

The Antrim Reporter

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ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1937

5 CENTS A COPY

Red Cross Makes Appeal for \$4,000,000 to Aid the Sufferers in Great Flood Area

The Ohio and Mississippi valleys are suffering the worst flood in recorded history. Great cities have been almost submerged. Millions of dollars worth of property have been destroyed, and hundreds of thousands of people forced to flee from their homes. Supplies of drinking water are inadequate, and multitudes are without food, shelter or fuel, save as these are provided by others. The danger from disease is tremendous. The American Red Cross has been on the ground from the beginning of the trouble, ministering to the distressed in the name of the American people. But its ordinary resources are quite inadequate in the face of such a colossal disaster. It is appealing to the American people for \$4,000,000 for relief in this major emergency. Our own Governor Murphy has called upon the people of New Hampshire to do their utmost to help, remembering that less than a year ago we were in the midst of similar conditions, and at that time received financial assistance from our fellow-citizens in other states, doubtless from many of those who are now suffering themselves. The citizens of Antrim, as always, will do their full share. Your con-

tribution, large or small, may be handed to Mr. Roscoe M. Lane, Chairman, Mrs. Emma S. Goodell, Vice Chairman, or Mrs. Frank E. Wheeler, Treasurer, of the local Chapter of the American Red Cross.

The following letter has been received by the local chapter from the Concord Chapter, concerning the recent annual Red Cross drive:

Concord, N. H.
January 21, 1937

Mrs. Frank Wheeler, Treas.
American Red Cross
Antrim Branch
Antrim, N. H.

My dear Mrs. Wheeler:

The Concord Chapter, American Red Cross wishes to acknowledge the receipt of \$59.00 representing 118 memberships from the Antrim Branch. May we congratulate you on the fine work done by you and your workers during this year's Roll Call period and would you please extend our appreciation to the workers in the Antrim Branch.

Sincerely yours,
Louis P. Elkins,
Treasurer.

League of New Hampshire Arts and Crafts Makes Good Use of Spare Time

27th Issue, January, 1937
Mrs. Foster Stearns, Editor
258 North Main St., Concord, N. H.

"It has been estimated that in the United States at present about thirty million people go to the movies every week just to pass the time away, and not to see any particular film. Allowing two hours for each entrance, that gives us three billion man-hours spent per year in a world of unreality. . . . Those three billion man-hours spent in active spirit-directed work, instead of passive soaking in of Hollywood's presentation of life, would soon begin to make America a very different place."

Art is good, but Art of Escape is not so good." Graham Carey in "The Christian Front."

It is not too late to wish all our readers a happy new year, because a year can begin on any day. Some people prefer to wait until their birthday to turn over a new leaf, but we could begin tomorrow morning.

We have no wish to get the League of Arts and Crafts in wrong with the movie industry, but there is something about the above quotation which is productive of thought. Fortunately a craftsman, with plenty of occupation for his spare time, is not so often tempted to spend precious hours in a "world of unreality," but is a contributing member of the human family. Mr. Carey's whole article is quotable. He speaks later of some forms of decoration being applied to conceal bad workmanship, and says, "The imposition of one defective thing upon another defective thing does not bring order, but still further disorder. . . . Such kinds of ornament do harm because they disguise the truth that there is something wrong with the original experience."

This is the season for good resolutions, and annual meetings, both somewhat hampered by violent colds in the head. Several groups had successful Christmas sales, notably ANDOVER and SANDWICH. CONCORD is in the lead for volume of business, having broken all records this December. We are told that their sales are about evenly divided between the products of their own members and things from the general stock; so consignors from many groups who have sent their work in to the Main Office must be feeling cheerful just now. From other reports sent in, we should judge that some of the western groups like ACWORTH, WALPOLE and KEENE, are getting together for work and instruction.

During these winter months there is more time for working out problems and plans, and we recommend the keeping of a notebook for copying, such as used to be called a "Commonplace Book." There are many old ones in existence which cover most of the 18th and 19th centuries, and most of us must have seen them, filled with fine handwriting in ink now growing brown, and quoting items about everything from poetry to home remedies. These books were really the forerunners of the household magazines which flourish in such numbers today. Magazines then were very few, and their arrival was looked forward to with the liveliest anticipations by the whole family; every article was read and discussed, and long extracts copied down, and we have to thank these notebooks for many fine old recipes and bits of homely wisdom. A Commonplace Book of arts and crafts will give you a definite place to keep your notes together, and ideas for future work. We find in ours a few hints on making a shop more attractive and presenting its wares to the best advantage. "Where the objects are very colorful in themselves," it says, (such as colored glass and pottery) "paint the object a cream-white with white back, and the edges a sharp black to give

a definite line." It would naturally follow that if the goods are rather colorless, the color must be introduced in the interior decoration. We saw some natural linen curtains hung on a black wooden curtain pole from bright orange wooden rings, and by this simple means, there was a real snap to the scheme. Color is always intensified by grouping together several objects of the same tones, such as natural wood, copper and linen with orange, beige and brown.

Success—The Saffron & Indigo Society has evidently come to stay. The first regular meeting was held on the second Tuesday of January in Concord at the house of the secretary, Mrs. Hill, with forty-five people present, some from as far away as Winchester, Walpole and Meredith. While this first program was of the most informal sort, the needleworkers had an opportunity to get acquainted and ideas were exchanged. The weather also cooperated in a very gratifying way. At this meeting the announcement was made that the dry goods firm of Harry G. Emmons in Concord is putting in a reasonably full line of D. M. C. threads and will be prepared to fill mail orders for those who cannot readily find good colors. This is in line with a suggestion made in this column a year ago that we should like to see a New Hampshire shop receive our business instead of sending out of state for wanted colors or using an inferior brand of thread. The D. M. C. threads, made in fast colors and a very large range of shades by Delfus Mieg & Co. in Mulhouse, France, are recognized as excellent all over the world, and best suited to our present type of needlework.

Manchester's Treasure — Needleworkers in the vicinity of Manchester are recommended to visit the Carrier Gallery of Art there and study a recent purchase; it is a homespun bed cover worked in darning stitches in yellow and indigo, and dated 1771, a very handsome addition to the Gallery's collection.

"Sunny Acres" at Town Hall Feb. 5

"Sunny Acres", the Senior Class play for 1937, will be presented at Antrim town hall Friday evening, February 5. Mrs. Laura MacLane is coaching the members of the cast, and this play, a comedy in three acts, should be an outstanding success.

Those taking part in the play are as follows:

Glen Dixon, who buys a small farm in the country—Vernon Brown
Nacissa, his housekeeper—Edna Linton
Mr. Tolliver, the real estate agent—Theodore Caughey
Judith Shepard, a country girl—Virginia Worthley
Homer Pemberton, from whom the farm is purchased—Neal Mallett
Loey Pemberton, his wife—Nina Rokes
Selma Potter, Agatha Potter, Callie Potter, middle-aged country "girls"—Judith Pratt, Mabel Kendall, Dorothy Brown
Elliot Warren, a prospective buyer of the farm—Hilda Cochrane
Miriam Warren, his wife—Mabel Kendall

Tickets are on sale by members of the class, for 25c for adults and 25c for children; Reserved seat tickets on sale at Antrim Pharmacy for 45c.

Dancing will follow the play, with music by Dick Sullivan and his orchestra, of Wilton.

Weekly Letter by George Proctor, the Local Fish-Game Conservation Officer

Here is a letter from a lady in Franklin. She is much interested in wild birds and wants to know if any of the readers of this column know where the Canada Jay (Moose bird) can be found at some feeding station. Also the Canada grouse, Snow Buntings, Arctic and the American three toed woodpeckers of the north with the yellow caps. Owls of all species. She would like to visit places in the state where such birds can be seen. Any one knowing of these let us know.

The snow shoe hares will be planted this time in the closed season. They are due soon after the first of February.

A pack of coyotes have just showed up in a small town in Maine and a 32 pound dog was killed by the Game Warden. He thought that someone brought them from the West a few years ago and getting tired of them let them go.

In Rochester High school they have started a class for automobile drivers. All students over 16 and those about to be 16 are included in the class. This should be in every high school all over the country. You have got to hand it to that city for being up to date.

Did you know that the name of "Lucky Lindy" was most popular of all names given to dogs of all breeds according to the American Kennel club. Rockefeller and Dempsey are also very popular names.

Did you know that the ribbons won by dogs at the A. K. C. dog shows in one year would make a tent large enough to house the largest dog show ever put on anywhere. And the world's largest circus.

According to the press New Hampshire in the past seven weeks have lost over \$500,000.00 owing to the lack of snow. Winter Carnivals are being cancelled, snow trains are no more. Every snow storm ends in rain.

The ice fishing for 1936 has about closed. A few places yet remain. All streams containing trout can be fished through the ice. Osgood pond in Milford and the Souhegan river can be fished, also the Contoocook river.

According to the papers several bill shave been introduced in the National House that will bear watching. Some of the big boys out there seem to think the Sullivan law in New York would be a good thing for the Union. Do you know what the Sullivan law is? Better find out. If you want to lose your firearms endorse the Sullivan law.

Everyone should join the National Rifleman's association with headquarters in Washington, D. C. This association has done more for the sportsmen than any other organization in the whole U. S. A. Just ask the officials of any rifle or revolver club about this organization.

Did you ever see the column written in the "Enterprise" at Bristol, N. H. It is signed "Farm Mother" and last week she hit the nail plumb on the head. She knows her farm.

The Federal government has just closed \$200 acres for a wildlife research refuge in Maryland.

The U. S. Govt. is trying to save the Condor the largest of all our birds. A few are left in California.

Only a few more days to hunt foxes and hares. Feb. 1st is the dead line. It is rumored that a bill is now before the legislature to make the season longer, but we doubt if it will be enacted in time to do any good for this season. This also shuts down on the trapping of foxes.

After Feb. 1st you cannot take or kill skunk, otter, mink and muskrat. All these furbearers are protected till Nov. 1st.

A trapper is liable to any damage he does to domestic animals. See page 40, Game Laws, Chapter 200.

The Boston Sportsmen's show starts Jan. 30th and will run a week. It's to be better than ever so says Albert Rau, the manager. Albert says the same every year and so far he has been right.

From Antrim comes a membership card for the year 1937, for which we are very much pleased.

In Greenfield I planted several months ago two pairs of hares. These animals are protected all the time and anyone bothering them will find that the law has real teeth in it. One pair has built a dam and has begun to float down the brook food for the winter. This food is popular trees cut in four lengths with branches all cut.

The Legislature is now in session and if you have any bills you want to become laws now is the time to get them in. Before submitting a bill it would be a wise procedure to submit the bill to the director. He could tell you at a glance all about it. We have too many laws now and a few taken off the books would be much better for all concerned.

It won't be long now to the annual March meeting. The general sentiment of the fellow who pays the taxes is to cut everything this year to the quick. No frills. Nothing but hardpan.

Speaking of guns, Dick Nickerson of Greenfield has guns and then some. He has one shot gun that he paid \$900 and now it's worth \$1,500. Only one of its kind in this country. Gold trimmings. He has about \$3,000 worth of guns and does he know them—like a book.

An air rifle and a slingshot are on the black list and Conservation Officers will pick them up if found on the highway or off your own property. There is a fifty dollar fine for a merchant to sell one in this state.

From Arnold B. Benedict, treasurer of the Peterborough Fly Fishing club comes a membership card for 1937. This card means a great deal to me. The club has a fine well stocked pond in the north part of the town and here members cast their flies during the summer for the big ones. I have never found time to cast a fly yet but hope to this season. Along next month or when the ice gets out of the pond the club is to stock it heavy with big trout. There is a very heavy fine for anyone caught fishing this pond who is not a member of the club.

Was I surprised to get a letter from Capt. Warren C. Barnaby of Brookline, secretary of the Brookline club. He is holding down a cot in the U. S. Naval hospital at Newport, R. I. The captain is a retired Marine Corps captain (supposed to be the hard boiled guys of the Navy). The captain is one of the nicest men you ever met and has put the Brookline club on the map. He expects to get back by the time the Ground Hog shows up. Better all you fellows drop him a card. Time hangs heavy in a hospital. Let's go. Mail it today.

The largest flock of birds I have ever seen was near Milford last Saturday. They were Starlings and I should judge several hundred in this flock. That bunch would soon clean out any feeding station.

NOTICE!

Although manufacturers have announced higher prices on

Congress Iron Man Work Shirts

While our present supply lasts you can still buy them here for

98c

Better get some today!

Tasker's
HILLSBORO

Legion Dance!

William M. Myers Post, No. 50, American Legion, is planning to sponsor a Washington's Birthday Ball the evening of February 19th. A committee has been appointed and plans are being completed for another successful dance with music by the ever-popular ZaZa Ludwig and his Vodvil Band of Manchester.

Benefit Card Party

A Card Party will be held at Maplehurst Inn Friday evening, January 29, for the benefit of the President Roosevelt Infants Paralysis Fund. This is a worthy cause and all who can should plan to attend and enjoy this party. If unable to attend, a donation to this Fund will be very much appreciated.

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PATTERNS of WOLFPEN

By HARLAN HATCHER

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CHAPTER XVI—Continued

People came and the house was full. Lucy and her family from Pattern Landing, Jenny and her family from Horsepen Branch, all came bearing baskets of food for the wedding. Cynthia gave them welcome, trying as usual to convince herself that these were her sisters, born of Sparrel and Julia in this house, and married here as she herself was about to be. But they with their silent men remained strange to her, even though they took possession of the house and acted as if it were their own wedding. The children were irrepressible, climbing about the barn and sheds, watching the sheep and the newborn lambs, feeding the horses and mules; they were her nephews and nieces more than her sisters were. She liked them around her. "They will grow up in their turn, I reckon, to carry on the place. Unless they're like Abner and Jesse. What, I wonder, will my children grow up to be like, not born on Wolfpen but down at the mouth of Sandy?"

People from Gannon Creek came all morning to be at the wedding of Cynthia Pattern. It was also their third journey within a year; "I'm sure glad to go there to a wedding, after all the trouble they've had in that house." The womenfolk took over the big kitchen, the men the barn, the yard and the barn-lot. They were impressed, as always, by the ingenuity of the Pattern men in inventing improvements around the house. They commended Jasper on the place he had to start out with, they asked Jesse about the law, and Reuben about the business boom in the Ohio Valley. Shellenberger, returning from Pittsburgh and the river towns, condescendingly joined them. The biggest business in history was sweeping to the west now. He might consider leaving and buying up Gannon Creek land in reach of the creek for lumbering.

Sheriff Hatler and his deputies came, pleased with the law. They thought they had captured the man who murdered Sparrel. They had him in jail over at Williamson. The sheriff was going over there in person after this wedding of Cynthia Pattern, the daughter of Sparrel. He talked a great deal: "A good match this is. That young Warren feller has a head on him. A fine surveyor, too, they say. Doing big things down the river. Getting the finest girl in this valley, if you ask my opinion. A fine couple they make. Yes, she give up Doug Mason long before he got smashed. Sparrel told me. Yes, sure, Doug's a good boy all right, but not the one for that girl, much less now. But I tell you boys, I'd rather put a rope around the neck of the dirty devil that waylaid Sparrel Pattern than put an arm around the purest girl in these hills, 'pon my honor I would. Have a drink to it."

Amos Barnes came over with the Ferguson, having stopped with them the night before. He had set aside this day ever since he had married Jasper and Jane Burden at Pikeville.

Cynthia almost grew to love Jane for they way she came into the house after her marriage to Jasper. Jane was radiant in her own happiness; it overflowed her heart and expanded to include the whole Pattern household. She maintained the most admirable poise between the new mistress of the house as Jasper's wife, and a guest of honor at Cynthia's wedding. There were no bristling or stuck-up city ways about her. She was helpful, unobtrusively managing the details of the kitchen and assigning guests to the bedrooms. The womenfolk spoke of it: "I reckon she can carry on a place right well—Jasper's wife is a mighty fine girl—Yes, she takes right a-hold of things—She'll be a good manager—Jasper might have gone further and fared worse—Julia always said she was a fine girl—She comes from mighty good people, Jane Burden does—Wolfpen's a good place and I don't reckon it'll suffer any with her in the house."

Jasper moved around as the head of the house. It amused Cynthia, when she had time to give it a thought, to see Jasper consciously trying to act the role of Sparrel, imitating his stride across the yard, his phrases of welcome to men and women, his inflections, his courtesy and manner in the house. "There is nobody else in the world he could better pattern after, though, and I don't reckon anybody else besides me notices it. Maybe it'll come natural to him after a while."

Cynthia wanted to be married in her mother's wedding dress. "It will be like having her here herself," she thought. "Maybe she is. The way I used to talk about Grandfather Saul stalking around over the place. In her dress, enveloping me in her, that would be a good omen of happiness like hers." The dress had been long in the cedar-lined closet. It smelled of the trees and was scarcely faded. The shoulders and the waist were exact in their fit, but the skirt was an inch and a half too long. Jane and Lucy bent on their knees and pinned it up; then they ran a neat hem around its wide flounces. "If I had been only two inches taller, or an inch, say, Lucy and Jenny are tall. But I have better shoulders and a waist like Moth-

er's and it's no real trouble to stitch in a hem."

She was beautiful in this gown, so daintily quaint; the heavy coil of black hair above the smooth soft skin of her forehead, her cheeks pink-dusted, and the look in her eyes as they turned up to Reuben's. People spoke of it. She stood with him on the porch by the door to the parlor so the people could see the ceremony. All Wolfpen was aglow with the day, the sense of new life throbbing through the hollow. There were sprays of wild honeysuckle in the stone jars in the doorway and on each side. The clove bun, by the steps gave off its first smell of spice.

While they were standing there, Cynthia happened to look across the yard to the pear tree by the well. The buds had burst suddenly under the sun. "I'll be a pear tree by this well with pink-edged blossoms and gold in the heart. . . . better be standing there with a sprig of blossoms in your hand."

And I was a sight and covered with corn-meal!"

"Oh, Reuben," she whispered, "the pear tree. Look!"

She held the skirt of her wedding gown above the grass and went to the tree. She reached for the long spray that hung over the well box, bending it down and looking back over her shoulder at Reuben who had followed her, watching her. She smiled at him across the blossoms.

"You're as pretty as a picture there," he said. Then he broke the branch for her and she carried it along her arm as she went back to the porch for the ceremony. She held it in her left hand across her breast when she said to Amos Barnes for Reuben, "I do." And when Reuben placed the ring on her finger she held the spray on her right arm, thinking, "The actual marrying itself is right simple. I guess it is the feel in a body's heart that makes it not simple. 'Do you take this man to be your wedded husband?' and for all that means are only two of the tiniest words in the whole world, 'I do.' But I do!"

The ceremony affected the Gannon Creek folks who had come to it, finding the emotion akin to that of a funeral. Then the dinner was laid on long tables on the porch and in the dining room and kitchen. The men were merry. The women were efficient in serving the food. It was almost as



She Moved Joyously Toward Him Through the Dim Moonlight.

If no new thing had come into the hills; as if Cynthia were not marrying a man from down the river but a Gannon Creek boy. Then it was said that Reuben was one of the Pike County Warrens who went to Lawrence and Scioto Counties in Ohio at the time Julia Pattern's people went there, and that seemed to make the union complete.

Many of the women brought gifts to Cynthia of needle work and the loom. "It ain't much, Cynthia, and nothing you couldn't do yourself, but you can remember us by it."

"As if I needed anything to make me remember all you folks."

Shellenberger brought gifts: a gray telescope with leather bound edges and brass corners and yellow straps around it, and a silk umbrella.

"You've been mighty good to me, you and your folks. Here's a little present for you. I wish you much happiness." That was all he ever said about the board money. The people thought the gifts princely, in keeping with Shellenberger and the fine words on a cultivated tongue. Cynthia at first hardly knew whether to take them or not. But the telescope was a beautiful piece of luggage for a young bride going away for the first time on a far journey, and she had never had an umbrella. "A body doesn't pay money for a place to sleep and a bite to eat in our country, anyway. I reckon it was right nice of him to think of it."

In the evening when the people were gone away, Hattie Mason remained, silently waiting a chance to say a word to Cynthia.

"Ma was a right smart worried she couldn't come."

"I wish she could have come, Hattie. You tell her." (Should I ask her about Doug? or just let it pass like it is? Ask just as if nothing ever happened.) "And how is Doug?"

There was reproach in the shallow eyes as Hattie spoke. "He still treats a sight. He's been calining down some now. He's learning to do things, all right now. He plowed the garden yesterday. If he turns his head to the off side, he can see the furrow. He stumbles a bit, and when he cuts too wide a swath he gets in a fit of temper. It makes a body right heart-sick to watch him. If some people had done the right by him it wouldn't never have happened. He won't give up. He's going to do all the plowing. I reckon he'll get along all right. All this he uttered in a slow even voice.

"I hope he does, Hattie."

"He's powerful proud. He knew he couldn't have you after it happened to him. He'd kill himself to try to do about the place just like nothing happened. He won't let anybody say anything about it."

This seemed to be the thing she wanted to say, more with her eyes full of reproach and the tone of her voice than with the words. Cynthia did not go on with it. It would be idle to try to explain it so. Hattie could understand. She handed her a basketful of things from the table.

"You take these to your mother, Hattie, and to Doug."

Jasper got her mule and led it up to the horse-block. She gave Cynthia a last look from her hooded eyes and sorrow face. "I guess I'll be going now. You leaving tomorrow?"

"Yes. Tomorrow morning," Cynthia said, watching her ride stolidly through the gate.

Cynthia's shoulders trembled, and she ran to the porch where Reuben was standing. She slipped her arm through his for reassurance and looked up at him. He smiled at her and stroked her hand.

"I hope we're going to have the sun for our trip on the boat tomorrow."

"I am sure we will."

The evening was soft with spring and the pale moon. Cranesnest was quiet under the stars. The Milky Way lay like a wisp of fog once more over Wolfpen as it had lain in the days of Saul Pattern, calm and immemorial above the affairs of this hollow. Looking up the dark hillside to the night sky, Cynthia had the sensation that the year was a dream and the events that had befallen it no more substantial than this plume of white mist in the space above her.

They sat in the evening as a family on the old porch. Tivis and Sparrel had built: Lucy and her family, Jesse and Abner, Jenny and her family, Jasper and Jane, Cynthia and Reuben. The talk was of the life on Wolfpen through the years, of the incidents in their family life. Reuben sat very quiet holding Cynthia's hand, Cynthia going out to be one of the family for a sentence or two, then hurrying back to be lost in her world with Reuben. "Married. My name is not Pattern any more but Warren. Cynthia Warren, Mrs. Reuben Warren. His hand is hot. In a little while we will go to bed. Together, I always thought I would be plagued and bashful when. But I'm not. We've been married now, eleven to about eight, say nine or ten hours my wife. I am ready, Reuben. I love you."

Abner broke the circle and everybody arose.

"I got some news for you, Cynthia. Mrs. Warren. Tomorrow I go down Gannon with a raft. And then I'm going up to Pittsburgh." He stamped a few jig steps in his excitement.

"Don't ram it into Hart's barn down on that bend."

"I go around all the curves. I'll be curving them before you're up, and I'm going to bed."

Cynthia had put on the walnut bed the lace-edged pillow case, the fine sheets Julia had hemstitched, and the choicest of the colored quilts, wrought into intricate needlework patterns. She was poignantly aware of Reuben in the room. She did not light the lamp or candle. The glow from the moon filtered into the room. She stood for a moment by the window looking down the hollow. It was stirring with spring and there was a whispering among the trees on the hillside. She could hear Reuben in movement in the room behind her. Under the moon the pear tree by the well looked to be bursting into full bloom under the peat-up urge of its nature. Reuben's movements had ceased and the room was quiet. She turned from the window. Reuben was standing by the foot-post of the bed. She moved joyously toward him through the dim moonlight.

Abner had gone before daybreak; out into the great world at last. Jasper had taken one of the plow mules to Poplar Bottom to turn the ground. Jesse was getting ready the fine mare and the mules for the journey to the river and the boat. Jane and Lucy had the breakfast prepared.

"I'm not much used to having somebody wait on me like this," Cynthia said.

"You are starting on a wedding journey. That only happens about once," Jane said.

While Jesse and Reuben were strap-

ping the small trunk and the new telescope on the pack-mule, Cynthia made a last visit about the house. She went through each room. She took down the Boone powder-horn and Sparrel's pioneer clothing and looked at them. She went into the medicine-room to smell the herbs her father had left there. She charged Jane to watch over the things her father had left in the desk by the mantel. She went into the weaving room for the last time and sat by the loom, feeling the tears from, lifting in her hands a ball of yarn, the last one Julia had dyed. "It isn't so easy to leave everything. Maybe Jane will learn to use it. She takes hold of things. But it isn't so easy." Then she took the two volumes of the history worn yellow by Sparrel's thumbs through the years when he read to her, and a few packets of the flower-seeds Sparrel had gathered from Julia's garden, and packed them to carry away with her.

She heard through her tears the voice of Reuben speaking to Jesse and there was laughter in it. She thought of the cottage in the orchard above the river. The cherry trees would be in bloom when they got there. That would be her place, as Wolfpen had been Julia's and now was Jane's, "It isn't so hard to leave everything, going with Reuben."

Jesse rode away with them. Jane stood at the kitchen door, as Julia used to do when Sparrel was riding over to town. She waved to Cynthia, and Reuben lifted his hat, returning the farewell. Lucy and Jenny and their children were in the yard. They found Jasper at work in Poplar Bottom and bade him good-by there. "Take care of yourself," he said, "and come up and see us now before long."

They took the more difficult trail around Cranesnest because Cynthia did not want to pass the spot where her father was struck down. At the top of the mountain they stopped to look down for the last time into Wolfpen. The mill was silent and the pond was dark with the shadow of the hill behind it. The shelf of graves was hidden by Cranesnest. The house and orchard were far away, tiny and quiet. Under them Poplar Bottom looked to be standing on edge. Jasper was plowing, the old iron plow blade flashing in the sun when he turned at the end of the

row. He strode the furrows like his father, only it was not Sparrel. He called to Sparrel's mule in the cadence of Sparrel's voice; it lay poised in the hollow like a thin fog and then floated up to Cynthia's ears on the mountain-top. It was only an echo of Sparrel's call.

It was a moment of sentiment for Cynthia, and of vision. She turned earth-lay brown and naked to the sun, fertile and ripe for seed. Death was now no more. Death was gone with the winter snow, buried in the earth to be reborn. Perhaps Sparrel lay with content by Saul and Barton and Tivis above his fields and those of his fathers, seeing Jasper in the long furrows. Perhaps Julia rests in peace by Sparrel's side, seeing Jane raking seed into her garden, knowing the secret swelling that would plump the new wife's womb before the roasting ears were ripe. Death had come to Wolfpen suddenly, violently. Then, reserved and silent once more, it had withdrawn into the dark places of the earth beyond the sight of men, yielding place for another season to the urgency and assertion of life under the sweet ache and thrust of the sun, and the moist nurture of the rain.

They rode on through the forest around the Cranesnest Ridge, Reuben, Cynthia, the pack-mule, Jesse, in file. The sun shone on the budding trees. At the end of the ridge where the trail began to drop into the Big Sandy Valley, Cynthia stopped to look back. The top of the Pinnacle was just visible from this point when the trees were not in leaf. It was taking the sun on its yellow edge, enduring above the desolation in Dry Creek like the nobility in the human soul outstanding the schemes and exploitations of little and selfish men.

Cynthia turned from it to the road ahead. Stretched below her was the timeless circling of the river through the valley toward the sea.

"I reckon this is good-by to Wolfpen," she said, patting the neck of the Finemare and looking at Reuben.

"And welcome to an orchard at the other end of the river," Reuben smiled to her.

"And don't miss your boat, you two," Jesse said.

[THE END.]

Poland Is Fifth Largest Country in Europe; Sixth in Population

Occupying an area of 150,000 square miles, Poland is the fifth largest country in Europe and, with more than 38,000,000 inhabitants, ranks sixth in population. Warsaw, the capital, is at the geographical center of the continent and therefore easily and quickly accessible to every important city, writes Theodore Irwin in the Chicago Tribune.

Warsaw, on the Vistula, is the seventh largest city in Europe. Here the modern mingles with the medieval to produce a city of contrasts. A landmark is the Old Market place, which looks exactly as it did four centuries ago. It stands in the old part of the town, the Stare Miasto, interwoven by picturesque back streets and gaily painted sixteenth century houses. The Lazienki, built by the last Polish king; the renowned Fokier wine cellars which boast of vintages as far back as 1806; the National and Art museums. Cracow, in the Southwest, is Po-

land's most characteristic city, uniting and representing the nation's Old world culture and architecture. Cracow's chief pride is the Wawel, the ancient fortress-castle where for more than 600 years Polish kings and heroes were buried. At the Wawel there is a collection of Dutch tapestries valued at a million dollars each. In the courtyard knights of old held their tournaments. Museums offer not only the art of Polish genius, but masterpieces by Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, and Rembrandt. A few miles to the south of Cracow are the old salt mines of Wieliczka which contain an underground city, 1,000 feet beneath the surface, and carved from the salt rock. Here are two large chapels, long corridors, streets, a ballroom, post office—all carved out of salt crystals—a subterranean lake, and a "population" of 1,700 miners. Year after year, in their spare time, the miners have worked at their salt sculpture.



Starting in our next issue . . .

INEZ HAYNES IRWIN'S

MURDER MASQUERADE

Something new in mystery stories! No blood and thunder, no gruff underworld characters . . . but nevertheless a baffling murder case that will hold your interest from beginning to end!

It's a picture of violent death that rocked the foundations of a little New England community on Boston's South Shore . . . an experience that trips the guilty person!

long to be remembered among the peaceful folk of that garden spot.

You'll await each succeeding installment eagerly as Mary Avery and Patrick O'Brien solve the murder of Dr. Am Blake, young physician . . . you'll be charmed by a host of fascinating characters who parade before the narrator's eyes in a mystifying procession of alibis. And a mere child furnishes the final clue that trips the guilty person!

Don't Miss a Single Chapter!

what Irwin's Cobb thinks about:

Making 1937 A Safe Year.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—

This time last year we were all dedicating ourselves to a crusading campaign to make 1936 a safer year for motorists.

We were going to cut down the volume of traffic disasters, going to reduce the appalling mortality toll which had marked the preceding year.

So what?

Well, here's what.

The end of 1936 showed an all-time top for deaths on the public highways—roughly 37,450, or approximately \$40 more than in 1935.

So now we'll plow—Irwin S. Cobb by resolve, all over again, to do something about this hideous destroyer which kills by the thousands and maims by the hundreds of thousands and makes our fatalities and casualties in the world war seem, by comparison, puny.

And what will come of the renewed agitation? The National Safety Council will wage a gallant, hopeless fight, various local organizations and civic bodies will do what they can, newspapers will rail and statesmen will deplore—and the ghastly record of slaughter will keep right on mounting.

The Value of "Experts"

I HEARD a supposed expert advising a director, bound for Africa to shoot a big game picture, that practically everything about his kit was wrong except possibly his rear collar button.

It reminded me of the pampered millionaire's son who was heading for the arctic circle. He called in a veteran of polar expeditions and told about his outfit. All went well until he started describing his parka.

"It's fine," he said, "made of seal-skin and the hood all fringed with wolverine and—"

"One moment," said the professional, "is the hairy surface of the pelt worn next to your body?"

"No," said the youth. "The fur is outside, of course."

"All wrong," pronounced the critic. "Thermal demonstration has proved that to conserve the bodily heat the hide should be turned so the fur is used as a lining and the smooth or naked side is exposed, thus cutting the wind."

The youngster burst out laughing. "Have I said something to excite your mirth?" demanded the specialist.

"Oh, not at all," said the amateur. "I was just thinking what a darned fool a buffalo is."

Americans in England

RENEWED excitement has been aroused in the British Isles by the discovery that yet another member of the royal family—this time it's the young duke of Kent—not only shows a regrettable tendency to enjoy himself as any normal natural, healthy youngster might, but, what is even more distressing, has lately been seen in the company of an American woman.

Oh, these pestiferous Yankee women! In spite of all that can be done, it's almost certain some of them will witness the coronation, and several thousands of them will break their girlish necks trying to do so.

Militarizing the C. C. C.

REPRESENTATIVE NICHOLS of Oklahoma is trying to accomplish something which should have been done long ago. He's preparing a bill to make military reserve units of the C. C. C. boys, which would mean discipline and morale for thousands of young Americans and, if needed, would provide the nucleus of a trained citizen-army.

Seems to me there is every reason why congress should enact the legislation, not as a warlike gesture, but as a peace-time move for national defense and national protection. But watch the professional pacifists fight it—professional pacifists being well-meaning folks who believe in Santa Claus, turning the other cheek, and the beautiful, slightly impractical theory, that a white rabbit will be perfectly safe among a pack of greedy coyotes.

Actors Trading Careers.

HALFWAY across the continent, actors who have succeeded in Hollywood and are headed east, hoping to break into the legitimate stage on Broadway, pass actors who, having succeeded on Broadway, are heading west, hoping to break into the movies in Hollywood. It is a two-way traffic which grows heavier all the time.

Thus we see how human hopes are uplifted and how curious a thing is human nature, not to mention human ambition. Also it's good for railroad travel.

But if the jaybirds suddenly decided to trade their nests for woodpecker holes and the woodpeckers fell in heartily with the idea, we superior creatures could laugh at feathered friends for being such idiots.

IRWIN S. COBB

©-WNU Service.

Hugh Bradley Says

Guest Perry Tells Relief That Press Now Has Answer

By FREDERICK J. PERRY

Fred Perry, the world's leading amateur tennis player, up to the time he gave up his simon-pure standing to challenge Ellsworth Vines, tops in the professional ranks for the all-comers supremacy in a series of matches to be played throughout the United States, tells how it feels to be a pro and why he became Hugh Bradley's guest columnist for today.

ONE of the best things about being a professional tennis player is that I no longer have to answer questions fired at me by inquiring reporters a thousand times a day—or so it seemed—as to whether I was going to turn pro and, if not, why not. No young swain ever was quizzed as persistently by the father of his girl friend concerning his intentions toward the daughter as I was up to the time I signed up.

Your sports writers have had a lot of fun with me and have promised me, in their articles, more money than I could hope to earn out of the game the rest of my life. But they're good fellows and I've enjoyed my contacts with them immensely. That goes for the rest of the people I've met in your hospitable country, too. You've been very kind to me and I'm looking forward to getting better acquainted with you as I travel about the country.

I may as well forestall the inevitable question from my friends of the press and tell how it feels to be a professional. So far I have no regrets over turning pro, although I expect to have a few twinges while making some of the sleeper jumps on tour. I had gone as far as I could in the amateur ranks and think I did my duty toward—Er—Fred Perry. I shall be sorry if she loses the cup through my action, but believe I'm entitled to cash in on my tennis while the cashing is good. Donald Budge gave me a none too gentle hint at Forest Hills last fall that it would not be long now.

I have never anticipated with greater interest any series of matches than those I am now having with Ellsworth Vines. We met several times when we both were amateurs and had close fights on every occasion.

Since Ellis turned pro three years ago we haven't played officially but I know he has improved tremendously. But I've been keeping my hand in as much as possible and hope to give him a good fight. The canvas court used on our tour is entirely new to me and will be a considerable handicap till I become familiar with it. It's quite different from grass, clay or the cement surface I've been practicing on.

I'm going to get a big kick out of opposing Tilden in doubles, as well as facing Vines in singles. In my younger days in England I stood in awe of Big Bill and still have a wholesome respect for his game. But with George Lott, one of the finest doubles players of all time, as my partner I'll take the court against Tilden and Vines more confidently than I could hope to otherwise.

I have been asked how my decision to enter the professional ranks was received in England. Not having been there since my status changed I have no first-hand knowledge of the reaction but, judging from reports, I think most British sports followers approve of the step I have taken and realize it was the only logical one for me.

One of these days, as Rene LaCoste used to say, there will be no amateurs and professionals—just tennis players. Open tournaments are bound to come, but nobody can tell when.

Well, cheerio!

A majority of leading American golf professionals feel that the new fourteen club limit will prove no hindrance to their play when the rule takes effect next January 1. . . They plan to use as many clubs as they have in the past in pre-tournament practice rounds and then select the fourteen clubs they judge best adapted to each course when the tournament proper begins. . . Texas Christian university played twenty-six games in the last two football seasons. . . It won 21, lost 5, and tied 2. . . Gov. Frank Murphy of Michigan once got out for a half-back position on the Wolverines eleven but, according to Fielding Yost, he was too light to make the grade.

NOT IN THE BOX SCORE:

DETE REILLY, the celebrated playwright manager, can name every bone in the human body, and will do so upon the slightest provocation. . . Harvard friends insist that Charley Devens would like to return to professional baseball, but that his ultra-social kin keep urging the former Yankee pitcher to stick to his \$25 a week bank job. . . Benben Gray, inventor of the Australian starting gate now exciting so much racetrack controversy, started out as a jockey when only nine years old. . . Ed Egnell, 215-pound Station Island youngster, is a member of the University of Maryland boxing team.

Discussion among the Toronto Maple Leafs now is reported to have spread to the front office, with Manager Conn Smythe skating on very thin ice. Among those not speaking are Smythe and Chuck Conacher, the buny right wing. . . Bob McDermott, star of the touring Celtics basketball team, recently achieved twenty-eight field goals in one game. . . Jesse Moss, former Columbia carman and brother of the eminent sports poet, Morton Voss, now is an assistant Federal District attorney. . . The favorite recreation of Jockey Ira (Babe) Hanford is solving problems in long division. . . Only a trifle of \$9,000 is separating Sonja Henie from an appearance at Madison Square Garden. That is the difference between the latest bid and the lady skater's asking price of 10 G's.

Brown alumni gossip that the real reason why their alma mater has failed so dismally in football during the past three years is fraternity politics. Coach McLaughry told alumni that the 1936 material deteriorated was the best in ten years. But, after a season of intra-mural bitterness, the peak was reached in December when, for the first time in history, the players were unable to agree on a captain. Three separate elections (several ballots being taken during each of them) failed to break the deadlock. . . Jim Hearn, St. Peter's high basketball ace, is the third brother in a famous New Brunswick athletic family. The others are Mike, Fordham football and track star, and Jackie, who performs notable deeds as a St. Benedict's high eger.

Richard C. Burritt, executive director of the New York Convention and Visitors' bureau, is deep in plans for an Exposition Hall to be located on Columbus Circle and to be twice as large as Madison Square Garden. . . Marty Forkins, the Broadway booking agent who manages Jesse Owens, was a first-class pilot of prize fighters thirty years ago. . . Andy Varipapa, the trick shot artist, who is certain to grab some of that \$120,000 prize money in the American Bowling Congress tournament in Syracuse next spring, achieved his first sports prominence as a boxer and baseball player.

Mickey Walker Gives Up Idea of Referee Tour

Mickey Walker has thought better of his plan to tour the country as a boxing referee. Instead, he shortly will take over a syndicated boxing column. Benny Leonard got \$1,500 for refereeing in Mexico City on New Year's Day when Armstrong kayoed Casanova. . . "Count" John Gungler, one of the most colorful bowlers of all time and a superb competitor when big money was at stake, now campaigns a racing stable on the Texas circuit. . . In spite of denials, there are Bostonians who will bet plenty that Dick Harlow is going to swap that Harvard football coaching berth for the Penn State athletic dictatorship. . . Harold Miller, the Utah university basketball star who recently helped himself to eleven field goals against Denver U., doubles as a sports writer for a Salt Lake City newspaper.

One of the incidents of New York turf life never mentioned in the Racing Commission's backpatting bulletins concerns the shoeing of horses. Here the gee-gees and often sent out into the mud shod with smooth plates so that the bookies can have a picnic while a 4 to 5 shot flounders all over the place. Then at a well-chosen later date the thoroughbred again is sent out, this time with sharp plates, and a supposed non-mudder gallops home at odds attractive enough to make another picnic for select parties. Such carryings on are not permitted in sinful Florida. Tropical Park, for instance, may be a bit shy on press agents and bulletined bouquets. But it does have a paddock inspector, whose main duty is to examine all horses and make proper report of how they are shod and why.

Shanty Hogan has shed forty pounds by reason of a rigid diet and daily workouts on a rowing machine he has set up in his Somerville, Mass., home. Indeed, the former Giant is so serious about his work nowadays that he has made Mom Hogan cease baking those custard pies which were his favorite dish. . . Boston's nature lovers are complaining bitterly about the warmest winter in years and because the nearest snow for skiing is 100 miles away, Peckett's Hill, famed New Hampshire sports spot, is as bare and brown as in October.

CHEESE DISHES ALWAYS POPULAR

Expert Supplies Some of Her Favorite Recipes.

By EDITH M. BARBER

THERE are so many delicious cheese dishes that it is difficult for me to select my favorite recipes. Perhaps first on my list should be toasted cheese, which is so easy to make and which is such a good luncheon dish. Possibly I like it best, because it is an old family recipe. Next comes old-fashioned rarebit, made as it should be with beer, and then comes that other rarebit sometimes called blushing bunny. Cheese soufflé must also be included, and there certainly must be a cheese sauce. A reader of this column has asked that I reprint the recipe for the old favorite, cheese cake, so that should complete the list.

Toasted Cheese.
½ pound American cheese.
1 teaspoon salt.
½ teaspoon mustard.
Paprika.

1 egg.
¼ to 1 cup milk.
Cut the cheese into small pieces. Place in a greased pan, sprinkle with mixed seasonings. Beat the egg in slightly and add one-half cup milk; add enough more milk to cover. Put pan in another pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven about thirty minutes, until cheese is brown.

Old-Fashioned Rarebit.
1 pound American cheese.
1 tablespoon butter.
2 teaspoons salt.
2 teaspoons dry mustard.
1 teaspoon paprika.
¼ bottle beer.

Shred cheese with a fork. Melt butter, stir in seasoning, add cheese and stir over low fire until melted. Stir in beer gradually and cook, stirring over fire until the mixture is smooth. Pour at once over hot toast. A dash of cayenne pepper may be added if desired.

Cheese Soufflé.
1 cup milk.
3 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca.
1 teaspoon salt.
Few grains cayenne.
Few grains mustard.
1 cup grated cheese.
3 eggs.

Scald milk in double boiler, add tapioca and cook fifteen minutes, stirring frequently. Add seasonings and cheese and stir until melt-

ed. Remove from heat and cool. Stir in egg yolks beaten until light. Add salt to egg whites, beat until stiff and fold lightly into the cheese mixture. Turn into greased baking dish, set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees Fahrenheit) for thirty-five to forty minutes.

Cheese Sauce.
2 tablespoons flour.
1 tablespoon butter.
¼ teaspoon salt.
Pepper.
1 cup milk.
1 cup soft cheese, pressed through a strainer, or ¾ cup grated hard cheese.

Melt butter, stir in flour and seasonings. Stir in milk slowly and stir until thick and smooth. Add cheese and stir until melted.

Tomato Rarebit.
1 pound soft cheese.
Paprika, pepper.
¼ teaspoon salt.
½ teaspoon mustard.
¼ to 2 cups tomato soup.
Cut the cheese in small pieces, add mixed seasoning and cook over a low fire until melted. Add enough tomato soup to thin the mixture so that it may be poured on slices of toast.

Cheese Cake.
1 package zwieback.
2 tablespoons butter.
2 tablespoons sugar.
1 cup sugar.
2 tablespoons flour.
½ teaspoon salt.
5½ cakes cream cheese.
1 teaspoon vanilla.
4 eggs.
1 cup cream.

Roll zwieback into crumbs, add butter and two tablespoons sugar and cream together, blend thoroughly and put into nine-inch spring form mold and press down evenly on the bottom. Mix the cup of sugar with flour, and salt and cream well with cheese and mix again. Add vanilla and beaten egg yolks and cream and whip again. Fold in beaten egg whites and bake in a moderate oven, 325 degrees Fahrenheit, for about an hour or until center is set.

Seagulling Game Room.
The play spirit should be encouraged in both adults and children. What better way is there of doing it than converting an attic or basement to this gay purpose. The materials necessary are wallboard for partitions, some paint and some imagination. If you have a yen for ocean travel, paint the walls blue and paint the wainscoting to suggest the white rails and life-preservers of a deck. Use deck chairs for furniture.

The Household

By LYDIA LE BARON WALKER

THE homemaker can, by simple devices, save her furniture and furnishings from getting marred and at the same time protect paint and wall paper in her rooms. Also in similar ways she can guard against breakage, and entanglements of door fastenings that are annoying rather than disastrous. For example door stops can be made to do more than prevent doors from hitting the wall, and lengths of chain can be put to unusual uses of protection against accidents.

Door stops can keep furniture from rubbing against a wall back of it. The stops may be screwed into the base board, or into the furniture itself, in some instances. The stops should be positioned where the rubber tips will strike the base-board or panelling of the wall, and not where they will come in contact with plastered walls or wall paper.

Protection.
When there is a chest with a lid that must be raised often, and which would scrape the wall back of it each time it was opened or shut,

the wall can easily be safeguarded. Screw two door stops into the base-board behind the chest to keep it just far enough away from the wall to allow space for the lid to open and shut freely, without touching wall or woodwork. The edge of the chest lid also is not marred when this is done, so the door stops do double duty in protective ways.

Before leaving the subject of door stops, let me suggest their use as legs for low footstools. These can be made at home. Cover a small strong wooden box with a piece of carpet, or make a needle-point cover of cross stitch. Pad the top of the box slightly before fastening on the cover. Screw four door stops to under side of box, and a smart and neat foot stool results. The wood of the stops can be stained any tone of wood to match furniture in the room.

When a china closet door swings open it sometimes catches in another door fastening. This annoying occurrence can be avoided by securing a length of small-link chain with screw eyes to door and frame of closet. Occasionally such a door, swinging wide, would strike a ceiling light globe unless held in check by such a device. The chain should always be long enough to permit doors to open as wide as possible without danger of damage.



The Chain Keeps the Glass Door From Hitting and Breaking the Light Globe.

Bob Davis Reveals

Pugilistica de Luxe as Interpreted in Old New Orleans

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
MANHATTAN does a good deal of bragging about the manner and magnificence with which fistiana conducts its bashing affairs. The latter-day fans who hall the heavy, welter, light and feather weight nobility know not of the past glories. Recently at a Garden festival with my old friend, John Kennard, once of New Orleans, where he practiced law in the grand manner and moved among the ante-bellum aristocracy, I was much regaled by his description of the Corbett-Sullivan mill that rocked the nation in 1893.

"In those days," said John, "the main art, a purely masculine entertainment, one might say, was conducted on a high scale and attended by gentlemen only. The thought of my lady sitting in the New Orleans Olympic club, under a rain of rosin dust and within sound of the gong, was preposterous. Not until I came to New York, years afterward, was it my lot to behold a woman parked within sight of the squared circle, there to be thrilled at a knockout as delivered by the abysmal brute. However, we menfolk made no bones about turning a prize fight into a Roman holiday with all its pomp and ceremony. Well I remember the announcement that John L. Sullivan, then world champion, would fight Gentleman Jim Corbett, the California panther, to a finish. An added feature, in the same ring, on succeeding days, matched Jack McAuliff with Billy Myer and George Dixon with Jake Skelly. A Fistic Carnival at \$50 per ticket for the three battles, \$10 for Dixon-Skelly, \$15 for McAuliff and \$25 for the main event between John and Jim.

Socialites Make Splurge
"As a member of the highly social Boston club, it had been my practice on previous occasions to secure prize ring tickets for my associates. The Olympic club favored us with choice seats provided my requirements were made known well in advance. With considerable alacrity, I made up a list which totaled \$1,860. We pretty much monopolized the chairs in the ringside section, distinguished on that occasion from the back rows and bleachers by several coats of fire cracker red paint.

"To further celebrate the carnival spirit that had seized upon us we ordered at a cost of \$350 a special dinner to be served at the Pickwick club, from which point we were driven in five horse-drawn carryalls to the Olympic club on Canal street, some distance from the center of the city, in a quarter not particularly well policed. Fact is, 'twas the custom of roughneck prizefight patrons upon leaving the club to seize upon other people's vehicles, throw cab drivers from their seats and drive away with an amateur on the box, the passengers singing popular songs and water-front chants. To guard against any such reprisals directed at the boys in the red chairs, I engaged at \$25 a private detective to guard our carryalls that we had hired at a cost of \$100 for the night.

Mighty "John L's" Waterloo.
"Another little item was \$15 for boutonnières set at the right angle in our dinner coats, then in vogue for all championship affairs at the Olympic club. You need not draw upon anything other than your imagination in order to visualize the magnificence of forty-odd New Orleansians in dinner coats, decorated with gardenias and seated in bright red chairs around a ring containing the persons of Sullivan and Corbett engaged in a finish fight for the heavyweight championship of the world. Can you see them?"

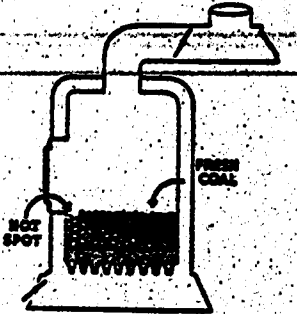
"Perfectly, and never a calmer body of men. You must have been magnificent."
"With the exception of one member," retorted Kennard, "who, at the end of the second round, asked me how it happened that there were only two principals and four referees in the ring. As a problem in optics that question to this day remains unanswered. However, I want you to know that otherwise the delegation from the Boston club was beyond criticism."

"How was the fight?"
"If you ask me, nothing to brag about. Sullivan came out of his corner like a tornado bent on wiping out the California stripling in one devastating onslaught. Corbett, like a feather in the path of a tornado sidestepped to safety and kept side-stepping for twenty-one rounds, never at any moment in danger, sticking rights and lefts into John's face at will. Boston's Boy saw the handwriting on the wall. The San Francisco phantom cut him down to the point of exhaustion where Sullivan, weary but willing, though red-jawed and puffing, sank upon his broad haunches, wiped the sweat out of his eyes and was counted out, exclaiming while still seated, 'Im sorry I lost the fight. Glad an American won.'"

Home Heating Hints

Refueling Furnace Fire Correct Way Means Most Heat at Lowest Fuel Cost

THERE'S an art in refueling a furnace fire that enables you to get the most heat at the least cost. There's more to it than just scooping up a few shovelfuls of coal and tossing it into the firepot. The economical way is simple. Shake the grates gently when necessary. Don't do it vigorously and shake a lot of live coals into the ashpit. When you see a slight red glow in the ashpit, stop shaking. Then pull a mound of live coals from the rear to the front



of the firebox, just inside the fire-door, using your shovel or a hoe. Don't disturb the ash under the live coals. That gives you a fire bed sloping down from the edge of the door to the rear.

Now, shovel a charge of fresh coal into the hollow toward the back of the furnace, being careful to leave a mound of live coals in front. These live coals ignite the gases rising from the contact of the fresh and hot coal, causing them to burn.

Finally, when these gases are thoroughly burned, clean the ash-pit and reset the dampers. The turn damper in the smoke pipe, remember, should be nearly closed. The check damper should be entirely closed. The ashpit damper should be open. Open the slide in the fire-door only about the width of a wooden match.

That's the way to refuel economically and the best way to obtain the most satisfactory results.

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Orders at Sea

At sea the engine room is the hot spot of the ship, much hotter than the fire rooms in these days of fuel-oil furnaces and forced draft. Away from the small "islands" of cool air coming down the ventilators, thermometers in the moist atmosphere usually read around 100 degrees. Every minute the big ship is at sea an engineer stands close by the throttle of each engine. No one below knows when an order is coming down from the bridge or whether the next order will be an emergency command. As a result, every order is treated as an emergency and executed with split-second speed.—Popular Mechanics.

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Notices of Concerts, Plays, or Entertainments to which an admission fee is charged, must be paid for at regular advertising rates, except when all of the printing is done at The Reporter office, when a reasonable amount of free publicity will be given. This applies to surrounding towns as well as Antrim.

Obituary poetry and flowers charged at advertising rates.

Not responsible for errors in advertisements but corrections will be made in subsequent issues.

The government now makes a charge of two cents for sending a Notice of Change of Address. We would appreciate it if you would Mail Us a Card at least a week before you wish your paper sent to a different address.

Entered at the Postoffice at Antrim, N. H., as second-class matter, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Thursday, January 28, 1937

Antrim Locals

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Butterfield visited with friends in Suffield, Conn., on Sunday.

Addison Southwick has built an ice house at Gregg Lake and is harvesting his year's supply of ice.

Miss Judith Pratt is staying with Mr. and Mrs. John W. Thornton during the absence of her parents.

Mrs. A. E. Barnard of Keene was the guest of her niece, Mrs. George W. Nylander, during the past week.

For Rent — Five or six room tenements; electric lights, town water. Inquire of Albert I. Brown, Depot St.

Harold Brenner has moved from the tenement owned by Albert Brown to one owned by Mrs. Mary E. Whitney on Depot St.

George P. Craig dug parsnips from the garden January 15, and Mrs. Craig picked a large bouquet of Pansies January 15.

Lost—Pocketbook, containing sum of money and license. Lost Sunday night. Finder please return to The Reporter Office. Reward \$10.

The name of Mrs. Walter C. Hills should have appeared with the committee for refreshments at the Dance school party last week.

Vivian Fournier has moved from a tenement owned by Albert Brown to one owned by Mrs. Mary Badger on South Main St.

Karl Hansel and Hazel Palmer of Woodville visited his mother, Mrs. Lena Hansel, on their return from a ten day's cruise to the Bermuda Islands.

The next regular meeting of the Antrim Garden Club will be held on Monday evening, February 1, at the home of Mrs. William F. Clark.

Clark A. Craig of North Weymouth, Mass., Miss Gladys P. Craig of Nashua, Miss Lora E. Craig of Hillsboro, and Mrs. Archie H. Nudd of West Hopkinton, were guests at the Craig Farm recently.

Mrs. Elizabeth Bassett has been awarded a prize of a Bulova watch in a question and answer contest of a shaving cream company. The announcement was made over the radio Tuesday evening.

HAYDEN W. ALLEN

Chiropractor
Neurocalometer Service

Hours: 2-4 and 7-8 p.m.
The Felt House, HILLSBORO
Telephone 84

"OUR BEAUTY SHOPPE"

Telephone 66
Main Street Antrim, New Hampshire

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

Antrim Locals

Mrs. Alfred Bazio and son, Lewis, are ill with the mumps.

Mrs. Gora Morrison of Concord was in town Monday, calling on friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Young have been entertaining his mother, from Winchester.

Mrs. Robert Warner of Hancock is at the Memorial hospital, Nashua, for treatment.

George Curtis is visiting a few days with his nephew, Addison Southwick and family.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Wilson of Dorchester, Mass., spent the week end at their cottage here.

Mrs. Sara Barstow of Bradford has been staying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Warren.

James Perkins substituted for Wallace Nylanper as clerk at the First National Store Saturday.

Robert and Lois Black, son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Black are ill with scarlet fever.

Philip Wood and Thomas McHugh of Northfield, Mass., were recent callers on Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Proctor.

Miss Eunice Newhall is at the home of her mother, Mrs. Jennie Newhall, recuperating from her recent illness and operation.

The W.C.T.U. will hold a meeting in the Baptist church Tuesday, February 2. There will be the Frances Willard Memorial Meeting, and all of the women of the town are cordially invited to attend.

A Shower was given to Miss Ella Putnam last Saturday evening by a group of friends, at the home of Mrs. Everett Chamberlain on West Street. Many useful gifts were received. The evening's entertainment consisted of games and a mock wedding. Refreshments were served.

Big Washer Bargain!

FOR THE FIRST TIME—A ZONE WASHING FOR LESS THAN \$100

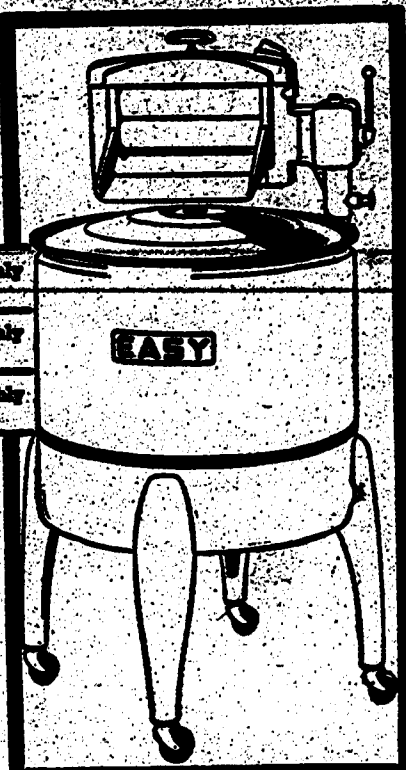
In the New 60th Anniversary 1937

EASY WASHER

With the TURBOLATOR WASHING ACTION

\$2.50 DOWN

Balance in 12 Monthly Payments



\$49.95 CASH

PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY

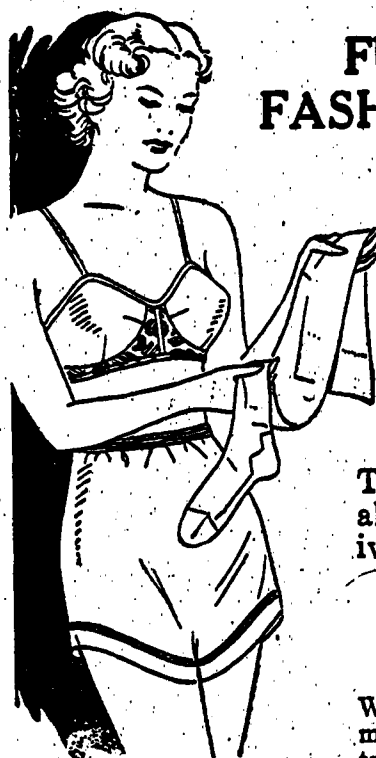
of New Hampshire

Now's the biggest washer bargain at all times. Genuine EASY quality with EASY 8-zone Washing Action, now offered for the first time in a washer for under \$100!

Washes with equal efficiency in top, center and bottom of the load. New, bigger capacity. New, faster washing. New, quieter operation. New beauty of design. EASY automatic wringer. Roll-on type rolls. Direct gear drive—no belt to slip or break. Quiet, rustproof rubber casters.

Would Help Some Now
A language in which entire thoughts are combined in one word is called polysyllabic. American Indian tongues are examples of this. They often compress a whole sentence into a word, the length of which is often remarkable.

Los Angeles' Soils
Los Angeles basin, with every texture from the lightest sand to the heaviest clay, or adobe, has about all types of soil known anywhere. Some of the soils are shallow, although most of them are deep. Some of them are rich.



FULL FASHIONED SILK HOSE

Very lovely. Seven strand silk. 42 gauge. See them today!

69c

Pure Thread Silk Hose

Chiffon and Service Weight

Two of our most popular numbers. Have all the appearance of much more expensive hose.

49c

Brassieres

Well made of finest material, attractively trimmed. 15c, 25c

Panties

Many styles in fine rayon, cleverly trimmed. 25c

Electrical Needs

Light Bulbs 15c, 20c
Genuine GE Mazda

2-Way Sockets 10c

Appliance Cords 25c
6-foot—well made

Plates & Receptacles 10c
Bakelite

Grip Caps 5c
Molded rubber or Bakelite

Lamp Shades 10c, 25c
Many new styles



VALENTINES
For CHILDREN and GROWN-UPS
Get yours while our stock is complete.
Many Kinds
All Prices



FRESH ORANGE SLICES 10c lb.

DERBY'S

HILLSBORO AND PETERBORO

FRESH GUM DROPS 10c lb.

Bennington

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

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. James Blanchard Tuesday, January 28, at Peterboro hospital.

Miss Frieda Edwards and Rev. John W. Logan will receive donations for the Ohio valley flood sufferers.

Roland Taylor and Leroy Diamond are at their homes here from New Hampshire University for a brief vacation, following the mid-year examination period.

Mr. Gatto gave a very helpful talk on "How to select a good book" at the Congregational parsonage Sunday evening. Next Sunday night the question for discussion will be "Why am I here?"

The regular meeting of Bennington Grange was held at their hall Tuesday evening, January 28. Miss Frieda Edwards was presented a Past Master's Jewel. The Lecturer, Mrs. Doris Parker, was in charge of a very interesting program of stories of olden days; a pantomime was also presented. Mrs. Mae Wilson was installed Secretary by Past Master Maurice Newton. Refreshments of coffee, doughnuts and cheese were served.

A year ago our State had a great flood disaster. Many people were assisted by the local Red Cross, and many thousands of dollars sent here for expenditure by the National Red Cross. This great work can only be carried on throughout the country if contributions are made in each community to help some suffering community elsewhere. Show your gratitude for the work the Red Cross is doing throughout the country, and what it did here, by sending a donation for the relief of the present disaster in the West to the Red Cross.

East Antrim

Mrs. M. S. and Mrs. M. E. French have been having the prevailing colds.

Carroll Green has finished his labor for Mr. Mathew at the former Ricker place.

Mrs. Carroll Green has returned to her home after a few days' stay with Mr. Green's mother, Mrs. Abbott, in Deering.

Malcolm French has a new truck and snow plow. We understand he will assist in keeping the roads open in case of having any snow—and probably we will!

The so-called Estey bridge has been out since December 1st, but owing to high water and stormy weather, slow progress has been made. It makes it very inconvenient for those who have to go out and in, such as the mail carrier, grain man, grocery man, egg truck, etc.

If you have a friend in Massachusetts near Boston that comes up for the week-end with his or her dog watch your dog as that city is now full of rabies and dogs are killed every day with this dread disease. These people may be very ignorant of anything wrong with their dog. Don't take any chances if you have a good dog.

SCHOOL BOARD NOTICE

The School Board of Bennington meets regularly, in the School Building, on the third Friday evening of each month at 7:30, to transact school district business and to hear all parties.

Philip E. Knowles
Martha L. Weston
Doris M. Parker

Bennington School Board

Administrator's Notice

The Subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Matilda A. Barrett, 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 January 11, 1937.

ARCHIE M. SWETT.

Church Notes

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Rev. Wm. McN. Kittredge, Pastor
Thursday, January 28

Prayer meeting at 7:30 p.m. The topic for discussion is "Elisha Healing Naaman", 2 Kings 5: 1-15.

Sunday, January 31

Morning worship at 10:45 o'clock. The sermon theme: "The Christian's Heritage."

Sunday School at 12 o'clock.

Union Vesper Service at 5 o'clock in this church. The pastor will speak on "Landmarks."

The Young People's Fellowship will meet at 6 o'clock in the vestry of this church.

Baptist

Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, January 28

Prayer Meeting at 7:30 p.m. Topic: "African Treasure."

Sunday, January 31

Church School at 9:45 o'clock.

Morning worship at 11 o'clock. The pastor will preach on "Christian Simplicity."

Crusaders meet at 4 o'clock.

Little Stone Church on the Hill

Antrim Center

Rev. J. W. Logan, Pastor

Sunday School at 9 a.m.

Sunday morning worship at 9:45.

The third in the series of union Sunday evening worship service under the auspices of the West Hillsboro County Ministers Association will be held February 7 in the Antrim Baptist Church. Rev. G. Ernest Thomas, Ph.D., pastor of the Baker Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church of Concord, will be the speaker.

New Ski Patrol at Mt. Monadnock

Through the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests and the State Forestry department a ski patrol has been established at the Poole Reservation on Mt. Monadnock.

Earl Barrett of Peterborough, fire warden, has been secured by the society to serve as patrol master. He will welcome skiers at the reservation and inform them of existing conditions. During the week he is engaged in cutting more trails, especially to favor novice skiers.

This is the first time that a ski patrol has been organized in the State and the results obtained here will be considered in creating others next winter. Skiers will have an opportunity to use the heated cabin at the reservation. Mr. Barrett will also have coffee and snacks for skiers.

The expense involved is being shared partially by the Society and State Forestry department. However the remaining balance must be raised by subscription. Several contributions have been received by the society.

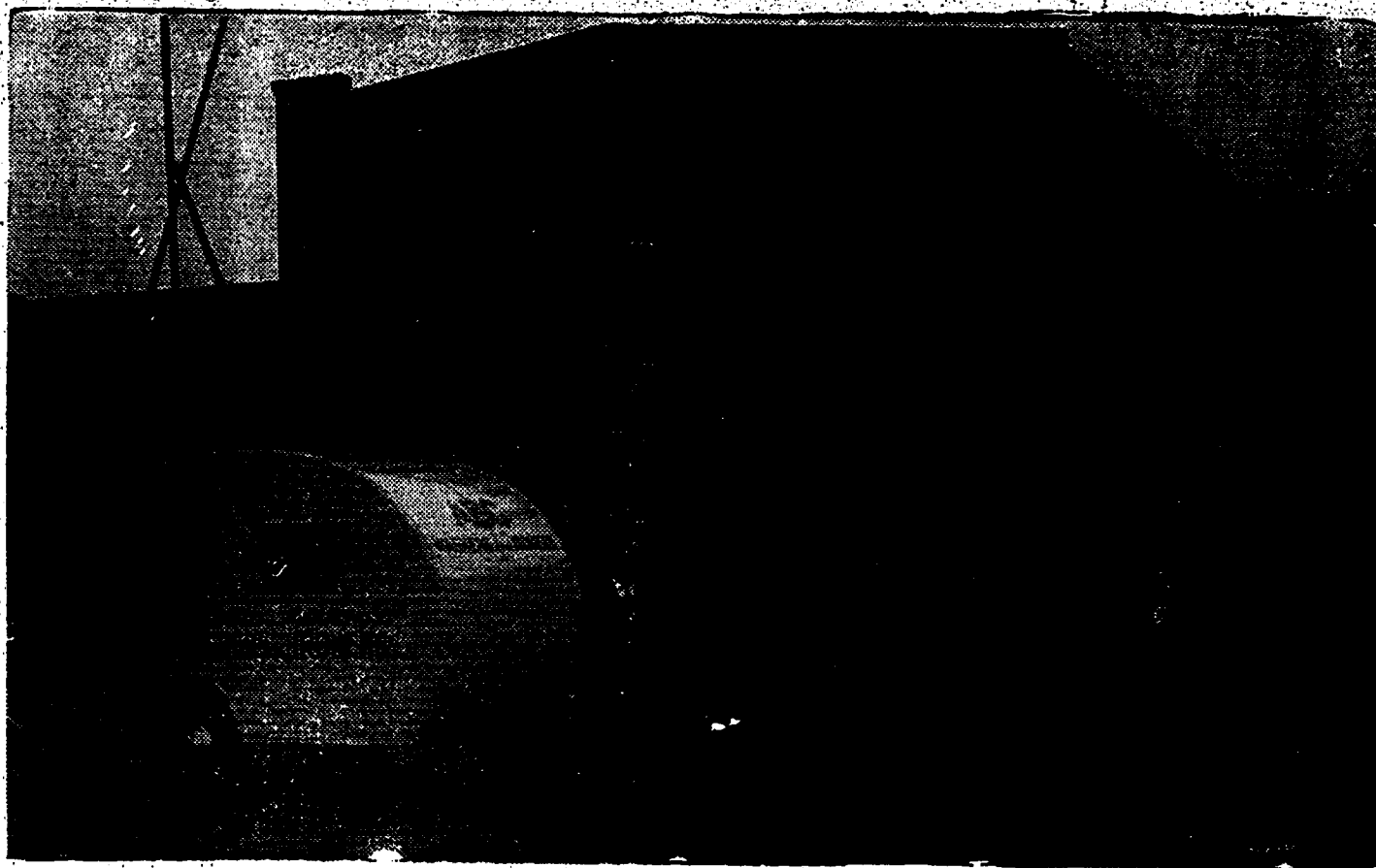
Twenty-two-Mile Hiking Trail Drafted

A 22-miles cross-country hiking trail from the summit of Mt. Wachusett to the Wapack Trail at the New Hampshire state line has been drafted by the Central Massachusetts Trails conference at the Y. W. C. A. in Worcester. Many organizations were represented at the conference including the Appalachian Mountain club, Green Mountain club, several Worcester clubs, etc. The trail will be constructed by volunteer help with members of many county outdoor organizations aiding. The section from Wachusett to the New Hampshire line will be the first unit in the path to be made from Connecticut into New Hampshire. Cabins are to be constructed at several places along the path. Actual work on the trail will have to wait until spring.

If you know of a small pond in your section that has not been opened this winter just run down with an ax and cut a hole so the fish can get some air. Many a pond the fish die during the winter unless they can get air.

Don't Buy a Washing Machine Until You See the New...

1937 ABC Washer and Ironer



Our salesmen will call at your door. They will invite you to inspect the new ABC Display Trailer. Showing everything new in Washers and Ironers. 1937 models have just arrived and are shown in the Trailer also on display at our store.



The sensational new ABC One-Fifty-Six Washer and ABC Deluxe Console Cabinet Ironer Model YA make an ideal home laundry combination... the Washer and Ironer that have "EVERYTHING". You can enjoy an abundance of clean clothes sanitariously washed at home the modern ABC Way at greater savings... and ironed just as you want them in one-third the time, all the while YOU ARE SEATED COMFORTABLY.

ABC Washer One-Fifty-Six has more exclusive, worthwhile safety and convenience features than any Washer ever built... ABC exclusive French type Agitator Washing Principle and especially designed Porcelain Tub washes clothes snowy WHITE quickly and safely, without the need for hand rubbing.

ABC Deluxe Console Cabinet Ironer is modernly styled with exclusive features not found in other ironers... Stainless Porcelain Swinging Cabinet Top... Thermocouple Heat Controls... Two-Speed Ironer Roll... Full Featured... FULLY AUTOMATIC... ABC Precision Built.

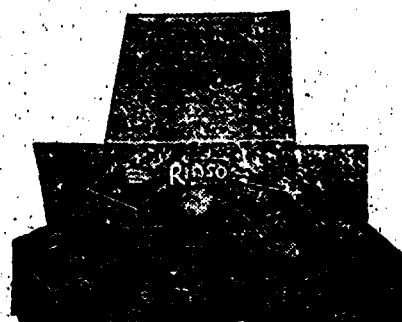
Start now to save the ABC Way with an investment that will pay big dividends in leisure gained and money saved... You can actually pay for the ABC Home Laundry out of the savings it brings you!

The Cost of An ABC WASHER or IRONER IS FROM

\$49.50 UP

The ABC Washer and Ironer May Be Purchased on Our Easy Budget Plan At a Cost as Low as \$1.00 a Week.

10 DAY FREE OFFER



1 Year's supply of
RINSO
given FREE with
each Washer sold.
BUY NOW!

Hillsboro Furniture Mart

ARTHUR G. FOURNIER, Pres.

Depot Street

HILLSBORO, N. H.

WORLD'S BEST COMICS

Lighter Side of Life as Depicted by Famous Cartoonists and Humorists

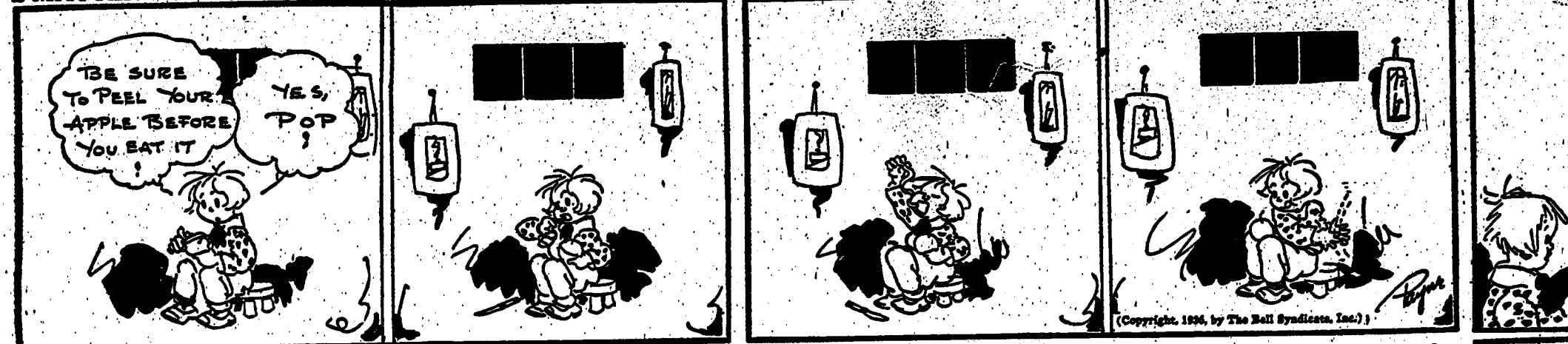
THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne
© Western Newspaper Union



SMATTER POP—Smart Folks Always Find Use for the By-Product

By C. M. PAYNE



MESCAL IKE

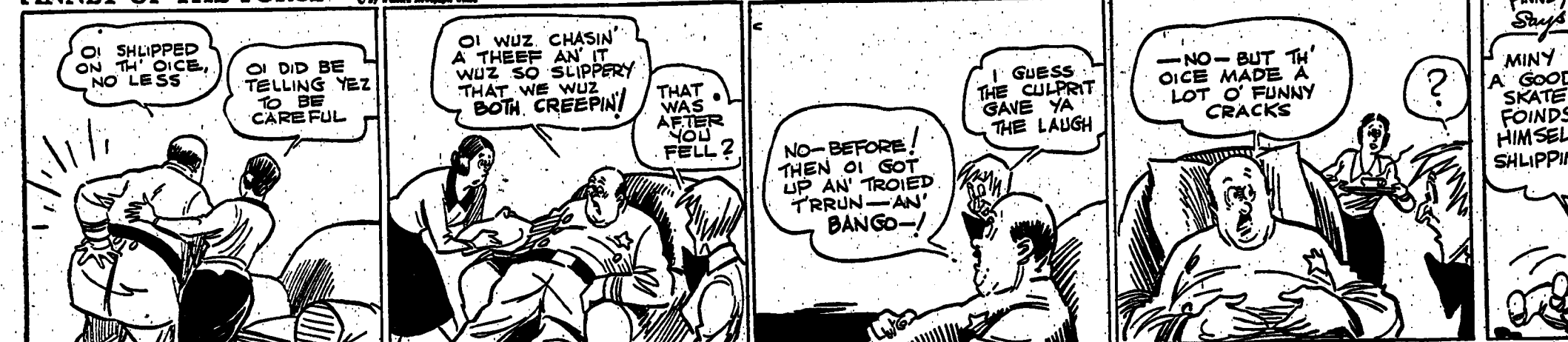
By S. L. HUNTLEY



On Second Thought

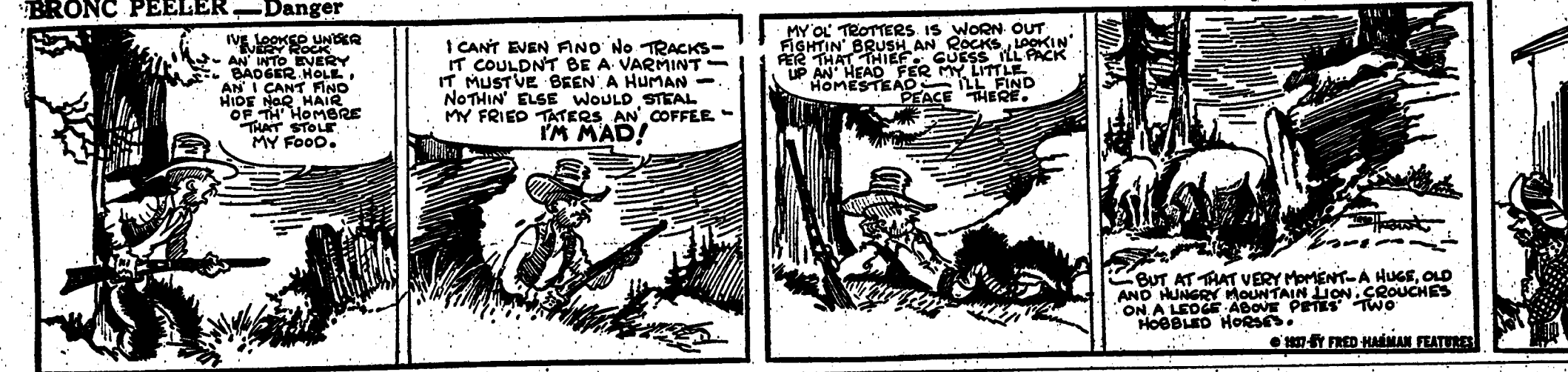
FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin
© Western Newspaper Union

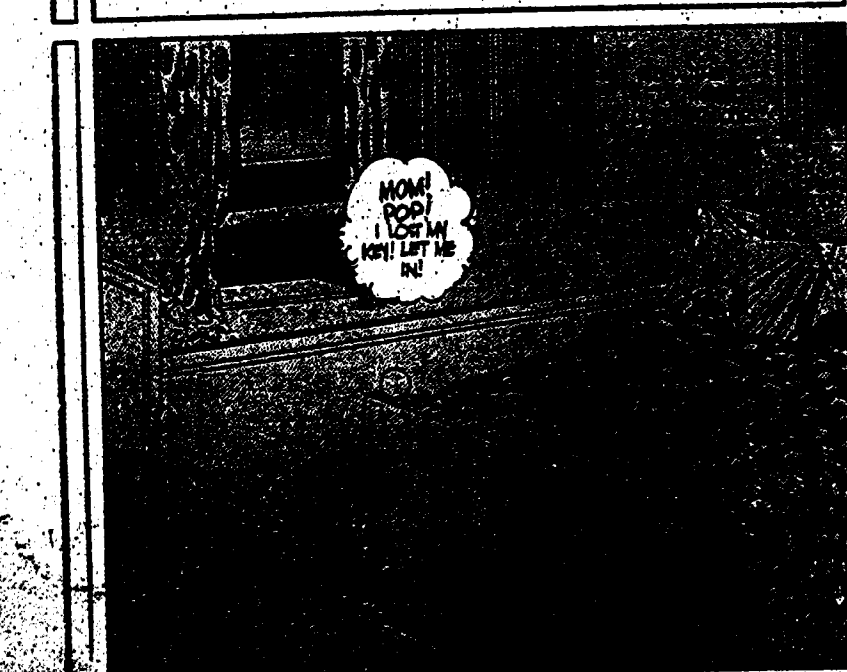


BRONC PEELER—Danger

By FRED HARMAN



The Curse of Progress



The class in public speaking was to give pantomimes that afternoon. One frosh got up when called on, went to the platform and stood perfectly still.

"Well," said the prof. after a minute's wait for something to happen. "What do you represent?"

"I'm imitating a man going up in an elevator," was the quick response.—Illinois Guardsman.

Conscience Hurts

Two men were seated in a crowded railroad car. One, noticing that the other had his eyes closed, said: "Bill, are yer feelin' well?"

"I'm all right," said Bill, "but I do hate to see ladies standing."

She Knows

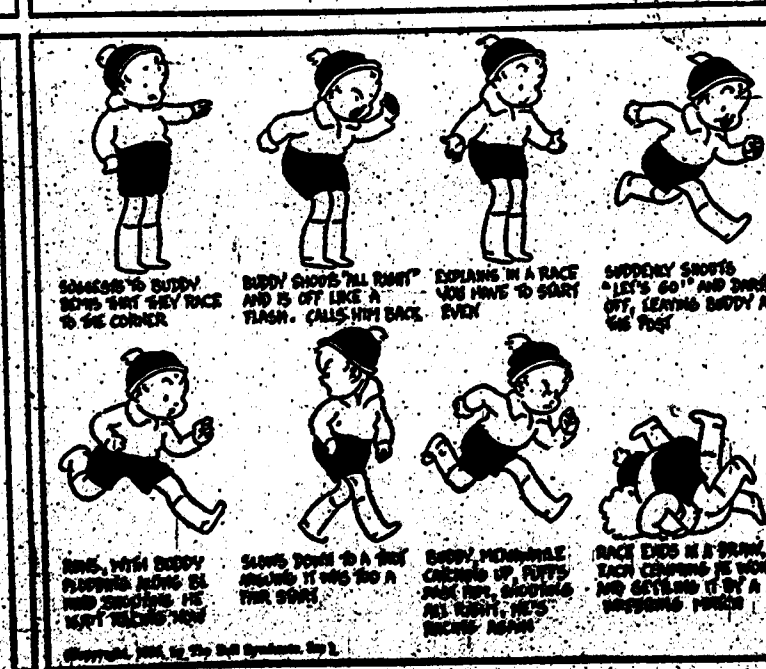
"Mummy, why must the orchestra eat in the interval?"

"I don't know what they do. Why do you ask?"

"Cos the program says that the second half of the concert will be played by a fuller orchestra."

THE RACE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



Lacy Squares Form a Spread or Scarf



Pattern 5885

In this pattern filet crochet, that favorite of the modern needlewoman, is adapted to two lovely squares—handsome used together—effective—each used alone in cloth, bedspread or scarf. The lace stitch sets off the design in each square. String is the material used and you'll be delighted with the result. You can also use mercerized cotton to make the squares a smaller size. In pattern 5885 you will find instructions and charts for making the squares shown; an illustration of them and of the stitches needed; material requirements.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 289 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y. Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

Quickest Way to Ease a COLD



The modern way to ease a cold is this: Two Bayer Aspirin tablets the moment you feel a cold coming on. Repeat, if necessary, in two hours. If you also have a sore throat as a result of the cold, dissolve 3 Bayer tablets in 1/2 glass of water and gargle with this twice. The Bayer Aspirin you take internally will act to combat fever, aches, pains which usually accompany a cold. The gargle will provide almost instant relief from soreness and rawness of your throat. Your doctor, we feel sure, will approve this modern way. Ask your druggist for genuine Bayer Aspirin by its full name—not by the name "aspirin" alone.



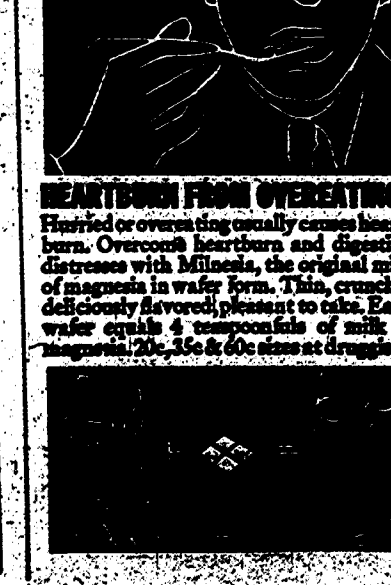
A Smile Reveals

A smile is the color which love wears. It is the light in the window of the face, by which the heart signifies to father, husband or friend, that it is at home and waiting.

CHECK THAT COUGH BEFORE IT GETS WORSE

Check it before it gets you down. Check it before it ruins the summer. Check it with FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR. This double-acting compound gives quiet relief and speeds recovery. Soothes raw, irritated throat; quickly stops coughing, hacking, spitting on rubbing with honey for a cough-free day. No habit-forming, stomach-upsetting drugs. Ideal for children, too. Don't let that cough due to a cold, hang on for weeks, ruin your summer. Get a remedy based on FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR.

WNU—2 4-37



By WILLIAM BRUCKART

NATIONAL PRESS BLDG. WASHINGTON, D. C.

Washington.—Two messages to congress by the President have created more excitement than the usual annual message. The new session has settled down to its annual consideration of public affairs. In each of these were Presidential declarations that are beginning to reverberate and that means they are highly controversial.

In Mr. Roosevelt's annual message "on the state of the union," he took occasion to tell congress how much he appreciated its "co-operation" with him. He followed that bit of back patting with probably the boldest statement he has made since entering the White House four years ago for the first term. He called upon the Supreme Court of the United States, in a roundabout way to "co-operate" with the other two branches of the government, the legislative and executive.

The other wave of excitement, not to say disturbance, was caused by the President's special message asking congress for a wholesale reorganization of the executive departments and agencies—calling this proposal a plan for modernizing the government.

One can circulate through the corridors and offices of the Capitol and office buildings and hear mutterings aplenty and even a considerable bit of outspoken criticism by senators and representatives of the two circumstances I have mentioned. There are many members of the legislative branch who are entertaining a feeling that the demand for Supreme court co-operation was equivalent to carrying the ball out of bounds. But that part of the Presidential pronouncement is not likely, in the end, to produce the battle on the floor of the senate or house that will result from some phases of his "modernizing" program.

The fact is that our national government has become a structure, insofar as the executive agencies are concerned, that sprawls out like an octopus. About 75 per cent of these units and agencies are products of the New Deal recovery program; they work at cross purposes; they move in their own sphere and make their own policies with almost no direction from the White House. Certainly, the time is ripe to clean up that mess.

Yet, in cleaning up these conditions, in reorganizing, it is undoubtedly the consensus of those charged with responsibility for the job that common sense must be used and discretion employed or else untold damage will be done to the government and to the whole economic structure of the nation, including the taxpayers.

The Presidential reorganization program was sweeping in character and that is the reason why it has run into obstacles.

For example, the plan calls for placing the interstate commerce commission, the general accounting office, the federal trade commission and the civil service commission largely inside of old-established departments over which cabinet officers preside. Now, a cabinet officer is and always has been in the past a political appointee, an individual who has been active in promotion of a party campaign and usually one who has made important contributions of money to his party's campaign fund. So, it becomes plainly evident, I believe, that to place such agencies as those I have named in regular departments, is to place them completely under political domination.

Where it is good, therefore, to place strictly administrative agencies under cabinet control, it becomes equally dangerous to place quasi-judicial agencies as the ICC and the general accounting office. There can be no doubt of that fact. That is the crux of the disturbance among the legislators under the reorganization proposal.

Those of us who have had long experience as writers and observers in Washington have seen evidence in almost every administration of attempts of politicians to get their fingers into the pie of railroad rate making. They have adopted all sorts of tricks; they have used subterfuges and they have employed strong political pressure time after time to gain control of railroad rate making. Through all of these years since the ICC was established, there has always been enough sane minds in congress who, with White House backing, could resist this political move. Naturally, therefore, it is a matter of some question why President Roosevelt should attempt to toss the interstate commerce commission and

its rate making power straight into the laps of the politicians.

Of course, the Presidential message on this point appears on its face to provide against the end that I have mentioned but old timers in congress point out how this wedge, driven only a little further, will bring about political domination of the ICC.

It is hardly necessary here to set down all of the potential dangers that can emanate from political control of such a vast structure as the railroads of the United States. It is unlimited in its possibilities. Dangers are inherent in any program of that kind with which the politicians are identified and it appears to be a circumstance in which congress, if it is going to serve the people properly, should call a halt.

As to the general accounting office and the plan to include it in the Treasury again under the rule of an auditor general, the reorganization scheme simply will set control of public expenditures back a quarter of a century. One of the earlier Presidents made no effort to conceal the use that could be made of the auditing unit of the government when he said, on an occasion where the chief auditor ruled an expenditure illegal, that if it were not possible to change the ruling under the law, it still was possible to change the chief auditor.

I am not making a charge that the present administration desires to spend congressional appropriations illegally; but one cannot dodge the conversations that are taking place around the Capitol in which legislators recall how President Roosevelt criticized John R. McCarl when he was comptroller general for a decision that prevented use of public money in a manner desired by the President. To sum up this particular phase of the situation, one hardly need to say more than that if the auditor general is a subordinate of the Secretary of the Treasury, he is likely to take orders from the Secretary of the Treasury, whoever that Secretary may be. And, since the Secretary of the Treasury is an appointee of the President and serves only at the President's pleasure, in my mind a link is established whereby the White House again will control determination of legality and illegality of expenditures.

Congress created the general accounting office in order that it would have an agency independent of the Chief Executive and the executive departments to keep tab on how those executive agencies expended the money which congress appropriated. That was the reason why the office of comptroller general was made to carry a fifteen-year appointment with removal only for malfeasance or misfeasance. Now it is proposed to tear down that structure and bring the whole auditing organization under a cabinet officer.

But there is another phase to be considered. It has been my good fortune to be in Washington during the entire life of the general accounting office as well as for several years before. Of my own knowledge, I can say that the general accounting office has recovered millions of dollars of illegally disbursed funds as well as prevented illegal disbursement of other millions.

There seems to be more support for inclusion of the civil service commission in the form of a civil service administrator under an executive department than there is support for breaking up of the federal trade commission as the President proposed. Neither of these agencies has such an important bearing on the public as a whole as do the other two I have discussed. The plan to make the civil service administration subject to cabinet control was softened considerably by the President by inclusion of a proposal to make all government employees below policy-making grades subject to civil service laws. That is a big step forward, provided it is not a ruse to permit packing the lists with adherents of one political party or the other, whichever may be in power.

The federal trade commission, like the interstate commerce commission, is a quasi-judicial body. There has been objection to its present setup as prosecutor, judge and jury but many legislators believe this can be corrected without emasculating the agency and destroying its identity by putting it into an executive department. It ought to be free and independent and ought not to have any politician in a cabinet chair telling it what to do when it seeks to make business be honest.

© Western Newspaper Union.

BIG DEFICIT SHOWN FOR PANAMA CANAL

Revision of Toll System Is Seen Necessary.

Washington, D. C.—Citing a deficit of \$847,254 in the operation of the Panama canal for the fiscal year of 1935, the annual report of the secretary of war admits that the present system of collecting tolls permits inequalities, manipulations and endless reductions in charges, resulting in losses to the United States and unfair advantages to shipping interests.

The report of Secretary Harry H. Woodring makes no recommendation that congress increase the toll charges to a point where they will at least pay the interest charges on the capital investment of \$464 million dollars and eliminate the unfair discrimination against producers of the central states in favor of those of the Pacific coast and eastern seaboard. However, he does recommend legislation to correct the present system of measurement of vessels, which, he declares, has "no justification in equity among the several types of ships and may be considered as a form of subsidy to certain types which are able to take advantage of the system."

"Subsidizes" East and West. Manufacturers and other shippers of the Middle West have long maintained that the Panama canal toll charges are so low that the effect is to subsidize shippers of the East and West. It is cheaper, for example, for a manufacturer on the eastern seaboard to ship his products to the West coast by water than for a middle western manufacturer to ship to either coast by rail. The argument of these producers, as well as consumers' representatives, is that the toll charges should be increased to a point where they will give promise of amortizing the canal investment.

Legislation such as Secretary Woodring proposes failed in the last session of congress, but an act was passed which authorized the President to appoint a "neutral committee of three members for the purpose of making an independent study and investigation of the rules for the measurement of vessels using the Panama canal and the tolls that should be charged therefor."

Recommended Legislation. The annual report recommends legislation for the following purposes: "First, to re-establish in the present law the system originally intended by the congress, which, through technical interpretation, has become ineffective—a system based upon the earning capacity of vessels and patterned generally after that in use for ship canals which has operated successfully over a period of many years and which is designed to avoid the very inequalities which result from the dual system now in effect.

"Second, to abolish the unsatisfactory, unfair, dual system of measurement whereby toll charges are based on one tonnage rating and the limiting factor on another different and smaller tonnage rating which is subject to manipulation.

"Third, to regain control over the tolls charged and to stop further and apparently endless reductions in tolls paid."

Fillmore Home Is Razed; Lumber Is Sold for Barn

Geneva, N. Y.—The boyhood home of Millard Fillmore, thirteenth president of the United States, has been torn down because no organization showed enough interest in its preservation to pay the owners \$700.

Fillmore, elected vice president in 1848 on the Whig ticket, succeeded to the presidency in 1850 upon the death of Zachary Taylor and served until 1853. He was defeated for re-election by James Buchanan.

He had lived in the Cayuga county house until he was nineteen years old and returned to it many times. In recent years it had been occupied and the owners had attempted to sell it to some patriotic organization. Unable to obtain an offer of more than \$250, they dismantled it and sold the timber for construction of a barn.

Vermont College Junior Erects Own Dormitory

Burlington, Vt.—H. F. Martel, a University of Vermont junior, has his own "dormitory."

He built a trailer from old automobile parts and is living in it during the college year. The streamlined miniature house is equipped with cupboards, bed, chairs, closets, electric lights and radio.

He doesn't expect to suffer from the cold because he has insulated it with three thicknesses of cardboard and a rug. An oil heater on which he cooks his meals gives off sufficient heat to warm the room.

American Legion Plans Home at Waikiki Beach Honolulu.—With features adapted from several of the historic structures of Hawaii, the American Legion here has begun construction of a permanent clubhouse in the Waikiki beach section.

The motif is taken from etchings made in 1884 showing a mission church, the king's armory and the king's summer home.

Lights of New York

by L. L. STEVENSON

Piano Interlude: If you think it impossible to lose a piano, keep right on reading. The piano was a gift to Lily Pons from her musical director, Andrew Kostelanetz. He arranged to have it shipped to Hollywood where the wee French star was making her new picture, "That Girl from Paris." Carefully crated, the instrument was delivered to the airport to await a night plane. When time came for loading, it had disappeared. That caused consternation since it is a very special instrument designed for the tiny diva's own use. Small enough to fit into her studio dressing room, the easel and cover are decorated with bars from arias she has sung at the Metropolitan and photos of her in various operatic roles. It was insured, of course, but those photos could not be replaced since they came from the star's private collection. Through the night, there was frantic search, which availed nothing. Came the dawn and with it the discovery that the missing piano stood on a platform almost under the noses of piano company and airport officials. So two stalwart guards were placed over it until departure time of the next west-bound plane.

City Life: The doors on the rear car of a downtown Independent subway line express refused to operate properly. At one of the way stations, evidently in response to a distress signal, a small and bespectacled, but efficient looking mechanic got aboard. After an inspection, he ordered the passengers to leave. Some did but others, being New Yorkers, showed their independence by remaining in the damaged car. That resulted in confusion at stations since the doors didn't open. Worse yet, others crowded in despite efforts of the emergency man and train crew. Finally, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street was reached. There many who wanted to get off couldn't because of the jam and thus were carried clear down to Fifty-ninth street. More confusion ensued and it looked as if they'd go on to Forty-second street. But some one yelled, "Pull that thing!" and a willing hand twisted a lever. There was a whoosh of air. The train stopped and all in the crippled car poured out. With that, the emergency man locked the doors and the train proceeded with an empty car on the end.

Sounds like B'way: Dictionary of musical comedy terms submitted by Ozzie Nelson: Acts, something you grind; Call boys, ringing bells that warn ships at sea; Cast, something you put your arm in after you break it; Chorus, a place where you play golf on; heroine, a had drug taken by bad people; principal, money borrowed to back a show; scene, a river in France; warning buzzer, the first Bronx cheer from the audience; pit, a little thing you find in oranges and peaches; baton, a total on which you get an average for baseball players; spot, something on which an actor gets put when he isn't looking; bow, noise a dog makes when it barks; usher, noise you make when your nose tickles and everybody says, "God bless you," after it.

Manhattan Glimpses: Jack Dempsey in the Green room of the Hotel Edison still besieged by autograph hunters. At a nearby table, Leslie Howard apparently unnoticed by other diners. . . . Eleanor Holm dancing the rumba with husband, Art Jarrett, at Dmitri's club Gaucho and ordering champagne. . . . Kay Francis emerging from El Morocco looking even lovelier than she does on the screen. . . . Sylvia Sydney hanging daintily on the arm of George Jean Nathan as they arrive late at a premiere. . . . J. P. Morgan dining alone at Larue's.

Bright Minds: Students of one of the local universities sent out a flock of telegrams to stage, screen and radio stars informing each that he or she was one of five who were to receive an M. A.—master of amusement—degree at a Saturday night class function. The idea of course was that the stars would show up to receive the award and being there would do their stuff. Thus a high class program at minimum cost. Morton Downey, out of town at the time, received one of the wires. He telegraphed back: "Sorry I can't accept. Have already received bids from Oxford university for my Ph. D.—doctor of fun."

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Albania Hears the Call; Gets Phones

Tirana, Albania.—They're thinking of putting Albania into telephonic connection with the rest of the world, after all these years.

Heretofore the department of communications has seen no necessity for introduction of efficient telephone service, feeling that the citizens of mountainous Albania wouldn't use telephones if they had them.

The practice here is to climb a peak and shout over to a person on another. The system is so good that news spreads over the entire nation in a few hours.

They're So Simple to Sew!



NOT only the sun, but the moon as well, will rise and set on these new styles created by Sew-Your-Own. This timely trio is one of the most wearable ever offered the members of The Sewing Circle. Yet, and you'll love this, there isn't a complication or a single trick detail to bother with in the whole program.

Pattern 1981—Pajamas so comfortable, restful and entirely satisfying that the alarm clock will have to ring twice—no foolin'—that's the boast and even the promise of this newest two piece outfit. It goes through your sewing machine like a dream, and really is one made up in satin or one of the vivid new prints. For lounging, the long sleeved version in velveteen or silk crepe is a knockout. It is designed in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 5 yards of 39 inch material, with short sleeves 4 1/2 yards.

Pattern 1207—If your day begins at the crack of dawn with a standing invitation to prepare breakfast in nothing flat, or thereabouts, this is a house dress you can well appreciate. It's on in a jiffy and is just the thing for a two-handed, expert breakfast maker. The lines are clean cut and slenderizing. It has a large pocket that's helpful, and general prettiness that is conducive to one's mental and physical well being. It is available in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, and 50. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39 inch material with long sleeves 4 1/2 yards.

Pattern 1978—This blithe little blouse will add spice to your wardrobe at this time! Not only is it the essence of smartness and the last word in style, but the first word in simplicity, which is impor-

tant to you who sew at home. It is feminine as to collar, delicately slender of waist and highly original throughout. You may have it with short or long sleeves, as you prefer. It is designed in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 2 1/2 yards of 39 inch material, with short sleeves 1 1/2 yards.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third street, New York, N. Y. Patterns 15 cents (in coins) each.

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DON'T WAIT FOR A COLD

1. Keep your head clear
2. Protect your throat
3. Help build up YOUR ALKALINE RESERVE

LUDEN'S DO ALL THREE!

Inwardly Right If inwardly right do not vex yourself.—Persius.

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NEARLY DROVE HER CRAZY Got Quick RELIEF By Rubbing

Muscles were so sore she could hardly touch them. Used Hamlin's Wizard Oil and found wonderful relief. Just rubbed it on and rubbed it in. Thousands say Hamlin's Wizard Oil works wonders for stiff, aching muscles. Why suffer? Get a bottle for speedy comfort. Pleasant odor. Will not stain clothes. At all druggists.

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL

For MUSCULAR ACHES AND PAINS Due to RHEUMATISM NEURALGIA LUMBAGO CHEST COLDS

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LANE'S COLD TABLETS

Mother Gray's Snow Powders

For Children They keep their skin cool, rosy and free from chafing. No more blisters and burning. Mothers, a little Mother Gray's Snow Powder keeps baby's skin cool and free from chafing. At all druggists.

IN THE HEART OF TIMES SQUARE

HOTEL SOMERSET

150 West 47th St. • NEW YORK

ONE BLOCK FROM RADIO CITY

Single Room with Bath \$2.00 UP
Double Room with Bath \$2.50 UP

Just a Step from All Theatres, Shops and Business Activities

Uncle Jim's Advice

By JANE OSBORN
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Service.

"I'M SORRY," said the girl in the outer office as she regarded Jane Monday appraisingly. "but Mr. John Doremus and his uncle, the other Mr. John Doremus are tied up in important conference. He simply cannot be interrupted."

The conference certainly was important, but not just the way the girl in the outer office thought it was. John Doremus, Sr., sat at his glass-covered mahogany desk, chair tilted back, smoking with all the serenity of a philosopher. His nephew sat almost as comfortably, also smoking, in an ample chair at the side of the desk. John Doremus, Sr., was president of the concern and his nephew was secretary.

"Of course you ought to get married," said the elder Doremus.

"I guess you're right, Uncle John," said his namesake. "I've met a lot of nice girls lately, but I can't say that there is one of them that would want to marry me."

"How many have you proposed to?" asked the uncle.

The nephew was nonplussed at the question. "Why, none of them," he gasped. "I never proposed to a girl in my life."

"I'm pleased," said the older man, chuckling and looking over his glasses at his nephew in mild amazement. "I'll give you a bit of advice and at the same time make a confession. When I was a younger man I was a good deal like you. Not bad looking, but not the sort that the girls naturally fell for. I wanted to get married, so I made up my mind that I'd 'fuss' every girl I knew that was at all attractive. I wouldn't wait until I fell in love with a girl so deeply that it would hurt to have her turn me down. So I got the reputation of being quite a kiddier. The girls didn't take me quite seriously, so when any of them sent me off and married someone else they didn't have the satisfaction of thinking I was broken-hearted. And," added the uncle seriously, "I had made up my mind that if any girl ever did take me in good faith I wouldn't disappoint her. I'd stand by my guns."

"If you want to get married, my advice to you is that you start in making love, just to get used to it."

To get to his own office young John had to cross through the outer office. He was much preoccupied, not with business, but with the thoughts of this new plan. He was wondering just how he would begin. And as he wondered he almost collided with Jane Monday. Jane Monday had come from her home four hundred miles away. Tom Monday, her brother, worked and lived here in the big city. She was passing through and had only a few hours. She had lost her brother's address and wanted to get in touch with him. His name was not in the telephone directory, but she had found John's business place and here she was. John remembered her as one of the prettiest girls at a house party he had attended a year ago with his old college chum Tom Monday. Her very prettiness had made him excessively shy then. Now he remembered only Uncle Jim's advice. He stood rather close to Jane Monday.

"It's almost luncheon time," he said. "I'm going to take you to

Proctor Says:

You can still trap hedgehogs and bobcats. But you must have your license, your land permits and you must visit your traps every 24 hours.

Word comes from sunny California from the children that they are having winter weather. It's cold out there. Within 15 miles of Los Angeles at Mt. Wilson—they have 4 feet of snow. Ice on the window sill for the first time in 15 years. The city is covered with a black cloud for the smudges to save the citrus crop worth millions. Wish we had a little of that snow to please our skiers.

According to a paper received from California we hear that Hollywood has gone "Horsey." Every star owns a stable of saddle horses and the lesser stars have at least one.

In Hillsborough they are getting ready for the next flood. A firm there is making flat bottom boats and before long will have 40 all ready for the next flood.

Hancock has a new industry. It's "Bill Hanson" and he is making "flies" for fishermen. "Bill" is going to the big Sportsmen's show in Boston to show his wares to the "boys." This making flies is quite a business just now.

luncheon and you can look up your brother later. I've been hoping I'd see you sometime." He was amazed at his own utterance, and the girl for all her prettiness, seemed embarrassed.

"You're very dictatorial," she said, and John Doremus told her that experience had taught him that was the best policy.

At luncheon John Doremus looked intently into the pretty eyes of the girl opposite to him.

"I've often hoped that I would see you again," he fabricated.

The pretty eyes dropped. "I suppose I'll have to confess," she said falteringly. "I thought a great deal about you after that house party, and—and I really haven't lost Tom's address at all. I just deliberately called on you because I wanted to see you. Do you think I'm dreadfully bold?"

"You're adorable," said John, trying to hide his amazement. "I would have gone to you if you hadn't come to me. Jane, dear, I've loved you ever since I first saw you."

A fortnight later John Doremus junior held his hand out to his uncle. "I want to thank you, Uncle John, for your good advice. When I left your office the day you gave it to me I fairly ran into a pretty girl. I started in making love to her, just to get the habit. And now we're engaged. We're going to be married as soon as she can get her clothes—and it happens that she's the prettiest girl I ever saw."

Mountains in Valleys
Mountain heights where we see plains and lowlands, tremendous valleys where visible mountains rise in the landscape, would be features of the map of America if the continent could be "scraped down to its bones"; that is, if we could see the foundations of granite and similar ancient rocks on which rest the superstructure of loose earth and all the sedimentary rocks.

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Officers, Committees and Programme of John Hancock

Grange, No. 33, of Hancock, N. H., for the Year 1937

Officers and Committees

Master.....Leah M. Hill
Overseer.....Earl Otis
Lecturer.....Florence A. Davis
Steward.....John Hill
Assistant Steward.....George Fisher
Chaplain.....George W. Goodhue
Treasurer.....Minnie L. Devens
Secretary.....Bertha C. Ware
Gate Keeper.....Paul Hill
Cares.....Eda Dutton
Pomona.....Nellie L. Eaton
Flora.....
Lady Assistant Steward.....Edna Fish
Chorister.....Beulah S. Tuttle

Executive Committee

Daniel O. Devens Walter S. Dutton
Maurice S. Tuttle

Literary Committee

Helen Yeagle George W. Goodhue
Ella L. Goodhue

Charity Committee

Nellie L. Eaton Ella Goodhue
Lu Wheeler Eda Dutton

Home and Community Welfare Committee

Cora Otis Helen Currier
Agnes Quinn Beulah Tuttle
Minnie L. Devens Daniel O. Devens

Dues Committee

Bertha Ware Leah Hill

Membership Committee

Granville Clark George Davis

Insurance Committee

Walter Dutton Maurice Tuttle

Agricultural Committee

Granville Clark Earl Otis

Programme

Social Hour After Each Meeting

January 14

Installation of Officers
Past Master Maurice S. Tuttle
Assistants: Cora Otis and Florence A. Davis

January 28

Song.....Harriet Dunbar
Recitation.....Dorothy Davis
Roll Call: "What I would like to help John Hancock Grange to accomplish in 1937."
Music.....Perley Dunbar, Willard Richardson
Special Feature.....Edna Fish, George Fisher

February 11

Southern Airs.....Grange
Discussion: "Would it be advisable to have a limit on real estate tax in New Hampshire?"
Maurice Tuttle, Margaret Perry, Joseph Quinn, Ephraim Weston, George L. Fish, Errol Simonds, Frederick Wilder, John A. Hill

February 25

Vocal Solo.....Margery Cheney
Essay: "Interesting Episodes in the Lives of February's Famous Men", accompanied by Tableaux.....Helen Yeagle

February 25

Discussion of the Town and School Meeting Warrants
Town Meeting Warrant presented by Selectman and Brother Earl Vatcher, Earl Otis, George Goodhue

March 11

School Meeting Warrant presented by School Committee-woman and Sister Cora Otis, Ellen Weston and Louisa Fairfield

March 25

Men's Quartet
Rev. William Weston, Earl Vatcher, Frederick Wilder, Daniel O. Devens

March 25

Special Feature.....Alice Simonds

March 25

Essay: "St. Patrick's Day".....Nellie L. Eaton
Roll Call: Irish Jokes.....Members
Solo.....Bessie M. Hanson
Essay: "The Blarney Stone".....

March 25

Special Feature.....Rev. Lloyd Yeagle
Songs.....Barbara Reed
Refreshments in charge of Laura Fish, Myrtle Fairfield, Minnie A. Goodwin

March 25

Competitive Program
Thirty minute program in charge of Sisters Violet Wilder, Edith M. Hill, Beulah Tuttle, Lillian Otis, Pansy Vatcher, Amy Pierce

March 25

Thirty minute program in charge of Frederick Wilder, Stanley Otis, Frederick Gleason, Daniel O. Devens, Earl Vatcher, John Hill

March 25

Defeated side to serve refreshments for the next meeting

April 8

Songs.....Glee Club
Newspaper.....George W. Goodhue
Front Page Items.....Joseph Quinn
Local Items.....Rev. Lloyd Yeagle
Editorial.....Beulah Tuttle
Music.....Ephraim Weston
Comic Strip.....Florence Clark
Fashions.....George Davis
Advertisements.....Lu Wheeler
Poetry.....Ellen Weston
Short Story.....Minnie Devens
Household Hints.....
Refreshments served by defeated contestants of the last meeting

April 22

Dramatization of a House of Representatives meeting in charge of Rev. William Weston

April 22

Farce: "A Quiet Afternoon" in charge of Lecturer

April 22

Music.....

May 18

Essay: "Ideal Home Garden" (Illustrated).....Helen Currier

Essay: "Corn Raising" (Required).....Alfred Fairfield

Special Feature.....Eda and Walter Dutton

Mixed Quartet.....Helen Yeagle, Cora Otis, Maurice Tuttle, Daniel O. Devens

May 22
Grange "Go to Church" Sunday
Every member asked to attend church, if possible

May 27
Safety Program
Address: "Preventing Accidents in the Home".....Ella L. Goodhue

"Auto Insurance".....Maurice Tuttle

Roll Call: "Should Pleasure Vehicles be limited to forty miles per hour?"

First Aid Demonstration.....Girl Scouts

"The Home Medicine Chest".....Leah Hill

Special Feature: "A Grave Mistake" in charge of George Fisher

Music.....

June 10
Music.....

Agricultural Program in charge of Agricultural Committee, Granville Clark, Earl Otis and Homer C. Wheeler

Pantomimes "Life on the average farm."

June 24
Children's Night
In charge of Louisa Fairfield, Annie Perry, Pansy Vatcher

July 8
Home and Community Welfare Program
In charge of Agnes Quinn, F. Helen Currier, Cora Otis, Beulah Tuttle, Minnie Devens, Daniel O. Devens

The "Flag Parade" Drill.....Edith M. Hill

July 22
Public Entertainment
Committee: Rev. Lloyd Yeagle, George Davis, Robert Fish, Daniel O. Devens, Maurice Tuttle, Frederick Wilder, Earl Vatcher, Harold Stearns, Herbert Currier

August 12
New Hampshire Night
Essay: "Musicians of New Hampshire".....Catherine Moore

Essay: "Statesmen of New Hampshire".....Richard Coughlan

Roll Call: "Beauty Spots in New Hampshire I Have Visited".....Members

Special Feature and Music
In charge of Corinne C. DaPinto

"Experiences", by a New Hampshire nurse, Luetta Ware

Grange Picnic
Time and place to be arranged.

Songs.....Grange
Yells and Cheers.....Lecturer

Roll Call: "Where I want to travel and why".....

Pageant, "Our Grange"
Under direction of Ellen Weston, F. Helen Currier, Nellie L. Eaton, Worthy Master, Alice M. Brown, Joseph Quinn, Willard Richardson

Games, Competitive Stunts

August 26
Old Home Night
Music in charge of Annie L. Putnam

Essay.....Evelyn Tuttle

Reminiscences.....Grange

Tableaux pertaining to "Home and Fireside".....Granville Clark, Florence Clark

Reading: "The House By the Side of the Road".....Mary Osgood

September 9
Neighbors Night
Program to be presented by the visitors

September 23
Songs led by Grange Choir
Debate: Resolved, That Increased Efficiency in Farming is Not Always a Good Thing

Affirmative: George Goodhue, Harold F. Stearns, Ephraim Weston

Negative: William E. Putnam, Homer C. Wheeler, Perley Dunbar

Farce in charge of Eveline Senecal, Beatrice Hughes, Worthy Master, Jennie M. Cheney, Paul Hill

October 14
Illustrated Songs.....Agnes C. Weston

Reading, "Burden Bearer".....Alice Simonds

Accompanied by Stanley Otis, violin; Beulah Tuttle, piano

"March of Time".....Rev. William Weston

October 28
Hallowe'en Program
Committee: Eda Dutton, Florence Kimball, Amy Pierce, Frederick Gleason, Willard Richardson, Harriet Dunbar, Dorothy Davis

November 11
Election of Officers

November 25
Essay: "Thanksgiving—Then and Now".....Minnie L. Devens

Original Poem: "That Pumpkin Pie".....Nellie L. Eaton

"Thanksgiving Memories".....Members of the Grange

Illustrated Song "Bringing in the Sheaves".....Margery Cheney

Special Music.....

December 9
"Amateur Night"
In charge of Rev. William Weston, using Class of 1937, and others, if desired

December 25
Christmas Carols.....Grange

Illustrated Song.....Helen Yeagle

Christmas Story.....Rev. Lloyd Yeagle

Pageant: "Christmas in Other Countries".....Cora Otis, Alice Simonds, Bertha Ware, Bessie M. Hanson, Alice M. Brown, Florence M. Kimball

Music.....

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AND
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own figure.
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EZRA R. DUTTON, Greenfield
Auctioneer
Property of all kinds advertised
and sold on easy terms
Phone, Greenfield 84-21

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 trans-
act School District business and to
hear all parties.

MYRTIE K. BROOKS,
ARTHUR J. KELLEY,
ARCHIE M. SWETT,
Antrim School Board.

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE

The Selectmen will meet at their
Rooms, in Town Hall block, on Tues-
day evening of each week, to trans-
act town business.

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

Advertising

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