

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME LIV NO. 18

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1937

5 CENTS A COPY

Chest Clinic at Peterborough Mar. 26

The New Hampshire Tuberculosis Association will hold a chest clinic at the Peterborough High School on Friday, March 26, from 9:30 a. m. to 4 p. m. Dr. Robert B. Kerr, lung specialist, will be the examining physician assisted by the School Health Department and the County Tuberculosis nurse.

Dean Carle to Speak at Woman's Club

The next meeting of the Antrim Woman's Club will be held at Library hall, Tuesday, March 23, at 8 o'clock. The speaker of the day will be Mr. Henry D. Carle, Dean of Keene Normal School. His subject will be "The Changing Age in Education". Music by a school chorus. Parents and all those interested in schools are invited to attend.

Louise Auger, Publicity.

Superintendents' and Teachers' Certificates

Examinations for supervisory certificates will be held at Concord on April 23 and 24, 1937.

Examinations for the certification of elementary and secondary teachers will be held at various places in the state on Saturday, June 5.

Applications for admission to these examinations should be made to the State Board of Education, Concord, New Hampshire.

Prominent Musicians Will Give Concert

Through the courtesy of Mr. John A. Sinclair, Superintendent of Schools, and under the sponsorship of the Public School Music Department, the Federal Music Project Concert Orchestra will appear at the Henniker High School on the evening of March 25th at 8 p. m.

This group, functioning through the Works Progress Administration, is composed of thirty expertly trained musicians under the able direction of Alfred Engel, a conductor of wide experience.

New Hampshire State University, Keene and Plymouth Normal Schools, the Schools of Franklin, Newport, Milford and many other communities have acted as sponsors for the Federal Music Project Orchestra. This unit has already played in more than twenty-five cities and towns throughout the State, and it is estimated that more than 35,000 persons have enjoyed these performances.

Two well known soloists will appear on the March 25th program. James Scott, talented cellist and a graduate of the Juillard School of Music where, during his final year, he served as assistant to Felix Salmand, cello virtuoso, will be heard.

George Moody, a graduate of Northwestern University and tenor soloist in the glee club and A Capella Choir, one of the best known groups of its kind in the country, will be heard in a group of songs.

Tickets are now on sale at the Henniker High School. They also may be purchased at the door the evening of the performance. Because of the limited seating capacity, it is advisable to procure tickets in advance.

Help Fight Cancer With a Donation

The Antrim Unit of the Women's Field Army of the American Society for the Control of Cancer solicits your financial support in the first national drive against Cancer. The Women's Field Army is marching under the slogan "Early cancer is curable. Fight it with knowledge." Dr. C. C. Little, managing director of the American Society for the Control of Cancer, in response to a request from Mrs. Grace Morrison Poole, chief adviser of the women's field army, as to "what is the most important message we can give the men and women in our locality," says "Teach people that early cancer is curable and tens of thousands of persons have been cured and are now healthy and happy."

Cancer has the second highest death rate, surpassed only by heart disease.

The First Enlistment Week is March 21 to March 27, 1937. Any amounts will be received from individuals or organizations but the enlistment fee is \$1.00. Your contribution can be handed to Mrs. G. D. Tibbetts, local Captain, Mrs. G. E. Warren, Mrs. A. E. Young, Mrs. W. H. Hurlin, Mrs. A. D. Perkins, Mrs. W. C. Hills, Mrs. Lester Hill, Mrs. Benjamin Butterfield or Mrs. D. H. Goodell.

Dr. Charles Coolidge Dies in So. Killingly

Dr. Charles Wesley Coolidge, 84, died Tuesday, March 9, at his home in South Killingly, Conn. He was born in Leominster, Mass., Sept. 14, 1852, son of Rev. John W. Coolidge and Nancy Merriam Coolidge. He was a retired dentist and had lived in South Killingly about a year and a half, where his brother, Rev. Henry A. Coolidge, formerly of Antrim, is pastor of the Congregational church. Other relatives who survive him are: a brother, W. J. Coolidge, M. D., of Bristol; a sister, Mrs. Em-

Menace of the Municipal Budget Act

I wonder how many more times we are going to be asked to vote the Municipal Budget Act. We turned it down in 1935 and this year the slam we gave it ought to teach somebody something. It is a bad act, not in one way but in many ways, and the responsible men of town do not want it. Indeed, I doubt that any of the 63 pro-votes meant anything more than the uncertain hovering over the ballot of a wabbling pencil. No one who took the pains to study the act could possibly commend it.

First; It makes the Budget Committee the masters of the town meeting and no longer its servants. The Committee decides what matters the town shall vote on and what not, and the town may not exceed the budget edict by more than ten percent. The hearing given by the Budget Committee becomes the real town meeting and those who attend have mouths and ears but no votes. The Committee, or three concurring members of it, decide all questions for keeps.

Second; The State Tax Commission, who are backing this monstrously-urge town meetings everywhere to vote the budget "as a whole", one big "Yes" and the meeting is over so far as raising and spending money is concerned. Is that to be the end of the famed New England town meeting, the most democratic of our institutions and the most loved? It is older than our country, and even our mother country. It is nothing more nor less than a survival into modern times of those ancient tribal councils held before written history in the forests of Europe. We still want and need it and never more so than in these days when the beloved Constitution is reeling under blows dealt it by its sworn defender.

Third; The Budget Committee must hold its hearing while the town officers are making up their accounts and are often feverishly crowded at the dead line for printing the town warrant. No fair chance for the calm and deliberate consideration the occasion demands. Under the old system, still safe for another year, all figures are tentative and mistakes may be found and cured in town meeting. The Budget Committee do not wish to become bosses any more than you wish them so.

Fourth; We come to that strange Section 5 of the act. The selectmen have to do battle with its irksome and senseless limitations for the rest of the year. It sets them stealing from one appropriation to eke out mistaken or accidental niggardliness of other appropriations. And that too while there may be plenty of unappropriated funds in the treasury to serve the omission.

And if the artificial, statute-made, emergency becomes too tough, the remedy is to go hat in hand to the State Tax Commission and ask their lordships' permission to spend our own money. Who of us wishes to subject our selectmen and ourselves to dictation from Concord in our home affairs?

There is plenty more that is wrong with the act and it will take the Supreme Court to tell us what some of the crazy things mean. Meantime vote it down as you would the small pox.

Let other towns sting themselves with the act, if they will; but let Antrim be the last town to mess with it.

Junius T. Hanchett.

(Contributed)

ma A. Weston of Hancock, and four children, Charles W. Coolidge of Antrim, Eugene L. Coolidge of Claremont, and Mrs. Dora Chandler of Wollaston, Mass.

The funeral services were held at Bristol, N. H., Thursday, with burial in the Homewood cemetery at Bristol, N. H.

Weekly Letter by Proctor, Fish and Game Conservation Officer

If you want to sit in at a real honest to goodness Grange meeting you want to take in the next Pomona Grange, No. 18. This is the Middlesex North Pomona. This time it was held in the town hall at Tyngsboro, Mass., and last Saturday was the date. The meeting started at 4 p. m., and they had a program that lasted till the clock said nearly Sunday. I went at the invitation of Mrs. Grace W. Dawson, the lecturer. There was a good representation of the Middlesex Fish and Game Federation headed

by Past President Knight of Waltham, Mass. The entertainment was a very high order. Director Patrick Behr of Worcester, Mass., was the guest of honor. Two expert pistol shots from Saxonville, Mass., Earl Leach and Joe Kelly, gave a real demonstration of what they could do with a revolver and they did plenty. It was the best exhibition of pistol shooting I ever witnessed. I tried to sell them New Hampshire. At 6:30 they had a real Saturday night supper to which about 250 sat down. The Tyngsboro Grange is doing a great deal in the line of Conservation. They offer cash prizes each year for the best bird house erected and for written essays and for winter feeding of the wild birds. May this organization long prosper.

If you want to spend a good lively evening you want to attend a meeting of the Bennington Sportsmen club. Boy but are they a live wire bunch. I went there the other night with Clem Herson. They had a fine oyster supper and Judge Wilson was the man that had full charge of the boiler. James Hallaman, Executive Secretary to the Director was down from Concord and showed three reels of new movies. If you have not seen the new ones you have missed something. That fox hunt is worth going miles to see. There was a good delegation from Nashua and they helped to keep the evening lively.

This club by the way is the only club in the state that's raising raccoon to be liberated. They have got about twenty all ready to be liberated just as soon as the conditions are right. Frank Muzzy is the superintendent of the Bennington club's game farm. Frank has got six of the nicest raccoons that I ever laid my eyes on. Just as tame as kittens and are they tame. Frank also raised and liberated some ring-neck pheasants and has some beautiful goldens at the farm. This farm is right on route 31 and Mr. Muzzy is always glad to show his stock. During the breeding season the farm is closed to visitors.

Who has got any short haired puppies that will never be large dogs? More than two dozen people want such dogs. I placed four nice watch dogs last week in good homes.

Here is a letter from a man that's just bought several hundred acres in my district and he wants to know what to do to post it legally. My advice is not to post it at all. Why? Well the man that you want

to keep off you can't. That man, the poacher and crook, will go on regardless of signs. The real honest to goodness sportsman will stop when he sees that sign and go around. If there are no signs everyone will hunt the land and the real sportsman will see that the other fellow respects the gates and bars and the stone walls. Let the crook on and he will do as he pleases as he is not watched. That's my argument for not posting your land.

This week I have requests for more old fashioned square pianos. What ye got?

I sure made quite a few families happy last week. I had a large quantity of nice warm clothing come in last week from Hillsboro, Lyndeboro and Temple and we just handed it out where it was appreciated and will do a lot of good.

Ran into Floyd Cole the Conservation Officer from Manchester the other day. Floyd had just finished planting a load of fingerling trout from the New Hampton hatchery. Floyd said they were the best he'd seen for a long time. Floyd joins me at New Boston and

Francestown. We bump into each other quite often. Nice fellow Floyd.

Had a tip the other day that a heron rookery not in my district but adjoining it was raided last year and about twenty adult birds were killed. The Federal officers have been notified and if it's repeated this year someone will suffer. These Federal Game Protectors are sure hard boiled guys and don't let them get their hands onto you. Just a tip for someone to keep away from all heron nesting places. I have four of these in my district and as far as I know no one ever disturbed them.

Did you ever see a Smith turtle trap? Well it's the last word in a trap to take the snapping turtles. I have one which I am to set just as soon as the ice leaves the lakes. It's a sure catch. Jim Peck, the Game Warden from Fitchburg, Mass., caught over a ton of turtles last year and the Wardens of that Division caught many tons. In Connecticut the Department offers cash prizes to the Warden that gets the most. If you like turtle soup get your orders in early. I hope to be able to supply many a ton this coming summer. These snappers are very destructive to fish and waterfowl life. Turtle soup if you ask me is great.

Did you ever visit the zoo owned by Everett Cleary of Groton, Mass.? Cleary has got most everything from a red rat to a 400 pound black bear. That bear was once owned by Mr. Humes of Peterborough and I have spent many a day playing with that fellow. But to day he is a different animal.

If you want a dog just go to Boston any day and visit the Animal Rescue League at 57 Carver street, and you can get most any breed you want. You have to dig down for two bucks as a guarantee of good faith. They won't ship one to you. You will have to go and get it.

AN INVITATION

For the past few years we have invited the public to visit our greenhouses on the Sunday preceding Easter. Consequently we are keeping open house next Sunday,

March 21st

Being the week before Easter we will have a variety of flowers and flowering plants for the holiday season.

Your visit will not be marred by the suggestion of any purchase.

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ANTRIM, New Hampshire

S O C O N

Murder Masquerade

BY Inez Haynes Irwin

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SYNOPSIS

Mary Avery, a widow who lives in the harbor town of Sattuit, Mass., with two negro maids, Sarah Darbe and Bessie Williams, writes a manuscript describing the famous Second Head murder, which occurred on her estate. Next to Mary live Mr. and Mrs. Peter Stow who every year give a summer masquerade party. One of the guests of this function is murdered. Nearby live Dr. and Mrs. Geary and their married daughter Edith and her husband Alfred Bray; 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 Sara 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 Sylvia, who is an 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 Avery leaves the party a little after two, neither Molly and Walter or Ace Blaikie had returned. 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 has been a schoolmate of hers and Ace's. Her manuscript recalls early impressions of Ace—how he had been wealthy, the most popular boy in town, how he had gone to Paris to study medicine, became a aviator, how he was recklessly generous and the principal in scores of love affairs. Bruce Hexson had come back from the war with Ace. It was a lawyer, a man of private means and had "got" religion, become a virtual recluse and was regarded as "queer."

SUNDAY

I remembered hearing the clock strike four before I fell asleep that night. But once asleep I lay like a log for perhaps an hour. Afterward I remembered that early in the morning, just after dawn, I awoke with a searing thirst. Gradually, I pulled myself up out of bed and staggered to the bathroom. On my way back to bed I paused to look out the window. A grayish fog covered the landscape. Trees blurred shadowy through it—like foliage in a faded photographic film. Yet motion caught my dead eyes. Down below, emerging from the Spinney, I saw—But I must not anticipate here; for what I saw made but a fleeting impression on my sleep-clogged consciousness.

Still bemused, I fell into bed and into another deep slumber. I forgot entirely what I saw. It was Sylvia's little voice which next awakened me.

"Come, get in bed with me, my pet!" I invited. She snuggled down close beside me, putting Dorinda Belle between us on the pillow.

"Did you have a nice time with Aunt Mattie?" I asked.

"Oh yes, Aunt Mary. Aunt Mattie put a little pitcher of cream in front of my plate—just for me."

"What time did Aunt Mattie and Uncle Peter get home last night?"

"I don't know. Caddie put me and Dorinda Belle to bed before they came."

"And so you did not see Aunt Mattie and Uncle Peter until this morning?"

"No. They came into my room and they hugged me and kissed me. Oh—I almost forgot. Aunt Mattie told me to tell you that she wanted to come over to see you after breakfast—as soon as possible."

I reached out and touched the bell. "Sylvia," I said, putting my arm about her and drawing her closer, "do you remember how you danced with Doctor Ace at the masquerade?"

Sparkles gathered in Sylvia's eyes. "Oh yes, I remember! He couldn't guess who I was. He tried and he tried and he tried, but he couldn't."

"Doctor Ace has gone away," I said to her. "He's gone away for a long, long time. But I want you to remember, as long as you live, how he looked and how kind he has always been to you. Promise me you won't forget him."

"Oh, I'll never forget Doctor Ace," Sylvia vowed easily enough. She did not ask me where Ace had gone.

Sarah came in with my tray. "Now run downstairs to the piazza," I bade Sylvia. "And don't leave it without asking me."

Sarah did not seem herself. The deep amber of her flesh still showed a tallowy quality.

"I hope you feel better this morning, Mrs. Avery," she said.

"I feel rested, Sarah, but you don't seem so very spry."

"I feel that we're all under suspicion!" Sarah commented somberly. "Everybody on this Head—we women as well as the men." "We don't have to worry, Sarah," I reassured her. "Nobody in this household has to worry. Doctor Geary says that Doctor Blaikie was murdered somewhere about midnight—probably before. We all have alibis. And then, Sarah, it seems to me very unlikely that a woman could have committed this crime. How could a woman have stabbed a man so tall and big as Ace Blaikie?"

"A woman who's big enough—and mad enough, Mrs. Avery—can do anything."

"Will you call Mrs. Stow at once, Sarah," I asked, "and tell her that I'm dressing now and to come over here as soon as she wants."

"Yes, Mrs. Avery."

"I suppose everybody's been on the telephone."

"Everybody. Every Boston paper's tried to get you, but I said you were still sleeping."

"That's right, Sarah. Don't let anybody get to me today—except long distance of course."

"There's a stack of telegrams, Mrs. Avery."

"I'll look at them later."

I bathed and dressed swiftly, went downstairs.

Almost instantly Mattie Stow came into the living-room from the hall. We kissed, then stood off and stared appraisingly at each other.

"You look as washed-out as I do, Mary!" Mattie commented.

"If I look as I feel," I said.

"You look all of that, Mary. It's the most horrible experience of my lifetime. Sometimes I feel as though I'd never get over it!"

"Horrible!" I could only helplessly echo.

"What time did you go home, Mary? I can remember so little, clearly."

I described our movements—Sylvia's and mine—in detail.

"Peter and I dressed at the Bray house," Mattie said. "We left our place at about half-past eight and got back at about ten. Naturally, we never left the house again. Nobody left the house but—"

She stopped suddenly. It was her own thought, dogging her words, that had caught her up.

"Of course Ace left before the unmasking because we never saw him again," Mattie glided swiftly on.

"Yes, I saw him go."

"It puts an end to our masquerades," Mattie ended lifelessly. "I could never give another one."

The telephone buzzed. Instinctively I arose. But before I could get the extension on the piazza, I heard Sarah at the hall telephone. I took up the receiver. Patrick O'Brien's voice said, "This is the chief of police speaking. Can I talk with Mrs. Avery?"

"This is Mary, Patrick," I broke in.

"Oh, how are you this morning, Mary?" Patrick asked.

"Well, I slept—after a while," I answered.

"It was a tough break, Mary—happening on your place! I called up to ask if I could come to see you for a few minutes, I'm at Joe Geary's."

"I know you'll have to be here all the time, Patrick. Don't even bother to telephone. Come whenever you must. If I'm not at home, Sarah will take care of you. Mattie is here."

"I'm glad of that. I want to see her too."

Mattie and I continued to traverse the vicious circle of our memories of the masquerade until Patrick arrived.

"I've put in quite a night," he said. "Checking up on a crowd of over a hundred people, all of them in masks, is no small chore. And I couldn't get at Mattie until they came home from their drive. But fortunately I had a good detail on Second Head."

"Peter and I were so tired yesterday," Mattie explained to me, "that we wanted to get away from everything—even from the servants. Peter wouldn't eat at a hotel; he said if he heard another strain of jazz—So I put up a basket supper and we picked by the roadside. We drove about until long after dark. I think it was about ten before we got home."

"Who told you?" I asked.

"The maids! Peter called up Patrick at once and we got together immediately."

"How did you check up, Patrick?" I asked.

"Well, first with Mattie's list. Then there were six coppers on duty here that night. I had told them to keep a sharp look-out. I was afraid somebody might try to crash the party. Between them I got a pretty definite idea of who came and when they left. First of all though, last night, I went from house to house on the Head and sewed up everybody here. That was easy. Everybody but the Fairweather girls went to the masquerade and they didn't leave their house. Flora couldn't, of course, and Margaret wouldn't. But as a matter of routine, I had to get a statement from all of them—even Margaret Fairweather. Their alibis look waterproof. Doctor Mar-

den says that he left fairly early about one—because he was tired. He went home and went to bed. His granddaughter, Miss Prentiss, says she looked into his room when she got home at dawn and he was asleep. The Geary-Bray crowd went home together. The Eames—Oh by the way, that reminds me, Mary, I haven't taken your story yet. I must do that now."

"Did you go to every house on my list, Patrick?" Mattie questioned, rising.

"Every one," Patrick answered tersely. "I detailed a man to sit down at the telephone and call them up. He told them that I'd get there sometime during the night. It was four o'clock in the morning when I checked off the last name!"

"You ought to look more tired than you do," Mattie commented.

"Oh I take a swim before breakfast," Patrick said in his off-hand way. "I'm always in pretty good condition."

"That's a good thing!" commented Mattie. "You're in for a long stretch of hard work, Patrick, unless this thing is cleared up pretty soon."

"You're telling me!" Patrick answered with a wry smile.

"Have you anything to go on yet?" Mattie went on.

"Listen, you girls," Patrick declared, "I'll tell you what I've got because we three have been friends ever since I can remember. And at present it's pretty nearly nothing."

"Weren't there any fingerprints?" I asked.

"No. The state finger-print expert has looked everything over. He says that the murderer must have used a handkerchief or gloves when he stabbed Ace and when he straightened him out."

"But could he have stabbed him without Ace realizing he was going to do it?" Mattie demanded.

"Because—wherever he was—Ace thought he was a friend."

Mattie sighed. She came over and kissed me. "Call on me any time, old thing!"

"First of all, Mary," Patrick began briskly, when we were alone, "tell me what you did the night of the masquerade. Gee, I've left my pen at the P.S." He turned to my desk; took up my fountain pen; wrote a few words; dropped it in favor of a pencil.

I gave him a complete and circumstantial account of my movements from the time I dressed until I returned to the house with Sarah at two. "I think I have a watertight alibi, Patrick," I concluded a little drearily, "because I scarcely left the corner where I sat the whole evening. Yes, I even ate my supper there. I think any number of people can testify to that."

"Well, Mary," Patrick assured me, "my Irish intelligence seems to tell me that you didn't kill Ace. Now will you ask the maids to come in?"

I rang the bell. Sarah appeared.

"Sarah," I explained, "Mr. O'Brien wants to ask you and Bessie a few questions."

Sarah and Bessie appeared in the doorway. Bessie looked worse than Sarah. Sleeplessness had ironed the dimples out of her face; it had set into an ashen mask.

Patrick was extremely gentle. "Now, girls," he began, "I've got to ask you a few questions. I don't want you to get frightened. There's no suspicion of you whatever. But of course, to keep the record straight I have to know exactly what you did the night of the masquerade."

Sarah spoke first. "Of course we know that, Mr. O'Brien," she declared, with a catch in her voice. "We've expected that you'd question us and we're all ready."

Patrick took Bessie's story first, straightforward. Working all day at the Stow house; returning to the house once to prepare my luncheon; the whole evening at the Stow house again, returning with Sylvia before Sarah and I came home.

"What time was that?" Patrick asked.

"Just twelve," Bessie replied. She looked unhappy.

"You may go now, Bessie," Patrick permitted gently. "And thank you!"

Bessie disappeared noiselessly. Patrick turned to Sarah. "Now, you tell me your story, Sarah."

Sarah's story, of course, duplicated Bessie's so far as it concerned what happened in the daytime. She had gone with Bessie over to the Stow house and returned only to prepare our dinner; had helped Sylvia and me to dress and then had gone back to the Stow house. She stayed there until I left at two; returned to my house with me.

"Yes, that's exactly what all the other girls say of you," Patrick reassured her.

He smiled at Sarah. Very few could resist Patrick O'Brien's smile. It brimmed with a kind of elfin roguishness.

I noticed Sarah did not return his smile.

Suddenly Patrick shot at her, "Are you sure that's all, Sarah? Haven't you something else to tell me?"

Sarah's answer was conclusive. She burst into tears.

"Now don't get frightened, my girl," Patrick soothed her. "I know you hadn't spilled all of it. Now pull yourself together and tell me your story in your own way. Nobody suspects you of anything."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted by William Bruchart

Washington.—It has always been said that politics makes strange bedfellows. History has shown this statement to be true because in every political battle one can note unusual combinations, odd types working together, personal enemies fighting side by side—in truth, bedfellows for the time being.

Never has the truth of this old adage been better demonstrated, however, than in the current political fight that was precipitated by President Roosevelt's demand that congress pass a law which will allow the Chief Executive to add six new members to the Supreme court of the United States. The real congressional fight on the President's bold move has not yet gained full headway. But time enough has elapsed since Mr. Roosevelt offered his history-making demand for power to add enough judges to the Supreme court, judges of his own selection, to give him a majority, that those close to the congressional scene are now in a position to predict probably the most heated controversy since the days immediately preceding the Civil war.

Already, it can be stated, one can see senators and representatives who are known for their liberal views standing side by side with hard-boiled conservatives in opposition to the President's plan, which they describe as a move "to pack the Supreme court." Likewise one can see conservative Democrats from the old South following President Roosevelt and joining hands secretly with the widest radicals in the senate. One will see Democrats and conservative Republicans in earnest conversation planning ways and means to halt the President's drive for control of the court and at the same time one can see radical Republicans planning with Democrats in support of the program—strange bedfellows, every one.

While this condition is interesting, it is by far less striking as I watch the proceedings than the extreme bitterness that is now developing. While, as I said, the controversy is hardly under way, there is even now personal animosity evident in the senate to a degree that I never have seen before. I had the privilege of observing—the famous League of Nations fight at close range. There was personal bitterness in that senate battle. Old friendships were crushed and close relationships torn asunder. Yet, I think that the current controversy is likely to cause the League of Nations bitterness to pale into insignificance. In other words, there lies ahead for the congress a raging fire that is bound to destroy political lives and political ambitions. Which lives and which ambitions depend, I think, upon the answer which the country's citizens give to the now direct question:

Are we to have a system of courts and judges, independent and free of politics, or are we to have puppets that will do the bidding of political masters?

I said above that the result of the Supreme court battle in congress will be determined by the attitude of the country. It is vital that the citizens realize this fact. Since President Roosevelt made no mention during the campaign for re-election in 1936 of plans to reform the Supreme court, there has been no public expression on the subject. There will not be another opportunity for the voters to express their views until November, 1938. The only way, then, open to those who want to express an opinion for or against the court change is by sending their views to their congressmen and senators. Conversations that I have had with members of the house and the senate convince me that the representatives and senators will appreciate word as to how their constituents feel.

Further evidence of the desire of congressmen and senators to know the feelings of the voters is given in the tremendous propaganda that is going on. Friends and foes of the Supreme court reform program are on the air nightly; scarcely a day goes by that some senator and usually several of them and numerous congressmen participate in debate or issue statements concerning the reform, and from the tremendous source of propaganda supply at the command of the President come countless statements and interviews and radio speeches praising the President's plan. Even the President himself has made one of his famous "fireside chats" telling why he should be given the new power.

I, in the meantime—and some more strange bedfellows—we find the most peculiar cross currents operating. Among some of the religious groups, there are many who fear that the court packing plan will void constitutional guarantees of religious freedom. They fear eventual control of the churches by the state, having in mind, no doubt what has happened to religious

What S. Cobb Thinks about

Twilight of Knee Pants. SANTA MONICA, CALIF. Since our diplomatic group must shed the half-portion breeches they've been wearing at official functions abroad, that means others present will quit mistaking them for footmen and start in again mistaking them for waiters, as formerly.

But the under-rigging doesn't make so much difference anyhow. In the best plenipotentiary circles, it's the top dressing that counts—the gold-plated cocked hat; the dress coat loaded with bullion; the bosom crossed with broad ribbons; the lapels and the throat laced so decorately with medals that, alongside one thus costumed, Solomon in all his glory would look absolutely nude.

End of the Holdout Season. THE baseball season couldn't start off properly unless a certain catastrophe impended beforehand. Every self-respecting player who made a hit last year insists on more salary for this year, else he'll never spit in the palm of another glove. This makes him a hold-out. The manager declares the player will take what's offered him and not a cent more. This makes him a manager.

But fear not, little one. They'll all be in there when the governor or the mayor or somebody winds up to launch the first game and tosses the ball nearly eighteen feet in the general direction of the continent of North America.

Changing Style Capitals. HOLLYWOOD and not Paris is now the world-center for fashions, if you can believe Hollywood—and not Paris.

At any rate, both for men and women, we do originate many style creations which, in the best movie circles, frequently make the women look mannish and the men look effeminate, maybe that's the desired effect; an oldtimer wouldn't know about that.

However, there's a new hat out here for masculine wear which fascinates me. It is a very woolly hat—a nap on it like an old family album—and the crown peaks up in a most winsome way, and there's a rakish bunch of tail-feathers at the back which makes it look as though it might settle down any minute and start laying. I think they got the idea for it from the duck-billed platypus.

Civilizing Ethiopia. CONQUERED Ethiopians attempt to assassinate their new overlord, Viceroy Graziani. Nobody is killed, but several individuals get bungled up.

So the conquerors arrest all natives of Addis Ababa in whose huts weapons are found. They round up 2,000 "suspects" out of a total population of 90,000.

So promptly 1,800 of these black prisoners are put to death in batches. In former days the firing squads would have worn themselves to a frazzle in a rush job of this sort, but now—well, who would deny that the machine gun is the crowning achievement of white culture? Poison gas is also much favored for pacifying rebellious savages, and plane-bombing likewise has its advocates.

The Public's Short Memory. A FINANCIER, whose exposed devices are as a bad smell in people's nostrils, summarily is ousted from his high place and the shadows swallow up his diminished shape. A little time passes, and, lo, in a new setting, he bobs up, an envied if not an exalted personage. So-called exclusive groups welcome him in; newspapers quote him on this and that; he basks again, like some sleek and overfed lizard, in the sunshine of folks' tolerance—yes, the admiration of some.

No evidence that he has repented of his former practices; no sign of intent to repay any broken victim of those fiduciary operations. The private fortune which he took with him when he quit is still all his. And maybe there's the secret of this magical restoration to the favor of the multitude.

IRVIN S. COBB. WNU Service.

Budapest Catacombs. The Budapest catacombs date back to the days when the Fort of Buda was held by the Turks, marking the farthest fortified advance of the forces of Islam into Christendom. They were probably intended as avenues of escape for a beleaguered garrison, but they also have fresh water wells in them, and some of the chambers were used as repositories for great numbers of human skulls and bones, as in the case of the catacombs at Rome.

Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

© Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

- 1. Is a waterpout at sea composed of salt water?
2. What is meant by a favorable balance-of-trade?
3. What is a flambeau?
4. What next to Russia is the most populous country of Europe?
5. Is a lunar month shorter or longer than a calendar month?
6. What does "in de siecle" mean?
7. What is the difference between an aria and an aria?
8. What does "centripetal" mean?
9. In what sea is the Isle of Man?
10. What is the difference between an oboe and an obi?
11. What voice is sometimes called "treble"?
12. Which bird stands up to hatch its eggs?

Answers

- 1. No; it is composed of fresh water in the form of rain or cloud particles.
2. An excess of exports over imports.
3. A torch.
4. Germany.
5. Shorter.
6. End of the century—up-to-date.
7. An aria is an air introduced into an oratorio or opera, etc. An aria is an enclosed space.
8. Tending or drawing toward a center.
9. Irish sea.
10. An oboe is a reed musical instrument and an obi is a broad sash worn by Japanese.
11. The soprano.
12. The penguin. The eggs are held off the ground in the penguin's feet.

Riches of Contentment

There are those who are rich in their poverty, because they are content, and use generously what they have; there are others, who in the midst of their riches, are really poor, from their insatiable covetousness or profusion.—Calmet.

How Many Pennies Your Child's Life?



Don't Try to "Save" on Home Remedies—Ask Your Doctor

There is one point, on which practically all doctors agree. That is: Don't give your child unknown remedies without asking your doctor first. All mothers know this. But sometimes the instinct to save a few pennies by buying "something just as good" overcomes caution.

When it comes to the widely used children's remedy—"milk of magnesia"—many doctors for over half a century have said "PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia is the standard of the world. Safe for children."

Keep this in mind, and say "PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA" when you buy. Comes now, also in tablet form. Get the form you prefer. But see that what you get is labeled "Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia." 25¢ for a big box of the tablets at drug stores.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

To Strive To strive with an equal is a doubtful thing, with a superior, a mad thing, with an inferior, a vulgar thing.—Seneca.

Sentinels of Health

Don't Neglect Them! Nature designed the kidneys to do a tremendous job. Their task is to be the filtering blood stream free of all poisons...

DOAN'S PILLS

DISCOVERIES TELL OF MIGHTY HUNTER

He Roamed Swampy Panhandle 10,000 Years Ago.

Guyton, Okla.—A group of scientists representing three academies has offered proof that a prehistoric man roamed the swampy Panhandle country of Oklahoma, Texas and New Mexico nearly 10,000 years ago.

The man was described as being so powerful and so skilled that he could kill huge elephants with a spear.

The scientists' conclusions were based on the results of excavations made in the Blackwater Draw region of New Mexico. They represented the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia; Carnegie Institution, Washington, and the University museum, Philadelphia.

The results were announced by Dr. Edward B. Howard, trustee and associate in paleontology at the Academy of Natural Sciences. Fine Workmanship. Dr. Howard explained that several spear points were found, associating them with the bones of prehistoric elephants.

In Dust Bowl. "One can picture the ponderous mammoths, bogged in the swamp that once covered the site of the present excavations, being dispatched by the deadly stone spears of the Folsom hunters."

The swamp referred to is now the center of the nation's dust bowl. It is in the Panhandles of Oklahoma and Texas and in northeastern New Mexico that some of the most destructive dust storms originate.

Twins, Deaf, Blind and Mute in Special School

Watertown, Mass.—Six-year-old deaf, blind and mute twins—a boy and girl—began school at Perkins Institution for the Blind, where the late Anne Sullivan Macy, Helen Keller's teacher, was taught.

The twins—Jimmy and Margy—are children of Dr. and Mrs. Donald Allen, of Bal Village, Ohio. Jimmy and Margy were late in starting school because their mother, who accompanied them here with a nurse, did not know where to educate them until she wrote to Miss Keller. Their nurse, Miss Belva Fox, will remain here with them.

The twins' vision was obscured by cataracts at birth, December 27, 1930. An operation a year later enabled them to see objects but not to distinguish one from the other. Later they were found to be deaf and like all children unable to hear, they did not learn to speak because speech is acquired through imitation. In all other respects they are normal.

Initial goal of their teachers will be to overcome the handicap of deafness. Jimmy and Margy will learn to hear through vibration and bone conduction. Then they will attempt to overcome their blindness handicap by learning to read through their fingers. Speech development will be carried on during their instruction until the art of speaking is acquired.

America's "1st Theater" Being Restored by W. P. A.

Charleston, S. C.—Architecture of three centuries will be represented under one roof when the WPA completes restoration of the old Dock Street theater and Planters' Hotel building here in a few months. The theater is a structural relic of the eighteenth century. The hotel is representative of the early nineteenth century, and the twentieth century will be represented by heating and plumbing systems.

Harry L. Hopkins, WPA Administrator, describes Dock Street as America's first theater, but Williamsburg, Va., challenges the statement, maintaining that a theater opened there in 1716.

Dentist Calms Patient by Mental Suggestion

Boston.—Boston has a "painless" dentist who uses no anesthetics. Dr. Max H. Jacobs says that 60 per cent of his patients respond to the power of mental suggestion.

Lights of New York

by L. L. STEVENSON

Meanderings and meditations: Those women newspaper vendors who look after stands at the City Hall... Have been there for years... Dress for warmth and not for style... Have to as they are out in the weather all day... The big thermometer of the Sun... A lot of folks will turn up their coat collars when they look at it on cold days... and fan themselves next summer... That triangle where Nassau street comes into Park Row... and newspapers are sold at the feet of Benjamin Franklin... With the World gone and the Tribune moved, that statue loses some of its significance... But maybe it's a guardian of memories... As is Horace Greeley in Herald Square... With the Herald Tribune seven blocks uptown... and the old building occupied by shops... With a swirl of shoppers filling the square... Which, as is so often the case in New York, isn't a square but merely an open space.

Night sights I like: The steady flashing, now white, now red, of the airplane beacon on the Manhattan tower of the George Washington bridge over the Hudson... The red light atop the slim spire of Riverside church as seen from the Fort Lee ferry... From mid-stream on dark nights, it looks like a fire-ball hanging from the heavens by invisible strings... Morning-side drive as seen from the roof garden of Butler hall... The view from the top terrace of Jean and Ray Deinenger's penthouse on West Twelfth street... So intensely urban it's really gripping... The tumbling gray sand from the windows of the Larchmont Shore club... Times Square crowds at theater time... Broadway's terrific glare... The glowing tower of the Empire State building.

Mitzi Hajoz, who plays the part of an actress with a load in "You Can't Take It With You"... and who holds it time to go to sleep when she sees snakes... Incidentally, those green snakes in the aquarium on the mantelpiece aren't real... The reason they act up as they do is that Al Burkhardt turns a crank behind the scenery... May Todd, airplane hostess who was "up in the air" when interviewed on the air... But who is never "up in the air" while up in the air... Figure that one out... Mabel Loucks, who teaches bridge up in Westchester and who's just back from a Florida vacation.

James Cagney coming out of the Waldorf... Get a giggle out of a Newark happening... At a wedding party, there were two punch bowls... One for teetotalers and the other for those who dally with snickering soup... The officiating clergyman got to the wrong bowl... and when he said grace, returned thanks for the punch... Get another giggle out of the plight of a newly-married youngster who came back from a short business trip with his Gladstone filled with women's silk things... The bag bore his initials but there really had been a switch... Which was finally straightened out by the railroad company's lost and found department... But not until many tears had been shed.

Ragamuffins in a free-for-all at Broadway and Fifty-second street... and quick peace as a cop approaches... Street snap photographers passing out cards... Monotonous calls of soft drink and hot dog vendors... Crowd watching an Italian restaurant chef doing tricks with spaghetti... Wonder where Teddy, my favorite oyster stew connoisseur, is located now? If I could find him, I'd forget about the waitline... The clanging of an ambulance bell... and a clearing of Broadway traffic.

Bull's-eye: Dave Schooler was being interviewed just before his opening at the Hotel Piccadilly. One of the reporters present asked him what his lucky day was.

"Sunday," was the prompt reply. "Why?" persisted the Fourth Estater.

"Because," returned Schooler, with a smile, "that's the day the stock market is closed."

Monument Erected to Disembodied Leg

Menomonie, Wis.—In the weeds and thicket of an unkempt corner of St. Paul's cemetery, near Menomonie, lies a glistening white monument to the memory of a leg. The story of the tombstone and the leg "decently buried" there is told by John Loew, a retired farmer.

About 1860, when Loew was a boy, George Krauder, a neighbor, suffered an ankle injury. Krauder was forced to have the leg amputated. Krauder gave his disembodied leg a fitting burial and marked the grave with a marble slab 18 by 10 inches inscribed—"Leg—George Krauder."

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK...

By Lemuel F. Parton

NEW YORK.—Field Marshal Werner Von Blomberg is Germany's buried ace. Astute foreign observers find cumulative evidence of this in his tightening hold on the army and in the new good-will facade which Germany is trying to erect with his reassuring and now more frequently repeated speeches.

"Other nations should not take it lightly that we stretch out our hands in conciliation," says the war minister in an address quite patently intended for foreign ears. Dispatches hint that before long Der Fuehrer will be transported to a mystic valhalla in a chariot of fire, there to remain as a symbol while some less febrile citizen takes care of mundane affairs. That will be the intellectual, cultured, but not monocol, General von Blomberg, according to news from the watch towers over seas.

In the endlessly repeated story of the praetorian aftermath of war and revolution, he and his allies have the army. Furthermore, he is more capable of rationalizing Germany and her needs in foreign relationships than the Gilbert and Sullivan Goering, the inept von Ribbentrop or the intellectual rubberman Rosenberg.

This writer has a friend, a former American journalist once stationed at Berlin and now engaged in commercial enterprise in Europe, who sees in the German junkers, to which class General von Blomberg belongs, the only hope Germany has for rehabilitation without war. He does not wish his name used as he passes in and out of Germany. In a letter mailed at Prague, he writes, in part:

"Hitler still has a tight hold on Germany, but the real power is easing over to the army, and that means von Blomberg. Strangely enough, I have found more brains and more realism among the bullet-headed officers and imperialists of the World War days than among the Nazi fanatics. I have talked to von Blomberg several times and I don't think he believes a word of this racial nonsense.

"He is an educated man who knows that Germany will have to make peace with the democratic powers to get what she needs. He is a diligent, and I believe open-minded student of history, and I know he reads books which an ordinary German citizen would have to read secretly.

"I have an idea that if you read the papers closely, you will see before long more and more stories about Hitler's throat affliction and the necessity of his retiring to Berchtesgaden for rest and meditation. I have no idea that he will be overthrown. He will be merely enshrined, while the old-line industrialists and junkers pick up where they left off and get Germany back on the track, if they can. The Nazis have been highly useful in solidifying the country, for their purposes at least, but in my view the ultimate power rests where it always has rested—in the army and the money bags.

"Germany is not ready for war. Her 'ersatz' campaign has been successful only to a very limited degree. She cannot redress her trade balance because her productive energies go into armament. She must either fight or bargain her way out. I have found the disinclination to war and the hope of new credit and trade concessions much stronger among the army groups and imperialists than I have among the Nazi politicians. The former know more about the actualities of war than the latter, and they have a clearer understanding of the imperative need for raw materials and credit.

"Von Blomberg is going to do a lot of 'fronting' for Germany in the next year. Unless I am greatly mistaken, he will bear many olive branches. I do not consider him a liberal in our sense of the word, but he has brains enough to see that France, England and the United States have what he needs, and must have, and he is going after it.

"As you know, I was caught in Germany when the World War started and I have no love for the junkers, but they have lucid moments and I am inclined to think this is one of them. Of course Germany will do a lot of growling and wailing as she starts bargaining for loans and raw materials, but that will be merely in the hope of scaring concessions out of the other side. Anyway—and this is a strange choice to have to make—I am glad to see power slipping into the hands of the army leaders.

General von Blomberg, fifty-eight years old, tall, ruddy and athletic, has been in the army all his adult life. In the World War he was a much decorated officer on the staff of the high command of the Seventh army. He is an eager devotee of music and the arts, regarded as the most cultured of German army officers. He made many friends among American officers on his visit here in 1930.

Spring - Fashions - Sewing



ARE the robins showing interest in real estate out your way—and have the kiddies been hinting that it's about time to go barefoot—have you been trying to get a little house cleaning done—and have you noticed a few of the town's rabid sportsmen out poking here and there on the fairways? In short, is it Spring out your way? That, of course, brings us to the omnipresent subject of fashions, and this in turn to the ubiquitous topic of Sew-Your-Own.

Pattern 1273 is truly an Ode to Spring—one that's fit for print, too. A bright nosegay, for instance, will be just the thing to promote your charm and grace. The far-reaching collar and grosgrain ribbon tie will indeed become your pretty face. The puff sleeves and smart cuffs fairly snap with chic. Comes in sizes 12-20 (30 to 40 bust). Size 14 requires 5 1/4 yards of 39 inch material plus 3/4 yard contrasting. The bow requires 1/2 yard ribbon. In full length size 14 requires 6 1/2 yards of 39 inch material.

Send for the Barbara Bell Spring and Summer Book containing designs of attractive, practical and becoming clothes. Exclusive fashions for children, young women and matrons. Price, 15 cents per copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Fourth Street, New York, N. Y. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each. © Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

Advertisement for GLAD cough drops, featuring portraits of two men and text: 'Glad news indeed for the millions and millions of people who like the famous Smith Brothers Cough Drops...'

Advertisement for Dr. True's Elixir, featuring an illustration of a woman and child and text: 'Dr. True's Elixir THE TRUE FAMILY LAXATIVE. MOTHERS!—watch your children for constipation...'

Advertisement for B. T. Babbitt's National Known Brand of Lye, featuring an illustration of a silver set and text: 'PLEASE ACCEPT THIS Magnificent 4-PIECE SILVER SET for only 25c complete with your purchase of one can of B. T. Babbitt's National Known Brand of Lye...'

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 Khaki Pants \$1.59
- Other Work Pants \$1.00 to \$2.45
- Work Shoes \$1.79 to \$3.98
- Rubber Boots \$2.79 up
- Overalls, Jumpers, Sweat Shirts, Gloves, Suspenders and many other items

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A Representative of the Hillsboro Banks is in Antrim Wednesday morning of each week

DEPOSITS made during the first three business days of the month draw interest from the first day of the month

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

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For Your Job and Book Printing Patronize the REPORTER PRESS Antrim, N. H.

The Antrim Reporter ANTRIM NEW HAMPSHIRE

Published Every Thursday

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

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

ADVERTISING RATES
Births, marriages and death notices inserted free.

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 18, 1937

Antrim Locals

Robert Abbott has recovered sufficiently in health to be out of doors a little each day.

Frank Ayer is employed at the Whiting Company, Wilton.

Harlan Swett is employed by Fred Proctor chopping wood.

Miss Bertha Merrill of Concord visited her mother, Mrs. Eliza Merrill, over the week end.

Wanted - Maid to help temporarily with the house work, by the hour, in village. W. D. Ward, Antrim.

Several Antrim people attended the Flower Show at Boston and report one of the most beautiful exhibitions ever held.

Mrs. Edgar Murlough visited with her parents in Concord Saturday.

A Western Union Telegraph office is being installed at the Maplehurst Inn office.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ashford have returned to their home from Florida, where they have been spending the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Deschenes of Swampscott, Mass., spent the week end with relatives here.

The American Legion Auxiliary held their monthly meeting Monday night.

Miss Hazel Grant who has worked for Mrs. Frank Jones is now working in Concord.

The Foreign Situation

The people of Russia are warned that Germany and Japan are ready to seize Soviet territory, and the King of Rumania does something that is said to be a snub to Italy and Germany. We have our troubles to be sure, but they are all in the family and can be patched up. Canada is just a country to the north and Mexico a country to the south. We are neither suspicious nor suspected. It is worth something, after all to be living on this side of the Atlantic. Harping on an old subject is not interesting, but it is to be wondered whether the nations of Europe would have time to be planning future wars if they were genuinely and sincerely busied in an effort to wipe out some of those debts represented by the twenty year old paper that Uncle Sam holds.

Drills for Water, Oil
The drills used in boring for water are practically the same as those used for oil. In the Sahara desert, however, deep wells are dug by hand near oases. These are usually lined with bamboo and constant attention is necessary to keep the shifting sand from filling them up.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE Hillsborough, ss. Court of Probate

To the heirs at law of the estate of Mollie Cady 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, 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, on the 26th day of February A. D. 1937.

By order of the Court, WILFRED J. BOISCLAIR, Register.

Antrim Locals

Wesley Hills is much improved from his illness.

Miss Margaret Clark is working at Mrs. Clara Abbott's in Clinton village.

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

Mrs. Cora Hunt has returned home after spending the winter in Springvale, Me. Miss Fannie Burnham accompanied her and spent the week end with relatives here.

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

A Birthday Dinner Party was held at the home of Mrs. H. W. Eldredge on Sunday in honor of the birthday of her son, H. Burr Eldredge, of Winchendon, Mass.

Guy O. Hollis, president of the Antrim Rod & Gun Club attended a Fish & Game hearing at Concord last week. He also attended a meeting of the Truckmen's Association in Manchester.

"Presenting Polly", the amusing 3 act comedy to be presented at the Town hall April 9 by members of the Alumni of Antrim High School is for the benefit of the present Senior Class.

Timely Garden Hints

Sow pansy and English daisy seeds now, for Spring bloom.

Wood ashes from fireplace are highly potash and most helpful on soil or garden beds.

The soil of house plants often becomes caked; loosen it gently around the inside of the pot so as to aerate the roots.

Now is the time to see whether your hotbed and cold-frame sash need putty or repairs of any sort.

If you have a terrarium do not let heavy drops of water stay on the cover, but wipe them off so as to allow the plants some air.

If forced now, it will take paper white narcissus only about four weeks to bloom.

Begonia, heliotrope and lobelia seeds should be started now for early Spring flowering.

Japanese quince, cherries, flowering almond, pussy willow, apple blossoms and Forsythia may be forced into bloom indoors now, keeping the latter in deep water in partial shade until the flowers open.

All marigold plant-breeding is now tending to eliminate the well-known odor so disagreeable to some people; the new Crown of Gold marigold is almost odorless, having a faint honey smell.

If you wish garden aid of any kind, just apply to the State College field at Waltham.

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our thanks to our many friends and neighbors for their thoughts and deeds of kindness during the illness and death of our loved one. Also for the many beautiful floral tributes.

The family of the late Mrs. Lizzie E. Rockwell

WANTED!

Young man for Grocery Store work. Steady employment for one who is capable. High School graduate preferred. Good character necessary.

W. A. Bryer & Co
Peterborough

"OUR BEAUTY SHOPPE"

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Main Street Antrim, New Hampshire

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

DRESS SILHOUETTE SUGGESTED FOR EACH SPRING MOOD

Brilliant Prints and Lively New Fabrics in All-Occasion Types

There is so much to know about the new dresses, yet there is no one specific style which takes preeminence over all others. In other words you needn't try to follow any fashion dictum this season, because you can individualize whatever you wear by your own personality. There are, however, two predominating trends: the one the princess flare adaptation, and the other the straight silhouette dress. Add to both of these the adorably youthful dirndl fashions inspired by the Tyrol, and the peplum interpretations—and you have the complete silhouette picture for spring dresses.

Necklines Drop

In line with the new aspect of sophistication are the lower necklines, usually in V's and occasionally in squared effects, which are such a refreshing change from the more usual higher necklines which, however, will continue, because they're too good and too wearable to go out of fashion!

Skirts Rise

Probably the most-asked question of all about new clothes is "what about skirt lengths?" To which the answer is "definitely shorter." Twelve inches from the ground seems to be the average accepted length, but many smart women are having their dresses made as short as thirteen-and-a-half inches from the ground! This still covers the knees amply, and thanks to the varied skirtlines, keeps them covered, even in a seated position.

More Elegance

There is no doubt about the fact that many will lead the color parade, and many smart women will cling to their preference for black. Other than these, there are more colors than we can possibly take space to name here. Leading are Coronation blue, Coronation red, sailor blue, grey and beige, with the numerous other colors appearing in prints, in cocktail dresses, and in sportswear. Call them by name—they are bright, clear, infinitely flattering, particularly when worn with contrastingly dark accessories.

Another attractive fashion detail, and one which often "makes" the dress, is found in sleeves which have grown shorter and shorter, so that those coming a little below the elbow, and the regular short sleeve are most popular, with broadened, stiffened shoulders accentuating the "lited" young silhouette. So many feminine effects are also gained by means of garters, shirring, groups of tucks and smartly pressed cuffs.

COLOR FEATURE IS PROMINENT IN NEW SHELVEING

Wherever you keep bowls and vases of flowers it is wise to set a strip of linoleum, and if you have a little conservatory or other type of flower room you can use it not only in solid color, but inlaid with little flowers inserted in contrasting tones of linoleum. Window sills so often get discolored and the corners filled with dust that they need an immaculate new "face." Here again, linoleum is lovely cemented down to fit the sill exactly, and for an added touch, a little gallery of metal will convert a humble window sill into a lovely ledge.

More Color

You've probably been using shell paper on your shelves for years—but wouldn't it be much more practical and attractive to lay each shelf with a strip of linoleum in a gay color? Some smart home makers make each shelf a different color and obtain a gay, peasanty effect. Another thing to remember is—never throw away a table that can still stand on its legs. It can be given a new top of linoleum, especially in a pattern of your favorite game, whether it be checkers, bridge, backgammon or mah-jongg.

A NEW SILHOUETTE IN MEN'S HEADGEAR FOR THIS SPRING

It would seem, from observation, that the Tyrolean hat and the pork pie hat as each was introduced, were actually experiments in smart head-wear for men. The best points of both have been borrowed, and the result is the classic semi-sport hat which has the ideal character of being equally at home in town or country. Nor is this hat limited to one expression, for it comes in a whole range of different shapes, some short of brim, others wide; some high of crown, others flatter; some with cut edges, many with welt edges; some with conventional ribbon bands; many with narrower bands and feathers.

To Business

As a hat that may be worn to business, to sport events, and on the campus, it expresses the new phase of American life which is both casual and ready for any kind of social event. Evident in all of these hats, however, is the finish of the felt which is either rough and pebbly, or soft and velvety, and colors very well liked in soft shades of green, tan, and blue, as well as the newer fawn.

A Poet's Reverie

As I look from my window and gaze at the stars,
With their mellow translucent light,
I will dream and follow the milky way,
In the path of the stars tonight.

You know it is natural for poets to dream,
And to think of impossible things,
So, as I sit in my dream of the stars,
What a thrill of delight it doth bring.

I imagine each star is a planet you see,
Whose inhabitants never feel blue,
They drink nectar wine from the Great Dipper's brim,
And hang it up when they are thru.

picture the bright evening star as a land,
All peopled by writers of verse,
They make merry jingles to pass away time,
And never write rhyme deep and terse.

To Editor ever sends their poems back,
Or ever greets them with a frown,
Every one is congenial in that land of rhyme,
And never turns their poems down.

They are fed by the ravens or some other way,
For there is no money in rhymes,
They are clothed with a halo of glory so bright,
And never count quarters and dimes.

The young and romantic on bright starry nights,
Often travel by plane to the moon,
Just off every care and forget to make rhyme,
As they sit on the moon's crest and spoon.

The man in the moon looks on with a smile,
Has not tired of their romancing yet,
He has seen much love-making in his day and age,
And considers it seemly and fit.

Poets oft fall in love as you and I know,
But they're not very practical mates,
For poems and jingles can never make pies,
Quite often the nice dinner waits.

Tomorrow I'll shake the star dust from my feet,
Will mix with the common place crowds,
But in dreams I will follow the path of a star,
For tonight I will live in the clouds.

DR. J. L. CAIRNS
SUCCEEDS DR. PIERCE

Bishop Charles Wesley Burns of the New England Methodist Conference, formally announced on Monday that Rev. Dr. John L. Cairns, pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal church in Lynn, will succeed Rev. Dr. Robert M. Pierce, Worcester Methodist superintendent, who has accepted a call to the Parkway Community church in Milton. Dr. Cairns will reside in Worcester and will have under his supervision churches in Worcester county and in the Lowell area.

Bennington

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

Food Sale at the Congregational Church Vestry March 20 at 2 o'clock, for benefit of the church.

A Concert and Dance will be held at the Town hall on Easter Monday evening, March 29, under the auspices of St. Patrick's Church. Music by ZaZe Ludwig and his Vodvil Band.

At the last meeting of the Sportsman's Club some fine moving pictures were shown by James Hallaman of Concord. Conservation Officer George Proctor was also present. An oyster stew supper was served.

Miss Eunice Brown is making satisfactory recovery from her recent illness.

Moving pictures of the local school children and other local citizens will be shown in the town hall Wednesday evening, April 7, together with the movie "The Healer", sponsored by the junior girls' choir.

It is reported that the home of Miss Doris Doe was recently broken into and several articles taken.

Guard Match Secrets

No other industry guards its processes as secretly as do the match manufacturers. Men in the industry say this is because there are no match-making machines except those built in each individual factory and that each company seeks to guard its discoveries from the other. Improvements in fire-making during the last century have outshone those of the entire period which history covers prior to 1836.

Card of Thanks

We wish to extend our thanks to all the friends, neighbors, the American Legion and all others who in any way assisted at the time of the sickness and passing away of our loved one. Also all friends for the beautiful floral pieces. All these remembrances have made our load just a little bit easier to bear.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice J. Fournier
Mr. and Mrs. James E. Ashford
Mr. and Mrs. Vivyan S. Fournier
Mr. and Mrs. William O. Kimball
Mr. and Mrs. Cecil K. Fournier
Mrs. Doris L. Fournier and children

SCHOOL BOARD NOTICE

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

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

Church Notes

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Rev. Wm. McN. Kittredge, Pastor
Thursday, March 18
Prayer-Meeting at 7.30 o'clock.
The topic is "The Kingly Christ", Matt. 21: 1-9.

Sunday, March 21
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock.
The pastor will preach from the theme: "The Master's Challenge".
Sunday School at 12 o'clock.
The Young People's Fellowship will meet in the vestry of this church at 8 o'clock. A candlelight service will be held, with Miss Judith Pratt in charge.

Union Service in this church at 7 o'clock. (Note the change back to the later hour) The theme of the sermon will be "The Uncrowned King".

Baptist

Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, March 18
Mid-week Meeting at 7.30 p. m.
Topic: "A Brown Palaver".
Sunday, March 21
Church School at 9.45 o'clock.
Morning worship at 11. The pastor will preach on "The King and His Needs."
Crusaders meet at 4 o'clock.

Little Stone Church on the Hill
Antrim Center

Rev. J. W. Logan, Pastor
Sunday School at 9 a. m.
Sunday morning worship at 9.45.

East Antrim

Friends have received letters from F. C. Henderson stating that he has been very ill this winter and has spent two and a half months in a hospital since leaving Antrim. He looks forward to coming to Antrim. We wish him a speedy recovery to health.

Begin to look like winter!

Miss Enid Cochrane spent Town Meeting day in Massachusetts.

This neighborhood was well represented at the dinner served by the graduating class—and 'twas a good dinner.

We are glad to learn Wesley Hills is rapidly improving.

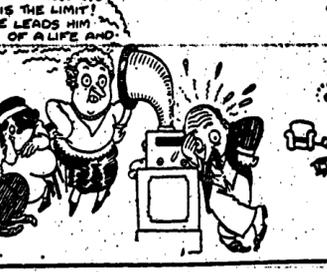
We understand a new foreman has commenced duties at the Henderson farm.

Dachshund, "Badger Dog"
Dachshund is a name adopted from the German meaning "badger dog." The Dachshund is an ancient breed of dog.

EVERYBODY



The Radio's A Wonderful Thing



Proctor's Column

My old friend "Al" Gutterson of Prince George Hotel, New York city, sends me a menu of a Crow Dinner held at Hotel Lassen, Wichita, Kan., Feb. 27th. As an appetizer they start off with Crow eggs, and end up with crow cake. It's a very elaborate menu. "Al" wants me to dig up some crow eggs and when he comes on for the trout season we will have eggs fried, scrambled and on the half shell. "Al" also adds that grilled skunk might go well with the eggs. We will try anything once so bring on the crows.

Yes I did run in and give the chicken and egg show at Concord the other day the once over. It was good. I was much interested in the display of the firms offering grain and poultry equipment.

Dr. Hornaday, the noted naturalist, is dead. At one time he was director of the N. Y. Zoo. He devoted all his life to the welfare of the waterfowl. His place will be hard to fill.

One other night last week I sat in with the Brotherhood of the Baptist church at East Jaffrey. The chimney disease the (Flu) had most of the members confined to the bed so the attendance was not as big as is usually the case. Only one member of the orchestra but he was good and made up for the other members absent. We tried to sell them the idea of all buying a license to fish and hunt whether they fished or not. It was a nice party and we had a hand out after the meeting.

Thomas Handforth, American artist, says Chinese women can wear youthful looking clothes much longer than their western sisters, for they are built more gracefully. He declares: "China is the home of many women who have beauty, distinction, intellectual attainments and style. The Chinese woman has one advantage over Occidental women. She is slender and graceful. Fat women are not admired in China."

3 Daily Sacraments

Sermonette by Rev. Joseph W. Reeves
A sacrament has been defined as a solemn religious rite. Most Protestant churches have only two rites or ceremonies which they regard as sacraments. These are Baptism and The Lord's Supper. Baptism is administered once in a lifetime. Holy Communion is observed frequently.

To get the most out of life, to live the richest life, to make the largest contribution to life, there are three religious rites in which every person should engage every day. I believe these three sacraments to be as essential to a complete day as is the cleansing of the body, the partaking of good food, and the flooding of the lungs with pure air. They are rites which the individual conducts for himself. His holy desires is the altar and God is the witness.

The first of these daily sacraments is Silence. The Psalmist said "Be still!" God calls to silence at least ten minutes every day. Books unopened; cares cast aside; tomorrow not anticipated. Those who have experimented with silence witness to the sense of mastery and composure that it brings. Waiting is not waiting time. It is an occasion for gaining light, vision, strength for the task at hand and the days ahead. Even God, man's greatest experience, is not to be found in the wind or earthquake or fire but in the still small voice.

The second daily sacrament is Study. Paul wrote to Timothy "Study to show thyself approved unto God." What wonderful capacities our minds possess! What marvelous opportunities are ours for their cultivation! It is reported that most Christians pay little heed to the following Biblical exhortation, "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom and with all thy getting get understanding." We must have zeal, knowledge, grace for effective living. The order of importance is grace, knowledge, zeal. Study expands, enhances, and encourages the individual. Enter into it each day as a solemn religious rite. Learn to think God's thoughts after Him.

The third daily sacrament is Service. Jesus said: "In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." We never need to go far to find feet that are stained or bleeding with the hard ways that have been trodden. Those are always near who have fallen into difficulties because of their sin or misfortune. Opportunities for service are ever present.

Apples Exported

The United States produces from 100,000,000 to 200,000,000 bushels of apples and, under normal conditions exports from 17 per cent to 20 per cent of the strictly commercial crop. From 1927 to 1932 inclusive, based on quantity or volume exported, apples ranked third among all unmanufactured agricultural products, and based on value they ranked sixteenth on the list of all exported commodities for 1931 and 1932. Thus it is seen that apples are of major importance as an export commodity.

Apple Blotch

Apple blotch, the well-named star-fungus of our orchards, is separate and distinct from black scab on the fruit. The name "star-fungus" is a good one, says a writer in the Rural New-Yorker, as it characterizes by shape the spot on apples and marks it as different from scabs. Moreover, blotch is a disease of twigs and side branches as well as of leaves and fruit. It has been estimated that blotch causes on the average a loss of about 5 per cent of the apple crop.

READY, PLAY!



Introducing Dolores Del Rio, exotic Mexican screen star, who was recently placed under contract by Columbia Pictures. Miss Del Rio will make her initial appearance under the company's banner in "The Depths Below," shortly to be placed in production. Richard Dix and Chester Morris will play the male leads.

Training the Mind
Approximately one-fourth of a man's life is spent developing and training his mind.

Sally Savers KITCHEN CLUB

Another Winner

Dear Club Members:
FIRST and foremost—corned beef and cabbage a la Jimmy Sands:

Get a five pound piece of brisket of beef. That's enough for about five people. Fill a pot with about two to two and a half quarts of water. Let the water get warm. Put the corned beef into the warm water, keeping it there until the water boils. Then pour that water off. (That first water is thrown away because of its terrific saltiness from the meat.)

Into the pot with the beef pour freshly boiled water which has been heated separately. Cook the meat in that second water about an hour and forty minutes—in other words, about twenty minutes to the pound. While the meat is cooking, get the cabbage ready.

Large pieces of cabbage are used. Don't chop it or cut it up fine. Put the cabbage into a pot of cold water—NOT too much water—and add a little salt. Let the cabbage cook about three quarters of an hour. Don't mix the corned beef and cabbage while they are cooking. Place them together on the platter, pour just a little of the cabbage water over the whole thing and serve.

Have you ever tried a creamy Roquefort dressing? It sure does things to a salad!

1 package (8 ounces) cream cheese
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup mayonnaise
1/2 cup Roquefort
1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup butter
1/2 cup cream

Blend cream cheese with lemon juice and salt. Force Roquefort cheese through coarse strainer and add alternately with mayonnaise, beating well. Add cream gradually. Makes 1 1/2 cups dressing.

Sally Savers

EASY WASHER-IRONER

— Combination Offer —

1 EASY IRONER
that takes the other half of the work out of ironing. It's the only ironer that gives you a hot steam ironing surface. It's the only ironer that gives you a hot steam ironing surface. It's the only ironer that gives you a hot steam ironing surface.

All 3 FOR THE PRICE OF 1

No. 5 B EASY WASHER Reg. Price \$49.95
No. 20 EASY-IRONER Reg. Price \$39.95
Total \$89.90

2 EASY WRINGER
Plus
3 EASY WASHER

In Combination Offer

ALL THREE FOR \$79.95



You Save \$9.95 By Buying Now

TERMS:

Only \$2.50 Down

BALANCE IN SMALL MONTHLY PAYMENTS

Public Service Company of New Hampshire

Do you sometimes feel oppressed by the seriousness of life... the gravity of the events that are transpiring all about you? Well, laugh it off with

IRVIN S. COBB

Famous as a humorist, novelist, dramatist, journalist, magazine writer and radio commentator, Cobb has won a great following throughout America. Now he is coming to this paper with a weekly column of comment on those things that he finds particularly interesting or amusing.

A shrewd interpretation of some important news development, a friendly arrow of wit, a chuckle-provoking observation—truly Cobb at his best. Watch this newspaper for the weekly comments of

IRVIN S. COBB

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Clean Comics That Will Amuse Both Old and Young

OF INTEREST TO THE HOUSEWIFE

Surveys have shown that once-a-day dish washing represents an economy of time.

A little crushed ice added to the cold water in a bag makes it comforting to fevered brows for a longer time than cold water alone.

Add two tablespoons of shortening to the griddle cake batter and it will not be necessary to grease the griddle.

Lukewarm wash water, lukewarm rinse water and a moderately warm place for drying are best for washing woolens.

To make jar lids easy to remove, place the jars upside down in hot water for a minute or two or run hot water over the lids.

Shell fish such as crab, lobster or shrimp should be stored in a mild salt brine (1 teaspoon of salt to a cup of water). Flavor will be maintained and spoilage reduced with this type of storage.

When you store fresh fish and meat in any refrigerator it should not be covered closely. Bacteria in both of these foods multiply more rapidly in a humid atmosphere than in a dry one. Cover lightly if at all.

I AM THE FAMOUS O-CEDAR MOP. THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR HOUSEKEEPING HELPER. I WORK FAST-HOLD THE DUST-NEVER SCATTER IT. I'M EASY TO WASH.



O-Cedar POLISH MOPS - WAX

Brought to Light A man's character seldom changes—it is merely revealed.

SORE MUSCLES MADE HER ACHE ALL OVER

Feels like a BOW WOMAN NOW Why suffer with muscular pains of rheumatism, neuritis, lumbago or chest cold? Thousands say Hamlin's Wizard Oil brings quick relief to aching legs, arms, chest, neck, back. Just rub it on—rub it in. Makes the skin glow with warmth—muscles feel soothed—relief comes quickly—pleasant odor. Will not stain clothes. At all drug stores.

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL For MUSCULAR ACHES AND PAINS Due to RHEUMATISM NEURALGIA LUMBAGO CHEST COLDS

WNU-2 11-37

A Vital Motive Ideal education is a vital motive for any and all good work.

Iron the Easy Way

GENUINE INSTANT LIGHTING Coleman SELF-HEATING IRON

The Coleman is a genuine instant-lighting iron. All you have to do is turn the valve, strike a match and it lights instantly. You don't have to insert the match inside the iron—no burned fingers. The Coleman heats in a hurry and is quickly ready for use. Extra heating surface is heated with heat from the bottom. Keeps the heat even for the whole length of the iron. Entirely self-heating. Operates fast—up to 100 degrees. You do your ironing with less effort, in less time, with less heat. It's a wonderful iron in the genuine Instant-Lighting Coleman. It's the iron every woman wants. It's a wonderful iron in the genuine Instant-Lighting Coleman. It's the iron every woman wants. It's a wonderful iron in the genuine Instant-Lighting Coleman. It's the iron every woman wants.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I feel I could do clever things. I never try my best I know. Perhaps it's just as well I don't. I might be disillusioned.

THE FEATHERHEADS



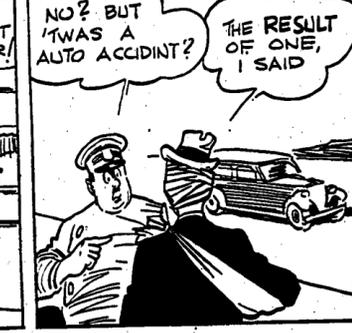
'SMATTER POP—But Don't We Often Judge Who's Coming by the Clothes?



MESCAL IKE



FINNEY OF THE FORCE



BRONC PEELER— Will Bronc Be in Time



The Curse of Progress



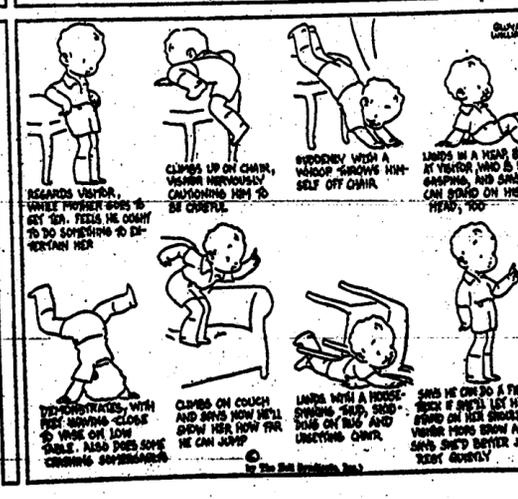
Inconsistent
Talkative Lady (on board ship)
—Can you swim?
Sailor — Only at times, ma'am.
T. L. — Only at times! How strange; and when do these moments of ability come to you?
Sailor — When I am in the water, ma'am.—New Outlook (Toronto.)

Hard to Define
Doctor — You have grown very thin, Kirby.
Kirby — Yes, doctor, in fact it's gotten so when I have a pain in my middle I can't tell whether it's a stomachache or a backache.

Their Names
Found on a freshman's registration card:
Question — Give your parents' names.
Answer — Mama and Papa.

Bargain
The decrepit old car drove up to the toll-bridge.
"Fifty cents," cried the gateman.
"Sold," replied the driver.—Wall Street Journal.

ENTERTAINER



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© Associated Newspapers.—WNU Service.

My Favorite Recipe

By Grace Moore Opera Singer

Spanish Chicken
2 young chickens, cut in pieces
3 tablespoons salt, pepper
6 tablespoons butter
8 canned pimientos, rubbed through sieve
1 onion, finely chopped
3 cloves of garlic, finely chopped
4 tablespoons flour
Season chickens with salt and pepper. Fry (saute) in three tablespoons of butter. Add one teaspoonful of salt, onion, garlic, pimientos and boiling water to cover. Cook until chicken is tender. Remove and thicken sauce with remaining butter and flour. Cook together.
Copyright—WNU Service

Uncle Phil Says:

It's a Good Start
He who puts his best foot forward stands the best chance of getting there with both feet. It is far better to fall in a good cause than to succeed in a bad one.
There is always a right way to settle our problems, but most of our troubles are caused by trying to avoid that way.
If it were not for folly, it would be hard to define wisdom.
Where the Praise Belongs
A self-made man never ceases to praise his maker.
We love "The Star-Spangled Banner" because we can't get too familiar with it. It is too hard to sing for that.
They say people who make promises lightly will eventually pay heavily. Hardly. They generally break their promises, lightly, too.
When a sociable man has a minute to spare, he goes and bothers some other man who is busy.
Anyone who doesn't like his job will stretch a holiday into three.



Huggins' Squelch of Blustering Babe a Classic Retort

TALES told around a town that has no curfew law for sports folks:
There was the time, fifteen years or so ago, when Babe Ruth had not yet become the model of propriety that he is today. Then the papers were full of his off the field antics and the dugout gossip was that little Miller Huggins could never learn to handle him.
That kept up for months. Some observers were laying long odds that Babe could never last because of the playboy pace he was setting. Others were equally sure there was only one solution of the problem. Modest, trail little Hug, not a particularly celebrated player in his own day, was not fit to be compared to this newly arrived star of all stars. The thing to do was have him succeed Huggins as manager. Then all would be well.
Hug, listened, sat in his little office or on the edge of the bench, puffing at his little tobacco - incusted pipe, saying nothing. Then, suddenly, he acted. Headlines flamed with the news that the burly young star of all stars had been fined \$5,000 and would get more of the same if he did not become a good boy.
Miller Huggins Babe also flamed. He reached Huggins' office roaring. Hug sat there, sucking at a now dead pipe, saying nothing. Finally Babe reached his climax.
"You, you," he shook a fist at the silent 120-pounder, then raised himself to his full, massive stature. "If you were only man's size I'd beat the hell out of you."
Hug took the pipe from his lips, continued to look full at Ruth. "Yes," he said quietly. "And if I was your size you'd have jumped out of that window ten minutes ago."
There is the tale Reuben Gray, inventor of the Australian starting barrier now used at Hialeah, tells about Phar Lap. Many turfmen think that Phar Lap was an even greater thoroughbred than Man o' War, but no matter about that. He was good and the big books were loaded with money on him shortly before the running of the Melbourne Cup one year.
Something had to be done. Somebody tried to do it. Australians are not quite as subtle as their American brethren. Sponges, slow pills and such modern aids to betting coups do not appeal to them.
Phar Lap was cantering around his training track one day when an automobile approached. This was nothing new, people were always wanting to get a glimpse of the wonder horse. That day, though, Phar Lap sniffed, wheeled around so suddenly that he almost upset his jockey. A shot echoed. The automobile sped away.
When investigation was made it was discovered that K Phar Lap had not wheeled around so suddenly the bullet must surely have bumped him off. Perhaps that explains the misfortunes inflicted upon humans who lack horse sense.
An enterprising campus reporter might make a good story—at least the human interest is there—out of it. Anyhow, I offer the tip as it came to me from a regretful alumnus the other night.
The boy's name is Sullivan. They say he is the best football player to enter Princeton in years, that he is a good student and that he is steeped in the Tiger tradition. But he is ineligible because he played freshman football at a college out West—a full two minutes, they say.
There are other bits of stories. One about the ring that Harry Hillman, Dartmouth track coach, always wears. It came to him in 1904 after he had won 100, 220, 440 high hurdles and three-legged race in the annual Military meet. Lawson Robertson of Penn was Hillman's partner in the three-legged event and they still hold the 0.11 record for the 100.
Eleven seconds, incidentally, is the same time Helen Stephens took while winning the women's 100 in the Berlin Olympics.
Another short bit is the one concerning the touchdown Kansas scored to beat Iowa State in 1920. Dayhawkers still call it the "Dream Touchdown." That is because Dr. Phog Allen, then coaching football at Kansas, went to bed wondering how to beat Iowa State. Then dreamed about the formation which produced the touchdown.

NOT IN THE ROX SCORE:

OSSIE SOLEM, now at Syracuse after long football coaching years at Iowa and Drake, already has discovered that Mid-Western gridiron candidates are bigger and more plentiful than in the East. He finds though that Eastern players usually are older, due to their high school plus prep school training, and this may be a big help. . . . Hank Greenberg is a dog-racing fan . . . Walter Kosak, the pro golfer who became one of the turf's most celebrated bettors, splits his Florida golf tournament earnings with his caddy and kid brother . . . Lieutenant Abe Goldman, now one of Brooklyn's most eminent detectives, once spent most of his time acting as sparring partner for Middleweight Champion Al McCoy.
That section of a palpitating public which spends its days wondering what pro hockey players do in the off season can be enlightened as follows: Allen Shields, Bruins' defense man, owns a new hotel in Ottawa. Happy Day of the Maple Leafs has given six of his best years to a Toronto drug store . . . Art Coulter is undecided between a trip into the North Woods with Forest Ranger Ted Graham or another stay in his Michigan wilderness camp. Fast-stepping Bob Gracie of the Maroons goes back to his gas station at Wasauaga Beach, Ontario. Hal Cotton is a Toronto sports broadcaster as is King Clancy. Chuck Genesee runs the Silver Slipper Dance hall at Wasauaga Beach . . . Frank McCurry, N. H. L. referee, is a practicing dentist. Another referee, Ag Smith, manages a chain of orange drink stands in Boston. Pete Palangio, one of the newest members of the Chicago Black Hawks, operates a bus from his home town, North Bay, Ontario, to the Dionne quintuplets hospital in Callendar.
Governor Fred P. Cone soon will recommend to the Florida legislature that changes be made in the present betting setup. Pari-mutuel booths, established around town after the Paris fashion and relaying wagers to the course, will be one of the suggested improvements. He is reported as feeling that this is the only way to eliminate the handbooks, strong pressure previously having failed to budge them . . . Joe Di Maggio once liked tennis better than baseball . . . Frankie Clause, who recently defeated bowling ace Andy Varipapa by 102 pins in a 20-game money series, teaches history in Old Forge High school near Scranton, Pa.

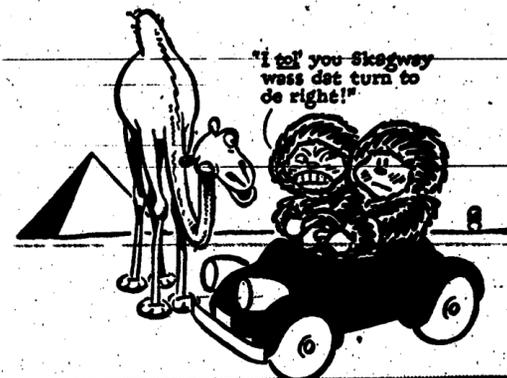
Quickly Knitted in Stockinette Stitch



Pattern 5655
Like a gay addition to your "all year round" wardrobe? Of course you would! Then take a tip and knit this fetching blouse. You'll love the laciness of a pointed yoke, so prettily set off by plain stockinette stitch, and are sure to adore the snug fit of ribbing 'cross the hips. Ribbing also bands the simple sleeves. Knit it of soft-colored string or yarn, in one of the new shades! In pattern 5655 you will find instructions for making the blouse and skirt in sizes 16-18 and 38-40; an illustration of the blouse and 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 pattern number, your name and address.

\$3,000,000-a-Mile Road

The most expensive motor highway ever constructed in the United States, on a mileage basis, is the great Pulaski Skyway, which runs for six and a third miles over the congested areas of Jersey City, New Jersey. It cost more than \$3,000,000 a mile.—Collier's Weekly.



GO FARTHER BEFORE YOU NEED A QUART

Prove it for yourself with the "First Quart" test. Drain and refill with Quaker State. Note the mileage. See how much farther this oil takes you before you have to add the first quart. The reason is: "There's an extra quart of lubrication in every gallon." Quaker State Oil Refining Corp., Oil City, Pa. The retail price is 35¢ per quart.



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Young men soon give and soon forget affronts; old age is slow in both.—Addison.

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MORNING DISTRESS

is discomfort, upset stomach. Milsenta wafers (the original) quickly relieve acid stomach and give necessary elimination. Each wafer equals 4 teaspoonfuls of milk of magnesia. 20c, 35c & 60c.

Canzoneri Believes Comeback Possible

Tony Canzoneri still is undecided about a comeback but insistently claims that he can lick Lightweight Champion Lou Ambers . . . A few odd names of New York fighters as observed in recent P. A. notices—John L. Sullivan, Percival Allen, Battling Dynamite Reno, "Tin Can" Romanelli, James J. Johnson.
Herb Brodie, used to fight in New York under the direction of the late Paddy Mullins. That was eight years or so ago and in those days Herb was a lightweight and wore a mustache. . . . "Just Plain Bill" Johnston may promote boxing at a ball park this summer . . . Gene Pope, the publisher, has signed Enrico Venturi, Aldo Spoldi, Saverio Turriello, Italo Colonelli and Vinc Dell'Orto to appear in a benefit show for Italian newspaper men at the St. Nicks next month.



New York merchants who believe a heavyweight championship fight is worth a cool \$6,000,000 in extra spending in the town where it is held, are somewhat peeved at Uncle Mike Jacobs. They say that after paying pretty prices for Uncle Mike's amusement ducaats and after laying a bit of advertising on the line for Uncle Mike's allies, they deserve a better break than having Jim Braddock lose his title in Chicago. . . . Fight pilots should give a look at Ord Fink, Syracuse junior. Last year, his first letter-winning season, he won the Eastern intercollegiate, the national collegiate and was the only college man to make the Olympic boxing team. While doing this he won 16 out of 20 bouts by knockouts. His only defeat was the decision Jimmy Clark, former A. A. U. champion since turned pro, won over him in the Chicago Olympic tryout finals.

One of the best of bets is that college baseball will be more interesting this season than it has been since attacked by the blight 20 years ago. The reason is that so many stalwart youngsters finally have realized that baseball is a real profession paying tidy and immediate profits. Also there is the fact that managers and owners prefer college players.

400 oldtime fighters gathered recently in Philadelphia for a banquet. Among them such as Jack McAniff, Harry Lewis, Jack Britton, Tommy Loughran, Lew Tendler, Peter Maher, Joe Grim, Harlem Tommy Murphy, Jack Daly, Kid McCoy, Jake Kilrain, Johnny Kilbane, Benny Leonard, Jack O'Brien and Bat Levinisky . . . The Giants are going to struggle along without a captain this season now that Travis Jackson has taken over managerial worries at Jersey City.

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THE Firestone Ground Grip Tire is without equal for traction. It is in a class by itself. In fact, the design and performance of this tire are so unusual that the United States Patent Office has granted a patent on it. Firestone provides one traction tread — Ground Grip — for cars, trucks, buses, tractors and farm implements.

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HOW

FAST WE SPEAK AND SPEED AT WHICH EYES MUST ACT—

"You are going too fast, sir," protested a police constable whose ability as a shorthand writer was being tested in court at Pontypridd. The magistrate, who had a stop watch in his hand, agreed.

"You are reading at the rate of 145 words to the minute," he told the solicitor. "It is only a verbatim notetaker who can write at such a speed."

In another case tried at a well known county court, the judge objected to the slow speed at which the defending barrister spoke.

"I have timed you," he said, "and you have taken 60 seconds to say 51 words. Your papers are unnecessary."

Actually, it appears that the ordinary rate of speaking varies between 100 and 120 words a minute. And that in a year a man speaks 11,800,000 words.

Few of us give a thought to the speed at which we perform mechanical actions. Your eyes, for instance, have you any idea at what speed they work? Do you know that, in reading a novel, they have traversed about a mile and a half of type? Even those whose daily reading is confined to a newspaper read 19 to 25 miles of type yearly.

How Children Differ in Growth in Some Sections

There apparently is a geographical differential in the growth of children in the United States.

This is shown by public health service measurements of height, weight, chest circumference and vital capacity of more than 30,000 school children—divided into sex and age classifications—in all parts of the United States.

"On the whole," says the report, "children from the northeastern section tend to be largest, those from the north central area next, those from the south central region are third, and those from the western section the smallest."

The reason for this geographical differential, shown for children between six and fifteen years of age, is unknown. Comparative rates of growth show no consistent differences.—Detroit News.

How Union Jack Got Name

Union Jack is a strange name for a flag. It is like this. The original flag of England was the banner of St. George—a red cross on a white ground. When James of Scotland became also king of England, the banner of St. Andrew—a diagonal white cross on a blue ground—was combined with St. George's banner. Then came the union with Ireland and the banner of St. Patrick—a diagonal red cross on a white ground was added. This gave us the new familiar flag—Union because it was made up of the banners of the united countries. Jack is a form of the name of King James in Latin—Jacobus—in whose reign the flag came into use.—Pearson's Weekly.

How to Tan Furs

For small skins such as rabbit, the following formula for a tanning solution is generally used. Dissolve four pounds of salt in five gallons of water in a wooden tub, then add very carefully two fluid ounces of sulphuric acid. Before being placed in this, the skins should be covered with salt on the flesh side and allowed to stand a few days to dry out. They should remain in the tanning bath for one to three weeks, then they should be rinsed and dried.

How to Test Vocabulary

To count your own vocabulary, according to a method once outlined by L. M. Terman in his book, "The Measurement of Intelligence," get a dictionary of 15,000 words. Select the last word in every sixth column until you have a list of 100 words. Then multiply the number of these words you can define by 150. If you're an average adult you should be able to define 11,700. If you're a superior adult, 13,500.—Chicago Tribune.

How to Make Grinding Wheel

One method of making a grinding wheel is to grind emery into a fine powder, make into a paste with a dilute acid such as hydrochloric acid, then mold or press to shape and dry at a high temperature. An artificial whetstone is made by dissolving gelatin in an equal quantity of water, adding 1 1/2 per cent of bichromate of potash, previously dissolved, then mixing with nine times its weight of very fine emery. The paste is molded to shape, pressed together and dried in the sun.

How to Dispose of Old Flags

According to the flag code, established in 1923 by representatives of 71 patriotic organizations the flag should be destroyed as a whole, when it is no longer in fit condition to display as an emblem, preferably by burning or by some other method in harmony with the reverence and respect we owe to the emblem representing our country. According to the War department, the United States disposes of its worn-out flags by burning them.

How to Clean Hairbrush

Put a dash of household ammonia in warm water and dip the brush in it several times, with the back up. Do not rinse. This stiffens the bristles. Wipe the back with a soft cloth and set the brush on its back to dry.

River, Don't Tell

By LORANNA JOHNSON
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WNU Service.

IT WAS fearsome standing there on the lawn within Jim's family group feeling that it hated her as Jim's fiancée.

Jim was afraid, too, it seemed to Minetta, after all his gay bravado on the way from the city to the farmhouse where he had been born, and his father before him. "Think you can endure being a farmer's wife, darling, after a debutante's education?" he had bantered.

"Silly! Of course, if the farmer is you—" there had been a little breathless pause while their eyes shared the implied absurdity. "But will your mother and the girls approve of—"

"How could they help it?" "You said, once, nothing would suit them better than for you to marry Albertina Schneider," she had reminded him.

"Albertina's their first choice. Might have been mine too, if a certain little ebony-haired gal hadn't popped up in my chem class," Jim had admitted.

Now, she could feel Jim's mother eyeing her in a way she might some culprit on reprove. She could feel Jim's sisters, Frieda and Bertha, disapproving her backless print and liberally rouged mouth and long bright nails; hating the kind of girl they judged her to be.

"Albertina's here Jim," Frieda glanced toward the house and called "Come on out, Bert—"

And Albertina, blond and lissome, came down the flagstones to meet them. "Hallo, Jim," she said, giving him a large, sunburnt hand. She turned to Minetta as Jim introduced her with a stiff, constrained, "How d'you do, Miss Timm?"

Frieda and Bertha started to move more wicker chairs out on the lawn, but Jim stopped them. "How about a picnic supper on the river, Mother?" he asked.

Everybody did something. Everybody but Minetta who sat nervously on the edge of a kitchen chair and watched their preparations without offering to help.

"Do you know how to clean a chicken?" Bertha asked her, taking down a platterful.

"No. But I'll learn, I guess—" Minetta hesitated.

Then Frieda put in, "Did you make the dress you have on?"

"No—no. I haven't learned to sew yet— Besides, it's just about as cheap to buy clothes ready-made," Minetta defended.

"The lunch is ready," Bertha announced.

"Let's get into our nautics," Jim suggested. "Might want to take a swim in the river."

Smoothly slim all over in a wispy of scarlet, Minetta walked beside Jim down the slope, along by the apple trees to the river below. Albertina, with a nice easy stride that whipped the fullness of her skirt about her, went ahead of them all.

"Think I'll have a swim while you womenfolk spread the lunch here in the shade of the sycamore," Jim said, and was off toward the saffron and purple sunset.

Even as Minetta looked, expecting to see him streaking across the river in his good American crawl, he seemed to be having trouble only a hundred feet out. Another instant, and she was sure she heard Jim's cry for help. And then nothing except the river's own sounds, and somebody's terrified, "Oh, Lord! Can't anybody save him?"

Minetta hardly knew when she kicked off her sandals or ran down and dived off the boat dock. But once in the river her arms rising and falling cleanly, thoughts gathered round her; clear and helpful. Jim was in danger of drowning! She was the only who could do for him now! Elation carried her along. Maybe she couldn't milk a cow or dress a chicken—yet. But she hadn't won the Gilfred Trophy for the most competent "Tired Swimmer's Carry" for nothing.

Her head functioned coolly through it all. Her arms and legs did their part, too.

Presently she was in motherly arms; words beating all about her. Then one voice became low, seemed meant for her ears alone. "You've courage and common sense, dear. You'll make my son a fine wife—"

Minetta and Jim sat alone in the warm night air, and heard the river rippling down below. Jim said: "I thought sure you'd catch on, darling."

"Catch on?" "Yes. That I was shamming. In the river—"

"I—I didn't think of that," Minetta said slowly.

"No, of course not, but I did!" Jim chuckled.

Japan's National Sport

For centuries wrestling has been the national sport of Japan. Once, two royal princes met on the mat, the winner being declared Emperor. But Japanese wrestling is more deadly because it includes Jiu-jitsu. Japanese wrestlers usually weigh between 300 and 400 pounds. They have a powerful girdle, the elders of which teach the sport and direct tournaments. To insure great size, rare in the Orient, they force their sons to marry daughters of wrestlers.

Retribution

By JOHN SCOTT DOUGLAS
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WNU Service.

OLD Dr. Jim Paulson stood at Rachel Baxton's door, an oddity grim set to his white-bearded jaw. Seven years of marriage had done nothing to oust Rachel from her unique position as nurse for Prairieville, for there was not another to replace her.

"I'll hurry doctor!" she cried, correctly interpreting his expression. "Overnight case?"

He shook his fine head. "It'll be over, one way or the other, within an hour. Millie Frink's taken poison."

Rachel flew. In less than three minutes the doctor's slyver was rattling along the country road with its two occupants.

"Don't seem as if Millie had the nerve," said the nurse.

Old Doctor Jim gave her a startled glance. "George Frink called me. She told him she'd taken arsenic."

"George seem much excited?" "No; but he's not the excitable kind."

Rachel's generous mouth hardened. "That doesn't mean he isn't terribly out about it. I know I'd be, if I'd done what he's done for Millie. Eight years he's put up with that woman!"

"Kind of fond of him yourself, weren't you, Rachel?"

She laughed, coloring. "Not more than twenty other girls. There's a wistful small-boy quality about George, for all his bigness. It makes a woman feel like mothering him. Everyone loves George."

"Like a big, good-natured bear," chuckled the doctor. "Awkward, kind-hearted—and appealing."

"That's what I mean! Isn't it a shame someone like George should pick Millie? A little snip of a thing with a sharp tongue and a vinegary disposition! Spoiled, Millie is. And George is too easy-going to handle her."

George met them at the door. His bigness wasn't merely the bigness of stature. It went deeper; down to man. His eyes were a vivid blue, contrasting with the bronze of his face. And now that face was troubled.

Doctor Jim squeezed his hard arm. "Sorry, George."

George showed them into a bedroom. Here was the feeling of space and freshness and sunlight. There was, however, one shadow in the brightness—the woman groaning on the bed.

"Go out, George," she moaned. He went out, a hurt look in his blue eyes. The woman had a frail prettiness which was fading. She listened to his retreating footsteps, and then raised her hennaed head, her green eyes contemptuous.

"He believes I've taken poison," she said petulantly.

The doctor stood very still. "Haven't you?" he asked finally.

"No!" she snorted. "I told him that if he didn't sell out and take me to the city, I'd poison myself. He didn't believe me—so I had to prove it!"

Doctor Jim quietly opened his bag and withdrew the stomach-pump.

Millie Frink stiffened, her green eyes suspicious. "What are you going to do?" she demanded sharply.

"Pump out your stomach," he said grimly. "People intent on suicide often declare they haven't taken poison—but I can't take chances!"

It was a subdued and humiliated, Millie who finally said in a weak whisper, "Poison would have been easier than that!" She turned a white face on the pillow. "Send George in to me."

George came lumbering in, his face expressive of his anxiety.

"George," Millie faltered, "I—I didn't take poison. I—I'm just a cheap—" her eyes brimmed, and her voice became husky: "George, when these two heathens were torturing me, I thought I was really going to die. And I thought, if I ever come out of it, I'll try to be a—good sport, I mean it, George!"

He nodded his tawny head. The doctor took his arm and led him out of the room, leaving Rachel to clean up.

"I've seen too much of life to believe much in such sharp right-about-faces," Doctor Jim said. "But, somehow I believe Millie means it."

George appeared not to hear. He stared at the floor.

"That stomach-pump is enough punishment to drive horse sense into anyone's head," grunted the doctor.

Still George stared at the floor. Doctor Jim gripped his arm. "Don't you understand, George? Millie didn't take poison!"

George glanced at the doctor, and the corners of his mouth puckered with just the suggestion of a smile. "No," he said; "I knew she hadn't when I called you, Doc."

Accidents Happen

By MOSES SCHERER
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Service.

"WHO is she?" — "Huh? Oh—Myrtle Foster. Nice girl."

"I'll say she is. I don't think I met her."

"No? I'll introduce you. Came here alone, too."

Phil Roberts found himself staring, but it was so good to stare at her that he didn't stop. She sat across the table half-hidden by the big flower center-piece, and through it her hazel eyes gleamed like jewels. She was all chestnut and mellow wine colors in that dress and with that hair. . . . He managed to look away, but only to peer carefully out of the corners of his eyes up and down the long table. Everybody was busy. He sighed happily and gave himself up to long, continued staring. What skin! What a forehead! What eyes! What eyes! She was looking right at him.

He sought an introduction in a hurry.

"All's parties are always elaborate but sometimes a little dull. I thought it would be duller than ever for me because I had to come alone—but it's not any more."

She looked pleased and, while she didn't say it, she was thinking, the same thing—She had been watching him as he talked. She liked his even teeth and his broad mouth with the quirk in the corners. His hair was almost the color of hers, with a clean shine in it. And such a pleasant manner—

"Oh—no," said someone behind her, "we'll have to put a stop to this."

They looked away from each other for the first time to find everyone looking at them and Al holding a watch. "Ten minutes in one corner is long enough for people who have just been introduced. Come on—circulate!"

He couldn't say more than a few words to her until the party broke up. As he held her coat, "It's over much too soon."

She nodded.

"But you'll let me take you home, won't you? My car's right outside."

"So is mine. I guess I'll have to go home with myself. Tonight, anyway," she added, and his heart jumped at the way she said it.

"But maybe it won't start," she continued. "Better wait till I see. I had a little accident on the way here."

"Too bad. Much broken?"

"She's been stuttering ever since." Her face clouded. "An absolute nitwit in a big coupe dashed ahead of the light. You know how icy the streets are today. Well, my brakes held, but the wheels didn't. I spoiled his right running board and he mashed my lights and punctured my radiator. I was sorry at first, but he was so nasty—talked about woman drivers and said I should have my eyes looked after—that I told him I was sorry I hadn't put on full speed and knocked the stuffing out of him. Well! You should have seen how angry he got! Went off in a cloud of snow and left me sitting and freezing in my roadster waiting for someone to come along and help me straighten my fender so that I could steer. It was too dark for us to see each other. Whoever he is, I hope his radiator freezes tonight."

Roberts felt a cold chill come over him. He drew himself up. "The light, my dear madam, was green on my side for a full ten seconds before I entered the intersection."

Myrtle looked at him, startled. She had heard that sentence and that tone of voice once before. The same cold chill fell upon her: "It was you!"

They stood and glared at each other. Then she turned and marched straight out, and he gathered up his coat and hat and left with a look so furious that everyone moved out of his way.

Then one day he saw her again. She was driving that roadster just ahead of him. His heart jumped, then settled down to pounding. He followed her without thinking—with-out knowing why. As they drove, he could see her face reflected in the rear-view mirror of her car—glory of perfect skin, pert nose, sweet lips, wisps of that chestnut hair.

Her eyes were looking at him—Looking at the reflection of his own face in the mirror as it came to her from behind! And so their eyes met and held each other, separated by fifteen feet and each looking into the same tiny glass that held for the moment all the world.

The two cars moved down the street. There was a traffic light on a pole in the middle of the street. The light showed red. A policeman shouted.

Her car went right on and knocked the pole with a great crash. He couldn't stop. He rammed into the back of her car. Then he could only crawl out and go to her where she stood shakily by her ruined roadster.

"I'm sorry—terribly sorry. It was all my fault."

"No, no. I should have seen the light. I was ahead—"

They both stopped and smiled at each other.

"You were staring."

"Yes, so were you."

He held her hand, and they faced the purple policeman so calmly and so much together that he could only gape at them.

WHY

Buttons on Men's Coats Are on the Right Side.

Why does a tailor place a man's coat buttons on the right side? Because this fashion enables him more readily to get at his dagger. Why are stockings adorned with "clocks"? Because they were originally put in to hide the gusset seams, when only cloth stockings were worn, and were later retained because they were considered ornamental. Why are men's hats surrounded by a useless ribbon? Because 4,000 years ago women bound a loose fabric about their heads by means of a fillet. Why do hussars and grenadiers wear bushies? Because they borrowed the original headdress of Hungarian mercenaries in the British army. Regimental jealousy kept adding inches to this narrow adornment until the cap became all fur except its crown! Why does a man's morning coat bear two useless buttons above the tails? Because coats used to be almost like skirts which needed buttoning-up to keep them out of the mud. Why does a barrister wear a black gown? Because, when Queen Anne died all the barristers went into mourning—and Queen Anne is still dead!

Why Book Lice Are Given Such an Appropriate Name

Book lice are so called because they are so frequently found among the pages of books that have been left undisturbed for some time. They are lice-like in appearance, but their habits are quite unlike those of the true lice, which are parasites of warm-blooded animals and man. Book lice feed on a variety of organic substances, but are not often considered injurious. They sometimes occur in large numbers in warm damp rooms. Occasionally they are found breeding in larger numbers in straw mattresses or in furniture stuffing of vegetable origin.

Why Laundries Are Named "Troy"

The city of Troy, N. Y., the birthplace of the collar, cuff, and shirt industry, was practically the home and for many years was the center of the steam laundry interests of the country, an interest which has now extended to every city or place of any importance in the land. So general is the recognition of this fact that the name, Troy Laundry, is still retained by hundreds of laundries in various parts of the United States and is even seen abroad. It was natural that the earliest organized movement to produce the machines demanded for laundering purposes should have been made in Troy.

Why We Dream

Scientists have for years tried to solve the mystery of dreams and why we have them. As yet, they have found no explanation that covers all the cases. It is quite reasonable to say that these night-visions are often sequels to our waking thoughts, even if we cannot recall the thought that gave rise to the dream. Unwise eating, which causes indigestion, is also one explanation of the "nightmare" dream, which arises from the discomfort we are suffering.—Answers Magazine.

Why Bible Words Are Italicized

Italicized words are used in the Bible to indicate that the words so printed do not rightly form a part of the original text, but were adopted by the translator to make the sense of the original clear. As used in the Bible, italics have no relation to the common practice of using them for the purpose of emphasis. In the early history of printing these parts of a book not properly belonging to the main work, such as introductions, prefaces, indexes and footnotes, were printed in italics, the text itself being in Roman.

Why Fleet Street Is Famous

Fleet street in London runs from Ludgate hill to the east end of the Strand. It is named from the Fleet river. In the early chronicles of London many allusions are made to the deeds of violence done in this street. By the time of Elizabeth it had become a favorite spot for shows and processions. It was noted formerly for its taverns and coffee houses, frequented by many persons of literary fame. It is now the chief center of British journalism.

Why Supports Are Called "Sleepers"

Among its different applications the word "sleepers" refers to the pieces of metal or lumber which make up the groundwork of a railroad track as well as the timber which receives the ground joists of a building. Although the word "tie" is more frequently heard in connection with railway tracks it is here we find the source of the word. It is taken from the Norwegian "sleip"—a roller or timber laid along a road.

Why St. Louis Is Not in County

The constitution of Missouri in 1875 conferred upon the city of St. Louis the power to frame its own charter and at the same time to separate from the county of St. Louis and become a separate political entity in the state. The city limits are defined in this act and adjacent territory cannot be brought into the city proper without consent of the citizens of the city, of the adjacent territory and of the county.

Why Scotch Wear Plaids

The use of the tartan, or plaid, by the Scottish Highlanders is older than historical records. The plaid is a variation of the check, which is an ancient pattern. It was widely used in ancient Egypt.

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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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