

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME LIV NO. 14

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1937

5 CENTS A COPY

Interesting Meeting at Woman's Club

A regular meeting of the Antrim Woman's Club was held Tuesday, February 9, at Library Hall. Five dollars was voted to the Red Cross for flood relief.

Roll-call was answered by each member, who responded with facts about some noted person born in the month of February.

Mrs. Ethel Roeder sang, and Mrs. Jessie Hall and Mrs. Gertrude Thornton played a piano duet.

Tea was served by the hostesses, Mrs. Alice Nylander and her assistants.

A bridge party will be held at the home of Mrs. Auger on Main St., Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 24, at 2:30 o'clock.

Louise G. Auger, Publicity Com.

Is there anyone in Antrim who owns and would be willing to lend a copy of the Atlantic Monthly for March 1921? If so, please communicate at once with Mrs. Elizabeth Felker.

Must Make Reports Before February 28

The Unemployment Compensation Division of the State of New Hampshire wishes to again call the attention of all employers who come under the Unemployment Compensation Act to the fact that an interest penalty of one percent per month will be inflicted upon all firms submitting reports for the month of January after the grace period has expired.

Interest will be charged at one percent per month on all overdue reports and remittances during 1937.

Reports for the month of January are due on or before February fifteenth. If they are not received, the employer will be notified of his delinquency at once. If reports are then not received before the end of February, interest will be charged at one percent per month from February fifteenth until the day that the reports are received.

Washington Dance Friday Eve., Feb. 19

The William M. Myers Post, No. 50, American Legion, will sponsor a Washington's Birthday Ball at Antrim Town hall Friday evening, February 19, with music by Zeza Ludwig and his Vodvil Band, of Manchester. Admission, Adults 50 cents each; Children and spectators 25 cents. There will be four special dance numbers by Miss Mac and her dancing class.

Ten per cent of the proceeds of this dance will be given to the local Red Cross for flood relief.

A Bulova wrist watch, valued at 25 dollars, will be given away at this dance.



FROM WASHINGTON, A LESSON

As the birthday anniversary of that famous American again approaches, it will do us well to consider the life and career of GEORGE WASHINGTON,—and the reason for his tremendous success and influence.

Primary was his strength of will and honest devotion to the Good Life.

In a measure, we, too, can achieve our goal by following his principles . . . by being Honest, Courageous, Thrifty and Persevering.

A Parable on Town Meeting

Town meeting day at Pumpkinville was even more exciting than usual. When the auditors' report came up Jim Benson, who was a Republican, accused the Democratic board of selectmen with paying too many bounties on hedgehogs. And young Ike Haskins, who only paid a poll tax, made a speech in favor of every appropriation, and made a motion to exempt the new beauty parlor from taxation for a period of five years. He looked over in the direction of old long-whiskered Jake Dunstan, and suggested that a few men might visit the beauty parlor with profit.

Now it was a fact that old Jake's hair and whiskers were a little long, but he made a good living on his large farm, and paid a property tax of over \$200 so promptly that he made the tax collector smile, and got the discount, even if he didn't make a speech in town meeting very often. But now old Jake planted his number twelves on the town hall floor, and looking over to Ike, he said: "If I had your goatee I would put some hair tonic on it and see if I couldn't raise some real whiskers, and if my hair was as red as yours I would get it out off and put a handful of it in a tin horn, and use it for a flashlight. There are two kinds of poll tax payers. One kind knows enough to keep their mouths shut, and the other kind talks all the time. You only pay a poll tax because you don't have brains enough to get any property together to pay a tax on. Your contribution to our \$60,000 of town expense is two dollars if you don't get it abated, as you usually do. But your tongue is hung on a pivot, and it wags both ways. What you need is not a beauty parlor but a night school, a brain tonic, and a little common sense. Get a little property together and help pay for our schools, highways, snow removal, police and fire protection. Shave off that little goatee, raise some whiskers and be somebody." And when old Jake sat down you could hear your hair grow! Then the moderator, who was a friend of young Ike, said: "The gentleman is out of order." Then old Jake jumped up again, and with fire in his eye said: "I know I am out of order. I am kind of bilious and my teeth have ached for three days, but I still know enough to tell the truth." And it came to pass that they did not vote to exempt the beauty parlor from taxation, and orations from poll tax payers became few and

Women's Field Army Fights Ignorance, Fear, For Control of Cancer

The brilliant surgeon, the late Dr. Joseph Colt Bloodgood of Johns Hopkins, pointed out in 1900 that despite surgical progress in the last decade there were only a handful of persons living five years after operations for cancer. That there were even a few alive was encouraging. His optimism was not misplaced. In 1934 the American College of Surgeons announced that it had records of 24,440 persons treated for cancer alive and well after five, ten and in some cases fifteen years.

What are the factors in this extraordinary change? They include the discovery and increasing knowledge of the value of radium and x-ray in treating the disease and improved techniques in pathology and in surgery. Significant have been the various educational campaigns carried out among the medical profession and laymen.

Before 1913 there was talk of the need for central educational organization but none existed. That year, on May 22nd, a distinguished group of doctors and lay persons met to form the American Society for the Control of Cancer. The society was incorporated in 1922.

The education of the lay public has been less successful, largely because less emphasis has been placed upon it. Yet Dr. Joseph Colt Bloodgood was able to say, just before his death, "that since 1920 the improvement in the percentage of five-year cures has been so great and startling, in those communities in which the educational campaign has been most intense, that there cannot longer be any doubt that, until a specific cure or prevention for cancer is found, the only method of control is through education of the public."

Into action goes the American society for the Control of Cancer with a field army of thousands of women organized to urge prompt and competent medical diagnosis—making clear the fact that many cancers can be cured if discovered and treated in time.

Today—control of cancer is prevented by ignorance and fear. To—

Continued on page five

far between. And I said if we had more whiskers and common sense in town meetings it might be that all would become more tax conscious.

The good old New England town meeting is a great institution for the development of oratorical ability, but we have arrived at a day and age where people need to think as well as talk.

Fred A. Dunlap

Weekly Letter by Proctor, Fish and Game Conservation Officer

By the time that you are reading this you fox hunters can hunt again. A short intermission from the old law makes it legal to hunt foxes till the first of March. The new law as passed reads from Sept. 1st to March 1st to hunt with dog and gun. Trapping from Nov. 1st to March 1st. The hare law reads the same to Feb. 1st.

Have you a duck stamp of the 1936 edition? I have a young lady in one of my towns that would like to add one to her collection of stamps.

Some weeks ago I asked if someone had a phonograph to give to a lady in one of my towns. Well I got a fine one with a lot of records and now we know that someone is happy.

Have had a lot of letters the past weeks wanting to sell old square pianos. Well, to tell the truth, we know of seven that we can have if we go and get them. So the market now is glutted.

To you Scouts wherever located here is a chance to do a good turn. Alphonse McDonald of the home town is a patient at the Sanatorium at Pembroke. We want you all to drop "Al" a card. "Al" is the popular Scoutmaster of Troop 20 of Wilton and is a regular fellow. Let's go.

Kenneth Hilton of Antrim brings in the thinnest bobcat we ever saw. When full he would have weighed 20 lbs, but he was very thin having been caught in a trap some weeks ago and with his bad foot could not hunt as well as before.

Out in California a woman ate ten three pound chickens with 15 pounds of dressing for good measure. She beat three men. Do you wonder?

Many of the states have passed a law that if you hit a dog you must stop and report to the nearest police station. By the looks of the dead cats on the highway the past few weeks someone did not stop.

Everyone who owns a gun of any kind should read the booklet issued by the National Rifle Association of Washington, D. C. It's a straight from the shoulder talk on the dangers of the coming National House and Senate on the Anti Gun legislation. Some big officials has just returned from across the water and he wants to set up something over here like they have in those countries. Do we want our guns taken away from us? Watch the Capitol city.

Well I went over to Fitchburg, Mass. the other night with "Clem" Herson and we stuck our feet under the covers of the head table. It was Land Owners' night of the Wachuset Hound club and was the place packed. It was at Hotel Raymond and did they put on a nice supper. You know at most hotel banquets they put on a whole flock of dishes and silverware but not much to fill the inner man. Well, this night it was different and we had all the turkey and fixin's that was coming to us. It was a nice party. This club is several hundred strong and are they doing a great work for conservation. It's the only club in the country that I know of that try and give the real land owners a break. And they have no trespass signs over the line—I have a lot of friends over the line and most of them hunt over in my district.

Guess that woodchuck that has been seen for a week or more at the farm of Mrs. Goss on route 31 has gone back for his six weeks more of sleep.

Tuesday of this week we received from Merle W. Grey of Dennyville, Me., 100 snowshoe hares which we planted in the swamps in my district. Expect 50 more the last of the week.

Did you know that squabs were higher now than at any time for a long spell. Order them at your favorite Cafe and then look at the bill.

Here is a card from Hon. Charles F. Young, District Forest Fire Chief for this section of the state. He is basking in the sun at Sarasota, Florida and says he will be home in time to fight forest fires. Bet he

will have some awful fish stories to tell when he gets back.

The National Humane Society has just recommended a humane trap that won first prize in their annual contest. This trap is more like a snare and holds the animal without any harm to the leg. They hope to legislate the cruel steel trap out of the game.

Most of the western states have outlawed the road . . . de zoo to attract people to stop and buy gas. No more bears can be tied up by the neck. Must be kept in a large iron cage.

If you want a good laugh you want to read the swappers' column in the "Yankee" published at Dublin, and on any newsstand.

According to the out of state papers there is a lot of rabies running around loose. To you that have nice dogs check up on out of state dogs in your neighborhood. Many people are bringing dogs into this state as in their state they have to either keep them in the house or wear a muzzle.

Boy and are we going to have a lot of nice trout to put out in the spring. And it won't be long. If you don't believe me just run up to New Hampton and then over to Warren and then to Colebrook and over to Richmond Rearing station. Millions of legal sized brook trout all ready for the streams. And have we got the trucks to put them out in. No loss now with the pumps pumping air to them all the time.

A State Police bill has been introduced but that does not in any way effect the Game Wardens. This will take over the Motor Vehicle officers and a force from the office of Chief Caswell.

In Lawrence, Mass., all dogs must be muzzled for sixty days. Five cases of rabies in a week.

No I have not been to Concord for several weeks. It's a good place to keep out of while the sessions are on. Have had a dozen invitations to attend but we can tell them later that we did not make the laws just here to enforce them.

The recent cold spell in California was too much for Elmer the two hundred year old turtle so he folded up and will now grace some museum.

In Texas a fellow shot a peacock the other day that's been living with a flock of wild turkeys for the past twelve years. Bet he was tough.

Out in Sacramento, Calif., they have sent rescue snowplows to rescue a party of eleven people. And here we can't get enough snow to track a bobcat.

In California a city council voted down a bill to stop dogs from barking between the hours of 10 p. m. and 6 a. m. Nothing was said about cats.

Five more dogs found this week without a collar. How do you suppose we can tell where a dog belongs without a collar on. Rivet that tag the town clerk gave to you to the collar and then he won't lose it the first day out. With a tag we can soon check back.

It will soon be town meeting time.

CLOTHING WORKERS WIN 12% RAISE!

(News despatch, Associated Press, Feb. 14, 1937. re Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union Conference.)

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Thrifty consumers will buy TO-DAY and save all they possibly can at present prices.

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"PERSONAL SEAL"

Sold only under the dealer's name. The price is the same everywhere: 60 cents per pound. We have placed them on sale in Antrim, and customers that have had them say they equal most dollar boxes. Next time you take home chocolates try a box and let us know your opinion of them.

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MURDER MASQUERADE

By
INEZ HAYNES IRWIN

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SYNOPSIS

Mary Avery, a widow who lives in the harbor town of Satuit, Mass., with two negro maids, Sarah Darbe and Bessie Williams, writes a manuscript describing the famous Second Head murder, which occurred on her estate. Next to Mary live Mr. and Mrs. Peter Stow who every year give a summer masquerade party. One of the guests of this function is murdered. Nearby live Dr. and Mrs. Geary and their married daughter Edith and her husband Alfred Gray; Doctor Myron Marden and his step-granddaughter, Caro Prentiss, a beautiful young girl who was born in France. Next live Paul and Lora Eames and their daughter Molly. Molly was engaged to the murdered man, Ace Blake. She had been engaged to Walter Treadway, who had been the murdered man's secretary, but the engagement was suddenly broken and he had left town. Other neighbors are the Fairweather sisters, Flora, a hopeless invalid and Margaret. All but the latter two attended the masquerade. Mary's eight-year-old niece Sylvia Sard is visiting her for the summer. The wooded part of Mary's estate is called the Spiney. In it is a tiny log cabin. Near a stone wall is a tiny circular pond called the Merry Mere. This is the day of the masquerade and excitement is high. Mary decides to take Sylvia, who is an unusually observant child. Caro Prentiss and Molly Eames drop in during the afternoon. Molly seems preoccupied. Soon Blake, Doctor Marden and Bruce Hexson, a friend of Ace's, arrive.

FRIDAY—Continued

Anyone looking at her, should have guessed instantly that Sylvia was the possessor of a great secret. Her eyes sparkled with glee. Of course Ace, who has the intuition of the "called," or the insane, must have guessed at once.

"I wish you were going, Sylvia," he continued artfully. "It would make my evening for me. And if you were going, I should make you tell me what your costume was because of course I would never guess which was you."

"I wouldn't tell you, Doctor Ace," Sylvia asserted firmly, "for don't you see it would be very naughty indeed."

"You wouldn't tell me!" Ace repeated in mock despair.

"No," Sylvia declared, "it wouldn't be right. It would spoil everything."

"Then, I'm very glad you're not going," Ace said with a convincing appearance of being hurt. "You'd spoil my whole evening for me."

At this Sylvia's suppressed secret almost burst its way out.

"Anyway, Sylvia," Ace concluded, "as long as you're not going to the masquerade, will you promise to save me the very first dance of the very first dance you do go to?"

"I'll give you all the dances you want," Sylvia vowed generously.

Molly jumped to her feet. "I must be getting home," she declared abruptly, impatiently, almost rudely.

"I ought to be going too," Caro announced gracefully, "although it is difficult to leave."

"I don't suppose we'll see you tonight, Mr. Hexson," I said as I shook hands with him.

"Oh, it seems as though tonight would never come, Aunt Mary!" Sylvia declared the instant they were out of ear-shot.

"It's almost here," I comforted her. "We're going to have an early dinner. Then after a while you're going to take a bath and lie down to see if you can catch a little nap. And then we'll get dressed."

I was as hungry as usual, but of course it was all I could do to get Sylvia to eat. Presently we went upstairs. I undressed and bathed her and put her to bed. By some miracle she slept for an hour. At about eight o'clock, I heard her leap out of her bed. She came peeping in her nightgown and bedroom slippers into my room, where I lay on the chaise longue. As though Sylvia's footsteps had been a signal, Sarah immediately joined us from downstairs. She insisted on dressing me first. "Getting you out of the way, Mrs. Avery,"—and with a conscious humor—was the way she phrased it.

Mine was a Spanish costume. The Spanish lady—as translated by Satuit—had always seemed a little conventional in type although her shawls—some actually purchased in Madrid—have been extremely colorful. I had determined to do something original—there was no touch of color in the whole effect. The gown was of black lace, a high comb for the hair—as black a tortoise-shell as I could find. And instead of the usual mantilla, I wore a big square of black maline closely dotted with rhinestones.

I am a tall woman. Once I was slim, but perhaps I had better say now that I am thin. My hair is jet black. It has always been abundant and as I have never cut it, I still have a great deal. My eyes are gray. I am forty-six years old. And that, I fancy, is all that is necessary to say about me. However, I myself felt that my costume was becoming and Sarah was enthusiastic.

Sylvia is little, even for her eight years; frail and honey-haired; peary and freckled. Sarah loosed her hair from its two tight pig-tails; combed out its waves; mounded it on her head. Then she drew on the white lace dress. It was so long that it dragged on the floor. I cannot tell you how charming Sylvia looked.

I think I shall never forget what an amazing picture we made as we stood before the long mirror in my

room. Reflected back of us was my tall tester bed with its beautiful chintzes in Pompadour blues and pinks; the light here and there in the room, spreading into golden pools on the polished tables or the polished floor; Sarah's warm, dark face above the shining gray poplin of her uniform; Sylvia's tiny fragile silvery figure and my tall, filmy dark one, both of us a-light with sparkles, from our veils. I hated to put Sylvia's mask on.

As I did not want to keep Sylvia up too late, I started early for the party so that she might see the whole show. And to make it the more thrilling to her, I improvised great mystery in our approach to the Stow house. A little before nine, we emerged, hand in hand, from my back door. I took Sylvia down the driveway to the road in front of the house, walked toward the ocean and then up over the Head, passing the Fairweather house, the Eames house, the Marden house, the Geary and the Gray houses to the Stow house. We entered there by the back door.

It was a beautiful night. Many regretted that the moon was to be late. But I did not regret it, for I love the stars. The air was soft and warm. As we walked, Sylvia's trusting little hand in my hand and her chattering little voice in my ear, I could hear the long, slow booming sweep of the incoming waves and the long rattling pull-back of the outgoing ones. I explained to Sylvia that I had started early on her account, so that she could watch everybody appear and that we might be the very first to arrive. I



Of Course She Did Not Identify Every Mask.

told her that—in order that no-body could guess who they were—the Stows always left their home before their first guest appeared and returned after the party had started.

Three or four times in this brief walk, we met policemen, the first just beyond the park. We greeted them all and they responded with smiling, mystified appreciation.

When we came into the big Stow kitchen, the usual crowd of colored girls filled it; the Stows' Jessie and Caddie, the Eames' Lulu and Lily, sisters by the name of Lamb; the Gearys' Jennie Snow and Winnie Tompkins; Big Hattie Doane and slim little Alice Robinson who were always available for extra work; Bessie and Sarah.

The house looked lovely. Mattie has an exquisite taste in decoration and she is an accomplished gardener.

Several had arrived before us. There was that air of tingling constraint—excited half-suppressed mirth—which always hangs over the beginning of a masked party. Three men, an Indian, a pirate, an Uncle Sam, immediately surrounded us, walking slowly about and surveying us gravely from every point of view. In one corner a pair of pierrots, a pierrette, a columbine, all in black and white, were fussing with the radio. In the opposite corner, behind a screen of firs, the orchestra sat with its instruments ready. Suddenly a bedlam seemed to break loose outside as a group of arriving automobiles, honking horns, crunched the gravel. Presently a motley—a big group of French peasants—poured into the room. The orchestra started. People began to dance. I found a couch in a corner which commanded the whole scene and retired to it with Sylvia. We sat there watching.

Sylvia did all the talking. I did all the listening. I was willing enough to listen. I was conscious that I was going through one of the most curious experiences of a lifetime. It was almost eerie.

I have never had the slightest skill in identifying my friends at the Stow masquerade; for they can always make me believe they are what they are pretending to be. We do not unmask until about eleven; and up to that time, our main endeavor is to make as many correct guesses as possible. Of course, occasionally I do penetrate a disguise, but not often.

Imagine, then, my surprise when,

almost as fast as they entered the hall, Sylvia began to tell me who the maskers were.

I remember reading somewhere that prestidigitators dread, more than any other, an audience of children, because they are at the same time less suggestible and more suggestible than adults. In other words, the quickness of movement, which deceives the adult eye does not always seduce the childish eye. Flowing robes, strange headgear, darkened skins, wigs, masks were without avail to deceive Sylvia.

It began almost immediately. "Mrs. Burton!" she whispered as a magnificent Elizabethan court lady—in stiff distended skirt, stomacher and ruff—entered the room. Immediately I saw under this broad-cloped panoply the graceful swan-like gait of Leda Burton. When presently there passed an East Indian rajah in a flowing robe, a coiled, jeweled turban of golden tissue, a belt bristling with knives, "Mr. Burton," her little voice whispered.

Presently appeared a great potentate—I took him to be an Arabian. Before him, walking backward and wielding an enormous long-handled jade green feathered fan, fleshed fellow with sleek, straight jet-black locks and a tiny sleek mustache, his trousers and shirt of embroidered orange linen. "Who can they be?" I was helplessly thinking when Sylvia's whisper came in my ear, "Uncle Peter and Aunt Mattie!"

From where I sat I could see the tall grandfather clock. It was nearly ten o'clock. People were pouring in now, but Sylvia's steady, accurate observation constantly clicked names to me. Of course she did not identify every mask. Unlike me, she did not know everybody in Satuit. And naturally there were some who were strangers to both of us for, as always, people brought house guests. But my intimates she recognized instantly. It was a fairly magical performance.

The room had, of course, filled up. Between dances, people spilled out on the wide piazzas. The protective silence which had produced the vacuum of that first half hour had broken into laughter and talk. People were still disguising their voices however, as I, who was now on the inside of so many secrets, realized. I was enjoying myself immensely. Several strange masks asked me to dance, but I declined all invitations. I did not particularly want to dance. I did not want to leave Sylvia, and especially I wanted to enjoy the scene.

I always take a particular delight at costume affairs in the picturesqueness of casual groupings.

Three times during the evening of the Stow party, I saw groups which delighted me to the tingling point. Once it was a trio; a slender golden-haired Psyche in white Greek draperies; a cavalier in a great gray-feathered hat, gray velvet small clothes with slashings of ruby; a tall slender dark girl in a balloon-like skirt of white muslin, dappled with big orange dots; bands of brown fur about her wrists; a man's silk hat on the black hair which curled at the neck. Another time a white-clad Botticelli angel, carrying a golden lyre, hobnobbed with an Indian in a magnificent flamingo-pink war bonnet and a flaxen-bobbed ballet dancer in many skirts of pale blue tarlatan.

I kept calling Sylvia's attention to these pictures. When she turned her face up to mine, I could see her eyes shining as though stars were boiling up from the depths of their blueness.

Once she said to me, "Oh, how I wish I had brought Dorinda Belle!"

Fortunately, however, the right reassuring idea occurred to me. "Oh we couldn't have brought Dorinda Belle," I declared in a shocked tone. "Don't you see, Sylvia, everybody would have known Dorinda Belle. And then they would have guessed who we are!"

"That would be dreadful," Sylvia whispered. "Perfectly dreadful! But I'll tell Dorinda Belle all about it—every word of it!"

Just at this moment there came another entrance crash of the orchestra.

There strode into the room a magnificent male figure, a Roman warrior of the period of Julius Caesar. He wore a short white military tunic, overlaid with long tabs of gilded leather; a golden helmet; golden shoes. At his belt, hung the short sword—as became an officer, on the left side. The costume was superb. The man himself was equally superb with his height, his shapeliness and the bold, free carriage of his splendid body. Only one man in Satuit could have carried off that costume. Even my imaginatively-led mind registered his identity before Sylvia said, "Doctor Ace!" And then the sword caught my eye. I recognized it. The first time Ace visited Rome, he had had a Roman short sword made for him.

Doctor Ace stood on that ruffe of applause, calmly surveyed the room. His eyes stopped on Sylvia and me. The music started up. Instantly he came over to our corner, bowed before Sylvia. "May I have the pleasure of this dance, senorita?" he asked. Sylvia arose and stood before the gigantic Roman warrior; a thrilled, trembling little figure—like a little silver fountain which had burst through the floor.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

What Irwin S. Cobb Thinks about

The Drift of Scotland.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—So high an authority as the Associated Press gives out a dispatch stating that Scotland is drifting toward America at the rate of eight feet a year.

This would be an excuse for the unthoughtful to say that the Scots always had a reputation for being close and now are becoming still closer.

To me, though, the main question is whether Scotland is going to bring England along with her. Among themselves, at least, the Scots have always had the reputation of bringing England along through the centuries. And if you don't believe it ask any true Scot. He stands ready to offer supporting dates, names and statistics.

By the way, I've noticed one outstanding difference between the two greatest groups of the Celtic race. To an Irishman's face you can joke about Ireland and he remains calm. But poke fun at an individual Irishman and you are hunting for trouble—and probably will soon be hunting for a doctor. Inversely you may jibe a Scot and get away with it. But just say the least little thing in derision of his native land and you'd better start running.

So-Called Modern Art.

I GUESS I must belong to a most ancient species—indeed, an almost vanished species: It's true I'm not quite old enough to remember when they shot Indians where the city hall now stands and Peggy Hopkins Joyce was called Love Apples. But I do date back to where a painting was expected, remotely, at least, to resemble the object it purported to represent.

I lived through the early stages of the artistic revolt—primitives, ultramodernists, post-impressionists, cubists, dadaists and so on—without ever becoming reconciled to the prevalent idea that a canvas apparently depicting a bundle of laths coming undone was supposed to be a nude lady's portrait, or that a spirited rendition of a yellow cat having an epileptic fit in a mess of tomato soup was an Italian sunset.

Lately I've seen examples of the latest school—the surrealist school. And if the practitioners of this form of beauty are artists, then I'm a kind-faced old Swiss watch mender. They're actually giving certain of these geniuses medals. What they ought to give 'em is something for their respective livers.

Uncle Sam the Spendthrift.

WELL, we were good fellows while we had it, weren't we? We destroyed our forests. Result: Up water courses.

We indulged in an orgy of so-called "reclamation" schemes to drain unneeded swamplands, thereby destroying the breeding grounds and the natural resting places of emigrating wild fowl so that the once vast flocks are gone, probably forever.

We wasted our heritage of wild game, formerly a great factor in food supply aside from being a source of healthful joy to gunners. We needlessly polluted our streams.

But we're a resourceful race; give us credit for that. Now, through speed madness and drunken driving, we're preying merrily on human life. It's getting so that the citizen who insists on dying a natural death, instead of waiting for some mad wag of a road-hog to mow him down, can be regarded only as a spoilsport.

Cruelty to Wild Life.

SOMETIMES women are almost as inconsistent as men—which is a frightful indictment to bring against any sex.

As a boy, I remember being severely lectured by a lady for robbing birds' nests—a lady whose nodding hat was crowned with at least four stuffed meadowlarks.

A few years ago, I saw women prominent in humane movements and good deeds, like that woman of the Scriptures who was called Dorcas—saw these women wearing the smuggled and forbidden al-grettes of the snowy heron, even though they must have known that each pitiable feathered wisp meant a cruel murder and a brood of fledglings left to starve. I still see these al-grettes being worn—against the law of the land and the greater law of common humanity.

And only lately, at a meeting to forward the prevention of cruelty to dumb beasts, I saw women swathed to their earlobes in furs of mink and otter. Seemingly they had forgotten that the animals whose pelts they wore had died in steel traps by slow degrees of infinite torture. Or maybe they didn't care.

IRVIN S. COBB.
Copyright—WNU Service.

We've a Date to Sew!



OH GRACE, before you go—you're not in a hurry, are you—notice Mabel's slip.

Isn't that the one that you were telling the girls about at the Bid-Or-Bi club last week, Mabel?

Yes, it's my Sew-Your-Own and I'm real proud of it because it fits so smoothly. There's no bunchiness at the waistline or hips—it's fitted, you see—and yet there's lots of room around the bottom. And do you know how long it took me to make it—no self praise, but exactly two hours by the clock. I simply followed the pattern's instruction chart—as easy to do as to concoct a new dessert.

Tie, Buttons, Hat to Match. It would be grand for a tailored dress like mine, wouldn't it, Mabel?

Just the thing! Are you off to the Civic League luncheon at the Hall? Your dress made up beautifully in that aquamarine, Grace. I'm crazy about it. The yoke-and-sleeves-in-one idea is swell and the black tie and buttons to match your hat make you look like Mrs. Merriweather herself.

Now, now, cut the rave. You know that neat-but-not-gaudy is my motto. Bye, I'll see you in print.

So long . . . Anne, since you like my slip so much, I'll be glad to help you make one like it, if you want me to.

That's lovely of you, Mabel, but would that sort of thing be right for a "Stylish Stout" like me? You should hear George when I call myself a "Stylish Stout." He says I flatter myself.

That Slenderizing Effect.

Leave it to the men! This slip would be especially good for you, Anne, because it's fitted and, George or no George, you look stylish in that dress you're wearing—but you DON'T look stout. The panel in front breaks the skirt line, and the jabot and collar do wonders for the "Buz-zum." It would be grand made up in a flowered print for Spring, Anne.

That very idea occurred to me. Why don't we get together tomorrow afternoon and sew—are you game? Come to my house. I baked a batch of oatmeal cookies today.

It's a date, Anne, I'll be over

Foreign Words and Phrases

Mirabile dictu. (L.) Wonderful to relate.

Parvenu. (F.) A person of low origin; an upstart.

Trink-geld. (Ger.) A gratuity. Qui vivra, verra. (F.) Who lives will see.

Regnant populi. (L.) The people reign. (Motto of Arkansas.) Sanctum sanctorum. (L.) The holy of holies.

Usque ad aras. (L.) To the very altars; to the last extremity. Ventre-a-terre. (F.) At full gallop; at breakneck speed.

Wanderjahr. (Ger.) A wander-year; a year of travel. Vive la bagatelle! (F.) Success to trifles! Trifling forever! Qu'importe? (F.) What does it matter?

in the morning as soon as the kids are off to school.

The Patterns.

Pattern 1200 is available in sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 4 1/4 yards of 39 inch material plus 1/4 yard contrasting.

Pattern 1970 is available in sizes 36 to 52. Size 38 requires 4 1/4 yards of 35 or 39 inch material plus 1/4 yard contrasting.

Pattern 1988 is available in sizes 34 to 46. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39 inch material and 1 yard of ribbon for shoulder straps.

New Pattern Book.

Send for the Barbara Bell Spring and Summer Pattern Book. Make yourself attractive, practical and becoming clothes, selecting designs from the Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Interesting and exclusive fashions for little children and the difficult junior age; slenderizing, well-cut patterns for the mature figure; afternoon dresses for the most particular young women and matrons and other patterns for special occasions are all to be found in the Barbara Bell Pattern Book. Send 15 cents today for your copy.

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

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MENTHOL COUGH DROPS
HELP BALANCE YOUR
ALKALINE RESERVE
WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD!

Late Remembrances
Statues are reared to men at a time when they don't care.

WOMEN! Here's the Easy WAY TO IRON
WITH THE
Coleman Lamp and Stove Co.

LIGHTS INSTANTLY—NO WAITING
Here's the best that will smooth your way on ironing day. It will save your strength—help you do better ironing easier and quicker at less cost.

A Real Luster Lighting Iron . . . no heating with matches, no waiting. The newly-vented double pointed base irons garments with fewer strokes. Large glass-smooth base allows easier, ironing time is reduced one-third. Heat is fixed . . . use it anywhere. Economical, too . . . costs only 1/2¢ an hour to operate. See your local hardware dealer.

FREE Folder—Illustrating and telling all about this wonderful iron. Send postcard.
THE COLEMAN LAMP AND STOVE CO.
Dept. W-28, Wichita, Kansas; Chicago, Ill.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Los Angeles, Calif.

MORNING DISTRESS
is due to acid, upset stomach. Mulesia wafers (the original) quickly relieve acid stomach and give necessary elimination. Each wafer equals 4 teaspoonfuls of milk of magnesia. 20¢, 35¢ & 60¢.

First in War and in Peace



GEORGE WASHINGTON

Washington's Colonial Home



GEORGE WASHINGTON'S colonial home, Mount Vernon, has not been a residence for many years, nor has it been owned by a member of the Washington family for three quarters of a century, says the Washington Star.

Mrs. Eleanor Washington Howard, daughter of John Augustine Washington, the illustrious Washington's great-grandnephew, was the last private owner of the estate. She first saw the world from the most historic home in America in 1856.

Though General Washington's slaves, numbering more than 150, were freed by his will, his nephew, Bushrod Washington, who inherited Mount Vernon, John Augustine Washington Bushrod's nephew, and his son, John Augustine Washington, Jr., who in turn fell heirs to the estate, were slave owners.

Today, survivors of the last generation of negro folk born in the slave quarters of the old manor are proud that their slave parents served in the ancestral home of the Washingtons. Somehow, they give realism to the farm which George Washington owned and which they helped to care for, as young men. These white-haired men declare there never was any depression at the old farm where the nights were festivals with the singing of "Roll, Jordan, Roll," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and "Steal Away to Jesus."

George Washington, who is said to have been worth several hundred thousand dollars in today's values, had a salary of \$25,000 a year during his presidency and added resources brought to him by his marriage with the rich Martha Custis. With such wealth he was able to keep his estate of 8,000 acres in fine condition. This was despite the fact that he was constantly entertaining visitors.

By the time the property was inherited by John Augustine Washington, his nephew, in 1829, the plantation had been reduced to 1,225 acres, only about 100 acres of which were suitable for farming. When his son, John Augustine Washington Jr., came into possession of the estate in 1860, after his mother's death, he realized that such wealth as his great-uncle George had possessed was required to restore Mount Vernon and maintain it in its former splendor.

According to tradition a Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham of South Carolina, who was a Potomac boat passenger about the time when John A. Washington wished to sell Mount Vernon, became so impressed with the tolling of the bell and the historical importance of George Washington's home that she became active in working for the purchase of the estate.

In 1858 the organization she had formed as the Mount Vernon Ladies' association of the Union contracted to buy the manor and the patriotic appeal of the women and the efforts of Senator Edward Everett of Massachusetts, who toured the country and raised \$35,254.50, Mount Vernon was actually

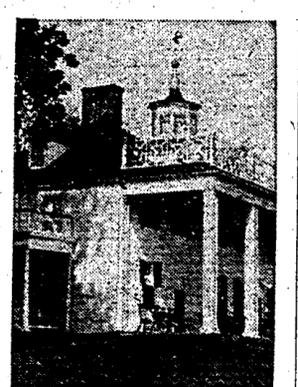
purchased in 1860 for a shrine. Then the Washington family left the estate.

With breaking out of the Civil war, Miss Cunningham appealed to the commanders of both armies to preserve Mount Vernon. As both General Scott and General Lee gave orders that no armed man should enter the estate, the shrine was self-protected, the only neutral spot in the United States.

For several years members of at least four families of the Mt. Vernon slaves remained to care for the place, in the employ of the association. Some of the children grew up there and a few of the adults stayed long enough to gain the title of "aunt" or "uncle," which was a typical Southern respect for an aged negro.

For a while after the war visitors to Mount Vernon are said to have practiced such vandalism that they wrote their names over its walls and ceilings. Plaster was removed by those who cut pieces of laths as souvenirs, and even glass was broken in the cupola by those who wished to take away pieces of the famous home.

Today Mount Vernon, a national shrine, is a perfectly preserved plantation with mansion, green-



Washington's Colonial Home Now a National Shrine.

house, kitchen, servant's quarters, coach house, smoke house, dairy, spinning house, carpenter's house, gardener's house and plantation office.

Perhaps the estate's closest touch with Washington are the beautiful trees in the grounds near the mansion which were planted either by General Washington or by his direction.

If the ancient ashes, beeches, buckeyes, hemlocks, coffee beans, elms, lindens, mulberry and the many venerable holly trees could speak, they would tell much about George Washington's life as a country gentleman.

America's most famous home, Mount Vernon, underwent not one but two major enlargements during the ownership of the first American who believed apparently, that the first duty of an American citizen to his family was to provide a comfortable-home, according to a writer in the Washington Post.

When first built, about 1743, the Virginia home was an unpretentious plantation house of one and one-half stories, comprising the central section of the present mansion.

Just before his marriage to Martha Custis in 1759, Washington "renovated" the dwelling into a house of two and one-half stories by adding one complete story, but did not increase the floor area.

NEW TROUBLE SPOT APPEARS IN EAST

France and Turkey Claim Title to Alexandretta.

Washington, D. C. — The Near East's newest trouble spot, up in the malarial northwest corner of Syria, where both France and Turkey are claiming permanent title to the district of Alexandretta, is the subject of a bulletin from the National Geographic society.

"The sanjak, or district, of Alexandretta, though lost in the entity of the French mandate of Syria until recent plans for Syrian independence came to the fore, is one of the bits of the jig-saw puzzle carved from the Turkish Levant following the World war," says the bulletin.

"While it is a part of the new republic of Syria, under French protection, it is at the same time a self-governing province under direct French administration. Turkey, however, points out that the majority of its inhabitants are Turkish, and also that the area was only conditionally surrendered by Turkey at the Paris Peace Conference.

Two Important Cities

"The district has two important cities. One is Antioch, scene of the exploits of Ben Hur, and the other is the seaport and rail terminus of Alexandretta, named for Alexander the Great. Antioch, little changed since the days when Paul and Barnabas preached nearby, is a flourishing trade center in the midst of a rich farming region, much of its fertile soil pierced with licorice roots. Modern highways now link this former capital of the Roman empire in the Orient with Aleppo and other parts of Syria.

"Alexandretta dates from the Fourth century A. D. Its Turkish name, Iskanderun, recalls the victory of Alexander the Great over the Persians at Issus (333 B. C.). Before the construction of the Suez canal it was one of the chief outlets for caravan trade from India and Persia. Until a modern motor road from Antioch was run north across the Amanus range, Alexandretta's trade was largely with Anatolia, via a narrow-gauge railroad connecting it with the Baghdad railroad at Topra-Kale, in Turkey.

Near Famous Peak

"Because it is a drab, work-a-day city of some 12,000 population, with almost no tourist attractions, Alexandretta does not often come into the news. Built on a marshy plain, backed by the Amanus range, the city is notoriously unhealthy, although its splendid harbor has the best anchorage north of Beirut (Beirut).

"Not far from either Alexandretta or Antioch rises the famous mountain Musa Dagh, scene of the dramatic World war siege described in the recent best seller 'The Forty Days of Musa Dagh.' In nearby Anatolia is the city of Tarsus, birthplace of Paul the Apostle, to whom the pleasures and wickedness of Antioch were anathema.

"The Alexandretta region possesses several well watered valleys which normally produce abundant crops, including cotton, tobacco, licorice, and citrus fruits. Live stock, silk cocoons, and textiles are also exported. Oil has been discovered in the region, as well as deposits of chrome and antimony ores.

"Sheltered from storms of weather, Alexandretta, which formerly had a huge colony of Armenian refugees from Cilicia, has had its share of man-made strife and promises to have more."

Marine Engineer Travels Around Earth 60 Times

New York—Imagine traveling the equivalent of sixty times around the earth—1,500,000 miles! This is the record of Charles H. Elliott, chief engineer of the Grace liner Santa Clara, whose ship docked him from Valparaiso, Chile, for the one hundredth time.

To be exact his total mileage during twenty-three years of service with the Grace Line is 1,500,996. He passed the million and a half mark somewhere between here and Havana. His average annual travel during this period was 65,000 miles, or about three and one-half miles for every hour he has lived. His age is fifty-three.

250 Work on Tunnel in Scotch Mountain's Heart

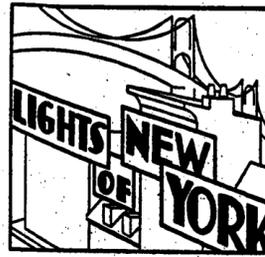
Glasgow.—Two parties of 125 men each expect to meet in the heart of a mountain in Perthshire next August after working day and night in eight shifts for 29 months.

They have just started on the last mile-of-the-tunnel through which the water of Loch Garry will flow into Loch Erich, raising its level 14 feet. The bore is eight feet high and more than five miles long.

The men are working from two sides of Ben Udlaman, which is 3,300 feet high. They live in camps 400 feet high on either side of the mountain amid desolate surroundings.

Misspelling Psychology

Hollister, Calif.—There are 16 different ways of misspelling the word psychology, a recent test revealed here. Out of a class of 28 only 4 spelled it correctly, but the remainder developed astoundingly different ways of misspelling it.



By L. L. STEVENSON

Show business is hard to guess. Even the most astute producers sometimes pass by scripts that later turn out to be smash hits—or stage what looks like a smash hit only to have it lay an egg, as the saying goes. For instance, George Monks, Jr., and Fred Finkelhoff, two young graduates of the Virginia Military Institute, sent a play around and around until it had reached 21 managers. They were about ready to call it a day when George Abbott notified them that he would produce it. The play is "Brother Rat," a hit from the take-off. As this is being written, the playwrights are in Nassau enjoying a vacation which they can now well afford. On their return, it is their intent, according to their announcement, to throw a party. Their guests will be the 21 producers who couldn't see any merit — or "box office" — in their opus.

Then there was "White Horse Inn." A continental success, a number of producers considered bringing it over here. Channing Pollock all but did so. The Shuberts are said to have had their eyes on it for some time and Max Gordon is said to have given it consideration. But it is a huge and costly production with a plot of little less consistency than the old Cinderella yarn which has been reworked in the theater so many times. Rowland Stebbins, in association with Warner Brothers, took the plunge. The center theater was turned into a Tyrolean village at a cost of about \$200,000, and thousands more went for costumes and other expenses. Three weeks ago "White Horse Inn" passed the half million dollar mark and is still going ahead at high speed.

Examples might be continued almost indefinitely. "Abie's Irish Rose," as you may remember, was turned down until Anne Nichols, the author, brought it out herself. And it ran for five years. On the other hand, this season has witnessed flops of productions, one of which at least cost a quarter of a million dollars. As said in the beginning, show business is hard to guess.

Many of those productions that make critics sick of their jobs and last only a few nights aren't brought out for Broadway at all. Their final destination is Hollywood — or at least the producers and backers hope they will hit Hollywood. Many of them do. Several flops this season have travelled west after leaving behind as much as \$25,000 for the rights.

Some actors, particularly ingenious and juveniles, consider Broadway merely a stepping stone to Hollywood. Every motion picture company of importance is represented on opening nights. The next morning, casting offices and scenario departments receive complete reports on the work of the actors as well as the suitability of their vehicle for screening. Scouts also visit summer theaters, night clubs and the few houses where there is still vaudeville.

Amateur nights, which had such a tremendous vogue just a short time ago, are experiencing waning popularity. They are not nearly so numerous as in the past and fail to attract the old following. One of the reasons given by a friend who knows his entertainment is that there is a scarcity of legitimate amateurs. Another is that the public prefers professionals.

Subway eavesdropping: "Talk about your raw breaks — his wife beats him to the window and draws his two weeks pay. And what'll she do with it? Just frivel it away on their four kids."

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Natural Aquarium

Honolulu.—Submarines and battleships are not the only inhabitants of the natural lochs of Pearl Harbor, one of America's largest naval stations. The harbor is a natural aquarium for many varieties of marine life, according to University of Hawaii scientists.

Hoosier Wins U. S. Title as Yodeler

Mitchell, Ind.—Clyde (Skeets) Yaney, age twenty-seven, former Mitchell resident, is the champion yodeler of the United States. He gained the honor in the national championship contest held in St. Louis.

Yaney in early boyhood displayed yodeling talents here and appeared in public a number of times. Later he developed his talents to such extent that he attracted attention of radio program officials and for several years has been a familiar figure on the ether waves.

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

Items of Interest to the Housewife

To remove brown stains from light colored ranges, dip a cloth in turpentine and apply to stains. With a little pressure the stains will come off.

When broiling a steak, cut off excess fat around edge to prevent it from catching fire when placed below glowing fire.

A little starch added to the water used in washing windows, mirrors and other glassware will not only help remove dirt but will give a lasting polish.

Bluing spots on white clothing can be removed by boiling in clear water.

A solution of ammonia or soda and water will remove grease stains from unvarnished wood.

Sliced almonds make a pleasant addition to chicken salad.

Put a small bowl of water in the oven and your cakes will not burn. Light the oven a good ten minutes before putting in your cake. When the cake has risen and begun to set, lower the heat a little and move to a cooler shelf. To test whether your cake is cooked, touch lightly with one finger; if cooked, the surface of the cake will spring back when the finger is removed.

When serving pickled onions use sugar tongs instead of a fork. It is easier to get them out of the jar.

A little sweet oil applied to bronzes after they are dusted, followed by a brisk rubbing with a chamomile skin will bring out their rich tones.

A solution of ammonia or soda and water will remove grease stains from unvarnished wood.

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RASP

Nothing better for that rasp or cough than the famous, soothing Smith Brothers Cough Drops. (Black or Menthol—5¢)

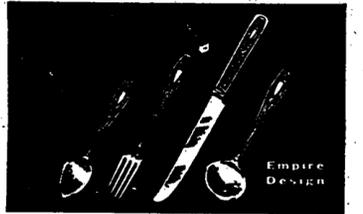
Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A. This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

Anger Abolishes Reason. An angry man is again angry by himself when he returns to reason.—Publius Syrus.

Ever Doing Good. We should do good whenever we can and do kindness at all times, for at all times we can.—Joubert.

PLEASE ACCEPT THIS Magnificent 4-PIECE SILVER SET

for only 25c complete with your purchase of one can of B. T. Babbitt's Nationally Known Brand of Lye



This lovely pure silver-plated Set—knife, fork, soup spoon and teaspoon in aristocratic Empire design is offered solely to get you to try the pure brands of lye with 100 uses, shown at right. Use lye for cleaning clogged and frozen drain pipes, for making finer soap, for sweetening swill, etc. You'll use no other Lye once you've tried one of these brands.

To B. T. Babbitt, Inc., Dept. WN, 886 Fourth Ave., New York City, N. Y. Your Set will reach you promptly, postage paid. You'll thank us for the Set and for introducing these brands of Lye to you.



How to Get Your Silver Set. To get your 4-piece Silver Set, merely send the band from any can of Lye shown at right, with 25c (to cover handling, mailing, etc.) with your name and address.

TEAR OUT THIS ADVERTISEMENT AS A REMINDER



GO FARTHER BEFORE YOU NEED A QUART

These crisp, cold days are fine for driving if you have the right oil in your crankcase. Use Quaker State Winter Oil which meets the three requirements for care-free driving... easy starting... constant lubrication... long life. Its stamina is assured by the "extra quart of lubrication in every gallon." That's why you go much farther before you need to add a quart. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pa.

Quaker State MOTOR OIL

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It would be better if
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--- especially if it's a
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HOURS: 9 to 12, 1 to 3; Saturday 8 to 12

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent \$2.00 a Year

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

Did you ever hear of a Plecostoma? Well, it's a fish and a real man eater at that. Some have been recently added to the Los Angeles Aquarium. They were in the lime light when Ex-President Roosevelt made his famous trip down the Amazon. They go in huge schools and tear their victims to shreds. Better keep them on that side of the country.

Well, Ned Pierce of Dublin did not forget to send me a beautiful calendar for 1937.

Nature's balance must be kept. If too much of one species is shot off the balance is off. When foxes are shot and trapped too close the fruit men lose as the mice gain very rapidly. Foxes love mice and keep them down. By the reports that we get from the North and West our crow crop will be rather short next year. Contests out there are cleaning them up by the thousands.

This part of the state just now is basketball and rifle and revolver shooting minded. Every night one or the other sport is being pulled off in some of the towns and nearby cities. Some wonderful scores have been made on the ranges the past week.

The Clinton Studio

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Through Butterfield's Store
or Theodore Caughey
Antrim, New Hampshire

**Cheshire
Oil
Company**

**Range and
Fuel Oil**

Call
Frank Harlow
Peterboro
356

O yes, air rifles and slingshots are on the black list also and will be confiscated wherever found. There is a fifty dollar fine for any merchant that sells one in the state.

An old hunter said the other day, That pesky little white weasel is cleaning out more of the hares and rabbits than all the bobcats you ever heard of. A weasel stays in a swamp till he gets them all. He thinks the bobcat bounty should be reduced and a bounty put on the weasel. This man knows his woods and he says he can prove his statements. Too many weasels.

Basketball on donkey back is the latest thing to be sprung on the fans. It's a lot of fun for the fans but kinder tough on the donkey.

A robin has been seen in my neighborhood but since the cold snap he must have gone back south again. The birds this winter so far have fared very well. No deep snows to cover up the food supply. There was one very icy morning that covered up everything but the sun soon fixed that and released the weed seeds in a few hours.

Has it been a mild winter. Hardly a day passed but what my black raccoons and "Tony" the pet skunk have not been out for their daily rations. Usually they den up and sleep the winter away.

A report got started the other day that I came down over Temple Mountain and that my brakes would not work and that I was in a terrible mess. Such is not the truth. I have good brakes and every month an Inspector from Concord comes to my house and tests my car for everything. All state cars are inspected every month and if anything is wrong it's up to the Inspector. So that story was a little off color.

Small boys with high powered rifles hunting alone is the complaint. Too bad for the boy and the rifle if a Conservation Officer comes along. Lose a nice rifle and pa or ma will have to explain it to the Judge.

Had a good laugh a few years ago. I was working with Bill Callanan in Hollis. It was new country for both of us and no one knew us. It was the time before state cars. We passed a bunch of ten small boys and as we went by they gave us the thumb. As Bill drove by we got a shower of small stone. Bill drove down the road and turned around and went back. Were they a surprised bunch of kids from Nashua. Bill read the riot act to them and took all the slingshots and one 22 cal. revolver he found in one pocket. He turned them around and they did not swim in Hollis waters that day.

Face traffic.

**The Antrim Reporter
ANTRIM NEW HAMPSHIRE**
Published Every Thursday

H. W. ELDRIDGE
Editor and Publisher
Nov. 1, 1892 - July 9, 1936

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One year in advance \$2.00
Six months, in advance \$1.00
Single copies 5 cents each

ADVERTISING RATES
Births, marriages and death notices inserted free.

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Resolutions of ordinary length \$1.00.

Display advertising rates on application.

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, February 18, 1937

Antrim Locals

Miss S. Faye Benedict is spending a vacation with relatives in Connecticut.

Oliver Wallace is staying at Maplehurst Inn on account of illness in his family.

Mrs. Ross H. Roberts has returned from a visit with relatives in Connecticut.

A number of our local Legion boys attended the funeral of Mr. Sargent at Bennington Sunday.

Mrs. Mildred Zabriskie will be the dry goods clerk at the new Coolidge and Raleigh store.

C. E. Russell, of Greenfield, is operating the Nylander Express while Mr. Nylander is ill.

Hayward Cochrane wishes to announce that he is carrying a line of electric wiring supplies, as those goods are not now on sale at the Electric Light Office. 13-4t

Both the high school boys' and girls' basket ball teams were defeated at Hancock Friday evening.

The children of Mr. and Mrs. Ellerton Edwards have recovered from the mumps and are out again.

Miss Doris Ellinwood and friend, Mr. King, of Concord, were week end guests of her mother, Mrs. Jennie Newhall.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Hutchinson, of Peterboro, were Sunday guests of their son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Hutchinson.

Dr. and Mrs. G. D. Tibbetts and Mr. and Mrs. John Griffin observed their wedding anniversaries on Wednesday evening, at the former's home.

Rev. Robert Bracey of Eagle, Me., a graduate of the Gordon College Theological department and who is taking advanced work at the school, has been given a call to become pastor of the Baptist church at New Durham. Mr. Bracey is well known in Antrim and his engagement to Miss Ruth Dunlap, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Dunlap, was announced in November.

The Daniel Webster Council, Boy Scouts of America, administering the Boy Scout Program in nearly all communities in the state of New Hampshire, will carry out its first annual Council-wide financial campaign immediately following Boy Scout Anniversary Week February 7-13. The campaign opened February 15 and will carry through to February 23.

Antrim Locals

**WASHINGTON DINNER
CANCELLED**

The Washington Birthday Dinner usually served by the Ladies' Circle of the Presbyterian Church has been cancelled on account of so much illness in town.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gasperoni on Sunday, February 7.

A small deer frightened by dogs ran through the school yard on Friday afternoon.

The children of Mr. and Mrs. Stacey have returned to school after several weeks' illness.

Mrs. Mary Stevens was taken to the hospital at Grasmere on Thursday for treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jackson of Dorchester, Mass., were visitors in town on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Tenney attended the Farm Bureau meeting in Hancock Friday evening.

Forrest Smith of Contoocook is in town making repairs on the house he recently purchased of Fred Roberts.

Miss Arlene Whitney and friend of West Newton, Mass., were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Nay on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Murphy and Clifford Hastings of Lowell, Mass., were recent visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Earl X. Carter.

A dinner party was given in honor of Miss Ella Putnam on Tuesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Putnam.

Mrs. William Kittredge has returned to her home here after spending two weeks with her son and wife in Agawam, Mass. Rev. Kittredge accompanied to Agawam for her first of the week.

Representative E. D. Putnam gave his lecture "Picturesque New Hampshire" on Tuesday evening at Representatives Hall, Concord, for members and friends of the New Hampshire Legislature. Friday afternoon he will present "Our Native Wild Flowers" for the Franklin Woman's Club.

Howard S. Humphrey, William F. Clark and Elov V. Dahl attended the Electric Convention at Manchester on Tuesday, sponsored by the Public Service Company of New Hampshire with their managers and dealers and newspapermen as guests. Over 600 attended this Convention, with lunch and banquet at Hotel Carpenter.

Save Your Vision Week

In every activity in which we are engaged our eyes measure our ability to perform efficiently and safely. Our problem is to give these facts to you, the Public. Your problem Mr., Mrs., Miss Public is to pay attention to these facts and attend to the job of having your eyes examined, and if need be fitted with glasses. Our service is at your command. See Dr. Haynes Thursdays.

THE BABBITT CO.

Post Office

Mail Schedule in Effect September 28, 1936

Going North	
Mails Close	7.20 a.m.
" "	3.45 p.m.
Going South	
Mails Close	11.40 a.m.
" "	3.50 p.m.
" "	6.20 p.m.
Office closes at 8.00 p.m.	

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Telephone 66

Main Street - Antrim, New Hampshire

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

Flood Control

Since 1928 Uncle Sam has spent \$1,000,000,000 on flood control work in the Mississippi and Ohio river basins yet the mighty river is not yet mastered. The damage in this recent flood alone amounts to more than \$400,000,000, approximately 1,000,000 people are homeless, and nearly 400 drowned. The wonder is that the death rate was not much higher. Long will it be before the work of rehabilitation is concluded, and great the amount of money that must be forthcoming. Suppose every man, woman and child were without home, or food, or shelter. Multiply the number by 168 and you have approximately the need of the moment in the flood regions. In time the stricken places will be restored but the heartaches of those whose earthly hopes have been blasted can never be cured.

Two marriages recently have been the subject of horrified discussion that of the bride of 9 years in Tennessee, and of a girl in Watertown, N. Y., who is said to be but 12 years old, but whose mother insists she is eighteen. But child marriages are nothing unusual to America and they have been increasing of late years. The Census records do not go below 15 years of age but it is said that undoubtedly there are a number of child brides of 12 years in this America of ours. The records show that there is an estimated 5,000 or more child brides under the age of 14 and if those over that age are included, the total reaches 20,000. Looks as though "missionary" work was needed in our own country.

The 4508 wives under 15 years of age in 1930 (including 167 widows and 96 divorcees) there were 1,241 in Alabama, Kentucky, Mississippi, and Tennessee. The South Atlantic Territory—Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, West

**Sally Saves
KITCHEN CLUB**

A Balancing Dish

Dear Club Members:
THE salad is, of course, the dish supreme of Spring. But we Americans have learned to know it and to eat it all year round. It is a little more difficult to vary salads in the fall and winter time from day to day, because there are not so many salad greens and fresh salad vegetables to choose from.



However, there is a simple way to change the taste of plain lettuce so that it does not lose interest.

And that is to serve all kinds of dressings on it.

After all it is easy to get into a rut with plain mayonnaise or French dressing. And monotonous sits in at the family table. Then, alas! The salad plate remains untouched. And Mother's balanced meal gets sadly unbalanced.

One way to revive lagging interest in the salad is to make your French dressing at the table and with a flourish mix it with the greens in a large bowl under the eyes of your family. If that doesn't make their mouths water for salad...

Here is another variant in the salad bowl. A cream dressing that I'm sure you'll like, sent to me by Mrs. C. W. M., of Homer, N. Y. It is exceptionally good on shredded lettuce.

Cream Dressing:
Put a level teaspoon of salt into a small bowl. Mix with half a cup of sweet cream. Pour into this two tablespoons of vinegar. Stir rapidly, so it will not curdle.

Sally Save

Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia and Florida—were next with 1,053.

**See this Brand New 1937
EASY WASHER**

**MODEL 2BP
with
ELECTRIC PUMP**

**ONLY
\$2.50 DOWN**

**BALANCE PAYABLE
AT \$1.22 A WEEK
(18 MONTHS TO PAY)**

\$89.95 CASH

Slightly Higher on Terms

**This Model Extra Large Capacity
OTHER MODELS AS LOW AS \$49.95**

**PUBLIC SERVICE
COMPANY
OF NEW HAMPSHIRE**

Bennington

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

Mrs. John T. Robertson called on friends in town recently.

Mrs. Perley Warren and Mrs. Walter E. Wilson attended the cheese making demonstration at Milford on Wednesday, February 3.

Mrs. Lena Taylor is recovering from a very severe cold.

Several people from here attended the Sportsman's Show in Boston.

There seems to be an epidemic of colds in town. Nearly every family has one or more who is ill.

The funeral of Leonard Sargent was held from his home last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Sargent's death came after a long illness. He is survived by the widow and several children. He enlisted in the World War and served as a Cavalryman. Military services were conducted by the American Legion.

His Part

The would-be talker actor did have a powerful voice—but that was all there was in it. But he got a part—playing the howling of the tempest in the wreck scene.—Vancouver Province.

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.

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

Bennington School Board

Executor's Notice

The subscriber gives notice that she has been duly appointed Executrix of the Will of J. Lambert Weston, late of Hancock, in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.

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

Dated February 1, 1937.

Mildred A. Weston,
Hancock, N. H.

Executor's Notice

The subscriber gives notice that she has been duly appointed Executrix of the Will of Ellen A. Gokey, late of Antrim, N. H., in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.

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

Dated February 17, 1937.

14-St Mrs. Emma S. Goodell.

"Keep Moving"
They Told
Bob Davis



ROBERT H. (BOB) DAVIS
World Correspondent of the New York Sun
Travels 700,000 Miles in 10 Years On One Assignment

"The whole world is your assignment. My only instructions are that you see everything and write about it in your own vein. To you, in future, the whole earth is a local story." These were the instructions given Bob Davis by the editor of the New York Sun 10 years ago. His column, "Bob Davis Reveals," regularly published in this paper, tells what he hears, sees and thinks as he journeys through all lands and among all peoples fulfilling this unique assignment that already has carried him more than 700,000 miles.

Church Notes

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Rev. Wm. McN. Kittredge, Pastor
Thursday, February 18
Prayer meeting at 7:30 p.m. The topic for discussion is "The Unique Christ", John 1:1-36. This is the first of three or four Lenten subjects, with on the character of Christ."

Sunday, February 21
Morning worship at 10:45 o'clock. The pastor will speak on the subject: "Limiting God."

Sunday School at 12 o'clock.

Baptist

Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, February 18
Prayer Meeting at 7:30 p.m. Topic: "What Do You Think?" Phil. 4:4-8.

Sunday, February 21
Church School at 9:45 o'clock.

Morning worship at 11. "Family Sunday". Families are invited to occupy seats together. The pastor will preach on "Preparation for Living."

Crusaders meet at 4 o'clock.

Union Vesper service at 5 o'clock in this church. The pastor will speak on: "Eager for Life's Best."

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

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.

Liberia
Liberia, republic on the west coast of Africa, first became an independent state in 1847.

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



● His radio talks have amused you...
● You've laughed through his books...

Irvin S. Cobb

Comes to you now as a regular contributor to this paper. Each week we will give you a column of Cobb's observations on the high lights of current events... a column which will be full of rib-tickling humor but at the same time will reflect Cobb's common-sense attitude toward a fast-moving world.

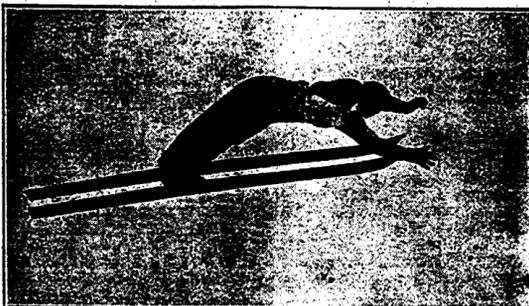
Watch each week for this column of Cobb's. He will hold you one second with the illuminating clarity of his comment, entertain you the next with his lightning humor.

Dartmouth College Has One of Most Successful Winter Carnivals in History

Having witnessed all types of winter sports events and carnivals for the past five years the writer thought that certain events had been outstanding and without equal. However, all previous performances viewed are automatically in second place after seeing the Winter Tempo program presented at Dartmouth College recently.

Gayety began at 7 o'clock with a mammoth street parade through town and leading to the specially erected scene at the Golf Club. Students and lady friends soon packed the temporary stands erected, and the overflow thronged the nearby hillsides.

THREE NATIONS JUMP AT DARTMOUTH CARNIVAL



Imagine the setting! A steep hill on the west from which skiers did fancy turns and jumps. Nestled at the bottom was an artificial rink and the huge ice facade with multi-colored hues and lights enhancing the natural beauty without end.

Introduction of the seven visiting ski teams was first. As each college was announced the team would ski in formation down the steep hill doing turns while spotlights matched their every move. The various colors of the ski costumes as they whisked down through to the edge of the rink brought forth plaudits of the crowd in manifestation of their joy.

Crowning of the Queen was a happy moment for the students. Alighting from the penguin in which she was driven to the scene, the attractive miss from Alabama ascended the dais and awaited official coronation. This was done by Walt Prager, ski coach. He skied down over the jump, garbed in a silver cape that billowed out as he gained speed. Ending the run directly in front of the queen he unbuckled his skis, ascended the throne, removed the cape and placed it on the shoulders of the queen. All lights were put out for about fifteen seconds. (Can't imagine what he did, then, can you?)

CHANDLER SKATES AT DARTMOUTH CARNIVAL



You have perhaps seen the movie "One in a Million" within a few weeks and we will remember the technique of Sonja Henie, but thrilled as we were at that and her previous personal appearances, a real competitor lies in Evelyn Chandler pictured herewith. Many in the audience had seen accomplished skaters, but the crowd went wild with the exhibitions of Evelyn Chandler. Performing with grace and ease one marvelled at the speed gained as she went through her routine. Three exhibitions that called for six encores was the reception she was given.

Once again the Durrance brothers brought joy to the hearts of fellow students. Dressed in Bavarian costumes, these two accomplished skiers literally had the crowd spellbound with their antics. Coming down side by side through a path way of blue flares the brothers approached the edge of the jump, stuck in their poles and did a complete somersault in mid-air, landed and finished with a pure "Christie."

Another thriller was the feat of a fellow team member when he came down to the jump and as he went into the air did a full back flip and also made a perfect landing.

The program closed with a magnificent display of fireworks. Dartmouth during its 27th annual carnival was again remembered by the weather man. Approximately a foot of snow was had for the skiing events. Intercollegiate jumping occupied the spotlight on Saturday afternoon. This would require many columns to describe and so we will leave it up to the jumper illustrated below to tell you about it. Note the form of this jumper. Our jumping efforts would lean aft rather than fore if we had to come down that run and land vertically.

Work Is Not All

Practically all men and women who have attained positions of distinction and influence have shown qualities other than the capacity for hard work.—American Magazine.

Beware of Luxury

Decline in civilization has always been due to civilized people becoming so idle and weak from luxury and frivolity that a simpler stronger people overcome them.—Country Home.

Women's Field Army Fights Ignorance, Fear, For Control of Cancer

Continued from page 6

tomorrow — if the Women's Field Army is successful the mystery that surrounds this disease will have been dispelled by careful education. We can save upwards of 60,000 lives by putting to rout fear and ignorance.

Cancer control was the theme of the regular meeting of the East Jaffrey Women's club held in Library hall last Tuesday afternoon, with Dr. W. H. Lacey giving a graphic talk on the subject. Women's clubs everywhere have been asked to devote one meeting to the study of cancer control and Tuesday's meeting, under the offices of the Civic committee of Jaffrey club, was in line with this educational movement — education in that it is primarily intended to enlighten the public on the subject of cancer and its control and thereby to reduce the present increased tendencies to cancer, by educating people to recognize the disease in its early stages. It is known to medical science that cancer, when recognized in its incipient stages and immediately given the proper treatment, can be cured.

"Cancer," stated Dr. Lacey, "is a public health problem. The day is gone by when the subject of cancer was taboo. It is high time that we appreciate that cancer is controllable if treated early. Today it is a rare sight to see one or two cases of bone tuberculosis in any institution because education of the people and the public is responsible in large measure for the decrease of T. B. Cancer is not comparable to T. B. because it is not a communicable disease and we do not know the causes of cancer as we do of tuberculosis."

The speaker cited that in Massachusetts, through educating the people on cancer, the death rate has been arrested and in 1934 of cancer in women remained the same as in 1933, and in 1935 and 1936 it dipped a little. "There are three ways to reduce the death toll from cancer which is the second largest of any diseases. One way is by prevention. We do not know what causes cancer but it is known that cancer can be prevented by removing irritation. The second way is by early recognition because cancer always starts as a local focal change in cells. If the cells where this change is taking place are removed cancer can be prevented. The third way is by early treatment. Early recognition is not of any value if early treatment is not immediately undertaken."

"There are three forms of treatment," Dr. Lacey explained. "First, the knife or surgery; second, deep X-ray therapy; and third, radium, this last form being preferable to the knife."

In pointing out what New Hampshire is doing toward cancer control, the speaker said that we now have in the State 13 diagnostic clinics, and most of the people in the State live within 25 miles of such a clinic. These clinics are open to all the public. There is such a clinic in Keene. In addition to the clinics, there are three treatment centers — one at Manchester, Concord and Hanover.

Elucidating on the facts and fallacies in regard to cancer, the speaker said that cancer is not a communicable disease; it is not a blood disease; it does not spread until in later stages; it is not due to any micro-organism or germ; it is not transmitted from parent to offspring as is often thought, although there may be certain tendencies to certain types of cancer. Cancer is accompanied by pain only in the later stages; it is not restricted in its growth. Cancer is not caused or cured by any known diet. Cancer is not cured by any serum. Cancer is curable when adequately treated in early stages and it is always fatal if left untreated and if not treated by the three methods already mentioned. It is one of the oldest known diseases, as old as any historical record of any race.

Ruberoid Shingles

Roll Roofing, Roof Paint, Roof Cement, Roofing Nails, Common Nails. Estimates on any roofing job. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Arthur W. Proctor
Tel. 77 - Antrim

Nothing Ever Happens

By THAYER WALDO
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Service.

LANG sat in a rocker by the inn's open door, looking out. Beyond the verdant lawn and the winding dirt road in front was an orchard of pear trees in full blossom. From somewhere not far off came a bull-frog's solemn burble.

A sense of surprising contentment possessed Lang. Perhaps this location trip, he reflected, wouldn't be so bad after all. Something about this little Oregon village with its serene quiet and its fertile open spaces got under your skin.

He roused from his half-reverie at the sound of a woman's voice, and glanced around. By the desk stood Sally Conrad, leading lady of the company Zenith Productions had sent up here to do the outdoor scenes of Lang's script. "Yesterday's Harvest." Attractively fresh looking in a gay sports costume, she was speaking with old Mr. Harvey, the inn's proprietor.

In a moment the girl turned away and went up the broad staircase. At its top another figure passed her, coming down, and Lang recognized Louis Garrison. The publicity man came forward, looking sour, and dropped into an adjacent chair.

"Of all the screwy outfits I ever saw," he growled softly, "this comic opera barnyard is tops. Wonder if sending us up here was somebody's idea of a gag? First I'm serenaded by a lousy bunch of cows at about five bells; then all I can get for breakfast is dairymaid's grub; and finally, the guy who brings it is the old duck's son—" nodding toward the desk, "—and he spends half an hour jabbering about some cockeyed invention of his. What a morning!"

A nudge from Lang stopped him as Jim Harvey ran briskly up the veranda steps and entered the lobby. A tall lad, healthily good-looking, he was dressed in a tweed suit and tan felt hat. With a pleasant greeting, he passed the two men and went swiftly toward his father at the desk. After an inaudible word or two there, he continued on, disappearing through the rear door.

Lang grinned. "It's a shame, Louis," he said, "to thrust a hot-house bloom like you among such rough folk. By the way, how did this spot happen to get picked, anyway? They don't usually travel so far without a big reason."

"Why, sure, I thought you knew what it was on this. Sally Conrad came from somewhere around here and hasn't been back since she made the grade in pictures. So when she lands this lead, she persuades Fiberg to send her up on location. Probably wants to put on the ritz for the old home gang. Well, looks like she'd have plenty of chance. Newsom says no shooting before tomorrow afternoon."

Suddenly a movement caught Lang's eye. Down the driveway that curved wide from the inn, a sedan was slowly and quietly coasting. But as it reached the road a puff of smoke from its exhaust bespoke life. Just a glimpse Lang had through its side window of the two heads within; then, gathering speed, it zoomed away northward. With a noisy yawn Garrison stretched and stood up, saying: "Gosh, this is too dead for me. Nothing'd happen around here in a month. Guess I'll toddle upstairs and take a nap. See you later."

Lang waited a moment after he had gone, then rose and strolled to the desk. Old Mr. Harvey looked up cheerily. "I wonder," said Lang, "if I might use your car for a little while."

The proprietor frowned and gave an apologetic little cough. "Why—ah—y—see," he began, but stopped at sight of the twinkle in Lang's eye. "How did you know?" he demanded. The tone was almost testy.

Lang chuckled. "I saw them leave ten minutes ago. Besides, I sort of had a hunch when I heard Sally used to live up here. Couldn't imagine she'd come back without some pretty good purpose, and Jimmie looked nice enough to be it."

Completely won over, the old man beamed. Leaning forward, he said confidentially: "You're right. They're going up to Portland and get married. Y'see, they kept company for close on three years 'fore Sally went away. And now my boy's got this automatic business he invented, he was goin' down t' Hollywood anyways. So Sally says they might as well get hitched first."

He glanced toward the stairs, back at Lang, and added: "But f'gosh sakes please don't tell that other feller—not yet. We tried to fix it so's they could sneak off without anyone knowin', specially him. Sally said he'd put it in all th' papers 'fore they could even have a honeymoon."

"Oh, I'll keep the secret, all right," Lang assured him. Then, puzzledly: "But what stumps me is how they did it at all. I saw Sally go upstairs and she didn't come down again."

The smile of Mr. Harvey, Sr., had a definitely sly touch. "That," he said, "is where we figured to fool the feller sure. He talks so all-fired much 'bout what a hick place this is, we knew he'd never guess it might be cited enough to have a fire escape."

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Clean Comics That Will Amuse Both Old and Young

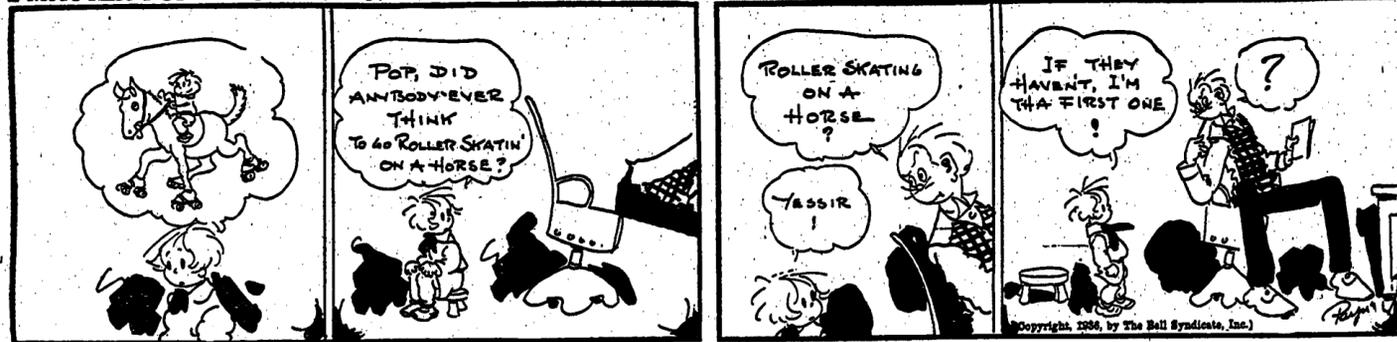
THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



SMATTER POP— Step on It, Pop, and Get Claim Filed!

By C. M. PAYNE



MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY

It Takes So Little to Turn Some People's Heads



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin

Out in the Cold



BRONC PEELER — The Enemy Meet

By FRED HARMAN



The Curse of Progress



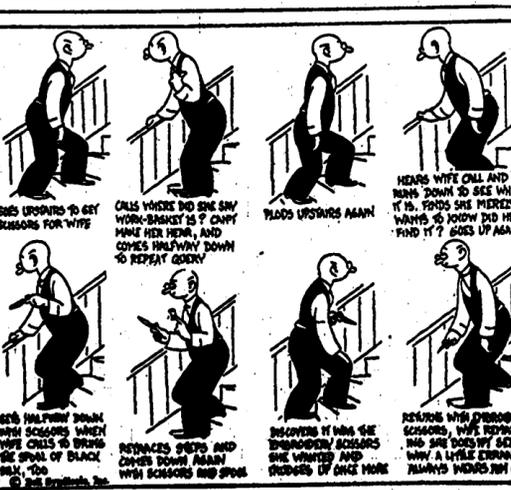
Beating the Gun
He had been roaming round the historic old mansion. Presently he returned, looking white and trembling in every limb.
"I've just seen your family ghost," he stuttered to the owner of the mansion.
"Ha, ha!" laughed the other, "Gave you a start-what?"
The guest glanced nervously over his shoulder.
"Believe me," he said, nervously "I didn't need a start."

Who Was Chauffeur?
"And so," concluded the Sunday school teacher, "Adam and Eve were driven from the Garden of Eden."
"Couldn't Adam drive his own car?" asked the pupil whose dad ran a garage.

Who Does He Think He Is?
Autolst (after killing lady's poodle)—I'm sorry, madam, but I'll replace the animal.
Angry Lady—Sir, you flatter yourself.

THE FAMILY ALBUM—STAIRS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

© Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

1. What president of the United States married Frances Folsom?
2. Was St. George an Englishman?
3. Where was the Parthenon?
4. By what body is an indictment usually returned?
5. Of what "marquis" did "Puss in Boots" tell?
6. What is the foreground of a picture?
7. Who were the "Boxers"?
8. In what sport are foils used?
9. How many stomachs has a ruminant?
10. What is a Sybarite?
11. Was Washington a signer of the Declaration of Independence?
12. Who was Desire Joseph Mercier?

Answers

1. Grover Cleveland.
2. No, said to be a native of Cappadocia.
3. In Athens.
4. A grand jury.
5. The Marquis of Carabas.
6. The part apparently nearest the spectator.
7. Members of a Chinese society aiming at expelling foreigners.
8. Fencing.
9. Four.
10. A lover of luxury.
11. No.
12. A Cardinal of Belgium during the World war.

SMILES

The Brute

Attorney—In that case you may have grounds for a separation. When did your husband desert you?

Client—Last night. I stopped to look in a milliner's window—and he walked on!

Needs Feelers

"I'm in an awful predicament."
"What's the trouble?"
"I've lost my glasses and I can't look for them until I've found them."

No Kick About That

"You claim you're a good salesman, yet you say you don't stand behind your product. Why not?"
"I sell mules!"

He Should

Freddie—Who did Oliver Twist's Father—Dickens only knows.—Pearson's Weekly.

CHEST COLD

HAD HIM IN AGONY

Found Amazing RELIEF from PAIN

No need to suffer agony of muscular aches and pains! Thousands report wonderful soothing relief with Hamlin's Wizard Oil. Just rub it on—rub it in. Acts quick. Relieves that terrible soreness. Loosens up stiff, aching muscles. Has a 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

Use the World The saints of the past have been for the most part men who have fled from the world; but the saint of today is the man who can use the world.—F. G. Peabody.

CHECK THAT COUGH BEFORE IT GETS WORSE

Check it before it gets you down. Check it before others catch it. Check it with FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR. This double-acting compound gives quick relief and speedy recovery. Soothes raw, irritated tissue; quickly allays tickling, hacking, spoo-fy on retiring makes for a cough-free sleep. No habit-forming, stomach-irritating drugs. Ideal for children, too. Don't let that cough due to a cold hang on! For quick relief and speedy recovery insist on FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR.

Mother Gray's

SWEET Powders For Children They tend to check colds, regulate the bowels, reduce fever and relieve headache and stomach distress. A Warning: Beware of cheap imitations. Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

DANCE Become a smooth and popular dancer. My mail instruction course, clear, concise. Walks and Posture carefully explained. Special \$100. GIFFINS DANCE STUDIO 418 Market St. Camden, New Jersey

Crossroads of the WORLD TIMES SQUARE—NEW YORK A pleasant, quiet, refined hotel home, spacious rooms, good food ROOM AND PRIVATE BATH \$2.50 SINGLE \$3.50 DOUBLE Hotel WOODSTOCK 404 St. East of Times Square Under Kael Management

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I won't annoy the weary world. By harping on its wrongs. I'll find out small unnoticed joys And make them into songs.



WNU Service.

Uncle Phil Says:

Judging Self

To judge and examine one's self is a labor full of profit.

The vein of gold in many a man is seldom taken for a yellow streak even by the dullest.

Paying cash for what one wants is a good way to break the habit of wanting so much.

To make better men it is necessary to begin with the children. That's what McGuffey's Readers did.

If you are too smart for some people, they admire you, but seek other company.

Anticipated Pleasures

Why do we always wish time to hasten? Is it because our anticipated pleasures are so superior to our actual ones?

When we don't like certain manners and certain manifestations of bad taste, we are not necessarily snobs.

When a man becomes thoroughly contented he has outlived his usefulness.

One gets two enjoyments out of going into debt. One when he borrows the money, the other when he pays it back.

Some are so easy-going that they don't take the trouble to nail a lie if it doesn't affect them.

A man may not be a hero to his valet, but there are multitudes of heroes who have none.

Here's that Fast "Phillips" Way

To Alkalize Stomach Quickly



On all sides, people are learning that the way to gain almost incredibly quick relief, from stomach condition arising from overacidity, is to alkalinize the stomach quickly with Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

You take either two teaspoons of the liquid Phillips' after meals; or two Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets. Almost instantly "acid indigestion" goes, gas from hyperacidity, "acid-headaches"—from over-indulgence in food or smoking—and nausea are relieved.

Try this Phillips' way if you have any acid stomach upsets. You will be surprised at results. Get either the liquid "Phillips" or the remarkable, new Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets. Only 25¢ for a big box of tablets at drug stores.



PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

WNU-2 7-37

Sentinels of Health

Don't Neglect Them! Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of excess of toxic impurities. The act of living-life itself is constantly producing waste matter the kidneys must remove from the blood if good health is to endure.

DOANS PILLS

Hugh Bradley Says

Holdout Technique of Cards, Yankees Provides Contrast

THERE probably are other ways in which the business heads of baseball's two most efficient firms perform their daily chores. At this season, though, it is the manner in which they manipulate their holdouts that provides the most enlightening contrast.

Branch Rickey of the Cards is a prime exponent of the "let's raise hell before we sign the papers" school. Even when not blessed with such a gifted debating opponent as Dizzy Dean he is a firm believer in the benefits to be obtained from airing salary squabbles in press, news reels and any other available public forums.

Ed Barrow of the Yankees long has been convinced that unballooned negotiations provide the best results. Now and then—as during the later years of Ruth—Cousin Ed yields to the temptation of a fine fanfare of publicity during the weeks immediately preceding the signing of a contract. But the blather surrounding such yieldings only serves to convince him the more that regular methods are the best. Immediately thereafter he returns to the policy of offering a fair price.

But the fact that such high-salaried notables as Ruth and Dean usually are pretty close to a meeting of minds with the management before all parties start yelling in the papers—probably is the reason why few business managers take the winter furor seriously. Several big-time clubs are notorious for paying pitiful wages, but, in general, the average is high. So, because an Eddie Roush comes along very seldom, the magnates are happily fortified.

Roush never could have proved his point as easily as a Hubbell, who might give evidence that the added customers at one Sunday game are sufficient to pay his annual salary. But Eddie knew he was worth \$100,000.

Once he held out most of the summer before Cincinnati met his terms. At other times he may have remained away from spring training merely because the shifting sands of Texas and Florida did not agree with his aging dogs. But all the while he knew he was worth \$100,000 and since the days of the lamented Chris von der Ahe no club-owner has been willing to sacrifice a sum merely to humor a stubborn whim. So Eddie got his way.

Apart from the Dean-Rickey advertisement and one or two other carryings-on of similar nature this winter's show of holdouts seems considerably below the usual ballyhoo par. Most of the boys—although as one who likes to see greedy and mismanaging owners clipped for extra dough now and then I make this statement sadly—seem to have a little heart in their demands as Hank Leiber did twelve months ago.

Public prints reported the big outfielder as threatening to coach baseball at Arizona university rather than sign the contract offered by the Giants. Hank is a valuable young player and, even though the Giants' terms seemed very decent, this is a world which favors a guy getting all he can.

In the midst of his most violent protestations he made one mistake, though. He kept writing to friends in New York asking how the Giants were reacting to his demands. This definitely revealed a chink in his armor. So, having heard the gossip which may or may not have reached Horace Stoneham's ears, I was not surprised to see Hank walk into a Pensacola hotel only a few days late.

Rocky Mountain basketball teams usually travel long distances in autos for their league games. Panhandle A. & M. recently finished a 450-mile auto trip and won a one-point victory. Last winter the Utah Aggies left for a 135-mile auto trip at 8 a. m. and didn't arrive until 9 p. m. because of snowdrifts, slides and cold weather. Then they climbed out of the cars, put on their uniforms and won by a big score to clinch the championship. The pioneer spirit still prevails. Only three members of the Hershey hockey team remain in the town during the off-season. Lloyd Blinco works as an assistant golf pro, while Audley K. (Tut) is an accountant with a college degree and Russ Russell keeps in trim in the lumber yard.

NOT IN THE BOX SCORE:

EARLY baseball odds make the Browns, Phillies and A's 200 to 1. . . Helen Jacobs, Peggy Scriven, Dorothy Round, Jesse Owens and most of the basketball stars bear out physicians' claims that most good athletes have fat feet. . . Pedro Montanes, the Puerto Rican lightweight, wears bright red shoes while working out in the gym. . . Women played basketball almost as early as men. In fact, they started one month after Dr. James Naismith invented the game in 1891. . . Mort Lindsay, captain of the Jack Dempsey team in the coming national ten-pin championships, has participated in 27 of the A. B. C. tournaments. . . The U. S. G. A., always whining about being mistreated in the papers, has a publicity department that is tops in nuisance value.

Gents who persist in saying that Joe Louis needs extra tape and bandages for his oversize paws, should take a look at the Bomber some time. Actually he has very small mitts for a heavyweight. . . One reason for Minnesota's gridiron success is that 9,000 candidates turned out for the university's intercollegiate and intramural athletic teams during 1936. Of these 400 were candidates for the frosh football team and 233 for the varsity. . . Rev. Reginald Ferrier is president of the American Mouse Fanciers' association, a new organization. . . Umpire Bill Dineen was surprised, and elated, to discover a big increase in his American league contract. . . Fourteen members of the 1936 Columbia varsity and junior varsity crews will be available again this year.

Hockey gossip says that the poor showing of the amateur Rovers is due to jealousy among the players. The boys remember inter-town and inter-sectional feuds in their native Canada and so team play is sacrificed in one of those "every man for his own self" scrambles. Russ Russell, Hershey wing, has not missed one of the more than 140 games played since he joined the B'ars. . . Lucien Gagnon, the Hershey goalie and a protege of the famed Georges Vezina, stopped 99 out of 100 shots while helping the Quebec Bears win the Allan Cup in 1932. . . Lester Patrick, manager of the Rangers, is one of the nation's best story tellers and can sing a bit, too.

Bill Terry's Son Won't Follow Dad's Footsteps

Bill Terry, manager of the Giants, has a son at the University of Virginia, who doesn't participate in athletics. . . Fred Frick, son of the National league president, confines his DePauw university sporting attention to golf.

Joe Falcaro, former match game bowling champion, has a sixteen-year-old son whose footwork and other actions on the alleys are ringers for those of his old man. . . Hungary, England, Bohemia, Germany and Norway provided the ancestors for the members of Marquette's varsity basketball five. . . Al Barabas, who scored Columbia's Rose Bowl touchdown against Stanford, has given up the notion of being a lawyer. Instead he is selling accident insurance along with Ivan VanBree, former Colgate track captain.

A new combine from the West has joined Jack Pfeffer in an effort to oust Jack Curly from local wrestling, proving that some people never learn. . . Dr. Bier examined a fighter at Pompton Lakes the other day and asked him if he was suffering from amnesia. "I never touch it," declared the pug. . . Gunboat Smith is head runner for a Wall Street house. . . Doctors keep telling Tony Canzoneri it will be a boy. . . Johnny Dundee never misses a local fight and thinks he can still beat most of the local scrappers. . . Aldo Spoldi is a regular Metropolitan Opera patron when not belting over lightweights. . . After delivering two knockouts in a row, Indian Quintana feels so much better that he will demand another chance at the bantamweight titleholder. . . One reason why Promoter Bill Johnston is topping all the 35-year-old records at St. Nicholas Palace is a very good press agent.

Members of the Kokomo high school basketball team became so indignant after losing five straight games that they demanded Coach Al Campbell change his methods. The coach merely told the boys not to come out to practice any more and awarded their uniforms to new candidates. . . Paul Mishler, Bloomington H. S. center, and Jim Butler, Decatur Central H. S. (both of Indiana) wear No. "00" on their basketball jerseys. But in spite of having plenty of nothing, they're both high scorers.

Jimmy Johnston, Jr., who took plenty of short-end dough on the Pastor-Louis battle, provides the following list of historic encounters where long-price layers walked the plank: Dave Shado vs. Jimmy Slatery; Willie Jackson vs. Johnny Dundee; Ace Hawkins vs. Ruby Goldstein; Billy Petrolle vs. Jimmy McLarnin; Jimmy McLarnin vs. Sid Terry; Tony Canzoneri vs. Jimmy McLarnin; Jim Braddock vs. Tuffy Griffiths; Jim Braddock vs. Baer, and Schmeling vs. Louis.

Bob Davis Reveals

Joys and Tribulations of a Trailer "All Aboard"

I IMMEDIATELY following my interview with "grandmother," who left her New England home with two grandchildren, and set out in a rolling homestead, for reasons by her set forth more or less minutely, and published in this column, I began preparations for a trek southward.

I was anxious to know why, after half a century in one section with all the roots and attachments linked with the heart and with the memory, a normal human being desired an immediate and perhaps permanent change.

Perusal of all the available literature convinced me that in order to know the whys and wherefores, I must join the procession of trailers and get the truth first hand; in other words, live the life of an auto-Bedouin myself, for better or for worse, and record the result. And so, six days later, traveling light, and with nothing else in mind other than this safari into the balmy South, I boarded a New York train, arriving the next day at St. Louis, Mo., and stepped into a fully equipped auto-trailer, fresh from a Buffalo factory and already, I might say, house-broken by a young married couple who quite opportunely invited me to join them on the open road. May I escort you through the property?

The house complete is 19 feet long by 8 feet 8 inches wide; headroom inside 6 feet 4 inches. Two rooms, one at each end of the trailer, contain adjustable double beds, 4 by 6.6, with cushions, springs and lockers for blankets, pillows and linen. The aft apartment is convertible into a sitting room with dining table and comfortable seating space for four persons.

Plenty of Cupboard Space.

Cupboards for a complete assortment of pots and pans, canned goods and cooking utensils are ingeniously arranged within reach of a spacious sink, a two-burner gasoline cook stove for heating purposes. Dressers, five and three-drawer types, and a full-length closet provide ample space for wearing apparel. Dome electric lights supplied with power from the motorcar and 110 volt fixtures operating off outside current that can be plugged in at service stations, produce rich illumination. A 24-gallon tank of fresh water supplies the household through pump action. A lavatory, equipped with septic toilet and every modern comfort, is located amidships. The room units are divided by sliding panels. Six large windows, wire-screened, supply ventilation. There is but one entrance, and exit. Everything essential to housekeeping on a small but sanitary scale has been installed with an eye to economy of space.

Davis Writes While Riding.

It may interest the reader to know that this story is being written at forty miles an hour on a portable typewriter occupying a center table that, when the day is done and the hours for rest draw near, will be converted into the mattress floor of a double bed composed of cushions from the wall settees, snug as a bug in a rug every one of the twenty-four hours that constitute day and night. Overhead and cross-current ventilation is such that the trailer can be air-conditioned at any time and the odors prevalent and disagreeable in many occupied houses abolished before they take over the rolling residence.

The better class of trailers are all steel, welded construction made up of channel and box sections for maximum strength and rigidity. Brakes and shock absorbers are part of the equipment, the former co-ordinated with those of the motorcar and automatically operated in unison by the driver as the demands arise in transit. The feeling of security is enhanced by the fact that high speeding with an equipment of this sort is out of the question. There is a certain insurance in this. No man wants to smash up his motor, his residence and perhaps some of his family to gratify a speed mania or play the role of a road hog. With a vehicle from 35 to 40 feet over all, the economic element is bound to exercise its influence upon the driver, thus making for safety to the nth degree. Passing on hills, diving in and out of traffic and taking a chance is minimized by the element of self-preservation.

About five hours out of St. Louis, over the almost perfect highway routed 68 through Missouri, we slowed down in the suburbs of Rolla, picked out a level spot upon which to camp for the night and went to housekeeping in the most approved and up-to-date style. From our refrigerator, which carries forty pounds of ice and has three compartments for provender, we selected a meal of soup, bacon and eggs, fruit and coffee and put the kitchen in shipal ape before shaking down the sleeping paraphernalia for a nine o'clock "night-night."

WNU Service.

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To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y. Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

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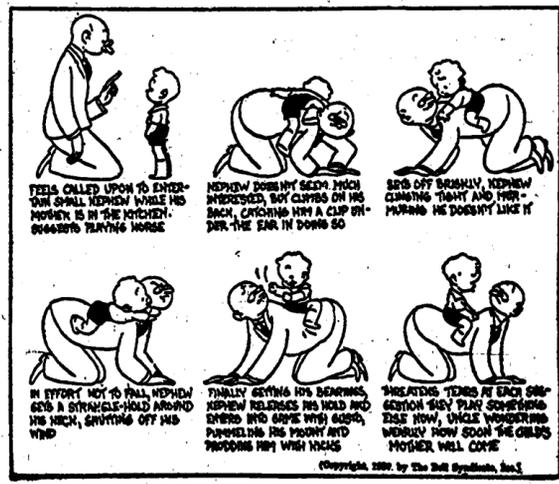
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ENTERTAINING THE NEPHEW



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HER OWN IDEA

By R. H. WILKINSON

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IT IS unwise to brood, or to "hold in" as the saying goes. People who think a lot, nurse a grievance and never get it out of their systems, are apt to "go off the onions." Nuts, I mean. Statistics show that nine out of every ten brooders have nervous breakdowns. Five out of every ten go, eventually, baldy—three out of every ten die young.

Consider the case of Maud Blain. Maud was in love with young Dr. Fred Avery. She had been in love with him for three years. But she hadn't told anyone about it. No one guessed it. Why? Well, because Maud didn't want to appear ridiculous. She knew she didn't have a chance with Fred, and she didn't want to be laughed at.

Maud was plain and quiet and retiring. Sensible too. If she hadn't been sensible she would have let Fred know that she adored him. As the other girls did. Jean Price especially. It grieved Maud the way Jean acted so silly over Fred. But no one guessed it.

Maud kept her gripes to herself and only smiled sweetly at Jean when the other girl came up to her one day and said:

"Listen, Maud, you're the only one in this crazy crowd of ours who's got a head that doesn't rattle for lack of brains. I want some advice."

"Why, of course, Jeanie," said Maud. "I'd love to help you if I could."

Jean scrutinized her a moment, curiously.

"You know, Maud, I've often wondered about you. You're such a sweet, thoughtful kind. It's a wonder to me some man hasn't grabbed you off before now. There are plenty of goops who want a wife and not a woman to live with. Actually, why don't you look around?"

"What was it you wanted advice about, Jeanie?" Maud said, holding in.

Jean laughed.

"O. K. Consider that I never spoke. Well, it's about Fred Avery. I'm nuts over that guy. Don't you think he's ravishing?"

"Why, I'd never thought of him that way before, Jeanie," Maud said quietly, the liar.

"Well, anyway," said Jeanie, "somehow I've got the idea he doesn't go for me as big as he used to. Oh, he takes me out a lot and calls me his sweetheart and that sort of thing, but I can't get over the idea his affections are on the skids. What'll I do about it, Maud? What would you do?"

"I? Oh, Jeanie, I don't know. I guess I'd just try to make him think I didn't go for him so much, either. That would make him want me more. Then somehow, without letting him realize what I was about, I'd let him know that I really did care."

Jean grinned.

"It's an old chestnut but it may work. Now just tell me how you'd let him know, finally, that you did care, without his realizing it."

Maud frowned.

"That, of course, is the hard part. But there must be a way. I'd have to think about awhile, I guess, Jeanie."

And so Jean went away and Maud sat alone and held in.

She sat for a long time, brooding and thinking and wanting to scream, but knowing enough not to. After awhile she got up and went over to her bed and lay down and began to sob.

Presently the sobs grew louder, merging into something that was not quite a scream but could be called a fairly lusty yell.

Mrs. Moriarty, ironing in the kitchen of her court bungalow next door, heard and came over in haste, looking alarmed and frightened.

A glance at Maud lying on the bed, Mrs. Moriarty went in search of cold cloths and hot water bottles. Heat and cold, however, had no effect on the volume of Maud's yells, unless it were to increase them.

Mrs. Moriarty didn't know what to do. Presently she thought of calling a doctor.

She rushed to the telephone and picked up the receiver. While waiting for the operator's voice her eye chanced to fall on a writing pad on the telephone stand, on which was written: Dr. Fred Avery, Highlands 220-R. At that moment the operator said: Number, please? And Mrs. Moriarty said: "Highlands 220-R."

When Dr. Avery arrived, five minutes later, the yelling of Maud reached him outside on the street.

A moment later he looked down at the stricken girl and shook his head.

"Hysterics," he said, addressing round-eyed Mrs. Moriarty.

"Please put some water on to boil, Mrs. Moriarty."

Mrs. Moriarty nodded and lumbered hastily to the kitchen.

Dr. Avery sat down on the bed's edge, picked up Maud's wrist with one hand and began stroking her forehead with the other. Instantly Maud's yells began to subside.

Presently the noise was reduced to a mere moaning, from which moaning Dr. Avery could occasionally distinguish articulate words.

As he listened a curious expres-

sion came into his face. Once he blushed.

He was grateful that Maud had ceased talking when Mrs. Moriarty returned with the boiling water.

"She's delirious," he told the old lady, taking the water. "I'll give her something to make her sleep, and if possible I'd like to have you remain with her for the rest of the day."

The next day Dr. Avery returned to see how his patient was getting along.

Maud was conscious, but weak.

The doctor remained quite a bit longer than the time he usually allotted to professional calls, prescribing a long rest, nourishing food and quiet.

The next day when he called he said that he'd found just the place for Maud to get her rest—a little, quiet, inexpensive inn in the mountains. There'd be nothing for her to do but read and rest. He would, he added casually, run up once a day to see how she was getting along.

So Maud was taken to the inn and young Dr. Avery began coming up every day around early afternoon and staying sometimes right through dinner and into the evening.

He liked the place himself, he admitted, and enjoyed having Maud show him all the interesting things she'd found during her walks.

It was on one of those days that Dr. Avery had arrived early and stayed late—in fact it was exactly eleven o'clock in the evening with a full moon overhead—that he suddenly spoke of the matter that was in his mind.

"There's no use," he said apologetically, "I'm not the sort of man who can hold in. I had planned to wait until you were fully recovered from your illness before—"

"Oh," said Maud breathlessly, "I'm quite recovered. Really. What is it?"

Dr. Avery cleared his throat and a worshipful look came into his eyes.

"The fact is, Maud," he said, "I've fallen quite madly in love with you. Indeed, I've been in love with you for over a year. You're so different from those other girls—so quiet and comforting and sensible. I—that is—"

He paused, embarrassed, and Maud said wildly: "Yes?"

"Well, you see—blast it, Maud, I shouldn't let this influence me because it isn't professional ethics. But when you were sick—delirious—you talked, well, you admitted you thought a lot of me, too."

Maud blushed and dropped her eyes.

Dr. Avery looked at her—and presently took her into his arms and kissed her lips. Maud almost swooned.

After awhile he released her.

"Darling, you will forgive me for not holding in, won't you?"

Maud nodded.

"I think," she said, "I could forgive you for most anything, darling. For you see, sometimes I hold in, too." And she smiled, thinking that there was something she'd always have to keep secret: an idea she'd thought of for Jean Price but used herself—the reason a certain slip of paper bearing a telephone number was handy for Mrs. Moriarty to see, and certain things she'd said when Dr. Avery had thought her delirious.

SOME LIKE 'EM ROUGH

By MEREDITH SCHOLL

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"WHEN," asked Sam Racer of his friend Ken Steward, "are you going to stop making a fool of yourself over Sandra Blake?"

Ken looked at the scornful Sam, and in his face there was forlorn misery.

"Sam," he said, "you've never been in love. There's no use trying to explain. You wouldn't understand."

Sam spat, and his eyes glinted contemptuously.

"There's only one thing," he remarked, "that I understand perfectly. And that is that you're making a perfect ass of yourself, that you're losing your manhood, that you haven't the backbone of a gnat. And all because of a woman who isn't worth—"

"Careful!" Ken warned sternly. "Don't forget yourself, Sam. After all, Sandra is my fiancée."

"And I'm your best friend—or was until you went completely off the onion over this dame. So what?"

"Even a man's best friend hasn't the right to speak depreciatingly of—"

"Nuts!" said Sam. "Don't get so melodramatic. You can't kid me, feller. I've known you since you were knee-high to a half-grown—"

"Even so, Sandra and I have been engaged for five years. One day she'll become my wife and—"

"Yeah. One day. Maybe. Listen, you're just as apt to be engaged five more years. Cause why? 'Cause the Sandra dame has discovered she can play you for a sucker and make you like it. Why, you're jelly in her hands. Moreover, you're the laughing stock of everyone in town. She tramps around with whomever she wants and—"

"Wait a minute!"

Ken leaped up and his eyes were blazing.

"That's the limit, Sam! You can say what you want except that Sandra's untrue!"

"Untrue! Ha! That's rich! Cool off, hot shot, and open your eyes. Ask your girl friend where she was last night, for example."

"Last night? Why, she was home. She told me so herself."

"And you believed her! Trusting little feller, aren't you? Well, let me tell you something, my friend. Darling, loyal little Sandra was out last night with that punk Bob Adams. Not only out with him, but—"

Ken's hand went out and grasped Sam's shirt front. "With a savage jerk he brought the other up on his toes."

"You're lying! Take that back!"

The astonishment in Sam's eyes gave way slowly to admiration. A smile broke across his lips.

"Well, well," he applauded. "So the boy friend has got some backbone at that. Ken, my lad, if you'd employ a little of that spirit on Sandra maybe you'd get somewhere with her. She's not a bad kid, I'll grant you that. And my honest opinion in the matter is that the trouble between you two lies with you, not her."

After a moment Ken eased his hold and Sam sank back on his heels with a relieved sigh. For a moment he had known a feeling of fright.

Ken said dully: "Sorry I grabbed you that way, Sam. I know that there's nothing I could do about it, and it hurt to be reminded."

For a moment Sam stared at his friend pityingly. Presently he placed his hand on Ken's shoulder.

"Ken, if you'd only snap out of it you'd realize there's plenty you could do. Now, listen to me—"

Two hours later Sandra Blake, sitting in the hammock on her front porch, perceived her fiancé striding up the walk.

She sighed wearily at sight of him, but a moment later she frowned, remembering that this wasn't his regular night for calling and it wasn't like him to drop in unexpectedly. Then, too, there was something about his stride, a certain briskness, that wasn't habitual.

She waited, vaguely apprehensive, till Ken reached the top step.

"Well," she said, and her voice lacked warmth of welcome, "to what do I owe the unexpectedness of this visit?"

Ken crossed quickly and stood above her.

"Sandra, I've just heard that you've been going out with other men. Is that true?"

Resentment and anger flared within Sandra's breast.

"And if," she said, "it is true, what about it? What business is it of yours, I'd like to know?"

"It's plenty of my business. As long as you're wearing my ring, I've a right to know where you go and with whom. If you're going to make a fool of me, play me for a sucker, I'd like the ring back."

Sandra stared at him in speechless amazement.

"Ken Steward, you've been drinking!"

"So what?" said Ken. He reached down and grasped her wrist.

"Will you give me the ring, or shall I take it?"

Sandra choked.

She didn't quite know whether to flare out at him in a rage or try to discover what ailed him. Before she could make up her mind, Ken tore the ring from her finger in no ungente manner.

"Why—why you—beast!"

"Maybe," said Ken, "I am. But I'm not a cheat! And I don't intend to let you make a fool of me and get away with it. The next time you go out with that punk Bob Adams, you can tell him about this!"

And to her complete astonishment, he slapped her across the mouth.

"And this!" And he slapped her again.

"And hereafter don't go around telling people you're going to marry me sometime or other, because you're not!"

He turned then and started down the steps, had almost reached the sidewalk when Sandra recovered her senses and let out a shriek. She came flying down the walk after him.

"Ken! Ken! Don't go! Oh, please! Ken, I'm so sorry. I—I—oh, darling, please don't say we're not going to be married."

Ken laughed gratingly.

Had Sandra been less excited she might have sensed that the laugh also contained a ring of relief and triumph.

"No?" he said. "Well, now's a fine time to think of that. You've kept me waiting five years!"

He wrenched loose his arm with a fierceness that made her wince but instead of turning and striding away, he remained on the field.

"Oh, Ken, I won't keep you waiting any longer. I'll marry you anytime. I'll marry you now, if you say so."

"Now?" said Ken.

Sandra swallowed.

"Right this minute."

"Get your hat," said Ken.

"E—but the license?"

"I've had a license for two years."

"A—all right. W—wait here, I'll get my hat."

"No," said Ken desperately. "To hell with your hat! Come along as you are." And he grabbed her wrist and dragged her out to his roadster.

Before Sandra had time to adjust her hair they drew up before the local parsonage.

Strangely coincidental, Sam Racer was standing outside.

"Sam," Ken said, "how'd you like to be a best man at a wedding?"

"Sure," said Sam, and grinned.

Fifteen minutes later they emerged from the parsonage and stopped in front of Ken's roadster.

"Sam," said Ken, "Thanks for everything. It's a lucky thing for you, that it worked. Maybe I'd have killed you."

"Keep it up," said Sam, "even after you've been married a dozen years. It never fails. They like it."

He turned and strode up the street, whistling.

"What was it that Sam meant," Sandra asked, wide-eyed.

"He meant," Ken grinned, "that he understood women better than I. And he's right. I mean," he added, "he was right."

Improbable

By CARLETON JAMES
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I FOUND retired Detective Arthur Markham seated in his favorite chair as usual down at headquarters where he could keep an eye on the young bloods who were following in his footsteps. I sat down beside him and offered him a cigar, which he refused, as I knew he would. Arthur is a great storyteller, though long since I have learned to give little credence to many of his tales.

"An improbable tale?" he mused in reply to my question. "Lessee now. Lessee." His eyes became moody and for a moment he appeared deep in contemplation.

"Humm. Did I ever tell you the story about Les Cameron?"

"No," I said, "what about Les?"

"Well, Les came on the force about five years after me. I considered myself an old-timer by then, and Les' enthusiasm and eagerness amused me no end. Yep, I sure thought he was funny, and I could hardly wait till the kid got his first real jolt which would open his eyes. We all get a jolt sooner or later, you know, which is what we need to sort of steady us down."

"Les' came before he'd been with us six months. A man named Rus Humbolt was killed. Humbolt wasn't much of an account. He had a reputation for being a coward and a sneak and a petty thief. Les was sent down to Barber street to investigate."

"He went down in the morning and came back in the afternoon, fairly frothing at the mouth. 'Listen,' he said, 'I got conclusive evidence that Tony Gardener knocked off Humbolt. Shall I pick Gardener up?'"

"The chief listened to Les' evidence without batting an eye. Tony Gardener was to our city what Al Capone was to Chicago. It would be dangerous business picking up Gardener, even on a murder charge."

"What did you have done with the body, Les?" the chief asked.

"A rueful expression came to Les' face. 'Nothing,' he said. 'There isn't any body. I mean, it's disappeared.'"

"Cool off, Les," said the chief. "Without a corpse, Gardener is as good as innocent."

"But Les didn't forget it. He couldn't. He spent a lot of time nosing around and found of course nothing. Gardener was too smart to leave clues for a young cub to stumble over. And so presently Les gave up. But the thing had got him. None of us knew how seriously—not until the kid turned in his resignation."

"Not long after Les left the force, he came into headquarters one day carrying a long, narrow box, and with the wildest story to tell you ever heard in your life. He placed the box on the chief's desk and opened it. And what do you think it contained? A dismembered human arm!"

"Yep, there was no doubt about it, and no doubt either that the arm belonged to Rus Humbolt, because on it was a lot of tattooing, with the word 'Rus' written beneath a figure that looked like an ancient coat of arms. Any one of a dozen men could have identified that arm."

"While we were still staring at the thing in speechless amazement, Les told his story. After resigning he'd gone to the seashore to sort of rest up and make plans for his future. While lying on the beach one day, a fishing boat had come in. Included in the catch was a shark of enormous size. And when the shark was cut open the tattooed arm of Rus Humbolt was found in its stomach."

"Yes, sir, that's the story Les told. Believe it or not, Gardener was picked up and brought to trial. The evidence was presented, supplemented by the testimony of a stool pigeon who told how the gang leader had dismembered the corpse and thrown it into the sea. Gardener was convicted and sent to the chair and thus the country was rid of a notorious public enemy."

"And if that isn't an improbable story," Arthur finished with a grin, "you'll never hear one."

I grinned back at him. "Arthur, I congratulate you. I'm a writer by profession, but by jove, I could never think up a yarn like that on such slight provocation. Man, you're a genius!"

"I didn't think it up," said Arthur. "The whole thing actually happened." And he handed me his copy of the Rockingham Record. There, under the title of "Improbable Truths," written by one of the country's best known crime authorities, was the true story of the tattooed arm, almost exactly as Arthur had told it to me.

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SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE
The School Board meets regularly in Town Clerk's Room, in Town Hall block, on the Last Friday Evening in each month, at 7:30 o'clock, to transact School District business and to hear all parties.
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 Tuesday evening of each week, to transact town business.
Meetings 7 to 8
ALFRED G. HOLT,
HUGH M. GRAHAM,
JAMES I. PATTERSON,
Selectmen of Antrim.

Advertising
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