

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME LIV NO. 22

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1937

5 CENTS A COPY

"Presenting Polly" a Big Success

"Presenting Polly" a 3 act comedy was presented at the town hall last Friday evening by The Antrim Players, under the direction of Mrs. J. Lillian Larrabee. Although the evening was stormy, the hall was nearly filled and all enjoyed the splendid performance by a local cast.

The setting of the play was in the home of a Mrs. Burton with a political campaign as the plot, which presented many interesting and funny situations.

The characters were as follows:

- Amos Burton, a young professor. Wendell Ring
 - Mrs. Burton, his aunt. Rachel Caughey
 - Polly Rogers, a resourceful young neighbor. Enid Cochrane
 - Jimmy Prosser, a news reporter. Cecil Ayer
 - Sue Lowell, just seventeen. Frances Wheeler
 - Nora Maguire, who raised Amos. Vera Butterfield
 - William Maguire, Nora's husband. Andrew Foglestad
 - Vivian Elmwood, a sophisticated siren. Dorothy Proctor
 - Robert Lake, a political aspirant. Benjamin Butterfield
 - Cynthia, Mrs. Burton's maid. Beatrice Smith
 - Teagle, the butler. William Richardson
- Sullivan's orchestra furnished music between the acts and for the dancing which followed the play. A large number remained to enjoy the dance.

The proceeds, amounting to about \$60, was given to the Senior Class Washington Trip Fund.

Herbert A. Warren Dies After Illness

Herbert Allen Warren, a resident of Antrim since 1928, passed away at his home last Friday morning, after an illness of several years, although he had been ill enough to take his bed for only about two weeks.

Mr. Warren was born in Woburn, Mass., May 20, 1860. He married Elizabeth Rose Timson at Woburn on January 7, 1880, who survives him. To them were born two sons, who died several years ago.

He was a member of the Methodist Church in Woburn for several years. Also a trustee of Woodbury Memorial Methodist Church of this town. He was a member of Paul Revere Lodge, I.O.O.F., of Somerville, Mass., for forty-five years. Before coming to Antrim, he was employed at the "White House" Coffee Plant in Boston for many years.

Besides the widow, he is survived by three sisters, Mrs. Eva Mack, Woburn, Mass., Mrs. Nettie Trull, Reading, Mass., Mrs. Angie Robinson, Cambridge, Mass., and two granddaughters, Miss Bertha Warren, Cambridge, Mass., and Miss Lillian Armstrong, Somerville, Mass.

Funeral services were held at the Woodbury Memorial Methodist Church Sunday afternoon, with Rev. Ralph H. Tibbals officiating. Mrs. Vera Butterfield sang two selections, "The Old Rugged Cross" and "Nearer My God To Thee". The floral tributes were many and beautiful.

Bearers were members of Waverley Lodge, I.O.O.F., and burial was in Woodbrook Cemetery, Woburn, Mass.

A TRIBUTE

Herbert A. Warren
May 20, 1860—April 9, 1937

"None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise."

He went his quiet unassuming way among us, possessing qualities which endeared him to all who were privileged to know him. His love of little children, his gentle thoughtfulness of the infirm, his love of home, his kindly interest and ready sympathy were never invoked in vain. His rare smile was like a benediction. A thoroughly good man and surely the world is a better place because he lived.

A. B. P.

Antrim-Hillsboro Orchestra Concert at Antrim town hall, Tuesday evening April 27, 1937.

Presbyterian Church Holds Meeting

The Annual Congregational Meeting of the Presbyterian Church of Antrim was held in the vestry Tuesday night at 7.30, after a delicious supper had been served to about 80 parishioners. Archie M. Swett moderated the meeting, and Ross Roberts acted as clerk. Much business was transacted in the course of the evening.

John B. Jameson was re-elected trustee for a term of three years, and three additional trustees were elected: Charles Prentiss for a term of three years, Everett Davis for two years and Hugh M. Graham for one year, so bringing the board of trustees up to six members.

The various committees for the year were elected, reports from all the organizations read. All organizations were found to be in a healthy condition. The clerk of Session reported the membership of the church 128. The total budget for the year was \$3091.00.

Presbytery To Meet in Antrim Apr. 21-22

The regular spring meeting of Newburyport Presbytery and the Presbyterial Society of women meet in Antrim next Wednesday and Thursday, April 21st and 22nd. The sessions open at two o'clock Wednesday and close Thursday afternoon. The popular meeting Wednesday night in the Presbyterian Church will be addressed by Miss Marie Steinhour from the Mossup School for Girls in Tennessee, and by the Rev. John D. Hayes of Peiping, China. The public is cordially invited to this evening meeting.

Activities at Antrim High School

TOWN MEETING IN A. H. S.

On March 26 the Junior Class of Antrim High School conducted a school-town meeting. The Juniors had attended the town meeting on March 9 to obtain material and information as to the procedure of the meeting.

Selectmen were James Perkins, Harvey Black, and Evelyn Hugron. Robert Swett made an excellent moderator and Norine Warren held the office of Supervisor of the Check List. Mildred Newhall was Town Clerk.

A warrant was made out by the Juniors which brought much discussion from members of the school.

A few things voted on were: To see if the school shall vote to establish a Commercial Course and appropriate a sum for this. The vote to have a Commercial Course established was carried by a large majority and a sum of \$500 was appropriated. Another interesting article was: To see if the school will vote to have a one session day. This received much discussion and was finally passed by a large majority.

Officers were elected for the ensuing year. Each pupil that had his name on the Check List received a ballot for voting.

Virginia Worthley, English XII

TALK ON COLLEGE

Thursday afternoon, April 1, at three o'clock, Miss Jean Linton talked to us about Simmons College, where she is a student. She talked a while upon college life in general, but especially emphasized Simmons' traditions and advantages.

She told us there were eight schools in Simmons. One great advantage is that the college gives you a chance to

The Greatest Thing Is To Be Needed

Not long ago my pastor, Rev. R. H. Tibbals, preached a sermon containing this sentence: "The greatest thing in the world is to be needed." The needs of the world are so great that it is beyond the power of the superior people to meet all these needs so a large part of the task of meeting these needs falls to the lot of the common people and it is indeed fortunate that there are so many common people in the world.

A good many years ago a young fellow went to college with such young fellows as Nathaniel Hawthorn, the great novelist, Henry W. Longfellow, who became the great poet, and John F. Hale, later in the United States Senate for sixteen years and once a candidate for President.

Now this young fellow got to getting a little wild and came near to being expelled from college. He needed someone to exercise a good influence over him, and while he was surrounded by uncommonly smart fellows, it took just a plain common sort of a fellow by the name of Zenas Caldwell to speak a few right words at just the right time, and to help Franklin Pierce to make such good use of his last two years in college that he graduated with fair honor in spite of the fact that much of his first two years were spent in wild fun. Zenas Caldwell did not even get his name into the encyclopedia; he was one of the common people, but it was a great thing for him to be needed. I wonder if New Hampshire would have furnished our country with a president if Zenas hadn't done his part.

My history tells me that Zenas was "studious and religious"; I wonder if this fact did not help him to gain the confidence of Franklin Pierce.

Yes, Nathaniel Hawthorn wrote great novels and the poetry of Henry W. Longfellow got his name into the encyclopedia, but just being needed got Zenas into history, even if he was a common kind of a fellow.

Of course, a father is big enough to take his small son out into the wood shed and give him a licking, but it may be that wise counsel and a good example might save a licking now and then.

The name of that Sunday School teacher may not be found in the encyclopedia, but some of that teacher's boys and girls may get into "Who's Who" in later years.

Yes, we may be kind of common folks, but it is great to "live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man".

It is a great thing to be needed, if we are equal to performing the task that needs doing. Let's get ready for the time when we may be needed, and like Zenas, we may improve our chances for success by being "studious and religious". We may be only one of the common people, but we may be needed to help push someone else up into "Who's Who", fame, and a useful life.

Fred A. Dunlap.

learn a profession thoroughly. During the course you are sent out to work, so you don't find it so difficult upon graduating. Some of the traditions were Mock Wedding, May Day, and Step Singing. There are no sororities there, however they have clubs. They also have a large variety of sports.

After her talk Mr. Chaffee said we would go on with classes, but any Junior or Senior might talk with Miss Linton if she so desired. Evelyn Hugron was the only pupil who responded. I hope Miss Linton didn't think we were unappreciative. We did enjoy the talk, but most of us couldn't consider Simmons on account of the expense.

Mabel Kendall.

Weekly Letter by Proctor, Fish and Game Conservation Officer

That big St. Bernard dog I told about last week that wanted a good home was in good demand. Had an even dozen letters asking about him. Well he got a good home in the country where he can run.

Well the Bennington club had a new one the other night. They put on a Maple Syrup supper "Sweet of them" with rolls and sinkers (doughnuts) and "mud" coffee. We never could understand why they always put in some sour pickles with that nice syrup. However it was good and hit the spot. John Martin of Keene was there and enjoyed the evening. Mr. Tibbets, secretary of the Federated clubs with Harry Thompson, both of Manchester were present to tell about his organization. The club's 20 raccoon are to be liberated as soon as the weather is right.

On Saturday night we attended the April meeting of the newly formed club at Greenfield. We were late for supper but they insisted that we have a cup of "mud" coffee and some pie. It was an apple pie and was it good. They had a fine entertainment by out of town talent and the local barker did some tap dancing and some clogs that brought down the house. The rest of the evening was spent in cards and Beano. This is a live wire club.

It won't be long to May 1st and we predict that it will be a wonderful season. The recent heavy stocking of trout will be appreciated by the fishermen. This year it comes on a Saturday so the boys won't have to play "Hookey" as they did last year. We know of schools last year that didn't have enough boys to count that first day of the open season.

One day last week the robins just descended in the field back of my places in very large numbers. This must have been the big day of the spring migration. Glad to see them. Just now the back roads are to be avoided as much as possible. They are rough and muddy and in the shady places in the woods there is still plenty of ice.

Nearly every pond and lake in my district is clear or nearly clear of ice this past week.

Word comes from Nashua that Mr. Stickney, secretary of the Nashua club, is the first to take a good trout out of their fly casting pool. This one was over two pounds.

In all my towns last week five dogs were killed by being hit by cars. Two cars were hit run. One big black dog which resembled a bear we had to put out of the way, his back being badly injured. It's hard to say how many dogs were dumped in this section in the past week.

People owning valuable cats and dogs in the vicinity of Peterborough should check on them very carefully as there is a good many of them running around covered with the mange. Have your local "vet" look them over at once. This can be stopped if taken in time. Several cases have been reported also from Milford.

We know of real rabbit and fox hounds that the owners never have to tie up. Why? Well they never hunt unless their owner goes hunting. But let that owner take down the old gun and they are all attention. Another scheme. If you have a number of dogs try letting one out a day. He won't go away alone.

Many people think it's a crime to tie up the dog from April 1st to Oct. 1st, now changed to Sept. 1st. I think it's a good law. You can't have your cake and still eat it. Just the same with the dog game. If you let your rabbit hounds run at large when the hares are small they clean them up in short order. Give the wild life a break. A pack of dogs will kill more game the breeding season than all the hunters in the state in a week's time.

Take a tip from me and the next time you hear of a meeting of a Forest Fire Wardens' association no matter where it's located just drop in and enjoy yourself. I went to one in Merrimack one night last week. Over two hundred men were present. A fine supper and the entertainment was of a high order. President Casey of Milford is a mean

man with a gavel and we predict that the association buy them by the dozen. We mean the gavel. Boy but can he use them rough. At every one of these meetings you learn a great deal about the fighting of forest fires. And then there is that half hour of stories and can those boys tell 'em. I went over with Forest Fire Warden Draper of the home town in a new Chevie. And did we sail. Those new 1937 cars are wonderful.

One day this past week I sat in as a judge in a Bird House contest. This was in the 5th grade of the local school under Miss Frances Mills. There were 26 houses from the 28 pupils. It was some problem to pick the three best boys and there best girls' houses. We hope that every teacher in all my district adopt such a contest and then put them up for our feathered friends.

In my short life I have had cards of all kinds but today I got a card announcing the arrival of a boy to Coach and Mrs. John R. Conrad. He is named Junior and will soon be out on the line directing baseball practice. Hats off to Junior.

Was in Concord Monday night as he guest speaker at the Methodist Brotherhood on North State street. I was a pinch hitter taking the place of a man who had to go into the north country. How small this world is. The man on my right was Capt. Boutwell who 31 years ago came to town to start a Sons of Veterans camp, the man on my left was one of the Contractors building the bridge on the Greenville road. We had a fine supper. This is a nice bunch of men and I sure enjoyed meeting them. There was some real fishermen in the bunch.

If you want an honest to goodness watch dog get in touch with Chief Hubley of Amherst. A big male of the 57 varieties.

Ever hear of Carriage House Lodge in Temple. A favorite haven for trout fishermen. Amos W. Flemings, the owner, is to add another attraction to the place and that's an Editor's room. He has the pictures of all the big "boys" in Boston and the New England states.

Several states have had a bill in the hopper to license cats. Some to make them wear a collar with a small bell attached to same. To license cats is to protect them. It would be next to impossible to enforce such a law. Now they have no standing in society and a cat off its own doorstep is an outlaw.

We know of hundreds of cats that are all in their place but they soon get out of place. There is nothing worse than a poor stray cat unless its two of them. They must live and they do so at the expense of the game birds and animals. When a huge stray cat will kill and eat full grown pheasants what show has a small bird or animal got with them.

Never have we seen so many birds as in the past week. They seem to have all come back at once and the air about my place is full of them. They still appreciate the feeding stations which are still up and will stay up and full of suet and grain all the season.

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ANTRIM, New Hampshire

PACIFIC COAST IS FOUND IMPREGNABLE

Huge Air Force Keeps Watch for Enemy Attack.

San Diego, Cal.—To sharpen his vision and increase his fighting "reach" Uncle Sam is spending a grand total of \$39,000,000 this year—an unprecedented peace-time bill.

From Seattle to San Diego and from the Canal Zone to Hawaii the "eyesight" of the navy is being increased, and his "arm" length stretched.

With this increased "vision" it would be almost impossible for an enemy force to approach the Pacific coast without being apprehended.

At the first word of war a huge force of planes would swarm out to sea, over the vast reaches of the Pacific, to locate any belligerent fleet.

Armed with heavy bombs, these huge craft, the last word in naval air forces, roaring through the air at 150 miles per hour, would intercept an enemy force, radio the position of the hostile vessels to the commander-in-chief and then proceed to harass the potential invader with bombs.

Flying Naval Fortresses.

After intercepting and possibly seriously disabling part of the enemy fleet as far as 1,500 miles from the coast these new "flying fortresses" of the navy could wheel about and fly back to their bases for fresh ammunition and further orders.

Meanwhile a host of torpedo and bombing planes would zoom away from the mainland or surface craft to resume the deadly work started by the patrol bombers.

Armed with information as to the enemy's exact location these speedy craft would be able to swoop down from tremendous altitudes and try to put out of commission more of the enemy fleet.

More than \$18,000,000 is being spent for the huge patrol bombers, 176 of which are being constructed by the Consolidated Aircraft corporation in San Diego. It was a squadron of twelve of these huge planes which recently flew non-stop and in perfect formation from San Diego to Honolulu, a distance of more than 2,500 miles in less than 20 hours.

Secondary Force.

The remaining \$21,000,000 is being spent for the secondary fighting arm of the "air navy."

These craft, smaller and faster than the huge patrol planes, include 54 Northrup bombers, 83 Curtiss bombers, 90 Voight scout bombers and 114 Douglas torpedo bombers, and can be attached to battleships, heavy cruisers and aircraft carriers.

This will enable them to return to their floating bases at short intervals.

Thirty-two amphibians, for short range patrol and scouting duty also are under order from Gruman and Sikorsky, together with \$9,000,000 worth of engines, according to data released by the Bureau of Aeronautics.

Electric Light Tested to Help Plant Growth

Philadelphia, Pa.—Experiments to determine the feasibility of growing vegetables and flowers by artificial light are under way at Franklin institute.

Under ordinary 100 watt bulbs are rows of bean plants, radishes, parsley, carrots, and various flowers. The gardens are heated by an electric coil.

Some of the plants—notably the parsley—have progressed fairly well. The radishes so far have failed to produce any tubers, but the stems are described as "delicate salad material."

Most dramatic development has been in the bush bean row. The beans, recognizing the absence of sunlight, apparently decided to go look for it. The plants, pale and spindling, have shot up more than 18 inches toward the electric light. The plants all have a peculiar yellowish tinge to their leaves. The institute plans later to experiment with ultra-violet light.

Indian Medicine Man Is Debunked by Government

Tuba City, Ariz.—Navajo medicine men still exact tribute for intervening with evil spirits in behalf of tribesmen, an investigation has revealed.

Indian Service authorities cited the case of Yellow Hair, who collected for magic to prevent sheep deaths, and who cursed flocks whose owners failed to pay. Yellow Hair was put out of business when investigation showed that his secret was salt.

Sheep "protected" from the evil spirits were fed salt. Sheep which didn't have salt ate sage, chamise and greasewood, and died. The government discovery was demonstrated, and Yellow Hair's fame as a medicine man sank.

She Got Her Dream Man

Cleveland.—Mrs. Mamie Winston thought she saw a prowler crawling through her bedroom window. She grabbed the shotgun near her bed and fired. Police found the window unopened, no footprints beneath it, and Mrs. Winston staring at a hole in the wall where the shotgun charge had struck. "I must have been dreaming," she said.

Lights of New York

by L. L. STEVENSON

Present and Past: Every day at noon, a small, very gray man, usually wearing a gray suit, accompanied by another old man who is stone deaf, walks up Broadway to the Astor. None of the hurrying main aisle crowds pay the slightest attention to either one. When the two old men enter the hotel, everything changes. Greetings fly thick and fast and when they are seated, many come to their table to exchange a few words. That noonday Broadway stroll dates back 25 years. When it was new, many spoke to the two men, many turned to stare after them. The smaller one is Joe Webber, of the famous comedy team of Webber and Fields. His companion is his brother Mark.

Elusive Winter: Jane Froman was chosen queen of the winter sports carnival at Lake Placid. At her coronation, New Year's day, there wasn't even a snowflake on the ground so her swaggy ski equipment went begging. A short time ago, she received an invitation to return to Lake Placid. Use for her skiing outfit was promised since there was plenty of snow. Delay ensued before Miss Froman received the invitation as it had to be forwarded to her. She was down in Florida basking in the warm sunshine.

City Scene: An old law tenement being remodeled to comply with fire laws. Mortar being mixed in a basement. Colored hod-carriers wearily plodding their way up stone steps, their backs bowing with their burdens. One, darker than his companions, grinning as he follows the line. On his right shoulder, a heavy hod. On his left, a little black kitten.

Cow Hands: Recently, there was reference to a job in early youth—one that ended with being fired after 30 days. Writes H. T. M., Dallas: "As a kid, my first job was driving a cow from town to pasture. The pay was 50 cents a month and I worked one month. But there the parallel ends. I didn't get fired—I quit. New York is one of my dream cities. London is the other. I have never visited either but hope to some day." And I'd like to be down in Dallas enjoying a Texas spring.

Commuting Joys: After a long hard day in the office, a Mamaronck resident stopped for a few revolvers before boarding his train. The car was hot and he promptly dropped off to sleep. The next thing he knew, he was in Stamford, Conn. Annoyed no end, he boarded the next train back, only to go to sleep again and slumber until he reached Grand Central. Fortunately, he didn't have to wait long for another train. Once more he fell asleep and when he awakened, the train was just about to leave what he thought was his station. After he hit the platform, he discovered that he was in New Rochelle. He gave up then and took a taxi.

Moving Trees: Hundreds of trees within a hundred miles of New York have been photographed and carefully catalogued. The World's Fair is the reason. Recently bids were opened for 500 large trees to be moved to the site of the fair. Included are American elms with trunks 18 inches in diameter and heights of from 48 to 55 feet, with a branch spread of from 34 to 40 feet. Since the requisition calls for earth balls of unusual size to protect the roots, the total weight of some of the larger specimens will run up to 25 tons each. The big fellows will come to the fair on flat cars and barges. Others will be transported by trucks at hours when traffic is extra light.

Night Alarm: A lesser known singer who aspires to the heights suddenly lost his voice. Try as he would, he could not make a sound. Gripped with horror, he summoned all his energies and endeavored to burst into a mighty yell. At that moment, a loud knocking caused him to leap from bed and rush to the door. Outside, he found a company of excited neighbors. Then he learned that in his nightmare, he had been screaming like a siren.

Looking much like a clothing ad, he stood at Forty-second and Broadway waiting for the traffic signal to change. A sudden gust of wind whisked his stylish soft hat from his head, carried it high in the air and laid it right in the path of a crosstown trolley car. With a wave of a gray-gloved hand and a smile, he turned into the nearest men's establishment. Nonchalance!

Urge Use of Garlic as Spice for Peace

New York.—International situations and probably wars are caused by too many cooks preparing too much food badly, according to Ford Maddox Ford. He told the Gourmet society that people cannot be amiable as individuals or as nations if they are not properly fed. The solution, he said, is a wider use of spice—especially garlic.

TWIN SECRETS OF FINE PASTRY

Light Hand and Good Oven Are of First Importance.

By EDITH M. BARBER

ALTHOUGH we do not make our pies by the dozen, it is time saving to make pastry enough for several at one time. Pastry which has been allowed to stand in the refrigerator is easier to roll than when it is freshly mixed. You can easily handle two or three times the standard recipe when you cut or rub in the shortening. If you have cold hands you may use the latter easier method. If your hands are warm, however, you will have better results if you cut the shortening in with two knives or chop it in a wooden bowl with a double-bladed chopping knife. The shortening, by the way, must be cold, and so must the water which is added later.

The addition of water is one of the most important points in pastry making. Make a hole at one side of the bowl, pour in a tablespoonful of water and draw in as much flour with a stiff knife as it will absorb. Repeat this process until you have several balls of dough. Then take your fingers and form into one mass using the unmixed flour and fat also. If necessary you may add a few more drops of water. Be careful not to get your pastry too wet, because additional flour does not blend well and is likely to produce tough pastry.

When you are ready to roll your pastry use a lightly floured board or an unglazed enamel table top or marble slab. Pastry should be rolled lightly from the center in each direction. It should be lifted after each rolling. When you have a thin sheet a little larger than the pan, it should be lifted carefully into the pan if you are planning to make a two-crust pie. It should be pressed close to the edges.

Before filling with fruit sprinkle with a mixture of one tablespoon of flour and one tablespoon of sugar. The fruit should be piled high on the lower crust, the edge of which should be moistened before it is covered with the top crust. The two crusts should be pressed together firmly and then cut neatly with the scissors. They may then be pressed with the tines of a fork or may be bound with an extra strip of crust. There should be several slits in the top crust to allow the steam of the cooking fruit to escape.

In days when housewifely qualities were judged severely one of the greatest compliments which could be paid a woman was to state that she had a light hand with pastry.

Pastry.
1½ cups flour
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup fat
Cold water

Sift together the flour and salt. Cut in the fat with two case knives. For a large quantity a wooden bowl and chopping knife may be used. When fine, add at one side of the bowl one tablespoon of cold water and stir in as much of the flour and fat as the water will take up. Continue this until you have four or five balls of dough and some dry flour left in the bowl. Press together with your fingers. If all the dry flour is not taken up add a little more water. Chill and roll.

Apple Pie.
5 or 6 apples
¼ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon
1 tablespoon butter

Pare, core and slice the apples. Mix the sugar, salt and cinnamon. Line a pan with pastry, sprinkle with a tablespoon of sugar mixed with 1 tablespoon of flour and add the apples and sugar in layers. Dot with butter, cover with an upper crust, and bake in hot oven, 450 degrees Fahrenheit, for ten minutes, then lower the temperature to 375 degrees Fahrenheit and bake until the apples are soft. This way of arranging the filling may be used for all fruit pies.

Lemon Filling.
3 egg yolks
1 can condensed milk (sweetened).
Juice of 3 lemons
Grated rind of 1½ lemons
3 egg whites
6 tablespoons sugar

Beat egg yolks, add milk, lemon juice and rind and mix well. Pour in filling on baked pastry shell. Cover with a meringue made by beating the egg whites and adding the sugar. Bake in a slow oven, 325 degrees Fahrenheit, just until the meringue is delicately brown. Chill two to three hours in the refrigerator.

Chess Pies.
½ cup butter
1 cup sugar
1 cup chopped raisins.
¼ cup nut meats
3 eggs
5 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla
Pastry

Cover inverted muffin pans with pastry. Prick all over before baking in a hot oven 475 degrees Fahrenheit, until brown. Cream butter and sugar together, add chopped raisins, nuts, one whole egg and two egg yolks. Fill shells three-fourths full and cover with a meringue made from two stiffly beaten egg whites, sugar and vanilla. Bake fifteen minutes in a slow oven, 300 degrees Fahrenheit, and while baking stir meringue into filling once or twice with a fork.

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Household Hints

By BETTY WELLS

JIM TOWNE always says he reaches for his wallet when he sees his lady-love around the house with a yardstick, a pencil and an abstract look. Because that means some kind of an investment in new curtains or bedspreads or chair covers or something. Maybe not expensive, but anyway you know how men are—they love to crab, but adore the effect of your spending.

But Molly does get more gayer out of a few yards of cretonne than anybody we know. Now she's busy thinking about their dining room which has been the gathering place for the crippled chairs and hand-me-down rugs ever



When Molly gets a yardstick in one hand, a pencil in the other and an abstract look on her pretty face, that means new draperies somewhere around the house.

since they got married. But last fall they got around to buying new dining room furniture, walnut and rather modern, and for Christmas they got a new rug in a dull dusty apricot color. This spring they're having the walls painted in a very pale version of this same dull apricot, and Molly is thinking about curtains.

She has in mind a lovely chintz that's mostly aquamarine with white, and she plans plain white glass curtains hung straight and tailored. The chair seats are a white leather, and she's considering putting a small love seat in the dining room with a slip cover of the aquamarine chintz. Won't that be sweet?

But it will be the accessories that will give this room its final distinction. Molly has Japanese prints with mirror frames, and a fine mirror plaque for the table centerpiece. Crystal in modern design stands on the buffet and above it at either side Molly is having brackets of mirror to hold small crystal vases in nosegays of flowers of greenery.

Lucy's Living Room.

"I feel like spring," announced Lucy. "But my living room doesn't. Oh, I do long for a really pretty room and I can't spend much. So what?"

We looked the room over—small, not very bright, with two windows placed together at one end. No fire place, no interesting wall treatment to help—just plain cream walls and woodwork. The furniture was hodgepodge. An oak bookcase with a fancy top, a straight uncompromising sofa with a mahogany frame and a brown velvet cover, a domestic rug worn and faded, a rocking chair covered in black leather, old but not old enough lamps. The only nice piece was the mahogany desk.

"Yes, you guessed it! We took over Fred's sister's house when they were transferred. We got the furniture for a song as they didn't think it was worth moving.

We suggested taking the doors and fancy woodwork off of the bookcase and painting it warm mulberry color, on the outside and egg-shell on the inside. Yellow and blue pottery bowls replaced books on the top shelf. The sofa did look pretty



"When a lady feels like spring,"

hopeless until a well-fitted slip cover with box pleats around the bottom covered it—a glazed chintz with egg-shell background and large blue and yellow flowers. The rug had to stay as it was for the present and so the trick was to center attention elsewhere. One or two good reproductions of really fine pictures would help a lot, too. The rocking chair had good lines and a nice mahogany frame so this was redone in the same material as the sofa. A foot stool that had been hiding under a carpet covering was re-covered in the same fabric and the rocking chair and stool became a unit and a very attractive one, too. We just threw away all the lamps and bought new but inexpensive ones. A pair of blue pottery ones for end tables on either side of the sofa, and an ivory pottery lamp with a blue linen shade for the desk. Draperies of blue glazed chintz with mulberry ball fringe over simple white point d'esprit tie-backs made all the difference.

© Betty Wells.—WNU Service.

Smart, Flattering Dresses



MRS. DICK EVANS has come to town and brought Ann and Eddie LeRoy with her. She lives in Palm Beach in the wintertime and, of course, knows all about style. That's why she wears this director type frock that is both new and figure flattering. In the floral print she has chosen she is perfectly gowned for the parties that will be given for her in the home town. The kiddies are wearing the simple styles appropriate to childhood and therein their smartness lies.

Auntie Rose Sews, Too.

Little Ann is asking Auntie Rose if she makes her clothes too. "Sure enough, dear," comes the reply. "I made this percale for mornings and have a beauty in yellow crepe cut from the same pattern to wear to the Bid-or-Bi meetings."

"I'll bet you can sew fast, too, the way Mother does. It only took her two mornings to make Eddie's suit and my dress. Won't you help me with my doll clothes now?"

"Indeed I will, Ann, and then we will have some of those oatmeal cookies you like for lunch."

The Patterns.

Pattern 1272 is available in sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 4½ yards of 39 inch material and 2½ yards of ribbon for tie belt.

Pattern 1275 is for sizes 6 months to 4 years. Size 1 requires 1½ yards of 32 inch material. Pattern 1403 comes in sizes 2, 4, and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yards of 38 inch material.

Pattern 1212 is designed in sizes 34 to 48. Size 36 requires 5 yards of 35 inch material plus ½ yard contrasting for the collar.

New Pattern Book

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

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

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

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.



Got It Bad? Rastus—You ain't yo'self no more. Sick or sompin? Mose—Got insomnia. Keep wak-in' up every few days.

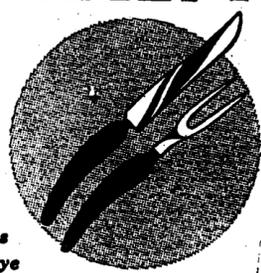
Those Girls! "That is a pretty dress you have on." "Yes, I only wear it to teas." "Whom?"

A writer muses on what the half-century-old Statue of Liberty would say if she could speak. She'd probably claim to be still in her twenties.—Rochester Times-Union.

The Shoe Fit Solicitor—You pay a small deposit, then you make no more payments for six months. Lady of the House—Who told you about us?

PLEASE ACCEPT

THIS
Exquisite
\$1.00
GAME CARVING SET



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

This is the Carving Set you need for steaks and game. Desirable design handle fits the hand perfectly. Knife blade and fork tines made of fine stainless steel. Now offered for only 25c to induce you to try the brands of lye shown at right.

Use them for sterilizing milking machines and dairy equipment. Contents of one can dissolved in 17 gallons of water makes an effective, inexpensive sterilizing solution. Buy today a can of any of the lye brands shown at right. Then send the can band, with your name and

address and 25c to B. T. Babbitt, Inc., Dept. W.K., 386 4th Ave., New York City. Your Carving Set will reach you promptly, postage paid. Send today while the supply lasts.



TEAR OUT THIS ADVERTISEMENT AS A REMINDER

Dr. True's Elixir

THE TRUE FAMILY LAXATIVE

MOTHERS!—watch your children for constipation. They are busy with school and youthful interests. If they are constipated, remember: for 36 years mothers have given children Dr. True's Elixir to aid in relieving constipation. Agreeable in taste.



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All the New Shades in Holeproof Hosiery

Kneehighs 'n' everything

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The best assortment of colors and designs we ever had

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Post Office

Mail Schedule in Effect Sep- tember 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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For Your
Job and Book Printing
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REPORTER PRESS
Antrim, N. H.

The Days of Old

They tell of a land where sin was
unknown.

Of that Paradise lost, mortal man's
early home.
They always were happy with
hearts light and free,
In that garden of Eden far over the
sea.

How they passed away time I have
longed to know,
They had no daily papers or no
radio,
I am very sure mother Eve did not
know,
What a thrill one can feel in a good
movie show.

If Adam should wander or stray
far from home,
She could not call him up for she'd
no telephone,
The sewing machine was unknown
in that land,
That drapery of fig leaves was fas-
hioned by hand.

The sun, moon and stars provided
their light,
Nothing ever went wrong and all
things went right,
Ben Franklin had not then, drawn
power from the clouds,
And the "Derry Electric" was vel-
led in a shroud.

They never were tired, did not
bend their backs,
For the Antediluvians never made
tacks,
No money was earned, and no mon-
ey was spent,
They were never evicted for not
paying rent.

Never said naughty words when
their car wouldn't start,
Their life seemed to be from this
life, far apart,
They belonged to no clubs, it sort
of seems strange,

Now they had no poets in those
early times,
Just imagine an Eden without any
rhymes,
I can scarcely think of conditions
much worse,
Why what would the world be
without any verse.

It must have seemed nice to be free
from care,
Not have to be told all their bless-
ings to share,
With those that were sad without
none to cheer,
Life in Eden was different from our
life here.

No battles to fight and no victories
won,
They never were sorry for evil deeds
done,
There was no nonsense verse in
days wild and free,
So we'll read this and have one
on Adam you see.

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 no-
tices inserted free.

Card of Thanks 75c each.
Resolutions of ordinary length
\$1.00.
Display advertising rates on ap-
plication.

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

Obituary poetry and flowers
charged at advertising rates.

Not responsible for errors in ad-
vertisements 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 be-
fore you wish your paper sent to
a different address.

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

Thursday, April 15, 1937

Antrim Locals

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Paige an-
nounce the birth of a daughter,
Priscilla Ann, April 7, at Henniker.

The monthly supper at the Congre-
gational church, Antrim Centre, will
be served Friday evening, April 16,
at 6 o'clock.

Mrs. Herbert Warren is spending a
few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Edgar
Armstrong, in West Somerville, Mass.

Mrs. Carl Muzey has been visiting
in Nashua a few days.

Miss Mildred Newhall and Miss
Madelyn Sturtevant spent the week
end with Mr. and Mrs. Henry New-
hall, in Pepperell, Mass.

A surprise birthday party was given
Mrs. Ethel Roeder at the home of
Miss Annie Fluri last Monday evening.
About twenty-five friends and neigh-
bors were present and enjoyed the
program of the evening.

Joon Burnham has been housed
with a bad cold for a few days.

Mrs. Fred Shoults and Clifford
Worthley were in Boston Saturday,
visiting her brother and wife Mr. and
Mrs. George Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hayward of
Concord visited with friends in town
on Sunday.

Card of Appreciation

The Senior Class of Antrim High
School wishes to express its appre-
ciation to the Cast, Mrs. Larrabee,
and all others who assisted in making
"Presenting Polly" a success.

Telephone 21-4 P. O. Box 271

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Springfield, Mass.

"OUR BEAUTY SHOPPE"

Telephone 66

Main Street

Antrim, New Hampshire

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

Antrim Locals

Mr. and Mrs. Alva Shepardson and
children of Barre, Mass., were week
end visitors of her parents, Mr. and
Mrs. Charles Wallace. Mrs. Shep-
ardson and baby will remain for a
short visit.

Mrs. H. W. Eldredge and daughter,
Miss Mabelle Eldredge, spent the
week end visiting friends and relatives
on Cape Cod. They were accompan-
ied by Cranston Eldredge of Winchen-
don, Mass.

Mrs. Warren C. Grimes is confined
to her home with scarlet fever. She
is being cared for by Mrs. John Grif-
fin. Mr. Grimes and children are
staying with his mother in Hillsboro.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Morse have
returned to their home here after
spending the winter in Claremont.

Orchestra Concert

Do not forget the Antrim-Hillsboro
Orchestra Concert, Tuesday, April 27.
This is the first concert of this kind
to be given in Antrim and the only
entertainment this year for the benefit
of the music fund.

Preliminary Prize

Speaking at School

Preliminary prize speaking was held
Friday afternoon, April 9.

The following speakers were chosen:
Robert Carmichael, Gwendolyn Cutter,
Doris Dunlap, John Grimes, Robert
Nylander, Charlotte Phillips, Franklin
Robinson, Thelma Smith, Norine War-
ren, Ralph Zabriske.

Honorable mention was made of
Mildred Newhall and James Parkin-
son.

East Antrim

Mrs. Charles White, Carroll White,
and Mrs. W. D. Wheeler spent the
week end with Mr. and Mrs. C. E.
Tripp in Woburn, Mass., the occasion
being Mrs. Tripp's 79th birthday.
Supper was served to relatives and a
few neighbors, and a social evening
spent with music and games; all wish-
ing Mrs. Tripp pleasant returns of the
day, and regretting that she had the
misfortune to fall a few days previous
and while no bones were broken she is
confined to her room.

Mrs. Bertha Hill is taking care of
Mrs. Tripp.

While in Woburn, Mrs. Wheeler
called on Mrs. Day of Melrose High
lands, mother of the late Ethel Day
who was well known in this town.
Mrs. Day is 92 years old and enjoying
good health, yet not able to look after
herself, and has a nurse in attendance.
She has many pleasant memories of
Antrim and wished to be remembered
to any who remembers her.

Clover Is Cut for Seed

When Heads Are Matured

Clover for seed is cut when the
greatest number of mature seed heads
are available. If cutting is too early,
seed is immature. If cutting is de-
layed, the heads shatter badly. Clover
cut for seed may be cured in the wind-
row or in the cock, or it may be
stacked and allowed to go through a
"sweat." By the latter method the
quality of clover "straw" remaining
after threshing is not as good as when
the clover is threshed from the wind-
row.

Producers of red clover seed gen-
erally believe that damp, rainy weather
is detrimental to the setting of seed.
But experiments indicate moisture does
not limit the setting of seed, if pollen
is transferred from plant to plant.
Excessive moisture does, however,
limit the activities of insects. After
heavy rains in hot weather, some of
the pollen disintegrates and with less-
ened insect activity many flowers are
not properly fertilized.

For the Land's Sake --- Why Not?

--- By Dr. M. F. Abell, of Durham

With New England poultrymen
facing the most unfavorable egg-
feed grain ratio in years, many are
this spring looking into the oppor-
tunities offered by Agricultural
Conservation Program. Poultrymen
have failed to use land, manure and
litter efficiently; and labor which
could be profitably employed in the
growing of cash crops and green
stuff has not been utilized. They
now plan to cooperate with the
conservation program to bring in
extra dollars heretofore overlooked.

In spite of the plentiful amount
of plant food left on range by grow-
ing birds, grass does eventually quit
growing as it should, and plowing
and reseeded must be resorted to.
Since plowing is necessary both for
seedling and to insure sanitation, it
is possible to raise some corn for
grain, using land, labor, and litter
that might otherwise be wasted.
Because of the lack of plant food
balance in poultry manure, some
commercial fertilizer, particularly
phosphorus, is needed to obtain
optimum growth. Lime will be of
particular assistance both in order
to get optimum growth of the best
green stuff for pullets and in the
sanitary program as well. A grass
seed mixture containing a consid-
erable amount of legumes is very
desirable. All of these things can
be carried out under the Agricul-
tural Conservation Program, further-
ing not only the principle back
of the program, but also the finan-
cial interests of the poultryman,
who will be getting help from the
government in meeting his bills
for lime, grass seed and some ferti-
zation.

It must be recognized in any at-
tempt to reduce feed costs tempo-
rarily, that other crops of corn, or
milk grains, or green stuff for
range are also being raised and will
be ready at the same time your own
to capitalize on such a scheme
must be done regularly, not only
when feed prices are high. Then
one-grown corn will be available

to replace high priced purchased
corn, and green range will be avail-
able with less cost than when start-
ing from scratch.

Each farm establishes an allow-
ance on the basis of the acreage in
crops. Many of our poultry farms
are too small to make such an al-
lowance very large, and many poul-
trymen are therefore restricted to
an "all the eggs in one basket" pro-
gram. Additional land is no real
handicap and if used becomes an
asset. Not only can range and corn
or small grains be raised, but cer-
tain cash crops offer income oppor-
tunities when poultry income is re-
duced. Even on the small poultry
farm with a minimum allowance
of \$20 it is frequently possible to
carry on such crop production op-
erations desirable to produce satis-
factory range as to enable the op-
erator to use up his allowance in
buying lime and grass seed and at
least super-phosphate.

Sometimes it requires the pinch
of unfavorable circumstances to
make it possible for some of us to
see advantages in the things the
other fellow is doing, as well as to
realize additional opportunities on
our own farms that we have ne-
glected to seize. See your county
agent and find out what help you
can obtain through this conserva-
tion program.

South America Rubber Center
Para, Brazil, which has the most
wonderful museum on the Western
Hemisphere, at one time promised to
become the rubber center of the world.

We Learn From Egyptians
The Egyptians were the fathers of
most things modern, including engi-
neering, architecture and chem-
istry. They were also the first peo-
ple to start making confectionery,
the confectioner using honey as a
sweetener, and added to this sweet
herbs and spices. They were highly
colored to attract the eye of the
candy lover.



By BETTY BARCLAY

"Zestful" is the word for appeti-
zers—and every year, more and
more women are learning the
value of serving a small plate of
these tasty little tidbits before
dinner. In fact, so attractive are
the modern containers that the
present trend is to serve these
"zest givers" right in the glass
packages in which they are bought.
Light, sharp and tangy, they put
a keen edge on flagging appetites,
and add zest to the whole meal.

Pickles, olives, anchovies, caviar
—all of these make excellent
appetizers. It is not necessary to
buy them in large quantities. A
small bottle of each kind is better,
and an attractive array of colorful
appetizers, gleaming in their glass
jars, will add zest to the table, as
well as to the taste. Then a
moment's glance at the array of
attractive glass containers advises
the hostess as to exactly what
"appetite-tickers" she has on hand.
Get the appetizer habit! You'll
find it adds Zest to your meals!

Mixed Canapés
Cut stale bread in 1/4 inch slices.
Shape with cutter in squares,
circles, strips, triangles, crescents
or any desired shapes. Toast or
sauté on one side, and spread
toasted side with highly seasoned
mixture, such as finely minced sar-
dines and lemon juice, chopped
parsley in butter, caviar and minced

onion, olives and cheese, paté de
foie gras. Garnish each canapé
with border (chopped hard-cooked
egg, cream cheese, minced olives,
or other suitable mixtures).
Decorate centers as simply or
elaborately as desired with appro-
priate garnishes, such as pimiento
stars, green pepper, fillets of
anchovy, grated cheese, mayon-
naise, sliced olives, truffle, etc.
Serve on individual plates as first
course of dinner, or pass on tray
for buffet suppers.

Hot Mayonnaise Puffs
1 cup mayonnaise
1 egg white, stiffly beaten
Canapé crackers
Fold mayonnaise into egg white
gently but thoroughly. Pile on
crackers and toast under broiler 1
minute, or until delicately browned
and puffed. Arrange on platter.

Holiday Relish
6 cloves
1 pint boiling water
1 package lemon-flavored gelatin
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup vinegar from sweet pickles
12 sliced maraschino cherries
6 sweet pickles, sliced
Boil cloves in water 3 minutes.
Strain. Dissolve gelatin in 1 1/2 cups
of this liquid. Add salt and vinegar.
Chill. When slightly thickened,
fold in cherries and pickles. Turn
into individual molds. Makes 12
half-molds.

Nation - Wide Store

Clinton Road

Groceries Vegetables Cold Meats Candles
Cigarettes Cigars Ice Cream

Order your

Ice Cream and have it delivered for Bridge Parties,
Dinner and Supper

Ask about Mother's Day Ice Cream Cake Specials

Telephone Antrim 75

Bennington

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

Mr. Logan went to Franklin Sunday afternoon with Maurice Newton, Theodore Call and Ira Hutchinson from the Center Church, to a Deacon's Conference, where 175 Laymen discussed the spiritual problems of the Church.

Clara, the baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Ashford, is seriously ill with pneumonia and complications at Gramere hospital.

The Hillsboro County Association of Congregational-Christian Churches will hold the Spring meeting in Wilton next Tuesday, morning and afternoon. Each Church will be represented by two delegates. The meetings are open to the public, and everyone is urged to attend.

At the meeting of the Women's Club which comes next Tuesday, the 20th, the speaker will be Mrs. F. G. Wilkins of Warner. She will tell of her recent travels through Southern Africa and illustrate her talk with moving pictures. Her topic will be "Rodesian Roadside" showing plants, animals and scenery.

Jeremiah M. Holt

Funeral services for Jeremiah M. Holt were held in the Congregational Church on Tuesday afternoon with Rev. John W. Logan officiating. Two selections, "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere" and "Abide with Me", were sung by Mrs. Vera Butterfield of Antrim. Burial was in Evergreen Cemetery.

Mr. Holt was born in Greenfield, Jan. 19, 1877, son of Jeremiah and Josephine Holt. He was a resident of this town for the last thirty years.

He is survived by three daughters, Mrs. Hazel Normandin of this town, Mrs. Helli Locke of Concord and Mrs. Adeline Jambard of Hollis; two sons, Howard of Concord and Everett of Keene; one brother, Will Holt, of Hudson; three half-brothers, Robert and Ernest Wilson, of this town, and Allie Wilson, of Northampton, Mass.; and several grand-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

Sale by Pledge

Will be sold at public auction at the Main Street Garage in the town of Bennington, N. H. on the first day of May next, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon the following described property: one 1932 Plymouth Sedan automobile, serial number 1722983 and motor number P. B. 47398.

Dated at Bennington, N. H. this 12th day of April 1937.
Harry S. Dunbar, Pledgee.

Administrator's Notice

The Subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Lizzie E. Rockwell, late of Antrim, in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.

All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.
Dated April 1st, 1937.
22-St Howard S. Humphrey.

Administrator's Notice

The Subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Joseph W. Brooks, late of Antrim, in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.

All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.
Dated March 29, 1937.

20-St Dalton E. Brooks
Antrim, N. H.

Church Notes

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Rev. Wm. McN. Kittredge, Pastor
Thursday, April 15
Prayer-meeting at 7.30 p.m. Topic: "The Gospel of the Commonplace", Matt. 18: 8-9.

Sunday, April 18
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock. The pastor will preach on "Life's Hungers".

Sunday School at 12 o'clock.
The Young People's Fellowship will meet at 6 o'clock in this church.
Union Service at 7 in this church. The pastor will speak on "Prison Deliveries".

The public is cordially invited. Come and worship God and find human fellowship also.

Baptist

Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, April 15
Prayer Meeting at 7.30 p.m. Topic: "Food for the Inner Man", John 6: 28-35.

Sunday, April 18.
Church School at 9.45 o'clock.
Morning worship at 11. The pastor will preach on "The Cure for Worry".
Crusaders meet at 4 o'clock.

Little Stone Church of the Antrim Center

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

No Damaged Trees Should Be Saved

Drouth Victims Make Better Lumber or Fire Wood; Stock Injurious.

By L. E. Sawyer, College of Agriculture, University of Illinois—WNU Service.

Few of the many trees damaged by last summer's drouth can be saved. The best procedure in most cases is to cut the trees for fire wood or lumber. Where only a part of the top is dead, careful management may tide over the tree until new top growth and foliage are sufficient to support life and growth. The ground under the tree should be spaded up to make a good soil mulch and this supplemented by three or four inches of barnyard manure. All of the dead wood should be cut out of the top.

Where dead trees are removed this summer, plans should be made for replacements next spring. The trees should be planted after the frost goes out of the ground and before the growing season gets under way in 1938. Damage done by the drouth drove home the fact that live stock should be kept out of the wood lot. Live stock damage to trees is not apparent in wet years, but the accumulated damage of many seasons shows up in dry years like 1934. In fact, the worst damage last year was invariably in wood lots used as live stock pasture. Live stock keeps the secondary growth eaten and tramped down, letting winds get a better sweep close to the ground. This causes the ground to dry out rapidly. In addition, the ground is packed hard by the constant trampling, and organic matter and natural mulch are destroyed. The result is that the rainfall runs off the ground rather than soaking in. Evaporation is speeded up by a lack of mulch.

Blackbirds Eat Farm Pests
Though the red-winged blackbird often does damage to various grain crops it makes up for this largely by its destruction of caterpillars of the spry moth and other agricultural pests.—Detroit News.

Proctor's Column

If it was not for the bob cats and foxes we would be over run with stray cats. There is nothing worse than a litter of kittens born in an old barn in the woods, never having the kind care of some woman. They are worse than the bob cats as they come into a village for food and are not molested because they might belong to someone. A bob cat is killed on sight for the bounty. There is nothing that a fox likes better than a nice fat kitten.
A bunch of about one hundred trout have caused the workmen and the Contractors on the Greenville dam a lot of worry. They seem to like to stick around under the new abutments of the bridge. They drive them out but within an hour they are all back again. Must be plenty of food for them there.

Three ★ Specials

Never Before — A GREAT IRON SALE LIKE THIS!

3 BIG SPECIALS

SPECIAL OFFER
Marvelous New
Sunbeam IRONING SET
MAKES IRONING EASIER



Sunbeam Automatic IRONMASTER

with the New
Sunbeam Automatic CLOTHES SPRAYER

NEW, faster, easier way to iron. Starts ironing in 30 seconds after you connect it. STAYS HOTTER all through ironing yet will not scorch delicate things when set for them. Double-Automatic Heat Control with Thumb-tip Regulator in the handle. Larger ironing surface. Wrist-resting handle weighs only 3 1/2 pounds.

Utterly new Clothes Sprayer distributes even, all-over film of moisture at the touch of a finger. Eliminates extra ironing on over-wet spots or stopping to dampen dry spots you missed. SPRAYS SO EVENLY you start ironing immediately.

Look at this Value

Sunbeam Automatic IRONMASTER (Regular Price)	\$8.95
Sunbeam Automatic Clothes Sprayer	\$3.50
VALUE	\$12.45
You Get Both for	\$9.95
LESS \$1.00 ALLOWANCE FOR YOUR OLD IRON	\$1.00
YOU PAY ONLY	\$8.95

FOR SALE BY

Public Service Co.
of New Hampshire

SPECIAL 1
(At Left)

THIS SPECIAL OFFER is for a limited time only

SPECIAL 2
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- 800 Watt
- Weight, 5 lbs.
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- Button Nook
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Public Service Company
of New Hampshire

People working on Pead hill in Wilton and near the Lyndeboro line report having seen a big eagle flying in circles over the hill. "Pete" Frye the well known sportsman has seen this feller several times in the last year. Naturalist George G. Blanchard of the home town thinks it might be the same one I had in a cage for several months a few years ago. I released him on the first day of January about three years ago and he went south and was out of sight in a few minutes. He may be coming back.
A few years ago Prince Toumanoff of Hancock had a tame heron and every year that bird comes back, circles the farm "Hooter" but does not land.

The other day a well known sportsman told me that the blue heron was far from being a thing of the past. He said that a flock of them came back to a well known rookery a few weeks ago and that the number was three times as many as in 1936.
The rifle clubs in my district are doing some wonderful shooting the past few weeks. Some big scores are being made and the boys are getting to know all the good rifle men in this part of the state.
Granite Fish and Game club of Milford joined the Federated clubs of N. H. at their last meeting making 34 clubs to join to date.
The big argument around the country seems to be that if the leg-

islature raises the license fee of the residents that the non-resident man should pay more for the privilege. Other states are dropping fishing licenses to induce the out of state man to come in and fish.
Here is a man that wants to know how to get a gun from his place to his brothers. He has no license. Take the gun apart and pack it in a box and put on the back of your bike and bear down on the peddles. Many towns and cities have laws that you can't carry a gun on the street unless it's broke.
If there is any doubt in your mind that the fishing season is right around the corner just pick up a copy of any April sporting magazine. Everything in the line of

hunting and fishing and camping is there.
Down in Florida starting April 18 will be a big fishing tournament. The person getting the largest sail fish gets a \$1,500 trophy.
I got wonderful results asking for Muscovy ducks. Now I wonder who has Golden Pheasant Hens to sell. Have at least six parties wanting hens of this breed.
The U. S. government is to try and bring back the Trumpeter swans. A few years ago these birds were very plentiful in this country. Their number is now down to 75 and they are being carefully watched this year.
If you face traffic you have a better chance to enjoy life later.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Clean Comics That Will Amuse Both Old and Young

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



The Long Pull

By C. M. PAYNE



Quack



SMATTER POP— Take Note of This, Kids

By C. M. PAYNE



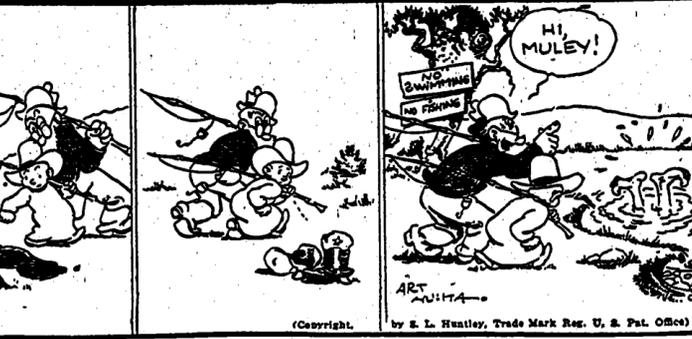
MESCAL IKE

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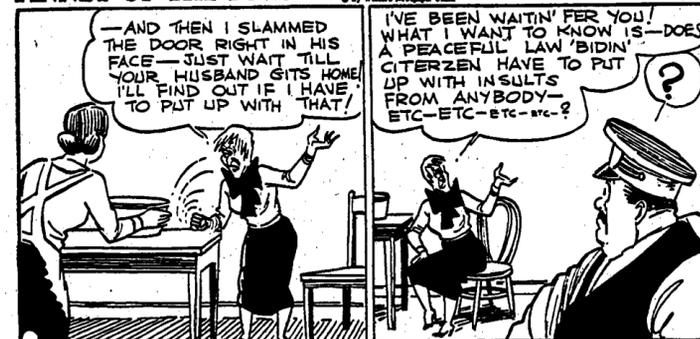
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FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin



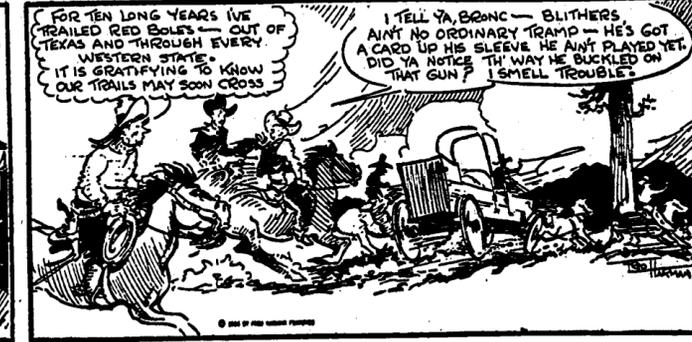
Without End

By Fred Harman



BRONC PEELER— Withers May Let His Gun Speak

By FRED HARMAN



Foreign Words and Phrases

Polisson. (F.) Aascal.
 Au grand serieux. (F.) In deadly earnest.
 Latet anguis in herba. (L.) A snake lurks in the grass.
 Nuit blanche. (F.) A sleepless night.
 Sui generis. (L.) Of its own kind.
 Vient de paraitre. (F.) Just published, or, just out.
 Ut supra. (L.) As above.
 Maladie du pays. (F.) Homesickness.
 Mieux vaut ar d que jamais. (F.) Better late than never.
 Fleur de lis. (F.) The lily; arms of the French monarchy.
 Ab initio. (L.) From the beginning.
 Dal segno. (It.) Repeat from the sign.



Creation of Character
 The greatest affair in life is the creation of character, and this can be accomplished as well in a cottage as in a palace.—Ian MacLaren.



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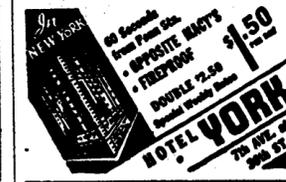
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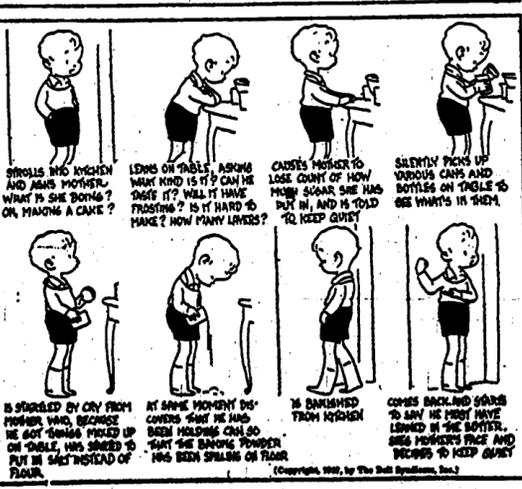
Eager to Oblige
 He examined the menu carefully, and then tossed it irritably on the table.

"Waiter," he called, "is this all you have today?"
 "Yes, sir," said the waiter, whose term of service expired at the end of the week.
 "Why, there's nothing on the menu fit to eat—absolutely nothing!" roared the diner. "Bring me the manager!"
 "Very good, sir," eagerly piped the waiter. "How would you like him—grilled or fried?"

A Delicate Competition
 "Didn't Crimson Gulch take up the idea, just for novelty, of offering a prize for the toughest-looking man?"
 "Yes," answered Cactus Joe. "But the enterprise fell through. There wasn't anybody who would have had nerve enough to face me who was maybe jest lookin' for trouble and formally announce to one of them that he had won the prize."

THE SPECTATOR

By GUYAS WILLIAMS



Division
 Split water cannot be gathered up.—Chinese Proverb.

Sentinels of Health

Don't Neglect Them!
 Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of an excess of toxic impurities. The act of filtering (or filtering) is constantly producing waste matter the kidneys must remove from the blood. If good health is to endure, when the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide distress. One may suffer from backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, gaiting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel tired, nervous, all worn out.
 Frequent, scanty or burning passages may be further evidence of kidney or bladder disturbance.
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Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

My Favorite Recipe

By Irene Castle McLaughlin

Marshmallow Sweets

Boil some sweet potatoes. Mash and mix in a little cream and a good-sized lump of butter. Place in a baking dish and bake until brown.

Remove and cover the top with marshmallows; put into the oven again and just let them get a rich brown on top.

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5 MINUTES TO GARAGE FACILITIES

WALTER J. WEAVER, Manager

Hugh Bradley Says

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Now I Ask What Was This and That? Then Give Answers

NOW I ask you:

What was the first intercollegiate sports event ever held in the United States?

When was ice hockey first played in the United States? What town produced the first amateur team?

What great prizefighter, fearing that he would be poisoned, cooked his own food for four days before battling for a championship?

When were women first permitted to compete in Olympic track and field events?

Who were the members of the first United States Davis cup team, where, and when were the first matches played?

What prize fight weight class has had its limits stretched widest and changed most often in this country?

What, probably, was the highest box office price ever charged for a wrestling match?

How big and how old was Bobby Jones when he competed in his first National Golf championship? When? Where?

Who was the first American to win a modern Olympic championship?

What was the "turtleback" play in football, and when was it first used?

Oh yes, of course, the answers:

The Yale-Harvard boat race at Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H., on August 23, 1852. The superintendent of the Boston, Concord and Montreal railroad suggested the race and paid all expenses for the crews. He was the prophet of the vast modern tribe of go-getters, who combine business and sport to the well-publicized profit of all concerned, and his aim was to acquaint the world with the beauties of the White Mountain region. The build-up was successful. A large crowd was present and Franklin Pierce, candidate for the presidency of these United States, made a swell speech.

Two Canadian professional teams were tempted by a Brooklyn promoter to introduce ice hockey into this country during the winter of 1897-98. There was so little ice and interest that the thing was a flop. During the next winter Boston organized an amateur team which, for the same reasons, fared as sadly as did the pros.

While training in New Orleans for his fight with Paddy Ryan in February, 1882, John L. Sullivan became sorely suspicious both of his opponent and of his best friends. So he became his own chef and the best evidence that his cooking did him no harm is contained in the fact that he kayoed Ryan in the ninth round, thus becoming heavy-weight champion of America.

During the games at Amsterdam in 1928. Previous to that, though, they had competed in such other sports as tennis, figure skating, swimming and gymnastics.

Dwight F. Davis, Holcombe Ward, Malcolm D. Whitman. Longwood Cricket Club (Massachusetts), August 7, 1900.

Bantamweight. It started at 105 pounds, was raised to 112 and then to 118 before reaching its present limit of 118.

The first Hackenschmidt-Gotch bout, held in Chicago in 1908, so intrigued the financial leaders that they coughed up \$40 a copy for the best ringside seats.

Fourteen years and six months old. Five feet four inches tall. Weight 165 pounds. Merion Cricket Club, Philadelphia, 1916.

The first event to be completed at Athens in 1896 was the hop, step and jump (referred to in newspapers of the day as the "triple jump"). It was won by James B. Connolly of South Boston, who resigned from Harvard to compete in the event and who later became a distinguished writer of sea tales.

A mass play in which the eleven men of the attacking team formed a solid oval, usually directly opposite a defending tackle. When the ball was snapped into the interior of the oval the mass rolled out around the end, thus unwinding the runner into a clear field. It was first used in the Harvard-Yale contest of 1893.

Richard Tam, Stanford's varsity second baseman, is the first Japanese in the school's history to play on a major sports team. . . Clark Griffith is a stickler for flat foot pitching. . . He believes it is more conducive to control than taking the pitching stride on the toe. . . Walter Vance, a member of Northwestern's freshman basketball team this season, is a brother of Norm Vance, who has just wound up three years of varsity competition with the Wildcats.

NOT IN THE BOX SCORE:

TWENTY years ago he was a pitcher to be reckoned with in Decatur, Moline, Springfield, Peoria and those other Illinois towns where semi-pro rivalries are hot. Once he pitched a no hit game against well favored opponents. Again he pitched and won two games in widely separated towns on one afternoon. All the while he was possessed of superb confidence to go along with a sharp breaking curve. Then one day a faded minor leaguer took him aside.

"Charley," counseled the veteran, patting him atop his five feet five inches of bone, muscle and pompadour, "You're too little to go far in this game as a pitcher. But you can hit pretty well and you're fast, smart and aggressive. Why don't you try the infield?"

The winning pitcher became a struggling infielder the next day. But he did not have to struggle for long. Soon he was mastering the fine points and was moving up in the ranks of the minors as a star. Then there were long, successful seasons, with big time clubs—one of them a world series winner—as regular third baseman and utility man.

After that he became a Southern Association manager, was doing a tidy job with a firmly established organization. He received a big time offer. The club was a hopelessly scrambled tallender, deserted by the fans and an eyesore to the game. Friends advised him to await slow, sure advancement in the minors rather than risk all with this wreck of a club.

The little pitcher who used to bend curves across the letters of semi-pro batters when the count was three and two did not hesitate. He took the job. That was only a couple of seasons ago. In 1936 the wrecked outfit with which he made his debut had been revitalized into a fifth place team. This year the odds are long that Charley Dressen will lead Cincinnati's Reds far higher.

Charley thinks so himself. "Why shouldn't I?" he asks. "You don't get any place in life trying to live on past performances. You've got to keep moving and aim high. What would it get us worrying about the Dodgers and those other clubs who finished in second division last year? Maybe they've improved. Maybe they haven't. I know we have. So what we're figuring on now is big game, those guys who've been up in the money practically every year.

"What clubs can be caught? Why bar any of them? With one or two exceptions this is a pretty evenly balanced league. Everybody's got little weaknesses along with strength, too. Take the Giants. Maybe they're as good in the infield as they were with Jackson at third and Terry at first. Maybe they're not. What do you think?"

"Take the Pirates. They're good, maybe the best in the league. But you haven't heard of them winning any pennants recently, have you? Or the Cubs. You don't know of any law that says they've got to beat us, do you? Neither do I and that goes for the Cards, too. I'll have to see how well they do at first, second and third before I break out in a fright every time I hear about them. Meanwhile, I'll offer a hint. That Dean's a great pitcher who ought to help almost any club. If they're interested I'm ready to answer telegrams.

Dodger Trade Still Favored by Dressen

Would Cincinnati be interested in any other deals? "Sure," answered Dressen. "We were ready to deal last winter. For instance we offered to make Brooklyn into a ball club in return for Mungo. Well, we're still ready to go to our right and left and to give prompt response."

What made the manager so sure his club was improved? "Well, Gilbert for one. Charley's leg isn't bothering him at all now and he'd be a swell replacement for second or third if anything happened. Then, speaking of legs, Kiki Cuyler's game were better than they'd been for several seasons. With Scarsella looking far better at first and Goddman continuing to show vast improvement in the outfield a manager had a lot of weight taken off his mind."

How about the rest of the outfield? "Well, young Dwyer who's played semi-pro around Newark and Connecticut and Pennsylvania can snap those doubles and he's really coming along fast. Then there's Phil Weintraub. I had him in Nashville when he was a rookie and I understand him. Probably he'll never be one of those birds who can make pretty shoe string catches but he has improved in the field and we think he can hit. When you've got guys like Lombardi and Davis who can powder that ball, too, a manager's got something to be happy about.

Pitching? "We've got some youngsters who look good, particularly a boy named Lloyd Moore. We're teaching him to curve that three and two ball now. It takes courage and control to throw it but it makes a sucker out of the batter and is becoming one of the best pitches a guy can have in the majors.



Charley Dressen

OF INTEREST TO THE HOUSEWIFE

Removing Tea Stains—Tea and coffee stains can sometimes be removed from china cups by rubbing them with a damp cloth dipped in baking soda.

Use Baking Sheets — Baking powder biscuits and cookies rise better and brown more evenly on baking sheets than they do in pans.

Shining Saucepans—Aluminum saucepans that have become discolored inside can be made to look like new by boiling in them water to which a tablespoonful of vinegar and some apple parings or lemon rinds have been added.

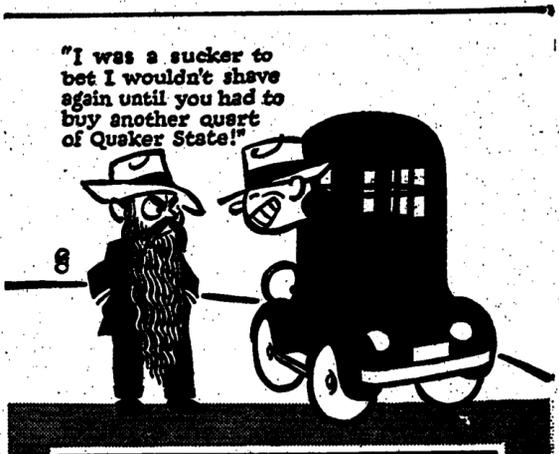
To Remove a Tight Lid—Tie a piece of string round the tin two or three times, just below the lid; then push a pencil between the string and the tin, twist the pencil over, and the resulting pressure will release the lid.

Cleaning Paintwork — Glossy paintwork should never be washed with soap and water, as it usually leaves a smeary surface. A teaspoonful of turpentine in warm water will make the cleaning a simple matter and will not scratch the paint.

A Mirror Brightens — Many housekeepers have found that a hanging mirror will often brighten up a dark corner.

A Supper Special—One cup leftover cooked vegetables, four eggs, half-teaspoonful salt, dash of pepper, half-cup grated cheese. Break the eggs and beat the yolks and whites together. Stir in the vegetables. Add pepper and salt. Put in greased baking dish. Cover with grated cheese and bake in hot oven ten minutes.

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INSIDE OUT

By **CARLTON JAMES**

© Associated Newspapers, WNU Service.

POLICEMAN Kelly swore profusely and glanced at his companion, Officer Herman Westley. The short-wave radio set in the patrol car had begun to bark their number. And it was just five minutes before three in the morning. At three the two officers would have been relieved from duty.

"That's luck for you," Kelly groaned.

He glanced into his code book, holding it beneath the instrument board light.

"Code 76." He repeated the number that had come from the short-wave set. "Murder," he read. "Man shot and killer has escaped."

Kelly closed the book and grinned. "Well, that ain't so bad. Murders was always my meat and drink."

Westley, who was driving, spun the wheel sharply. They slewed off the main thoroughfare and tore madly along a dimly lighted side street. Five minutes later the car drew up in front of a pretentious looking apartment, before which a small crowd was collected. The policemen pushed their way to the front door, ordered the liveried footman who was standing there to allow one to enter, and went inside. A greatly excited superintendent met them in the hallway.

"This way, gentlemen. I thought you'd never come."

He stepped into an elevator, and the officers followed. At the tenth floor they alighted and the superintendent pointed to the door directly opposite.

"It happened in there, gentlemen. Ordway, Mr. Hentsling's butler, will let you in. It was Ordway who spread the alarm."

Kelly rapped loudly on the door and stepped inside the moment it was opened. Westley followed. The man who confronted them was obviously Ordway, the butler, and a badly frightened butler, too. Kelly thought with some amusement.

They could see the figure of a man lying on the floor in a room just off the entrance hall. Kelly bent over the body.

The victim had been shot squarely between the eyes.

The officer knew vaguely that Michael Hentsling was a prominent financier, and was reported to have lost heavily in the stock market crash.

Kelly stood erect and eyed the butler.

"What happened?" he asked.

Ordway gulped.

"I don't know, sir. I was in the pantry, preparing a sandwich and a glass of milk for Mr. Hentsling, who had just come in. I heard a shot, and rushed into the living room to find this."

He paused, staring helplessly at his master.

"Know where the shot came from?"

"It must have come from over there—through that window."

"What makes you think so?"

"It sounded sort of muffled. Besides, there's a fire escape there. A man could have been standing outside and made good his escape."

Officer Westley had reached the window in his rounds, and now Kelly turned to ask him a question.

"How's it look, Herman?"

Westley grunted.

The window in question was open and the policeman was tugging at the screen. Suddenly he stopped, seemed to examine something with unusual interest.

"Ordway's right," he said, joining the others in the center of the room.

"There's a fire escape there and it would have been easy for the murderer to turn his trick and get away."

He looked abruptly into Ordway's white face.

"You been here all evening?"

"Yes, sir. Since early morning."

"And no one else was around? No one came in or went out?"

"No one except Mr. Hentsling."

"In that event," said Officer Westley sternly, "we'll have to charge you with the murder of your employer!"

Ordway gasped, and his cheeks went even whiter.

"Why—I don't understand. I—that is, you can't accuse me, without proof."

"That's true," Westley agreed laconically.

"Listen, Ordway, we know you killed Hentsling so you might as well come clean."

"You know! How? You haven't any proof!"

Westley leaned close.

"It's true that Hentsling lost heavily in the stock market, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"It's true his brokers have run him ragged by continually calling up for more margin? And it's true that Hentsling was just about out of funds?"

"I don't know. I know he received a good many calls."

"And you know also his brokers called him this morning. You know he had to have money, and he asked you for what you had, promising to double the amount when he paid you back. You gave it to him—probably your whole life's savings. And tonight you discovered he'd lost it all. You were broke, without a

chance of getting it back. So you waited for him to come in, intending to kill him, which you did! That's true, isn't it?"

For an instant Ordway's eyes wavered. His expression was that of blank amazement.

"Why—why, how did you—that is—" he paused, staring helplessly into the officer's face.

There wasn't much he could do. Westley had the whole story down to its minutest detail. It was too amazing, too shockingly true to be contradicted without fear of incrimination.

"Self-defense is your best alibi," Westley was saying, as he snapped on the cuffs. "It's your only chance." His tone was not unkind.

Later, once more in the patrol car, Officer Kelly let out a long whistle. "How," he asked, "in the name of all creation, did you dope it out? And me always thinking you were a dumb bloke."

Officer Westley grinned pleasantly. This was his moment of triumph, and he took advantage of it.

"I don't know nothin' but what I read in the papers, as Will Rogers says," he grinned.

"Yeah! Well, get it off your chest. It's your night to crow."

Westley produced and lighted a cigarette. They were off duty now.

"It was like this," he began. "I guessed it."

"Guessed it?"

"Sure. This evening I read how Hentsling was about ready to blow up, and his borrowing money from his butler seemed like the only logical solution. I took a chance, and made a bullseye. I'll bet Ordway's still trying to puzzle out how I did it."

"Fine. But you must have had something to arouse your suspicions. You just couldn't accuse a man like that without a bit of evidence."

"Oh, that!"

Westley flicked his cigarette airily.

"Well, that's where the secret lies. You see, when I examined that screen I found a hole in it. Only the bullet that had made the hole was shot from the inside, as was indicated by the fact that the pieces of wire were forced outward. I figured that Ordway had shot that hole through the screen just to make it look like some one standing outside had killed the old man. And when he swore that no one else had entered the room, I knew I was on the right track. That's why I took a chance on hatching up the rest of the story."

"Oh, I see."

Officer Kelly spun the wheel and brought the car to a stop before the curb at police headquarters.

"Well, that just goes to prove what I get for not reading the papers. I knew you couldn't have doped it all out yourself."

And he stopped quickly from the car to avoid a poorly-timed blow from Westley's open hand.

FORMULA FOR HAPPINESS

By **MEREDITH SCHOLL**

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WHEN you are the daughter of a wealthy man and have plenty of money in your own name and every one knows what an easy time you have in life, an ambition is a very annoying thing. Add to that that your wealthy father is dead set against the idea of your going to work, considering the notion a silly whimicality, and you have a perfect formula for misery.

The case of Shirley Keith was a little different because she was possessed of an extraordinary stubbornness, inherited, no doubt, from Papa Keith, and of which Papa Keith was painfully aware. And so, instead of heaving caution to the four winds and merely saying "No!" like that, Papa Keith tucked his disgust into his vest pocket and became shrewd. Shirley was his only child, his hope and joy, the target of his affections, the light of his life. Hence he could not risk the possibility of having her run out on him.

And so, shrewd Papa Keith called on his friend, Mr. Ira Read, president of the Read Advertising Agency, in which Papa Keith had a large financial interest.

"Irie," said Papa Keith, "I want you to do me a favor. Shirley, my daughter, has a childish notion that she wants to work for a living. Just a whimsicality, but nevertheless quite evident. I want you to give her a job."

"Humm," said Ira, and looked doubtful.

"Give her plenty to do," Papa Keith went on. "Give her so much to do, in fact, that she'll realize working for a living isn't half as exciting as being the daughter of a rich man with nothing to worry about."

Ira and Papa Keith exchanged glances, and the former began to grin and rub his hands together.

"I'll fix it, Jim," he said. "I'll turn her over to my man Whitten. Len Whitten. He's the best man on the staff. Able to handle any situation."

On the following Monday morning Shirley Keith appeared in the offices of the Read Advertising Agency and stood before the desk of Mr. Len Whitten.

"Are you Mr. Whitten?" she asked.

"Yes," said Len, without looking up. "And I won't want to buy anything. Good day."

"I'm Shirley Keith. And I think you're impudent."

Mr. Whitten looked up. He was quite a young man to be so valuable to the staff of the Read Advertising Agency. About 32, Shirley guessed.

"So," he said, "you're Shirley Keith? Well, well, well."

And then he became very officious.

"Miss Keith, if you are to work for me you'll have to make a point of arriving on time. You're three minutes late this morning."

"That," said Miss Keith, "is because I've been standing here for three minutes waiting for you to have the good manners to notice me."

Mr. Whitten cleared his throat, and inwardly cursed Old Man Read for relegating this snippish young lady into his hands. But then, he reflected, it was going to be a joy, a real joy, bringing her to terms.

"Here," he said, "are some notes. Write me an ad using not more than 10 words and stating what a wonderful horse are Silk Smoothies."

Shirley took the notes and sat down at a nearby desk. Ten minutes later she showed the result of her labors to Mr. Whitten. He looked at it and glowered.

"Lous—Not very good," he said. Tears came into Shirley's eyes. She thought the copy pretty effective and had expected a compliment.

"Stop your blubber!"

Mr. Whitten broke off and swore under his breath. He wasn't used to rich men's daughters who were accustomed to having their own way. He decided that his technique was wrong.

Shirley wrote advertising copy for the Read Agency for two weeks. Then Mr. Read called his right-hand man into his office. "Well," he said, "is she sick of it?"

"She is not," said Mr. Whitten. "She likes it."

Ira S. Howled.

"Didn't you do as I ordered?"

"I did. I heaped more work on her shoulders than any three copy writers in our employ. I've had her running all over town on errands. I've told her she's no good, that her work is lousy. I've done everything."

"And still she likes it?"

"And furthermore she's made me out a liar. Her work's good. Mr. Read, I don't like this job. Believe me, when I have my own agency I'll—"

"Either," Mr. Read barked, "you make that girl sick of her job or you'll have a chance to run your own agency sooner than you expect."

Another two weeks passed and Mr. Read once more summoned his chief assistant.

"Well," he asked.

"Well, what?" said Len.

"Don't 'well, what' me!" Mr. Read pounded on his desk.

"Is she fed up?"

"Who?" said Len innocently.

"Oh, the Keith girl!"

He shook his head sadly. "She's a glutton for it. Likes it better than ever. And she's writing better copy than anyone on the staff."

Mr. Read chewed a cigar.

"All right," he said, "fire her. Tell her she's so lousy she's fired. Then, by jinks, let her try and get a job somewhere else."

"But Mr. Read, you can't do that! Why, she's making money for us—"

"Fire her!" said Mr. Read, "or get your time."

Len walked slowly back to the outer office.

He hesitated a moment, then went to the door that led to Miss Keith's sanctum. He knocked, and a bright, cheery voice bade him enter.

He stood on the threshold a moment, staring forlornly at the dark, perfectly-shaped head that was bent over the desk.

Presently, he said: "Miss Keith?"

"Yes," said Shirley, without looking up, "and I don't want to buy anything. Good day."

Len swallowed hard and stepped forward.

"Shirley," he said, bending over the desk, "you're fired. Will you marry me?"

Shirley tossed up her head like a deer that is startled while drinking. For one wild moment she stared at Mr. Whitten's white face and still whiter lips.

Then she said: "Yes. If you'll quit this rotten agency and start one of your own on the money I have in my own name."

"I couldn't. I couldn't let you do that. I—"

Shirley shrugged.

"O. K.," she said, and bent her head. Len came around the desk and there was desperation in his eyes.

"All right," he said. "I'll do it!"

"You will?" Shirley bounced to her feet and flung her arms around his neck. "Darling! I'll write the copy and you be the manager and we'll just have the grandest time ever."

"When will you marry me?" said Len.

"Get your hat," said Shirley, "and meet me downstairs in five minutes."

She rushed out of the office and left him standing there. Without knocking she entered the chambers of Ira Read and found her father and Mr. Read chuckling over cigars. They sobered at sight of her.

"Darling," she said, "I'm quitting this job and taking Mr. Whitten with me. We're going to open our own agency and give you a run for your money." She flew across the room and kissed her father. "Oh, daddy, I'm so happy! Len and I are going to be married! Would you like to witness the ceremony?"

Papa Keith's mouth fell open. He gaped at his daughter and then at Mr. Read. Presently he got to his feet. "Ahem!" he said. "Ahem. Ahem."

"Ahem," echoed Mr. Read.

And then because both the old goats were human and knew when they were licked, and add to this fact that Shirley was the only daughter, the hope, the joy, the light of Papa Keith's life, and you have the perfect formula for happiness.

One Man War

By **SCOTT RYALL**
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WHEN Ireland started emigrating to America one of the vanguard was a Murphy and his son was Patrick. In 1777 Pat was twenty-eight, six feet tall, red-headed and a fighter.

The army was in camp in Valley Forge, trying to get through the winter with insufficient supplies. It became a relieving pastime to bait Pat with his bragging and eventually the number of brawls on Company B, New York Volunteers, forced the regimental commander to attempt cooling Pat's ardor.

"Sir," Pat replied indignantly to the other's soothing remarks, "I'll challenge any soldier in yer regiment! Show me the enemy, sir—just show me 'em—an I'll be takin' two in each hand—"

The colonel lost patience. "Talk, man!" he snapped. "Talk has never won a war yet! And you're stirring up nothing but trouble with your boasting."

"Well, show me a war, then!" shouted Pat.

A friendly captain guided him out. "Pat," he advised kindly, "you keep your mouth shut. The general knows what he's doing and so does the colonel. They're not going to risk the country so one sergeant can demonstrate his fighting ability. When we draw the British out of Philadelphia you'll have fighting aplenty. Until then, don't shout unless you have something to boast about!"

The sergeant shook off the other's hand angrily and strode off into the darkness. His ire was as high as his pride was low and before he cooled he found himself outside the picket lines. He turned and waved a fist toward the camp.

"Begorra!" he shouted to the night, "if the war won't come to him, Patrick O'Mera Murphy will go to it! He'll not set like a hen on eggs!"

Through the black night he turned toward Philadelphia where General Howe was toasting his heels comfortably and burning his morals to a crisp. Pat had tramped but an hour and a distance of perhaps four miles when over a low ridge he caught the faint glow of a campfire. He made no sound as he crept toward it thinking it an outpost of his own camp but taking no chance on random sentry shots. Then he caught the flash of the familiar red uniform of Britain.

Pat grinned in the darkness and barely smothered a cheer at the woe some sight. He moved inch by inch until close enough to hear murmured conversation. One of the two men squatting by a tiny fire turned his head; stared and listened. Pat stayed unmoving, his heart beating heavily.

The man turned back again and Pat crept on, gripping his musket firmly, estimating just how hard to hit with the butt in order that he might bring the two men in alive but not too much so.

"Davis is late," said one of the men looking at an immense watch he drew from his pocket.

"The general's orders are to wait for him," said the other curtly, "so wait we will."

"And so will I," thought Pat to himself. The thought scarce went through the warlike sergeant's mind when a horse's hooves sounded in the darkness.

"Friend!" came out of the night and a horse and rider came into the circle of light. The rider was cursing softly and it gave Pat the needed cover. He came in quickly as all three stood by the horse. His whooping shout was as blood-curdling as the announcement of an Indian massacre. The quick sweep of his musket was almost as deadly. The three redcoats had scarce time to turn before the blows had stretched them unconscious.

"Sargeint Patrick O'Mera Murphy," said Pat aloud, "ye're a great man; a vur-ry great man!"

He tied the three, loaded them on the horse and started his triumphant trip back to the camp at Valley Forge.

The fates arranged the stage for Sergeant Murphy's return. General Washington, himself, was in conference with Colonel Lansdowne when the message was brought.

"Sergeant Murphy has reported with three Britishers captured outside the lines," said an aide-de-camp.

General Washington's eyes lighted. "Lansdowne," he said quickly, "just what we need. Bring him in," he ordered, and exclaimed, "remind me, Lansdowne, to give this sergeant recognition."

The door swung back and the grinning, red-headed sergeant pushed his captives into the light. Their eyes blazed angrily above the gags in their mouths and faint sounds came from beneath the binding cloths.

The general stared at the captives. He then turned quickly toward the sergeant. "You—you—you—" he spluttered, "release those men! They're three of my staff officers! I sent them out a few hours ago to mingle with Howe's army!"

But Pat's infallible luck stayed with him. He was out of the guard house the day before the next pitched battle.

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

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

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE
The Selectmen will meet at their
Rooms, in Town Hall block, on Tues-
day evening of each week, to trans-
act town business.
Meetings 7 to 8
HUGH M. GRAHAM,
JAMES I. PATTERSON,
ALFRED G. HOLT,
Selectmen of Antrim.

Honey Shown to Contain Valuable Food Ingredients

Professor Planta, of the University of Zurich, who has studied nectar consists of 15.27 per cent sugars, obtain enough from two or three sources, the trumpet vine for one, to establish the fact that this nectar consists of 15.27 per cent sugars, only 0.43 per cent of which is cane, the remainder being grape sugar. There are two grape sugars, one known as dextrose and the other as levulose. One is crystallizable, the other is not, and when they are in a mixture the substance is called glucose.

The other interesting fact that Professor Planta established is that a ferment in the saliva of the honey bee possesses the power of breaking down cane sugar into glucose.

Honey, of course, varies somewhat in its make-up because of the different types of flowers that the bees visit, yet the flavor is always pleasant, writes Paul Griswold Howes in Nature Magazine. Generally speaking, it is a mixture in varying proportions of the three sugars—glucose, fructose and sucrose. There is water in it also, and foreign matter such as pollen grains, which, if discovered with a microscope, supply pretty substantial evidence that the substance is genuine honey.

Besides these substances, honey contains such elements as iron in readily assimilable form, sodium, calcium, sulphur, magnesium, phosphoric acid, and albumen.

Other chemists have reported substances unfamiliar to the layman, namely, terpenes and higher alcohols.

The average of seventeen honey analyses made in the government laboratories show a water content of 18.2 per cent; protein, 0.4 per cent; carbohydrates, 81.2 per cent, and 0.2 per cent ash. It is interesting that this analysis gives average honey a fuel value of 1,520 calories a pound, which is higher than white bread, cream pie, all fresh fruits, top sirloin or rib beef, eggs, chicken or turkey.

Trial and Error
"Do you believe in trial and error?"

"To a certain extent," said Senator Sorghum, "but what's the good of a trial if the jury insists on hanging the wrong man?"

Correct
"So you dislike cynicism?"

"I don't set much store by it," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "A cynic often gets credit for being smart when he's merely unhealthy."