

# The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME LIII NO. 19

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1936

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## STATE - ISTICS

One of a series of brief discussions on government finances prepared by the New Hamp. Foundation  
 No. 6  
**Relief Spendings vs. Road Building Needs**

Listen, Neighbor:—

The more I think of it, the more it seems to me there's a pretty important relationship between relief and road construction. There's been some talk of cutting down—or even cutting out—"public services" until business has picked up and relief expenses have gone down.

I suppose that would mean—among other things—cutting down even more on road construction; but seems to me we've nothing to gain and everything to lose if we do that.

Road repairs and new road construction have been one of our biggest items of public expense for years—though, to my way of thinking, it's more of an investment than an expense. We need good roads to get our own farm products to market, and we certainly ought to be building more new roads instead of less if we want to develop our tourist and vacation business.

Why, we've hardly scratched the surface yet of what can be done in the tourist and recreation business—summer and winter both. Business was the best in that line last summer that it's been for years. The papers say general business has turned the corner of the depression, and the tourist and recreation business is the quickest way I know of for us to get our share of prosperity when it comes.

	1928	1932	1933	1934	1935
Relief	1%	2%	2%	22%	21%
Highways	48%	51%	50%	43%	40%

Besides that, they say about 80,000 men in this State make some money on road work every year, and that's about one in every five men here. The way I look at it, if we cut down on road work now, we'd only toss a whole lot more families onto relief instead of taking any off.

Julius W. Public.

## HIGHEST WATER IN HISTORY OF TOWNS ABOUT US

Roads and Bridges Receive Great Damage-- The Repair Cost Heavy

High water all over New England the past week has added another chapter in history that will be read with much interest in years to come, but while passing through it the experiences are much too harassing to be fully appreciated. For the oldest inhabitant does not remember the time when the water in this section was higher and did more damage.

In cities and towns along rivers and streams, so situated as to receive damage by water overflowing their banks, are the ones hardest hit, although others had much more water than they could take care of. Ice in rivers and lakes, together with rain falling in torrents, made a condition that was impossible to meet in a short space of time or to prepare for in any small way. Very rapidly the water had arisen to an alarming point, on Wednesday last, almost before it was generally thought to be of a serious nature—roads were flooded, culverts not able to carry the additional water, and bridges in great danger of being carried away, and roads were badly washed in many places.

A strange experience for local people: cut off from every adjoining town by high water; and not being able to reach any of them by the ordinary means of travel. It was Friday afternoon before many had the courage to venture far away from home.

Water was over the road from Antrim to Bennington, by F. A. Taylor's farm and the Monadnock Paper Mills, and no traffic passed over it, only by boats; some amused themselves rowing around in boats where ordinarily they would drive and walk. Water was in almost every cellar, some more than others, and residents in the most dangerous locations were removed to places of safety.

High water along the road to Hillsboro prevented anyone passing over this much traveled way, and while detours were somewhat in use, yet the roads were so much washed and fear

so great of bridges being weakened by the rushing current that no one cared to take many chances. Several attempts were made but not till Saturday morning could traffic go over this road.

Small wooden bridges and culverts received rough treatment, and some were rendered useless; attention will be given them by Road Agents before they are safe for travel. The more substantial structures received too much pressure from on-rushing water and ice not to be affected somewhat, and care in their use will be needed for awhile till they are thoroughly inspected and pronounced perfectly safe.

In adjoining towns and beyond, the same trouble existed; while not exactly the same, yet conditions generally were similar. Routes No. 32 and 9 were interfered with in many places and workmen will be busy for some time repairing the damage.

Mostly because of the fact that outside pupils could not get to the village to attend school, no sessions were held on Thursday or Friday.

As is always the case when water is high and running wild, the meadows in the village bordering on the Contoocook river are over-flowed and water runs rapidly. The farm-land and buildings on the Colby farm so-called, now owned by Wm. F. Clark, were surrounded by water, and to get from house to barn across the road a boat had to be used, and so deep was the water in places that the current was considerably strong. This lasted for a couple days before the receding progress was in order. Miss Margaret Shea, living nearby, had the misfortune to lose many of her flock of laying hens by drowning.

Bridges on Depot street were dangerously near going out—some planks being washed away—as were also the bridges on West St. and Grove St.; and while doubtless somewhat weakened, they will be all right again after necessary repairs.

## DREER'S 1936 GARDEN BOOK

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**Henry A. Dreer**  
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## DON'T QUIT!

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,  
 When the road you're treading seems all up hill,  
 When the funds are low and the debts are high,  
 And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,  
 When care is pressing you down a bit,  
 Rest! if you must—but never quit!

Life is queer, with its twists and turns,  
 As every one of us sometimes learns,  
 And many a failure turns about  
 When he might have won if he stuck it out,  
 Stick to your task, though the pace seems slow,  
 You may succeed with another blow.

Often the goal is nearer than  
 It seems to a faint and faltering man,  
 Often the struggler has given up  
 When he might have captured the victor's cup,  
 And he learned too late, when the night slipped down,  
 How close he was to the golden crown.

Success is failure turned inside out,  
 The silver tints of the clouds of doubt,  
 And you never can tell how close you are,  
 It may be near when it seems afar,  
 So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit,  
 It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit!  
 (Author unknown)

## A Reminder!

Our EASTER CARDS are here. The Best Assortment we have ever seen, and the Prices are No Higher than the ordinary cards. Do not be disappointed by waiting.

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The road in front of the Monadnock Paper Mill office, towards the garage, was for a number of hours several feet under water, and all the while was being badly washed. When the water had receded, the road was left in a wretched condition, for a considerable distance, and for several hundred feet the road-bed will have to receive expert attention and the surface repaired in an approved manner. It will be some weeks before this particular strip of improved road will be anything like what it was before last Wednesday.

No one can visualize just how badly and unfeelingly Route No. 32, (and incidentally its nearby residents) were used by this monster—High Water—even that one with an unusually fertile imagination. Neither can one begin to compute the great expense that this one thing will amount to; and besides there are numerous other large and expensive items in the list of damaged property.

This short time of being shut off from the outside world made us all realize how dependent we are on the bread trucks, and every other truck that brings supplies into town. Mails were greatly missed, one first-class Boston pouch arrived at the local post-office on Friday, and about the same time a Thursday's Manchester Union was on the news stand. This is considerable for a town like Antrim to endure, when ordinarily we are very promptly and in every way most satisfactorily served.

For the most part of last week, both telegraph and telephone service was at a stand-still throughout this section, and aside from local telephone calls very little of this kind of business was done. On Sunday afternoon, a Western Union telegraph messenger, from Keene, was in Antrim, Bennington and Hillsboro, delivering telegraph messages from parties anx-

ious to inform relatives and friends of their whereabouts.

The telephone circuits were in condition again, so that connections were made with the outside world late Sunday afternoon, and in this respect everybody was feeling better.

Our brother publishers, The Cabinet, in Milford, and The Transcript, in Peterborough, were unfortunate in having several feet of water in their basement press-rooms, and business was suspended for a time. Presses, motors, folders, and other machinery were submerged several hours, with attendant damage; several tons paper stock of different kinds, totaling many hundreds of dollars, were a total loss. Interruptions and difficulties are now a thing of the past and the wheels of industry are again turning.

The towns of Hillsboro, Henniker, Peterborough, and almost all others in the Contoocook Valley, fared hard; road wash-outs, damage to bridges, and other property damage will mount way up into big figures to repair. It will be some time before everything is back to normal.

## Special Precinct Meeting to be Held April Six

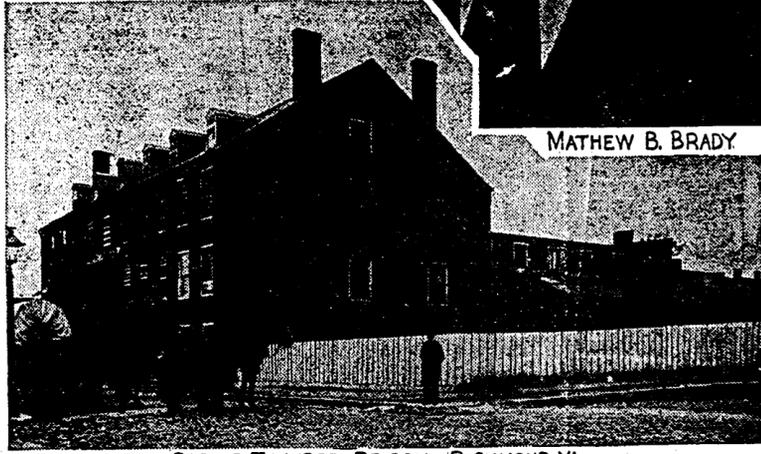
For a specific purpose, as set forth in the Reporter of last week, a Special Precinct Meeting will be held in Town hall on Monday evening, April 6, at 7.30 o'clock. This meeting is called on permission and order of the Court, which order is posted with the Warrant for the meeting. All taxpayers and residents of the Precinct should read this Order and Warrant for this Special Meeting. It is hoped there will be a large attendance at this Special Meeting.

# MATHEW BRADY, the First Camera Man to "Cover" a War

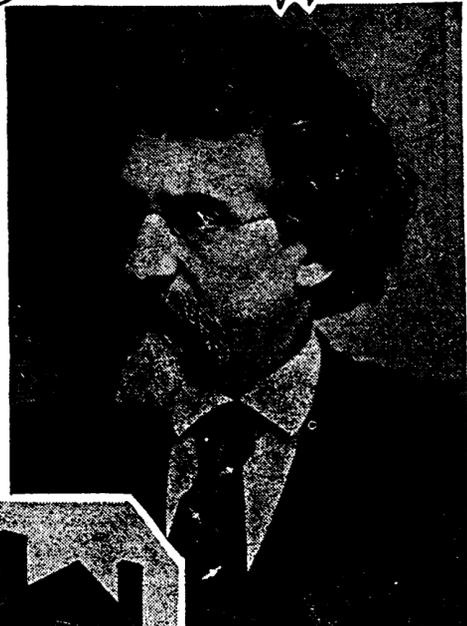
By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

**I**T WAS the spring of 1861. Hordes of office-seekers, politicians, government officials and various others were trooping to the White House in Washington to seek an interview with the new President and gain some special favor from him. Among them was a young Irishman with a most unusual request. He knew, as every one else did, that war between the North and the South was a certainty. He belonged to that new profession of picture-makers who used a contraption called a camera and he proposed to make a photographic record of the war. In fact, he had already invested heavily in cameras made especially for the hard use he would give them. Now he wanted permission to accompany the Union armies and make pictures—in camp, on the battlefield, anywhere and everywhere. Would the President grant him that privilege? Fortunately for posterity, Abraham Lincoln was quick to see the historical value of such a record and he granted the photographer's request. The names of most of the men who thronged the office of the harassed Chief Executive during that fateful spring 75 years ago have long since been forgotten, as have the missions which took them there. But the name of that photographer is imperishably preserved in a unique memorial. For he was Mathew B. Brady, the first camera man in history to "cover" a war. When he died he left behind him several thousand pictures which from the Battle of Bull Run in 1861 to the hanging of the conspirators in the assassination of President Lincoln in 1865, tell the story of the greatest civil war in history—not through the faltering tongue of man but through the infallible eye of the camera. Brady was not exactly an unknown when he appeared at the White House. He already had made a name for himself in the new profession of photography and his decision to make a pictorial record of the War Between the States was a logical step in his career.

The son of Irish immigrants, Brady was born in Warren county, New York, near Lake George, in 1822. In his youth he moved to Saratoga Springs and there learned the trade of making jewel and instrument cases. There he also became acquainted with William Page, an artist, who had been a pupil of a portrait painter and teacher named Samuel F. Morse. During the winter and spring of 1838-39 Morse had been abroad and had met Etienne Daguerre, inventor of the daguerreotype. Upon his return to America he began experimenting with the process and soon became proficient in the new art. In 1840 Page and Brady moved to New York city and through Page, Brady became acquainted with Morse. While continuing his trade of making jewel cases the young Irishman took lessons in daguerreotypy from Morse and in 1844 he decided to launch into the business himself. Young Brady was ambitious, ingenious and a hard worker. As a result, when the American Institute of New York in 1844 held an exhibition of daguerreotypes, the first competitive photographic exhibit in the United States, his work was judged the best on display and he was awarded a silver medal for it. For the next six



CASTLE THUNDER PRISON, RICHMOND, VA.



MATHEW B. BRADY



FREED MEN ON CANAL BANK AT RICHMOND, VA.



BOMBPROOF QUARTERS IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG



GEN. GEORGE PICKETT, C.S.A.

years he received similar awards from the institute and in 1851 he was given one of three medals awarded in a great exhibition in London. In the meantime his business had been growing rapidly. People who could not afford to have their portraits painted by an artist could afford to have their likenesses preserved in a daguerreotype and Brady's winning the institute medals had given him special distinction. Moreover, his practice of photographing every celebrity who came to New York City and hanging their pictures in "A National Gallery" on the walls of his "salon" made it one of the city's showplaces. A list of those who sat for Brady daguerreotypes is a roll call of all the notables of the period—Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Dolly Madison, Edgar Allan Poe, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, J. Fenimore Cooper, Washington Irving, Jenny Lind, Philip Barton Key, Fanny Ellsler, Pauline Cushman, Gen. Lewis Cass, Gen. John C. Fremont, James J. Audubon, Prescott, the historian; William Cullen Bryant, James Gordon Bennett, Horace Greeley, Samuel Colt, Gen. Winfield Scott, Dom Pedro, emperor of Brazil, and many others, both American and foreign. In fact, Brady daguerreotyped or photographed every President of the United States from John Quincy Adams, the sixth chief executive, down to William McKinley with the exception of one—William Henry Harrison, who died in 1841, three years before Brady began his career. Not all of these Presidents were pictured while in office. Brady secured his studies of Adams, Jackson and Van Buren after they had retired from the White House, but, beginning with Tyler and Polk, his Presidential picture-taking record was unbroken for 50 years. By 1853, when the demand for daguerreotypes reached its peak, Brady was the outstanding photographer of his day. By that time more than two million of the little metallic portraits were being made annually. In response to this demand Brady opened a huge establishment at 359 Broadway which he called a "temple of art" and which, in its rococo magnificence, would put some modern movie palaces to shame. By the time the Civil war opened he could have lived a life of ease on his income from this establishment. Instead, this "instinctive historian, a Bancroft of the camera," chose a career of privation and danger on the battlefields of the Civil war to record for posterity that great conflict. He fitted up a canvas-covered wagon to carry his equipment and to serve as his dark room in the field. In it he had to make his own emulsion with which to coat the large glass plates which were his negatives. In this wagon he traveled everywhere—with Farragut on the Mississippi, with Sherman into Georgia and with a score of other Union generals. His wagon was a familiar sight everywhere in the theater of war. It plowed through muddy roads, it was ferried over rivers in constant danger of being dumped overboard and all the precious equipment lost. Although Brady's status of non-combatant gave

him the right to immunity from danger, bursting shells were no respecters of persons and one of them might easily scatter the canvas wagon's contents—including the photographer himself—all over the landscape. But none ever did—for which we may be thankful. Considering the handicaps under which he worked—the bulky equipment necessary for taking the pictures, the tedious process of developing the easily-broken glass negatives and all the rest—his achievement is all the more remarkable. There is a certain "stiffness" about some of his pictures because his subjects had to hold their pose for several seconds, otherwise countenances would have been so blurred as to be indistinguishable. Lack of high-speed lenses also made "action pictures," such as we have today, out of the question. But for all that, Brady's pictures are singularly filled with "life" and they make the past vivid to our eyes as no drawing or painting could do. He was at Gettysburg immediately after the battle and his pictures of the fields outside that little Pennsylvania town strewn with the dead of both sides tell a graphic story of the horror of war. The same is true of his picture taken after the battle of Antietam and half a dozen other sanguinary encounters. By the time the war was over Brady found himself in financial difficulty. His desire to make a pictorial record of the war had cost him dearly and, as is so characteristic of governments, our government did nothing to show its appreciation of the value of his work. Finally his collection of negatives of war pictures was sold to pay a storage bill. In 1874 William W. Belknap, secretary of war, paid the charges—amounting to \$2,840—and for that sum the government acquired the priceless collection, although Brady did not benefit by the deal. Fortunately for him, however, Gen. James A. Garfield, then a member of congress and later President, had some appreciation of the value of

All pictures from negatives made by Mathew B. Brady, now owned by the L. C. Handy Studios, Washington, D. C.

Brady's work and some sense of shame over the way in which the government had come into possession of the collection. He made frequent demands that something be done about it. Gen. Benjamin Butler, also a congressman, joined in the demand and finally succeeded in having a paragraph inserted in a sundry appropriations bill "to enable the secretary of war to acquire a full and perfect title to the Brady collection of photographs of the war." Although both Garfield and Butler declared that the collection had a commercial value of not less than \$150,000, all that Brady received for it was \$25,000 and that only after long delay. During this time some of the negatives were lost or broken but eventually they were deposited with the War department where today they are locked in fireproof vaults and handled with the greatest care. Meanwhile Brady had continued his photographic studio business in Washington and the value of his post-war work is nearly as great as that of his service on the battlefields. He continued to make pictures of celebrities who visited the capital, among them delegations of Indians who came to Washington to call on "the Great White Father." But important as was his work in his later years, Brady had lost his pre-eminence as a photographer. Competitors were numerous and younger men with newer methods were crowding the field. So the career of this pioneer war camera man ended on a somewhat tragic note—his death in comparative poverty and obscurity in New York City on January 18, 1896. His collection of war pictures in the War department is not his only memorial, however, for his work is still carried on by members of his family. During Brady's later years L. C. Handy, a nephew, became associated with him and after Brady's death Handy maintained his studio. Today on Maryland avenue somewhat off the beaten track of busy, bustling "New Deal" Washington, an old-fashioned house bears a simple bronze plate which tells the passer-by that this is the "L. C. Handy Studios." It gives no hint of any connection with history-making events. But enter the studio and one of Handy's two daughters, or his son, will take from the cases which line the walls one of a great number of glass negatives. Hold one up to the light and you will find yourself looking into the face of Fitz-Greene Halleck, the poet, or the prince of Wales (the who later became King Edward VII)—and there is a striking resemblance to the prince of Wales who only recently became Edward VIII of England? Or Chief O'Leary of the Utes and his wife, Chipeta, or some other notable of those far-off days when Mathew B. Brady's "National Gallery" or his "temple of art" was one of the showplaces of New York City.

Whatever the merits of the Roosevelt proposals may be, there is no course open for his opponents except to support him in the general move to pay as you go. Unless they support these new tax levies, all of the howling and the shouting and tumult about a reduction in the treasury deficit becomes just so much belly-wash. Opponents may differ with the President as to the details of his tax plan but the situation he has created for them compels that they stand with him. To do otherwise would be not only inconsistent but rather dumb. Frank Kent, the able news commentator, summarized one phase of this situation the other day by saying: "It makes no difference that the situation which compels the imposition of new and heavy taxes is largely Mr. Roosevelt's fault. And it makes no difference that the move is forced by the exigencies of his campaign for reelection and is designed to spike the most damaging charge against him—that he has piled the debt mountain high and by terrific expenditures menaced the national solvency. All that and more may be perfectly true; but for the Republicans and his non-political critics, who have been assailing Mr. Roosevelt for months because of his failure to balance the budget to either obstruct or hold back now that the President urges congress to provide by taxation the money to pay for the vast gifts it has voted would be beyond the limit in political insincerity and hypocrisy." In other words, there nearly is no alternative for opponents of the President's policies. They must show their sincerity by going through with him in the laying of new taxes. I do not mean by that statement that it is necessary for them to accept without argument the exact levies which he has proposed. If they were not in accord with the taxes he proposes, they would not be serving their constituencies unless they so stated, but if they object to the levies he has offered, let them bring forward substitute proposals that will produce a revenue field in a like amount. They cannot afford to criticize and then refuse to offer constructive propositions in turn. On the other hand, it seems to be the consensus among Washington observers that Mr. Roosevelt ought not to be allowed to get away with one declaration which he made in submitting his tax proposals to congress. He said that the necessity for these new taxes arose from the Supreme court decision invalidating the processing taxes upon which the Agricultural Adjustment administration and its subsidies to agriculture was predicated. Of course, that may be true at the moment, but, as one frequently hears pointed out in Washington conversation, the President used the bounties to farmers and the AAA itself as one of his keystone policies. The fact that it was unconstitutional surely cannot be said to be the fault of the Supreme court and yet

## Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted  
by William Bruckart  
National Press Building Washington, D. C.

Washington. — President Roosevelt has very neatly called the bluff of his critics that he is wasting billions from the treasury and doing nothing to replace it. With much less ballyhoo than ordinarily precedes the presentation of tax legislation to congress, the President sent a message to the Capitol calling for new tax levies approximating a billion dollars in yield and in so doing dropped into the laps of the house and senate critics one of the hottest potatoes they have ever been called upon to handle. If one were to characterize the play in the language of baseball, since spring is here, I believe one could say that congress either must play ball or let the runners score. It was the greatest tax bill ever submitted in peace time. Whether the proposals the President has made are economically sound or whether the levies he thinks advisable will do the job he expects of them, of course, remains to be seen. But the fact cannot be dodged that Mr. Roosevelt has figuratively settled down around the ears of those who have constantly challenged the waste inherent in his vast reform and recovery program with a straight-from-the-shoulder demand upon congress that it vote new taxes. It is a most interesting situation, politically. In nearly a score of years of Washington reportorial experience, I cannot recall having seen so much squirming and wriggling as well as fretting and mumbling among representatives and senators. It is only natural that they do not wish to go into a campaign for re-election when there is a certainty that here, there and everywhere they will be confronted with heckling as to their vote for new taxes—assuming they will vote terrifically heavy levies as the President has suggested, and as present indications seem to assure. They have no heart for a tax increase at this time. But, to repeat, they are faced with a situation in which they must either vote for new and heavier taxes or else they will be forced to swallow many long winded speeches in condemnation of the President's course. Whatever the merits of the Roosevelt proposals may be, there is no course open for his opponents except to support him in the general move to pay as you go. Unless they support these new tax levies, all of the howling and the shouting and tumult about a reduction in the treasury deficit becomes just so much belly-wash. Opponents may differ with the President as to the details of his tax plan but the situation he has created for them compels that they stand with him. To do otherwise would be not only inconsistent but rather dumb. Frank Kent, the able news commentator, summarized one phase of this situation the other day by saying: "It makes no difference that the situation which compels the imposition of new and heavy taxes is largely Mr. Roosevelt's fault. And it makes no difference that the move is forced by the exigencies of his campaign for reelection and is designed to spike the most damaging charge against him—that he has piled the debt mountain high and by terrific expenditures menaced the national solvency. All that and more may be perfectly true; but for the Republicans and his non-political critics, who have been assailing Mr. Roosevelt for months because of his failure to balance the budget to either obstruct or hold back now that the President urges congress to provide by taxation the money to pay for the vast gifts it has voted would be beyond the limit in political insincerity and hypocrisy." In other words, there nearly is no alternative for opponents of the President's policies. They must show their sincerity by going through with him in the laying of new taxes. I do not mean by that statement that it is necessary for them to accept without argument the exact levies which he has proposed. 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Of course, that may be true at the moment, but, as one frequently hears pointed out in Washington conversation, the President used the bounties to farmers and the AAA itself as one of his keystone policies. The fact that it was unconstitutional surely cannot be said to be the fault of the Supreme court and yet that was the implication in the President's message. Likewise, the President hinted that a part of the taxes was due to congressional action in passing the bonus, which he vetoed and congress made operative over that veto. Again, I hear it questioned that congress is actually to blame. It is being said with great frequency that had Mr. Roosevelt made the fight against payment of the bonus this year that he did a year ago, it is almost inconceivable that congress would have passed it over his veto. It is being said in this connection that if Mr. Roosevelt really had desired to kill the cash payment of the bonus, his stalwart leaders in the house and senate could hardly have afforded to refuse his request to vote against it. Instead of that situation, the record shows that such recognized spokesmen as Senator Robinson of Arkansas, the Democratic leader in the senate, Senator Harrison of Mississippi, Senator Byrnes of South Carolina and Senator Radcliffe of Maryland, a personal friend, all voted to pass the bonus over the President's veto. I may not be thoroughly acquainted with the maneuvers of politicians but I cannot believe these men would have turned their backs on the President in the bonus fight unless they entertained a feeling that he did not seriously object. So it simmers down that the men who a year ago and two years ago voted the President almost limitless power and limitless funds to deal with an emergency are now compelled, if they intend ever to be statesmen, to stick by, vote the taxes and take it on the chin if that is to be the reaction from the voters. After all, it is merely the taxpayers who are the goats and as usual the taxpayers have not a great voice in their own defense. As to the President's tax proposals themselves, congress is asked to levy an unprecedented type of tax on undistributed corporation profits. New processing taxes to replace those outlawed by the Supreme court, being designed to be constitutional, are proposed and a tax which the President described as a "windfall" tax to recover a considerable part of the old processing taxes returned to taxpayers was suggested. He asked also that levies be laid on dividends which are now exempt from normal tax on individual incomes. The "windfall" tax is designed to offset the action of the Supreme court which ordered the return of the processing taxes as having been illegally collected. In other words, the administration is attempting to get by one method what the Supreme court said it could not get in the manner it employed. The tax on undistributed profits of corporations is the center of all kinds of controversy already. Opponents of this levy maintain that if the government forces corporations to pay taxes on reserve funds they have laid aside for the proverbial rainy day, such as we have experienced for the last six years, none of them can stand the gaff of another depression. Mr. Roosevelt contended that his tax proposal in this direction, which would take away approximately one-third of such reserves, was designed only to prevent the piling up of cash by corporations instead of distribution of those funds to stockholders. There will be much hauling and baling, many charges and counter-charges, much maneuvering and manipulation as congress mulls over the new tax bill. It will pass some kind of new taxes and citizens will begin early next year to take out of their pockets money to pay off the deficits of the reform and recovery program. Some 75 years ago, the government organized mail service to inland points without railroad facilities, calling this "Star Route" new service the Star route. This service has been continuously in operation in scores of communities and it is continuing to operate exactly on the same basis as it did three-quarters of a century ago. So, this is a plea in behalf of those who carry the mail on the Star routes and for better service for Star route patrons. There is a bill in congress now which proposes to provide better service for those carriers and for patrons of those routes. When one recalls that the boasted phrase of the Post Office department—"the mails must go through"—had its origin with the Star route carriers, it seems that the time is long since gone by to consider justice for these faithful servants. It seems, further, that if there are real "forgotten men" in this country, they truly are the carriers on the Star routes and the patrons of those routes. Even in the face of all of the hullabaloo that Senator Black, Alabama Democrat, is making about lobbying, those who desire to see justice done for the Star route service, those who believe that the entire postal service should be considered, and not just a part of it, should do their utmost to have congress act on this legislation.

# WATCH THE CURVES

By RICHARD HOFFMANN

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## SYNOPSIS

Following his father's criticism of his idle life, and withdrawal of financial assistance, Hal Ireland, son of a wealthy banker, is 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 he distrusts Crack. He finds his intimacy with Kerrigan ripening, and makes a little progress with Barry. Through 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 a kiss to apologize, and his feeling of disgust toward Crack is intensified. On his insistence, Barry tells Hal 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 that was four years ago, and despite her knowledge of her husband's unworthiness, she is determined to keep her promise, though admitting her love for Hal.

## CHAPTER VII—Continued

"Come on," she said. "Let's stretch our legs. Let's see Wyoming."

"Lady, have you ever had a good look at my legs?" Kerrigan asked, as a question of grave scholarship. "No, of course not; I beg pardon. The point is they're past stretching. Take my young friend Ireland with you, but let me have him back in good condition. And mind your pup; coyotes'll lead a dog till he's tired and then turn on him."

"I wish you'd come," said Barry. "I wish I would," said Kerrigan, "but I won't. I'll sit here thinking of old, old brandy, and I'll be younger when you come back. Be off. If you run into Hostyles, send me a line by one of 'em and I'll be at your side in a twinkling—say, an hour and a half."

At the top of a little ridge to the westward, from which they could look down the road where Rasputin waited, and see across to the mountain range behind which the sun would set, they slowed their pace and stopped.

"That's not a long walk," said Barry. "Long enough," said Hal. "Rattle-snakes."

"Oh gosh! not really?" said Barry, moving to him.

He watched her without stirring his arms, smiling a little at her and to himself. "No," he said. "I just wanted you to come where I could touch you and then show you I wouldn't. I'm proud of keeping my promise; you must ask me why I'm so strong."

There was a memory of solemn alarm under her smile. "Why are you?" she said dutifully. She sat down facing the west, her legs doubled and one firm shoulder hunched where she leaned against her arm.

"Because," he said, stretching himself before her, "because you've drawn your loveliness up into a kind of royalty that makes you more beautiful than I thought even you could be. Because you have a pride and purity in your eyes that goes as far above the world as that peace that makes Sister Anastasia beautiful. And yet your bravery is warm and living; and you don't turn your back on life; and you can't turn your back on the most implacable thing I've known in life—my fantastic desires for you, for the beauty behind your eyes, for the beauty—"

She turned from her lonely looking into the west, glanced from his mouth to his eyes with that awed, still consternation, and said, "Hal, that's not-darling, we'll have to go back."

"And because," Hal went on, "tomorrow nothing you can put against me can stop me—nothing. There, I've finished. And you can watch the strength and implacability coming into me with every minute of my promise."

"Hal," she said hopelessly, stripping her hat from the golden luxuriance that ran simply back from the round of her forehead. She faced the west again and watched it, trying its farthest distance with the sorrow of her eyes. Then she turned to him and said artlessly, "What about your socks?"

"Socks?" said Hal, his look laughing as he glanced at them. "What about them?"

"I've got things to wash out—to-night, or whenever we get anywhere," she said. "If you've got any things, I can do them, too."

"You're certainly not going to wash my socks," said Hal.

She seemed to straighten a little in defense as she said, "And why not?"

"Why, d—n it all, because—"

"If you were ill," Barry interrupted, "would you let anybody else take care of you if I could? I wouldn't shine

your shoes, because you're plenty strong enough to do it for yourself; but for the love of Mike why shouldn't I do washing for you if you've got things that need it? Is it beneath me, or something? Wouldn't you shine my shoes if I asked you to?"

"Of course."

"Well, then. Perhaps you didn't know you wear woolen socks, and woolen socks shrink if they're not carefully done."

"I didn't know that," said Hal. "Tell me more."

"I'd tell you lots more," said Barry. "If you'd try to see my meaning, and remember it."

"Barry, d'you think I forget anything you say—anything, even the first word you said to me, years ago, when you used to make me mad?"

"Well, what did I say to you first?" said Barry, challenge cheering her eyes.

"You said—We were standing in that place, wherever it was—you know—that place, and you said—No, signals off. We were in the car and you said it wasn't my cigarette that burned your coat."

Barry chuckled at him, slowly and huskily, with her head a little back and her firm, white throat full. "Close, Mr. Ireland, close. I'm glad you remembered. I used to watch you being made mad by me and love it. And now—" she said, her voice touching the edge of sorrow, then evading it in a little sigh: "now I'm asking you to let me wash your socks."

The sun set in bold, steady red, a short ledge of cloud fastened across it; and the whole dry spread of the land—the tawny, tufted sweep of plain ground, the rust and gray and emery stripes of strata under the flat terraces of rock, the high, heavy mountain peaks piled beyond—all came by a soft, purple clarity, as if they stood in tinted water. Hal and Barry had risen to watch the silent glory of the colors—she with her back against him and her hands clasped over his, the slow rhythm of her breathing under his touch.

She took a faltering breath and let it go reluctantly; and Hal, his mouth near the faintly fragrant thicket of half-curled, whispered "What?"

She turned her head to look at his lips, then up at his eyes, her looking intimate, expectant; then she stood away from him and returned to the fading colors of the western sky.

"Beauty—" she said; "beauty to last forever, in a few minutes."

He pressed her hand before he let it go, watching her. "I s'pose while we



She Gave Her Soft Laugh and Relaxed Against Hal.

can find the way we'd better go back," he said. "Some day, we'll never have to go back."

With a limber bending of her body, she picked up her hat, and it swung between them in her hand as they started down.

It wasn't cool, but Kerrigan was arranging brush and a few desiccated fence posts for a fire when they came to the car.

"Hi there," he said comfortably, as if they had kept house together for a long time. "Got the sun put away all right?"

"Yes," said Hal. "Very pretty, too. What's the fire for? Goin' to have a blizzard?"

"No," said Kerrigan. "Just like to attract attention."

"Haven't seen any to attract," said Hal. "But you know your publicity out here better than I do."

There was a pleasant murmur of welcome as Barry got into the car where the others still waited. Hal, with a strange, assured feeling of peace upon him, looked up at the first clearing stars and breathed his chest slowly full.

"Lord, it's good," he said to Kerrigan. "You should've told me I'd like Wyoming."

With the star-scattered night complete and the fire going, they made a thin supper from Mrs. Pulsipher's oranges, the popcorn which she ordered John to uncache, and some agglomerated fruit-drops from a bag in Kerrigan's pocket. The atmosphere was subdued, quiet, the voices not quite tentative but variously respectful, as if some one were asleep nearby. And each time John, after a silence, wondered where that Mr. Crack was. Hal felt the peace upon his blood freshly—a peace assured of strength, of Barry's nearness, and of his final coming to her—after the term of his promise.

Those in the car got out to stretch

and stroll briefly and look up into the night; and past ten, when John gave a yawn that echoed in the shameless cavern of his mouth, Mrs. Pulsipher suggested sleep. She and Sister Anastasia disposed themselves in the back seat, while John cramped his gaunt lankness in the front and Barry, Hal, and Kerrigan sat along the running board, watching the fire and talking.

"Listen," said Barry suddenly, interrupting her own speech. Doc raised his head for a grunt, sniffing. "There comes somebody."

They listened. A coyote—the pale, pretty ghost of a guilty dog—passed on the edge of the gloom beyond the fire, and Barry's hand came to rest on Hal's knee.

"It is somebody," Kerrigan muttered in a moment, looking at his watch. "He's been long enough. It's eleven."

Impulsively Hal said, "It's not Crack," and wondered why he was so coolly sure.

Barry looked around at him slowly, solemnly. "How d'you know?" she said.

Hal moved a little inside his clothes. "Doesn't feel like him," he said. He gave a short, uneasy laugh of deprecation.

The footfalls—made by heavy, stiff-soled shoes—brought their slovenly beat nearer and stopped. Hal got up and walked around the car. A broad glow, as from a white and distant fire, was spread in the east where the moon would come, but he could see no one down the road. "Evening," he called into the dark.

"Evenin', evenin'," came a cracked voice after an interval. "You the folks out the fire? I see it from a way back and come to see what was goin' on."

He clumped up to the fire—a tall, ratty man, no hat on his tangled hair, shirt dirtily open at his throat, blue-jeans cut off about three inches above the tops of his veteran cow-boots. His grinning lips were stained at the corners and his bright, empty eyes watched the fire, not any of the three who were near it.

"You folks stranded, 'ey?" he said cheerily in a minute.

"Looks 'it," said Kerrigan.

"I run into some folks last year was stranded," he said. "Over t'other side. Seems like I'm always runnin' into folks that's stranded." He grinned happily at the fire.

"Didn't see a fella go out to the highway and get a lift into town, did you?" Hal said. "Late this afternoon?"

"To what town?" the man said absently.

"Any town," said Hal.

"No," said the man. "Last week I seen a feller get a lift out on the road. Goin' west, he was. But I mind these other folks was stranded there—over t'other side. I come on one of 'em drinkin' water out of a little crick we got. I says to him, 'How's it taste?' an' he says 'Good,' an' I says, 'That's good,' I'm glad t'know an' he says, 'Why?' an' I told him why." He laughed silently without looking at any of them.

"Why?" said Barry in calm interest.

"Cause I found one o' my sheep lyn' drowned futher up the crick where he was drinkin', an' I wanted t'know how it tasted."

"Did you tell him that?" said Kerrigan.

"I told him," said the man. "He didn't like it."

"You're a shepherd," said Kerrigan.

"I am," said the man, with a quick nod of pride. "Only I ain't jus' now. I been fired." He nodded again, his stained mouth open. "I live over t'other side here in the shed by the Old South Corral. An' when I feel like it some day, I'll tear it down."

"Why'll you tear it down?" said Kerrigan.

"It'll make 'em sore," said the man. "You can have anything you want up there. If you want to tear the shack down, I'll help you."

"That's mighty nice of you," said Kerrigan, "but I guess we'll just sit here for a while."

The man watched the fire a little longer. Then he turned and grinned at Kerrigan and said, "Well, I guess I'd oughta get back. Moon's comin' up."

"Well, good night to you," said Kerrigan.

"Good night," said the man, and abruptly started clumping away again.

The late moon floated up clear and brilliant to pale the stars with its gray-blue dusk, and they moved from the running board, nearer the fire, to watch that bright drifting.

"You're at liberty," Kerrigan said to Barry, "to lean against my friend Ireland and have a nap."

She gave her soft laugh and relaxed against Hal, as if she'd been waiting for Kerrigan's permission. Her hair touched his cheek as she settled her head to his shoulder; she looked up at him in sleepy comfort, saying: "Too heavy?" then pressed closer to him and closed her eyes. And in the naturalness of that, Hal was near believing he had dreamt the obstacles to their united fortune: her trapped allegiance to that man, that husband, was too grotesque a sacrilege.

The slow moon marked the moving of the night across the sky; and Hal and Kerrigan sat together in it, by Barry's sleeping—kept silences that were broken only by the soft settling sound of the fire, or murmured of things not so much satisfying in themselves as in the fact that they spoke of them here.

Every so often Hal looked down at Barry's face—her dark lashes laid in a little radiant fringe on each smooth cheek, her vital lips at rest together, her breathing gentle and oblivious of care. And once when Kerrigan happened to glance at him as he looked up, they smiled at each other as if she somehow belonged to both of them.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# Bob Davis Reveals

The Convict and the Bird Legend in a New Dress.

I COVER the back roads, the unbeaten paths where men, weary of the main highways, ramble alone. And because there is little else to do but converse when we meet I hear some strange tales that in the hurry and bustle along the much-traveled thoroughfares would be left untold. Comes to my mind a story that with no effort on my part turned up down South, where it has been my pleasure to roll at low speed over country roads.

"If you have room," said a hitchhiker who halted me along the way. "I would like to ride with you to the next village. I could even pay a fare if you prefer it that way."

"Not at all. Why pay rent for companionship? Step in."

Whatever else I may lack, nobody can say I am a bad listener. Fortunately, the new-found acquaintance was in a talking mood and entertaining as well. A native of Idaho, he had ranched, prospected, operated in the hide market and moved on toward the Gulf, there to look into the muskrat-skin business, and for three years, 1923-25, had walked the parapet of a western penitentiary as a guard. "Not so good," he admitted, "but if you can stick it out, a fine place to get the lowdown on what a man who has guts can stand."

The Robin and the Roughneck. "Just what do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, facing the music, for instance. It must be 1-1 to look ahead through iron bars. I'll tell you about one case—he had no future; they burnt him. As men go, he was one of the toughest of his time. But he had a way with him when it came to birds. He had killed a man in cold blood; was nabbed, convicted and sentenced to the chair. Through some legal technicality, the flash was delayed five months. The warden, a humane man, allowed his prisoner to take daily exercise in a small enclosure, unroofed, that gave on the death house. Into this space, which contained a tree and some grass, the murderer, with bread crumbs, saved from his daily allowance, coaxed a few sparrows, some pigeons and one robin."

"The red breast is a furtive bird, and hard to tame."

"Right you are," said the ex-guard, "but before he got through the convict, having nothing but time on his hands, had that robin sitting on his shoulder. Yes, and eating crumbs from his lips. Also he trained the birds to pull a cigarette from the outside pocket of his shirt. Think it over. I witnessed the performance many times, looking down from the stone wall that framed one side of the enclosure. When a killer goes soft there is no telling what trend his affections will take. While the prisoner continued to scatter crumbs for the pigeons and sparrows the robin got all the best breaks at the banquet."

Bars Don't Stop the Bird. "Then the weather broke and the prisoner was obliged to stay indoors, viewing the enclosure through a barred window, to which, after a few days of loneliness, the robin found the new route to crumbs and companionship. Meanwhile, the courts turning a deaf ear to the appeal for a new trial set the machinery of law in motion for execution of the sentence. I suppose you've heard the old poem about the convict and the bird? Well, it wasn't a patch on what happened 12 years ago in that western penitentiary. With the approach of the fatal date the doomed prisoner seemed to grow more calloused in his speech and demeanor. Only the robin received attention."

"It was part of my job, during the closing week of his existence, to keep an eye upon the condemned man, whose sole concern was the daily visit from his bird, which entered the death chamber in the morning through a low window and made his afternoon exit through an upper ventilating transom close to the ceiling. As a rule, executions in that particular state took place at 8 a. m. On the day before, I suggested to the prisoner that I close both windows and keep the robin captive, to be released after the last flash. At first, he thought well of the idea, but turned it down almost immediately. 'It is enough for me to be a prisoner. Let the little feller stay free,' he said. 'If he shows up, all right. If not, I can take it alone. He won't know; who else cares.'"

The Hitch-hiker paused long enough to fill and light his pipe; an interminable proceeding it seemed to me.

The Last Long Mile. "Ever seen a man in the chair?" he asked, peering at me through a cloud of blue vapor. "Yes," I had, I replied. "Why?" "Well, you know how painfully long are the preliminaries; warden, witnesses, doctor, priest, electrician and guards filing in. 'Tisn't necessary to go into those details with you. Anyhow I was standing just inside the death chamber when the condemned entered. With his lips only, though inaudible, he framed three words, 'The robin came.' That sentence couldn't have been plainer through a megaphone."

—WNU Service.



## OLD WIVES' TALE

A backwoods mountaineer one day found a mirror which a tourist had lost.

"Well, if it ain't my old dad," he said, as he looked in the mirror. "I never knew he had his pitcher took." He took the mirror home and stole into the attic to hide it. But his actions didn't escape his suspicious wife. That night while he slept she slipped up to the attic and found the mirror. "Hum-um," she said, looking into it, "so that's the old hag he's been chasin'."—Cherokee (Kan.) Sentinel.

## LATEST SHADES



"She has a good face."

"The best the market affords."

But Love Conquers All. For a lad who had recently got himself engaged to a beautiful and attractive young woman, his face was radiating a surprisingly small amount of rapture.

"I've got a five-thousand-a-year girl," he confided gloomily.

"Well, then," said his friend, heartily, "you're fixed for life."

"No, no, you misunderstand, the upkeep."—Stray Stories Magazine.

More Polite Politics. "How is politics in Crimson Gulch?" "All right," said Bronco Bob. "We're getting rid of the idea that when a man runs for office the boys get out with so many six shooters that the only thing for him to do is to keep on running."

Epitaphorisms. "Do you think we should speak ill of those who have passed from this life?"

"No," said Miss Cayenne. "But I can't see the wisdom of trying to assert tombstone epitaphs as political doctrine."

The Answer. Teacher—Are you the oldest in your family? Nellie—No, both father and mother are older than I am.

Room for Something. Big Brother—Ouch! This liniment makes my arm smart. Little Sister—Better try some of it on your head.

IT'S BEING DONE



"Silence is golden, you know."

"Well, I don't know about silence being golden, but I've heard of people making money out of a still."

Scientific. Mother—But why don't you like school, Mary? Mary—Oh, it isn't the school. It's the principle of the thing.

Just a Happy Family. "So you are building a new house, eh? How are you getting along with it?"

"Fine. I've got the roof and the mortgage on it, and I expect to have the furnace and the sheriff in before fall."—Wall Street Journal.

Necessity. Green—You must be keen on the talkies, old boy, to go twice a week. Howarth—It's not that exactly. You see, if I don't go regularly I can't understand what my children are saying.

Spreading the Oil. Customer—To what do you owe your extraordinary success as a house-to-house salesman? Salesman—To the first five words I utter when a woman opens the door—"Miss, is your mother in?"

Says the Farmer. Tractor Salesman—With this tractor you can do twice as much work. Farmer (with a look of disgust)—I do plenty of work now. What the heck do I want with a thing that makes me do twice as much?

## World Moves On by Tiny Push of the Honest Man

The world moves along, not merely by the gigantic shoves of its hero workers, but by the aggregate tiny pushes of every honest worker whatever. All men may give some tiny push or other, and feel that they are doing something for mankind.—John Richard Green.



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Proven Exterminator that Won't Kill Livestock, Poultry, Dogs, Cats, Baby Chickens—Gets Rats Every Time. K-R-O can be used about the home, barn or poultry yard with absolute safety as it contains no deadly poisons. K-R-O is made of the strongest and most effective Squill, as recognized and recommended by U.S. Dept. of Agriculture. Over 200,000,000 used by Country Agents in most rat-killing campaigns. Sold by druggists, seed merchants, poultry supply dealers. Remember, every rat on your place costs you at least \$2 a year. Kill them sure with original, genuine K-R-O. Ready-Mixed 35c. \$1.00. Powder 75c. Resistant money back. Don't waste time, money on useless imitations. K-R-O Co., Springfield, Ohio.

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Then give some thought to your kidneys. Be sure they function properly for functional kidney disorder permits excess waste to stay in the blood, and to poison and upset the whole system.

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REPORTER OFFICE, ANTRIM, N. H.

### The Antrim Reporter

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

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

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## What Has Happened and Will Take Place Within Our Borders

A. Wallace George is confined to his home and bed, suffering with acute arthritis.

Miss Marion Wilkinson was confined to her home last week with a lame shoulder.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshal Smith were in Melrose, Mass., last week, owing to the death of a relative.

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

Mrs. William Auger is in Margaret Pillsbury Hospital, Concord, for observation and possible operation.

Mrs. Rupert Wisell has been quite ill at the home of her mother, Mrs. D. Wallace Cooley, Concord street.

The almanac announced the beginning of Spring last Friday, the 20th. It certainly came in with a rush—of water.

The many friends of Leander Patterson are pleased to learn that he is improving all the while, and that the trained nurse has completed her labors there.

Owing to road conditions, Rev. William Weston did not come from Hancock on Sunday to preach in the Presbyterian pulpit; Rev. H. L. Packard preached in his stead.

Robert Whipple was taken to the County Hospital, at Grasmere, last Wednesday, where he was operated on for appendicitis. He is reported as getting along nicely.

Trucks from Antrim were carting gravel Saturday and Sunday to assist Bennington in making the road near the Monadnock Paper Mills passable. It took a lot of gravel to do anything like a respectable job.

This Wednesday evening, at the regular meeting of Hand in Hand Rebekah Lodge, No. 29, I. O. O. F., visitors from the Rebekah Lodge, of No. Weare, are expected here. A program and refreshments will be in order.

At a recent meeting of Waverley Lodge of Odd Fellows, No. 59, I. O. O. F., the matter of letting the banquet room for future suppers and such-like occasions, was discussed at some length, and it was decided to discontinue this practice from now on.

Miss Ruth W. Felker, of Antrim, has been chosen a member of the special chorus from the Radcliffe Choral Society, to sing with the Harvard Glee Club at a joint concert to be given in town hall, New York City, on Sunday, March 29. This will be the first joint performance of the choruses in New York. The conductor will be G. Wallace Woodworth, member of the departments of music of both colleges.



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### Special Features and Other Material Missing

From this issue of the Reporter. After last week's issue was off the press, a batch of copy was mailed as usual to the linotyper for this week's Reporter; the letter was delayed in the mails—everybody knows why! Consequently, we are shy this week some material that we otherwise would have had.

For Sale—1 1/2 tons good hay. Apply to Joseph Fluri, Antrim. Adv.

Owing to his health not being very good, Ellery Ring has completed his labors in the Goodell Company cutlery shops.

The United Garden Club meeting in Antrim last Wednesday was interfered with considerably by weather conditions. The attendance was small; the speakers were unable to get here.

The bridge on West street gave workmen another high water scare, on Saturday, when a small island of a floating variety, which has for some years lodged near it up-stream, had attached large cakes of ice which carried the earth onto the bridge and caused the water to run across the street. Prompt attention was given the situation and any possible damage was averted.

### The American Red Cross

Calls for help for the helpless and destitute in the flooded areas all over the eastern section of our country. In the cities and towns of our own State the need is extreme. It is unnecessary to elaborate on this, since it is practically on our own doorsteps, and conditions are well known to all. As we are thankful that our homes and lives have been spared the dire force of flood and famine, let us show in a material way that we appreciate our many blessings by contributing to the Red Cross Relief Fund, to aid the homeless, helpless victims of the worst flood ever experienced in our State. Contributions may be handed to

Roscoe M. Lane,  
Emma S. Goodell,  
Edith Richardson,  
Amy G. Wheeler.

Of the local Board of the Concord Chapter of the American Red Cross.

### Card of Thanks

We desire to thus publicly extend our sincere thanks to all friends and neighbors for their kind assistance at the time of our disastrous fire, and for all gifts of clothing, and other acts of thoughtfulness. Also, thanks are due the firemen for their heroic efforts on a zero morning.

Cuddihy Family.

## 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 Wares Are Given, We'll Give Them"

## FAMED NEW ORLEANS MARKET MUST MOVE

Forced to Make Room for the Mississippi River.

Washington.—To the old French market on New Orleans' waterfront, the river has given much. And now the river is taking away. In order to handle the shifty yellow Mississippi in its S-curves about the city the levee must be moved back, and the French market must move over to make room. It will be renovated at the same time, substituting the odor of damp concrete for the odors of sanctity and fish and vegetables of almost a century and a half.

"In its sun-drenched space between the city and the Mississippi, the old French market is a mellow symbol of a vanishing era," says the National Geographic society. "Brilliant colors smoulder in its deep shade, luring visitors for a pleasant cup of coffee as well as the sterner business of buying and selling foodstuffs.

Market Dates From 1795. "The market sprawls over three blocks, a jungle of awninged stalls, piles of crates, and white-tiled booths, astir with the slow amble of chatting shoppers. Covered banquettes, or sidewalk, are littered with the overflow of informal merchants whose only wares are a few baskets of fruit or vegetables spread around them on table or ground.

"On one side lie dreary smudges of railroad tracks, and then the Mississippi, here treacherous, yellow, and muddy, with its shuttling ferries and moored sea-going vessels. Cityward its neighbors are the stately of Jackson square, the iron-balconied Pontalba apartments, the Cabildo in which Louisiana was formally transferred to the United States in 1803, and the tranquility of St. Mary's church and the Convent of the Ursulines.

"The market has a fascinating history. It was built under a Spanish governor in 1795, for the elegant Creole population of Nouvelle Orleans, mainly pure-blooded French and Spanish born in America. A hurricane destroyed the original structure, but in 1813 its rebuilding as a meat market began under the United States government, with enough French patronage still to give the new structure a French name: Halle des Boucheries.

"In a few years the market covered an adjacent block, dedicated to vegetables, and later still a third, for fish. Thus the area between St. Ann street and Ursuline street became honey-combed with white-tiled cubicles and their delectable stores of Louisiana's products.

"A coffee shop in the French market modestly claims the honor of having instituted the universal custom in New Orleans of stopping during business and after pleasure for a cup of thick black drip coffee. Now many coffee stalls offer the popular Creole beverage with a delicate seasoning of chicory, and their tiny oil-cloth-covered tables are a popular pastime with visitors and an established habit with residents.

Many Noted Visitors. "In its patrons as well as in its history the French market has international alliances. Andrew Jackson and the pirate Lafitte are said to have stalked across its sawdust-covered flagstones. Adellina Patti, after making her first American appearance at New Orleans' French opera house, took a keen interest in delicacies of Creole cooking, delicacies which the French market supplied. Audubon, on his second day in the city in 1821, found his way to the bird sellers in the French market and lamented that such a great array had been killed. Surely the coffee shops knew Mark Twain, O. Henry, George Washington Cable, W. M. Thackeray, Lafcadio Hearn, and others seeking to fathom Creole secrets.

"Rarer now are Indian women offering bunches of dried and fresh herbs. Italians, both men and women, predominate among the vendors. Farmers and share-croppers, black and white, sit stolidly by crates or baskets of their produce, or outside lean wistfully over the lowered tailboards of their wagons or trucks.

"Most attentive to the displays are negro women, heads swathed in the tignon, or bright handanna, who carry big market baskets or shopping bags to fill for their 'white folks.' To encourage them as regular customers, merchants offer them lagniappe, or a little bonus, on transactions.

"A tour through the French market is a visit to Louisiana's own informal natural history museum, with all the state's flora and fauna on parade in rich profusion and amiable disorder. Visitors and residents alike hope that the remodeled market will carry on the culinary traditions of the market of old."

Defends Lowly Goat Reading, Pa.—Stories and pictures representing the goat as a playful animal are resented by George Benz, vice president of the Delaware Valley Milk Goat association.

"Milk goats must be cared for as carefully as dairy cows," Benz said, "and if this is done they become valuable, productive, docile and inoffensive animals.

"The goat is much more intelligent than the cow."

Slice, Move Home Newell, Iowa.—A residence, purchased by Dr. F. C. Foley, was cut into sections and hauled five miles overland to a new location. The division was made necessary because the sections were moved across several bridges along the route.

## ARMY STRIVING TO CUT FLYING PERILS

Research Laboratory Will Be Ready Soon.

Dayton, Ohio.—Construction will start soon on the only physiological research laboratory in the United States specializing in high altitude work, United States army officials at Wright field announce.

An appropriation of \$5,000 has been made for the laboratory on the roof of the field's administration building. It is to be erected above a pressure room, which will form a part of it. The pressure room duplicates conditions flyers face at high altitudes.

The proposed unit will consist of two sublaboratories, one biochemical and the other for physiological research proper. It will include also a room to house the small animals which will be used in experiments.

Capt. Harry G. Armstrong, who attained national prominence recently as a result of a treatise on the physical reactions to a parachute jump, will be in charge of the laboratory.

Health to Be Studied. Armstrong said the laboratory will attempt to solve problems of safety, comfort, health and accidents of altitude flying.

"An officer who is flying at a high altitude may be cold," Captain Armstrong stated in explaining the work, "but not necessarily ill because of this. But we wish to find out definitely whether this condition reduces his efficiency. If he would rather be on the ground in a warm room because his flying suit does not shield him from the bitter cold at high altitudes, then he cannot be at top efficiency. Problems like that are what we will try to solve."

Armstrong has made plans to obtain a number of rare instruments for the laboratory. The laboratories at Harvard university have agreed to supply two of these, a spirometer and a kymograph.

Gases in Lungs Measured. A spirometer is a small instrument which when breathed into collects gases from the lungs. It is delicately balanced so as not to alter the analysis of the breath and affect its composition by pressure. The instrument will be used to determine the exact composition of lung gases at high altitudes, since they change after inhalation.

The kymograph is a recording device used in the pressure chamber to determine breathing rate and depth at high altitudes, blood pressure and other physical reactions.

Armstrong has developed a "re-breather" which will purify the waste air thrown off by the lungs so that it may be used again. The officer said only one-twentieth of the air inhaled is absorbed and used and the remainder is wasted. The "re-breather" will purify this for use.

## Lake "Shanty Town" Has Hundreds of Residents

Mt. Clemens—"Shanty Town," the mushroom city on the ice of Lake St. Clair, is growing in population by leaps and bounds.

This city of ice fishermen, located principally just south of the Clinton river mouth, back in the small bays, is probably the most popular of fishing shanty colonies on Lake St. Clair.

"Shanty Town" not only has hundreds of residents, but a restaurant operated by an enterprising boat livery proprietor.

The colony is also interspersed with hundreds of "transients"—fishermen who have no shanties but who crack holes in the ice and depend on their tip-ups.

To the casual observer who has never tried it, ice fishing doesn't appear at all enticing. But converts to the sport prefer it to ordinary fishing in warm weather. To the casual observer, the men with the tip-ups are miserable when the wind blows an icy blast. But the man with the tip-ups is having the time of his life. He heeds not the cold wind, his cold and wet feet, nor the fact that fishing isn't so good.

The man in the shanty is a little better off. With some sort of a heater, kerosene, coal or wood stove, he sits in the dark in comfort, watching for hours and hours through the hole in the ice, his spear in readiness.

## Mounted Police Inspire Respect, Chicago Finds

Chicago.—The mounted policeman is maintained in Chicago because he commands most respect from motorists, according to Capt. David I. Flynn of the traffic division.

"Get a man on horseback out in the street and people instinctively slow up," the captain maintains.

"That's why there are 98 mounted men in his division.

"And for restoring order in a riot," he said, "there is no substitute for a plunging, rearing horse in the hands of an expert rider. From the high elevation of his saddle a policeman intends to be obeyed, and no back talk."

## Mrs. Viper and Family of 27 Snakes Doing Well

New York.—A gagoon viper, rare species of a deadly African snake, recently gave birth to 27 "babies" at the New York Zoological park. At prices prevalent until the multiple births, the litter would be valued at \$1,350, but zoo officials feared the market now would collapse. The gagoon viper is a relative of the puff adder.

# BENNINGTON

## FLOOD WATERS IN OUR TOWN

When rising waters, resulting from heavy and continuous rains before the breaking up of the ice in the river and ponds, then are we sure to get a large volume of swiftly running water, that may cause trouble. That is just what happened last week, and how the water did rise and with what fury it did do its devastating work! There was such a current in the rapidly rising water that boats could scarcely be manned with safety, yet boats were the only means of conveyance in many places.

Residents whose homes were in danger were removed to other places; this happened in only a few instances. Yet, in the early hours of the rapidly rising waters, it was impossible to tell just how high the tide would rise and just who would or would not be in greatest peril. Hardly a house in the village but had more water in the cellar than it ever had before at any one time. And residents on high ground experienced much the same trouble.

But the town's greatest, most extensive and most expensive damage is to her roads. While the outside roads are terribly washed, culverts and bridges received unusually hard usage, the improved road on Route 82, from near the Monadnock Paper Mills, under the trestle, several hundred feet towards the village, cleaning everything out to the road-bed, making it impassable; this was the condition till Sunday afternoon, when workmen and a large quantity of gravel made it possible for use. A good word should be said for the large bridges and dams that remain in good condition; carrying this body of water leads one to believe that high water will not affect them.

The force of the water and property damage was greatest at and near the Monadnock Paper Mills. The terrace grading was taken out, the cement front to garage was thrown out of use, and the highway was entirely removed and carried away. Water coming over the river banks at this point and going on with so great force and in such quantity caused thousands of dollars of damage, which will take a long time to replace. Business at the Mills was necessarily suspended for a time, but in a few days was going again with as much progress as possible under existing conditions.

It indeed was a thing that never happened before, to have our main road washed out of use in a few hours, and it was closed to traffic of every kind. As soon as possible it was reopened, and later arrangements must be made for a permanent road.

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

Rev. Ben. Andrews, of Dublin, is to be the speaker at the Lenten services on Thursday evening, at the Congregational church.

To anyone who should wish to contribute clothing for flood sufferers and not know how to get it to them, the Reporter is pleased to announce that Rev. J. W. Logan will receive all such donations and forward them to the Salvation Army.

The Sons of Union Veterans Auxiliary held their inspection on Monday evening, March 16. Owing to the bad traveling, the attendance was not as large as expected. The Dept. Pres. Sister Lila Demond, Dept. Sec. Sister Alice Townsend, and Brother Demond, of Keene, were present, as was Past Dept. Pres. Sister Nellie Carr, of Hillsboro. Several other Sisters and Brother Ellsworth were present. The Sons of Union Veterans also joined with us at this time. Twenty-four Sisters and seven Brothers attended. After the meeting, a lunch of sandwiches, coffee, cake and doughnuts, was served. A good time was reported by all. Hattie R. Messer, Press Cor.

**For Sale**  
Maple Syrup, \$2.00 per gallon.  
Soft Sugar, in pails, 30 cts. pound.  
Sugar Cakes, 50 cts. pound.  
B. F. TENNEY, Antrim.

**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.

It's disappointing to call for a copy of The Reporter and not get one. Better subscribe for a year—\$2.00.

**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.

## Antrim Locals

A card party will be given at the Maplehurst Inn on Friday evening, March 27, for the benefit of the local Chapter of the Red Cross. Boy Scouts will sell tickets.

News reaches us that Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Goodell, former Antrim residents, were in an automobile accident recently, in their home city of Santa Barbara, California. While their auto was badly damaged, they were fortunate in escaping serious injury.

### Notice to Parents

A case of Scarlet Fever has been reported in town, and German Measles are prevalent. Since the symptoms of the two diseases are similar, both starting with a rash, if sick at all, parents are requested to consult a physician at once, when these symptoms appear.

A. W. GEORGE,  
Health Officer.

### ANTRIM POST OFFICE

#### Mail Schedule in Effect September 30, 1935

Mails Close	Leave Station
7.29 a.m.	7.44 a.m.
3.30 p.m. via bus from Elmwood to Concord.	
Going South	
10.45 a.m. via bus from Concord to Elmwood.	
3.40 p.m.	3.55 p.m.
6.15 p.m. via bus from Hillsboro to Elmwood. Returning at about 7.15.	
Office closes at 7.30 p.m.	

### CHURCH NOTES

#### Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church  
Sunday, March 29  
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.

Monday evening, March 30  
The Unity Guild meets with Mrs. A. M. Swett.

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

Baptist  
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor  
Thursday, March 26  
Mid-week meeting at 7.30 o'clock p.m. Topic: Prayer—to Whom? Matt. 6: 19-34.

Sunday, March 29  
Sunday school at 10 a.m.  
Morning Worship at 11 o'clock.  
The pastor will preach on: The Light of Men.  
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.

#### Mining Gold for Friends Was His Mining Sideline

Christopher Bechtler, a native of the Duchy of Baden, emigrated to the United States in 1929 and the fruit of his subsequent labors has become the source of study for collectors ever since.

Being by trade a goldsmith, he soon journeyed to the mountains of North Carolina, having heard there was gold in the hills. Building a small cottage a few miles north of Rutherford, he immediately began an active business. Besides mining gold for his neighbors, he mined for gold and silver and the semi-precious stones that are still to be found in the southern mountains.

The inhabitants of the Carolinas and Georgia brought their gold to his mint for coining, just as they carried their wheat to the miller. The mint master weighed the rough gold in the presence of his customers and then entered it in his book, leaving a space for noting the assay. In a few days' time the coins were ready for delivery. Bechtler subtracted only a small percentage for his labor.

## The Good Gift

By ALICE ROUNDY

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)  
(WNU Service)

AUTONOE MORRIS, young, well-born, well-bred, prettily blond and extremely conventional, sat on a tuft of Buffalo grass gazing over the broad Montana plains. She was awaiting the coming of Eric Willoughby, a young ranchman of English descent, who was the only man in the world who dared to shorten her distinguished name to Nora. He had requested her to await him here in the shade of a wind-mill not far from the ranch-house. From his manner she believed that he was going to ask her to marry him. This she knew to be impossible because she was the only and adored child of wealthy parents who believed that no man was quite good enough for her.

Presently she beheld him approaching at a gallop on his superb horse, the pick of the range.

Reaching her side, he threw himself off the horse, leaving him to follow, and seated himself on the ground near her. Without preliminaries, as if he were continuing a line of thought, he said, "Marriage seems to me the grave of freedom."

"So is everything in life if one allows it to be," replied Autonoe, dogmatically. "We are chained to ourselves."

"I have been interested in you ever since your Uncle Johnnie first told me about you and said that he was going East to rescue you."

Autonoe gazed at him in amazement. "He said that you were like a lizard waiting to cast its skin. Eyes shut. The whole of you encased in the dead cuticle of your parents' prejudices and fears and culture. And unless you could be freed, you would have no life of your own."

"A thoroughly Western point of view!" murmured Autonoe, haughtily. "Since you came," he continued, relentlessly, "I have seen that he was dead right."

At the smack of his words, his manner of uttering them, Autonoe felt the lizard skin crack from top to bottom.

"I cannot understand," she remarked plaintively, "why a man when he proposes, should make himself so disagreeable."

"I am not proposing to you," asserted Eric, sharply.

"Certainly you are. And the answer is (very plainly) no."

He smiled acridly.

"At least you are alive," he said, "and I sometimes have doubted that, my thoughts at present are occupied by a very different type of woman. A Mexican, a dancer in a cafe, superbly dark—I prefer brunettes."

Since he loathed poetry, Autonoe began to quote from a poem as Greek as her name.

Eric, as if stung unendurably, sprang to his feet and began to tighten Polimino's cinch.

Eric yanked up his horse's head and threw himself into the saddle. Surprised, Polimino reared to his full height, an appalling wall of flesh. Eric sat like a rock, fearless in perfect control. With a catch of her breath, Autonoe thought him like Balduir the Beautiful.

The horse's feet once more on earth, Eric said fiercely, with a swift glance at Autonoe's useless little hands:

"A ranchman's wife must be up at dawn and put in a fourteen hour day. She must scrub, cook, launder her man's clothes, mend them, feed the dogs and serve every stranger that halts the house."

Then, with a lift of the rein and a touch of the spur, he sent Polimino forward in a swift gallop.

Autonoe, turning her back upon him, returned to the house to find her Uncle Johnnie. A middle-aged, prosperous ranchman, with peculiarly steady eyes, he was resting from labor on the wide piazza in a comfortable chair and watching a distant scene. One of his men in a flivver, rounding up straying cattle, and another flying overhead in a small airplane, surveying fences. His Mexican wife, not older than he but deplorably wrinkled, was waiting on him slavishly.

Sinking into a chair beside him, Autonoe said soberly:

"Uncle Johnnie, I want Auntie Pepla to teach me to cook, and scrub, and feed the dogs and—and—"

Her uncle looked at her with perfect understanding.

"You mustn't mind anything that Eric says at present," he said, soothingly. "He is awfully stirred up by the ideals which you represent because they are like those which he himself had when he first came out here. But he seems to have lost them in this rough life and he has been in danger of marrying at a low level." (with a flitting glance at his own wife). "But if he has begun to quarrel with you, he is saved. And you must remember that this is the West where—"

"I know," interrupted Autonoe, impatiently. "But I prefer gentlemen, bland and courteous like my father, and I am going straight back East, where they grow."

Her uncle, with a kindly smile, left the decision with her.

And presently she was smiling at her contradictory self. For in her heart of hearts she knew that sooner or later, when he had won the fight over himself, Eric would come back to her bearing the good gift. Meanwhile, she must make herself worthy of it and prepare for the time when she should be not Autonoe but Nora.

# Poultry

## DRIED GRASS FOR HENS, GOOD FEED

### Chemist Accidentally Finds Valuable Egg-Booster.

C. F. Schnabel, a Kansas City chemist, accidentally stumbled onto this discovery. For seven years he had been trying to boost egg production and discuss resistance in his small flock by feeding green stuffs of various kinds, including alfalfa meal. Beyond 10 per cent, alfalfa meal was harmful; common vegetables were no better. Then in 1931 his greens mixture happened to have a lot of dried young wheat and oats in it. His hens began laying their heads off: 108 Leghorns averaged 94 per cent from May to September and mortality was cut in half. Mr. Schnabel was puzzled, and set out to find out why. After several years' more work he found the secret: Dried young grasses! These, states a writer in the Country Home, reach their peak in nutritional value just before jointing, normally about the twentieth day. Cut prior to jointing, there will not only be another crop but the dried grasses will be two or three times richer in protein and vitamins.

Potato growers in the Kaw and the Missouri river bottoms who have been planting cereals after harvest for green manure have on this basis been plowing under a crop worth \$200 an acre to poultrymen.

Scientists in the United States Department of Agriculture, at Purdue University, Louisiana State and elsewhere who have been investigating the curing of alfalfa, soy bean and other hays report a much higher vitamin A content in hays cut early and cured so as to preserve the leaves and green color.

Vitamin A is the one which is so highly prized in eggs, butter and other human foods, and it is this vitamin which is lost when hay is cut too late, or when the leaves shatter, or are blanched by sun or rain. With vitamins being poked at us from all directions, we get a little confused, but it's hard to ignore the practical results which men like C. F. Schnabel are getting.

### Advices on Feeding "Green" Ducks Given by an Expert

To grow "green" ducks the first feed should consist of equal parts of bran, shorts and corn meal, with about 10 per cent beef meal added. One per cent charcoal is also recommended, advises a poultryman in the Montreal Herald. Moistened with water just to make it crumbly; sprinkle with sand just before feeding. The sand serves as grit. Feed only what the ducklings will eat up clean at each feeding. When the ducklings are well started, green feed may be added, such as clover or alfalfa hay chopped fine and added to the mash. Increase the green feed gradually until it reaches about one-fifth of the ration.

When the ducklings are six weeks old, discontinue the green feed and at the commencement of the seventh week feed this mixture: Fifty pounds corn meal, 35 pounds shorts, and 15 pounds beef meal, with coarse sand sprinkled over the mixture. When the ducklings are about ten weeks old, they should be ready for market. Market them just before they start to change their body feathers.

### Cleanliness in Poultry Yard

Cleanliness is not an easy thing to maintain in poultry quarters; it involves constant attention to the countless details which the care of poultry involves from the time that the chicks leave the incubator to their final trip to market. Even the incubator will not stay clean of itself, eating and drinking utensils soon become soiled by discharges and contaminate their contents, quarters are quickly fouled if not given attention, yards suffer the same fate and hold in their upper layers of soil embryo parasites, waiting to gain obtain entrance to living bodies where they may complete their cycle of life. No one measure suffices to insure cleanliness everywhere, but the hoe, the broom, the scrub brush and the pail of hot water are valuable allies in the fight against disease.

### In the Hen Yard

Each hundred birds in satisfactory production will drink four to five gallons of water a day.

Where pullets show lack of good condition, an attempt should be made to find the cause. Intestinal coccidiosis and worms may be to blame.

Hundreds of baby chicks are "executed" yearly at the University of Wisconsin in experiments designed to probe poultry diseases.

Club members are learning to dress the poultry grown in their projects, thus increasing the returns obtained when the birds are marketed.

To produce eggs with high hatchability of strong, vigorous chicks requires green feed or a substitute like alfalfa, some vitamin D and milk.

If egg production is low and loss of birds is heavy, immediate treatment for worms is justified when it is learned that they are causing the trouble.

## ART TO DEPICT U. S. HISTORY IN MUSEUM

### Paintings, Maps and Sculptures Being Prepared.

Washington.—Paintings, miniature sculptures and maps depicting outstanding events connected with the activities of the Interior department are being prepared for the museum of the new Interior department building to be completed next December.

Recently Secretary Ickes announced that artists, sculptors and cartographers were at work in a field laboratory at Morristown, N. J., assembling material.

All branches and divisions of the Interior department are co-operating with the national parks service in developing the museum. Because of the widespread activities of these bureaus, their portrayal necessarily will tell in a large measure the history and growth of the country.

The story of the early pioneers in their struggle with the Indians and the forces of nature, the gradual development of the country in mining, geology and human relations will be graphically depicted. Some of the bureaus to be portrayed are the Indian bureau, reclamation, national parks service, geological survey, bureau of mines and the grazing division.

The paintings, illustrating the hardships of the men and women who blazed the trail across the continent, will be hung above the cases containing the sculptured exhibits. Among these illustrations, painted by Wilfred Bronson, are "The Covered Wagon" and other scenes depicting the lives of the pioneers and their struggle for existence.

The miniature sculptures, made from plaster of paris and skillfully painted for realistic effect, are being prepared by Rosario Fiori, Basil E. Martin, Albert McClure, Donald M. Johnson and Lyman Royal.

The illuminated relief and flat maps, charts and drawings illustrating the progress of man are being prepared by Arthur Ohlman, Otto Jahn, Joseph Andrew and Harry Wood.

### Clue to Earlier Men Is Found in Excavations

Washington.—Evidence that men lived in America soon after the glacial period has been dug up by the Smithsonian Institution. Further studies are planned this year in the hope that more evidence may be unearthed.

Dr. Frank H. H. Roberts of the American bureau of ethnology said that stone implements dug up in Colorado had been associated with an extinct form of bison believed to have lived from 10,000 to 15,000 years ago. "We have hopes of finding definite traces of the types of habitation which these people had and also of finding skeletal remains of the people themselves," he said.

"For the first time we have a site which gives clear indications that man was on this continent shortly after the close of the glacial period. How soon after he arrived, we are as yet unable to say."

He displayed the point of a projectile imbedded in the vertebrae of an extinct bison.

The site, which he said was the oldest "archeological complex yet found in North America," was due north of Fort Collins, Colo., a mile and a half from the Wyoming line.

### Covey of Quail Smash Glass to Enter Cottage

Ashtabula, Ohio.—Vier H. Snider, Ashtabula insurance man, had a slick little mystery on his hands for a few minutes.

Informed that the glass in the front door of his lake cottage had been smashed, supposedly by burglars, he found upon arrival not a single track in the surrounding blanket of snow.

As he entered the cottage, a whirl of wings startled him. A covey of quail smashed through another window to escape and Snider called a glazier.

### Family Regains Greatly Prized Heirloom Clock

Ravenna, Ohio.—A wooden clock, 130 years old, has been returned to the S. E. Haughton family, of Windham, after an absence of 65 years.

The clock, owned by Samuel Haughton, was bought for \$40. A prized possession, the old clock was the virtual household shrine of the Haughton family until 1871, when through circumstances unknown, it disappeared. The wooden heirloom was returned to the third generation of the family by a jeweler.

### Aged Man Advises Sleep and Oatmeal

Emporia, Kan.—Eat oatmeal, work hard and go to bed before sundown.

That is the advice William Thompson, ninety-year-old Emporia truck driver, offers those who wish to live long. He is the survivor of the crew which laid the first telegraph cable across the Atlantic 69 years ago.

Thompson was born in Scotland. During a visit to London when he was twenty years old, he saw the famous vessel "Great Eastern" getting ready for the cable job. He applied for a job as common sailor. He came to America in 1830. He works in his garden, eats a large dish of oatmeal twice daily, and goes to bed before sundown.



Clearly, concisely, briefly The United States News presents the news of national affairs in departmental form.

**THE CONGRESS WEEK**—what the House and Senate debate.

**THE PRESIDENT'S WEEK**—the visitors he saw, and why—what he said and did.

**STATE OF THE UNION**—a 5-minute swing around the country with the national news.

**THE POLITICAL WEEK**—up-to-the-minute reports of all that the political leaders are doing and planning.

**WHAT THE PRESS OF THE NATION THINKS**—offers a quick, interesting survey of public opinion, including percentage of press for and against on leading issues.

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# WORLD'S BEST COMICS

Lighter Side of Life as Depicted by Famous Cartoonists and Humorists

## THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



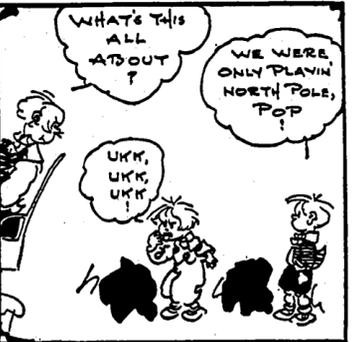
## Some Stuff

By Quack



## SMATTER POP—Sounded Like Igloo Talk

By C. M. PAYNE



## MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY



## Pa Uses His Own Methods

## FINNEY OF THE FORCE

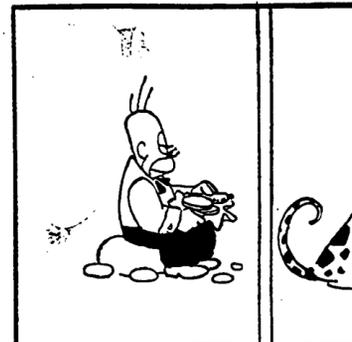
By Ted O'Loughlin



## ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES

## A Hungry Dog

By O. JACOBSSON



RAIN OR SHINE—WRIGLEY'S IS THE STANDARD OF QUALITY

**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT**  
THE PERFECT GUM

THE FLAVOR LASTS

IMPROVEMENTS

Rabbit—Shades of Luther Burbank, but that's some carrot!

WARM HAT

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

MOTHER PUTS ON HIS NEW WARM WOOLLY HAT

IMMEDIATELY TAKES HAT OFF TO FLAG THE CHILDREN

PUP PUTS ON ABRIN, MORE OR LESS

GAME OF THE STAIRS DURING WHICH HAT COMES OFF

SUGGESTS THEY CHANGE TO RAIN-SHEEP-RUN AND HIS HAT CAN BE THE BASE

EVERYBODY BEING OUT OF BREATH BY NOW DECIDE TO WORK ON THEIR SHOW FOOT

FINDS THAT HAT MAKES SPECTACULAR RECEIPTABLE FOR CARRYING SNOW

GOES IN FOR LUNCH PULLING HAT ON. MOTHER, REFLECTS WITH COMFORT, HOW WARM AND SNUG IT MUST HAVE KEPT HIM

Slightly Mixed

Jimson was relating his experiences in India.

"I was taking my usual morning dip when I spotted three gladiators making for me, so I had to swim for dear life."

"You mean navigators—something like a crocodile," interposed Johnson.

"Well, what are gladiators?"

"Gladiators? Why, they're a sort of flower grown from bulbs."—Stray Stories Magazine.

Getting It Right

A grubby urchin walked into the men's outfitting department of a large store.

Addressing an assistant, he said: "A soft man's collar, please!"

The other assistants tittered and the one addressed said stiffly: "You mean a man's soft collar, my boy!"

Pointing to his own collar, he asked: "Do you mean one like this?"

The boy eyed it momentarily. Then he replied: "No! A clean one."

## ACCENTS WRONGLY PLACED REVERSE REAL MEANING

Did you ever read the dictionary? You don't think it very interesting? Well, it is, and it is probably more useful than some of the books you do read.

Half of the trouble people get themselves into is due to misunderstanding spoken or written words often occasioned by the fact that words have more than one meaning.

"The dog would have died if we hadn't cut off his head" seems ludicrously impossible if you accent the word "died." Accent the word "hadn't" and it becomes indisputable fact.

Can you trust your reader not to accent the wrong word? Are your written statements susceptible of two meanings? Are you sure the words you employ in conversation may not create an impression in the minds of your hearers in startling contrast with what you intended, or that they cannot repeat them to your detriment?

I know of a 20-page contract where the changing of the word "and" to "or" cost one party to it \$350,000.

Fortunately I was in a business that necessitated writing thousands of words daily. It was appalling the number of instances where wrong punctuation, the addition or omission of an apparently unnecessary word or a natural misinterpretation of a word would disastrously reverse the meaning.—F. A. Garbutt in Los Angeles Times.

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At Rochester, Mich., and Salinas, Cal., The Ferry-Morse Seed Breeding Institute is devoting hundreds of acres to scientific propagation of vegetable and flower seeds. For 80 years this work has progressed... selecting the finest plants... pollinating them with other fine plants... developing a foundation stock... growing seed crops from this... testing the resulting seeds before they are offered to you.

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THIS is the little Coleman Lantern with the big brilliance. It lights instantly and is always ready for any lighting job, in any weather.

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If everybody else is prosperous you will be. Don't be envious.

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● Show him that Mr. Watson's articles sometimes digress to other fields of American interest—to popular science, sports, the fine arts, industry, literature—to developments that will MAKE history . . . but read like romance.

*You can feel secure in this guidance of your child's reading because Elmo Scott Watson's articles always are authoritative and are based upon the most painstaking research. In addition to writing these special articles, Mr. Watson serves as an instructor in feature writing at Medill School of Journalism, Northwestern University, and is co-author of a new book on the subject that has been adopted as a textbook by leading journalism schools throughout the nation.*

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

THE  
ELDREDGE INSURANCE AGENCY,

ANTRIM, New Hampshire

## Lights of New York

by L. L. STEVENSON

Meanderings and meditations. Three great shaggy horses, their nostrils jutting steam, pulling a huge coal truck . . . The fluted jade of the Hudson. The sun making a sparkling diamond of a snow-coated roof-top water-tank . . . The zig-zagging darting of the Eighth avenue buses . . . Wonder if the drivers dream of being caught in traffic snarls? . . . and having to keep schedules . . . An old man, who looks like a hold-over Santa, swiping a banana from a push cart . . . and slowly walking away as he eats it . . . Maybe he's trying for a home for the winter . . . By getting pinched . . . Such a thought makes me uneasy inside . . . Katharine Cornell, who is one of my two favorite actresses . . . Helen Hayes, also playing in town now, is the other . . . Richard Maney, press agent who did such a fine job for "Jumbo" many thought him a part of the show.

Like to stare at pawnshop windows . . . In one on Eighth avenue, a big roulette wheel . . . The sign says it cost \$130 . . . But can be taken away for \$65 . . . Maybe the house percentage isn't as heavy as it should be . . . Also a mammoth silver punch bowl . . . A Tiffany product that can be had for \$100 . . . Bet there's a story behind that . . . About egg nogs and gay parties . . . and then disaster that put the bowl that flowed into the pawnshop . . . and that huge accordion with its many and expensive trappings . . . How did it reach that window? . . . Window displays in the garment center being inspected by experts . . . They can tell exactly what each article cost by the dozen . . . Or by the gross . . . and most of them are unemployed . . . The gay showing in the window of a house that deals in piece goods . . . and the millions of buttons in a wholesale button house window.

Mrs. S. Stanwood Mencken, who gets much publicity because of her costumes at various parties . . . She shot the chutes with others of society at that Coney Island ball at the Elyse . . . Wish I had time to go out to Coney today . . . There's something appealing about the somber sullenness of the winter ocean . . . Hugh Gray who has named one of his five dogs, Contract Bridge . . . Wilfrid Lawton who turns in such a fine performance as the defense attorney in that new hit, "Libel." . . . Maybe I shouldn't kick because it means extra revenue for the government . . . But Jim Farley's postage stamps tear entirely too easily . . . and the pieces get lost . . . The postmaster general strolling along Broadway made me think of that.

Carl Phillip, an electrical engineer who, when out of work, refused to go on relief . . . Or take a WPA job . . . Instead, he toiled away in an attic on an idea that had been in his mind for years . . . The result was a toy ocean with toy lighthouse and toy liners . . . That steered by remote control . . . It caught the fancy of New York kids . . . and now Phillip has a profitable business . . . Christopher Morley surveying Times Square through pipe smoke . . .

A restaurant window filled with fish of various kinds . . . With designs done in shrimps . . . and huge heaps of live lobsters . . . Wonder if the old "lobster palaces" will ever come back? . . . Heard of a little French eating place where if the madam doesn't care for a customer, she invites him not to return! . . . Curious thing that in New York where the struggle for business is so fierce . . . and the press agent of a restaurant tried to get publicity by throwing a party in honor of the one hundred and forty-third anniversary of the Earl of Sandwich . . . Who, hungry while gaming, had a piece of meat put between slices of bread.

The opening of that new \$50,000 bar at the Hotel Astor caused Oscar F. Ostby, president of the Anthracite club, who was the first customer, to recall those whom he met at the Astor bar in the old days. Among them were Enrico Caruso, "Diamond Jim" Brady, Pierre Dupont, George M. Cohan, Raymond Hitchcock, Edward Allen Wolf, Charles Splittorf, Nat Goodwin, De Wolf Hopper and Chauncey Alcott. Incidentally the bar, which was formally opened by Frederick A. Muschenheim, owner of the hotel, with a gold key, is Broadway's largest. It is an island with a circumference of 116 feet and will accommodate 150 standers, that is, if they "group up" a bit.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

### Diligent Hen Lays Three Eggs in Day

Melbourne, Victoria.—A hen has created a record at Mordialloc, Victoria, by laying three eggs in one morning.

She is a black Orpington and having been occupied with a brood of chickens for a few weeks she seemed to think she must make up for lost time.

"As soon as the chicks were able to scratch for themselves she resumed laying," said her owner, W. J. Jenkins. "A few days ago she laid two eggs in one morning. Now she has laid three eggs in a morning. Two of them weighed 1 1/2 ounces and the third 1 3/4 ounces."

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Liability or  
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Call on  
W. C. Hills Agency  
Antrim, N. H.

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

Meetings 7 to 8  
HUGH M. GRAHAM,  
JAMES I. PATTERSON,  
ALFRED G. HOLT,  
Selectmen of Antrim.

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

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

### Advertising

It costs money to advertise in a paper of circulation and influence in the community. Every business man who seeks to enlarge his trade, recognizes the fact that advertising is a legitimate expense. It is not the cheapest advertising that pays the best. Sometimes it is the highest priced newspaper that brings the largest net profit to the advertiser.

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Like A Flash—Relief!

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

## SHE LOST 20 POUNDS OF FAT

Feel full of pep and possess the slender form you crave—you can't if you listen to gossipers.  
To take off excess fat go light on fatty meats, butter, cream and sugary treats—eat more fruit and vegetables and take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning to eliminate excess waste.  
Mrs. Elma Verille of Havre de Grace, Md., writes: "I took off 20 lbs.—my clothes fit me fine now."  
No drastic cathartics—no constipation—but blissful daily bowel action when you take your little daily dose of Kruschen.

## Help Kidneys

Don't Take Drastic Drugs  
Your Kidneys contain 9 million tiny tubes or filters which may be endangered by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Be careful. If functional Kidney or Bladder disorders—cat more fruit and vegetables—eat more fruit and vegetables and take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning to eliminate excess waste.  
Mrs. Elma Verille of Havre de Grace, Md., writes: "I took off 20 lbs.—my clothes fit me fine now."  
No drastic cathartics—no constipation—but blissful daily bowel action when you take your little daily dose of Kruschen.

## TIRED, WORN OUT, NO AMBITION

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

Lydia E. Pinkham's  
TABLETS

## COULD NOT DO HER HOUSEWORK

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

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's  
VEGETABLE COMPOUND