

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME LIII NO. 18

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18, 1936

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STATE STATISTICS

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

No. 5
Let's Do a Better Job in Relief

Listen, Neighbor:—

When you talk about balancing our budget—whether it's your own personal budget or the State's—there are just two ways to go about it.

Either you've got to get some more money coming in, or else you've got to cut down on what you spend. Now, the one government expense that has skyrocketed up way out of sight of everything else is what we've been spending for welfare and relief.

	Amount	% of Total State Spendings
1928	\$ 94,000	1%
1932	219,000	2%
1933	301,000	2%
1934	4,034,000	22%
1935	3,914,000	22%

It's kind of a delicate subject to talk about, without treading on somebody's toes, but there are some things about the situation we can all agree on.

You hear all kinds of stories about administrative costs and careless methods and only a small percent of relief funds getting through to the people the money is supposed to help. On the other hand, you keep hearing of men who won't take jobs when they're offered, because they say they can get more on relief, doing nothing.

It isn't likely that folks in this State are so much better than the average elsewhere that they're not heir to the same weaknesses, but that's no reason we should put up with those weaknesses indefinitely.

Waste may have been unavoidable when we first had to tackle relief on a wholesale scale, but we've had more than two years' experience now, and it's time we put relief on a business basis. We're bound to have relief in some form for some time to come as a government expense, but we shouldn't permit it to become as a government extravagance. So I say, let's scrutinize our relief expenditures, organize on a sound and economical basis for a long haul, and then see where we're at. I don't say we can save enough that way to balance our budget, but I do say it'll go a long way towards it.

Julius W. Public

Special Precinct Meeting is Called For April 6 Next, at Town Hall

As all who attended the annual Precinct Meeting on Wednesday evening last know, and many others have since heard, that the Commissioners were instructed to get permission and authority from the Court to hold a Special Precinct Meeting for a specific purpose.

[The attention of our readers, in this connection, is called to the latter part of the report of the annual Precinct Meeting, appearing elsewhere in this issue of the Reporter].

Permission of the Court is now in the possession of the Commissioners, who have caused to be called a Special Precinct Meeting, in the Town hall, on Monday evening, April 6, 1936, at 7.30 o'clock. Together with the Warrant and call for this meeting is posted copies of the Court's order. The Articles in the Warrant are as printed herewith:

1—To see if the Precinct will authorize its board of Commissioners to renew and re-lay the wooden water pipe on North Main St., between Saltmarsh Bridge and the south corner of Elm St., at a cost not to exceed \$3,000, and authorize said board of Commissioners and its Treasurer to execute and deliver the note or notes of said Precinct in a total amount not in excess of \$3,000 in payment therefor, upon such terms and conditions as to said board may seem advisable; or take any action in relation thereto.

2—To transact any other business that may legally come before said meeting.

It will be a most pleasing thing to all interested in the Antrim Precinct and its prosperity, and especially to the Commissioners, to have present at this meeting a large number of residents within the Precinct. The Commissioners are doing this job for all of us, and are doing it well; let's co-operate with them and do all we can to encourage them.

A First Aid Course

Is to be started on Monday evening, March 23, at 7.30 o'clock; sessions will be held in Firemen's hall. The course will consist of seven lessons of approximately two hours each, and will be held on seven consecutive Mondays.

Anyone wishing to take this course should be at the hall on Monday evening, March 23. The only expense is that of the cost of the First Aid Book which is 60 cents.

This work is being carried on under the auspices of the Local Branch of the Red Cross.

Would Change Fast Day

Quiet agitation is underway throughout the State in an attempt to have the annual Fast Day holiday, usually the last Thursday in April, changed from Thursday to Monday. One of the talking points in favor of the change is that it would give a long week-end holiday and would not break up the middle of the week for manufacturers and storekeepers.

Wendall Ring has gone to Chicago, where he will enter a training school, and take a prescribed course in electrical engineering.

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Henry A. Dreer

902 Dreer Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

Important Business Done at the Precinct Meeting Last Wednesday

The Precinct annual meeting was held on Wednesday evening last, in town hall, the same being called to order at 7.30 o'clock by the Moderator, Hiram W. Johnson, and the attendance was not large. Doubtless the very stormy night interfered with many who otherwise would have been present.

The business of the meeting proceeded under the several articles in the Warrant.

1. To choose a Moderator for the year ensuing.

Hiram W. Johnson was re-elected.

2. To choose all necessary Officers and Agents for the year ensuing.

Alwin E. Young was re-elected Clerk; Archie M. Swett was re-elected treasurer; Hiram W. Johnson was re-elected commissioner for three years; H. W. Eldredge and A. W. Proctor were re-elected auditors.

3. To hear the report of the Auditors on the Precinct Officers' accounts and act thereon.

Voted, to dispense with the reading of the report and accept same as printed in Town Report.

4. To hear the reports of the Commissioners, Fire Wards, and Agents, and act thereon.

Under this article, the Commissioners' report was read, as was also the report of the Fire Wards; both reports accepted by vote to be filed.

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.

No change was made in the price paid the past year, and same amount was appropriated.

6. To see what per cent of the water rates the Precinct will vote to collect for the ensuing year.

Voted, same as last 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.

Voted, to raise the same amount as last year.

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.

Without discussion, it was voted to authorize the Commissioners to so extend the pipe line.

9. To see if the Precinct will vote to authorize the Commissioners to borrow such sums as may be necessary in anticipation of taxes.

It was so voted.

10. To do any other proper business that may legally come before said meeting.

Action of the Town in its Annual meeting the day before made it necessary to do something not previously planned for. It was voted on Tuesday to have a bridge North Main street to the Saltmarsh bridge so-called; along the side of this street runs the water pipe. This pipe was laid 43 years ago, and there is every reason to believe that soon it will have to be relaid. The question has arisen whether to relay it before the road is hard-surfaced or wait till compelled to do so. After due consideration and looking at all sides of the problem, it was decided to instruct the Commissioners to relay the pipe as soon as the work can well be done; and that the Commissioners procure the consent of the Superior Court to hold a special Precinct meeting for the purpose of getting proper authority to go ahead with the work and borrow the amount of money necessary to complete the job.

Under this article, it was stated by Commissioner Johnson that he had received word from headquarters that from now on the Precinct and all the business connected with it is under the control of the Public Service Commission of the State (made so by the last session of the Legislature) and that an accounting system meeting with their approval must be put into operation.

This looks like a lot more detail work a lot more expense, considerable more constant figuring; and so far as the Precinct and its interested tax payers go not one iota of benefit to them.

A Correspondent Writes the Reporter About "The Old Trail"

Less than a year ago, some of the elite of New York City got together and organized what was known as the Council for Moderation, Inc. They stated that they proposed to "blaze an entirely new trail toward the solution of the liquor problem."

In less than a year it has suspended operations and the New York office in Rockefeller Center has closed its doors, "lack of funds and popular financial support causing its downfall." The people know history too well.

It is laughable to think any one should suppose they were "blazing a new trail," by advocating moderation in the use of liquor.

Fifty years before the writer of this article was born, New Hampshire towns were going strong on moderation and since then the moderation trail has been worn smooth by the tramp of many feet.

Just listen to the words of the historian: "From a careful consideration of all available testimony, it seems probable that at least ninety or ninety-five per cent of all the male adults in town (Andover) before 1820 drank more or less alcoholic liquor."

"No funeral was conducted and no marriage celebrated at the bride's home until the minister had

Continued on page five

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

SLOGANS MAY BE SLANDERS, AND VICE-VERSA

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

BACK in 1884 when James G. Blaine was the Republican candidate for President and Grover Cleveland, the Democratic standard-bearer, the followers of the latter raised the cry of "Turn the rascals out!" Despite the scandals of the Grant administration and the dubious victory of the Republican Hayes over the Democratic Tilden, it is doubtful if there were any more "rascals" in the Republican party than there were among the Democrats at that time.

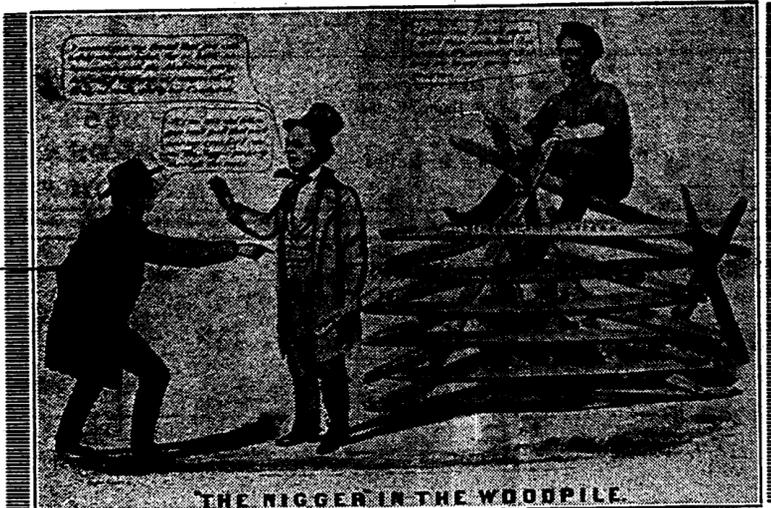
But American political history is full of cases in which the "outs" raise that cry against the "ins" to unseat them. That was the case in 1884 and the Republicans were turned out after having been in power continuously for 24 years. Again in 1928 the Democratic "outs," recalling the scandals of the Harding administration, raised that cry against the Republican "ins" but this time it didn't work and Hoover was elected over Smith. Now we are approaching another campaign and, ironically enough, the Democrats who are now the "ins" are hearing the familiar old cry raised against them by some of the leading newspapers representing the Republican "outs."

Yes, another campaign is coming and, just as in the past, we will now have our full quota of slogans—and slanders! Especially, the latter, for both sides have already predicted that "it's going to be a very dirty campaign." What will those slanders be? Don't worry! You'll hear them soon enough—trust Old Dame Rumor and her consort, Old Whispering Campaigner, for that!

What will the slogans be? It's a little too early yet to predict that very accurately. But it looks now as though some variation of "Don't Bring Back the Horse and Buggy Days" might be used by the Democrats and "Save the Constitution" by the Republicans. However, there may be entirely different and more potent ones after the nominating conventions are held in June and the campaign gets well under way. About the only predictable thing about the power of campaign slogans is their utter unpredictability. Often the carefully planned ones are failures at vote-getting, whereas a chance remark or some unexpected incident may provide a slogan which plays a vitally important part in electing a candidate. At least, that has been their history in the past.

In 1840 the Presidential candidate of the Whigs was William Henry Harrison, the hero of the Battle of Tippecanoe. When they nominated as his running mate John Tyler of Virginia, the combination gave them "alliteration's artful aid." Shouting for "Tippecanoe and Tyler, Too!" plus a few pointed remarks at the White House incumbent—such as "Van, Van Is a Used-up Man" and "With Tip and Tyler, We'll Bust Van's Biler"—the Whigs won an overwhelming victory.

Four years later slogans played a very decisive part in electing the first "dark horse" in American political history—James K. Polk of Tennessee. At that time we were involved in disputes with Mexico over the proposed annexation of Texas and with Great Britain over the



A CARTOON OF THE 1860 CAMPAIGN

The figure on the pile of logs is Abraham Lincoln, the Republican candidate saying: "Lit-tle did I think when I split these rails that they would be the means of elevating me to my present position." In the center is Horace Greeley of the New York Tribune saying: "I assure you, my friend, that you can safely vote our ticket, for we have no connection with the Abolition party but our Platform is composed entirely of rails, split by our Candidate." To that the figure on the left, "Young America," is replying: "It's no use, old fellow! You can't pull the wool over my eyes for I can see 'the Nigger' peeping through the rails!"

did triumph in the stirring campaign of 1860 when Abraham Lincoln was the Republican candidate. Among the slogans of that campaign were "Millions for Freedom, Not One Cent for Slavery," "Intervention is Disunion," "Popular Sovereignty and National Union," "Free Homes for Free Men," "The Constitution and the Union, Now and Forever," "Let Liberty Be National and Slavery Sectional," and scores of others, on both sides of the slavery controversy.

Grant's famous "Let Us Have Peace" was used to good advantage as a slogan in electing the "Man from Appomattox" but the corruption which marked his two administrations provided the Democratic opponents of his successor, Hayes, with the best possible type of slogan. So "Tilden and Reform" echoed throughout the campaign in 1876 as a powerful rallying cry for the Democrats. By all the rules of slogan logic, the brevity and the force of that slogan should have won for Tilden but election boards and an electoral commission decided otherwise.

In the campaign of 1884 the Democrats had a winning slogan handed to them on a silver platter by their opponents. The Republican candidate was James G. Blaine and it looked as though his followers with their rallying cries of "Blaine, Blaine, Blaine of Maine" and "As Maine Goes, So Goes the Nation!" would elect him. But his cause received a fatal blow when a group of ministers called upon him and their leader, Rev. R. B. Burchard, declared in a speech that all conscientious Americans should vote the Republican ticket because the Democrats stood for "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." Blaine did not hear him distinctly enough to realize the gross error and to repudiate this slur upon the religious belief of millions of Americans. So the slogan which the Republicans had attempted to tack on the Democrats proved to be a boomerang and aided in defeating their candidate.

The tariff campaigns were prolific with slogans. Among the most telling ones were "Protection and Prosperity," "Free Trade and Pauperized Labor" and "Free Trade and the Destruction of American Industries," which the practical Mark Hanna boiled down into the vote-getting slogan of "The Full Dinner Pail."

Sometimes a slogan will have a "kick-back" after it has accomplished its purpose. There is no doubt but that "He Kept Us Out of War" helped re-elect Woodrow Wilson in 1916. And then fate decreed that within six months after his election we should be "in" and not "out" of war. "Too Proud to Fight" was another phrase that haunted him later.

As for the slogans of recent years, they are too familiar to most of us to need much comment. War-weary America turned "Back to Normalcy" with Warren G. Harding in 1920. In 1924 when the Democrats hoped that it was restless under Republican misrule and hot for a change, they learned that it had decided to "Keep Cool With Coolidge" instead of vote for "Better Days With Davis." In 1928 the Democrats, wearing a brown derby and singing "The Sidewalks of New York" asked America to remember its "Eight Years of Wall Street" and to "Give Main Street a Chance." But instead of heeding this advice America voted for "Hoover and Prosperity" and for "Safety, Solvency and Sobriety." When that prosperity vanished in 1929 it was willing to listen to a promise of a "New Deal" and in 1932 elected Franklin D. Roosevelt to get it.

And these are only a part of the slogans which have played their part in American political history. The slanders have been equally numerous. Slogans are often forgotten after "the tumult and the shouting" of a political campaign dies down. But, unfortunately, that is not always true of the slanders. Even after a candidate becomes President of the United States and is traditionally entitled to all the respect and honor due that high office, the gossips, the whisperers, the just-plain-facts keep up their dirty work. Few Presidential candidates and few Presidents have escaped being the targets of their poison tongues.

"If ever a nation was debauched by a man, the American nation has been debauched by him. If ever a nation has been deceived by a man the American nation has been deceived by him. Let his conduct then be an example to future ages. Let it serve to be a warning that no man may be an idol and that a people may confide in themselves rather than in an individual. Let the history of the federal government instruct mankind, that the masquerade of patriotism may be worn to conceal the foulest designs against the liberties of the people."

The man referred to in the foregoing quotation was none other than George Washington. Those lines were penned by Benjamin Franklin Bache, grandson of the immortal Ben Franklin, editor of the Philadelphia Aurora in 1796. And that was typical of the abuse heaped upon the head of the "Father of His Country" by the Jeffersonian Republican press during the final months of Washington's last administration.

With such a good start, is it especially remarkable that our political history should be filled with slanders and that in the heat of a Presidential campaign common sense and common decency seems sunk to unbelievably low depths?

"Bargain and Corruption" was the cry of the Jacksonian Democrats against John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay in 1824 for, as a popular song of that period declared:

Henry Clay was a cunning chap
His debts had thrown him all back,
So he felt a longing for Treasury pap,
He made a bargain with John the Great,
I shan't the particulars here relate,
But Harry was placed in the chair of State,
Heigh-ho, says Harry.

But such a charge as that was mild compared to those hurled during the campaign of 1828 when Jackson triumphed over Adams. "It was a merciless, filthy, scavenging campaign, in which nothing personal concerning the candidates was denied to the accumulating spoils of published privacies—from the temporary legal complications of General Jackson's matrimonial affairs to the billiard table, that piece of 'gambling furniture' at the White House" (then occupied by Adams). So writes Meade Minnigerode in his book "Presidential Years."

Considering the veneration in which the name of Abraham Lincoln is held throughout the United States today, it seems strange to look through the newspapers of 1860 and find in them a reference to him in such words as these: "A horrid looking wretch he is, sooty and scoundrelly in aspect, a cross between the nutmeg dealer, the horse swapper and the night man... He is a lank-sided Yankee of the incomelike visage and of the dirtiest complexion. Faugh! After him what decent white men would be President?"

After Lincoln's assassination, the scandal-mongers immediately busied themselves with smearing the new President, Andrew Johnson. He had, they asserted, "been drinking for a month" and on the night of that tragedy "had to be roused from a drunken stupor and taken to a doctor to be sobered up." Both Grant and Cleveland were accused of habitual intemperance and an alleged indiscretion in the latter's youth was exaggerated and distorted to make him appear an habitual profligate.

Cleveland's opponent, Blaine, did nothing to stop the spread of this scandal but when Cleveland was offered certain papers which would besmirch Blaine in much the same manner, he paid off the tale-bearer and destroyed the papers. However, a less scrupulous Democratic partisan got hold of the story, which reflected upon Blaine's family life, and published it. It became common campaign gossip and, despite a frank explanation which Blaine was at last forced to issue, the slander continued to circulate. And this was only one of several incidents in the campaign of 1864 which was as bad, if not worse, than the Jackson-Adams campaign of 1828.

At one time Cleveland while discussing with John S. Wise, a political opponent but a personal friend, the death of President McKinley, said: "I don't know whether, after all, McKinley's life, sad as was its ending, was not, taking into consideration everything, to be envied. It is true he was struck down by an assassin. But he was never assassinated in his lifetime. Bodily death is by no means the worst torture which a man can suffer. The torture of lies and misrepresentation affecting what is dearest to us in life is infinitely worse than the mere physical pain of dying."

No doubt other Presidents and other Presidential candidates who have suffered as he did would agree with those words of Grover Cleveland. And American citizens might well remember them when, during the coming campaign, some whisperer seeks to pour in his ear the poison of slander against a candidate, whether Republican or Democrat, Socialist or Communist, or the standard-bearer of any other party.

Western Newspaper Union.

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
By WILLIAM BRUCKART



Washington.—A routine War department order came through the other day which said, cryptically:

Thunder Over Hagood "By direction of the President, Maj. Gen. Johnson Hagood, U. S. A., is relieved from assignment to the command of the Eighth corps area and further duty at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Major General Hagood will proceed to his home and await orders."

Each day, there comes from the War department anywhere from two or three to a couple of dozen orders by which army officers are transferred from one post to another, from one assignment to another or given new instructions. It is not unusual at all. That is why I said at the outset of this item that the order respecting General Hagood was routine. But it was routine only in the language that was used. Otherwise, it was significant. Just how significant it will prove to be remains as a secret to be unfolded by the future. Suffice to say that seldom has one minor incident of government administration created such a storm as this army order because it has become a political issue. General Hagood is the third ranking officer in the United States army. He has been in the service something like forty years. His record is generally regarded as distinguished, but at the same time he has never been a pussyfoot. He has spoken boldly, sometimes too boldly and sometimes out of turn, yet I think it is generally agreed that General Hagood is sincere.

But, to go back of the "routine army order" by which he was summarily relieved of his command at the important army post of Fort Sam Houston, we find a record of General Hagood's testimony before an appropriations committee in the house of representatives. In that testimony, General Hagood spoke with his usual bluntness. He apparently offended somebody when he did it. His testimony has been criticized and commended, the War department and Secretary Dern have been attacked and defended and even President Roosevelt has been dragged into the controversy because somewhere, somehow New Deal opposition has become convinced that President Roosevelt and Secretary Dern punished General Hagood by removing him from his post because he dared to point out flukes and flaws and ridiculous aspects in New Deal policies of handling taxpayers' money.

General Hagood was called before the appropriations committee by its chairman and told to express his candid sentiments, his honest convictions and any constructive suggestions he might have respecting improvement of the United States army. The general, somewhat blusteringly, related to the committee that the army must have additional housing facilities. He related conditions in many army posts and asserted that many persons on removal were accorded better places to live than Uncle Sam's soldiers.

That part aroused no particular controversy but when General Hagood told the committee of the difficulty of the responsible army authorities have in getting money with which to provide better housing for the soldiers, he stepped on administration toes by saying that it was more difficult to get "five cents for a pencil than a thousand dollars with which to teach Civilian Conservation corps boys new hobbies or boondoggling." He said he could get a hundred dollars to build a gravel walk and a rose garden but could not get ten dollars with which to repair a broken steam pipe in an army barracks.

The next outburst by the general brought forth his description that money being handled by Relief Administrator Hopkins was stage money; that nothing worth while or of a permanent character was being done with that money and the explanation that he called it stage money because "it is being handed around and you can do nothing with it in the end." His plea was that some of these funds which he said were being otherwise wasted should be employed to build structures of concrete and steel "that can be shown to our grandchildren 50 years from now."

In hearing General Hagood's testimony, the committee understood that the War department had given him permission to speak freely. Indeed, such assurance had been passed along to the committee from the War department but apparently the War department did not know what General Hagood had on his chest. If it had known, it certainly could have expected exactly such expressions because General Hagood never has pulled his punches. He has said each time what he thought.

By saying what he thought, however, he undoubtedly moved across the line of discretion. Army officers must guard their speech. They are under disciplinary regulations. It has to be so. Otherwise, we would see frequent outbursts by army officers in opposi-

tion to established policies, rules and regulations and it takes no stretch of the imagination to see what a disordered mess would result.

On the other hand, General Hagood was certainly privileged to believe that his observations were being made only for the committee of congress before which he appeared. The doors to the committee room were closed and locked and only committee members were in attendance. It happened, however, that subsequently the stenographic record of the committee hearings was made public and when that happened, the storm broke. Almost simultaneously with the removal of the bond of secrecy on the committee record, the War department order dehorning General Hagood was written. When that happened, the politicians literally blew up. They shouted charges of censorship, terrorism by the President and Secretary Dern, dictatorship, political punishment and half a dozen other vicious accusations.

A few of the administration spokesmen in congress defended the War department action. Almost in the same breath these administration spokesmen sought confers with Secretary Dern and others in an attempt to persuade the President and the war secretary to soften the punishment but those moves were futile and Representative Bianton, Texas Democrat, shouted on the floor of the house that the Hagood punishment would cost the Democratic party "a million votes unless it were withdrawn."

As a part of the defense of the War department action, Gen. Mallin Craig, chief of staff of the army, made public his memorandum to the secretary of war respecting General Hagood's attitude and his testimony before the congressional committee. In the course of this 2,000-word memorandum, General Craig described General Hagood as a "wise-cracker," and he was probably correct in so far as General Hagood's remarks about stage money were concerned. Yet, I have found very few among the Washington observers whose opinions are worth while who saw in the Craig memorandum any real justification for the severe punishment meted out to General Hagood.

The order still stands. General Hagood is going to his home in Charleston, S. C., "to await orders." No one familiar with the army procedure expects that General Hagood ever again will be given an army assignment. He will be sixty-four years old next year and at that time automatically retires from active duty. So there is hardly any question but that General Hagood has held his last command.

The whole situation, suddenly come to be known as the Hagood case, is bound to be multiplied and mirrored. It will figure in the coming political campaign because, however justified the War department action may have been in the interest of discipline and good army administration, there are thousands of individuals who never will be convinced that the Hagood removal was for any purpose other than as punishment because he criticized New Deal spending policies.

Although there is, and can be, no connection between the two, it was the basis for a really humorous reaction that during the time when the controversy raged over General Hagood's removal from his Texas army post, a federal government committee was busily engaged in making plans for federal participation in the Texas Centennial exposition which opens at Dallas June 6. Uncle Sam is spending \$3,000,000—the largest sum congress ever has authorized for federal participation in such a show—so that twenty-odd government agencies can display to exposition visitors what the government has done with its billions since the cards were shuffled for the New Deal.

The Agriculture department, as usual, will be represented by the largest of all federal exhibits. The Commerce department and the State, War, Navy, Treasury, Justice, Post Office, Interior and Labor departments will have their booths or buildings. The Federal Housing administration and the Farm Credit administration will be there with displays of their wares, and the Public Health service will attempt to further the cause of health in its usual splendid fashion.

One unusual feature of the government's participation will be a negro building in which it will tell the story of the negro race and its progress since the first slaves were brought into America. Plans call for the use of negro labor in the construction of this exhibit building and as far as possible negroes will prepare the exhibits.

The Bridal Veil
Why the bride wears a veil at her wedding has been the subject of many an argument among scholars. Some authorities believe that the bridal veil originated in the ancient practice of hiding the bride's face to show her submission. Others contend the opposite—that the veil originally was an emblem of independence.

Western Newspaper Union.

BORN TO COMMAND.



KING ANDREW THE FIRST.

Cartoon of 100 Years Ago Portraying President Andrew Jackson as a Despot Treading on the Constitution.

Oregon country. So the Democrats raised the cry of "Polk and Texas; Clay and No Texas" and the more alliterative, "Fifty-four Forty or Fight!" and their candidate won.

The war with Mexico and especially the battle of Buena Vista produced another slogan which helped elect Gen. Zachary Taylor President in 1848. It was his alleged remark of "A little more grape, Captain Bragg!" which struck the popular fancy as being just what a great commander would say under the circumstances.

In the same year was born a slogan which crystallized in popular phraseology the most fatal movement in American history. It was "Free Soil, Free Speech, Free Labor and Free Men" taken from a plank in the platform of the Free Soil party (formed by a coalition of the Liberty party, founded in 1840 by James G. Birney, and the "Barnburners," the anti-slavery wing of the Democratic party, led by Martin Van Buren). But it failed to win for Van Buren, the Free Soil candidate, just as it failed to win eight years later for Gen. John C. Fremont, the candidate of the new Republican party, when the slogan was changed to "Free Labor, Free Speech, Free Men, Free Kansas and Free Soil."

Four years later, however, this "free" motif

WATCH THE CURVES

By RICHARD HOFFMANN

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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 without funds but with the promise of a situation in San Francisco, which he must reach from New York. He takes passage with a cross-country auto party on a "share expense" basis. Other members of the party include an attractive girl, Barry Trafford; middle-aged Giles Kerrigan; Sister Anastasia; a nun; and an individual whom he instinctively dislikes, Martin Crack. Barry's reticence annoys him. To Kerrigan he takes at once but 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, 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, and his feelings of amity and disgust toward Crack intensify. Barry promises Hal that next day she will reveal the shadow of despair that hangs over her. She tells him that, at her father's urging, she had married a man many years older than she, and had promised her father, on his deathbed, to stick to her husband, "no matter what happened," for ten years. That was four years ago, and despite her knowledge of her husband's unworthiness, she is adamant in her determination to keep her promise, though acknowledging her love for Hal.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

"Hadn't really planned to get stuck anywhere," said Hal.

Crack flushed a very little, but his lazy eyes still smiled as he bounced the ball again. Then the others came, and Hal tried to rout the discomfort under his skin by a look at Barry's fresh, unconscious bravery of carriage. She was there, and real; the slick of gold under her hat, the color touched to her smooth cheeks, the clear, young texture of her throat in the white-framed opening. It was impossible to conceive of her—of that man; yet under the habitual perceptions and responses that still commanded Hal's behavior, it was impossible not to try to conceive of him.

They were in Rawlins for a late lunch, with a sort of awed fatigue upon them all at the thought of having covered three hundred and fifty miles since getting up. Mrs. Pulsipher's one contribution before sustenance arrived surprised Hal a good deal: she looked at him severely, almost unfriendly, and said, "You're a fine driver, Mr. Ireland."

Then there was food, and Mrs. Pulsipher was very busy.

"When do you think we might come to Los Angeles?" Sister Anastasia asked Hal; she looked down shyly, sorry to have put so bothersome a question. "Perhaps you cannot say. But there is some one waiting for me in Santa Barbara; and if you could, perhaps tell me when we would possibly be there. It would not be bad to telegraph from here—even if we did not come there in time."

Hal borrowed Kerrigan's pocket map and took out his pencil to measure.

"Look," he said, showing her: "if you don't mind traveling hard"—her limpid, gentle eyes deplored the implication that she was the only one to be considered—"we can be in Evanston—there—tonight. Salt Lake City is perhaps a little far. Then tomorrow night we can be in Las Vegas, and the distance from there to Los Angeles is less than what we have done this morning. So day after tomorrow, I should think, the bon Dieu willing." Day after tomorrow; and Barry had said, Los Angeles will end everything. It wasn't true; there was no end.

"Do you think I should telegraph?" she said, and under her modest acquiescence, Hal could see the unpleading trouble.

With a grace that would not have come if he had calculated it, he put his hand over hers on the table. "Sister, telegraph that," he said, smiling tender assurance, "and we will get there."

Her eyes thanked him again, and wished they could show him something that would help him too.

After lunch she went to telegraph. Kerrigan with her, and the Pulsiphers disappeared in search of souvenirs and popcorn. Crack sat on the runningboard of the car, his narrow body basking in the sunlight as his eyes did in their own pleasant thoughts. When Barry came from seeing to Dr. Calligari's lunch, Hal went to her and said, "Ride with me this afternoon."

"I think I'd better not," she said thoughtfully.

"It'll be good—I swear I'll be good," said Hal.

She looked at him in quick remorse. "Darling, I didn't mean that. It's Sister Anastasia. She's worried now, poor dear thing. She dreamt about her brother. Sometimes she held my hand this morning. If that helps, I'd like to be with her."

He tried not to look disappointed—smiled and leaned over to push his fist against Doctor Calligari's moustache, wet and cool from a drink, but already panting again. "Right," he said. "I know. I hope to God we get there before her brother dies."

"Hal," she said, and he straightened up. "I've got to cheat, once." She looked down wonderingly at his mouth, then back at his eyes, and her quick whisper said, "I love you."

She went toward the door of the car, and Crack lounged up to open it. "Don't like the sunlight?" he said, but she got in without appearing to have heard him, her attention all for Doc's mistrust of Crack's courtesy. Crack shut the door and sat down again,

speculating drowsily on Hal. "Like the sunlight," he said. "Like the way it bites on your skin, through your clothes."

Barry's whisper repeated itself, quickly, softly, over and over in Hal's running blood. Think of nothing but that, you fool—nothing but that and the power, the omnipotence that rushes in it: there's nothing will stand against you—nothing will dare haunt you. Then he heard the echo of Crack's slow words and focused his look. "Mm," he said in absent ftness, "so do I."

"Moonlight," said Crack, his shy smile spreading a little, "doesn't bite on your skin, but it's nice." He kept looking at Hal as if he expected him to say something. "There'd ought to be a good moon tonight."

"Ought?" said Hal. He leaned over to unclip the hood and look at the oil gauge, the private waiting of Crack's blue eyes out of his vision, but only partly dismissed.

For more than an hour, Hal and Kerrigan didn't speak beyond monosyllables; yet it was as if the deepening of their sympathy had become tangible within the huge encompassment of this country—vast sweeps of sun-baked space under the sky, gigantic features definitely cleft from the petrified rafters of the world itself, sharp aspects balanced in unbreathing clearness—so very gradually shifted by the mortal hurry of the car. When Kerrigan grunted, or Hal murmured some single exclamation to himself, it was acknowledgment of what they not only watched, but felt, interpreted together. Somehow the awe of profigate natural grandeur and the tonic of single human understanding were akin for Hal—not in their silent speech, but in their teaching to his unfledged spirit, his once disdainful, once indifferent, unfledged spirit.

One low, baking town commemorated the Overland Stage route with an old coach, weathered and brittle but still holding the grace of its curved underbody, the quaintness of its little windows. Beyond, there was an



"I Don't Know Why We Let Him Do It."

emergency landing field—red-and-white striped hut, beacon, and boundaries, arbitrarily fresh and trim in the middle of infinite emptiness. And a littered roadside stand or two offered incongruous memorial to another brave tradition in the name, "Pony Express Bar-B-Q."

Somewhere beyond the bare, dry, sage-tufted basin of the Divide, they came on road construction, the surface leaving no doubt that it was necessary. For five miles they bumped slowly on into harder going—so slowly at last that the maples at a dead coyote, limply huddled against some white thistle popples beside the road, didn't start up until the car bounced out of a hole abreast of them. "D—n, this is awful," said Hal. Kerrigan said, "Stop at that car up there, and I'll ask the fella what they've got that's better."

The fella said there were eight more miles of this, and after that a good deal more, but there was a side road half a mile west there, and if you turned south on that and kept bearing west you couldn't lose the way and you'd come into the route again after the worst was over. So they turned off in half a mile, lumbered across a rocky ditch that scraped Raspun's undersides: but there was the dusty tracks of other cars ahead and the going was much better. Then Hal drove smartly around a twist onto an outcrop of jagged rock in the middle of the road: there was a bump, a crack, and a ripping sound underneath, and with a lifeless sigh Raspun rolled to a sedate, silent stop.

"Waterloo! Waterloo! Waterloo! Morne plaine!" said Kerrigan. "Here's a situation."

"What's the matter?" Pulsipher asked, leaning forward.

"I think there may be something wrong with the car," said Kerrigan.

"Oh," said John.

As Hal got out, he said to Kerrigan, "How far d'you make it we've come from the highway?"

"Bout five miles," said Kerrigan.

"But it didn't look like the Pennsylvania station there either, as I recall."

"No," said Hal glumly. He squatted down in the road to look under the car and saw a jagged plate of tin hanging ominously, under the front seat. "Lord!" he murmured and straightened to look back along the road. There lay the battery, in two pieces, near the torn remains of the tin box that had held it up. He walked back to it: it was efficiently wrecked, the bitter water already drunk down by the ground and the plates stuck over with grit. Hal nudged a piece of tin with his toe when Kerrigan and Crack came up, saying: "Look at the flimsy thing. Should've noticed that in Detroit, I s'pose. D—n it all anyway."

"It's a wonder we're alive," said Kerrigan, dropping the dead cigarette end from his lips as he raised a fresh one. "So what?"

"You hold the fort here; I'll go back to the highway and get a lift into a town and come out with another battery as soon as I can get it."

Crack made a sudden little sound, his eyes stirred by uncertain hope, and he said, "I'll go. Let me go."

Hal looked at him quickly, for a hint of his motive. That it was not merely to be of service he felt certain; yet Crack couldn't be afraid to stay out here. The drowning eyes, smiling to themselves, weren't concerned with fear—seemed only to consider a lazy amusement in going on the errand. Hal was about to give his offer curt dismissal when Kerrigan said, "Sure, let him go."

An authority in Kerrigan's voice subdued Hal's feeling he should do it himself, left him open to the thought of an hour or two with Barry, Crack and his covert knowledge, his indolent curiosity, removed. They had the fella's bag and his fare; and

"All right," said Hal, "if you won't start telegraphing and waiting for answers again. Now, look." He made notes of what he wanted on the back of an envelope of Kerrigan's, explaining each item carefully to Crack. "Got money?" He slapped his pocket so that the heavy collection of silver dollars chinked.

Crack smiled as if Hal's care amused him, and he said, "Yeah—more'n fifty dollars."

"Right," said Hal. "Keep track of what you spend; and make it fast as you can."

"Sure," said Crack amiably. He seemed for a moment to speculate on what Hal might be thinking of him. Then, moderately embarrassed, he said, "Well—so long"; and he started back along the dusty road, his narrow, graceless figure incongruous and small against the enormous panorama beyond him.

After a silent moment of watching him, Hal said in rueful quiet, "I don't know why we let him do it."

"He'll be all right," said Kerrigan. "Can't say I love him like a brother, but he'll be all right."

"Why, d—n him," said Hal suddenly. "It was this morning—in Cheyenne—he asked if everything was all right so that we wouldn't get stuck."

"He's a right queer little man," said Kerrigan, still curiously watching him go. "Ever notice the tops of his ears?"

"What is it that's odd about his ears?" said Hal, half turning back to the car, then glancing round again.

"They look as if they were trying to come to a point," said Kerrigan. "I've seen only two or three pairs like 'em. And always on secret little men."

Mrs. Pulsipher sat there, neither grim nor martyred, but as if nervously on the lookout for a chance of placating some one. Hal smiled in at Sister Anastasia and told her, "We'll still be there day after tomorrow," but it seemed like a reckless statement. The nun's modest eyes showed him thanks and belief: her hand moved up from where, beside her, it had been in Barry's. And Barry's look at him was one of tender confederacy in sparing Sister Anastasia her reticent concern. Then Hal explained the situation briefly and sat down on the running board to smoke a cigarette.

All around here was space and stillness, with the dry radiance of the lowering sun hot upon it. As far as you could see, nothing stirred; for miles and miles away nothing made a sound.

"What's it liable to do out here at night?" said Hal. "Rain? Get cold?"

"Might get a little cooler," said Kerrigan, "but 'twon't rain. Be a fine night."

"We seem to be assuming we'll be here into the night," said Hal. "How about bears and tigers?"

"Not many," said Kerrigan. Hal looked at him and found his heavy face grave and respectful.

"What's up?"

"I'm sorry you've got things on your mind," Kerrigan said quietly.

Hal took a long breath and smiled at him. "I s'pose that's one thing a mind's for," he said. Then: "I sort of thought I wasn't keeping it from you. And that helps, too. Colonel, I want to ask you about something later—later, when—if you'll let me."

Kerrigan's heavy, somehow graceful hand patted Hal's leg; he glanced off at the layered rampart of rock beyond the tiny railroad line, then down between his knees. "You keep after her," he said. "She's worth plenty. And if you want to talk, here I am."

The door on the other side of the car slammed and Barry, with Doc eagerly beside her, came round to them, watching them as if they were a pair of amusing children when they rose before her.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

Pretending Costs Money
A Japanese Widow
The Five Babies Are Well
Democratic Edward VIII

Even imitation war is costly. England's battleships, submarines and airplanes in the Mediterranean, intended to intimidate Italy and keep down discontent in Egypt, represent no real war.

England occasionally discharges light "depth bombs" in the Mediterranean, "bringing Italian submarines popping like corks to the surface." Yet the government tells the house of commons this imitation war costs British taxpayers five hundred thousand pounds a month.

The twenty-four-year-old widow of a Japanese officer who committed suicide after the recent rebellion sends a letter of apology to "Your august majesty," the Japanese emperor, saying: "I believe the spirit of my husband, whose body lies in a coffin before me, also sorrows for those who fall."

A most serious people, the Japanese, particularly where their emperor is concerned.

Doctor Dafoe, modest man from Canada, who understands quintuplets, dropped in to say the five little girls are doing well, fighting frequently, sign of a normal condition. They like sleeping outdoors with the weather 30 below zero, but in daytime only. It would delight you to see their red cheeks.

Three hundred and seventy-five thousand visitors, nearly all from the United States, came to look through a fence at the quintuplets last year; 500,000 are expected this year. The baby girls are a wonderful advertisement for Canada. Many that go to see them will buy farms and stay.

A democratic young person is Edward the Eighth, new king of England and emperor of India. Broadcasting to 200,000,000 that live under the British flag and occupy one-quarter of the earth's surface, he does not refer to them as "my subjects" or "my people," as his predecessors did, but calls them "fellow men."

And Edward VIII does not refer to himself as "we," which is customary with other rulers. His father spoke of "my empire" and "my dear people" and called himself "we."

President Roosevelt submits to congress a plan to increase heavily income taxes of corporations suspected of holding many billions of profits not distributed. The taxes might run to over 93 per cent.

You never can tell what Wall Street will think. President Roosevelt's taxation program sends stocks up. Perhaps Wall Street has no "undistributed reserves." Great industries will not be forbidden reasonable cash surpluses, presumably. Such a rule would make expansion and increased employment impossible.

A joint resolution in the house and senate suggests a congressional medal of honor for the late Gen. William Mitchell, head of the American air forces in the big war. Few congressmen would vote against a tribute to a man who fought so well for his country, and the medal would please his widow and children.

If congress wants to honor the memory of General Mitchell as he would wish, it will build more airplanes and lead the world in aviation instead of trailing.

Uncle Sam paying rent to Panama for the canal, offering the usual \$250,000 rent installment, was told: "No, we do not take 59-cent dollars."

Washington admits that while it may try interesting experiments with its own money, and tell its own citizens "Gold is too good for you," it has no right to make the outside world suffer. Panama will get an amount of money equal to 250,000 of our dollars before we slide off the gold basis and into the "inflation bond" era.

Sometimes government ownership gets things done. Germany's postal ministry opens the first long-distance television-telephone in the world, between Berlin and Leipzig—the charge for three minutes only \$1.40. When you call up, a "strong, bluish light" illuminates your face, which is seen by the person at the other end of the line. That would have been improbable when telephones were installed in the big Paris exposition, not so long ago.

Four years ago the Lindbergh child was kidnapped. Bruno Hauptmann, convicted of the kidnaping and murder, caught spending the marked gold certificates that Lindbergh paid in a vain effort to get back his child, is still alive.

It is said that he will have another reprieve. Our system of justice is not hasty.

The post office shows that efficiency in government is not impossible. No private concern would send a letter from Florida to Alaska for three cents, collecting and delivering the letter.

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what

Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

Making Money in "Stai"
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.—

Things certainly are lovely for the boys in the big stone bide-a-wee homes, is it not so?

At San Quentin here in California, chosen groups turning out counterfeit money and never having to worry about getting in jail, since they are already in. And a nice jolly strike on at Alcatraz. And in my old home state, the inmates just seeming to come and go at will, as it were.

But in Illinois is where the chaps enjoy all the benefits of congenial society without the bother of paying dues. It must be grand, serving as a member of the house committee of the Joliet Indoor Country club, what with crap games and poker parties and liquor made right there on the premises and shots in the arm at the low rate of one dollar per shot.

The day is at hand when "prison break" in the headlines won't mean that some of the fellows on the inside are trying to get out but that some of the fellows on the outside are trying to get in; and who could blame them?

The Yellow Peril's Peril
AT THIS moment the question before the house is whether it is more perilous to be a statesman in Japan and give offense to the soldiers or a soldier in America and give offense to the statesmen?

Howsoever, at the risk of being pealaxed for punning, this innocent bystander ventures the prediction that amongst us there won't be any more of these summary removals for the Ha-good of the service, as it were.

Because when something happens off or on a military post to make Tom Blanton, the blood-sweating behemoth of Texas Democracy, line up with a lot of Republicans—well, I never thought I'd live to see the day. I don't believe Uncle Tom did, either. I'll bet nobody is more surprised than he is.

Abolishing Potlatches
AT LAST accounts, the Canadian parliament had a bill before it to abolish potlatches. When an Indian gets prosperous, he gives a party, with free food and drink for all, and whatever he has left over he bestows upon the guests and so winds up beggared but happy. That's a potlatch. Although at present confined to the Indians, it's not their own idea. They borrowed it from some of the early settlers. It's an old Scotch custom.

Tracing the genesis of traditional things is interesting. I thought the famous motto of the Northwest Mounted police had originated within the force until once when I tackled some native smoking tobacco at a trading post in upper Ontario. As soon as I recovered consciousness I knew whence came the slogan, "Always Gets Its Man!" That was years ago, but I still have dizzy spells in humid weather.

Speaking of borrowing or rather of trading, we could make a profitable deal—from our standpoint—by swapping Canada a great gross of parole boards and overly sentimental governors and judges who put technicalities before common sense and common justice for about half a dozen of their trial courts and one or two square-jawed prison wardens.

'Tis Holdout Time
IT IS the gladsome season when last year's stars swear they'll never put on uniforms again unless they get better contracts; while the managers just as loudly declare the boys will accept what's offered or stay out of the game forevermore. Through anxious weeks each group proclaims that, from the position thus taken, it will never, never abate one jot or tittle.

But when the first robin starts north and the last training squad starts south, something always happens. One side decides to abate quite a few of the jots. And the other side says, "Oh shackins, after all, what's a tittle more or less between friends?"

So this spring's hold-outs become this fall's pennant-winners, or otherwise as the case may be, and frequently is. And behind the scenes, everything in either championship team will be just as peaceful as a cage full of panthers until this time next year.

Which Is the Leisure Class?
WHEN Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan said any American family that kept a maid belonged to the leisure class, he touched a responsive chord in the bosom of this household, only he got the proposition mixed as it applied to our little home-nest.

"Was a maid we had for a short spell, who really qualified. Possibly we didn't give satisfaction. Anyhow, one evening she took umbrage and some guest towels and a ham and one thing and another and silently stole away. But looking back, I can't recall anybody else who could be so leisurely and so classy, both at once.

We are wondering now what class we belong to on the present maid's night out. Probably Mr. Morgan isn't worried in that regard. He could ask the second man to stick around. We haven't a second man, though—haven't even worked up to the first one yet.

IRVIN S. COBB

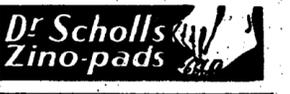
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INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS

Of all the men I have known, I cannot recall one whose mother did her level best for him when he was little who did not turn out well when he grew up.



Don't Cut YOUR CORNS
BANGOROUS!
Avoid risk of infection; enjoy instant relief from pain and quickly, safely remove your corns—use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They soothe and heal; stop shoe pressure; prevent sore toes and blisters. At all drug, shoe and department stores—only 25¢ and 35¢ a box.



Another One
You have never learned all the possibilities of a man until a woman makes a fool of him.



Only Interesting
Peculiarities of character are interesting, seldom useful.



Kill Rats Without Poison
Proven Extremist that Won't Kill Livestock, Poultry, Dogs, Cats, Baby Chickens—Gets Rats Every Time

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In the Treatment of Colds

When suffering from, or threatened by, an attack of a cold it is necessary to keep the intestinal tract clear. For this purpose Dr. True's Elixir, for 85 years, has been found effective.

Dr. True's Elixir

The True Family Laxative

Good for you and your children.

Many letters have been received from those who have used Dr. True's Elixir and found it to be a helpful family medicine for young and old. Made from imported herbs—Mild and pleasant to take—Not a harsh purgative—It acts promptly and effectively.

Ask For It At Your Store

WNU—2 12-38

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.

Why Physicians Recommend Milnesia Wafers

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

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

Start using these delicious, effective anti-acid, gently laxative wafers today

Professional samples sent free to registered physicians or dentists if request is made on professional letterhead. Select Products, Inc., 4402 23rd St., Long Island City, N. Y.



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GUY A. HULETT

Antrim, N. H.

Topics of the Day Presented to Reporter Readers in Concise Form

Long - Distance

One of the marvels of the age, the telephone combined with the radio, was responsible for what was probably the longest call ever made from this section on a recent Sunday night. The call was from Hancock to Tokyo, Japan, and was made by Mrs. Cecil Lyon from the home of her aunt, Miss Margaret Perry, in that town, says the Transcript.

Mrs. Lyon is the daughter of Ambassador Joseph C. Grew, and her daughter was with her grandparents in Tokyo. The call was a personal one.

The call went from Hancock and Peterborough to New York and San Francisco and by trans-Pacific radio telephone from there to Tokyo. The call was put through at about 9 p. m. and at that time it was about 7 a. m. in Japan. It was said that the conversation was heard clearly on both ends.

Mrs. Lyon's husband is the third secretary to the Chinese Embassy at Peking, China.

A Frightened Politician

Mr. Farley's speech at the Democratic revival meeting at Manchester on Monday reveals a frightened politician. Nothing but fright can explain his explanations. According to the speaker, Mr. Roosevelt always wanted economy in spending, but the people through their representatives in congress overruled him. Only on the assumption that we have no memory at all, could one risk such a statement. What about all the costly legislation frankly labeled "must"? What of the work relief appropriation driven through congress when no plan whatever had been made for spending the five billions? What about the deficit of ten billions incurred in three years at the President's behest, or the hundreds of useless projects whose chief purpose is to plant money where it will produce the most votes? Mr. Farley is a poor apologist.—Exeter News-Letter.

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Wednesday, Mar. 18, 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 line.

Cards of Thanks are inserted at 50c. each.

Resolutions of ordinary length \$1.00.



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression"

Ordinary 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

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Rablin, of Boston, were week-end guests at the Maplehurst.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Deschenes, of Swampscott, Mass., are guests of relatives in town.

For Sale—From 3 to 5 tons early cut No. 1 English Hay. Craig Farm, Antrim. Adv.

A supper will be served on Friday of this week, at 6 p. m., at the Center Congregational church.

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

The Selectmen have re-appointed Charles W. Prentiss tax collector for the town of Antrim for the ensuing year.

George Curtis, from West Townsend, Mass., is employed by Addison Southwick, at his grain store, on West street.

The Ladies Mission Circle of the First Presbyterian Church will serve supper in the vestry, Wednesday, March 18, at 6:30 p. m.

Students from Antrim attending the University of New Hampshire, at Durham, are spending a week's recess at their respective homes in town.

Mrs. Roscoe Whitney was at her home here with Mr. Whitney for a few days the past week, and then returned to her employment in Boston.

Housewives are wearing smiles (?) these pleasant days, for Spring cleaning is on; but where the man of the house eats his meals is another matter.

Miss Fannie Burnham is spending a season at Mrs. L. G. Robinson's for a brief rest from her duties as nurse superintendent at the Sanford, Maine, hospital.

Lester Hill has purchased of the Methodist Society the horse sheds at the rear of the church, and has already commenced to take them down; they will be removed off the premises.

Relatives here have learned of the death of Mrs. Carrie Fluri, in Greenfield, Mass., on Sunday, after a long illness. The family formerly resided in Antrim, and her husband, Louis Fluri, died here nearly thirty years ago. She is survived by one son and three daughters.

In making the corner near the residence of Alfred Chase, in Bennington, on the Hancock road, Ernest Ashford was unfortunate in having his automobile skid and strike a post with such force as to take off a door and damage the running board considerably. One of his hands was injured; he was lucky that nothing more serious happened. This took place on Sunday evening.



KNITTING YARNS

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

Stores interested in Worsted Yarns correspond with us.

Concord Worsted Mills
Concord, N. H.

George Defoe has been confined to his home, on West street, suffering with mastoid trouble. His young son is also sick, having a very troublesome sinus affection.

J. Harvey Balch and Miss Charlotte E. Balch attended the silver wedding recently of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Abbott, in Frankestown. They were also present when the couple were married 25 years ago.

The Motor Vehicle Department advises those who have not already done so to get their necessary registration for 1936. To wait until the last minute means delay either in the malls or at the office.

Miss Arlene Whitney, having completed her year's training at the Children's Hospital, in Wellesley, Mass., has been spending a couple weeks at her home here. She soon returns to take a position near Boston.

Hand in Hand Rebekah Lodge enjoyed a pleasant St. Patrick's party at their last regular meeting. Soon, this organization has an invitation to visit with the Rebekah Lodge, at Peterborough, and a pleasing occasion is anticipated.

Tonight, Mar. 18, at the regular meeting of the Antrim Grange, Deputy George Frye, of Wilton, will be present for Spring instruction. The third degree will be exemplified. The program and supper will be in charge of members whose birthdays occur during the first three months of the year.

Mr. and Mrs. Erwin D. Putnam were to be in Haverhill, Mass., on Thursday last where Mr. Putnam was to give a lecture that evening. They encountered so much water along the roads, and streams constantly rising, that at Wilton he sent a telegram that he couldn't get there and returned home.

Some of our readers may be interested to know that Cranston D. Eldredge and family, of Winchendon, Mass., are on a month's visit to Florida, going by auto so as to tour the State.

Tickets for the Boston Flower Show March 23-28, at the special price of 75 cents (regular price \$1), can still be bought from the Garden Club president, Mrs. M. A. Poor, up to Friday p. m., March 20.

The Woman's Club

Will hold its annual Guest Night on Friday evening, March 20, in the vestry of the Presbyterian church, at 8 o'clock. The speaker will be Prince Irakly Toumanoff, of Hancock, and his subject: "Russia, as a Russian Sees It."

The next regular meeting of the Club will be held on Tuesday, March 24, in Library hall, at 8 p. m. The program will be an Animated Magazine, and will feature a magazine of 1906. Members are asked to bring any photographs of themselves or their families taken during the years 1905-'10, to be used in the picture exhibit. Miriam W. Roberts, Pub. Chm.

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

"OUR BEAUTY SHOPPE"

Telephone 66

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

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

Weekly News of Interest From a Few Towns Surrounding Antrim

FRANKESTOWN

More than 175 people gathered at the local town hall Saturday, March 7, to help Mr. and Mrs. Carl D. Abbott celebrate the 25th anniversary of their marriage. In the receiving line with Mr. and Mrs. Abbott were their children, William, Eula (Mrs. Harry Hardwick), Mr. Hardwick, Velma, Bryant, Dana and Francis, also the two grandchildren, Theo and Carl Hardwick. Following the reception a program was given, consisting of music and presentation of gifts; also other gifts were left by friends. Refreshments were served. The wedding cake was made by Mrs. C. P. Trufant and presented by the Benevolent Society. Dancing was enjoyed, with music by the Old Timers' orchestra.

DEERING

The Deering town report for the year 1935 contains the following information: Births registered in town for the past year number six. There were three marriages and four deaths, while the number brought to town for burial was 14. The property inventory shows \$178,750 in resident real estate, and \$219,080 in non-resident real estate. The number of polls is 200. In the year 1935, 67 dog licenses were issued. There were 85 automobile permits. Taxes were assessed to the amount of \$17,201. The state tax for the town amounted to \$1,005 and the county tax was \$1,428. The town expended \$400 for bilster rust control.

The Antrim Reporter, \$2.00 a year

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

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

The surface of Hancock is uneven, frequently broken by hills, and in the west part by mountains of considerable elevation. These elevations afford excellent pasturing, besides some very good tillage land. On the Contoocook river, which forms its eastern boundary, are some fine meadows which produce large crops of hay. There are many farms under a high state of cultivation.

There are several ponds, the most important of which is Norway Pond, near the center of the town, and Half Moon Pond, named from its peculiar shape. Long pond, in Nelson, is one of the sources of Contoocook river. The stream from this pond flows through Nelson, Harrisville, and into the Contoocook at Peterborough; thence its mingled waters pass back on the eastern line of Hancock, after a passage of over twenty miles from the pond.

The village is very pleasantly situated on a plain. Here are several mechanical shops, church, school-house, town house, academy, several stoves hotel and fifty or sixty dwelling houses. It is a very desirable village to live in, and is the resort of many summer tourists.

The inhabitants are principally engaged in agriculture, and, as one has truly said: "It is emphatically one of the good old farming towns, where any one would be proud to point out the home of his ancestors." There are several small manufactures, annually producing: leather, \$10,000; flour and meal, \$9,200;

lumber, \$5,000; besides wheelwrights, blacksmiths, harness-makers, carpenters, painters, etc. Total value of all mechanical productions, \$29,500.

Productions of the soil, \$84,300; mechanical labor, \$10,300; stocks and money at interest, \$28,325; deposits in savings banks, \$85,198; stock in trade, \$4,650.

Church, Schools, Hotel—Congregational, Rev. Askel Bigelow, pastor. There are nine schools; average length for the year, nineteen weeks. Hancock Academy, A. N. Hardy, principal (in 1870). Jefferson House.

The first settlement was commenced here by John Grimes, in May, 1764. The town was incorporated under the name of Hancock, November 5, 1779. It was named in honor of Governor John Hancock, of Boston, who was one of the original proprietors. But very few towns have retained their staid, antique customs, and former opinions of their friends and neighbors, without regard to political views, like the people of Hancock. They had one postmaster for nearly fifty years; and many of their town officers have had similar length of terms. In 1871-2, Mr. Joel Gates, over eighty years of age, was sent from this town as its representative in the Legislature of this state. But few men had more influence in that body, in discussion, than Mr. Gates.

The first Minister, Rev. Reed Page, ordained in 1791, died in 1816. Hancock is bounded on the north by Antrim, east by Bennington and Greenfield, south by Peterborough, and west by Nelson and Harrisville. Area, 19,372 acres; area of improved land, 10,409 acres.

Distances and Railroads—Thirty-five miles south-west from Concord, and twenty-two north-west from Amherst. Eight miles by daily stage to Greenfield railroad station.

Flower Show at Boston

All the world will be drawn upon for the Great Spring Flower Show which will open at Mechanics Building, in Boston, the afternoon of Monday, March 23, and continue for a full week. South Africa will be represented by a group of living stones, minute plants which look exactly like smooth pebbles lying on the ground but which throw up stiff stems producing flowers larger than the plants themselves. Other African plants will be included. Australia's contribution will be magnificent acacias forced in the Roland greenhouses at Nantant. The tropics of South America will provide gorgeous orchids, including many rare species. Dutch bulbs will have a conspicuous place in Grand Hall. Roses originating in England and Ireland, as well as those of American birth, will be displayed in great numbers.

Native ferns and native orchids will be exhibited in large numbers by an expert who is very familiar with them and with their habits. Another notable exhibit will be a mountain stream with water falling from a great cliff into a ravine filled with native wild plants.

Among the novelties will be the new and strange Tom Thumb rose which will be sent to the show from West Grove, Pa. This will be the first time that the Tom Thumb rose has been exhibited in Boston.

Wild gardens have long been an important feature of the Boston

show, and they will not be overlooked this year.

Musical of a new kind will be provided at this show. A magnificent Hammond organ is being installed, and prominent Boston organists have been engaged to give concerts each afternoon and evening. The hours will be from 10 to 10 each day except that on Monday the show will open at 4 in the afternoon.

Examinations

For Supervisory Certificates will be held in Concord, Friday and Saturday, April 24 and 25, 1936.

For Secondary and Elementary Certificates will be held at various places in the State on Saturday, May 23.

Applications must be on file with the State Board of Education at least ten days before the date of examination.

Administrator's Notice

The Subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Eleanor M. Thornton, late of Antrim, in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.

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

Dated March 6, 1936.

ARCHIE M. SWETT.

Bennington.

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

MRS. ROSA COSSETTE

Was taken to St. Joseph's Hospital, Neeshan, on Tuesday last, where she died the following Friday. She was born in Switzerland 56 years ago. She is survived by two sons and one daughter: Arnold, Eli and Miss Bertha Cossette, all of Bennington; one brother, Albert Diamond, of New Britain, Conn., also three half brothers, residing in Bennington: Arnold, Arthur and Joseph Diamond, besides several nieces and nephews. Mrs. Cossette had a wide circle of friends in this place who will greatly regret her departure. The family have the sympathy of all in their bereavement.

Funeral was held on Monday morning, at 9 o'clock, at St. Patrick's church; high mass was conducted by Father Bonczar, of Hillsboro.

The monthly meeting of the Mt. Crooked 4-H Club was held at the home of Mrs. William Taylor, on Saturday, March 14. The meeting was opened by Vice President Pauline Shea. Ten members were present; all took Betty Britte sponges to sell to help raise funds for camp. Meeting was adjourned at 2.45. Games were played, in charge of Rose Coddem and Florence Perry. Refreshments of cocoa and sandwiches were served, in charge of Ruth Wilson and Charlotte Taylor.

Ruth Wilson,
Club Reporter.

The body of Mrs. Fannie Dodge Johnson was brought here for burial, from Haverhill, Mass., the last of the week. She had made her home recently with a brother, John Dodge, at Haverhill. She was a daughter of the late John C. Dodge, and was 87 years old.

Those of our farmers who annually

Raising the Family - All who think Pa got a Rest, stand up! All right sit down!



ANTRIM POST OFFICE

Mail Schedule in Effect September 30, 1935

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

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

make sugar and syrup have commenced operations. While the run of sap has not heavy as yet, expectations are good.

Miss Eunice Bartlett is reported as steadily regaining her health and strength, at the Grassmere hospital.

Mrs. Frank Seaver went to Worcester, Mass., on Sunday.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank all neighbors and friends for their kindness during our recent bereavement, also for flowers from the Paper Mill; and to bearers, and those who loaned their cars.

The Cossette family
The Diamond families

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Sunday, March 22
Regular Morning Worship at 10.45.
Sermon: The Point of View, by Rev. William Weston.
Sunday School at 12 o'clock.
Union evening service at 7, in this church.

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

Baptist
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, March 19
Mid-week meeting at 7.30 o'clock p.m. Topic: Along New Paths.
Sunday, March 22
Sunday school at 10 a.m.
Morning Worship at 11 o'clock.
The pastor will preach on: Moved With Compassion.
Crusaders meet at 4 p.m.

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

"The Old Trail"

Continued from page one

taken his toddy." Of course just a little bracer taken in moderation, but I would like to congratulate the modern clergy on the fact that their prayers now ascend heavenward without the accompaniment of the fumes of a whiskey sling. Verily the ministers deserve their positions as spiritual leaders.

Here is another significant quotation from the historian: "This general habit of drinking liquors and cider soon developed a class of people with weak wills and little self control." The inevitable result of both ancient or modern moderation, and then came temperance education, and even the clergy got so they could pray without a "bracer."

All down through the years, temperance education has been spasmodic and at times lacking in efficiency, but it has always delivered the goods to a greater or a less degree.

Let me give an example that most of us remember. Prior to 1918, led by men like J. H. Robbins, the Anti-Saloon League, the W. C. T. U., churches, the Y. P. S. C. E. and many other organizations pumped facts at the people concerning the liquor traffic. What happened? One of our New Hampshire cities had only six arrests for drunkenness in a year, our capital city but 69, and our largest city only one-seventh of what such arrests had averaged for three years.

Our leading daily paper had a long editorial commenting on the great increase of sobriety throughout the state. The people were so surprised that they seemed to forget that a new generation of people comes on the scene of action in course of time, and that the education of the elder generation is not always passed on automatically to the younger and what has happened.

In six and a half months our little state has sold \$1,748,276.08 worth of hard liquor, and God alone knows how much illicit liquor and beer has been sold, but the number of drunks arrested and sentenced to our houses of correction furnish eloquent proof that all liquor has not been used in moderation.

We do not need to "blaze a new trail," for it was the old trail that led to sobriety, thrift, food, fuel and clothing. It was the old trail that led to happy homes and improved civic conditions. It was the teaching of total abstinence that helped to make our highways safer and that gave boys and girls a good chance to go through life in full possession of a brain and physique unimpaired by alcohol. The moderation trail has never helped those who walk therein to buy a home, to maintain a life insurance or to build up a savings bank account, but it has helped in squandering a vast amount of money and a certain per cent of the moderation procession have finally seen the inside of prisons and hospitals. Let's stick to the old trail; traffic conditions are at least safer.

Fred A. Dunlap.

Read The Reporter; subscribe for a year, \$2.00.

For Sale

Maple Syrup, \$2.00 per gallon.
Soft Sugar, in pails, 30 cts. pound.
Sugar Cakes, 50 cts. pound.
B. F. TENNEY, Antrim.
Adv. 2t

For Sale

Fully Accredited COWS; can go in anybody's herd, in any state: Holsteins, Guernsey's, Jerseys and Ayrshires. Fresh and springers.
Fred L. Proctor, Antrim, N. H.

Floods Cause Damage

The heavy rains of last week and the breaking up of the ice in the rivers, especially in the north country and where there was a large water shed, created much interest; and the fear of much damage was great, for the water was rising rapidly and roads were like rivers in many places, and every precaution had to be taken. While more or less damage was done in different places, the change to cooler weather within a day's time was a great help. Trains were held up in certain places and care was exercised where needed, and but very little serious damage was done, — nothing like what has sometimes visited these parts in previous years.

Roads were under water and considerably washed in some sections, cellars were flooded, streams overflowed their banks and much inconvenience was experienced in many ways, and all the people everywhere were gratified to know that the high water did no greater serious damage than has so far been reported. It is hoped that there will be no other occasions of a like nature during this season.

The above is true concerning this and the middle section of the State, while to the north of Concord much water caused great damage and delayed traffic of every kind to an alarming extent. The State of Maine is reported to be hard hit in many sections by high water and ice jams, more so than in recent years.

Witness Trees

When Michigan's land surveys were made from 80 to 100 years ago, surveyors marked the exact location of section corners with square wood stakes. This location was "witnessed" by trees which were blazed and marked with their distance and bearing with reference to the corner recorded in the surveyor's notes. With the passage of years, the square stakes have disappeared, but in spite of lumbering and forest fires, many witness trees still can be found. In many cases, burned-out stump holes of the witness trees are all that remain. In remnants of virgin timber stands or in swamps where fires did not penetrate, the markings of witness trees have been perfectly preserved by the new growth of the trees which has closed over them.

DISINHERITED?

By RAYMOND PITCAIRN
National Chairman
Sentinels of the Republic

Through successive generations the American people have continued to receive one of the richest heritages in all history.

Freedom of speech and of opportunity... the right to a decisive voice in the greatest government on earth... a national spirit of courage and self-reliance... public wealth beyond the dreams of Croesus.

These are but a few of the treasures won in the blood and the sweat of hard-working, hard-fisted pioneers and left to us as a natural birthright.

How are we preserving that heritage? What is America doing to maintain or increase for posterity the things our fathers won for us? What will this generation leave to those who follow?

Today the list seems discouraging. Its items would include:

A burden of national debt which, as this is written, exceeds \$31,000,000,000 — instead of an increasing national wealth.

The threat of a new, alien philosophy of dependence and fear — instead of the spirit that sent Daniel Boone into the wilds of Kentucky and whole families over the hardships of the Oregon Trail.

A glorification of the economic goose-step — instead of the bold, free tread that could carry youth to whatever heights its strength and ability permitted.

No wonder, as it regards this prospect, youth in America feels disinherited. No wonder thousands of older citizens, remembering the opportunities of their own youth, are protesting against a philosophy which robs their sons of similar freedom. No wonder the true descendants of the American pioneer are insisting that personal liberty and personal opportunity must be preserved in this country.

Thousands of our ancestors fought and died to win for us those liberties and opportunities. Thousands more fought to preserve them. The newer generations have a right to enjoy the heritage. We cannot let them down.

Numeration

"Remember," said the earnest counselor, "that the hairs of your head are numbered."
"That's not so important in case of a crime wave," said Cactus Joe, "as to remember that every twenty-dollar bill is numbered."

Early Training

Jackson—I noticed you got up and gave that lady your seat in the train the other day.
Hackson—Yes. Since childhood I have respected a woman with a strap in her hand.

Be comfortable!



...in the only car in the lower price range with the
FAMOUS KNEE-ACTION RIDE*

NEW PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES
Double-Action, Self-Articulating
the safest and smoothest ever developed

GENUINE FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION
in New Turret Top Bodies
the most beautiful and comfortable bodies ever created for a low-priced car

HIGH-COMPRESSION VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE
giving even better performance with even less gas and oil

6%

Now Money-Saving S.M.C.C. Terms Payment Plan
Chevrolet's low delivered prices and low monthly payments.

It is important to go places comfortably, just as it is important to go swiftly, safely and economically. . . .

And Chevrolet for 1936 maintains its title of the only complete low-priced car by being the only car in its price range with the famous Knee-Action Gliding Ride*—the smoothest and most comfortable known.

It is also the only car in its price range with New Perfected Hydraulic Brakes, Solid Steel one-piece Turret Top, High-Compression Valve-in-Head Engine, and many other features of the first importance.

See and ride in a new 1936 Chevrolet—today!

CHEVROLET MOTOR CO., DETROIT, MICH.

IMPROVED GLIDING KNEE-ACTION RIDE*
the smoothest, safest ride of all

SOLID STEEL one-piece TURRET TOP
a crown of beauty, a fortress of safety

SHOCKPROOF STEERING*
making driving easier and safer than ever before

ALL THESE FEATURES AT CHEVROLET'S LOW PRICES \$495

AND UP. List price of New Standard Coupe at Flint, Michigan. With bumper, spare tire and tire-chalk, the list price is \$520 additional. *Knee-Action on Master Models only, \$30 additional. Prices quoted in this advertisement are list at Flint, Michigan, and subject to change without notice. A General Motors Value.



To Help You Keep Abreast of the Times

So much is happening every day in the world of government that affects your living, income and buying power. What is Congress doing? For what is money to be spent? How will they raise it? Who is to administer the spending? What does this business improvement mean? Will it continue? Why is there another side to so many questions? All this makes you ask yourself—"How can I keep abreast of the times, understand what events mean, discuss national affairs intelligently?"

The United States News

Every week you find in The United States News a complete, accurate report of national affairs from Washington. News is grouped together in departments for your convenience. Simplified for quick reading. Connected for clearness and perspective. Authoritative, concise, usable.

Here you find why it happened, what it means, and what is likely to happen next. The United States News is truly the newsmagazine of national affairs. Subscribe today! Congress is in session. A pre-decisional campaign is warming up. Party platforms are to be written. More vital questions of national policy will be discussed this year than ever before. Be posted. Know the facts. Make your own decisions. Back them up with a clear-cut understanding of what is going on.

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THE UNITED STATES NEWS,
Washington, D. C.

Regular price \$5 a year.
Send me The United States News every week for the next EIGHT MONTHS. I enclose \$2.50—your special introductory rate to new subscribers.

NAME _____ CITY _____
ADDRESS _____ STATE _____

All Around the House

A curtain roller or a rod run through both ends of a glass curtain will stretch curtains so they will not have to be ironed. Hang up until dry, then remove rods and press seams of curtains.

When making slip covers for furniture, ample room should be allowed for seams, easy slipping on and off, and for shrinkage in washing.

A tablespoonful of ammonia added to the water in which glass jars are washed, will make the glass very clear. Rinse well before using.

Pour off the water in which onions are boiled three or four times while boiling. This removes the bitter taste so often found in red-skinned onions.

To protect a candle from drafts when carrying it about the house, place wax on bottom of glass and set candle into it.

As soon as your furnace fire is out and cellar thoroughly cleaned, whiten the walls with a cold water paint or whitewash.

Corroded tops of salt shakers may be used for some time if given a coat of one of various colored enamels.

To remove iron rust from white washable materials, spread stained place over a vessel of actively boiling water and squeeze lemon juice on stain. After a few minutes, rinse the fabric and repeat the process.

Lamb fat makes an excellent shortening for gingerbread and cookies.

To make pistachio flavoring, mix together equal parts of vanilla and almond flavoring.

Cheesecloth bags filled with cornmeal and rubbed lightly over soiled wall paper will remove much of the winter's dust.

A paste made of dry starch and water brushed over a grease spot and allowed to dry on will remove spot if not of too long standing.

© Associated Newspapers.—WNU Service.

Spending Spare Time

When one has learned his lessons he may roam the fields and float on the river at his own sweet will; but so long as he is at his desk he must be deaf to the invitations of the sky and the woods.

Don't Guess But Know

Whether the "Pain" Remedy You Use is SAFE?

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

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

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

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

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

Bayer Aspirin

hotel tudor \$2 PER DAY

SINGLE ROOM AND PRIVATE BATH
A new hotel on 42nd Street
2 blocks east of Grand Central Station
NEW YORK CITY

THE FEATHERHEADS



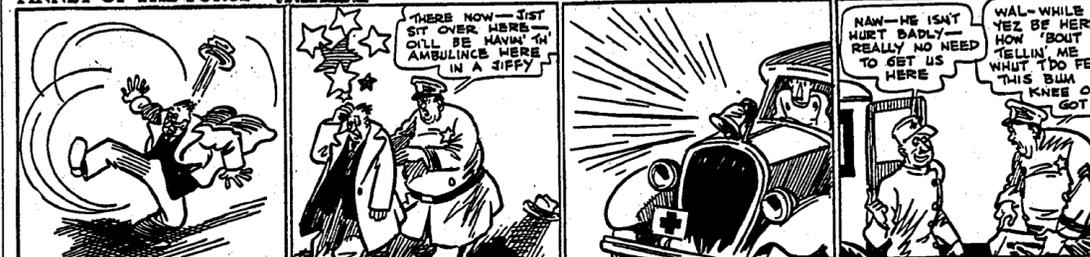
SMATTER POP— Now, if It Were Falling the Other Way?



MESCAL IKE



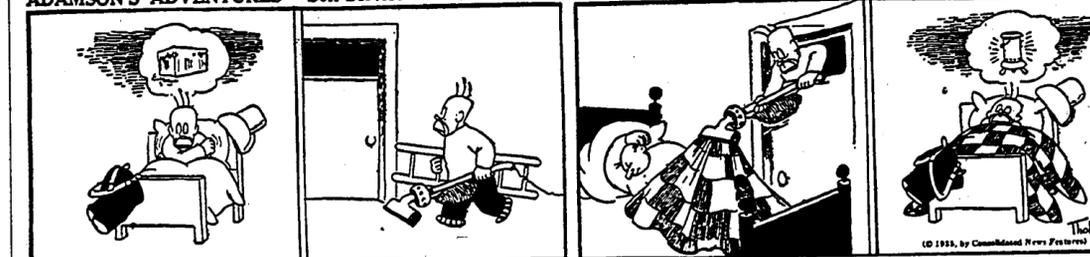
FINNEY OF THE FORCE



"REG'LAR FELLERS"



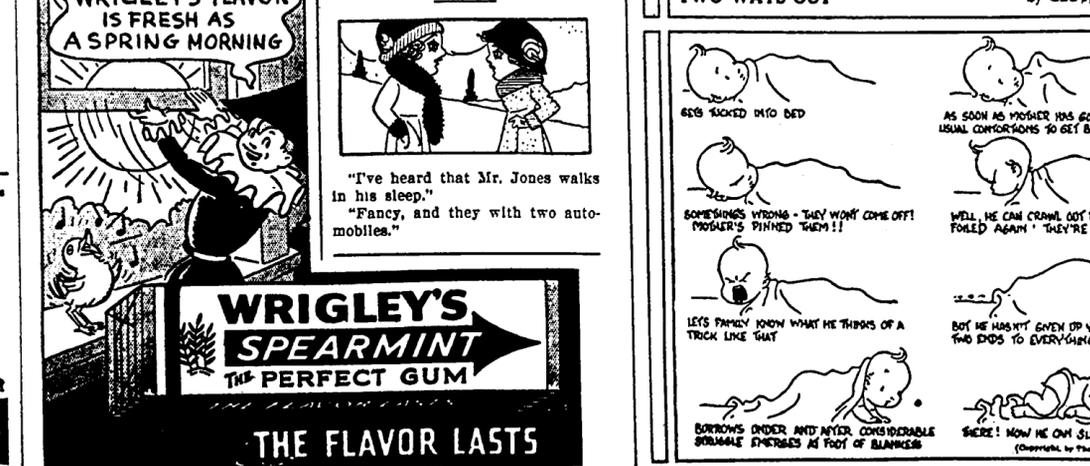
ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES Self-Service



BRONC PEELER Coyote Pete Develops A Dislike



WRIGLEY'S FLAVOR IS FRESH AS A SPRING MORNING



Pawning Wives—Great Idea—Till Mates Want 'Em Back

Husbands of Peiping, China, who thought the idea of pawning their wives a great one, now are appealing to the police to get their mates back. They say that when they were ready to repay the loan, they could not redeem the wives. The trouble is not with the lenders, but with the women themselves who refuse to return to their erstwhile husbands on a variety of pretexts. Above all, they accuse their husbands of harboring the design of sending them to Manchukuo next, and state that, although they are prepared for everything in reason, that is a step to which as patriotic Chinese women they can never agree. There is no law dealing with this particular form of pawn-broking.

HAIR COMING OUT?

You need a medicine to stop it—regular use of Glover's Mange Medicine and Glover's Medicated Soap for the shampoo. Stops excessive falling hair; overcomes dandruff; promotes normal hair growth and scalp health. Ask your hairdresser.

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

STOP THAT COUGH! GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP!

A Sip of KEMP'S BALSAM Soothes Throat Irritation. Pleasant Tasting.

KEMP'S BALSAM

Mrs. Bailey's Sensitive Skin

Rash Broke Out But Cuticura Soothed

Read this letter—how smarting rash and blisters due to external causes were relieved in almost no time by Cuticura.

"I noticed an itching sensation on my face and arms. It afterwards formed blisters that left the skin very tender and sensitive. Finally a rash broke out which, when rubbed, caused a smarting and intense itching. It was agony.

"A sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment relieved me so much that I bought some. After using one cake of Cuticura Soap and one-half tin of Cuticura Ointment, the rash disappeared." (Signed) Mrs. Grace Bailey, 380 East 201st St., Bronx, New York City.

Cuticura also soothes the irritation of pimples, ringworm, burning and itching of eczema with wonderful speed and effectiveness. Buy today. Ointment 25c. Soap 25c. Samples FREE. Write to "Cuticura," Dept. 19, Malden, Mass.—Adv.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling—Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair—Six and 12 Cents at Drug Stores.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Miserable with backache?

WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer a nagging backache, with dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination and getting up at night, when you feel tired, nervous, all upset... use Doan's Pills.

Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

1400 ROOMS with BATH, RADIO and SERVIDOR \$2.50 PER DAY AND \$3.50 DOUBLE

Whether you come to New York for business or pleasure, you'll find the Lincoln, one of Gotham's largest and newest hotels, offers you superior accommodations for your hotel dollar in New York. One block to Times Square... 3 blocks to 5th Avenue... 8 minutes to Wall Street.

32 stories of sunshine... three fine restaurants... the Coffee Shop, the Tavern Grill and the famous BLUE ROOM.

NEW YORK'S 4 STAR HOTEL

Hotel LINCOLN NEW YORK

Hugh Bradley Says

© New York Post—WNU Service.

Dizzy Dean's Howl Just Ballyhoo, Not Temperament

IT WAS perhaps to be expected that the feeling of unrest that has been irritating so many microphones and congressional records should at last come to aggravate the gentlemen who perform in sports. From winter resorts, from night clubs and from less ably ballyhooed centers of athletic antics and endeavors terse bulletins proclaim the news that the boys no longer are weakening their niftiest sayings with smiles.

As one who must live (not too well) by sports I have been reading such reports with proper diligence. While reading—and while duly recollecting how the well-acted rages of wrestlers and other celebrated statesmen so often have elevated the minds of the customers—I also have been doing some wistful wondering.

Obviously, if the performers can engage in their work with blood in their eyes—as well as on their noses—the situation soon may be vastly improved. New patrons will be attracted and the waning attention of those who once were steadfast in their faith will be revived.

This increased zest for laying it on the line should be beneficial for all concerned. Promoters and their besweated prima donnas should be enabled to purchase new limousines. The National league might be enabled to pay its best umpire what he deserves, the state of New York might get some decent income from the quasi-legal gambling and even the Phillies might be enabled to arrive at the clubhouse each day with a smile on their lips and two bits in the bank.

Unless you know your baseball well enough to be aware that Dizzy Dean merely is a large body of man entirely surrounded by press agents you are apt to suspect that vast sea of bitter jealousy separates him from his Alma Mater and his fellow students. Actually nothing could be farther from the truth.

For instance, there is the chit-chat that is being exchanged concerning his newest contract. Dizzy quite rightfully is claiming that he is the best pitcher in baseball and therefore is worthy of the best salary. His St. Louis owner, if I have read some of the more eminent sports commentators correctly, is attempting to pay him off with rain checks.



Dizzy Dean.

So there is blood on the moon. All this does injustice to Sam Breadon and Branch Rickey. It is true that they are suave gentlemen who often have been wonderfully persuasive when dealing with lesser tollers in their vineyards, but they also are gentlemen who are richly endowed with common sense.

This means that when their star performer has boasted and blasted himself onto enough front pages they will immediately prove to him that advertising pays. With due acknowledgment of the fact that they have a pennant-contending club and also a pitcher who would be cheered even if he wore a Giants' uniform in Brooklyn, they will lay it on the line.

Naturally, Dizzy will not get the \$40,000 which he is hurling into the contest right now along with a plethora (sure I looked it up) of bitter adjectives. Just as naturally he does not expect it any more than he expects anyone to take seriously the harsh words he has been saying about his battery mate, Virgil Davis, Esq.

Cleveland May Inherit Big-Time Hockey Team

Cleveland seems definitely to be the town to inherit the big-time hockey franchise which Les Canadiens will surrender after the present season. Al Sutphin, who will give up his Cleveland Falcon, International league, holdings, is to put up the dough. He will operate a farm team in Rochester. . . . San Jose, Calif., will send 89 of its citizens into professional baseball this year. . . . In the future there will be a close connection between the management of Aldo Spoldi and that of Cleto Locatelli. . . . Pedro Montanes (just to get all this lightweight business attended to at once) has two self-appointed bodyguards, recruited from the ranks of his Puerto Rican followers.

One of England's most promising fighters is a nineteen-year-old featherweight who gets around quite nimbly in spite of the fact that he has a club foot. He hits hard, thinks fast and (no kidding) his name is Al Capone. . . . Although this is only his second season in big-time hockey Bill Miller, Les Canadiens forward, already is rated as one of the game's smartest players.

SINCE it is probable that the true purpose of sports is to permit customers and contestants to release pent-up emotions, I often gaze with wonder upon the Joe Louises, the Hank Leibers and the Glenn Cunninghams. How these eminent sporting gentlemen—popularly and properly labeled as "Dead Pans"—manage to get away with it is a problem that well could interest any student of box office appeal.

Yet they do get away with it and, indeed, those faces which never have twitched a muscle even at the tightest of moments, have perhaps come to an important reason for their owners' eminence.

No doubt the average fan, accustomed to running through all the emotions in the course of a day, always will love the mobile-mugged Babe Ruths better because he can understand them better. But this very element of difference also causes him to stare in fascination at the celebrities who are as unblinking while slashing an opponent to ribbons as while nibbling a crumpet.

Strangely enough, in view of the general belief concerning the feminine temperaments, women athletes seem to assay a higher percentage of dead pans than do the men. There are moments when certain little twists of twinges of their bodies indicate their opinions rather freely, but the faces of Mrs. Helen Wills Moody, Miss Helen Jacobs, Miss Jane Sharp, Miss Norma Taubele and Miss Josephine Cruickshank remain as calm in victory as in defeat.

Recalling "Dead Pan" of Helen Wills Moody

Miss Moody, who refused even to look at Miss



Helen Wills Moody

Moody, who refused even to look at Miss Jacobs while shaking hands for the benefit of the photographers at Sea Bright one year, is perhaps the most famed of those dead pans. Yet there is the distressing case of Miss Taubele, who looks so sad during a match that she feels that way before it is over and so bursts into tears when she loses. Also there is the misfortune of Miss Cruickshank.

Just as Miss Virginia Van Wile of the golf tournament is a vastly different person from the young lady who is known to her friends as Gino Van Wile, Miss Cruickshank seems to have two personalities. So, in those very cheerful moments away from the courts, she regrets that sober face she always displays in competition.

This regret—shared by some other contestants who feel that if they could warm the sympathy of the crowd, the tempo of their play would be speeded in time with the applause—is on the red ink side of the dead pan ledger. On the other side the absolute control over nerves and muscles enjoyed by a Paavo Nurmi or a Bill Carr, though, had a most important part in making them the great runners that they were. Oblivious to all outside influences, they could pace themselves through all those split seconds of action and reaction which make records.

Occasionally great stone faces are useful for purposes of the moment, although not a usual part of the athlete's equipment. For instance, there is the "dummy" play in basketball, where a man stays close to the basket, looks unconcerned and endeavors to lure his opponent into a false sense of security. Then a pass is thrown to him, he puts up his hands to catch the ball at the last possible moment and—if he is such an adept at the play as Nat Holman, Marty Friedman, Max Posnak or Moe Spahn—scores a field goal.

Still this variety of dead panning is perhaps as far apart from the regular article as was one of the more celebrated exploits of Silent Jack Richardson. Having been presented by Harry Sinclair with a horse named Brun, Mr. Richardson let every one believe that this was just the sort of horse that should be given away. Then, on the proper day and at the proper odds, which were 30 to 1, Brun won at Empire City.

Perhaps Max Baer's scowls, grimaces and smirks attracted undue attention because there have been so many deadpanned boxers. Firpo never smiled. His eyes were wide open and he stared coldly. Jeffries' face seldom changed from a frown. Willard's eyes glared out of a face that might have been carved from wood. In spite of the reported emotionalism of their race it cannot be recalled that Peter Jackson or Jack McVey, very good negro fighters, ever wore other than the same stolid look that marks Louie.

Not in the box score: Jack Dempsey and the Hearst A. C. are making faces at one another because the former heavyweight champion is muscling in on the fight promoting gag. . . . Monk Meyer, army's 145-pound backfield star, refuses to take a bath during the four days immediately preceding a football game. Fears that the water may weaken him. . . . At the more conservative Yale the football aces are prohibited from bathing on Fridays during the season. Same reason.

Bob Davis Reveals

Ghostly Dice Game Recalls How Cavalier Lost Estate.

IN OCTOBER, 1633, out of the Thames River, England, 128 people pining for religious liberty put to sea in two wooden ships—one of 450 tons and the other of 50 tons. At the Isle of Wight others joined the expedition, and on the date of November 22 the Ark and the Dove, receiving salutes as Old England went astern, shook out fresh white canvas, and with plunging prows headed for the New world.

Once outside the channel, at the mercy of the broad Atlantic, a hurricane divided the two ships. The Dove, racked in her timbers, put back to the Scilly Isles, to rejoin the Ark six weeks later at Barbados in the Antilles, touching at other islands on the way north, reaching Point Comfort, February, 1634, thence onward to St. Clements island in the Potomac the following month, there to establish St. Mary's City on the St. Mary's river, an arm of the Potomac.

Here Leonard Calvert, heading the expedition, made treaties with Indians, encouraged religious liberty and succeeded in bringing about the dreams of his father, George Calvert, Lord Baltimore and projector of the Palatinates of Maryland.

Once within its borders one feels the influence of invisible charm; the suggestion of a new and old world that united has created a third estate out of the past and the present. More keenly than any other section of Maryland, this subtle force is felt along the Patuxent river, lined with old manor houses that record two hundred years of the architecture, plantation and river life which had its roots among the Cavaliers.

King Confiscated Land.

Of these estates, which number about 20 more or less and occupy both sides of the river, I have elected to write about Sotterley. Sotterley takes its name from an old country seat in Suffolk, England, dating back more than 900 years. In those days no one owned anything that the king really coveted. Very well; now comes Edward IV who ascended the throne in 1461. Right off the bat he confiscated the Sotterley estates at Suffolk and passed them over to a gentleman named Playter, who had wed a daughter of the House of Sotterley.

The strain prospered, multiplied, and in 1685, 50 years after the arrival of the Ark and the Dove, Benedict, of the Sotterley branch, turned up in Connecticut, altering the spelling of his name to Satterlee, as it was pronounced. A few years after, George Playter, dropping the "y" from his cognomen, drifted in to the Patuxent river section. His son, George Second, married the Widow Bowles, and built the mansion on the 2,000-acre estate now known as "Sotterley" named after the old place in Suffolk. The stone flagging, bricks and hardware came from England. Six years, 1730-36, were consumed in the construction of the mansion.

Drama of Human Folly.

The original residence, which the present owner, Herbert L. Satterlee, a descendant of the Benedict Satterlee who arrived in Connecticut 1630, has restored with fidelity, stands after 200 years a testimony to the genius of Plater as a home builder. It is not, however, of the architectural beauties or simplicities, though they be many, of which I would write, but of the human dramas of those who lived within its walls. Four generations of Platers walked through Sotterley, the second being the sixth governor of Maryland, who married Anne Rousby, famed as "The White Rose of Maryland." Their son married a Cecilia Bond, through whose veins ran the royal blood of Gustavus Vasa, king of Sweden. The product of this union, George Plater, last of the Platers to occupy Sotterley, believing himself to be invincible with a dice box, celebrated his majority and the taking over of his estates by rolling the bones with Colonel Somervell, his relative by marriage.

Lady Luck Rebels.

This game, which was played in the governor's room of the old mansion, began with small stakes, swelled to a few hundred pounds, thoroughbred horses and personal effects, progressing to acreage, houses, river frontage, etc., finally to slaves, and at last to the grand manor house with all its priceless contents. With the final throw George Plater, beggared by fate, deserted by Lady Luck, casting the dice box from him, repaired to his bedroom, signed over all that was his when the game opened and vanished forthwith from the haunts of his equals to become a wanderer and an outcast, finally to die from illness and exposure, according to tradition, while on his way back to the scene of his losing tilt with fortune. While more than a hundred years have elapsed since that ill-fated game of chance, there are people still living along the Patuxent river who will tell you that while visiting Sotterley they have heard in the stillness of the night the rattle of dice in the old governor's room where the game was staged and the footsteps of George Plater ascending to his bedroom, there to sign away his all before wandering away to oblivion.

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Woman's Mind Faster Than Man's, Says Fencing Master

Crossing swords with a quick-witted woman is dangerous business, says Capt. Jean St. Maurice, fencing expert. He points out that a woman's mind works a fraction of a second faster than a man's, "and, with rapier's thrust, it's the split seconds that count."

The weaker sex can hold its own in fencing, he says, for "it's the only sport that depends on brain rather than brawn."

ASTROLOGICAL HOUSES

They are the 12 divisions into which the sky is divided in astrology for the casting of horoscopes. Each has its special significance: House of life; fortune and riches; brethren; parents and relatives; children; health; marriage; death; religion; dignitaries, friends and benefactors; enemies.

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