

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME LIV NO. 17

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1937

5 CENTS A COPY

Commercial Course For High School

The annual School Meeting was held at the Town hall on Monday evening, with a good attendance. Moderator Ralph H. Tibbals presided and called the meeting to order and read the Warrant, after which the business under the Articles of the Warrant were acted upon, with the following result:

Ralph H. Tibbals was re-elected Moderator

Mrs. Emma S. Goodell was re-elected Clerk

Myrtle K. Brooks was re-elected a member of the School Board for three years

Carl H. Robinson was re-elected as Treasurer

\$182 00 was voted for salaries for School Board, Trust Officer and other Officers

The Auditors' Report was read and accepted.

Benjamin F. Tenney and William H. Hurlin were re-elected Auditors

The amount of \$15,300 was voted for the support of the Schools for the

Vote \$10,000 to Re-lay Water Pipes

The Precinct Meeting was held at the Town hall Wednesday evening, and several important matters were considered and voted upon under the Articles of the Warrant.

Hiram W. Johnson was re-elected Moderator.

The following Officers were elected: Ellerton Edwards, Clerk; Albert E. Thornton, Commissioner for 3 years; Archie M. Swett; Treasurer; Ross H. Roberts and Arthur Proctor, Auditors.

Auditors' Report was accepted as printed in town report.

Reports of Officers were read and accepted.

The same amount was voted the Fire Department as last year.

Voted \$2,000 to re-lay water pipe on Elm Street.

Voted \$8,000 to re-lay water pipe on Main Street between the corner of Elm Street and Aiken Street.

Voted to authorize Commissioners to seek legislative aid to issue bonds or notes in payment of the cost of re-laying water pipes.

Voted to collect 75% of the water rate for the ensuing year.

Voted a rate of \$.003 to defray expenses and pay existing debts for the ensuing year.

Voted to authorize the Commissioners to borrow such sums as may be necessary in anticipation of taxes.

It was voted to sell the East Antrim School at public auction.

It was voted to authorize the School Board to establish a Commercial Course in the High School and \$828 voted for this purpose.

Largest Vote in Several Years Cast at Annual Town Meeting

Archie D. Perkins Re-elected Road Agent

\$11,000 Less to be Raised Than Last Year

The Annual Town Meeting, with the largest vote in recent years, (383) was called to order at ten o'clock Tuesday morning by Moderator Hiram W. Johnson. Prayer was offered by Rev. Ralph Tibbals. The Moderator read the Articles of the Warrant, and voting on the several Articles began at once. A recess was called from 12 to 1.30 at which time the Senior Class served a dinner at the Presbyterian Church Vestry. It was voted to close the polls at four o'clock. The result of the voting was as follows:

1. To choose all necessary Town Officers, Agents and Trustees for the ensuing year.

Republican: Town Clerk, Archie M. Swett 237; Town Treasurer, Leander Patterson 244; Selectman for 3 years, Alfred G. Holt 241; Road Agent, Archie D. Perkins 207; Overseer of Poor, Archie M. Swett 234; Trustee Tuttle Library, 3 years, Henry B. Pratt 235; Trustee Trust Funds, 3 years, Roscoe M. Lane 237; Auditors, Myrtle K. Brooks 236, Ross H. Roberts 237; Park Board, Hugh M. Graham 236, Howard S. Humphrey 237, Austin Paige 232.

Democratic: Town Clerk, Archie M. Swett 113; Town Treasurer, Leander Patterson 111; Selectman for 3 years, Alfred G. Holt 112; Road Agent, Elmer W. Merrill 168; Overseer of Poor, Archie M. Swett 115; Trustee Tuttle Library, 3 years, Henry B. Pratt 110; Trustee Trust Funds, 3 years, Roscoe M. Lane 107; Auditors, Myrtle K. Brooks 106, Ross H. Roberts 106; Park Board, Hugh M. Graham 111, Gerald H. Sweet 112, Austin Paige 108.

2. To vote on the following question, to wit: Is it expedient to revise the Constitution?

This Article appeared on the bottom of the ballot. The vote was: Yes—47; No—73.

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

The Auditors' report was accepted as printed in the Town Report.

4. To see how much money the Town will vote to appropriate for the support of the James A. Tuttle Library.

Voted, the sum of \$550.

5. To see how much money the Town will vote to appropriate to assist the William M. Myers Post, No. 50, American Legion, and Ephraim Weston Post, No. 87, G. A. R., in properly observing Memorial Day.

Voted, the sum of \$75.

6. To see if the Town will vote to have the Invoice and Taxes printed for the ensuing year, and appropriate a sum of money therefor, or take any action thereon.

Article dismissed.

7. To see if the Town will vote to authorize and empower its Board of Selectmen to make necessary changes to the north side of Town Building to permit of a side entrance to the Post Office for the loading and unloading of mail or take any action relating thereto.

Voted, the sum of \$25 to rebuild the side platform for this purpose.

8. To see how much money the Town will appropriate for the repair of Roads and Bridges for the ensuing year.

Voted, the sum of \$5,000.

9. To see how much money the Town will appropriate for snow removal for the ensuing year.

Voted, the sum of \$2,000.

10. To see if the Town will vote to install an oil burner for the heating system at Town Building or take any action thereon.

Matter left to Selectmen.

11. To see how much money the Town will appropriate for Street Lighting for the ensuing year, or take any action thereon.

Voted, the sum of \$1,500.

12. To see if the Town will vote to rebuild the sidewalk on the east side of Concord Street from the residence of Hayward Cochrane to the residence of Frank Wheeler and raise and appropriate a sum necessary for same.

Voted to rebuild sidewalk and voted \$1,600 for same.

13. To see if the Town will vote to authorize and empower its Board of Selectmen to lease to such person or persons and upon such terms and conditions as it may see fit any and all Real Estate owned by said Town and not used by it for Town purposes, and to authorize said Board to execute and deliver all necessary instruments in connection therewith, or take any action in relation thereto.

Matter left to Selectmen.

14. To see if the Town will vote to authorize and empower its Selectmen to borrow such sums as may be necessary in anticipation of Taxes.

So voted.

(Continued on page 5)

Associate Horticulturist Gives Information to Gardeners for Purchase of Seeds

By J. R. Hepler, Associate Horticulturist, U. of N. H.

The home gardener often wonders, "Where should I buy my seed and what seed should I buy? Which varieties will do best in my home garden, and will the seed that I buy at the grocery store be just as good as that which I get from the seedsmen in New York or Philadelphia?" I am afraid that I will not be able to answer all of these questions, although if a seedsman has a good reputation it really makes very little difference whether he sells the seed through the grocery store or through the mail. Certain seeds like beans, peas, which are self-pollinated, should perhaps be bought locally in preference to getting them through the mail. These varieties do not show the big differences between strains that tomatoes for example do. Seed which is bright, clean, well filled out, free from wrinkles and stain will undoubtedly be as good as can be bought. Sometimes it is a good idea to get home-grown seed. We find that among the shell beans, there are many local varieties which seem to do much better than any you can buy from the seedsmen. I have picked up at the various fairs in the state 150 different kinds of beans. Of course it would be an exaggeration to say that all these are best, but there is no doubt that certain varieties which have been grown locally for a number of years such as the Soldier beans in the northern and central part of New Hampshire, and

the Jacobs Cattle or Trout in the central part of the state, are certainly standard for these respective locations. The Golden Wax variety is grown locally in many places and it is used for string, green shell, and dried shell purposes.

Certain seeds are very hard to grow at home and it does not pay even to attempt it. Spinach seed can be bought for such a low price that it certainly would not pay to try to grow it at home. The same is true of radishes and cabbages, although New Hampshire growers like to grow their own strains of corn, squash, pumpkins, beans, and many grow their own strains of tomatoes.

Have you ever tried watermelon? I have had a strain of Japanese watermelon which matures for me as early as the Emerald Gem muskmelon, when I plant it on new land and put a little manure under the hills. I plant this seed the latter part of August. If any of my readers would like a little sample of this seed I will be glad to send it to them on request.

If you have any old seed left over from last year and wish to know whether it is good or not, you can test it yourself. Count out 100 seeds and put them between two moist blotters in a warm room. In a week or less these seeds will have germinated and the number that germinates will give you the percentage of live seed.

The Extension Service at Durham will be glad to send you a list of tried and tested varieties for the home garden if you will address a postcard to them.

Mrs. Lizzie Rockwell Dies at Her Home

Antrim suffered the loss of one of its estimable women on Thursday evening when Mrs. Lizzie Rockwell passed to her reward. Mrs. Rockwell was born July 1, 1860, in Newbury, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Grace.

She married Sargeant Rockwell of Hancock in November, 1878, and lived in Manchester for some years, then they moved to Hancock near Elmwood Junction, where Mr. Rockwell died, and she moved to Antrim about twenty years ago. Mrs. Rockwell became a member of the Baptist Church by letter soon after coming to town and had lived a faithful and loyal Christian life. She attended church and Sunday School two weeks previous to her death.

As a wife, mother, neighbor and friend she was always true to the highest ideals. She will be greatly missed by all who knew her.

She is survived by seven children: Mrs. Lena Buswell of Lowell, Mrs. Cora Humphrey of Concord, Mrs. Elsie Thomas of Lynn, Mass., Mrs. Ethel Rockwell, Mrs. Hattie Huntington, Clarence and Edwin Rockwell, all of Antrim. Her grandson, Howard Humphrey, lived with her since his early boyhood until his marriage and has been like a son to her. There also survive seventeen other grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren.

The funeral was held in the Baptist Church on Sunday afternoon at two o'clock, following prayers at her late home. Rev. Ralph H. Tibbals, her pastor, was the officiating clergyman. The beautiful flowers testified to the loving esteem in which she was held. Mrs. Elizabeth Felker presided at the organ and played favorite hymns softly before the beginning of the service. Mrs. Vera Butterfield sang two solos: "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere" and "Jesus, Saviour Pilot Me." The bearers were Morris Cutter, Maurice Poor and Claire Goodell.

Among those attending were a group of a dozen friends from Lowell, Mass., who came to show their affection and friendship.

Burial took place in the family lot in the Hancock cemetery.

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Reasonable prices — many novelties and special values.

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THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne
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A New Feature

Q & A

HUSBANDS IGNORE DOORMATS PROBABLY THROUGH A FELLOW FEELING FOR THEM



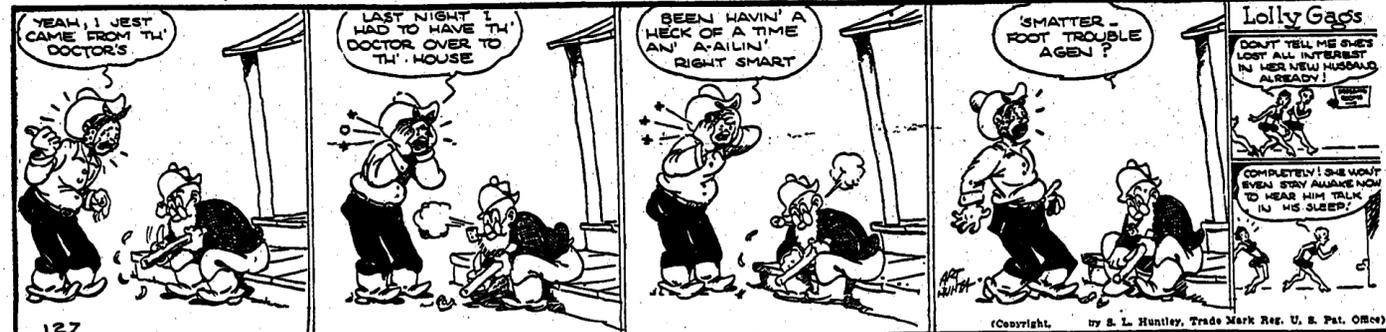
SMATTER POP— Gosh! Take a Look, Pop!

By C. M. PAYNE



MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

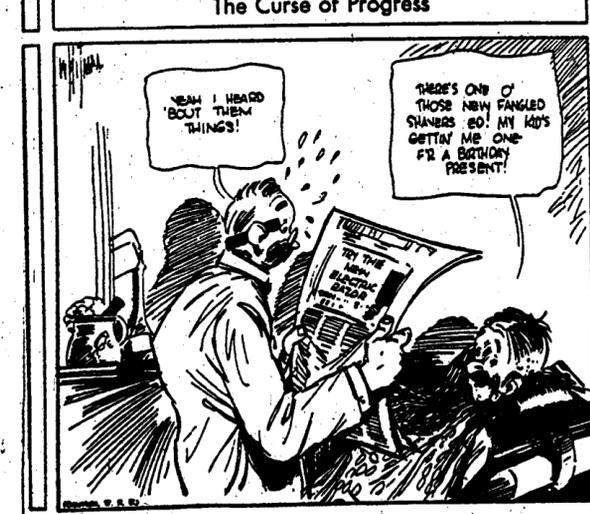
By Ted O'Loughlin
© Victor Gollancz Ltd.



BRONC PEELER — Looks Like Foul Play



The Curse of Progress



A Fatherly Fear
"I'm afraid my boy Josh'll never make a farmer," said Mr. Corn-tassel.
"Why?"
"He's too refined. He wants to discourage an insect pest by standin' off an' callin' it Latin names, instead of bein' coarse an' uncompromisin' an' hittin' it with a hand-ful o' paris green."
Roughly Spoken
The woman motorist had given her evidence with an abundance of superficial detail.
"Now tell me," asked the magis-trate, "when you knocked down this man, what was his attitude, roughly speaking?"
"It was," answered the woman.
The Dog
"Why is it that you encourage all your clerks to get married?"
"Well," replied the knowing boss, "I find that married men are not in such an awful rush to get home early as single men."—Wall Street Journal.

BELONGINGS



A Touch of Spring Upon Your Linens



Pattern 5870
Could you ask for a daintier, more Springlike wreath? Here's a bit of embroidery that's un-failingly lovely, and always easy to do!—Pattern 5870, which will give an old or new bedspread a quick beauty treatment. You can use gayly colored floss both for the lilac clusters and their dainty bow, and just the easiest of stitches—blanket, single, outline, lazy daisy and French knots.
In Pattern 5870 you will find a transfer pattern of one large spray 15 by 20 1/2 inches; one bow-knot 4 1/2 by 12 1/2 inches; two sprays 3 by 5 1/2 inches and two sprays 3 1/2 by 3 1/2 inches; color suggestions; illustrations of all stitches used; material requirements.
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 your name, address and pattern number.

Going Down
The greatest depth to which a human being has descended is about 8,500 feet. The pressures and temperatures that would be encountered make attempts of humans to reach greater depths in the earth extremely hazardous.

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2 FULL DOZEN FOR 25c
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"All the vagabondage of the world begins in neglected childhood."—Victor Hugo.

AT FIRST SNEEZE
LANE'S COLD TABLETS

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Art makes a rock garden; an uninspired taste, a pile of rocks.

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By all means read this free booklet called 'EARS' which will prove both interesting and instructive. It describes the world's greatest aid to better hearing by means of the exciting ACQUASTICOM, through which new joy and happiness can be brought into your life. Write for this booklet, 250 8th Ave., New York City. Add the booklet will be mailed to you without any obligation whatever.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

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Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
By WILLIAM BRUCKART



Washington.—Many times in these columns, I have called attention to the confusion that has come to be so much a part of the federal government's general administration. I have talked about the bluster and the ballyhoo and the cross purposes at which so many pieces of the New Deal program have operated, and another outstanding example of this condition now appears.

Two governmental agencies, one a strictly New Deal agency, the other with a beginning in the Hoover administration, find themselves working directly in opposition to each other—and in the end taxpayers will pay.

It is not the fault of the Home Owners Loan corporation that it finds itself in a position where it is going to be landlord to something like 160,000 pieces of real estate—largely homes.

When the government went into the business of loaning money on private residence it had experience upon which to base its program. Many years ago the farm loan system was organized with none too happy results. In the late days of the Hoover administration, however, three or four politicians were able to drive through the legislation creating a system of government loans on residences as distinguished from farms.

I predicted in these columns some three years ago that the government, through the HOLC, was going to be the proud possessor of a lot of real estate. My statements at that time were based upon what I had seen happen in the case of the loans on farms. The article brought me direct criticism from two or three places in the government—but at this time I can report that the HOLC, before another year passes, will own something like 160,000 homes.

It is always difficult for a mortgage or bank institution, privately owned, to dispose of property which it has been forced to repossess through default of the borrowers. It is much more difficult for the federal government to dispose of that type of property, try as it may to get rid of the parcels.

So, we find one governmental agency serving as a landlord on a wholesale scale and with signs portending moves by politicians that will in the end cost the taxpayers hundreds of millions of dollars. These politicians are proposing legislation in congress to cut the interest rate on the loans now in default and other loans as well; the principal of the loans on the defaulted mortgages and they are seeking means by which those in default may have unlimited time in which to make the payments in a way that, superficially at least, makes the proposals appear actually as an outright gift to those who have bought homes under the government loan plan.

There is no way to tell now what will happen to these various proposals. Undoubtedly, most of them will fall by the wayside and receive no consideration in congress. Yet, on the basis of observation of many such movements, it does not seem far wrong to guess that the politicians in congress will accomplish something in the way of reduction of these debts where the defaulters bring pressure to bear on the home town political machines.

Now, concerning the other governmental agency involved in the game of cross purposes that I mentioned. I refer to the federal housing administration. Like the Home Owners Loan corporation, it is not the fault of the housing administration that it finds itself in a tough spot. It is commanded by the President and by congress to proceed with a gigantic housing program, to loan money on new homes wherever it can persuade contractors to build and individuals to buy. It is to be remembered also that loans on these properties are guaranteed—the legislation calls them insured loans—and that makes the federal housing administration liable in case the new home-buyers fail to meet their commitments.

The housing administration announced its program to encourage wholesale home building throughout the nation only recently and it was by coincidence, I am sure, that the housing program was announced almost simultaneously with the determination by the HOLC to start foreclosure proceedings in order to maintain its own solvency.

Thus, to bring the picture to a focus, we find one governmental agency that has loaned hundreds of millions of dollars on residences being forced to foreclose in order to protect the money it has spent, at least in part, and a second governmental agency entering the field simultaneously with a gigantic program in which more hundreds of millions will be expended and more

people encouraged to place themselves in debt.

I cannot criticize the housing administration policy any more than I can criticize the program of the HOLC. The point is that there is simply no co-ordination in government policies as they concern these two agencies, and consequently, one group is building new homes and another is taking over old homes for which the buyers have been unable to pay. In my humble opinion, it does not make good sense.

I have heard considerable talk among influential New Dealers to the effect that new homes will sell more easily than the old ones and therefore the housing administration plans are held to be justified. Yet, it does seem to be a perfectly natural and logical thing that new homes become old homes as time elapses and there are many who believe that the government, because it has guaranteed the loans on new homes, will have to take over a large percentage of them as well. That is, it will have to take over at least a normal percentage because whether the loans are made by private financing companies or by the government, a considerable number of buyers are unable to fulfill their obligations. It is not always the fault of the buyers. Sickness, loss of jobs or a thousand and one other circumstances may develop that prevents the buyer of a home from carrying through his cherished dream of own the roof over his head. It is the way of life that a certain percentage will, and of necessity must, fall by the way-side.

I never have been able to agree that the federal government has any business in the field of financing homes or extending credit to individuals. I have always criticized the Hoover administration for creating the Reconstruction Finance corporation and the Roosevelt administration for expanding its operations. The principle is wrong because it uses money either borrowed by the government or paid into the Treasury by the taxpayers to finance, to build up, personal funds of individuals or corporations.

It seems quite clear to me that the HOLC, following the experiences of the farm loan system, justified the conclusion that the federal government cannot successfully engage in that field. In the first instance, I think it is bad business for government to go beyond the protection of life, liberty and property, with all the implications carried in those three words as a governmental policy. Further, and with much more emphasis, I am sure that any time government engages in that field it opens the way for politicians to be tempted, to be forced, to do things in a legislative way that cannot be justified as economically sound.

Earlier in this article, I suggested the difficulty always surrounding the sale of property that has been taken back from the original purchasers. Officials of private mortgage companies and other financial institutions have grown many a gray hair in their efforts to recover money loaned in cases where the borrowers have met with unfortunate circumstances. The government, finding itself in the position of the private lender insofar as re-possession of property is concerned, has about one-half the chance of liquidation that the private lender would have. And beyond that, there is too much chance for favoritism, scheming and even crookedness when the government attempts to do a job like the HOLC now is facing. I say that regardless of the honest purpose that I know characterizes the present HOLC management.

It may not have occurred to some but the fact that the federal government through the HOLC will own all of these houses which had to be taken back, means that the federal government becomes a taxpayer in every city, county and state where it owns these homes. At the rate things are going and assuming that the ratio of delinquencies and defaults continue as they do for private lending agencies, another four years will see the HOLC in possession of a minimum of 250,000 parcels of real estate. Of course, I imagine, the local tax collectors will be glad to see the federal government taking over the property because they will then collect their taxes. But where does that money come from? Sooner or later, directly or indirectly, it comes from the taxpayers of the nation. It is not a pleasant outlook.

And who knows but what there may be more decisions like that of the Florida judge who refused to grant the foreclosure plea of the HOLC attorneys on a twelve hundred dollar mortgage on the home of a carpenter.

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111,000 KILLED IN ACCIDENTS IN 1936

An All-Time High Toll Reported by Safety Council.

Chicago—Accidents, sucked along in the wake of a nation rising from the depths of depression, killed 111,000 persons in 1936 and cost Americans about \$3,750,000,000, reports the National Safety Council. Both figures are all-time high totals.

Tornadoes, floods, excessive heat, increased employment and a sharp jump in motor vehicle travel were indicted for the increase which wiped out the previous record of 101,139 set in 1934.

In addition to deaths, the council said, about 400,000 were permanently disabled by accidents last year and 10,300,000 temporarily disabled.

The country's bill for recklessly and carelessly "stubbing its toe" was broken down into \$2,630,000,000 in wage loss and medical expense, \$830,000,000 for property damage resulting from motor vehicle accidents and \$290,000,000 for fire loss.

While accident totals increased in every phase of human activity the council pointed out that the increased totals were accompanied by even larger jumps in "exposure" to accidents, "leaving solid ground for belief that when the country once more is definitely on the high road of prosperity with employment and automobile travel at fairly constant levels, the accident totals will shrink rapidly in the face of intelligent safety work."

Rise in all Fields.
Home accidents: Deaths in 1936 were 24 per cent more than in 1935—39,000 against 31,500. For the first time in eight years there were more home accident fatalities than motor vehicle deaths.

Occupational accidents: Deaths up 9 per cent to 18,000 from 16,500 in 1935. The council commented that the increase was smaller than in general employment which exposed additional millions to the hazards of machinery, tools and the other implements of gainful employment in factory, on farms, in offices and elsewhere.

Miscellaneous public accidents (not involving motor vehicles): Deaths up 6 per cent from 18,000 in 1935 to 19,000. These accidents were caused by such things as firearms, drownings, poisonings, asphyxiation and accidents involving media of transportation other than motor vehicle where the injured or killed was not an employee of the transportation company.

Motor vehicle accidents: Deaths up 4 per cent to 38,500 from 37,000 in 1935. However, "exposure" to traffic accidents was tremendously greater in 1936. Registration figures show 28,270,000 vehicles traveled the streets and highways last year, more than in any previous year. And they traveled 225,000,000,000 miles, 22,000,000,000 more than in 1935.

Heat prostration caused by excessive heat last July and August contributed 3,500 to the total of 39,000 home accident deaths. Permanent disability from home accidents jumped from 140,000 in 1935 to 170,000.

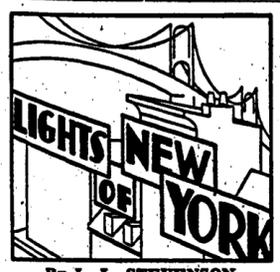
Industrial Trend.
Occupational accidents added 70,000 permanent disability cases to their death total and 1,460,000 temporary disability cases, compared to respective totals for 1935 of 63,000 and 1,340,000. These injuries resulted in a wage loss of \$520,000,000 and medical expense billed at \$45,000,000. In addition, the overhead cost of providing liability and workmen's compensation insurance amounted to about \$105,000,000. The three-item total was \$50,000,000 larger than in 1935. However, occupational accident deaths in 1936 were but half as numerous as in 1913, when organized safety work began and reductions in accident frequency and severity rates since 1913 had saved about 265,000 lives and effected a further saving of \$3,700,000,000 to employers, workers, their dependents and the general public.

The increase in deaths from miscellaneous public accidents (firearms, poisonings, asphyxiations, drownings, and catastrophic weather conditions) was reported to have been caused "primarily by fatalities occurring in tornadoes last April in the southeastern states, in New England and Ohio river floods and in last summer's excessive heat."

Asparagus Mystery
Pasadena, Calif.—Asparagus is getting into scientific circles along with spinach. However, the scientific mystery of asparagus, according to the California Farm Federation, is to find out why asparagus land is useless after an asparagus planting.

Women Lead As Losers
Fort Worth, Tex.—Women lose more articles than men, but less expensive ones, a survey of department stores, buses, trains and street cars revealed here. Women lose everything from hairpins, to husbands, but gloves are misplaced most.

Artichoke Honored
Minneapolis.—The aristocrat among vegetables, the artichoke, has been advanced by Dr. Samuel Weiss as an important medical plant. Dr. Weiss said that extracts of the artichoke's roots, injected intravenously, increases the flow of bile from the liver.



By L. L. STEVENSON

Manhattan Side-Show: Bob Benchley... pausing by a theater marquee which is advertising his latest movie short... and critically inspecting his photographs displayed there... Sylvia Sidney and Douglas Montgomery lunching at the Algonquin... Katharine Carlisle toying with Swedish hors d'oeuvres at the Valhalla... A cute, but sady-eyed lass at the Edison Green Room bar bemoaning her inability to land a job in the theater... "My mother's so darned old-fashioned she won't let me work for the Minskys," she complains bitterly... Francis Lederer and Margo applauding at the debut of Eva Ortega at Club Guacho... Minor and Root, two of the town's better ballroom dancers, walking along Fifth avenue out of step!

Short Story: She came to New York from away out West at the beginning of the fall. Her ambition was to go on the stage and like so many others, she had star dust in her eyes. Again, like so many others who come here similarly blinded, her purse was thin. Back home, she'd worked in a millinery shop. Weary of tramping from agent to agent, she got a job making hats. One of the shop's customers is an actress, somewhat well-known. When the youngster learned her identity, she had a heart to heart talk with her. At the conclusion the actress asked her how much she got and was told \$35 a week. At that the actress wanted to know if there wasn't another opening in that shop. In the last five years her earnings have averaged less than \$15. The little girl from the West is plying her needle contentedly since back home her weekly pay was \$15.

Names and Events: Early this year the name of rooms—his identity seems to be a closely guarded secret—at the Hotel Montclair bestowed on the new banquet hall, the title of "Spanish Room." When the decorators were about halfway through with their work, the Spanish civil war broke out and good taste made such a designation taboo. Accordingly, the room name decided to redecorate and call the hall the "King Edward VIII Room." And when the room was about finished, King Edward abdicated. So someone else took a hand and supplied a name, which pays unintentional tribute to a modern prophet of coming events. It's now the "Crystal Room."

Pet Peeves: Ripe olives... Long-winded commercial radio announcements... Latecomers in theaters... Cauliflower... Writing "Mama-ronck" or "Hamtramck" on the typewriter... Bridge hand post-mortems... Theater hat checkers... Red fingernails... Press agents who try to wisecrack and don't quite make it... Dirty post card peddlers... Autoists who race their motors as I am passing... Doormen who slam taxi doors when no tips are forthcoming... Snooty waiters.

Single Tracks: There are many specialists in New York. A big downtown establishment handles nothing but celery. There are stores where only pork is sold and others that deal solely in sausages. On the Stock Exchange, there are operators in single lines of securities. In the wholesale district, I spotted a store that sells buttonholes. But over on Ninth avenue, I found a real specialist. He deals only in garlic.

Yelling for Dear Life: Included in the foregoing list should have been Phyllis Bolce. She makes her living screaming. As a federal theater project player, she screams only once a performance and for that receives \$23.87 a week. She has earned \$50 a scream, however. That was in a Joan Crawford picture of years ago. What with retakes and all, her screams brought her \$1,000. © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Wildcat Stows Away
London.—It took 14 men and a bottle of chloroform to subdue a wildcat which was found in the hold of the Royal Mail Line cargo steamer Highland-Brigade when the vessel arrived here. It is believed the cat boarded the vessel and hid in the hold while the ship was in Buenos Aires.

Hat Gets Red Ribbon to Cap Wanderings
Mt. Vernon, O.—E. W. Long, Mt. Vernon theater manager, wears a red ribbon around his hat because it has been taken from a restaurant three times by mistake. Each time it was taken by a traveling man who returned it on his next trip here. The first time it went to New York, next time to Columbus, and the next time to Chillicothe, O.

Household Questions Items of Interest to the Housewife

One gallon of coffee will serve 25 medium sized cups. The size that would accompany a dessert after a dinner.

Rayons should be pressed with a warm, but not hot iron. A hot iron will melt some synthetic materials.

When cream will not whip, add the white of one egg and thoroughly chill before whipping.

Using Beef Fat—Four of the fat from the pan in which the roast of beef has been cooked. Put it in a bowl and let cool until it starts to harden. Then beat well with a fork. Afterwards it may be used in place of lard.

Dishes that have contained sugar or greasy articles should be soaked in hot water before washing.

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SATISFYING OLD FRIENDS AND WINNING NEW FRIENDS EVERY DAY

THERE ARE 3 BIG REASONS WHY I SWEAR BY CORDUROY'S

1—Longer, safer mileage, at lower cost per mile... that's what CORDUROY'S EXTRA QUALITY.

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EXTRA QUALITY OVER 17 YEARS

True Leisure
Leisure is time for doing something useful.—Dr. N. Howe.

Trifles Make Perfection
Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle.—Michelangelo.

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.

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

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OILY SKIN

made her a stay-at-home

DATES EVERY NIGHT NOW. DENTON'S FACIAL MAGNESIA CLEARED HER COMPLEXION, MADE IT FRESH AND LOVELY

An oily, greasy skin never won any girl a boy friend. Men love a fresh, youthful complexion. Denton's Facial Magnesia cleans out the clogged pores, smooths the rough surface by making them unnoticeable, firms the skin texture and livens up the complexion. Even the first few treatments with Denton's make a remarkable difference. Almost before you can realize it your face has gained new youth and beauty. First thing you know, friends are complimenting you on your complexion.

SPECIAL OFFER
—good for few weeks only

Here is a special chance to try out Denton's for yourself. It is the most liberal offer we have ever made. We will send you a full 6 oz. bottle of Denton's Facial Magnesia (retail price 60c), plus a regular size box of famous Milnesia Wafers (the original Milk of Magnesia tablets)... both for only 60c! Don't miss taking advantage of this extraordinary offer. Send 60c in cash or stamps today.

DENTON'S FACIAL MAGNESIA

Select Products, Inc., 4422 23rd St., Long Island City, N. Y.
Enclosed find 60c (cash or stamps) for which send me your special introductory combination.

Name.....
Street Address.....
City..... State.....

SEND TODAY

Take an Inventory of Your Spring Work Clothes!

Is There Something Missing That You Want?

- Men's Work Stockings 15c per pair, 7 pair \$1.00
- Men's Blue Work Shirts 79 cents
- Men's Grey Covert Zipper Shirts \$1.19
- Men's Grey Covert Button Shirts \$1.00
- Men's Black Work Shirts \$1.00
- Men's Khaki Pants \$1.59
- Other Work Pants \$1.00 to \$2.45
- Work Shoes \$1.79 to \$3.98
- Overalls, Jumpers, Sweat Shirts, Gloves, Suspenders and many other items

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HOURS: 9 to 12, 1 to 3; Saturday 8 to 12

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent \$2.00 a Year

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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Here and There With the News

What is going on in this world of ours offers plenty of ground for comment, but includes too much territory. Just now we are occupied with matters that have to do with our own national door yard, among which a suggested change in the Supreme Court still holds chief place as the days pass by. The elder jurists of that celebrated bench are not talking, but probably they are doing some thinking, and like Hamlet are wondering if they are "to be or not to be." Before the matter is settled definitely, something else will pop up to fill the papers, and what seems today to be a question that must be disposed of before anything else is done will have slipped away into the oblivion that has cast its mantle about the war in Ethiopia and the doings of the former King of England.

Perhaps one should not assume that the Duke of Windsor has been completely laid aside as a source of news. He and the family are driving a hard bargain over the sale of the old homestead and he still clings to his idea of getting married when he gets ready, with the indication that he is ready right now, matters that might give cause for worry in the home of the most lowly of his aforesaid subjects. Although of a democratic and friendly nature, it is safe to state that he would welcome a little quiet. The desire for a perfectly legitimate privacy often causes public men to be misunderstood. Of this there is no more perfect example than the mild but definite chill of popularity that followed the departure of Col. Lindbergh for distant and more tranquil shores.

Thirty-nine years ago this month, the battleship Maine was blown up in the harbor of Havana, Spain was charged with responsibility, the war followed, and Cuba, the last Spanish foothold on this side of the Atlantic, was freed from an oppressive allegiance. Spain made a grave mistake in destroying the vessel, very much as did Germany in sending the Lusitania to the bottom. Each act was peculiarly effective in bringing on a crisis. The war cry "Remember the Maine" should be kept in mind, not to perpetuate hatred toward a former foe, but as a reminder that it is well to think twice before laying the last straw on the camel's back.

Oldest White Settlement
The oldest settlement of white men in the Americas, Santo Domingo, was founded in 1496 by Bartholomew Columbus at the command of his brother, Christopher.

The Antrim Reporter ANTRIM NEW HAMPSHIRE

Published Every Thursday
H. W. ELDREDGE, 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.

Card of Thanks 75c each.
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, March 11, 1937

Antrim Locals

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pratt have returned home from their six weeks' vacation in Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gasperoni and family have moved to Stoddard.

On a Ten Dollar Bill you can save \$2. this week—at Tasker's Sale.

Mrs. Hattie Peaslee has returned to Greenfield after being at her home for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Gibson and family of Methuen, Mass., were weekend visitors of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Gibson.

Wanted—Maid to help temporarily with the housework, by the hour, in village. Address: Box 195, Antrim.

Mrs. Irene Mallett has returned from Boston after a visit of a couple of weeks.

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

Arthur, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Huntington, fell from a bicycle one day last week, breaking a bone in his shoulder. He is recovering satisfactorily at the Grasmere hospital.

For 80c you can get \$1 in sale merchandise this week—at Tasker's. See page 1.

Next to the weather, figures give rise to the most commonplace, but highly convenient remark. The House has been asked for a billion and a half, in round numbers, to keep the Treasury and Postoffice Departments going for a year. There is one good thing about running a government department; nobody expects that the head man will make it pay its way. Some of the making may be done by foreigners, who have eight billion dollars of taxable property in this country. The payment of the national debt will be spread over twenty-five years, according to the plans of Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau. That will help. A good many of us will not be around when the last of the spreading is done. By the way, standards of money measure have changed greatly in the last decade or so. The word "billion" used to be a choking term. Nowadays it is necessary to say one, two or five, and the "billion" is taken for granted.

Telephone 21-4. P. O. Box 271
Radio Service
Wallace Nylander, Antrim, N. H.
Member National Radio Institute
Guaranteed Tubes and Parts
Call anytime for an appointment

Antrim Locals

For Rent — Four room downstairs tenement in Deacon house on Main Street. Steam heat with oil burner. H. E. Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Robb have been confined to their home by illness the past two weeks.

The Ladies Mission Circle of the First Presbyterian Church will serve the monthly supper in the vestry on Wednesday, March 17, at 6 p.m.

Wesley Hills is ill at his home with a mild case of diphtheria.

Miss Pauline Whitney spent a week's vacation with her mother, Mrs. Mary E. Whitney.

Housekeeper Wanted by an elderly Congregational couple in Antrim village, small house; most modern conveniences. William D. Ward, Antrim, N. H., Tel. 81-8.

George P. Craig quietly observed his 70th birthday March 5th, by going into the woods and cutting 2 of a cord of wood.

The Ladies Aid of the Congregational church will serve their monthly supper Friday evening at 6.

The Rod and Gun Club meets tonight at 7.30. The Secretary of the Federated Clubs will speak.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hildreth, Mrs. George Defoe and Mrs. Lottie Cleveland spent Tuesday in Boston.

The Night and Sewing Club met with Mrs. Lottie Cleveland Wednesday.

"Presenting" a billiard table at the Antrim Town Hall on April 9. An all-around under the supervision of Mrs. J. Lillian Loring plus one of the most amusing plays we have read for a long time, is your guarantee for an evening of keen enjoyment.

A good number of Antrim people attended the Union Worship Service in the Congregational Church, Greenfield Sunday evening. Delegations from Hancock, Hillsboro, Peterboro, and Franconstown. The total attendance was about 300. Dr. James King, Dean of Olivet College, was the speaker. The next meeting will be held in the Smith Memorial Church, Hillsboro April 4. Music was furnished by the girls Junior Choir of Bennington.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE Hillsborough, ss. Court of Probate

To the heirs at law of the estate of Mollie Cody late of Bennington in said County, deceased, intestate, and to all others interested therein:

WHEREAS, Margaret Powers, Administratrix of the estate of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County the final account of her administration of said estate, and whereas upon settlement of said account her will present for allowance her private claim against said estate and ask that the same be allowed, said claim being for care and nursing in the amount of Two Hundred Seventy four Dollars and ninety cents (274.90)

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Manchester in said County, on the 20th day of April next, to show cause, if any you have, why the said account and claim should not be allowed.

Said administratrix is ordered to serve this citation by causing the same to be published once each week for three successive weeks in the Antrim Reporter a newspaper printed at Antrim in said County, the last publication to be at least seven days before said Court.

Given at Nashua in said County, this 26th day of February A. D. 1937.
By order of the Court,
WILFRED J. BOISCLAIR, Register.

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

The Chesham Sportsman's club is to hold their second annual banquet at the Community House in Marlborough April 15th, at 6.30 p.m. This club is a live wire organization and has a big membership. Last year they held their first banquet at Marlboro to which several hundred sportsmen attended. President Ned Duncklee says this time it's to be bigger and better than the last one. They have got to go some to beat the one they had last year.

At last we have heard from "Doc" Hopkins of Greenfield now basking in the sun of West Palm Beach, Fla. He says that 161 sail fish were caught in one day off that popular sea coast town. He says he is to send me a sample of smoked sailfish to stick my teeth into. "Try anything once."

The old Connecticut river at Northampton, Mass., is to be relieved of 50 tons of big suckers and 5 million small suckers. Two expert fish trappers are to do the stunt. Last year they took out 14 tons of predatory fish and this year they are going in on a larger scale. Suckers in big rivers, ponds and lakes do a lot of damage to game fish but in brooks they are a benefit to trout fishing. Young trout live on the spawn of the suckers. A few years ago we thought that sucker in a trout brook were a curse. We have changed our minds. But in a lake they are a pest.

Twenty-one states in the Union have laid aside 133,184 acres for bird refuges where no one takes a gun.

Your Uncle Samuel imported 208, 553 registered horses from the big pond for breeding purposes. This was an increase of 10% in other back years. Do you know that over fifteen thousand mals including horses, dogs and sheep were imported from the water last year.

Got a nice letter from Phil Mason of Greenfield who is now at the U. S. Naval hospital at Portsmouth. This is his third month at the hospital. He says it's a wonderful place but very lonely. Phil is one of the best rifle shots in the state.

Just a bit of warning to you that throw rubbish and other waste matter into the streams. In the past week we have had several complaints about people dumping rubbish beside the road. This has nothing to do with us, that's up to the Selectmen or the Board of Health of the town or city but

when they start to dump into a stream or pond or lake that's pollution and up to us. There is a heavy fine for this sort of pollution. So don't do it. Just a tip.

Did you know that Karakul sheep the sheep with the "wool", are being raised right here in New Hampshire. In Plymouth on the farm of P. A. Libby. This is one of the few large fur-bearing animals and are still rare in this country.

Our neighboring state, Massachusetts, is still under the rabies scare and in many towns and cities the dogs are under restraint. All dogs at large must be muzzled. 15 people died from this last year and the authorities of that state are doing everything to stop it. People living this side of the line should watch out for dogs coming from a quarantined section.

The past week we have received over 50 pounds of tinfol for the crippled children. This we hand along. The West Wilton children sent down a bag full while Albert Duck of the same town brought in a large amount. Others from Henniker, Bristol, Andover and Franklin. Thanks.

The hound class went right out into front place according to the American Kennel club for January making the lead from the Corker panel who has held that position for the past 12 months. The reason for the hounds to be placed in first place was the Greyhound which is now popular in racing circles.

A well known black fox breeder in my section lost two valuable cubs the other day. The door came open and they took a walk. The female came back the next day and went into the pen but the male was not by someone before he could get back. As these are taxable property the shooter is out of luck unless he returns that pet.

Have requests for about a dozen small dogs this week and also a request for some kittens. This is unusual as usually I have cats and kittens galore to find homes for.

Heard a man the other day bragging about how smart his cat was. Well we don't like to brag but we have a White New Zealand rabbit that when the water dish is empty she will pick it up in her mouth and rap the side of the cage with it. That means she is dry. Tony the pet skunk will do the same trick. Now you tell one.

Have a party that will sell you a nice little bear 3 1/2 months old, very tame, for \$45.00. How many do you want?

The new 1937

EASY WASHER

with 3-ZONE WASHING ACTION

TODAY'S BIGGEST WASHER BARGAIN

Featuring

TURBULATOR ACTION—First washer under \$100 that really washes ALL the clothes ALL the time.

SAFE-GUARD WRINGER—with Guardian Bar release that assures AUTOMATIC protection.

QUIET GEAR DRIVE—No belts to slip, stretch or break.

BIG CAPACITY—washes more clothes—cleaner and faster.



\$2.50 Down Delivers an Easy Washer

AT ANY OF OUR DISTRICT STORES

Public Service Company of New Hampshire

"OUR BEAUTY SHOPPE"

Telephone 66

Main Street - Antrim, New Hampshire

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

Arthur J. Pierce Elected Selectman in Three-cornered Contest in Bennington

1. To choose all necessary Town Officers for the ensuing year.

Town Clerk, Charles H. Smith; Town Treasurer, Arthur F. Bell; Selectman, Arthur J. Pierce 116, Ralph E. Messer 97, Edgar W. Startevant 29; Road Agent, Olen E. Newhall; Overseer of Poor, Henry W. Wilson; Sexton, Frank J. Taylor; Tax Collector, James H. Balch; Janitor of Town Hall, Patrick J. Shea; Water Commissioner, J. Fred Miles; Trustee Trust Funds, Frieda Edwards; Trustee Evergreen Cemetery, Harry W. Brown; Trustee Sunnyside Cemetery, J. Prentiss Weston; Library Trustee, Charles H. Smith; Sealer of Weights and Measures, Fred A. Knight; Surveyors of Wood and Lumber, Laurence J. Parker, Ernest Wilson; Chief of Police, Ivon W. Clough; Constable, Edward French; Special Police, Arthur R. Sheldon, Edward French, Charles H. Smith; Dog Constable, Fred A. Sheldon; Fire Wards, Harry S. Dunbar, Fred S. Sheldon, J. Fred Miles; Auditors, Laurence J. Parker, Maurice C. Newton.

2. To see what sum of money the town will vote to raise and appropriate for Memorial Day.
Voted \$75.

3. To see what sum of money the town will vote to raise and appropriate for highways and bridges.
Voted \$1,700.

4. To see what sum of money the town will vote to raise and appropriate for removal of snow.
Voted \$700.

5. To see what sum of money the town will vote to raise and appropriate for the care of Evergreen Cemetery.
Voted \$200.

6. To see if the town will accept State aid for Class V roads and raise and appropriate money for same.
Voted \$153.50.

7. To see if the town will vote to authorize the Selectmen to borrow such sums of money as may be necessary in anticipation of taxes.
So voted.

8. To see if the town will vote to accept State Aid for State Aid roads and raise and appropriate money for same.
Article dismissed.

9. To see if the town will vote to buy 500 feet of 1 1/2 inch hose and raise and appropriate money for same.
So voted, and sufficient sum of money appropriated.

10. To see if the town will vote to raise and appropriate a sum of money for the control of White Pine Blister Rust.
Voted \$300.

11. To see if the town will vote to discontinue the road leading from the Francestown Road to the Collins place, known as the Collins road.
Article dismissed.

12. To see what action the town will take in regard to voting for all Town Officers under the Australian Ballot System.
Article dismissed.

13. To see how much money the town will raise for statutory requirements and to carry the articles and the appropriations of the school district into effect.
Voted \$25,500.

14. To receive your votes on the article called for by the legislature, which is, Is it expedient to revise the Constitution?
Yes—11; No—52.

Largest Vote in Past Several Years Cast at the Annual Town Meeting

Continued from page one

15. To see if the Town will vote to raise and appropriate the sum of \$1200 to hard surface the gravel road from Route 202 to the residence of Charles D. White.
Voted to hard surface one mile of road from Route 202.

16. To see if the Town will vote to hard surface Waverley Street and Elm Street and raise and appropriate a sufficient sum of money therefor or take any action thereon.
Voted to hard surface and voted \$500 for same.

17. To see if the Town will vote to purchase a one and one-half ton dual wheel steel bodied dump truck and raise and appropriate a sufficient sum of money therefor or take any action thereon.
Article dismissed.

18. To see if the Town will vote to appropriate \$50.00 to provide for the suitable care and maintenance of Public Cemeteries within its confines, which are not otherwise provided for, as required by Chapter 55, Section 4 of the Public Statutes.
So voted.

19. To see if the Town will authorize the Selectmen to administer or dispose of any Real Estate acquired by the Town through Tax Collector's deeds.
So voted.

20. To see if the Town will vote that a discount be made to those who shall pay their property taxes within a period to be fixed and to fix the amount of such discount and limit the period.
So voted, with same rate of discount as last year.

21. To see how much money the Town will vote for the care of Parks and Playgrounds for the ensuing year.
Voted \$20.

22. To see if the Town will vote to set apart from the amount appropriated for roads and bridges the sum of \$705.80 in order to obtain from the State Highway Department the sum of \$2,823.19 to be used on repairs to Class V roads.
So voted.

23. To see if the Town will vote to install a new boiler in Town House and raise and appropriate a sum of money sufficient for same or take any action thereon.
Matter left to Selectmen.

24. To see if the Town will vote to accept the provisions of the Municipal Budget Act.
Vote: Yes—53; No—137.

26. To see how much money the Town will raise for statutory requirements and to carry the above Articles and Appropriations of the School Meeting into effect.
Voted \$34,000.

Weekly Letter by Proctor, Fish and Game Conservation Officer

For the first time in years both championships in Class A and B have gone into the north country. This for the school basketball games at Durham last week.

This past week we have received at least ten letters containing valuable information on different subjects which were unsigned. Don't be afraid to sign your name to a letter. If you don't want me to use your name say so and I won't, but in order to use your letters I must know who you are. Complaints with no name signed we pay no attention to. So sign your name.

The 4H clubs in the western states are doing a great deal in the line of Conservation of Wild life. Winter feeding of the wild birds, building and erecting bird houses for the birds and teaching the game laws. We understand that the younger generation to respect a similar movement is on for this state and under the able direction of Charles E. Wadleigh of Durham we know it will be a success.

Anti-gun bills are in the offing of the Federal Govt. House and Senate and every sportsman who wants to enjoy his free shooting will have to watch Washington.

Skeet shooters have been enjoying their favorite sport all winter. Although it's been cold the days have been warm and they are at it. Skeet has swept the country like wild fire and some of the best skeet fields are here in the East.

Nearly every Saturday and Sunday I run across a bunch of fellows out target shooting. An old sand bank is an ideal place for this sport as there is no danger of the bullets doing harm.

Heard the other day that a party from the west was thinking of starting a Dude ranch in Sharon and New Ipswich. Twenty saddle horses and all that goes with them.

Have a request for a lot of young cats. What you got?

It looks from where we sit as if someone was picking up dogs. Every day another valuable dog is missing. Over a dozen reported as lost have not been found to date. Have had reports that six dogs were found in the past week but none of them were the ones lost. No collars.

One day last week a party living on the 101 saw a car stop, put out a small longhaired dog on the ground and drive rapidly away. The dog followed the car out of sight. Just another dog dumped. The car was from out of state.

One man living in one of my towns tells me that he knows where one of his half grown cats went to. A big fox caught it right in his back yard and got away with it. They tell me that a cat is the favorite meal for an adult fox.

In answer to a letter. Yes, the owners of dogs are liable to damages done by them. The license fee is a tax and does not grant that dog or dogs any rights to run all over your garden and kill your neighbor's cats, hens or do other damage. Dogs have a right to run now but after April 1st we put the lid on and sit on it till Oct. 1st. If dogs do damage to live stock the selectmen should be notified at once. They go and view and estimate the damage. The town pays the damage and the town looks to the owners of the dogs to settle with them. If the dog owners cannot be found it comes out of the dog tax. And the schools lose that amount.

Want to buy a bob cat, a mink, a prairie dog, a young bear, some foxes or hares? I can put you next to dealers in any kind of a wild or domestic animal or bird. No charge for this service.

New England is going to the dogs. At the recent New York and Boston dog shows reports tell that more dogs were sold at these two shows than ever before at any show. All records were broken for dogs entered and the attendance at the shows broke all previous records.

According to the American Kennel club the Little Corker Spaniel is still leading all other breeds of dogs for popularity with the Boston terrier a close second. Greyhounds have made a big jump in the past month.

Believe it or not but I have 97 good trout brooks in my 19 towns and they are to be stocked in the near future. They are all open and the water is high and the roads are good so now is a good time to plant them.

All last winter I was warning people about driving their cars on to the ice just to avoid such a tragedy as happened on the big lake last week. The ice now is not safe and there should be a law to stop this after a certain date each year.

In traveling around the country we see some funny things and some not so funny. Last Sunday we saw a young lady doing her stunts with skates on a water hole just off the 101 highway. She had a gallery with her. These water holes have been used for swimming, fishing, fire purposes, but I never saw an out of state fancy skater before on one. Next.

Right now with no snow on the ground a permit to build a fire is required from the Forest Fire Warden. Last Sunday we saw at least five fires in as many of my towns. Not a one of them had a permit and did not think one was required till April 1st. The law now reads at anytime of the year unless the ground is covered with snow. Many towns and cities have rules that you cannot even burn the leaves or a small fire in your back yard. Be on the safe side, get in touch with the nearest Forest Fire Warden and get the low down.

How easy we can be mistaken. Two fellows got into an argument the other day and one wanted to bet his week's pay that a Game warden or Conservation Officer could not take money and settle a case right where the violation took place. Well it's so. We don't have to take them before a Court if the violator wants to settle then. This law has been on the books two years now. We have forms for such a case. One fellow still thinks I am kidding him.

Here is an unsigned letter from some lady asking about boys under 16 running around with a big gun. Boys and girls under 16 cannot hunt without someone over 21 years of age with a license is with them. Air Rifles and slingshots are also on the black list and we take them up if found off the owner's premises.

Have had a good many requests for information about bears. Baby bears when born weigh about six to eight ounces each. They are born naked and blind for about 40 days. When two months of age they begin to walk a little, and weigh about three pounds each. From then on they grow very fast.

In some sections the stray cat is really a menace to our wild life. Where they have been brought out for the summer and left to shift for themselves in the winter. The cats are not to blame, the owners are the ones who should be punished. We have no argument with the cat that's well kept and has a good home but the poor strays are the ones we have declared wag on.

North Branch Church Notes

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Carr of Milford visited the McIlvins recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest McClure and daughter, Mary, called on friends at the Branch recently.

Word has been received from Mrs. R. F. Hunt; she is very pleasantly situated at Palatka, Fla.

SCHOOL BOARD NOTICE

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

Philip E. Knowles
Martha L. Weston
Doris M. Parker
Bennington School Board

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Rev. Wm. McN. Kittredge, Pastor
Thursday, March 11
Prayer Meeting at 7:30 o'clock.
The topic for discussion is "The Patience of Jesus." Luke 15: 1-10.

Sunday, March 14
Morning worship at 10:45 o'clock.
The Sermon theme: "God's Fellow Workers."

Sunday School at 12 o'clock.
Wednesday, March 17
The Ladies Missionary Meeting will be held in the vestry at 3 o'clock; supper served at six, and after the supper a meeting of the canvassers for the financial and friendly visitation, will be held.

Baptist
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, March 11
Mid-week Meeting at 7:30 p. m.
Topic: "The Christian Hope." Rom. 5: 1-8

Sunday, Mar. 14
Church School at 9:45 o'clock.
Morning worship at 11. The pastor will preach on "The Way Forward."
Crusaders meet at 4 o'clock.

The Young People's Fellowship at 6 in the Baptist Parsonage. The Hancock Young People's Society is to be present, and Rev. Lloyd R. Yeagle will speak.

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.

University's Large Library
Duke university has the largest library in the Southeast, more than 250,000 volumes.

Great for Some Folks
It would be a great world if empty heads could be used as parking space for ideas.—Miami Herald.

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

Herbert Lindsay and family were recent Concord visitors.

Mrs. Gordon, who has not been out of the house in over five months is gaining. Mr. Gordon is still in the hospital.

Mr. Mrs. Fred Sheldon visited relatives in Connecticut over the week end.

Mr. Miles motored one of his neighbors to Bellows Falls on Saturday, making a short time trip.

Mrs. Daisy Ross held a silver tea at her home on Thursday for the benefit of the Woman's Club.

Mrs. M. C. Newton and Mrs. Spencer were in Manchester one day recently.

SELLING OUT

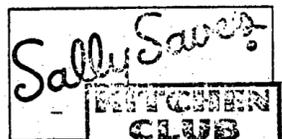
Entire Stock of The LANE SHOP

Main St., Next Door to Post Office, Antrim

At About 1/2 Price and Less

This Entire HIGH GRADE Stock of Dry Goods, Wearing Apparel, Notions and other Merchandise MUST be sold out to the BARE WALLS

Sale Opens Friday, Mar. 12, 9 a.m. Rain, Snow or Shine



Bottle-Fed Baby

Dear Club Members:
HAVE you a baby in your home? Is he a bottle-fed baby? If he is, you have no more important job than to make sure his feedings are prepared exactly as the doctor directs. I make a point of mentioning this, because I have known some young mothers who seem to think they can improve on the doctor's orders.



Bottle-fed babies must be given only pure milk which is kept constantly covered and on ice. Be sure you have a fresh quantity of milk each day. Never give the young baby milk that is a day old—even if you have some left-over from the previous day.

Make sure each feeding is heated to the proper temperature in the nursing bottle before it is given to the child. Test the temperature of the milk by putting a few drops on the back of your hand.

And here's something else of great importance: Clean baby bottles carefully and thoroughly. The ordinary milk bottle which the milkman leaves at your doorstep each morning gets 30 washings before it is sent on its way! Of course you don't have to wash baby's bottle that many times. However, this much you do have to do: As soon as baby's bottle is empty, wash it thoroughly with cold water, then cleanse it with borax and hot water, using a teaspoonful of borax to a pint of water. Place the empty bottle, after it has been washed, upside down on a shelf. The bottle should be boiled again just before filling for the next feeding.

The nipple should be thoroughly washed with hot water after each feeding. When it is not in use, keep it soaked in borax water in a covered glass; the nipple must again be rinsed in boiling water just before the baby uses it.

Sally Saved

Murder Masquerade

BY
Inez Haynes Irwin

Copyright Inez Haynes Irwin
WNU Service.

SYNOPSIS

Mary Avery, a widow who lives in the harbor town of Satuit, Mass., with two negro maids, Sarah Darbe and Beattie 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 Blaikie. 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 is visiting her for the summer. The wooded part of Mary's estate is called the Spinney. 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 the Sylvia and is unusually observant child. Caro Prentiss and Molly Eames drop in during the afternoon. Soon Blaikie, Doctor Marden and Bruce Hexson, a friend of Ace's, arrive. Molly is impatient to leave and they all excuse themselves. At the party Sylvia identifies each of the masked guests as they arrive. Ace comes garbed as Julius Caesar. Molly Eames appears as a Snow Queen, accompanied by a man in armor whom Sylvia identifies as Walter Treadway. They dance together continuously. Caro Prentiss and Marden arrive dressed in Revolutionary costumes, the doctor wearing jeweled shoe buckles. When the guests unmask, Ace, Walter and Molly have disappeared. When Mary leaves the party a little after two, neither Molly and Walter or Ace or Sylvia return. Sarah Darbe confides to Mary that someone apparently had spent the night in the Little House. Sylvia finds a shoe buckle in the Spinney and Mary drops it into a jewel box and forgets it. Sarah walks down to the Little House and returns screaming. She has found Ace Blaikie stabbed to death in the Spinney. Mary summons Patrick O'Brien, chief of police, who had been a schoolmate of hers and Ace's.

SATURDAY—Continued

Ace looked strangely beautiful and strangely dignified in death—as though his body had been carefully laid out, as indeed ultimately we learned that it had. His tunic lay straight and close about his figure. His helmet lay at his side. His tiny black velvet mask lay beside it. Suddenly I seemed to see for the first time the slit in that tunic, a slit surrounded by a rust-colored stain over the heart.

"Stabbed!" Patrick dropped tersely. He too knelt.

"Yes," Joe assented. "There it is!"

It was the weapon that had killed Ace. It was his own sword; the short sword of the Roman officer which had stuck upright on the left of his belt. The blade was unstained, smooth and shining.

A second wave of faintness came over me. As I went into it, I heard Patrick say, "Not suicide! And somebody that he trusted killed him. Whoever it was, he wiped the blade clean." As I came out of it, I saw Patrick's stern eyes examining the ground about Ace's body.

"Finger-prints!" Joe Geary suggested sternly.

Patrick drew something shining from his pocket and put it to his lips. On the blast of his whistle, the four policemen appeared at the entrance of the Spinney. "It's a murder all right," he informed them briefly. "Mike, you call the coroner! Then get Doctor Blaikie's house and tell them there what has happened. Then get the station and tell them to put a man at the crossroads. Nobody but the people who live here or deliver here are to come over to the Head until I say so. The rest of you spread about and guard this wood. Nobody is to set foot here unless I O. K. it."

I lay awake almost all night long, thinking of Ace Blaikie. . . . considering poignantly certain half-forgotten scenes which seemed, of their own volition, to drift from out of the past into my mind. . . . recalling with careful deliberation a succession of pictures of our long, vivid friendship. . . . all these the very warp and woof of my childhood and girlhood.

The period which I might describe as late babyhood provides me with no picture of Ace, although it is possible that I did see him then at Sunday school, or on the beach. Already the boys had shortened his old New England name of Asa to Ace—I little knew how appropriate that nickname was to become. I was exactly eight when I first became conscious of his existence. I remember perfectly how he looked the first time I laid observant eyes on him. The Blaikies had spent that summer in Europe. Ace was their only child and naturally their pride and joy. Well, he might be that! There was no period in his life when, whatever the occasion, he wasn't the most handsome male creature present, the most striking and debonair.

It was typical of Ace that not only did he appear the first day of school wearing a Scottish costume which his mother had bought in Edinburgh—it was typical of him that he carried it off with distinction and complete unconsciousness.

I suppose that every other girl in the class fell dead in love with Ace that day. I did not however. Already—yes, even then, Mark Avery and I were meeting at the cross-roads to go to school together. Ace broke hearts left and right in his cocksure pilgrimage through life. I am glad he did not break mine. He never caused me even a suspicion of heartache.

I saw more and more of Ace however. We became great friends. He always entertained and interested me. He was fascinating.

Ace, Patrick O'Brien and I were the leading spirits in our class. Patrick, as I have said, beat me in the race for scholarship and was graduated at the head. However, although he was salutatorian, I was valedictorian. Ace never studied. He was never in danger of reaching the head of the class, but not once did he fall below the middle. How he remained so far above it was a miracle. He had a good mind, an instant and retentive memory. Anything he could read in fifteen minutes before class opened, he could remember. The rest was a winning audacity and a charming impudence. He was beyond discipline. Yet the teachers all adored him.

Ace might have gone far, but he was not ambitious. Except for his one splendid adventure, all he wanted out of life was easy money for lavish entertaining.

The Blaikies had always been important people in Plymouth county. Their house is without doubt the most beautiful in Satuit. The gardens are the pride of the countryside.

Inside are gathered the inherited family treasure, in furniture, pictures, books, of nearly two centuries.

The Blaikies had always had money and very soon Ace began to entertain. At first, it was children's parties—candy-pulls and the like; later it was dances and plenty of them.

Ace went to Harvard. Harvard was a tradition in the Blaikie family. He went to Harvard Medical. Instead of finishing off in Germany, as most doctors did in those days, he chose to study in Paris. He was there when the World War broke. In the autumn he joined the Foreign Legion. He was wound-



Bruce Rented the Camp From Ace.

ed that winter; when he recovered, he volunteered for aviation. He flew with the French army, until we entered the war. Then he joined our army. He became an ace—strange how life fulfilled the prophecy of his nickname! He had five enemy planes on his record. He believed, himself, that he had brought down two or three more; but that, he could not prove. When he came back from France, the town gave him a party—no one in Satuit missed it. We asked him to come in uniform wearing all his decorations—the French and Belgian Croix de Guerre, the Médaille Militaire, the Legion d'Honneur and the D.S.C. I thought him, that night, the handsomest male creature I ever laid eyes on.

Then Ace settled down to a practice in Satuit. Of course he could not make money in so small a place, but instantly he became a great success. Personality helped here, his own tremendous strength, his robust vitality. For with Ace's entrance to a sick-room came a gust of health-giving air. But perhaps his greatest asset was that sympathy with the sick, the old, the weary and the discouraged. It even helped that he liked girl-babies so much. However fathers felt, mothers always knew an infinite pride when they pleased Doctor Blaikie by bringing forth a girl.

But for other reasons, the countryside adored Ace. One was his reckless generosity. Anybody who wanted to sell tickets, or to get up a fund for charitable purposes made a bee-line for Ace.

Nothing illustrates Ace more perfectly than the story of his treatment of Tom Boylan. Tom was the

village drunk. Ace was always having to take care of him, free of course—Tom had no money—for alcoholism. Once he brought Tom through delirium tremens. Yet when Tom got well, Ace always gave him his first drink—after Tom had begged long enough for it.

And yet. . . . And yet. . . . Something had happened to Ace—I don't mean to his body. Something had happened to his soul.

In the meantime, I had married Mark Avery. I used to talk Ace over with him. My husband, who was a nerve specialist like Doctor Geary, with an office in Boston, had served as a physician in the World War. He had great wisdom. He said to me once, "Mary, the strange thing about war is that it frequently ruins good men and rehabilitates bad ones. Men are returning to this country on every transport, who, if they had not been caught at the right moment by the discipline of an army, would have spent most of their lives in jail. On the other hand, war frequently ruins able men—its rigid discipline, its inherent immorality."

War must have been bad medicine for Ace. It must have unloosed something in him that he had always held in abeyance before.

At any rate, from the time he came back, he seemed to me to disintegrate. Not physically! To the very end, he kept his magnificent body in condition. He was always inheriting money. Yet no matter how much company filled the huge Blaikie house, Ace was always leaving on sudden calls. How often when I have been there, he has returned with a weary but triumphant, "A big eleven-pound boy!" or "A nice little girl!" Once—and this was the apex of his medical pride—"Girl twins!"

The countryside always surged with gossip about Ace. He was, had always been, would always be a terrific—I use the word of my generation—firt. I will not say that he desired all women, but I will say that any pretty woman seemed to serve as a challenge to him. Why, when Mark first began regularly to specialize on me, Ace looked upon that as a challenge! I laughed his tentative wooing out of existence. Along with this tremendous susceptibility, let me call it—although it wasn't exactly that—came an equally tremendous fickleness. As I have hinted, to see a pretty woman meant, at once, on Ace's part, a desire to conquer her; and to conquer her was, at once, to begin to tire of her. Rumors of his conquests, both at home and abroad, choked our tea-talk. For the last few years, other rumors had spread—reports of his patrimony and his various inheritances; that each year increasingly, he spent more than he earned.

And then occurred the strange complication to which I have already twice referred. Molly Eames came back from a year in Europe the most beautiful girl that Satuit had ever produced. In three months she was engaged to Walter Treadway, Ace's secretary. It seemed to everybody that they were passionately in love and yet after six months Molly broke her engagement to Walter. Six months later, she became engaged to Ace.

No one of us who had known Ace, no one of us who loved Molly, felt happy over this turn of events. But one thing Ace brought to us from the war which meant more to Satuit as a whole than all his decorations—and that was his friend, Bruce Hexson.

Bruce Hexson was a lawyer. He was in Paris when the war broke and volunteered immediately to drive an ambulance for the French army. He met Ace in the hospital. When we entered the war he volunteered for aviation. The two men served in the same squadron. Long before the Armistice, they had become inseparable pals. Bruce, too, was a man of private fortune. He lived in Pennsylvania. He came regularly every summer to Satuit and visited Ace for two months at a time.

And then suddenly an unexpected thing happened to him. To use the old pat phrase—Bruce "got" religion; but not somehow in the usual sense. Ace always avoided talking about his friend's spiritual seizure, but he told me once that he attributed Bruce's frenzy to the long strain of the war. "If he had been wounded once," he said to me, "it would have been better for him. Aviators often went haywire. The officers watched us like doctors. The instant any one of us showed the first sign of psychological strain, they gave him a long leave in Paris. If a man were slightly wounded, the change to the hospital helped. Bruce never got a pip; he never showed any signs of nerve breakage. That's my explanation."

Whatever the reason, the result was definite and permanent. Bruce Hexson's whole life changed. He came to Satuit every year. But now for the whole summer. He did not, as formerly, live with Ace. Ace owned a little camp on the Indian river. Like everything Ace touched, it was charming and touched. Bruce rented the camp from Ace—lived there with his two colored servants, Adah Silverston and Berry Vals.

Bruce Hexson had become a social fixture in summer Satuit. Nowadays he never came to our parties, but always, broodingly tender, we felt him there.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

what Irvin Cobb thinks about:

Privacy for the Windsors.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—"In order to live quietly and escape as much public attention as possible—" I'm quoting the dispatch—"the duke of Windsor and Mrs. Simpson, following their marriage, will seek a secluded residence in the United States."

The idea is not new. Hoping to kill Stanford White in some very remote secret nook, Harry Thaw picked out a New York roof garden on the first night of a big musical comedy. And only lately one of our movie queens, striving to get away from it all, put on all her portable jewelry and went to the Broadway preview of one of those colossal, titanic, gigantic, mastodontic superscreen epics, only to come forth complaining that one could never flee to the most private of hiding places without being annoyed by crowds.

So America is certainly the right place for the newlyweds' honeymoon—where nobody will stare at them, or follow them, or yell at them or ask for autographs or photographs or interviews or try to tear their clothes off for souvenirs.

Why, just off-hand, I can think of fully three spots where famous folks may enjoy such immunity—Mount McKinley in the winter, Death Valley in the summer and Alcatraz island all the year round.

Giving Up Earl Browder. FOR years it has been my regular custom to give up something during Lent. Last year I gave up boiled turnips—I never eat boiled turnips, anyhow—and jokes about Mae West.

The year before, I gave up "Anthony Adverse" (at page 2,749) and nearly all Little Theater movements. The year before I gave up Upton Sinclair as my spiritual guide in matters political.

For this year I decided to give up Mr. Earl Browder. I don't quarrel with his sincerity. He happens, though, to be the outstanding exponent in America of the communist movement, which has done so much for human happiness and human progress in the countries that tried it, such as Russia.

Victory Dinners. WHO says New Dealers aren't smart business men? That \$100 victory dinner means a clear profit of \$94.70, figuring the food at \$5 a head and the combined speeches at 30 cents, which, even if they average up to most after-dinner speeches, is indeed a high valuation.

Back in Andy Jackson's day you could pay off a campaign deficit with hoop-poles and quon peltis. And in Thomas Jefferson's time the strongest pack mule in Virginia couldn't tote \$100 worth of vittles. So, naturally Jeffersonian simplicity and Jacksonian thrift will be extolled.

Presumably the Republicans will follow suit with a nonvictory dinner or donation shower for John Hamilton's hope chest. Needy guests will wear Liberty Leaguers' old clothes, while the idea of having Canada annex Maine and Vermont will be strongly opposed.

Congressman Ham Fish will speak—such being his habit—unless, for economy's sake, they switch his name around hind part before and serve him as two courses.

Signs of Spring. OUT here the first sign of spring is not the birds coming back. Mainly, our birds don't fit away. They go mute awhile, being practically the only residents that even temporarily refrain from bragging about the climate, or, in case of a cold snap, explaining that this is very unusual.

With us the herald of spring is the surf-bather—that hardy adventurer who plunges in and comes forth as blue as an Easter egg and as deflated-looking as a toy balloon on the morning after circus day. Because the Pacific is never what you'd call a real cozy ocean and especially it isn't following a chill-some winter.

We make fun of the bathing suits our mothers wore. But middle-aged persons of both sexes sporting on the beach in the modern skimpiest present a morbid, not to say gruesome, spectacle, except to students of the adult human leg, including the slabby-shanked, the full-calfed, the bowed, the double-jointed, the buckled, the knock-kneed, the spavined, the ankle-sprung, the heavy-hooked, the varicose-veined, the fur-bearing, etc., etc.

Sometimes a fellow gets to thinking that right young babies and raw oysters are almost the only things that should ever be exhibited on the half-shell.

IRVIN S. COBB
©—WNU Service.

Well-Dressed at Little Cost



IT WAS some job, Ladies of The Sewing Circle, to get these three lovelies together to pose for the camera this week.

They're under the strict tutelage of Dame Fashion just now, learning the latest lessons on how to be well turned out this Spring without benefit of a private mint. You can understand, then, why the co-ed above, center, sort of jumped the gun, so to speak, and was already on her way when the camera clicked.

A Frock That Clicks.

Speaking of things clicking, don't think that new princess gown she's wearing isn't doing it in a big way. Can't you see from where you're sitting that it is simple to sew besides being a figure-flatterer of the first order? The buttons half way and a neat little collar in contrast are all its lively lines need to complete the perfect balance—chic vs. simplicity. Take a tip from this stylish student and figure it out for yourself in cashmere or velveteen. The style is 1202 and it can be had in sizes 12-20 (30-38). Size 14 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39 inch material plus 1/2 yard contrasting.

Go Print for Spring.

The charming young lady above, left, has chosen to model a very dainty and rather picturesque little frock for she believes you'll be interested in this style as a fitting gesture to Springtime. Especially in a modern print, featuring, say, pussycats or deep-sea flowers, would this frock be tempting. The skirt is bias-cut for artistic reasons, and the circles of contrast aid and abet its gracefulness. Let yourself go print then, come Spring. Style 1257 is designed in sizes 12-20 (30-40 bust). Size 14 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39 inch material. Eleven yards of bias binding is required for trimming as pictured.

Gay House or Street Frock.

Lest you begin to think every day is Sunday for our starrng trio, the trim-looking young lady above, right, wants you to concentrate now on her new gingham gown. Not an ordinary bread-and-butter cotton version, but a beautifully cut, carefully planned dress for general service. The linked button front is enough to give it first place on your Spring sewing list if Sew-Your-Own designers know their clients as well as they think. However, there's more to recommend it: a young becoming collar, a simple yoke-and-sleeve-in-one construction, and a slender action-built skirt. Put them all together they spell CHIC—that little word with a vast meaning. Style 1287 is for sizes 34-42. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 35 inch material plus 1 1/2 yards contrasting.

New Pattern Book.

Send for the Barbara Bell Spring and Summer Pattern Book. Make yourself attractive, practical and becoming clothes.

Foreign Words and Phrases

Pro patria. (L.) For native land.
Sui generis. (L.) Forming a kind by itself; unique.
A propos de bottles. (F.) Apropos of nothing, by the way, to change the subject.
Mala fide. (L.) In bad faith.
Fis aller. (F.) Last shift; end of resources; a last resource.
Sesquipedalia verba. (L.) Words a foot and a half long.
Modus vivendi. (L.) A method of living; a compromise agreement between two or more disputants, to secure at least temporary harmony.
A Roma por todo. (Sp.) And to Rome for everything.
Tandem vitae. (L.) Weariness of life.

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 (in coins) today for your copy.

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

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USE ONLY GENUINE
O-CEDAR POLISH.
RESTORES LUSTRE
QUICKLY AND EASILY
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DON'T ACCEPT
SUBSTITUTES!

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POLISH - MOPS - WAX

Cultivate Thought
Cultivate thought, for you have to be alone with it so many times.

STOP NIGHT COUGHING AND THROAT TICKLE. Get a good night's sleep. A sip of Kemp's Balsam soothes tender membranes. . . . Inhalation dispenses.

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A pleasant, quiet, refined hotel home, spacious rooms, good food
ROOM AND PRIVATE BATH
\$2.50 SINGLE \$3.50 DOUBLE
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WOODSTOCK
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Under Knott Management

That's Greatness
Grand ideas grandly realized constitute greatness.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.

Symptoms may be nagging headache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, swelling up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning, starchy or too frequent urination.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wise then needed. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

Hugh Bradley Says

Training Camps of Other Seasons Leave Memories

TRAINING camp memories: The small town Chamber of Commerce orator whose ears probably are burning still. Because—at a dinner given in honor of the Giants—be referred to their manager as "the man very properly known to all the world as Muggsy." . . . The second, and even better, outburst several training seasons later. When John McGraw discovered that a former star, now no longer with the club, had inspired the orator to use the hated name. The year when Shanty Hogan reported thirty or forty pounds overweight and immediately was sentenced to hard labor and a diet containing no starchy foods. The Irish eloquence which Shanty used to persuade waitresses to bring him large orders of mashed potatoes and mark it on the check—always inspected by McGraw—as "Spinach."

Playing golf with Eddie Brannick. Wondering how a guy who could not putt and who continually drove in the rough whenever he managed to get the ball off the tee was managing to get pars on those far-flung San Antonio courses. The belated discovery that the tall grass was the Giants' secretary's best friend. Whenever he got into it he picked up the ball, wound up and hurled it onto the green. . . . Listening to Hughie Greig tell about the annual spring floods in his native Mississippi. And about the cabin which came floating by on the crest of the waters one day. While inside the cabin a screechy phonograph kept playing "River, Stay Away From My Door."

Babe Ruth's courteous co-operation with the press during a long series of one-day stands while the Yankees were knocking off the minor league teams of Texas and Oklahoma. The Yankees were world champions then, as now, but the Babe was the real attraction. After a day or two of monotonous, long dragged out, one-sided victories the reporters whispered to him. Promptly thereafter at the end of the seventh inning Ruth started signing autographs for fans who had overflowed the outfield. Naturally that brought the rest of the fans out of the grand stand on the run. Just as naturally it broke up the ball game and assured practically everybody, save the Babe and the fans, an early dinner.

The year when, with several training weeks left, a Baltimore paper ordered me to come home and cover the races. The discovery, after a thirty-six hour train trip, that the paper had changed ownership overnight. And that I had to take the next train back to the Orioles. . . . A talk late one night of that same spring with a native who jumped in front of a small Carolina town pool room. Wondering how the fellow, who otherwise looked, talked and acted like a hundred thousand other Crackers seen that spring, knew so many intimate things about baseball. The quite accidental discovery that this was Shoeless Joe Jackson, who only recently had been retired from organized baseball.

Early evening in St. Augustine when even the ancient ladies who inhabited the Ponce De Leon, the Alcazar and other Brahmin hotels abandoned their knitting. To come to the windows and listen for hours. While Bill Terry, Freddy Lindstrom, Jocko Conlon and a flock of others serenaded the town with close harmony. . . . Or Eckhardt's genuine anguish when a storm hit Clearwater and he had to sit in the comfortable hotel. Wondering what was happening to the great dog, which he loved and which he had been forced to tie up in the flimsy Dodgers' clubhouse.

A before breakfast glimpse of a thick-chested youngster in the earnest midst of trying to persuade a hotel clerk that in spite of his stubbled beard and wrinkled clothes he belonged in the Cardinals' training quarters. The breakfast discovery that the youngster had lost his travel money and had ridden the rods on trains to get to camp on time. The belief, voiced in conjunction with several other early risers that, at some not very distant day, the National league was going to be very proud of this determined youngster. Seeing Pepper Martin play, for the first time, several hours later and being sure of it. . . . The—but this is another year.

NOT IN THE BOX SCORE: NEIGHBORS insist that Bill McKechnie is tired of managing the Boston Bees and would like to be elected tax collector in Wilkesburg, Pa. BILL, by the way, ran for the job years ago and missed. . . . Joe Louis' best baseball hero is Gerald Walker, Mississippi's delegate to the Detroit Tigers. . . . Eddie Mayo, the infielder traded to Boston by the Giants last fall, runs a milk route in his Clifton, N. J., home town. . . . One of the best three-game scores ever turned in by any bowler anywhere was achieved by Frankie Ratchford, a Lackawanna railroad blacksmith, two years ago. He totaled 854 pins.

Walter E. O'Hara, head man at the place, shortly will announce that henceforth all unclaimed wages at Narragansett Park will be turned over to charity. That is contrary to the custom at most tracks, where charity begins, and ends, in dividends or namings. . . . In spite of strong rumors that Branch Rickey is the heir apparent to Judge Landis' \$50,000 throne, friends of the Cardinal V. P. insist that he would spurn the job. They do say, though, he is mighty anxious to grab that Brooklyn club. But please don't write in to say that recent trades make it look like he already has it—as a St. Louis farm.

Six North Carolina State football players are reported by the Washington and Lee student paper to have gone on strike because they were not sufficiently remunerated for their gridiron services. George Engle, who managed Frank Klaus and Harry Greb to middleweight championships, is writing a book of entertaining boxing reminiscences for a Pittsburgh paper.

Bun Cook, who started the season as regular left wing for Boston, was demoted in a recent shakeup of the Bruin forwards. He became the fifteenth, or odd, man. Anyhow, Art Ross, who is planning to convert Defense Man Flash Hollet into a forward, will not farm Bun to Providence. Just doesn't believe the former Ranger would have much interest in performing in the minors. . . . Joe Minsavage, Syracuse end who will be graduated in June, recently had an operation performed on a gridiron-damaged nose. The result is that a Grecian semihalf has replaced his well-known semi-flattened schnozzola. . . . Jockey Wayne Wright is a soupaw, which probably accounts for a lot of things. . . . While seeking a replacement for Roy Woters at goal Red Dutton would make no mistake in peeping at Mike Brimsek of the Pittsburgh amateur hockey Yellow Jackets.

Jim Braddock No Longer Utters Canned Speeches

Jim Braddock no longer utters canned speeches. The heavyweight champion's manager finally has let the big fellow be himself, and his after-dinner speeches now are rated with the best.

That scrimmage which threatened to develop into a fierce war for control of turf-sheet and racing wire privileges has been settled to the satisfaction of all belligerents. The long-reigning group still is in control and the ambitious rivals are in no danger of starving. . . . Mickey Walker, his brother Joe, and John Hall staged a swell show for the Red Cross in the Elizabeth, N. J., armory. Another occasion when a home-town boy made good. . . . John McGraw had a standing offer of \$500 to any Giant who could get Moose McCormick, greatest of pinch-hitters and now a successful insurance man, to take a drink.

Sueo Ohe, the Japanese pole vaulter, uses a pole only 12½ feet long to vault 14 feet 3 inches. But before taking off he measures the distance with a 15-foot pole. . . . Earl Meadows, the Olympic pole-vault champion, flutters his wrists in the concert-pianist manner a few times before his own takeoffs. Does it to stimulate his blood and strengthen his wrists, he says. . . . Vic Ripley, a wiry 155-pounder when he left the Rangers three years ago, now totes 182 pounds around with him on the New Haven ice. . . . Charlie Muldaur, former Princeton quarterback and baseball captain, is doing a swell job for a sports magazine.

Athletes perturbed over after-dinner speeches or literary diatribes should be pleased to note that the N. Y. classified telephone directory lists two firms under the heading "Ghost Writers." . . . The first game the Giants lose during the coming season will be number 3,000 for them. They have won 3,922 and thus have an average of .567 since entering the league in 1883. . . . The way to tell whether hockey players really are in earnest during those ice fights is to note whether they take off their gloves. You can't form a proper fist with the gloves on. . . . Now if anybody could find some accurate way of proving when prizefighters are bearing down everything would be o.k.

Bill McKechnie, Bee manager, and Lena Blackburne, A's coach, are the only two survivors of the old Federal league in the majors today. . . . St. Mary's college financial statement for 1936 is said to have included this notation: Baseball expenses, \$2.65.

MODERN COOKING IS VERY SIMPLE

Sauces Important to Dress Up Plain Cookery.

By EDITH M. BARBER.
"LIFE is so much more complicated today"—is a sentence appearing quite regularly in the journals of our period. In many respects this is, of course, the case but in the realm of housekeeping and especially cooking the reverse is the case. We are simplifying our menus and the dishes which make them up.

This simplification applies to recipes as far as title and methods are concerned. Even restaurant menus unless they are prepared by exponents of French cookery, are written in words which describe more or less nearly the dishes listed. There are a few French terms, however, that have been widely adopted and which we find in recipe books and on menus. There is "saute," for instance, which means fried in a small amount of fat in contrast to deep fat frying. There is "au gratin" which literally translated means "with browned crumbs" but which is used in not only this sense but also describes dishes dressed with cheese. Vegetables dressed with browned crumbs are usually known by this term, but we would feel cheated if cheese were omitted from the famous "potatoes au gratin" when we order them.

Other well-known dishes retain their original names which sometimes refer to a place, sometimes to a chef, and sometimes to a personage who has either originated the recipe or for whom it has been named. An example of the latter is "Melba" toast, that thin oven-made toast, which takes its name from the famous singer who ordered her toast made in this fashion in hotels all over the world. Melba gave her name to Peach Melba that combination of ice cream, fresh or canned peaches, and fresh raspberry sauce. There is Chicken a la King which takes its name from a resident of New York state who showed the chefs of his favorite restaurants how to prepare chicken in this style. Perhaps this is the reason that dishes called by this name are so different at one restaurant and at another. The genuine must have a rich cream sauce, the chicken must be cut in large pieces, there must be mushrooms in it and either green peppers, pimiento or both, and there may be sherry flavoring. Another popular dish with a special name is Lobster a la Newburg, which has that very rich sauce made from cream and egg yolks, always flavored with sherry. I am afraid I cannot tell you the origin of its name. Other sea foods served with this sauce take the same name. With these dishes "a la"—"According to" is used or understood.

Many dishes take their names from the character of the sauce—Hollandaise, that combination of egg yolk, butter and lemon juice and nothing else, is occasionally translated literally as foundation of white sauce to which are added minced cooked mushrooms, and egg yolks. Sauce Espagnole, Spanish, is merely a brown sauce well seasoned. The sauce which is called by the elaborate name of Butter Maitre d'Hotel is merely melted butter flavored with lemon juice. There are any number of sauces used with poached eggs which indicate by their names the flavor of the sauce. The foundation of most of these is a white sauce. Combined with grated cheese the sauce becomes Mornay, with minced cooked onions Soubise, with spinach—Florentine.

Spanish Sauce.
2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon chopped onion
¼ cup chopped green peppers
3 slices broiled bacon
2 tablespoons sliced mushrooms
2 cups tomatoes
½ teaspoon salt
Paprika
Cook the onion and peppers in the butter until light brown. Add the bacon, cut in small pieces, and the other ingredients. Cook fifteen minutes and serve around a French omelet. The mushrooms may be omitted and capers or olives used. Bacon fat may be used instead of butter.

Baked Eggs with Spinach
Into each greased individual "au gratin" dish put one tablespoon of chopped spinach. Cover the eggs with white sauce, into each cup of which has been stirred one-half cup of grated Parmesan cheese.

Corn Griddle Cakes.
½ cup cornmeal
½ cup boiling water
1¼ cups milk
1 egg
2 cups flour
¼ cup sugar
1½ teaspoons salt
4¼ teaspoons baking powder
4 tablespoons melted shortening
Add the meal to the boiling water and boil five minutes. Add the milk mixed with the beaten egg, the remaining dry ingredients mixed and sifted and the melted shortening. Bake on both sides on a hot griddle.

Fruit Juice Combination.
1 cup orange juice
1 cup pineapple juice
¼ cup lemon juice
Ice
Mix fruit juices, pour over ice and serve.

Household Hints

By BETTY WELLS

"NOT as a precious gift. . . you couldn't have given me this house if I'd only known the catch to it," Adelaide was adamant. . . . and furious. "Not if I'd had the remotest idea of how many miles of curtains I'd have to make. Well, count them yourself, if you have your doubts."

We found Adelaide simply engulfed in a cloud of ecru nixon. She'd just finished putting up curtains at the thirteen windows in the living room and dining room. Now she was starting those for the bedrooms. It was a house she and her husband had just bought in high enthusiasm as the most perfect house in the world and everything they'd ever dreamed of. Now Adelaide was ready to give the whole business away. And we didn't much blame her because she had been too ambitious about the headings. She was basting on buckram headings, then pinch pleating them and, of course, they looked very smart at the windows. But when the time came to clean them, there would be a problem. Obviously it would be too expensively impractical to send all those curtains to the laun-



Making Miles of Curtains.

dry every time they got dirty. On the other hand, to wash them herself would involve taking off the buckram and then putting it on again and setting all those pleats again. What a job for windows to the number of thirteen plus. "But what can I do now?" wailed Adelaide. "And I'd like some kind of a finish at the top other than just a rod through a hem." There is a buckram with snaps that is a little simpler to negotiate, but that too would involve ripping it off and rebasting it at each washing, which is too much work where there are so many windows. We told her we'd have a simple wood-moulding cornice made for each window. Then have an ordinary rod under it with the rod run through the curtain in the usual way. This will dress up the top of the curtain, yet actually it will be quick and easy to take the curtains down and put them up again for rehauling after washing.

About Shawls.
Shades of Shawls . . . how very lady-like we'd feel with a Paisley around our shoulders! The reason those lovely Paisley designs have endured even after the shawls themselves went out of fashion is that the colorings and patterns are so infinitely suitable in so many combinations. Like Oriental rugs, they fit in most anywhere because the delicate intricacy of the designs gives them the effect of fine brocades, and their colorings, although brilliant, have the quality of taking on something of the tone of another color they may be used with.

Napoleon, Queen Victoria and thrifty Scottish weavers have made the history of the Paisley in the western world. The shawls came from the East like so many of our



How very ladylike we'd feel with a Paisley around our shoulders.

decorative arts. Napoleon's soldiers brought some of them back from their Egyptian campaign, and Paris went wild over them. English officers in India came home laden with them among their treasures, and Queen Victoria adored them. But these original cashmere shawls from the East were very expensive, often as much as ten thousand dollars! No wonder only queens and empresses could afford them until a canny Scottish weaver of the town of Paisley developed in the early part of the Nineteenth century a woven copy that was beautiful yet sold for only a hundred dollars. For fifty years Paisleys, as they were called from then on, were the rage in Europe and America and no lady of fashion felt dressed without one. Even to this day we love the designs and use them for everything from blouses and bedspreads to oil cloth—yes indeed!

Experiences of Life—

Their Significant Interest and Some Ways to Meet Them

By Lydia Le Baron Walker.
THE journey through life is filled with experiences from the time we are born to the day we die. Without them life would be dull and uninteresting. The more experiences are crowded into our lives the fuller and more interesting they become.

development would be retarded. There is no age limit to the series of experiences.

Learning by Experience.
The benefits of our life experiences come through our way of taking them, and on our wisdom of decisions when these require our consideration. If we think of ourselves only we become selfish, hard, and difficult. If we decide with a larger vision of results, and of the best good to others as well as to ourselves, we become fine and strong characters. By the exercise of good judgment and by making the best of things we learn to develop well by experiences.



A Child Is Puzzled Over Some of Her Experiences and Believes Mother Is Free From Such Things.

tous proportions with matters at stake that may be disastrous, should things turn out differently from our wishes, the mind is too excited or too much engrossed with results to grasp anything but the immediate moment.

Reviewing Experiences.
However, on looking back over the past, we discover what thrilling times we went through, and how the experiences stand out as dramatic and of significant interest. Often we find ludicrous features entered into the experience but we had no eyes to see them at the time. We can laugh over them and actually enjoy the remembrances of what were breath-taking events when they happened.

No Age Limit.
Since life is so full of experiences some of which turn out felicitously, and others not so satisfactorily, there must be a good reason for our having to go through the events. I remember when I was a little girl and there was something which, to me, seemed very important to decide rightly, how I envied grown-ups. They always knew just what to do! The fallacy of this assumption we all know, but we do not all appreciate how dull life would be if it were true, and how de-

Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

1. What Revolutionary leader was known as the "swamp fox"?
2. What is meant by "high German"?
3. To what do "great primer" and "long primer" refer?
4. In what state was Abraham Lincoln born?
5. In geography, what is meant by a march?
6. What two great mountain systems traverse the United States?
7. By what church official is a mitre worn?
8. What mountains separate Europe from Asia?
9. What is meant by a "modicum"?
10. In what ocean is the island of St. Helena?
11. What is a "capper"?
12. What are the Vedas?

- Answers**
1. Francis Marion.
 2. The language of Germany as distinguished from that of the Netherlands, etc.
 3. Sizes of type.
 4. Kentucky.
 5. A boundary or the territory adjacent.
 6. The Appalachians in the East and the Rocky in the West.
 7. A bishop.
 8. The Ural mountains.
 9. A small account.
 10. The Atlantic.
 11. A decoy at gambling games.
 12. Sacred writings of the Hindus.

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UP THE LADDER

By R. H. WILKINSON
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MARIEL HARDWICK would one day be famous. All her friends knew it. They told Mariel so quite openly. And she agreed with them. Mariel didn't believe in false modesty. Her drawings were good and she knew it.

She had risen from the ranks and she felt there was a lot of credit due her.

The top was still a long way off, but she could see it rising above the horizon, and she felt satisfied that one day in the not too distant future she'd reach it. It was a comforting thought.

Other girls in Mariel's circle of friends, many of them older than she, were still wallowing in the muck of oblivion.

There was Carola Andrews, for example. Carola was Mariel's closest friend. Mariel felt more sorry for her than for all the others. For Carola had ambitions. Or did have, once. She had wanted to be a violinist. But after high school she'd given it up. Said she'd merely taken up music because it was her folks' wishes anyhow. Sour grapes. Pride. She'd had her chance and thrown it away. Hadn't been willing to sacrifice anything for the future. And now—Mariel sighed again—now where was Carola? Working in a politician's office in Washington. A stenographer or something. Poor Carola.

Mariel smoothed out a clean sheet of paper and picked up her pen. She must write to Carola.

It had been almost six months now since the last letter, three years since Carola had gone to Washington.

The girls had kept up a scant correspondence, but Mariel knew or suspected that Carola had never got over the last hour they had had together.

"You shouldn't be doing this, darling," Mariel had said. "You have talent. Through music you can make your bid to fame. It's worth sacrificing something for."

But Carola had only smiled and gone off smiling, with a look in her eyes that Mariel had misinterpreted.

Carola had gone and Mariel had stuck to her earliest ambitions. She had continued to draw cartoons and submit them to editors. And at last had come first success.

A newspaper syndicate bought a drawing. Later they bought more, and still later she signed a contract with the same syndicate to do a scheduled series.

Now she had an office of her own, and was relishing her reward.

She was famous among her friends; sometimes she would be famous to the world. And poor Carola, who had quit in favor of a \$30 a week office job was "somewhere in Washington."

Mariel chewed the end of her pen. An idea flashed across her mind. Some day she was going to be famous.

Some day her letters, the little informal, personal notes such as she wrote to Carola, would be famous too. They would be in demand. The public would crave them. And those people to whom they were written would snore in that fame. It would be said of them that they had been, and perhaps were now, close friends of the great and famous Mariel Hardwick. They would be shadowed only by the great Miss Hardwick.

This thought was stimulating. Mariel smiled to herself, and flushed with the pleasure of it.

It would be kind, she thought, kind and generous to write more often to Carola, to say things that the public would one day want to read, to assure Carola of her fondness for her.

When later the letters were exploited for the benefit of the public, it would realize what a loyal, devoted, magnanimous friend she had been. It would add to her popularity.

Mariel dipped her pen. "Darling Carola," she wrote. "It has been so long since your last letter came. I think of you often, and of the jolly times we used to have together. We were such good friends. Perhaps you have heard of my slight success; Millie mentioned that she had written to you about it. Please don't feel for a single minute that I think any less of you or feel superior in any way whatever because of it. I am just the same, darling, and always will be to you. Success has meant nothing save the realization of an ambition, and even though further fame should reward my efforts, I shall continue in my present role.

"I know that it must be terribly monotonous and boring for you, cooped up in a stuffy office down there in Washington during this hot weather. I do wish you could come up for a week-end. We could go to the country together and—"

A knock sounded on Mariel's door and she stopped writing. "Come in," she said. The door opened, and a young

man, wearing a slouch hat and a smart sport suit, entered. He looked around curiously.

"Are you Mariel Hardwick?" "Yes," said Mariel. "Well, I'm from the National Weekly Journal—"

"Oh!" said Mariel. Her cheeks glowed. "Do sit down." "Thanks." The young man sat down and produced a pad and pencil.

"It's an interview, then?" Mariel cried. "Well, yes," said the young man. "In a way. Do you know Carola Andrews?"

"Carola Andrews? Why—yes. Why? Has she—done something?" "I'll say she has! She's running for congress! And she'll be elected, too!"

"What?" said Mariel. "Miss Hardwick, we've learned that you and Miss Andrews used to be pretty good friends, used to correspond. We want those letters she wrote you. Human interest stuff, you know. We're willing to pay for them."

"What?" said Mariel. "Miss Hardwick, that childhood friend of yours is today one of the most famous women in America. Next month, after the publication of our article, she'll be the most famous, barring none. I tell you she's a wonder. She's risen from the ranks. She has the respect and admiration of every right-thinking American. She had the rare combination of being capable and beautiful and charming all at once. She's a born diplomat. Her present success is the result of her earliest ambitions. Right now she's one rung from the top, and we're going to put her over. You're lucky to have been a friend of Carola Andrews, Miss Hardwick. You should feel proud."

"What—what?" said Mariel. "It's your chance to bid for fame. Whatever you're aiming at, no matter what you'll get there quicker when it becomes known you were a childhood friend of Miss Andrews. You'll be carried along on the wave of her popularity. Miss Hardwick," said the young man earnestly, "we want those letters that Miss Andrews wrote you and we want 'em bad. We need 'em, because she's so hard to get human interest stuff from a personal interview. I'll make you famous, Miss Hardwick. Will you sell 'em to us?"

"I'll give 'em to you," said Mariel.

Open Sesame for Goats
Chamois goats introduced to New Zealand some thirty to forty years ago have become such a pest and threat to farmers that the government has lifted its protection.

Miss Eppa

By PHYLLIS M. GALLAGHER
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

MISS EPPA held fourteen pins between her teeth. This did not interfere with her conversation with Mrs. Humbolt, on whose expansive hips she was fitting a skirt, for Miss Eppa could talk no matter what she was doing.

"Elsie Murphy brought me fifteen yards of white lace yesterday." Miss Eppa's colorless lips pressed on the pins and her pale eyes lifted to Mrs. Humbolt's passive face. "Guess she'll marry Tyree after all!"

"You mean Warren Phelps, don't you?" Miss Eppa bristled. "I mean Donald Tyree! I saw 'em at the hedge last night!" She nodded toward the window to designate which hedge.

"She kissed him! Then she ran down the road a-kickin' up dust!... all happy and hussy-like! But he didn't follow her, you can bet! No sir! Not that one! But if it's Warren Phelps she's marrying. Of course, Mrs. Humbolt, when you go to Mrs. Phelps' canning bee this afternoon, don't mention nothing... Warren being her son..."

"Of course... not!" But Miss Eppa knew by the positive "not" that Mrs. Humbolt would tell Mrs. Gavy and when Mrs. Gavy knew a thing, well... just about all Gerington would know!

Mrs. Humbolt's skirt was finished and on the ironing board when Miss Eppa heard two short rings and one long. That was Mrs. Waverley's call. She glanced swiftly at the clock over the pince-nez, for Miss Eppa was near-sighted, and clucked her tongue against her teeth. It was a satisfying sound for her teeth were false and a little loose. That ring, at four-thirty, meant that Mrs. Gavy was home from the canning bee.

Miss Eppa skipped across the room to the telephone, for she was brisk now in her new excitement, and softly lifted the receiver from the hook. Mrs. Gavy was telling Mrs. Waverley that Elsie Murphy had stood kissing Donald Tyree for an hour or more, right smack in front of Miss Eppa's door!

Miss Eppa voiced a mental "Tsk! Tsk!" She wanted to shout into the mouthpiece. "Not door, Mrs. Gavy! The hedge!"

At this point a bell pierced the alive silence of the bungalow and Miss Eppa nodded an exasperated head, replaced the receiver carefully and tiptoed to the door.

Elsie Murphy was no different. She trembled visibly as she

brown welcome mat, her blue eyes dancing, her hair the burnt gold of the sunflowers that lined the pebble walk.

"I... came... about my dress." Elsie Murphy always hesitated in her speech, even when she wasn't stammered.

"Not today!" Miss Eppa's lips were tight enough to bend a pin. Elsie fingered the belt of the blue checkered gingham that Miss Eppa had made. "I'll... come... in the morning." Miss Eppa, Elsie offered meekly, closing the white-washed gate behind her.

Mrs. Warman had hung up when Miss Eppa sneaked the receiver off the hook. But in a few minutes she listened to Mrs. Gavy and Mrs. Krunch and then to Mrs. Humbolt and Mrs. Waverly. By seven o'clock her arms were so stiff that she

gave up the idea of a cooked supper but made, instead, a sandwich, a pineapple salad and nibbled at a square of mouse-trap cheese, as she called it; all out of the ice-box without troubling herself to set the table. When the telephone shrilled a long and a short, which was her own number, she scuttled, like a frightened doe, from the kitchen to the hall and answered.

Elsie's mother, who didn't recognize Miss Eppa's garbled voice, started to hang up but Miss Eppa, who had completely masticated the cheese, said quickly, "It's me, Mrs. Murphy!" A talk with Mrs. Murphy at this time could be mighty interesting! It was, too, for Mrs. Murphy began,

"It's about Elsie, Miss Eppa. She won't be needin' that lace dress. She and Warren Phelps... they've... quarreled. You know how children are."

That night Miss Eppa, a strange worried expression on her gaunt features, seated herself in the red plush chair by the table lamp and sat quite rigid for a moment. She was deciding a problem because her thin forefinger, tapping on the chair-arm, was the only thing about her that moved.

Then she got up briskly and went to the hall telephone and rang two shorts and four longs. When Mrs. Phelps answered in a troubled voice, Miss Eppa began, "Mrs. Phelps, I hear Elsie Murphy and Warren have broke off. We—ll... if it's about that Donald Tyree gossip... out in front of my hedge... it wasn't Elsie kissin' him but one of those common girls from over to the hollow."

Miss Eppa stood close by the sewing room window after that watching Mrs. Phelps' house and when the slim dark shadow of Warren darted out of the back door in a direct line for Murphy's bungalow, Miss Eppa puckered her lips in a relieved, "Thank heavens for that!"

A Color Scheme

By NORA LYBECK SPENCER
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

MARY ALLEN dropped her tan suit to the floor of the bath house dressing room. Pity she couldn't just live in this, she thought, as she surveyed her trim figure in its black bathing suit.

She shoved her rousy hair under a blue-green cap, and a breathless transformation took place. She did look nice. She wished she could get John to come with her to the baths, just once. He would see that she was a woman and not just "such restful company."

She came in from the water, blue eyes sparkling. She looked, thought the handsome young man who lay half concealed under a huge umbrella, about twenty-five, and interesting.

"Ouch!" Mary's foot hit a sharp stone and she went into the soft sand, sending the umbrella spinning.

The young man grinned and rolled over beside her, meeting her eyes with daring friendliness. "I'm so glad you dropped in," he said. Mary sat up quickly. Heavens, a young creature like this trying to make up to an old maid! "I'm sorry," she managed to say, "hope I didn't break your umbrella." She started to rise, but he put out a restraining hand. "Please stay," he begged.

Might be fun to stay awhile, forget she was thirty-three—and had waited six years for dawdling John Drake to pop the question. John, who came to see her, to get rested in her cozy little home after a hard day's work, who even had his favorite chair in the living-room.

"There," said the young man, surveying her, "that will keep you from getting burned. A fair skin like yours should be protected."

"My skin doesn't tan," said Mary, thrilling to his praise. "It's lovely. Who are you?" he asked. "No, don't tell me. You're a mysterious adventuress. Your sweetheart has just run away with another girl, and you came out alone to forget." He smiled. "Am I right?"

Mary laughed. "Perhaps. Go on, tell me more about myself." "You can't understand why he prefers the other girl. She's just an ordinary creature—doesn't even dress well." Mary drew in a quick breath. He went on, not noticing, "while you are dazzling in blacks and—" he paused.

"Go on. What other colors do I wear?" "What's the color of your hair?" He reached up to remove her cap, but Mary quickly clapped her hands over it. "No, that isn't fair. This is make-believe," she reminded him.

"All right. It has a tinge of red in it. That's why you wear that blue-green cap and black suit. I'd like to see you in an evening gown of either shade."

Mary rose, said quickly, "I must be going." Mary stood before the mirror in Madame Sonia's exclusive dress shop. "Isn't it a bit young?" she asked, as she breathlessly surveyed the blue-green gown molding itself to her slim figure.

"Madame needs a bit of eyebrow pencil, a lipstick, no rouge, but yes—a light henna for the hair." "If I only dared!" breathed Mary. The young man had said, "A glint of red in your hair."

But that evening Mary wondered how a blue-green gown, a light henna pack, lipstick and an eyebrow pencil could perform such a miracle. Tonight when John came, she thought recklessly, she wouldn't be "restful company." There came another daring thought. If John didn't come to life, there were other men.

Her heart skipped a beat when she heard John's cheery "Hello Annie," as the maid let him in. She heard the squeak of his favorite chair as it received his bulk.

Mary tiptoed in, the palms of her hands wet with nervousness. John's chair faced the window. His head was tilted back on the cushions, his eyes closed. He seemed perfectly content. Mary passed a hand over his eyelids. He captured it, blinked, stifled a yawn and got to his feet. "Hello, Mary," he said. "I was almost asleep." He was looking straight at her, apparently seeing nothing unusual.

"I've been wondering about things a lot lately—" he was actually stammering. He mopped his forehead with a big handkerchief. "I'm not good at this business," he blurted out.

"What are you trying to tell me, John?" asked Mary. "You know, you must know, I've been wanting to marry you. Would you, dear?"

"Why John, I hadn't thought about it," lied Mary, "but after all, why not? I'm terribly fond of you."

He kissed her a bit awkwardly. "You're sweet, Mary," he said. "I love you."

Soya Beans Used in Building
Soya beans are the latest material for house construction in England. They are already used in the manufacture of certain new plastic materials. Experiments are now taking place in order to discover how they may be turned into other building materials.

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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.

ARTHUR J. KELLEY,
ARCHIE M. SWETT,
MYRTLE K. BROOKS,
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.

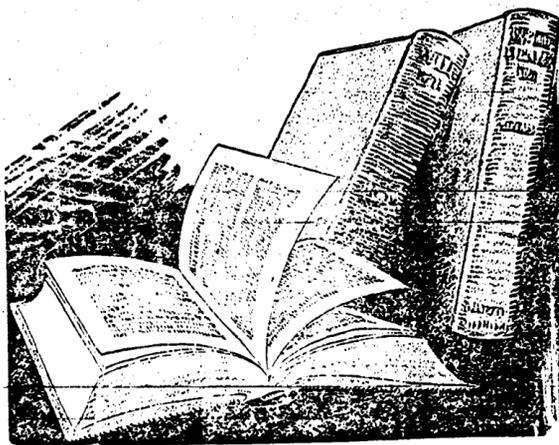
Meetings 7 to 8
HUGH M. GRAHAM,
JAMES I. PATTERSON,
ALFRED G. HOLT,
Selectmen of Antrim.

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