as their manner of tailoring. The more "man's-wear" look your suit carries the smarter will it be. The favorite among favorites bids fair to be the strictly tailored short-jacket type buttoned single row or double breasted.

NEW HAT FASHION

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



To say that the new "Rose of the Rancho" hat is making an instantaneous hit is but expressing it mildly. See in the illustration herewith Gladys Swarthroat, lovely singer and one of filmland's bright and shining stars, wearing this hat just as she wears it in her picture and now many stores and shops are showing it in their advance millinery displays. It is the type young girls will delight in wearing with their sports outfits. The chin-strap detail of cord cleverly drawn through a big button is irresistible. Of course to complete the ensemble one must have a high-color dude-ranch handkerchief-square scarf knotted nonchalantly about the throat.

Jeweled Pins

The highly prized diamond-back terrapins of Maryland and points south have nothing on their swanky little counterpart in catlin and simulated gold. The turtle pin not only has head and legs of gold but also a colorful shell studded with tiny rhinestones. In practically any color this jeweled creature outshines by far the pride of Baltimore.

GREEK INSPIRATION HITS SHOE STYLES

The Greek inspiration which has so noticeably influenced the evening mode for dresses is also affecting shoe styles. There is a very strong tendency to adopt sandals or low-heeled shoes for full evening dress. These sandals are extremely chic for those who know how to wear them, and are seen in the same fabric as the dress—in velvet, in lame and in brocade, sometimes combined with supple gold or silver kid.

Very rich models entirely covered with sequins, with embroidery or with beads of plastic materials, are displayed by leading designers. To accompany Worth evening dresses, Jullienne has designed some new sandals with almost flat heels, which are square instead of being round.

Originality Characterizes

New Paris Winter Tailleurs

Great originality characterizes the new winter tailleurs, for morning or afternoon purposes. In the line of sport tailleurs, a jacket is almost invariably in a fabric that contrasts with the skirt. Schiaparelli shows a skirt in plain material while the jacket is in tartan or in fancy woolen. She carries the same idea for the afternoon with a plain skirt in dull rayon crepe and the jacket in a fancy mixture showing silt cellulose film.

Wraps Are Glamorous

For some seasons now, many women have been making a fur coat do when they did don full evening dress. But this season wraps are so glamorous, so handsome, so theatrical, that even she who only goes out once or twice a season can't resist them. A lovely affair is a full-skirted wrap of pale beige velvet with shirring and cordell detail. It has a big mink collar. Another wrap is of quilted white silk in a heavy weave.

Fire Damages Are Greater

Than Flood Losses in U. S. As a generalization, greater loss is caused by fire than by flood in this country. In 1933, fire losses amounted to \$316,897,733; loss by floods, \$35,322,410. In 1934, fire losses amounted to \$275,652,000; floods, \$5,500,000. While fire losses are constantly high from year to year, the losses by flood vary greatly, being high only in certain years, when disastrous floods occur.



No Need to Suffer "Morning Sickness"

"Morning sickness"—is caused by an acid condition. To avoid it, acid must be offset by alkalis—such as magnesia.

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

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Antrim, N. H.

In the Interest of Boy Scouts

The town's people are to be solicited during the coming week in the interest of the Boy Scout movement. Here is an opportunity to have a hand in a very worth-while enterprise. The local Troop is increasing in membership and under capable direction, and the value of this training for our younger boys is without question. Even though your contribution is small, don't hesitate to line up as a backer of this movement.

The following letter is published as a general appeal and contributions will be gratefully received by any member of the committee:

March 2, 1936.

Friends:

In a few days you will be asked to contribute to the support of the Daniel Webster Council, Boy Scouts of America, which administers the program of Scouting in New Hampshire.

This year the Council has stationed William J. Paoli, Field Scout Executive in this section, to develop the Scout program and assist the local committee in reaching many more boys of Scout age to build in them the principles of scouting, character

development and citizenship training. Scouting makes better boys. Scouting is non-sectarian, yet truly religious. Scouting is non-military, yet highly patriotic. Scouting is non-partisan, yet essentially civic. Scouts are trained to do a daily good turn. Won't you do an annual good turn for the boys of our community by having your contribution ready when you are called upon?

The value of this local field service is already apparent to the committee and is being evidenced by the increasing interest of the boys. Your support is needed to continue this service. Won't you help?

Sincerely,

Antrim Troop Committee,
Byron G. Butterfield, Chm.,
William H. Hurlin,
Edson Tuttle,
Don H. Robinson,
Harold Miner.

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Fred L. Proctor, Antrim, N. H.

The Antrim Reporter

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Advertising Rates on Application

H. W. ELDRIDGE, PUBLISHER
H. R. & C. D. ELDRIDGE, ASSISTANTS

Wednesday, Mar. 4, 1936

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

Long Distance Telephone

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

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

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

Mr. and Mrs. Guy O. Hollis were in Hyde Park, Mass., on Saturday last, to attend the funeral of a relative.

A party of friends were entertained at the Craig Farm on Sunday. They reported finding the back roads in fine condition for motoring.

The West Hillsborough County Ministers' Association held its monthly meeting on Monday morning, in the vestry of the Antrim Baptist church. Seven members were in attendance. Rev. Richard P. Carter, of Greenfield, was the speaker; subject: Thus Spake Zarathustra.

A few from here went to Greenfield on Sunday, to watch the winter sports. Four trains brought 1000 enthusiasts from Boston, and a perfect day for such events was greatly enjoyed. Wa-pack and Windrose trails were ideal, and trips to Mt. Crooked and Hob & Nob Farm were enjoyable events.

Rev. John R. Copplestone, District Superintendent, will be in Antrim on Sunday evening, March 8, and hold the Fourth Quarterly Conference of the Woodbury Memorial M. E. church. The meeting will be held at the home of H. W. Eldredge, on Grove street, at 6.30 o'clock, and all the officers of the church should attend and such other members as desire. Officers having reports to make should have them ready.

From a recent issue of a Springfield, Mass., daily paper, the Reporter learns that more than 120 guests were present on Sunday at a tea given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Monroe, of Longmeadow, in honor of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Helen Barnard Monroe, to Carroll McKenzie Johnson, of Antrim, announcement of which event was made at that time. Mr. and Mrs. Hiram W. Johnson, their three sons, Carroll, Richard and Murray, and daughter, Miss Helen, were present. The wedding takes place in September.

Town Meeting Dinner by the Senior Class

The following menu will be served by the Senior Class, A.H.S., at their Town Meeting Dinner, on Tuesday, March 10, in the banquet hall, in Odd Fellows block:

- Baked beans
- Scalloped potato with ham
- Salad
- Rolls Brown bread
- Coffee Pie

Prices for dinner is 35 cents and 25 cents.



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Topics of the Day Presented to Reporter Readers in Concise Form

For Delegate

On March 10, the electorate of New Hampshire once again have an opportunity to go to the polls and elect delegates to the National Convention.

Choice of delegates is important, equally as important as the election of the Senator or a Congressman, because party success is based on the wisdom used in selecting the proper delegates to send to the Convention. Upon them, in the last analysis rest the monumental task of deciding on the platform, upon which to go before the electorate.

In this especially trying time, it becomes very necessary to make a wise selection of the proper Republican delegate for whom to vote.

In urging the electorate of this district, to support the candidacy of Joseph B. Perley of Lebanon, at present and for some years past, chairman of the Board of Selectmen, as a district delegate to the national convention, you are asked to support a deep political student of many years' standing, and one who has the welfare of the Republican Party, the State and the Nation at heart.

Joseph B. Perley has represented the Town of Enfield and Lebanon in the State Legislature and has been State Senator from the 5th District, and during the session of 1935, sponsored, supported and had the supreme satisfaction of seeing two of his important bills enacted into laws.

The Reporter is pleased to present the name of Joseph B. Perley to its readers for their consideration for this important position.

The Relief Situation

The Hillsborough County legislative delegation met at Grasmere last week Tuesday, and had an unusually trying session. The relief situation is the perplexing problem, at the present time and such as to require the clear minds of the best of officials. There are phases of the situation that should not exist — but they do — and must be met. At former times, the Reporter has suggested that Hillsborough County, which is the largest one in the State, should be divided, and let the cities run their own relief situation and the towns less money, for as now given out more satisfactorily in some cases. It would probably cost the towns less money, for as now given out it appears the towns have to help the cities pay their bills in this respect; the cities wouldn't like this suggested arrangement probably. The industrial situation is given as the cause of so large a cost for relief, which may in a measure be true yet it is the minds of many that the spending of too much money for that which inebriates is a bigger contributing factor than most people are willing to admit. We don't expect everybody to agree with us in our thoughts on these matters, but we do feel that more believe this than are willing to say so.

However, the relief problem is with us in a large way and must be dealt with as seems best for all concerned. It is what will carry next year's County tax to a new high level and be passed on to the towns; from this one source all tax rates will be larger the coming year. It is hoped that it will not have too great an influence in this direction.

Mrs. Henry Miner and young son, Richard, have returned to their home on Main street.

Miss Anna Noetzel has returned from Boston and vicinity, where she spent a couple days.

Mrs. F. I. Burnham has recovered from an attack of tonsillitis, at her home on North Main street.

Miss Faye Benedict has returned to her home here, after a few days spent in Boston and vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Moul are again the parents of a son, born February 14 at Grasmere hospital.

A local drive will be made very soon to solicit contributions to the support of the Daniel Webster Council, Boy Scouts of America, which administers the program of scouting in New Hampshire.

Mrs. B. J. Wilkinson and daughter, Miss Harriet Wilkinson, recently visited in Concord, Manchester and Nashua. Miss Wilkinson has now returned to her studies in Bellevue hospital, in New York City.

Mrs. Kate R. Warren, a native of Antrim residing at the time at the foot of Campbell mountain, having been born a daughter of David and Mary J. (Cochran) Campbell, spending most of her life in Lynn, Mass., died Feb. 15, in South Lyndeboro. It will be remembered by some that a few years ago, Mrs. Warren presented the James A. Tuttle library a valuable needlepoint picture.

Fowers set to music! That is the plan for the great Spring Flower Show in Boston this year. A modern organ has been installed in Mechanics Building, where the show will be held, and visitors will walk through gorgeous gardens and among fragrant flowers while listening to music flowing from the fingers of noted organists. The dates for the show have been set for the week beginning Monday, March 23, and the doors will be open until 10 o'clock each evening through the following Saturday.

A Social Box Party will be given at Grange hall, on Tuesday evening, March 17, by Legion, Auxiliary, Rod and Gun Club. Games and dancing. No admission; all ladies must bring box lunch for two.

The sad news reaches the Reporter this Wednesday morning of the death of Charles E. Goodwin, in Claremont, last night, after a long illness. He will be remembered by many Antrim people, as he was in business here a number of years ago.

The Republican and Democratic caucuses have been held and candidates for all Town offices have been nominated, with but few changes over officers of last year. Indications point to a large vote next Tuesday.

HAYDEN W. ALLEN Chiropractor

Daily from 10 to 11 a.m.
2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p.m.
The Felt House, HILLSBORO
Telephone 84

EZRA R. DUTTON, Greenfield Auctioneer

Property of all kinds advertised and sold on easy terms
Phone, Greenfield 84-21

Antrim Grange, No. 98

Antrim Grange met on Wednesday evening, Feb. 19, with the Master, Louis Ordway, presiding. After the business meeting a program, "Famous February Folks," was presented under the direction of the lecturer. The principal feature was a debate, "Resolved that Lincoln was a greater man than Washington." There were readings from the poems of Lowell and Longfellow. Excerpts from Washington's Farewell Address were read by the Master, and Lincoln's Gettysburg Address was read by M. H. Wood. Everyone joined in singing patriotic songs. A Valentine Social followed and a lunch was served for the benefit of the Lecturer's fund.

At the regular meeting tonight, March 4, the Articles of the Town and School Warrants will be discussed. This is an open meeting, and all interested citizens are welcome.

Marietta S. Long, Lecturer.

Changes in Antrim

February 19, 1936

Editor Reporter:

Believing that the following may possibly be of interest, we are pleased to send this information:

I left Antrim, N. H., forty-five years ago. In reminiscing recently, I started at the Stoddard line and went to Hillsboro Bridge, just to see how many of those who occupied the places along the line, and also on connecting and paralleling roads, were still living on them. Not one; and only one who was then the head of the family is still alive. — Leonard Martin, on the Robbins place, near the electric plant, below the Lower Village.

Then I started likewise at North Branch Village and zig-zagged through the East part of the town. No head of family still living on his old place, and only three alive: Isaac Barrett, Charles W. Prentiss, and Oscar E. Robb — I believe I did not overlook anyone.

But the 1936ers seem to be still "carrying on" — everything but their farms — and going "round and round."

A New Hampshire generality: "He was a successful farmer; he sold his farm to a golf club."

And, so, as ever,
WILLIAM D. CLEMENT

GREENFIELD

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gage have been recent visitors in Lowell, Mass.

Miss Edna Wallace and aunt, of Somerville, Mass., were week-end guests of Westley Ford.

Mrs. John Russell is in Newton Junction with her daughter, Mrs. Dana Wiggins, who has been seriously ill.

Miss Winifred Cheever, of West Springfield, Mass., enjoyed last week with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. N. F. Cheever.

Mrs. Geraldine Garvin was taken to Nashua Memorial hospital one day recently, where she underwent an operation for appendicitis.

The Woman's Club met at the home of Mrs. Frank Gage Friday afternoon. Mrs. George Morris addressed the gathering on "Adult Education." Mrs. Elwyn Smith was assisting hostess.

SPECIALS!

THURSDAY - FRIDAY
SATURDAY

- Potatoes peck 30c
- White Beans quart 10c
- Yellow Eye Beans quart 14c
- Red Kidney Beans quart 16c
- Rice pound 7c
- Chili Sauce 14 oz. bottle 20c
- Brier Cut Wax Beans can 13c, 2 cans 25c
- Chocolate Malted Drink 1/2 lb. can 10c
- Sterling Salt 1 lb. 8 oz. package 6c
- Mrs. Lane's Vegetable Soup 1 lb. 6 oz. can 11c
- Big Ben Soap pound bar 5c
- Old Dutch Cleanser 8c
- Toilet Soap bar 5c
- Gloss Starch (children's party book free) 2 lbs. 13c
- Pop Corn pound 14c
- Syrup quart 16c

Antrim Cash Market

J. M. Cutter, Proprietor

Bennington.

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

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Stevens have a new radio.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ross have had a telephone installed.

Mrs. M. E. Sargent entertained guests at a tea on Friday last.

Mr. Gatto, Supt. of Schools, will be the guest speaker at the Parsonage on Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock.

Mrs. Allan Gerrard has been boused with the prevailing cold, as so many have, and has developed bronchitis.

Miss Eunice Bartlett is at Grasmere hospital, where she underwent an operation for appendicitis; she is very sick.

Mrs. Emma Joslin has been having trouble with ice melting and raining her newly papered parlor wall. Others are having like experiences.

Lenten service on Thursday evening in the vestry. Supper at 6.30; service at 7. Those who cannot come to supper will be welcome at 7.

Mrs. W. B. Gordon tripped on a rug and fell with a bang on the floor, breaking her glasses, which luckily were on top of her head, so there was no damage except a few bruises; and a good deal of head-ache.

William Gordon has been having trouble with his heart, which has kept him at home for a week, but the doctor thinks he will get out again soon. John Eaton is bringing in the coal and wood for him at the house and running errands.

The Missionary meeting will be held at the Parsonage this Wednesday afternoon; Mrs. Kenyon will have charge. The topic will be: Pleasant Hill Academy; in which this society is especially interested. There will be several speakers and the usual social hour.

The Bennington Sportsman's Club will hold their regular meeting on Thursday evening, Mar. 5. All members are requested to attend this particular meeting, for there will be important business discussed, and every member should be present. There also will be a good roast pork supper, and you know what that means; lots of it, and the best as usual. Don't miss it members!

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Wednesday, March 4
Sunday School Workers' supper, at 6 p.m., in the vestry, followed by Workers' conference.

Sunday, March 8
Regular Morning Worship at 10.45. Sermon: The Art of Knowing God, by Rev. William Weston.
Sunday School at 12 o'clock.

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

Baptist
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor

Thursday, March 5
Mid-week meeting at 7.30 o'clock p.m. Topic: The Letter to the Romans.

Sunday, March 8
Sunday school at 10 a.m.
Morning Worship at 11 o'clock. The pastor will preach on: What Men Live By.

Crusaders meet at 4 p.m.
Union evening service at 7, in this church. In charge of the young people.

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.

52 weekly visits for \$2.00. Subscribe to The Reporter now!

Warrants for the Annual School, Town and Precinct Meetings, to be Held in March— Officers to be Elected and Appropriations Made --- Business of Importance to be Done

TOWN WARRANT

To the Inhabitants of the Town of Antrim, in the County of Hillsborough, qualified to vote in Town affairs:—

You are hereby notified to meet at the Town Hall, in said Town, on the TENTH DAY OF MARCH, 1936, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to act on the following subjects:—

- 1—To choose all necessary Town Officers, Agents and Trustees for the ensuing year.
- 2—To hear the report of the Auditors on the Town Officers' accounts, and act thereon.
- 3—To see if the Town will vote to raise and appropriate the sum of \$1000 to hard surface No. Main St. to bridge, West St. to Ball Ground entrance, Summer St. to Highland Ave. and Highland Ave.
- 4—To see if the Town will vote to authorize the Selectmen to borrow such sums as may be necessary in anticipation of Taxes.
- 5—To see if the Town will authorize the Selectmen to administer or dispose of any real estate acquired by the Town through "Tax Collector's deeds."
- 6—To see how much money the Town will vote to appropriate to assist the William M. Myers Post, No. 50, American Legion, in properly observing Memorial Day.
- 7—To see if the Town will vote that a discount be made to those who shall pay their property taxes within a period to be fixed; and to fix the amount of such discount and the limit of the period.
- 8—To see if the Town will vote to repair the Sidewalk on the East side of Main St. from the property line of the Baptist Church to the North line of the School yard and appropriate a sum of money therefor.
- 9—To see if the Town will vote to appropriate the sum of \$550 for the support of the James A. Tuttle Library.
- 10—To see if the Town will vote to have the Invoice and Taxes printed for the ensuing year, and appropriate a sum of money therefor, or take any action thereon.
- 11—To see how much money the Town will appropriate for the repair of Roads and Bridges for the ensuing year.
- 12—To see if the Town will vote that the Selectmen set aside from the amount appropriated for the repair of Roads and Bridges the sum of \$709.58 in order to obtain from the State \$2838.12 to be used on repairs to Class V Roads.
- 13—To see how much money the Town will appropriate for Snow removal for the ensuing year.
- 14—To see how much money the Town will appropriate for Street Lighting for the ensuing year, or take any action thereon.
- 15—To see if the Town will vote to raise and appropriate a sum of money necessary to purchase one Dual Wheeled Steel Dump Truck for Town Highway Department, and appoint a committee to purchase same.
- 16—To see if the Town will vote to purchase a Snow Plow, appoint a committee, and appropriate money to purchase the same.
- 17—To see if the Town will vote to appropriate the sum of \$40.00 to provide for suitable care and maintenance of Public Cemeteries within its confines, which are not otherwise provided for as required by Chapter 55, Section 4, of the Public Statutes.
- 18—To see if the Town will vote to raise and appropriate the

sum of \$26.00 for care of Parks and Playgrounds for the ensuing year.

- 19—To see if the Town will raise and appropriate the sum of \$50.00 for the purpose of advertising the resources and natural advantages of the Town, said sum to be expended under the direction of the Selectmen, or take any other action relating thereto.
- 20—To see if the Town will vote to accept what was devised and bequeathed to said Town by the 18th clause of the last will and testament of Emma E. Gipson, late of Greenfield, N. H., for the purposes and upon the conditions as set forth in said Clause 18, or take any action in relation thereto.
- 21—To see if the Town will vote to accept what was devised and bequeathed to said Town by the sixth clause of the last will and testament of Arthur L. Smith, late of Antrim, N. H., for the purposes and upon the conditions as set forth in said Clause Six, or take any action in relation thereto.
- 22—To see if the Town will vote to authorize and empower its Board of Selectmen to sell and convey by good and sufficient deeds executed by said Board as agents for said Town, and upon such terms and conditions as said Board may seem advisable, any and all real estate owned by said Town and not used by it for Town purposes, or take any action in relation thereto.
- 23—To see if the Town will vote to reduce the rent of Town Hall to \$5.00 per night, from 8 to 10.30 o'clock, to local organizations.
- 24—To see what sum of money the Town will vote to raise and appropriate for continuing the work of writing the History of Antrim.
- 25—To see if the Town will vote to raise and appropriate the sum of \$100.00 for care of dump, and construct a fence along side of river.
- 26—To see if the Town will vote to raise and appropriate a sum of money to furnish material and supervision for any W. P. A. Project the Town may be able to get.
- 27—To hear reports of Committees, and act thereon.
- 28—To see how much money the Town will raise for statutory requirements and to carry the above Articles and the Appropriations of the School Meeting into effect.
- 29—To transact any other business that may legally come before this meeting.

Given under our hands in said Antrim, this twenty-second day of February, 1936.

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

SCHOOL WARRANT

To the Inhabitants of the School District, in the Town of Antrim, qualified to vote in District affairs:—

You are hereby notified to meet at the Town Hall, in said District, on the NINTH DAY OF MARCH, 1936, at Eight o'clock in the afternoon, to act on the following subjects:—

- 1—To choose a Moderator for the coming year.
- 2—To choose a Clerk for the ensuing year.
- 3—To choose a Member of the School Board for the ensuing three years.

- 4—To choose a Treasurer for the ensuing year.
- 5—To determine and appoint the salaries of the School Board and Trust Officer, and fix the compensation of any other officers or agents of the District.
- 6—To hear the reports of Agents, Auditors, Committees, or Officers chosen, and pass any vote relating thereto.
- 7—To choose Agents, Auditors and Committees in relation to any subject embraced in this Warrant.
- 8—To see if the District will vote to make any alteration in the amount of money required to be assessed for the ensuing year for the support of public schools and the payment of the statutory obligations of the District, as determined by the School Board in its annual report.
- 9—To transact any other business that may legally come before this meeting.

Given under our hands, at said Antrim, this twenty-first day of February, 1936.

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

PRECINCT WARRANT

To the Inhabitants of the Antrim Precinct, in the Town of Antrim, qualified to vote in Town affairs:—

You are hereby notified to meet in the Town Hall, in said Precinct, on MARCH ELEVENTH, 1936, at 7.30 o'clock in the evening, to act upon the following subjects:—

- 1—To choose a Moderator for the year ensuing.
- 2—To choose all necessary Officers and Agents for the year ensuing.
- 3—To hear the report of the Auditors on the Precinct Officers' accounts, and act thereon.
- 4—To hear the report of the Commissioners, Fire Wards, and Agents, and act thereon.
- 5—To see what sum the Precinct will vote to pay the members of the Fire Department for their services for the year ensuing, and appropriate a sum of money therefor.
- 6—To see what per cent. of the water rates the Precinct will vote to collect for the ensuing year.
- 7—To see how much money the Precinct will vote to raise to defray the expenses and pay existing debts for the year ensuing.
- 8—To see if the Precinct will vote to authorize the Commissioners to extend the pipe line on Prospect Street from opposite Frank E. Wheeler's to a point opposite the residence of George C. Gibson, and appropriate the amount of money necessary to make such extension, or take any action thereon.
- 9—To see if the Precinct will vote to authorize the Commissioners to borrow such sums as may be necessary in anticipation of taxes.
- 10—To do any other business that may legally come before said meeting.

Given under our hands, in said Antrim, this twenty-fourth day of February, 1936.

HIRAM W. JOHNSON,
ALBERT E. THORNTON,
MAURICE A. POOR,
Commissioners of Precinct.

Typewriter Paper

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

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Antrim, N. H.

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.

BRONCHIAL COUGHS

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 bilious daily bowel action when you take your little daily dose of Kruschen.

Help Kidneys

Don't Take Drastic Drugs
Your Kidneys contain 8 million tiny tubes or filters which may be endangered by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Be careful. If functional Kidney or Bladder disorders make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Loss of Pep, Leg Pains, Rheumatic Pains, Digestion, Circles Under Eyes, Neuritis, Acidity, Burning, Smarting or Itching, you don't need to take chances. All druggists now have the most modern advanced treatment for these troubles—a Doctor's prescription called Cystex (Sis-Tex). Works fast—safe and sure. In 48 hours it must bring new vitality and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger in one week or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs only 30¢ a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.

Junius T. Hanchett Attorney at Law
Antrim Center, N. H.

TIRED, WORN OUT, NO AMBITION

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

Mrs. Dorsie Williams of Danville, Illinois, says, "I had no ambition and was terribly nervous. Your Tablets helped my periods and built me up." Try them next month.



COULD NOT DO HER HOUSEWORK

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



THE FEATHERHEADS By O. J. O'Connell

NO—I CAN'T LEND YOU ANY MONEY!

WHERE'S MY ALL MY FRIENDS TURN AGAINST ME!

YOU IMPOSE TOO MUCH—NOW TAKE JOB STRIVE, HELL TAKE ANY KIND OF WORK RATHER THAN RUN INTO DEBT—

WHY ONLY TODAY HE WAS TRYING TO GET MONEY FROM ME!

REALLY?

YES INDEED! HE'S GOT A JOB WITH A COLLECTION AGENCY AND HE HAS ME ON HIS LIST

WELL—I'M GLAD TO HEAR HE HAS A STEADY JOB AT LAST

ONE WAY TO WIPE OUT A FRIENDSHIP IS TO SPONGE ON IT

SMATTER POP—Pop Has All the Answers By G. M. PAYNE

WELL, SIR, I'LL TELL YOU! I'M GLAD YOU BROUGHT THAT UP!

POP, HOW COME SOME ARE RAT-HOLES, AN' SOME ARE MOUSE-HOLES?

TEATS ARE QUITE LARGE, SO THE HOLE MUST BE ABOUT THIS SIZE.

TSUT MICE ARE LITTLE SO THEY REQUIRE A MUCH SMALLER ONE—OH MUCH SMALLER!

NOW WILL YA WAIT A SECOND TILL I THINK OF SOMETHIN' ELSE TO SAY YA?

OH, SURELY, SURELY!

MESCAL IKE By S. L. HUNTLEY

MEAN, I'M GONNA PERFORM THE JOB OF NIGHT WATCHMAN OVER TO THE STAGE COACH STATION! AN' I GOTTA ROLL OUT THIS HERE FORM FIRST—

YUH WRITE A TOLABLE FAIR, RY? HOW 'BOUT AN' I GOTTA SCRATCHIN' FOR ME, HUH?

SHORT LEMME SEE IT

AN' NOW IT SAYS, WHAT WOULD YUH DO IF YUH WASTA HEAR THE FIRE ALARM?

WAL, I'D GET UP AN' SEE THE WALL AN' IF IT WASN'T HOT TO GO BACK TO BED

Lolly Gags

WHAT ARE YOU READING NOW ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE STORIES?

OH, NO! THIS ONE 'BABOUT COUPLE

FINNEY OF THE FORCE By Ted O'Connell

IS GOD SUDGE A CODE?

WHUT BE TH' MATTER WIT YEZ? SOUNDS LOIKE YEZ HAVE A COLD

THAD'S WHAD I SEB—IB HORZE

WAT'S TOO BAD—MICHAEL HAD THAT TRUBBLE—RAMIMBER?

OH WIZ AWFUL HORSE—HAD A 'PAPA BEAR' VOICE FER A WEEK

OH CUDDEN YOU DELL BE WADDA DO? WAD CAP I DAKE? I'B ZO HORSH!

SEEBIN' IT'S YEZ—YEZ MIGHT TRY THIS!

WIDYESTER FAMEY

WHIN YEZ GOT A GOLD IVER-BUDDY BURNS YEZ UP WIT THEIR PET CUKES

"REG'LAR FELLERS"

WHAT ARE YOU GONNA BE WHEN YOU GROW UP PUDDINHEAD?

I THINK I'LL BE A DENTIST ON ACCOUNT OF THEM MAKE LOTS OF MONEY

AN' WHAT ARE YOU GONNA BE, PINHEAD?

I'M GONNA HELP PUDDINHEAD

SO YOU'RE GONNA BE A DENTIST TOO

OH NO! I'M GONNA OPEN A TAPPY STORE!

ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES An Overload By O. JACOBSSON

BRONC PEELER Introducing B. Oliver Withers By FRED HARMAN

AH, BY JOLLY! NOW TO FIND THE FOREMAN AND OFFER MY EQUINE TALENTS AS A KEEPER OF KINE.

AH TRACKS—I DEDUCE WHOEVER IT BE WAS IN GREAT HASTE—POSSIBLY CHASING AN ESCAPED FROCKING GALK—I SHALL FOLLOW—IT MAY BE THE FOREMAN!

PARDON THIS HASTY INTERUSION, MEN—BUT OVERHEARING YOUR REMARKS IN TOWN, LED ME TO BELIEVE—YOU ARE IN NEED OF—WHAT SHALL I SAY—A COWBOY—GENTLEMEN—B. OLIVER WITHERS—SUGGESTS YOUR CONSIDERATION FOR EMPLOYMENTS

BOTHER—THIS IS A COW RANCH, WHERE MANS A MAN AN' HOSSES HIDES AINT PANNED—MAYBE YAD LIKE 'TIDE ONE OF OUR HOSSES 'FORE YA GIT TO SERIOUS 'BOUT THIS JOB!

WRIGLEY'S IS ALWAYS REFRESHING!

BEFORE AFTER

First Egg—Why do you call me a coward?

Second Egg—Ha, ha, because you have a streak of yellow in you.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM

A BIT EXAGGERATED, BUT YOU GET THE IDEA

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY

THE BIB By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

THIS WHATEVER BE PUTTING THE BABY'S BIB ON WHILE SHE IS GETTING HIS SUPPER

STARTS TIVING IT, BABY PULLING BIB OUT OF HANDS SO AS TO LOOK AT THE PICTURE EMBROIDERED ON IT

BABY TURNS SO AS TO WATCH FATHER WHO CIRCLES CHAIR TRYING TO GET WHERE HE CAN TIE STRINGS, BABY TURNING WITH HIM

BABY TARES OF MERRY—GO ROUND AND SINGS, SUDDENLY TRYING TO SLIDE UNDER THE TRAY OF HIGH CHAIR

FATHER FINALLY CIRCLES HIM IN A QUAY MOMENT AND TIES BIB—IN A HARD MATH WHICH WILL TAKE 20 MINUTES TO UNDO

Bob Davis Reveals

Warning to the Well-Shod and Those Who Parlez Francais.

FOR more than thirty years, between long and short intervals, I have been a visitor to Paris. In no single instance during all of this time have I found it possible to walk the boulevards and avenues of the French capital without being set upon by alek-mannered gigolos and oily scalawags who wish to show me the highways and byways that lead to cabarets, restaurants, unsavory joints and sinful haunts operated for the entertainment of strangers within the gilded gates.

"Pardon, sir. But I am by profession a guide who will conduct you through the mazes of Paris. For the very small sum of 50 francs I will serve as your courier into the mysteries . . ." That by way of introduction.

"I have seen all you have to offer." "Make it 30 francs. No cab fare. Just a few steps."

"There is nothing new under the sun."

With a leer that leaves nothing to the imagination: "Ah, but you do not know all!"

"I know enough, which is too much." "Twenty francs for one hour. No other fees."

"Beat it. I'm not interested."

Disgusted with having wasted words on "a cheap skate" he fades out murmuring Latin anathemas.

Not Long Left in Peace.

But I have not escaped. Another slyly partisan of the shadows but-thenholes me within the hour: "You are here to enjoy yourself?"

"Where did you get that idea?" "American?"

"Oul. How did you know?" "You would be surprised. La, la lalla la." He shakes a cryptic finger at me.

"I'll give twenty francs if you'll tell the secret of how you birds spot us from across the water."

He wavers, glides a thumb over the tips of his fingers and extends a dank hand.

I drop the bribe into his palm.

"By your shoes," he replied. "Not your clothes or your chapeaux or your cravats. Shoe leather only. No country can imitate American footgear."

Speaking of French, which is far too flexible for Anglo-Saxon tongues—and should, therefore, be approached with caution—I heard a sad tale about an English lady who spilled for herself a mouthful of trouble at Dover, an English port of entry on the Channel. Returning with two daughters after a brief trip to Paris she was met on the dock by her husband, into whose arms she melted like a splash of quicksilver, uttering the euphonious word: "Tendresses." Instead of taking it with unbounded joy, Hub quailed perceptibly, while at the same time the British customs inspectors made a point at the good woman like hunting dogs marking a partridge in thick cover.

The Usual Customs Questions.

At the baggage inspection one of John Bull's very polite young men asked the returning trio if anything dutiable in the shape of perfumes, linens, cigarettes, silks, cameras, leather goods, etc., was among their effects.

"Certainly not. We are familiar with the regulations."

"Quite so, madam, but there are certain formalities. Would you be so very kind as to open your luggage?"

Every grip, suitcase, hatbox and bag was plumbed to its mysterious depths. All of the wardrobe equipment, much of which was done up in neat tissue paper parcels; Vanity cases, toilet things and gadgets, considered by młady as necessary paraphernalia whilst on the move, was brought to light. All bore the imprint of British manufacture. Not a dutiable article in the entire assortment.

A second inspector, wearing more gold braid than his predecessor and bearing himself with larger authority, suddenly appeared and casting a cold eye upon the returning travelers asked in the kindest possible manner where the other dresses were.

Seemed Like Unusual Pressure.

"I don't understand you," replied mother, returning the official gaze. "These are all. Nothing has escaped your inspection. It would be quite impossible to conceal so much as a handkerchief."

"What then did you mean," continued the gold-striped official, still in perfect control of his dignity, "by greeting this gentleman, presumably your husband, with the words, 'ten dresses'?"

Father lifted two eyebrows and dropped a chin. The girls exchanged swift glances of astonishment. Madam La Touriste promptly became an iceberg.

"Are you gentlemen familiar with the language of the French?" she asked, sinking her optical gimlets into both inspectors.

"Not extensively," replied the better decorated of the pair.

"In that event, please to be informed that 'tendresses', a French word in common use among educated people, means 'much love,' duty free at any port of entry in the civilized world."

"By Gad," exclaimed father, mopping the moisture from his pallid British brow.

—WNU Service.

Adorable Pantie Frock That Is Easy to Make

PATTERN 2556

Here's an adorable frock for a two-to-ten-year-old, and one very easy for mother to make, too. It wears a young round-collared neckline, puffed sleeves for irresistible little girl charm, and roomy pleats for agile youngsters who want "free action." Printed percale would be ever so appealing and practical.

Pattern 2556 is available in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 takes 2 3/4 yards 36" inch fabric. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included.

Send fifteen cents (15c) in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Write plainly name, address and style number. Be sure to state size.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third St., New York, N. Y.

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Find Out

From Your Doctor if the "Pain" Remedy You Take Is Safe.

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

BEFORE you take any preparation you don't know all about, for the relief of headaches; or the pains of rheumatism, neuritis or neuralgia, ask your doctor what he thinks about it—in comparison with Genuine Bayer Aspirin.

We say this because, before the discovery of Bayer Aspirin, most so-called "pain" remedies were advised against by physicians as being bad for the stomach; or, often, for the heart. And the discovery of Bayer Aspirin largely changed medical practice.

Countless thousands of people who have taken Bayer Aspirin year in and out without ill effect, have proved that the medical findings about its safety were correct.

Remember this: Genuine Bayer Aspirin is rated among the fastest methods yet discovered for the relief of headaches and all common pains . . . and safe for the average person to take regularly.

You can get real Bayer Aspirin at any drug store—simply by never asking for it by the name "aspirin" alone, but always saying BAYER ASPIRIN when you buy.

Bayer Aspirin

Your Advertising Dollar Buys something more than space and circulation in the columns of this newspaper. It buys space and circulation plus the favorable consideration of our readers for this newspaper and its advertising patrons. Let Us Tell You More About It

what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

A Texas Front Yard.
HOUSTON, TEX. — Because the Texas rangers merged with a prosaic highway patrol, thereby losing their entity as perhaps the finest fighting force for law enforcement that America ever knew, they're saying romance has suffered a death blow.
 But I wouldn't go so far as to say that—not about Texas. There's romance in her scope; raw drama in her business. Superlatives grow on trees out here and distance lives up to its name. We may not always fall in love with the fat lady in the sideshow, but her size commands respect. And sometimes, as in this case, there's beauty along with bulk. Take the famous King ranch—the mightiest domain in the hands of a single family in all the world, probably. There is a saying—and a true one—that it's ninety miles from the front gate to the front yard. Think of trying to shoo the chickens out of that front yard!



Irvin S. Cobb

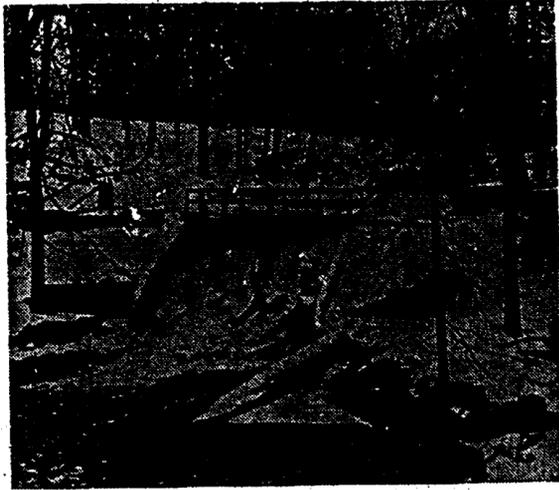
Praising Charles Curtis.
DURING his active life, there was a general journalistic tendency to deprecate Charles Curtis' larger achievements and laugh at his little vanities. Now that he's gone, the newspapers, without regard to their politics, are printing tributes to the distinguished career and fine citizenship of this man who went from an Indian lodge to the second highest elective office in our gift.
 Since to criticize our leaders is an almost universal instinct, wouldn't it be fine if we reversed the rule about speaking no ill of the dead and praised a deserving fellow-creature while he could hear what we said—but saved up the scoldings until he'd passed on?
 I could elaborate on this text, but must stop to try to think up some small gibe at the expense of some prominent man.

The Yellow Peril.
THEY'VE taken the Japanese war scare from the old cedar what-not and shaken the mothballs out of it and are waving it in the breeze as a signal to the citizens of Los Angeles to remove the women and children to a place of safety and a warning to the folks in Seattle to start building street barricades. Thus we have the annual revival of a time-honored custom.
 To be sure, there's a racial difference to be reckoned with. We're a breed of opportunists, the Japanese are a breed of fatalists. The American soldier wants to go home when the mess is over and see if he can get his job back from the lad that smuggled into it while he was at the front; the Japanese craves to rejoin his ancestors instead of his family. So naturally a fellow who'd prefer to go on living is at a handicap fighting a gentleman who thinks you're doing him a personal favor by killing him.
 But no matter how acute the peril, I decline to retreat to the Ozark mountains until they prove to me that Japanese explosives will explode when desired, or at all.

White Folks' Melodies.
LEAVING California, I said: "I'm fed up on the kinds of singing that you hear so much of out here. No matter what a Mexican song starts out with, it winds up with something about a dove. And the trouble with Hawaiian singers is that they're always telling you good-by but they never go. Thank goodness, I'll soon be listening to the stuff I was raised on—spirituals pouring gloriously forth from velvety African throats."
 But I hear now the distressing news that, even here in the deep South, some of the black people are getting so self-conscious or something they want to sing the white folks' comparatively thin and pitiless hymns instead of their own rich, glowing melodies.
 Think of the race that made "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," not wanting to chant it! Think of a day when "Deep River" is forgotten by its very creators! Think of "Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho" no longer ringing out where the field hands pick the cotton or cut the cane! Think of Little David not being entreated to play on his harp! Think of that and hush out crying!

Glasses of Eternal Spring.
PRETTY much all over the country there seems to be general complaint about the weather. People are saying the trouble with this winter is that there's so much winter to it.
 But there's a philosophical way of regarding climatic unpleasantness. My friend, Ed Borein, the western painter, knew an aged chief on the Crow reservation up in the Northwest who, when the first freeze came, went to the agency and bought a pair of green goggles. There didn't seem to be anything wrong with the old Indian's sight—he had an eye like a captive hawk—so Borein asked questions.
 "I'm no longer young," answered the ancient, "and I don't like the snow and ice. Now, wherever I look, I see only green things and it makes springtime in my heart."
 Maybe once in awhile we could learn something from the lowly Red man.
IRVIN S. COBB.

Hell Freezes Over at Last



You've often heard the expression "when hell freezes over," but this time it's literally true. Buried under six inches of snow is the little settlement of Hell, Mich., a name given by one of the early settlers who was arrested for not paying his taxes on whisky he was distilling there. He christened the town Hell, and Hell it has been ever since. The photograph shows a dam at Hell frozen over. Although the little river is not named, it presumably is the River Stix.

"Blind Spots" of World Are Being Cleared Up

Discoveries of Geographic Expeditions Reviewed.

Washington, D. C.—A few more of the world's fast dwindling "blind spots" were explored or mapped during 1935, says the National Geographic society, in an annual review of discoveries and outstanding geographic expeditions.
 "The geological party of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition II completed in January, 1935, a 1,410-mile sledging trip which penetrated into Antarctica to within 180 miles of the South pole," continues the review. "The party discovered extensive coal deposits within 200 miles of the pole."
 "Numerous other important discoveries were made by the expedition in 1934. Byrd and his party returned to the United States on May 7, 1935."
New Peaks Found in Yukon.
 "Bradford Washburn, leading the National Geographic Society Yukon expedition, explored and mapped 2,000 square miles of previously unknown region in the southwestern corner of Yukon territory, Canada, discovering 19 new mountain peaks more than 10,000 feet high, and a number of ex-

Arctic waters north of Siberia. Ushakoff Island was found September 1, by the ice-breaker Sadko about midway between the northern end of North Land (formerly Nicholas II Land) and Graham Bell Island. A week later the Sadko discovered three additional islands to the eastward.
Odd Race in New Guinea.
 "A hitherto unknown agricultural people, the Tari Furora, light brown and with certain Asiatic characteristics, was discovered early in 1935 in previously unexplored territory in the interior of New Guinea by H. G. Hildes, an assistant resident magistrate, during a patrol trip.
 "A pygmy tribe was discovered in July in a mountainous region of Annam, French Indo-China.
 "An expedition into the Gobi desert of Mongolia led by Prof. Nicholas Roerich brought out a collection of 300 drought-resistant plants.
 "An expedition headed by Dr. Otto Geist obtained from St. Lawrence Island in Bering sea, skeletal remains believed to bear on the migration of man from Asia to America.
 "Further studies of remains of early settlements on Kodiak island were made by Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, of the Smithsonian institution.
 "A 200-mile canyon on the San Juan and Colorado rivers was explored, and 8,000 square miles of territory mapped, by expeditions sent out by the United States National Park service.
 "The first geological survey of the Salmon River canyon, Idaho, was made by an expedition sent by the National Geographic society."

BOON TO SUFFERERS



This is Dr. Leroy L. Hartman, Columbia university professor of dentistry, discoverer of the new teeth desensitizer which makes the dentist's drill a painless instrument. The substance, which it was said "will revolutionize the practice of dentistry," was discovered after twenty years of research by Doctor Hartman.

tensive glaciers. Two of the newly discovered mountains were named for King George and Queen Mary of Great Britain in honor of their Jubilee year.
Mount Steele, Yukon territory, Canada, 16,439 feet high, was scaled August 15, by Walter Wood.
 "An airplane journey of 4,000 miles by Dr. Charles Camsell in northwestern Canada disclosed that the Rocky mountains come to an end to a plateau north of the Laird river at 60 degrees north latitude.
 "A low, narrow island, one mile long, was discovered January 6, 1935, in the Timor sea approximately 600 miles northwest of Broome, Australia.
 "A waterfall, estimated to have a drop of more than 1,000 feet, was discovered last summer from an airplane, by Penny Rogers, in the Chirripo mountains of Costa Rica.
 "A previously uncharted sub-sea peak, rising from a depth of 20,000 feet to within 300 feet of the surface of the Atlantic, was discovered near the Madeira Islands by a French cable repair ship.
 "An underwater range of mountains, some rising almost sheerly for 11,000 feet, were discovered in Bering sea, between the Aleutian and Pribilof islands, by an American cutter.
 "Ice-breakers of the Soviet government established more firmly the northern passage between ports of the White sea and the Far East. A number of ships made the trip in each direction during the summer.
 "Previously unknown islands were discovered by Russian expeditions to

Water for Senators Costs About \$7,000

Washington. — Senators drank more than \$7,000 worth of mineral water during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1935, and spent over \$1,000 for ice to cool their beverages, the annual report of the secretary of the senate showed. The report also showed \$205,375 for miscellaneous items, including about \$850 for paper cups, \$21.60 for six feather dusters, \$12 for silver plating the water pitcher in Vice President John N. Garner's office, and \$700 for keeping the clocks wound and in good condition.

"Stale Bread" Lacome Traces Jazz Back to '90s

New Orleans, La.—"Stale Bread" Lacome says New Orleans gave "hot" music to the world, and that he should know because he started it all.
 "Now fifty years old, fat, jolly, blind for 35 years, Lacome has spent most of his life at music after organizing his own "Spasm Band" of newboys with homemade instruments.
 A group of newbies became familiar with barroom ballads here before the Spanish-American war. Turning a half beer keg into a bass fiddle, a cigar box into a violin, a soap box into a guitar, and so on, the littleurchins roved about town for two years, playing for handouts.
 William Farnum showered them at the opera house with nickels. A police court judge once ordered them to play before him, and he dubbed the boys a "spasm band" at the "command performance."
 "Ragtime? No; we didn't play ragtime," said Lacome. "Our stuff was entirely different. I don't think we got it from negro music. We just started putting in the hot stuff all of a sudden."

WON'T SELL VOICE

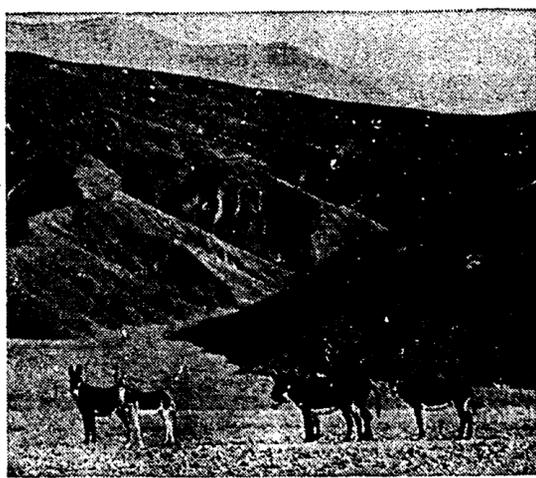


The rich contralto voice of Mrs. Lillian Urey "belongs to God" and she will not sell its golden notes to radio or any other commercial medium for any price. She is reported to have rejected a radio offer of \$500 a week. Mrs. Urey is a worker for the Volunteers of America, and she sings at the Bowery Mission, New York.

Round-the-World Trips by Air Likely This Year

London.—Round-the-world trips in air liners may be made possible this year. It is reported the Royal Netherlands Indies Air company is about to inaugurate a service from Sourabaya, Java, to Balikpapan, in Dutch Borneo. Next March this service will be extended to the Philippine islands. When the Philippine service is ready travelers will be able to fly from Croydon to Sourabaya by Imperial Airways and Dutch lines, from Sourabaya to the Philippines by a Dutch liner, from the Philippines to the United States by Pan-American Airways' China Clipper, from the United States to Brazil by regular American service, from Brazil to Europe by Lufthansa (German) line via West Africa, and back to Croydon in a cross-Channel air liner.
Menu for 7 Years
 Madison, Wis.—For seven years, three peanut butter sandwiches and nothing else have composed the daily lunch of Paul Billington, of the federal forest products laboratory here.

In the Land of the Wild Jackass



Here is a small herd of wild burros in Death Valley, the descendants of the little pack animals turned loose in by-gone years by prospectors overcome by thirst and starvation. Death Valley, taken into the national park service in 1933, is now open to tourists in the winter months. These burros are the only signs of wild life, animal or vegetable, to be seen in the entire valley, yet somehow they manage to live on vegetation that humans cannot find. Photograph by Union Pacific railroad.

Faith an Essential to Life, Business, Marriage, Friendship

Without Which Our Very Foundations Are Shaken.

Unless we have faith the ground shifts beneath our feet. We are as uncertain as if we stood, or built, upon quicksands. We are sunk. Unless we change to firmer foundation, life is a losing proposition. It is rid of security, of happiness, of confidence, of any welcoming future. So cling to faith even in the most adverse circumstances. It is a necessary support, and a heartening help to mind and spirit.
 Faith is not confined to religious experiences, although it is a fundamental of the spirit. Whatever the religion, whatever the church, faith is a necessary foundation; so true is this, that the word faith is frequently used in its stead. We often hear it said, "Of what faith is he?" meaning what church is he affiliated with. Yet the word is one of far broader meaning without losing any of its power or force. It is not segregated, but universal.
In Business.
 Business is built on faith. Faith in the supply, and faith in the delivery of orders. Business trust is founded on faith in the persons trusted, or in the companies with whom dealings are carried on. Without faith business would be shattered. It is the part of good business to build up faith in it, and to be alert to know in whom to put faith.
Marriage rests on faith of husband

and wife. Without it wedded life is but a travesty. Destruction of the home is imminent. Happiness flees. It is necessary for each person to be sufficiently adaptable to the other's likes and dislikes to learn to adjust to them if happiness is assured, but back of this there must exist an abiding faith.
In Friendship.
 Friendships are founded on faith. Acquaintances do not become friends without each person believes in the affection of the other, in the dependable reliance of the other. Friendships cease to exist when faith is gone.
 Without faith in one's children, they are cramped in development. Without faith in one's own ability of accomplishment, success fades into failure. But in all aspects faith is not a phantom, a mirage. It is a firm foundation. The faith of a child in her mother, and a mother in her child is beautiful to see.
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DOCTORS KNOW

Mothers read this:



TO BELIEVE
 CONSTITUTION

A cleansing dose today; a smaller quantity tomorrow; less each time, until bowels need no help at all.
Why do people come home from a hospital with bowels working like a well-regulated watch?
 The answer is simple, and it's the answer to all your bowel worries if you will only realize it: many doctors and hospitals use liquid laxatives.
 If you know what a doctor knows, you would use only the liquid form. A liquid can always be taken in gradually reduced doses. Reduced dosage is the secret of any real relief from constipation.
 Ask a doctor about this. Ask your druggist how very popular liquid laxatives have become. They give the right kind of help, and right amount of help. The liquid laxative generally used is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It contains senna and cascara — both natural laxatives that can form no habit, even in children. So, try Syrup Pepsin. You just take regulated doses till Nature restores regularity.

When Children get Out-of-Sorts

Fretful, "peevish" young-ones who eat too much sweets or rich food often develop round worms and constipation.
Dr. True's Elixir
 Laxative Brand Worm Expeller



Mrs. Connelley's Daughter
 "My neighborhood druggist recommended Dr. True's Elixir to me. . . I purchased a bottle and gave some to my little girl.
 I consider it unequalled as a children's laxative, regulator and worm expeller, and recommend it to all mothers."
 Mrs. E. W. Connelley, 18 Franklin St., Makes Signs of Round Worms — Constipation, changed stomach, swollen upper lip, offensive breath, hard and full stomach.
 Successfully used for 24 years

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ALKALIZE YOUR STOMACH THIS WAY



Alkalizes Disturbed Stomach Almost Instantly

YOU can relieve even the most annoying symptoms of acid stomach in almost as little time now as it takes to tell.
 The answer is simple. You alkalize your stomach almost instantly this way:
 Take — 2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia 30 minutes after meals. OR — take 2 Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets, the exact equivalent.
 That's all you do! Relief comes in a few minutes. Your stomach is alkalized—soothed. Nausea, and upset distress quickly disappear. . . It's amazing.
 Results come so fast because Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is a potent natural alkalizer. Everywhere people—urged to keep their stomach alkalized—are finding this out.
 Try it. Get a bottle of the liquid Phillips' for home use. Only 25¢ for a big box of Phillips' Tablets to carry with you. Watch out that any bottle or box you accept is clearly marked "Phillips' Milk of Magnesia."

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 PAIN AFTER EATING SLEEPLESSNESS
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"Painless" Taxes Really Hurt

By **RAYMOND PITCAIRN**
National Chairman
Sentinels of the Republic

During recent months America has heard a growing volume of protest against the so-called "painless taxes."

That is the term used by politicians to describe those taxes which are not levied directly; but are hidden, instead, in the cost of food, shelter and other necessities. The theory is that what the average citizen doesn't know about the costs of government won't hurt him—and that it won't hurt the officials who fix those costs, either.

But unfortunately for the theory, such taxes are beginning to attain a high degree of visibility. For a while they were discernible only in the rising cost of living. Now they have come more clearly into the light. A recently published analysis of Federal income sources tells the story much as follows:

In 1932, direct taxes (on income, corporations, etc.) produced 58 1/2 per cent of our Federal revenue, while indirect taxes (baked into your bread and woven into your clothes) produced 41 1/2 per cent—approximately \$782,000,000.

In 1933, direct taxes produced only 42 per cent of our revenue, while indirect taxes climbed to 58 per cent—approximately \$1,091,000,000.

In 1934, direct taxes produced 24 per cent of our Federal income, while indirect taxes soared to 66 per cent—approximately \$1,974,100,000.

In 1935, the proportion of hidden taxes dropped a bit. Direct taxes produced 38 1/2 per cent, while indirect taxes accounted for 61 1/2 per cent. But the total of invisible taxes continued to soar. It rose to approximately \$2,234,800,000.

Who paid those taxes hidden in the cost of living? The rich? To a minor degree. But the overwhelming share was paid by that huge majority of average citizens who labor to buy food and clothes and shelter for themselves and their families. And the larger the family, the higher the bill.

To whom, then, are hidden taxes "painless"? To no one, it would seem. And certainly not to the great body of American workers and earners who continue to pay them in the form of rising prices for almost everything they buy.

First Church at Jamestown

The first church at Jamestown, Va., consisted of an awning made of old sailcloth, walls which were rails of wood, seats of unhewn trees, the pulpit bars of wood nailed to two trees. Captain Smith says of this: "Yet we had daily common prayer, every Sunday two services and every three months the holy communion until our minister died." The tower of the Jamestown church, which was afterward built is still standing.

Precious Woods in Demand
The precious woods, such as teak, ebony, mahogany, boxwood, rosewood, Circassian walnut, balsa and lignum vitae, all in demand in America, come from the tropics, as does satinwood.

The "Keystone State"

On the Fourth of July, 1774, the Continental congress convened in Philadelphia to vote upon adoption of the Declaration of Independence and thus decide whether the thirteen colonies should secede from the British empire. Before the Pennsylvania delegation arrived, notes G. R. Turner in the Kansas City Times, twelve states had voted, with the result that six were in favor of independence and six were opposed to separation from the mother country. When the Pennsylvanians came in, John Morton cast the deciding vote for independence. Thus Pennsylvania, by its vote, decided the great issue and rightly earned the popular name of "the Keystone State."

Seventeen-Year Locusts Have No Female Singers

Confusion of terms long has existed in popular names for the cicada—often called the 17-year locust—the grasshopper and the locust, writes Lynne Greene in the Kansas City Star. There are a number of species of cicadae, and all have the same general characteristics, the slight difference being in size, variations in color and wing markings.

The eggs are laid in the bark of trees. The newly hatched young drop to the ground and, burrowing, feed by sucking the juices of roots. They live in the ground 16 years, with little change in appearance. Toward the end of this period scale-like rudiments of wings appear.

In the spring of the seventeenth year the nymph with its enlarged front feet digs a tunnel to the surface. From late May to early July members of the brood crawl out singly or in droves and, fastening on a tree trunk or some support, split down the back to liberate the adults, which have a week or so of aerial life, recompensing them for the long period of preparation.

The adult male "sings" loudly and shrilly, by vibrating membranes stretched over a pair of sound chambers, one at each side, near the base of the abdomen. A ocean poet said, "Happy is the cicada; its wife has no voice."

There may be several broods in a neighborhood, and the adults of one of them may have appeared in 1921; their next appearance would be in 1938. Another brood might be dated 1926-1941, and so on. Each year we have 17 year cicadae.

St. Augustine, Oldest City in United States

St. Augustine is the oldest city in the United States. It has preserved relics of its antiquity with impressive dignity. Don Pedro Menendez landed there at the mouth of the Matanzas river on September 6, 1565. Life in the little colony consisted of a series of battles with Indians and with corsairs. Sir Francis Drake and his English fleet of 26 vessels attacked, sacked, and burned the settlement in 1586.

Standing in good state of preservation in that ancient city is Fort Marion, built in 1750 and said to be the oldest fortress in the United States, notes a writer in the Chicago Tribune. It is maintained as a national monument operated by the St. Augustine Historical society.

The structure is of coquina, a dark gray rock peculiar to this vicinity. The walls, rising 25 feet from a moat, are rectangular with a bastion at each corner. On the northeast bastion is a watch tower 25 feet high.

Guides take visitors through casemates, chambers, off a courtyard 103 feet by 109 feet. One of these, not much bigger than a clothes closet and devoid of any source of ventilation when the door is closed, was described as an execution chamber—execution being by suffocation. "Doctors have estimated that a man can live here for only 12 hours before exhausting the air," said the guide.

Where Poor Live in Big Palaces Built for Rich

The many curious and charming sights of the Free City of Danzig include the tree shaded old streets of the quaintest names, where poor people live in palaces.

Doubtless these stone houses with their striking colored baroque facades, high steps and fishlike gargoyles were built for the merchant princes of the Hanseatic era of the city's great commercial past, but the shawled women and street urchins that work and play about their portals remind one of the Syrian and Greek immigrants who live in the colonial headquarters of Bowling Green in New York city, except that the city authorities of Danzig have insisted on a cleaner appearance of both streets and homes.

Danzig is full of Gothic and Renaissance architecture, for the decoration of the city extended from public buildings to streets of houses, many going back to the sixteenth century. This is specially true of Franzenasse and Frauentor; entered through an arch like the fortress portal of an ancient city wall, the streets open on both sides amid trees as if they were private courtyards of royalty.

Blarney Stone Kissers Slide Through Opening

There possibly is more "blarney" in circulation about the Blarney stone than ever was imparted to persons who have kissed that famous Irish rock, declares a writer in the Philadelphia Record.

There is general denial that the stone is hard to reach. This may have been true when Cormac MacCarthy built the sturdy castle some five miles northeast of Cork, about 500 years ago.

The stone is situated at the top of a massive donjon tower, rising 120 feet above the beautiful greensward surrounding the castle. It is a lower outside stone—part of a parapet surrounding the tower.

In the old days, brave sons of Erin were supposed to hang over the outside of the parapet to reach the stone for the osculation ceremony. It was said they even hung by their toes—if they had no help and were a bit short.

A hole large enough for a person to slide through pierces the parapet on a level with the tower floor. Iron bars clasped to the stone serve as hand-grips. With back to the floor the person desiring to kiss the stone, may slide through the hole in ease and comparative safety. Some timid souls still insist on a companion holding their feet.

Primitive Eskimo Races Greatest of Toy Makers

While toys apparently are common to the human race in all climes and all ages, it is among the Eskimos and the nomad peoples of northern Siberia that the greatest profusion of playthings is found associated with primitive peoples, according to the Smithsonian Institution.

One of the institution's choicest toy collections is from the desolate St. Lawrence island in Bering sea, from the lowest habitation level supposedly occupied by early migrants of the Eskimo race from Asia. Even in this remote antiquity there are plenty of playthings—miniature sleds, kayaks, harpoon heads, etc. Illustrative of the activities of the elders.

With the successive habitation layers the profusion of toys increases and delicately carved ivory replaces wood. There are great numbers of ivory dogs, bears, foxes, and especially, different varieties of swimming birds. Numerous human figures also are found. These ivory pieces were used in a curious sort of dice game which still survives and apparently has been played by the children for many generations.

An even greater profusion of toys is found among the eastern Eskimo of Greenland and the Hudson bay region, both contemporaneously and in archeological deposits.—Boston Globe.

Home Rule—An American Tradition

By **RAYMOND PITCAIRN**
National Chairman
Sentinels of the Republic

Dominant among American concepts in government stands the principle of Home Rule.

It is perhaps the oldest of our traditions. It is a healthy outgrowth of that insistence on self-government which found expression in the Revolutionary War. Regarded by the founders and developers of America as essential to their liberty, it has persisted through a century and a half of national history.

That explains why a growing number of citizens watch with grave misgivings many of the innovations in government being urged on the American people today. Among these they see:

Efforts to force on citizens, with all the authority of enacted law, the dictates of appointed Bureau chiefs.

Efforts to curb the powers of the Supreme Court whenever it upholds the rights reserved by our Constitution to the people and the states.

Efforts to centre in Washington powers and authority which, since the beginning of our nation, have belonged to the states and smaller communities.

These attempts are already under way. Others will undoubtedly follow. But, in whatever alluring forms they may be presented, all mean fundamentally the same thing—limiting the people's power in government, by taking from their local communities the right to run their own affairs.

In other words, the weakening of Home Rule.

The real significance of such proposals lies, therefore, not in what they promise, but in what they threaten to take away from the people in the way of rights and privileges and power. As a wise President once said:

"No method of procedure has ever been devised by which liberty could be divorced from local self-government."

Norse Seals Have It

Discovery near Lake Winnepig, in Canada, of a Norse rune stone dated in the fourteenth century revived dispute over Scandinavian claims that Norsemen not only discovered America long before Columbus, but penetrated far into the continent with expeditions and settlements. This theory had its rise in discovery of a similar rune stone in Minnesota some thirty years ago, says the San Francisco Chronicle. This discovery was booted by skeptics as a fake. Much plausible evidence has been presented by both supporters and opponents of the Nordic claim, as well as by others who uphold the theory that Asians preceded any Europeans in American discovery, this apart from evidence that the American Indians did not spring from the soil, but came by way of Bering Straits.

Townsend Plan to Cut Income

Old Age Plan Would Slash Average Income \$277 Each Year.

Under the title "The Townsend Nightmare," the American Liberty League, a nation-wide organization devoted to sanity in government, has released a simple mathematical study of Dr. Townsend's old age pension proposal showing that this appealing plan would, in reality, take an average of \$277 a year from every worker in the United States.

The League explains that in 1929 when everyone had a job who wanted one there were 47,041,000 persons gainfully employed. Their total earned income was \$51,088,000,000. The average earned income was \$1,087.00.

"The Townsend Plan," the League adds, "would cut that average income to \$596.00 per year. Simple arithmetic proves that. This is how it works:

Everyone's Income Cut

"The Townsend Plan would take \$20,000,000,000 out of the national income to pay \$200.00 per month to about 8,000,000 persons. On this \$20,000,000,000, wage and salary earners would pay about \$13,000,000,000 or \$277.00 each. Other taxes take \$214.00 per year from each worker. Thus the worker would have \$596.00 left out of his \$1,087.00 annual earnings. That is what the average worker would have left to support his family for a year if the 1929 employment figures and 1929 wage scales still prevailed. Today, of course, he would have less because there are not so many employed and many are working for lower wages.

"Are you willing," the League queries, "to try to support your family on \$596.00 or less per year in order to provide a Townsend Act beneficiary with \$2,400.00 per year—or with \$4,800.00 per year if there are two persons over sixty in one family?"

"The Townsendites tell you that you don't pay for the \$200.00 per month pensions; they say that is taken care of by a tax, a tax of two per cent on all business transactions.

Workers Pay Tax

"Who pays that tax? Who pays any tax; who can pay any tax except someone who is earning the money with which to pay it? In other words, if you have a job or an income, you pay it.

"Under the Townsend Plan every worker will see tax bills. He will see one every time he buys a loaf of bread—two per cent. And before he sees that there will be a whole string of other two per cent taxes—two per cent on the price the farmer pays for the land on which to raise grain—two per cent on the grain when the farmer sells it—two per cent on the flour when the miller sells it—two per cent more when the wholesaler sells the flour to the retail baker.

"And the worker will pay all of those taxes plus a profit on each one when he buys his loaf of bread. Of course prices on all the necessities of life would increase tremendously and every time they did the two per cent tax would increase automatically."

New Taxation Is Primary Cause of Higher Prices

By **FRANK C. RAND**

Chairman of the Board, International Shoe Company, and Member Executive Committee, American Liberty League.

All of us are asking, "What is the primary cause of higher prices on everything we buy?" It is not an easy question to answer; but I am confident that no single factor contributes more, if as much, to higher living cost, than constantly increasing taxes of all kinds. The insidious influence of unlimited taxation is felt in every home; for every citizen is paying taxes on everything he buys.

This was clearly and forcefully expressed by Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt in a Pre-Election speech October 19, 1932:

"Taxes are paid in the sweat of every man who labors, because they are a burden on production and can be paid only by production. If excessive, they are reflected in idle factories, tax sold farms, and hence in hordes of the hungry tramping the streets and seeking jobs in vain. Our workers may never see a tax bill, but they pay in deductions from wages, in increased cost of what they buy or in broad cessation of employment. There is not an employed man, there is not a struggling farmer whose interest in this subject is not direct and vital. If like a spendthrift the government throws discretion to the winds, is willing to make no sacrifice at all in spending, extends its taxing to the limit of the people's power to pay and continues to pile up deficits, it is on the road to bankruptcy."

Last year our taxes, National, State and Municipal, amounted to more than Fifteen Billion Dollars. "The Power to Tax," said Chief Justice Marshall, "is the Power to Destroy," and we must call a halt on the expense of Government or be destroyed by the consequences.

When public officials brag about the increase in public revenue they are boasting of the amount that has been taken from the pockets of our citizens; for all public revenue comes from individual effort.

It is your duty and mine to arouse public sentiment to a point where it will demand a reduction in the cost of Government.