

The Antrim Reporter

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ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1937

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The Woman's Club Entertains Guests

A very interesting meeting of the Antrim Woman's Club was held at Library hall Tuesday afternoon, April 14th. They had as visitors members of the Hillsboro and Hancock Clubs, who furnished part of the programme.

Mrs. Moore of Hillsboro recited a poem that gave little sayings about each member of the Club.

Mrs. Worthley of Hillsboro spoke on the Youth Hostel.

Mrs. Yeagle of Hancock sang two solos very pleasingly.

Mrs. Vera Butterfield and Mrs. Ethel Roeder sang two duets.

Mrs. Helen Johnson gave a very interesting talk on "Pottery as an Art".

Guest Night will be held on Friday evening, April 23rd, at 8 o'clock in the Presbyterian Church. The speaker of the evening will be Mr. Robb Sagendorph, Editor of "Yankee". His subject will be "Getting Yankee Material for the Yankee Magazine."

Louise G. Auger, Publicity.

W. R. C. Members Attend Convention

A number of the members of Ephraim Weston Woman's Relief Corps, No. 85, accompanied by the president, Mrs. Sadie Munhall, went to Concord to attend the Department Convention. Mrs. Ethel Whitney and Mrs. Rockwell were the delegates.

Corps 85 had the honor of having one of its members, Miss Josie Coughlan, elected as Chaplain of the Department of New Hampshire.

Louise G. Auger, Press Cor.

Frank E. Bass Passes Away Following a Brief Illness

Frank Eben Bass passed away at his home at Antrim Centre Wednesday noon, April 21, following an illness of less than a week. He was 74 years of age.

Mr. Bass was born in Antrim, the son of Eben and Clara (Wilkins) Bass and spent most of his life here. He graduated from the Antrim schools and Francetown Academy. Before retiring from active business he was a successful Boston merchant.

He leaves no immediate relatives. Funeral services will be held from his late home Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, with Rev. Robert G. Armstrong of Manchester, officiating.

Anniversary of Oddfellowship

All Odd Fellows and Rebekahs in this locality are invited to attend Church in Hancock Sunday morning, April 25, at 10.45 o'clock, in observance of the Anniversary of Oddfellowship. All Odd Fellows and Rebekahs are urged to attend. All Antrim members who have cars and those wanting transportation will meet at I.O.O.F. hall at 10 o'clock.

I.O.O.F. Gathering

An Odd Fellow Get-together, sponsored by the Past District Deputies Association, will be held at Jaffrey Friday evening, April 23 at 8 o'clock, with supper from 6 to 7.30 o'clock, served by the Rebekahs.

Ernest Goodwin

Ernest Goodwin, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Goodwin of Claremont, passed away Wednesday morning at the Hanover Hospital following a short illness. He was 26 years of age.

Funeral services will be held Saturday afternoon at 1.30 o'clock, at the Antrim Presbyterian church and burial will be in Maplewood cemetery.

Commencing Monday morning, April 26, Goodell Company, the Schools, Hollis Auto Express, stores etc., will operate on Daylight Saving Time for the summer months.

Will the Consumer Call a Strike?

Chairman Marriner S. Eccles of the Federal Reserve Board, has made a public statement for which he should be given a vote of thanks by every thoughtful person. He calls for "a prompt balancing of the Federal budget."

He stated facts which public men have dodged in this period of hysterical effort to boost wages, reduce production and increase the cost of living, when he said increased wages and shorter hours which restrict production "are not at this time in the interest of the public in general or in the real interest of the workers themselves. . . . The upward spiral of wages and prices into inflationary price levels can be as disastrous as the downward spiral of deflation."

The consumer has been overlooked in the strike situation and the political situation, which are boosting wages and prices for favored groups. All of this brings the day closer when the consumer will call a strike.

He won't be organized, he won't have any leaders, he will make no threats, there will be no flag-waving to get his votes. He will just decide of his own accord that he will put off buying because prices are too high. Overnight the wheels of industry will slow down; men will find themselves out of jobs; labor leaders will be unable to do anything about it; the economists and politicians who figure everything out on paper, but not in practice, will start peddling new theories, but that won't give jobs.

Yes, Mr. Mariner Eccles is correct. The people should heed his advice.

Remember When?

You wouldn't think of lighting your cigar with a twenty-dollar bill. You've heard of people doing that, and have probably regarded them as being insane.

But, if you are an average person, you consistently take chances on a fire that may cost you many times a "measly" twenty dollars.

Remember when a fuse blew last winter and you couldn't find another—and so established the circuit by putting a penny behind the old fuse? Thousands of fires, many of which have destroyed lives, have been caused by this highly dangerous practice.

Remember when the cord of your reading lamp wore through and you repaired it yourself, with the aid of a kitchen knife, some automobile tape and considerable profanity? The list of fires resulting from amateur electrical repairs would fill a big book.

Remember that cold morning when the fire was balky and, in a fit of anger, you turned to kerosene to get it going? That practice has burned down thousands of homes—and provided many a man with an abrupt passage to the hereafter.

Remember when you noticed that your furnace doors were no longer tight, that the flues looked to be in a sad state of repair, that the chimney shot sparks—and you decided to have those matters attended to another day? Sometimes the other day never comes.

Remember when you awakened and found the room full of smoke from the smoldering cigar butt that had fallen onto the bed or the carpet? The insurance records are full of cases where the smoker in question never did wake up again in this world.

The list of careless actions that may cause fire could be prolonged indefinitely. You may take a chance a thousand times and get away with it—and on the thousand and first time it may get away with you. The man who lights his cigarette with a twenty-dollar bill is not as wasteful or reckless as the man who takes a chance on fire.

The members of the Senior Class of Antrim High School are enjoying this week in Washington, D.C. They are accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. William R. Linton.

The Granite State Home Gardener

By H. J. Hepler, Associate Horticulturist, University of N. H.

In visiting home gardens I find that practically all the best of the home gardeners make provision for a wide variety of vegetables. They feel that their food budgets need to include minerals, vitamins, roughage, as well as starch, protein, and such, and most of these people have found that they can raise the minerals, the vitamins, and the roughage cheaper in the form of vegetables than in any other way. The wise home gardener therefore plants a variety of vegetables, especially the leafy and green vegetables. In nearly every case minerals and vitamins are found in much greater abundance in the leafy vegetables than in the others.

Even so, I find that too many home gardeners refuse to plant one of the easiest of all these leafy vegetables—cabbages. They say that they can buy cabbage cheaper than they can grow it. If the home gardener has cabbage growing in his garden it will be served on the table. If he has to buy it, the chances are that the family will go without. Among the vegetables which are very similar to cabbage in their cultural requirements are broccoli, Brussels sprouts, kohlrabi, cauliflower and Chinese cabbage. All of them are different from cabbage itself and add greatly to the diet. I think perhaps that the fear of cabbage worms keeps many people from growing cabbage and yet they are very easily controlled by dusting or spraying the cabbage plants with a solution of rotenone or ten per cent lime arsenate dust.

Among other greens, we have spinach, endive, New Zealand spinach, chard, green beans, and kale. These cover the season from early spring to late fall. The newer varieties of endive are especially good—the full heart Batavia and the green curled Russet. They have a different heart, really a small head instead of the open center which the old-fashioned varieties had, and can be used for salad purposes as well as for greens.

Don't forget the salad vegetables of which the best are celery and lettuce. — Lettuce for spring and early summer, celery for fall and early winter. The Chinese cabbage planted from the first to the middle of July develops into a good salad vegetable in late September and October.

In order to get the most food variety and enjoyment out of the garden, it is necessary to make succession plantings of crops like radishes, carrots, and beets, lettuce, corn, and peas every ten days or two weeks. In this way you will always have your tender vegetables coming along. And surprising enough with many of the vegetables, especially beets and carrots, the food value is higher in the younger vegetables than in the older ones, so you not only gain in quality but you also gain in food value.

Why not plant a few parsnips for winter use? There is also a wide variety of squashes and pumpkins to choose from. Among them there are two or three winter squashes which are exceptionally fine, such as the Buttercup, the Warren, Blue Hubbard and Golden Delicious. Then there are the fall squashes such as the Delicata and the Des Moines. Among the pie pumpkins the Cushaw makes a most excellent pie, really better in my estimation than the small sugar pumpkins which of course are New England's favorites.

You can plant early, mid-season, and late sweet corn at the same time late in May or early in June and cover the whole season from early in August until frost. The same is true of string beans and shell beans.

Work is progressing rapidly on the new filling station which is being built on Concord St., on the land formerly occupied by the band-stand.

Weekly Letter by Proctor, Fish and Game Conservation Officer

To you fellows that like a real Dog Show. Here is one, May 1st at Cambridge, Mass., Armory. It's an all-breed A K C Show and one of the largest shows in New England.

From Hartford, Conn., comes the 21st Biennial report of the State Board of Fisheries and Game with the compliments of Hon. Arthur L. Clark, the superintendent. I knew Arthur when he was with National Sportsman of Boston and have ridden a good many miles with him. A nice fellow and he is making good.

Here we believe to be a record. Game Warden Dennie F. Shea of the Massachusetts Division is to be retired on a pension after having served the state of Massachusetts 39 years as a Game Warden. In 1910 he was front page news when he alone, single-handed, captured an escaped murderer in the Monroe Mountains when an army of officers were searching for him. I met Warden Shea at Barre, Mass., last summer with Game Warden Laverly. His district was around Ware, Mass., and was 400 square miles.

Last week we received seven letters and cards that we just read once and forgot 'em. No names signed. One of the letters was interesting reading and if the reader will send in name we will be glad to print later.

We see where many a city and town is having the RAT menace. I have tried all sorts of rat poison and the best thing on the market is Common Sense Rat Exterminator. This is a paste and gets 'em sold at any up to date Drug store or grocery. If you can't buy it just drop me a line and I will tell you where it can be bought.

Did you know that the ruddy duck (now protected) has a habit of just submerging under water and popping up several hundred yards up the line. They do not dive, just submerge.

Here is a letter with a newspaper clipping from the well known "Kit" of Daytona Beach, Fla. He comments on the bottom with "If they sold turtle meat in the meat shops there would be less turtles." The Snapper on the items say "If that turtle is cooked just right it has fried chicken beat "Seven Ways for Sunday." I believe him as I had some turtle soup one night last summer.

Have a very interesting letter from a lady in Franklin. She wants to pass along the word that "ST 27" at any drug store will cure the mange on dogs and cats in a short time. Rubbing in every other day will do the trick. Two bottles and two weeks will do the trick. Thanks for the tip.

Last week I started something when I said there was a demand for small boats. Letters from Florida, New Jersey and way down in Maine. But all the boats are in my district. If you want a boat just let me know. The prices are right.

In the April Troubadour is a fine likeness of Fred Knight and the 14-lb. laker he caught in Granite lake last season. I took this big fellow to Concord where he was set up by the Department.

Got a big kick the other day. Had a letter from a Massachusetts town and all that was on the envelope was my name and Conservation

Agent, New Hampshire. One bill in the House that I hope passes, that will let Jim Peck or any officer from a neighboring state cross the line to catch a man they are after. Any Federal Game Warden now has that right but only on a case of migratory birds.

Speaking of tame pheasants, Harold Trow of Milford has the tamest male ringneck pheasant we ever saw. If you want to see a real tame bird run over and see his.

Ernest Durant of Milford who runs a small zoo in that town had a Silver hen pheasant that laid the first egg March 27th. Most of the ringnecks start the 3rd of April. A few years ago Lawrence of Hollis had a ringneck that laid a green egg on March 17th, very appropriate.

Was in Winchendon, Mass., the other night with "Clem Herson the horn pout expert" and did we see a real live Fish and Game club in working order. Heard Game Warden Arthur Lovely of Orange, Mass., give them a real "pep" talk. Have worked with Arthur in the past a lot but never knew he was such an orator. They have a club of several hundred members and they have a full summer's program. We always get the glad hand from this club.

The next night I sat in at the monthly meeting of the East Jaffrey club. This club is about to start a membership drive with a moving picture show and red hot speakers. This club voted to discontinue the Sawyer rearing for trout and raise bass instead. The State Department advised the change. Watch for days of this big event.

Talk about shooting ranges. If you are ever in the town of East Jaffrey you want to run over and see the gallery of this club. It's back of the Tack factory in the building owned by "Pete" Duval. It's up to date in every detail and many a shoot is being held there every week. They (the club) are ready to take in any club in the state for a shoot.

That town is also gun minded as they have a set of brothers in that town that are skeet champs of the state.

For the benefit of "Al" Gutterson of New York City will say I have my colored glasses all ordered for May 1st and will expect to see him on his favorite stream at sun up. And "Al" the fish are there.

Believe it or not but the past week we have supplied many a family with a dog that we hope will please. It's near tax time now. Had quite a few letters the past week asking about the dog law. Tax must be paid before May 1st. Dogs \$2.00; females \$5.00. All dogs over three months of age must be licensed. Kennel or breeders' license, 5 dogs either sex \$12. Ten dogs, either sex \$20. For \$25 you can keep all you want but must be kept in a kennel. Kennel dogs cannot be used for hunting unless licensed separate.

We have a request from one of our readers who wants to buy some real wild mallard ducks. He don't want any of the so called barn yard mallards. Who has got any to sell? Is also interested in some real wild grey Calls.

Well it won't be long now. Get out the tackle and look it over and when you walk down in town face traffic.

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MONDAY—Continued

"I'll promise to do that," I agreed. "And what have you been doing, Hopestill?"

"Oh—tennis, swimming," he answered, adding a little evasively, "a lot of things. Caro Prentiss is a swell kid, isn't she?"

"Yes. I like her better than any other young girl who's come to Satuit. She has a quality."

"And what a face!" Hopestill added. "Figure—personality—charm—she's got everything. And such vitality and strength!"

"I'm glad you're enjoying her so much," I commented.

After luncheon the telephone rang. "It's Mrs. Thelford, Mrs. Avery," Sarah Darbe informed me. I had never liked Brenda Thelford—Ace's cousin. But I knew that of course I must call upon her. I felt a little mortified that she was asking help of me before I volunteered it. "How do you do, Mrs. Thelford," I began. "I feel frightfully to think that you have had to telephone me. I had every intention of calling you as soon as I came back so normal. I've just crawled to the point where I could take a little walk this morning."

"Quite!" came Brenda Thelford's frigid, correct voice. "I perfectly understand. I wonder you are not a raving maniac. And of course I've been very busy myself."

"It must be a dreadful business for you," I murmured.

"It is. Fortunately with so many deaths in my own family, I've had some experience in this sort of thing. But I've called you up, Mrs. Avery, to ask a great favor of you. It wasn't until yesterday afternoon that it occurred to Sam Chess that we ought to notify Bruce Hexson of Ace's death. I told Sam to call him up on the telephone. He tried to get him at intervals all day. Then we gave it up. Sam felt that he knew what had happened. Bruce Hexson often takes his two servants—I've forgotten their names—

we called the Camp. It is one of the most beautifully constructed log houses I have ever seen. It consists of a big living-room, bedrooms and a kitchen; an ell at one side in which lived Adah and Berry. As I came around to the broad front piazza, I saw that Bruce was sitting out in front, reading his Bible. Bruce sat at a big, broad, bare table. He wore one of the tow-colored smocks with the brown corduroy trousers in which he always dressed at camp. His folded arms were resting on the table and over them his absorbed eyes were reading from his big, worn, brown calf-covered Bible. That Bible accompanied Bruce wherever he went. Once I took it up and examined it; it had I think the most beautiful print I had ever seen. I stopped for an instant watching Bruce. As though there was something hypnotic in my gaze, suddenly he lifted his eyes from the book, turned them in my direction. I shall always remember what a pang went through me when his gaze, encompassing me, grew soft with affection.

"Well, Mary," he exclaimed, rising, "how glad I am to see you!" My heart began to flutter. I did not like the job before me. "What have you been reading, Bruce?" I asked.

"The Psalms. They are my comfort always. Let me read you!" Thereupon he read the Twenty-third Psalm.

"Of course I know the Twenty-third Psalm. I know it by heart. I have read it numberless times. I had heard it read numberless times. But that day, sitting on the



"How Glad I Am to See You!"

little rough porch of Ace's log cabin and looking off at the tranquil sea, I really heard it for the first time because it was the first time I ever saw it.

Bruce's voice always deep—what with emphasis and stress—grows sonorous when it touches Holy Writ. Somehow with that roll of the incoming waves below as a steady underlying accompaniment, the Biblical words seemed to take on a stupendous impressiveness. Perhaps all words are empty vessels; we fill them with whatever essence we have of mind, of heart, of soul. Bruce filled the words of the Twenty-third Psalm until they brimmed.

He closed the book. "It's too early for tea, Mary. Can Adah bring you a cool drink—a temperance drink," he reminded me.

I was not conscious of being thirsty but I had a cowardly desire to put off the fatal moment.

"Yes," I answered. "I'd like some of your delicious root beer."

Bruce reached up toward the roof of the piazza, tugged at a hanging rope. Inside somewhere a bell rang. Presently Adah appeared. Bruce gave his order. Adah vanished and reappeared with a foaming Wedgewood pitcher. Moving with her noiseless speed, she filled a glass for me and one for Bruce. Presently Bruce put his glass down. He looked at me a little questioningly I thought.

"Bruce," I said, in a trembling voice, "I've come with bad news. I've got something dreadful and something heartbreakingly sad to tell you."

"My dear friend," he abjured me gently, "tell me!"

"Bruce—oh dear, dear Bruce, it's Ace. Ace is dead. It is more awful than that. He was murdered. He was murdered the night of Mattie Stow's masquerade. He wore a costume of a Roman soldier and he was found dead, stabbed to death by his own short sword, in my Spinney."

I could not look at Bruce Hexson. I closed my eyes for an instant. For that interval, there was complete silence. Then a strange sound pulled my eyelids up. I hope I never hear that sound again. I hope I never see that sight again. Bruce Hexson had turned to the table, had dropped his head on his folded arms, was heaving the great hoarse, racking sobs of uncontrolled male agony.

TUESDAY

I slept a little that night. I got up at the regular hour, ate my breakfast with Hopestill and Sylvia. Soon after breakfast, Hopestill left for this morning game of tennis with Caro Prentiss.

With that sixth sense we all possess and which, in that strange interval of my life, seemed to have doubled on itself, I became aware presently of sounds from the Spinney. Presently Sarah Darbe came into the room. I said, "There's somebody in the Spinney, Sarah. Who do you suppose it is?"

"It's Mr. Hopestill and Miss Prentiss, Mrs. Avery," Sarah answered. "They're there all the time. I suppose they're still hunting for clues."

"How's Bessie this morning?" I asked Sarah.

"I don't think she slept very well last night, Mrs. Avery."

"I'll go out and see her now," I said decisively.

Bessie was busy with breakfast dishes. Shocking as had her appearance seemed to me the day before, it was doubly shocking today. Had that gray, ironed face ever shown a sparkle, a dimple, a smile? "Bessie," I began at once, "you look tired to death." And then as though Sarah had said nothing to me, "Do you sleep well?"

"Not so very well, Mrs. Avery," Bessie answered.

"It's the shock, Bessie," I explained to her. "I feel better but I am by no means myself yet. So don't be surprised that you are so broken."

"No, Mrs. Avery," Bessie said stonily, "it doesn't surprise me."

"Bessie," I suggested, "would you like to go away for a week or two? I think a change would do you good."

Bessie's steely mask flared with panic. "Oh no, Mrs. Avery!" she remonstrated in a frightened voice. "Oh no! I don't want to go away from here. I can't go away from here. I can't!"

"You don't have to go, Bessie," I soothed, "if you don't want to go. But somehow, I thought you'd like a change."

Again panic flared in Bessie. "But I'm going to ask Doctor Geary to call today," I promised hastily. "He'll give you something that will make you sleep."

"I'd like that, Mrs. Avery," Bessie declared almost inaudibly.

I had scarcely finished telephoning the Geary house when the police car curved into the drive.

"Take me where we can talk alone, Mary," Patrick said. I led him to the piazza which looked toward the Spinney. "By God, Mary, I'm in a jam!" Patrick said as he seated himself in the broad Gloucester hammock. "I might have to arrest Margaret Fairweather. And anyway, I've got to put a watch on her house."

"Oh no!" burst from me involuntarily.

"That's the way I feel about it!" Patrick commented grimly.

"It would kill Flora if Margaret was arrested."

"That's the way I feel about it," Patrick repeated, more grimly still.

"Queer I never thought of her when Tony told me about the tall woman in dark clothes. You thought of her at once, didn't you?"

At first I did not reply. Then I said, "How did you know that?"

"Because later, when I thought of it myself, I could remember your face. I realized that you'd thought of it. Not that either of us said anything."

He paused for a moment. "Perhaps I could fix it to let Margaret stay in her own home for a while. I could detail a car to saunter up and down the cliff—without raising suspicion, I guess."

"But you haven't any real evidence on Margaret," I remonstrated.

"It is a little negative, I'll admit. But here you are. No woman left the masquerade until long after midnight—with the exception of Molly Eames—Molly Treadway, I mean. Molly left with Walter. No other woman came over to the Head that night. There was no other woman at home that night on the Head—except Flora and Margaret Fairweather and Hannah. One of my men called with his wife on Hannah last night. He called, of course, because I sent him, but Hannah doesn't know that. Naturally they talked about nothing but the murder. He established that Hannah spent the whole evening with Flora. Margaret slept, as she frequently does, downstairs on the porch. Hannah said that Margaret went to bed early because she was so tired. Hannah sleeps on the porch outside Flora's chamber. Now as soon as Hannah was asleep why couldn't Margaret have slipped out quietly from the piazza to meet Ace Blaikie in the Spinney?"

"But what would she want to meet Ace for?" I queried mechanically.

Patrick did not answer me. But he looked at me. I made no comment. But I looked at him. Un-said things began to whirl in the air about us. And then I heard an automobile crunching up the drive.

"Miss Fairweather is here, Mrs. Avery," Sarah Darbe announced from the doorway. "She says she would like to see you and Mr. O'Brien."

My thoughts began to spin. I made up my mind to say nothing about Hannah's nap.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
By WILLIAM BRUCKART
NATIONAL PRESS BLDG. WASHINGTON, D. C.

Washington.—Many spineless officials of the federal government were horribly shocked the other day when several hundred farmers took matters into their own hands and drove a bunch of sit-down strikers out of the great Hershey chocolate plants in Pennsylvania. They thought it was terrible that men who were striking for higher wages should be beaten and slugged as the farmers at Hershey, Pennsylvania, treated the sit-down strikers. The strikers had closed the chocolate plants, thus cutting off the daily market for thousands of gallons of milk.

Fortunately for the country the number of these spineless creatures, charged with official responsibility, is very few. But I mention the fact because therein is a key to some of the things that have been happening in the Roosevelt administration's treatment of the labor disturbances.

I believe no one can support violence but there can be no doubt that the federal government is charged with responsibility for protecting rights. Rights are possessed by everyone under our Constitution and under our form of government and when a handful of individuals assume to disregard the rights of others it becomes something more than a situation about which soft words and tears for the down-trodden worker are required.

The importance of the action of the farmers at Hershey, Pennsylvania, cannot be minimized. It is a straw that points which way the wind blows. It means that unless the heading and unrestrained actions of John L. Lewis and his labor agitators are curbed, sooner or later we will pay with blood; we will pay with lives of citizens because the American people always have insisted and always will insist upon a square deal.

In treating of conditions within the country, it is well always to avoid inflammatory declarations. I hope I am never guilty of unfairness in anything I write. But the cold fact is that, in this country, the time has arrived when government must make a choice between its functions as government and allowing autocracy of labor leaders to destroy the rights and property of the other millions of our population. Labor has its rights and they must be protected, but it is equally important that the rights of those who are not members of any union, who want to work, who own property, be protected. Thus far in the present labor controversy, it must be said that the Roosevelt administration and the governors of most of the states have fallen short in their sworn duty.

There has been much praise accorded Governor Murphy of Michigan for "settling" the strikes in the automobile plants. Yet, I cannot help wondering whether the term "settlement" is correct when strikers thumbed their noses at the courts and when law enforcement officers were told by their superiors to hold off the execution of court decrees. It seems to me that we, as a nation, will have cause to regret "settlements" of that kind for a good many years to come.

I am inclining to the belief that there is only one word capable of describing the attitude of the Roosevelt administration in dealing with strikers of the sit down character. Labor has a weapon in the strike and it is entitled to use that weapon because too many business interests have refused to be fair. But when labor abuses, instead of uses, the weapon available to it, then the time has come to call them to account just as business interests are called to account when they violate laws. The difference is that the ranks of labor involve millions of votes whereas, the ranks of business involve only a comparatively small number of votes. Therefore, by any line of reasoning I have been able to follow through, it seems to me that the federal government's position thus far can properly be described as political cowardice.

There are a number of reasons why I think this term is appropriate. First, there was the famous night conference when Mr. Roosevelt returned from his Georgia vacation and talked things over with the house and senate New Deal leaders. They emerged from that meeting with the President, saying that the federal government could do nothing; that no federal laws had been violated and that no request had come from any proper authority for federal government intervention.

It makes one laugh, such statements as these. If President Roosevelt and his administration had desired to curb sit down strikes, does anyone believe that he could not have conveyed word to Governor Murphy of Michigan that he was willing to help? I think there are plenty of grapevines by which word could have been sent to the Michigan governor and, I truly believe, that if there had been a request for federal troops, there would have been a distinct change in the attitude of Labor Leader Lewis almost overnight.

Further, I have heard from plenty of lawyers in the house and senate that the decision that no federal law was being violated was wholly questionable. Those lawyers were quite convinced that Mr. Roosevelt had federal statutes at his command to use as the basis for action in the various sit down strikes—if he seriously wanted to get mixed up in the labor row.

Then, I am reminded of the very frequent attacks which were forthcoming from the White House and other New Deal spokesmen when employers and banks and business generally failed to measure up to New Deal demands in the recovery programs. The President spoke with emphasis on those occasions. He has been completely silent in the current situation.

Kept Silent

And he has been able to maintain silence through protection given him by political maneuvering in the senate. As an instance of this, let me cite the efforts of Senator McNary of Oregon, the so-called Republican leader, in the senate, who attempted to put the question directly to the President. He sought, when the senate was floundering and dodging over a resolution condemning sit down strikes, to change the form of the resolution from one needing only concurrence of the house to a joint resolution which is a measure that requires the signature of the President. Majority Leader Robinson was quick to block that maneuvering. No one needs to tell you, of course, that Mr. Roosevelt did not want to have that resolution come to him.

So, as a second instance of federal government sissiness, we see a subservient majority of New Dealers adopting a resolution which said in effect, "You naughty boys! You know it is wrong to indulge in sit down strikes, to take possession of other people's property, and we are going to slap you on the wrist for it." Well, that was a declaration of policy but when the resolution was before the senate they could not resist the temptation to denounce business because they charged it was unfair to labor.

Then, we have another circumstance. Representative Dies, a Texas Democrat, proposed a resolution in the house for an investigation of sit down strikes. Mr. Dies was willing to condemn sit down strikes but he wanted to know what the facts were. Very quickly, many of the weak-kneed boys on the floor of the house smelled a thorough-going inquiry into labor organizations generally, into political activities of labor groups, into racketeering where local labor organizations are in the hands of irresponsible or scheming radicals. So, the house sneaked out from under and, as painlessly as possible, dodged this issue by depositing the Dies resolution on the table from which, of course, it will never be withdrawn.

I called these policies political cowardice in an earlier statement in this article. All of the elements seem to me to be present to justify that description. But there is another phase of the whole situation. It concerns the future of the politicians who have run away from the real issue this time. I am quite convinced it will rise up to hold them in the not too distant future.

In the course of the discussion of the labor controversy, I adverted on several occasions to the politics that is imbedded in the situation. There is so much of politics in the picture that one hears in the under current around Washington a discussion of President Roosevelt's future plans. It is curious, but it appears possible, that Mr. Roosevelt may be forced to run for a third term. Such a course obviously would break all precedents, but Mr. Roosevelt likes to break precedents.

He has stated on several occasions his ambition to leave the White House in 1940 with the nation at peace and economically prosperous. This observation has been repeated whenever the opportunity was propitious. On the last occasion, there were a number of observers in Washington who sustained the same reaction to the declaration, namely, that perhaps—and only perhaps—Mr. Roosevelt had a yearning in his heart to serve another four years after his present term expires. One writer, noted for his direct expressions, observed that only by constantly referring to his future retirement could the President invite groups to interest themselves in demanding him to run for a third term.

what Irwin S. Cobb thinks about:

California Condors.—
SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—
Local naturalists are all agog over the discovery that the California condor is coming back in numbers to his former haunts just up country, from here. In fact, they are going out of one violent gog right into another. Because the condor, the mightiest winged creature in all North America, was supposed to be practically extinct, along with such vanished species of native wild life as the great auk, the passenger pigeon and the lightning-rood agent.

So now we have set up a new mark for envious Florida to shoot at. For while they may have croupiers at Bradley's in Palm Beach, with eyes as keen and bleak as the condor's are, and real-estate dealers in Miami as greedy as he is, our frustrated rivals will be put to it to dig up a bird with a wing spread of from nine to eleven feet.



Irwin S. Cobb

Communism's Gallant Foe.—
HARDLY a day passes but we read in the paper of an account of individual heroism, of sacrifice, of devotion to duty—something which renews our faith in human beings and makes us realize that scattered through the world are splendid souls of whom we never heard before and probably shall never hear again. When the emergency came he rose to it—and that's enough.

But because, in the last few months, we've learned to expect it of him, I'm thinking many of us fail to appreciate a recurrent act of gallant service by one venerable, enfeebled man whose name is familiar to all Christendom. From time to time, triumphing by sheer will power, by sheer singleness of purpose above his own suffering, Pope Pius XI, speaking from what soon must be his deathbed, sends forth a clarion call for a united front against the growing menace of communism.

Waning Merchant Marines.—
AFTER we've spent billions in government subsidies trying to build up a proper merchant fleet of our own, it's just a trifle disconcerting to read that, among the six nations leading in maritime shipping, the United States still ranks third in gross tonnage, fifth in ships having a speed of twelve knots or better, and last in ships built within the last ten years.

But, although Los Angeles is a great port, we have no time right now to pester about a comparatively trivial thing such as the threatened vanishment of the American flag from the seven seas—not while we're still so uncertain about who will have the leading parts in "Gone With the Wind." To date, nearly every lady in the movie colony has been suggested for Scarlett O'Hara except Mae West and Jane Withers, and as for Rhett Butler—well, it may yet be necessary to cast that role as a whole minstrel first part, with an interlocutor and six end men.

Italians in Spain.—
IT MUST be slightly annoying to those Italian soldiers who were fung headlong upon Spain to fight in a war in which they had no personal interest, when, through mistake, they are mown down in hundreds by their own troops, and then the bewildered remnants find themselves in the hands of the opposing government forces, who have a reputation for sometimes being a trifle rough with prisoners whom they capture.

Still, it must be a great comfort to the confused captives—and to the relatives of the fallen back home as well—to have assurance from Mussolini that they are winning the way for fascist doctrines. Until they heard that cheering message, those battered survivors probably thought that they had been licked.

The Height of Gall.—
AS J. CAESAR remarked at the time, all Gaul was once divided in three parts, but it is obvious that subsequently there was a complete re-consolidation.

When France, already in default to us on one little four-billion debt, starts scheming to peddle her newest issue of government securities over here, that must indeed be regarded as the height of gallishness or Gaullishness—spell it either way, reader, it'll come out the same. Moreover, to evade the Johnson act, she would have American investors send the money to Paris and buy these French bonds there. This sort of smacks of inviting Br'r Rabbit to come into camp to be massacred, instead of hunting him down with the dogs.

IRWIN S. COBB.
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Hugh Bradley Says

Guest Columnist Riley Cooper Tells of Betting Evils

(Courtney Riley Cooper, widely known writer of crimes and adventure stories, today fills in as Hugh Bradley's guest columnist. His contribution is taken from his book, "Here's to Crime.")

By COURTNEY RILEY COOPER
THERE is a wave of public gambling which has been gaining force ever since the beginning of the depression. The figures are amazing. In cities which have conducted thorough, impartial investigations, it has been found that the totals in this new racket are far beyond the amounts spent even in the wildest days of prohibition and bootlegging. The amount per capita is, in fact, at least seventy-five dollars a year, placed on bets, which means that much of it is turnover. That is not the amount wagered by each person who gambles, but it is the result of dividing the total sums by the aggregate of every man, woman and child in the city.

There are comparatively few towns in America above a population of 3,000 in which slot machines, punchboards, horse joints, the numbers, bolita or some other form of lottery does not flourish. Therefore, assuming that all rural districts are free from the taint of gambling—which they are not—a gross population of about eighty million persons is dallying with six billion dollars in winnings and losses, of which all but about a billion goes through the hands of the underworld—where much, of course, remains.

A half-billion dollars of the "legitimate" gambling money goes to fairs, carnivals, county race meets, charities and a number of small games of chance which are affiliated in no way with organized syndicates.

Half Million Is Bet in Area on Relief

Last year, for instance, Massachusetts' racegoers backed their hunches thirty-five million dollars' worth; Kentucky let go of about eleven million; Florida guessed about twenty-five million dollars' worth; California, always seeking to better its rival, took more than thirty million to and from the race-tracks; while Michigan, Texas, Oregon, West Virginia, South Dakota, Nebraska, Nevada, Rhode Island, Louisiana, Maryland, Illinois and other race-loving states contributed something like a hundred and ten million.

This money was wagered in places where pari-mutuel betting is permitted and where it is possible accurately to gauge the amounts risked. Incidentally, it might be interesting to know that in one New England district where nearly a half-million dollars poured into races in a single month, the majority of persons in the area were on relief.

Besides the pari-mutuel betting must be considered the bookies system of betting in New York, where, it is estimated, nearly three hundred million dollars were wagered. This, according to the average man's belief, is all the money which went into racing, either through bookie or pari-mutuel systems. However, there was another "system" which made no reports, and which handled more money than all the racetracks combined. That was gambling. There was a time when the usual representative of crookdom who fell into the police net felt it incumbent upon him to pretend some legitimate occupation. Today, however, he settles the matter by stating that he is a "betting commissioner."

Joe Gould, Jim Braddock's manager, engaged in only one ring bout and the beating he received hastened his career as a handler of fighters. . . Paul Dean of the Cardinals was helped along in the courtship by Bill Delaney, his teammate at the time, who wrote Bill Duffy's letters to his present wife. . . They are talking of increasing the Santa Anita handicap purse next year to make it worth \$200,000 in added money. . . Branch Rickey's baseball experience includes a stretch as catcher for the University of Michigan Varsity.

Basketball coaches estimate that with the center jump eliminated in next year's competition that the actual time of play will be increased ten minutes a game and they predict all scoring records will be wiped out. . . Don Lash, world's record holder in the outdoor and indoor two mile run, has won 117 medals, cups, plaques, and other awards in his three years at Indiana University.

NOT IN THE BOX SCORE:

MAL STEVENS, who must throw his N. Y. U. Violets at them on the second Saturday of the season, predicts Carnegie Tech will have one of the nation's hottest football teams next fall. . . You need more than the sun if you wish to acquire such a lovely tan as that now displayed by Hannah Dempsey. Mrs. Jack's recipe is to mix two drops of iodine in the bottle of olive oil used for rubbing purposes. . . Friends insist the real reason for Paul Waner's long holdout is not the few hundred dollars which separated the Pirates' bid from his own asking price. Instead, they say, Paul was anxious to find some excuse to train in his Florida home instead of journeying all the way to California.

Dolly Stark, who held out all last year, may soon resume as baseball's best umpire. He has been promised the first available National League job, which may be the berth now occupied by the ailing Cy Pfrman. Alumni groups figuring on doing a bit of proselytizing at the University of Virginia in honor of their new coach Frank Marquette Murray, reveal that it costs \$800 a year to educate a football player. . . Al Burroughs, the celebrated right fullback of the Brooklyn (soccer) Hispanos, is a nephew of Charlie Ellis, famous center forward of the Brooklyn Celts of yester-year.

The dice table at Miami's biggest gambling resort is so large that more than 200 people can gather around it and seven men are needed to handle the game. Big time hockey scouts should get a load of Lewis Sherman, Andover defenseman, next winter. The kid is only seventeen years old, but he weighs 180 and college coaches whisper he is another Hobey Baker. . . The worst batting trouble of Vince DiMaggio is that he tries too hard for those long drives into left field. Word has been passed around that he is a pull hitter always trying to murder the ball and so he is pitched to accordingly.

One of the saddest stories of recent days was overlooked by the gent who combine prize-fight promotion with their newspaper chores. I refer to the New Jersey report that two Irish process servers mistook a polish sparring partner for the heavyweight champion of the world. Things have come to a sorrowful pass when an O'Shaughnessy can't recognize a Braddock in a land where faithful followers never mistook a Gene Tunney for a Kingfish Levinsky or a Ruby Goldstein for a Pedro Montanez. If it keeps up the first thing you know even the heavyweight champion's master mind, Million Dollar Gate Joe Gould, won't be able to recognize himself as the greatest fight manager in the world.

Princeton track coach Matty Geis is sure that Archie San Romani will crack the old 4:06.7 mile record at Palmer Stadium in June. It's not a bad prediction either. Every year Archie has lowered his mile time, once by as much as five seconds, and he's due again this spring. . . Did you ever note that, for the past six years, the National League pennant has gone in complete cycles—'31-Cards, '32-Cubs, '33-Giants, '34-Cards, '35-Cubs, '36-Giants—'Soooo-OOO? Well, anyhow, it's one way of figuring that the Cards are due. . . Two new books worthy of a gander from sports fans are "Showman," by William A. Brady, who used to manage prize-fight champions before he became a big time theatrical producer, and "Marathon" by Clarence De Mar, the veteran-distance runner.

Eddie Givens, star quarterback and likely successor to Ken Sandbach as Tiger pilot next fall, is one of the reasons why Princeton expects to win its first Ivy League baseball championship this year. Givens, he's a catcher, is the best baseball player to perform at Nassau since Moe Berg's day. . . Tab hard-hitting Sammy Sneed, sensation of the golf trail, to be a real star this summer. . . Also look forward for the Met College Outdoor track championships to be held at Randall's Island in May. . . Fight Manager Joe Jacobs indignantly denies persistently published reports that Max Schmeling ever has been sued for writing that Joe Louis "deliberately" fouled him.

Although he weighs only 137 pounds and stands a mere five feet two and one-half inches. Shorty Chumbris, Maryland's soph shortstop, is being rated as one of the best college players in the South. . . Distemper is even a worse plague of greyhound racing than the gent who do so many interesting things to ensure themselves of winners. Seventy-five per cent of all greyhound puppies are killed or rendered unfit by the disease. . . New York fight promoters should take a look at Ben Brown, a middleweight now working out of Atlanta.

Wally Hally, coast lightweight boxer who recently defeated Baby Arizmendi, is a former Salvation Army trumpet player. . . Johnny Weismuller, swimming in a Holly-wood tank, recently equaled his own 50 yard free style world record of 51 seconds. . . Four members of the Phillies, Manager Jimmy Wilson, Hal Kelleher, Swede Burkart and Bucky Walters, are home town boys.

Stonington, Conn.—Ten years ago George Denison took over his fifty-four-acre farm in the Road Church district. He noticed that there were not many songbirds.

So Denison, who provides for Connecticut 1,000 pheasants a year for release in coverts, began a war on predatory birds and animals. As a result his home contains many mounted specimens of owls and bobcats. Outside are living horned owls that came at night to steal and remained victims of his pole sets, which trap the owls as they descend to attack the pheasants.

Denison also had trouble with bobcats and stray cats. Both are enemies of songbirds and pheasants.

CREOLES TELL HOW DIXIE WAS NAMED

Have Their Own Version of Much Disputed Origin.

New Orleans, La. — Philologists are still trying to trace the origin of the name Dixie. They have gathered much data on it pro and con—all very confusing, but the New Orleans Creole knows where it originated and he will tell you all about it and even show you the building in the Vieux Carre where Dixie was born.

Many explanations have been offered. One is that a man named Dixey owned some slaves on Manhattan island, and due to northern sentiment was forced to bring his slaves south. The negroes grew homesick and pleaded with their master to carry them back to Dixie's land.

Another explanation is that Dixie is derived from the name of "Dixon" of the engineering firm of Mason & Dixon that ran the famous line known all over the world. But button-hole an old French Creole some day in the crumbling Latin quarter and over his demi-tasse and cognac he'll tell the real story.

Old Building as Symbol. He'll take you out on the "banquette" (sidewalk) and point to its birthplace—a magnificent looking building at the corner of Blue Royale and Rue d'Iberville. The edifice isn't in such fine shape now. It's crumbling and time-worn, but it reflects a dignity of bygone days.

"Mon ami," you will be told, "the story goes back to a century ago when Nouvelle Orleans was third largest city in the Union and the edifice housed the prosperous Banque des Citoyens de la Louisiane—the Citizens bank.

At the time of the Creole's story, bank notes were much in disfavor among frontiersmen and cattle drovers who came down on barges with their furs to New Orleans. Because of the fact that counterfeiting was at its height, banks in different states discounted other banks' notes because of the risk taken, and the drover or trapper lost money.

The Citizens bank suffered less than others because of the fact that it employed a teller who was an expert at catching "phony" notes. Steamboat men would bring their freight bills in and rivermen would bring in their receipts. The Citizens teller would pay them off in bright green notes which had the word "dix" (ten, in French) printed boldly across the entire length of the bill.

"Dixie" Paper Was Tops. Most of this money was taken north and out to the frontier, and little of it ever was counterfeited. The frontiersman didn't have to worry about the fact that perhaps when he got back up the river the Citizens bank would have closed its doors and his greenbacks would be only valuable as wall paper.

"Dixie" paper was tops and at a premium. To show a man that you were in earnest was to slap a handful of the notes on the table and say "I'll bet you 10 Dixies." That was showing real money. Frequently, in the Creole's grand pere's day, the rivermen were heard saying: "I'm going down the river for some Dixies," or "These cows will bring 500 Dixies," or else, "I can't pronounce this French word Dix, but I mean the Dixie bank."

As a result, the phrase "Dixie Land" soon began to apply to all the territory from which the dix-notes came and the name was confused with the name of the line which designated the South and many believed that it was a corruption of the name Dixie. "Non, non mon ami, jamais dans la vie—no, no, my friend, never on your life," says our proud Creole, "the word Dixie belongs to La Rue Royale and the Vieux Carre."

U. S. Building Legation on the Summit of Cape

Monrovia, Liberia.—Work is underway on a new \$500,000 United States legation building, under direction of Lester A. Walton, United States minister to Liberia.

The building is being built on the summit of a cape extending into the Atlantic and will face the ocean. Weeks of dynamiting were necessary to level huge boulders on the rocky site. Soil was then spread so that trees and flowers may grow. The legation will be about half a mile from the British legation, which stands on the south shore of the cape. The cape is the coolest part of Monrovia but had never before been used for dwellings because of its rugged state.

Grower of Pheasants Has Home Museum of Pests

Stonington, Conn.—Ten years ago George Denison took over his fifty-four-acre farm in the Road Church district. He noticed that there were not many songbirds.

So Denison, who provides for Connecticut 1,000 pheasants a year for release in coverts, began a war on predatory birds and animals. As a result his home contains many mounted specimens of owls and bobcats. Outside are living horned owls that came at night to steal and remained victims of his pole sets, which trap the owls as they descend to attack the pheasants.

Lights of New York

by L. L. STEVENSON

Mario Chamlee, American tenor of the Metropolitan Opera company, who recently created the title role in the new opera, "Caponasacchi," is fond of telling of an incident which occurred when his fourteen-year-old son, Archer, was only six. Mr. and Mrs. Chamlee went to Italy to fill professional engagements and took the boy with him. On Easter Sunday, they went to the cathedral in the town in which they were playing and in the crush of worshippers became separated from their son. Mr. Chamlee assured his wife they would find him easily at the conclusion of the service and settled back to enjoy the choir's singing of a beautiful cantata. At the end, there was a reverent hush, broken suddenly by loud applause from another part of the church and a youthful—and familiar voice. It was Archer, wise to the ways of the stage since his parents' home has always been the meeting place of musical and theatrical celebrities, clapping his hands and shouting, "Bravo, bravo! Beautiful performance! Give us an encore!"

Intended to avoid dog stories for awhile, but there was that man who came into the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals with his ten-year-old son and a pure-bred Boston bull. The boy walked with difficulty as he was forced to wear heavy shoes and braces—a victim of infantile paralysis. For two years, the boy, frail but bright and cheerful, had been forced to remain in bed. The father's savings had been completely exhausted by the long course of treatments and buying the shoes and braces. He didn't regret his expenditures. His boy was up and around again and had a chance for recovery. But the boy's dog had become ill and it was necessary that it be cured—yes, sir it was necessary that the dog get well.

All through the boy's long illness, the dog had been his constant companion. The two were still inseparable. There was more than that, however. As a matter of fact, the dog acted as a sort of nurse for the boy, helped him put on and take off those heavy shoes and braces. Possibly the young woman at the desk looked a bit incredulous. At the word of command, he began unlacing the boy's shoes. At the end of the demonstration, the dog was entered as a patient and, as this is being written, is convalescing rapidly.

Possibly I may be permitted another dog paragraph. An elderly man, well dressed, with a shock of white hair and twinkling blue eyes, came into the hospital. He was a dog lover—had been registering English setters for the last 30 years. But he had experienced reverses. He was ill and needed an operation and could accept no charity. In the case of his dog, it was different. His setter was ill and needed an operation. It would have to be free, of course. And he had come to the hospital to make an inspection to see if the equipment was what it should be and to be assured that his pet would receive every care and attention.

Current "dashers" in the theatrical world are Helen Hayes and Arline Francis. Miss Hayes has to dash from the National Broadcasting company's studios in Radio City across town to the Broadhurst theater, on West Forty-fourth street with "Victoria Regina" starting three minutes after her air show ends. Miss Francis, who is in the same air show, has to dash to the Ethel Barrymore theater on West Forty-seventh street to be in time for "The Women." The dashes occur every Monday night.

On the other hand, Peter Van-Steeden and his orchestra have time to spare. There is a lapse of two hours between the two Fred Allen broadcasts. So the orchestra spends the interval playing contract, with Van-Steeden usually well in the lead when it's time to go back to work.

French Convict Port Slowly Being Eclipsed

Saint Martin-de-re, France.—This little village located in the Atlantic off the city of La Rochelle has suffered from adversity as well as its reputation as the prison town from which former criminals were sent to France's Devil's Island. Statistics just published reveal that the village population has diminished from 3,000 to 1,300 in the course of the last century. Present day statistics show an alarming condition, with deaths far surpassing births, and marriages falling off.

Eggs, 100 Years Old, Found Inside a Tree

Klamath Falls, Ore.—Loggers who sawed the top from a large tree discovered a bird's nest which had been sealed completely as the tree grew. In the nest were seven small eggs. The lumberjacks estimated that the eggs had been laid about 100 years ago, judging by the rings in the wood.

AROUND the HOUSE Items of Interest to the Housewife

For Good Gravy—Did you know that gravy, to be served with roast meat, will taste much nicer and contain more nutriment if it is made with the water in which the vegetables have been boiled?

Shrink the Cord — When loose covers for chairs, etc., are being made, boil the piping cord before using. This little precaution prevents unsightly puckers after the cover is washed.

Frying Eggs—Eggs are less liable to break or stick to the pan if a little flour is added to the frying fat.

Boiling Old Potatoes—Old potatoes sometimes turn black during boiling. To prevent this add a squeeze of lemon juice to the water in which they are boiled.

New Hot-Water Bottles—Have a little glycerine added to the water with which hot-water bottles are filled for the first time. This will make the rubber supple, and the bottle will last longer.

Preparing Salted Nuts—Here is an ideal manner in which to prepare your salted nuts at home: Take blanched nuts, salt and oil. Sprinkle nuts very lightly with oil, using not more than one teaspoon to one cup of nuts. Spread in one layer in a baking pan and brown delicately in a moderately hot oven—375 degrees—stirring occasionally that they may color evenly. Sprinkle with salt after removing from the oven, and spread on crumpled unglazed paper to absorb any surface oil.

Salmon in Rice Nests—Two cups of rich cream sauce, one egg yolk, two teaspoons lemon juice, one pound can salmon, one small can mushrooms, one cup rice, two hard cooked eggs. Beat



Sissies "Had you the car out last night, son?" "Yes, dad. I took some of the boys for a run."

"Well, tell the boys I found one of their little lace handkerchiefs."

Science says fish can see and hear under water. O. K. But what we object to is when they smell on land.

Wanting Practice "Gram'ma, if I was invited out to dinner somewhere, should I eat my pie with a fork?" "Certainly, Vernon."

"You haven't got a piece of pie in the house that I could practice on, have you, Gram'ma?"

And So He Did Judge—Why did you steal the woman's carpet? Tramp—I did not steal it. Judge—She says you stole it. Tramp—She said, "Take that carpet and beat it."

Film Star (pointing)—That's the third night running she's been out with her husband. Some publicity stunt, I suppose.

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egg yolks slightly and add to the hot cream sauce with the lemon juice. Add the salmon and the sliced mushrooms and heat thoroughly. Boil the rice, drain and form in mounds on plates; then make depression in mounds to form nests. Fill with salmon mixture. Cut hard cooked eggs in quarters lengthwise and garnish each serving with one.

For Steamed or Boiled Puddings—Puddings will not stick to the basin if two strips of grease-proof paper are put crosswise in the basin before the mixture is poured in.

Care of Shoes — The preservation of patent leather shoes presents difficulties because, by the very nature of the hard finish, it will crack eventually. But the fateful day may be delayed by occasionally applying just the smallest touch of pure vaseline and rubbing it in well with a soft cloth. Patent leather shoes should be polished by rubbing with a soft cloth only.

Protecting Buttonholes—A row of machine-sewing around button holes in knit underwear prevents stretching and makes them last longer.

Removing Stains on Hands—Vegetable stains can be removed from the hands by rubbing them with a slice of raw potato.

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" "	3.45 p.m.
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Mails Close	11.40 a.m.
" "	3.50 p.m.
" "	6.20 p.m.
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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 22, 1937

Antrim Locals

Ross Coleman is at Margaret Pilla-
bury hospital where he underwent an
appendicitis operation last Friday.

Misses Barbara Butterfield and Dor-
othy Sawyer of Keene Normal are
spending a week's vacation at their
homes here.

For Sale—Six Burner Red Star Oil
Stove. Cheap. H. W. Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Austin and
son of Swanzy spent Tuesday with
her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George E.
Warren.

Miss Arlene Whitney had her ton-
sils removed at Margaret Pillsbury
hospital on Monday.

The Presbytery of Newburyport held
the annual meeting at the Antrim
Presbyterian church yesterday and to-
day. A full account of the meetings
will be given in these columns next
issue.

The baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs.
George Cummings passed away sudden-
ly last week from pneumonia.

Miss Clementine Maso Elliott of
New York visited first of the week
with Mrs. J. A. Elliott.

Funeral services for Mrs. Cora A.
Lowell, a resident of Nashua for 23
years, were held Sunday afternoon
from her late home. She was born in
Reading, Mass., April 9, 1869, the
daughter of Charles and Laura Beard.
She resided in Antrim prior to going
to Nashua. She was a member of the
First Baptist Church and active in
church work for many years. She
is survived by her husband, son, one
sister, two half-brothers, and several
nieces, nephews and cousins.

Concert April 27th

The Concert by the Antrim and Hill-
shoro High School Orchestra will be
given next Tuesday evening, April 27
in the Town Hall, 8 o'clock.

The Orchestra will be assisted by
Mr. Richard E. Bailey, Baritone of
Concord, Leslie Coad, Violinist of
Hillsboro, and The Antrim High School
Chorus.

Adults tickets, 25 cents; Students
tickets, 15 cents.

Telephone 21-4 P. O. Box 271
Radio Service.

Wallace Nylander, Antrim, N. H.
Member National Radio Institute
Guaranteed Tubes and Parts
Call anytime for an appointment

"OUR BEAUTY SHOPPE"

Telephone 66

Main Street - Antrim, New Hampshire

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

Antrim Locals

Miss Margaret Felker and friend,
Darrell Root, of Boston, spent the
week end and holiday with her mother,
Mrs. Elizabeth Felker.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Wheeler of
Boston, Mass., were in town last week
Thursday, getting their home on Con-
cord St. in readiness for occupancy
soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Deming of
Roxbury, Mass., spent the week end
and holiday with her parents, Mr. and
Mrs. George Barrett.

For Sale—From three to four tons
of A. No. 1 English Hay.

Craig Farm,
Jacob Sessler, two sons, Louis and
Carl, and two grand children, Dorothy
and Sonny, visited in town Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Baker of Wor-
cester, Mass., visited relatives here
on Saturday.

Lost—Blue zipper pencil case con-
taining pair of Glasses in case with
name Pauline Clark. Finder please
return to Mrs. Arthur Clark, Depot
Street. Reward.

Mr. and Mrs. Thurston Whittle of
Milford were visitors here Friday.

Arlan Sargent, son of Mr. and Mrs.
Harold Starkweather, is ill with Scar-
let Fever.

Miss Ethel Muzzey, a teacher in
the Milton, Mass., schools, is spend-
ing this week with Mr. and Mrs.
Roscoe Lane.

Miss Joyce, little daughter of Mr.
and Mrs. Dewey Elliott, burned her
hand very severely last week.

After spending the winter months
with her brother, Eugene Swain, in
Waltham, Mass., Miss Molly Swain
has returned to her home on Clinton
Road. Her brother and friend, Miss
Corkum, accompanied her here last
Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Thibodeau
visited with his sister, Mrs. Leon Hu-
gdon, and family, over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Wyman K. Flint
spent the week end at their North
Branch home.

Mrs. Siella Brown of Fitchburg,
Mass., is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. Jessie Hall is visiting with
friends in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tenney and
family of Laconia were Sunday visi-
tors of his sister, Mrs. Jessie Ruther-
ford, and family.



K stands for Ketchup
A colorful treat
A tasty for sea food,
Or supper's cold meat.

Grandmother never felt that her
preserving season was over until
she could stand back and survey
dozens of bottles of ketchup—or
perhaps she called it catsup. All
during the winter and spring these
bottles were called upon to give a
"tang" to the meals. Cold roast
beef with catsup—that was good.
Shell fish called insistently for
ketchup. And a piece of bread,
spread with ketchup, was no
novelty as a before-bed bite.

Today we purchase our ketchup
as we need it—or when a spark-
ling row of bottles, revealing their
luscious ruby contents, catches our
eye upon the grocer's shelf and we
remember that our stock is low.
Those ketchup bottles certainly
appear. Food packers seem to be
making their glass ketchup bottles
more and more attractive and prac-
tical all the time. Sleek, tall and
graceful, they're a far cry from
containers of yesterday and they
make an attractive addition to any
table. In many homes, a table isn't
set without its bottle of ketchup.

Here are two hints for ketchup
lovers. Perhaps they are new to
you. Try them and they will im-
mediately become favorites:

Liver Loaf
1 1/2 lbs. liver (beef)
1 tablespoon parsley
1 tablespoon onion
1/2 green pepper

1 1/2 cups bread crumbs
2 eggs
1 cup meat stock
1 cup evaporated milk
2 tablespoons fat pork or
drippings
1 1/2 teaspoons salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
1/2 teaspoon dried celery
Wipe liver, cut into slices, then
put through a food chopper together
with parsley, onion and pepper.
Add crumbs moistened in the
baking dish or mold and set in a
pan of hot water. Bake 1 1/2 hours
in a slow oven (325° F.) Serve hot
or cold with ketchup, chili sauce
or tomato sauce. Yield: 8 servings.

Cecils with Ketchup
1 cup cold roast beef or rare steak
finely chopped
Salt and pepper
Onion juice
Worcestershire sauce
2 tablespoons melted butter
Yolk of 1 egg slightly beaten
Season beef with salt, pepper,
onion juice and Worcestershire
sauce. Mix in remaining ingredi-
ents, shape in the form of
croquettes. Roll in flour, egg and
crumbs. Fry in deep fat, drain and
serve with heated tomato ketchup.

**Electric Switch
Cause of Explosion**

The responsibility for the explo-
sion in the Texas school, which took
so many lives, has been fixed. An
electric switch is to blame. This is
a welcome variant of the usual
findings when an accident occurs.
Generally there is a dead man into
whose pocket the buck may be slip-
ped. It would be a mistake, how-
ever, to assume that culpable negli-
gence contributed to the catastro-
phe. The defects of the building, if
any, may have been of such nature
that they could have been discover-
ed by no reasonable amount of care
of inspection. Beneath the feet at
every step there may be weakly
bridged chasms, the very existence
of which is not suspected. When
the time comes they open, and
neither science nor prudence seem
able to do anything about it.

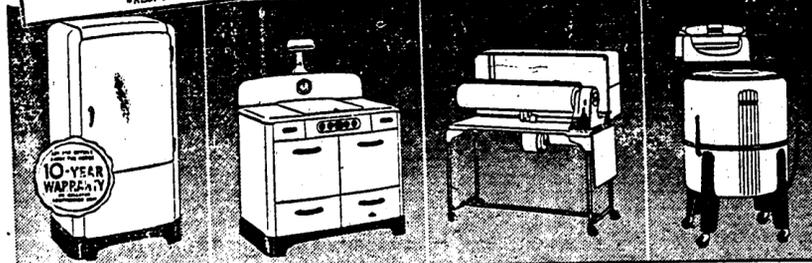
**Duke of Windsor
Should Have Privacy**

A newspaper in Manchester, Eng-
land, has spoken what ought to be
the last word about the former king
of that country:
"Some politicians and newspapers
are still trying to focus the spot-
light on to the Duke of Windsor.
They are doing service to nobody—
and least of all to the Duke, who
made his decision, desired privacy
and sought it. The Duke has retired
into private life. Let his life be
veiled under the anonymity which
is the lot and privilege of every
other private citizen."

Watches Once Small Clocks
Watches originally were small
clocks and were worn hung from
the girdle because they were too
large for the pocket.

NORGE ALL NORGE
and every one a PLUS VALUE!

"Norge" on any home appliance identifies it
as high quality in every way—style, engi-
neering, construction, convenience features and
economy. Whatever appliance you are consid-
ering next—see the Norge before you buy.



LOW-TEMP ROLLATOR REFRIGERATION
A new, sensational method
of food preservation that
keeps foods PRIME FRESH,
with natural moisture re-
tained, from 2 to 5 times
longer—costs no more to
operate than the ordinary
refrigerator. See the Norge
LOW-TEMP Rollator Re-
frigerator today.

CONCENTRATOR RANGE
With a wide selection of
models, colors, and avail-
able extra features, the
Norge line of ranges is one
from which you can choose
exactly the range you want,
at a price that represents
big value.

DUOTROL IRONER
Better ironing in half the
time—that's the story of
Duotrol ironing. The Norge
Duotrol ironer is adjustable
in speed, heat and tension.
It is easy to use—fast and
efficient.

AUTOBUILT WASHER
Only the Norge Washer
has the smooth-running,
long-life Autobuilt trans-
mission and the new
Pressure-Indicator Wringer,
scientifically designed to
make washing easier on
clothes.

ROLLATOR REFRIGERATOR..... \$139.50 and up
CONCENTRATOR RANGE..... \$89.50 to \$149.50
AUTOBUILT WASHER..... \$49.50 and up
DUOTROL IRONER..... \$49.50 and up

HILLSBORO FURNITURE MART
25 Depot Street HILLSBORO, N. H.

Bennington

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

Earl Sheldon is steadily improving in health following his recent serious automobile accident.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sawyer attended the opening baseball game in Boston last Monday.

The Congregational Church ladies served a supper at the vestry with maple syrup and doughnuts for dessert. Miss Frieda Edwards and Mrs. Doris Parker were in charge.

Henry Wilson and Rev. Logan attended the spring meeting of the Hillsborough Association of Churches at Wilton Tuesday.

Miss Marion Diamond is spending a week's vacation from her teaching at Woodsville, with her parents.

The Woman's Club held their regular monthly meeting at the Congregational church vestry last Tuesday afternoon. The program consisted of movies and lecture on a trip to Africa by Mrs. Frank Wilkins of Warner. Mrs. Edith Danforth sang two selections, accompanied by Miss Lawrence at the piano.

On Friday evening several members will attend the Antrim Woman's Club Guest Night and present a play.

The May Luncheon will be held the 24th at 6.30 at the Old Church in Franconstown.

The committee in charge was Mrs. Caroline Sylvester, Mrs. Jennie Church and Mrs. Minnie Gordon.

SCHOOL BOARD NOTICE

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

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

Sale by Pledgee

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 1722933 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.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss.
Court of Probate

To the heirs at law of the estate of Jennie E. Miller late of Hillsborough in said County, deceased, testate, and to all others interested therein:

Whereas Maud M. Robinson executrix of the last will and testament of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County the final account of her administration of said estate:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Peterborough in said County, on the 28th day of May next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

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

Given at Nashua in said County, the 14th day of April A.D. 1937.

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

Church Notes

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Rev. Wm. McN. Kittredge, Pastor
Sunday, April 25
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock.
Sermon by the pastor from the theme: "Christ or Chaos"
Sunday School at 12 o'clock.

Baptist
Rev. R. E. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, April 22
Prayer Meeting at 7.30 p.m. Topic: "Here Comes the Bride"
Sunday, April 25
Church School at 9.45 o'clock.
Morning worship at 11. The pastor will preach on "One Who Served".
Crusaders meet at 4 o'clock.
The Young People's Fellowship will meet at 6 o'clock in this church.
Union Service at 7 in this church.

Little Stone Church on the Hill
Antrim Center
Rev. J. W. Logan, Pastor
Sunday School at 9 a.m.
Sunday morning worship at 9.45.

Here and There!

At a meeting of the Orange school committee held last week it was voted to restore the teachers' salaries to their former level, feeling that the increased cost of living made it necessary that the teachers get as much money as they did before their cut in 1931-32. The increase is to be effective immediately.

In an almost forgotten novel, an experimenter constructed a living being from parts collected in the dissecting room. Pittsburgh reports a machine which duplicates the operation of the brain. New York's current contribution is an iron lung, by which the life of a child is saved. When false teeth, spectacles and hearing devices for the deaf are taken into account, to say nothing of the diversified surgical appliances that are worn, it seems almost as though the mechanic were well on the way to fulfill the weird story of the novel.

While Washington is indulging in Easter egg rolling on the White House lawn, looking forward to cherry blossoms and doing other things that are symptomatic of spring fever, the Supreme Court jolts the city back into a realization of the truth that it is a place where affairs of great moment are likely to happen almost any time. The high tribunal has decided recently that states have the right to set a minimum wage, thereby overruling a decision that it handed down about fourteen years ago. The fact that the court has changed its mind has no bearing on either side of the controversy over making alterations in the bench of last resort, and attempts to found political argument pro or con on the action of the court make no strong appeal. There was a day when suggesting that the American colonies should be free and independent states was treason. Whiskers once were popular but are seldom seen in 1937. Not many hoop skirts remain in good working order. The Supreme Court simply has exercised its right to change its mind. The fact that it has seen fit to change its mind has no bearing on the question as to whether or not the number of justices should be increased, or upon the question as to how, if a larger court is desirable, the increase should be brought about.

First Plows of Tree Branches
The first farm plows were made of crooked tree branches and worked by man power.

East Antrim

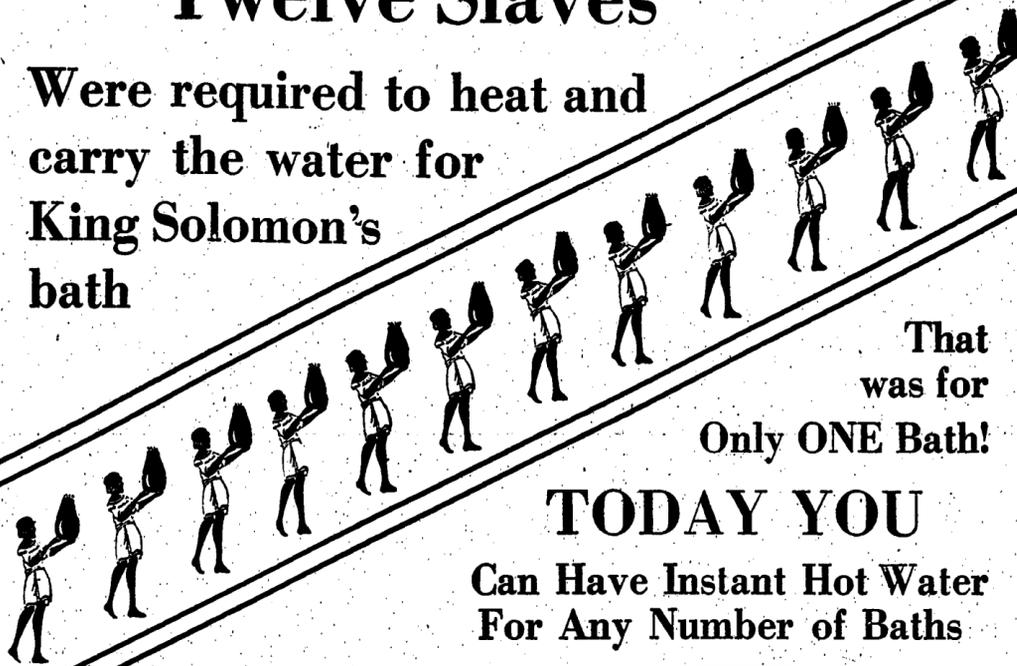
Mrs. Charles White and son, Carroll, visited Mrs. George Appleton in Brookline, Mass., recently.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. Donegan and daughter, Shirley, of Melrose, Mass., spent the week end at the Tripp bungalow.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cole of Keene were recent visitors at the home of W. D. Wheeler.

Twelve Slaves

Were required to heat and carry the water for King Solomon's bath



That was for Only ONE Bath!

TODAY YOU Can Have Instant Hot Water For Any Number of Baths

With Electricity Performing the "Slave Duty"

—An Automatic Electric Water Heater

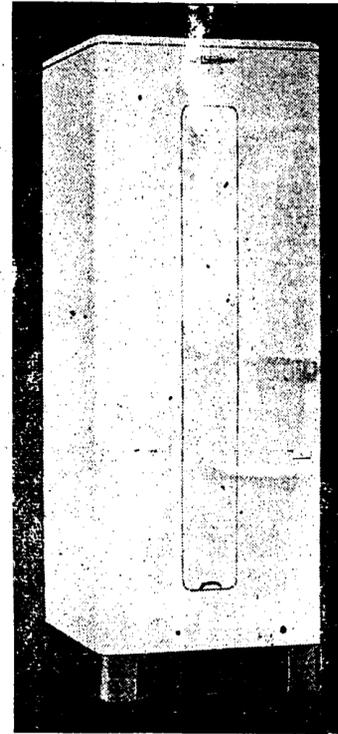
brings to your home the satisfying convenience of continuous hot water on tap day and night with no waiting or "tank-patting." Silently, faithfully, without attention it gives you comfort and health benefits of soothing, cleansing hot water for every need.



Our Low Water Heating Rate Brings Electric Water Heating Within the Reach of All!

LET US PROVE TO YOU THE SUPERIORITY OF ELECTRIC WATER HEATING

Public Service Company of New Hampshire



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

Guess by the looks of things that the birds are all back from the sunny south but the Golden robin who comes a little later.

A fellow that has been breeding dogs for years did not know a puppy must be licensed at three months. He thought it was a year old.

Don't be confused by the Massachusetts law on trout which opens April 15th. Our law still says May 1st.

If you own a camera and take an unusual picture contact any of the big sporting magazines and you might win a prize worth having. All the magazines have some sort of a photo contest so you are sure to win if you have the goods.

If you want to have a lot of fun get a dry caster and a worm fisherman together. But play neutral and keep within sight of the door. Boy but can they tell 'em and why.

John Peterson in Miami, Fla., has begun to feel his feet itch for New Hampshire and I guess you will see him soon back at the Hollywood in Greenfield.

Have heard from my second pair of beavers and they are about four miles from the place I planted them last fall. Have a fellow that's going to show me just where they are. He says they have a fine dam built and a good sized pond is ready built. The first pair are well healed

in and have a fair sized pond now. Went to Concord one night last week to speak to the Men's club in one of the churches. Had a fine supper and saw the inside workings of a real wide awake Men's club.

Had a check last week from a man that never hunts, traps or is a fisherman. He says that he considers he owes the state that amount for the good work that the Game Wardens do to protect the non sporting wild birds. He is a bird lover. He has the right idea.

Saw a sea gull in the Souhegan river near Jones Crossing in town of Milford Sunday. He was some ways from salt water. They have been seen in the same river above Greenville but not this season.

Dr. Fiske of Milford reports having seen what he thinks were spotted plover near the Souhegan river in a small brook near a plowed field. I went there but they had moved on.

In the past few years Chief Hubley of Amherst has picked up some of the best dogs for a poultry farm as a watch dog that we ever saw.

We find that a few of the boys have no doubt forgotten that April 1st and after is closed season on self hunting dogs. There is a fine for such a practice. So take a tip and tie 'em up.

The Chuker Partridge is the coming bird. He is in size between a quail and a partridge but twice as fast as either of them. They are doing well in the states that they have been planted in and do not seem to be of any harm to our native stocked birds. Those who have hunted them say that you have to be good to get 'em.

In answer to a letter received. All brooks are open to trout fishing in and around Bennington. Yes you can fish pickerel in the Contocook river at any time and take any length and amount.

Have a letter asking where they can buy a real wire haired fox terrier. Who can supply this information.

Letters, phone calls galore the past few days asking when the brook trout fishing was to start. May 1st is the date. Ran into "Tim" Barnard the other day and he said that down his way it's the same thing. Can't sleep nights the phone is ringing so loud. Tell 'em all it's May 1st at sunup.

Don't confuse the trout and horn pout dates with the Massachusetts law. They open up both April 15. Our brook trout is May 1st and the horn pout open date is June 1st to Nov. 1st. The pout are now full of spawn and millions of young pout are lost with an early open season.

Who wants a nice little female fox terrier or some such breed. Described in one of my towns. Nice little dog and will make someone a nice pet. In fact there has been a

dozen such dogs in the past ten days. Deserted by someone who won't pay the tax.

Here is a racket that's being worked. Some one brings a dog and drops it where they think it will be cared for till after the Selectmen have been around. A few weeks after they begin to look for the dog. When the Selectmen come around they can truthfully say they have no dog but soon after they go hunt up the dropped one. They don't dare try that in Fitchburg, Mass., as Jack O'Neill keeps a dog so long and then the gas box.

We know this scheme has been worked in this part of the state. But they don't always get away with it. We know one party that sent up seven hounds from over the line to board till the assessors had been around and then came and took them back home. Last year he played the game again but the New Hampshire officials were wise and caught them this side of the line and he had to register them here. And was he sore. To rub it in they made him settle in his home town.

If you see a fellow out on a trout brook before May 1st it's your duty as a good citizen to report him to the nearest Game Warden. That man is robbing you of some real sport. There are those that like to take a chance but how they howl if they get caught.

EGGS IMPORTANT IN IDEAL DIET

Their Frequent Use Now Is Held Vital to Health.

By EDITH M. BARBER
OUR ancestors considered eggs more or less an accessory food. Early man used them as emergency rations when meat was scarce or lacking. The Romans are known to have liked them at the beginning of a meal, perhaps as part of what we now call hors d'oeuvres. From this custom came the phrase "from eggs to apples," signifying the beginning and end of a meal.

Although in many parts of the world people are not particular in regard to the source of the eggs which they eat, when we speak of eggs in this country we are almost invariably referring to the product of the hen. We like the delicate flavor and, fortunately, birds of the chicken family have proved easy to domesticate.

While eggs are considered with meat and fish as protein-bearing foods, their contribution of minerals and vitamins is most important. All these assets, however, with the exception of protein, which is furnished by both the yolk and the white, are concentrated in the former. For this reason the yolk of the egg is added to the diet of the infant, while the white is usually reserved for some time later. In the ideal diet of both children and adults, eggs should figure several times during the week.

French Omelet.

6 eggs
6 tablespoons water
1 teaspoon salt
Pepper
2 tablespoons butter

Beat the eggs slightly, add water and seasonings. Melt the butter in a hot frying pan and pour in the mixture. Cook gently until edges set, then with a knife lift and let the liquid run underneath. Brown, fold and turn on to a hot platter.

Cheese Cake.

1 package zwieback
2 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons butter, melted
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons flour
1/4 teaspoon salt
5/8 cakes cream cheese
1 teaspoon vanilla
4 eggs
1 cup cream

Roll the zwieback into crumbs and mix with the two tablespoons of sugar and butter. Blend thoroughly and put into a nine-inch spring pan and press evenly on the bottom. Mix the one cup of sugar with flour and salt and cream together with the cream cheese. Add the vanilla and the egg yolks; add cream and mix again. Fold in beaten egg whites. Pour mixture into spring form and bake in a moderate oven (325 to 350 degrees Fahrenheit) about an hour, or until the center is set.

Baked Cheese Omelet.

1 1/2 cups soft bread crumbs
1/2 pound American cheese. Rub through grater
4 eggs
1 cup hot water
1/2 teaspoon salt

Pour water over bread crumbs, and add salt, cheese and well-beaten yolks of eggs. Mix thoroughly, and fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Pour into a buttered baking dish and bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees Fahrenheit) until firm.

Tomatoes With Cheese and Eggs.

1 can tomatoes
1 clove garlic
8 hard-cooked eggs
2 teaspoons sugar
2 teaspoons salt
1/2 teaspoon paprika
1/2 teaspoon white pepper
1 cup American cheese, grated
2 cups soft bread crumbs
4 tablespoons butter or other fat

Rub a baking dish with the cut clove of garlic. Divide the contents of the can of tomatoes into two equal parts. Add half the contents of the can to the baking dish; slice four hard-cooked eggs and lay the slices on the tomatoes, cover with one-half the sugar, salt, paprika and white pepper mixed together; sprinkle one-half cup of cheese over this, then put a layer of bread crumbs over the cheese and dot this with two tablespoons butter. Repeat the process, using the remainder of the tomatoes, eggs, seasonings, cheese, crumbs and butter. Bake about 20 minutes in a moderately hot oven (375 degrees Fahrenheit), or until the top layer of crumbs is nicely browned.

Stuffed Eggs.

6 hard cooked eggs
1/4 cup mayonnaise
1 teaspoon mixed mustard
1/2 teaspoon onion juice
1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1/2 teaspoon salt
Pepper

Shell the eggs, cut in halves and remove yolks carefully. Mash yolks thoroughly, add mayonnaise and seasonings. Mix well and refill the shells with this mixture. Serve on a bed of parsley or other green as a first course or with a salad.

Onion Soup.

Put contents of two or three cans of onion soup into an earthenware casserole. Cover with one-inch slices of french bread, sprinkle liberally with grated Parmesan cheese and bake in a hot oven about ten minutes or until the cheese melts. Serve with extra Parmesan cheese.

Household Hints

By BETTY WELLS

LOVE is all mixed up with house plans and samples of chintz in a young lady's thoughts. So when her young man pops the question, he really shouldn't be nonplussed when she answers in terms of Chippendale chairs or broadloom carpeting.

We have a friend who is head over heels in decorating her new home now. But there are problems: The living room, for instance—the walls are of white, the carpeting burgundy, the Queen Anne sofa green damask, one chair is in off-white leather and one in amethyst velvet. She can't decide about draperies. Would yellow gold antique satin with an eggshell figure in it be all right? These will go over off-white Venetian blinds. The fireplace is off-white and stands against a wall paper panel that is papered in an apple



A girl should have her plans ready when her young man pops the question.

blossom design on a white ground. There are green leaves in the design for color. Another problem that perplexes this bride is the flowers to use in the room. Very rightly she realizes that they should be part of the decorative picture. Her vases are white Venetian glass (a pair of them) and a green pottery. And would we advise brackets on either side of the fireplace, she asks; if so, should they be gold, white or mahogany.

We agreed about the draperies—yellow and eggshell would be just right here. As for flowers—we're inclined to like the idea of the yellow note here too—yellow tulips or jonquils or forsythia in the spring, yellow roses in the summer and in the autumn yellow chrysanthemums. And we'd like gold brackets on either side of the fireplace.

Isn't that wall paper panel around the fireplace a nice idea—it could be worked out also as a frame for an interesting piece of furniture.

Feeling Sorry.

If you were once a smartly turned out girl with a job, complete as to manicure and wave and time to dangle your legs in front of a soda fountain on a spring evening . . . you probably feel pretty sorry for yourself sometimes now when you're at the beck and call of doorbells, children, washing machine and dish pan, not to mention the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker (well anyway, the bill collector from the light company.)

A lady with a house does have her ups and downs. Because little boys will draw pictures on the walls. And little girls will cut paper dolls all over the living room floor. And there are always so many more important things to do with money than to buy waves and smart new dresses. And there's never a free minute to catch your breath.

Still and all, the smartly turned-out girls with jobs are getting their waves and smart new dresses just



Better give your young man his rein because he will take it anyway.

in hopes they'll get a chance to be at the beck and call of all the things that get you down around the house! So it looks as if we were all going around in circles.

The fact of the business is that running a house, even at its most hectic, is the thing a woman does best and most naturally. And raising a family is the really thrilling career. The most successful business women know this, too! And so do the most sophisticated.

The next time you're in the dumps over the umpty-umphth dish you've washed and dried, try making a plan for some refurbishing. It's a grand cure for housework blues. A playroom for the children, for instance, where all "don'ts" are out. Old furniture they can hammer and bang . . . walls they can draw on or nail on . . . floors they can tricycle on. If you've a basement or attic, that's the place. Paint the walls very light yellow and the woodwork and furniture bright blue . . . and have curtains of pongee dyed yellow. Leave the floors alone and simply scrub them good once in a blue moon. A commodious chest or closet will be good to get toys out of the way when the room is on company parade. And some gymnasium equipment wouldn't be a bad idea.

By Betty Wells.—WNU Service.

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK...

By Lemuel F. Parton

He Keeps Teachers Free

NEW YORK.—Gov. Charles F. Hurley, of Massachusetts, who vetoed the teachers' oath bill, is known as "Smiling Charlie." One of his best pals is Joe E. Brown, the film comedian, with whom he takes a trip every year.

A self-starter in Massachusetts politics, with his own organization, he has the human touch, and has been disclosing amazing skill as a vote-getter since he was elected state treasurer in 1930. He was elected governor last November.

He is a Democrat, and his political skill and experience have been largely parochial, with no very definite orientation in national affairs, but on his own home grounds he is hard to beat. This department recently became interested in him on account of so many political railbirds insisting that he was a demon vote-getter to whom the national party must in time give serious attention.

He has a big, bulging jaw and physical bulk in proportion, and, if he weren't so amiable, might seem formidable. He played center and guard on the Boston college football team, but, with a nice sense of comparative political values, prefers to talk about his marbles championships at an earlier age. In many such instances he has disclosed sound political instincts. Only forty-three years old, he hits big-time Massachusetts politics with tremendous momentum.

His is the story of the poor boy who never watched the clock and gained fame and fortune. His parents died when he was a child and he was reared by relatives in his native Cambridge, where Professor Rogers later was to advise young men to "be a snob and marry the boss's daughter."

He wasn't a snob—quite the opposite—but he did marry Marion Conley, whose father was his employer in the real estate business. He was a sporting goods salesman for several years after he finished college, was in the naval intelligence service during the World War and thereafter in the real estate business.

Aggressively he fought the child labor amendment, writing to President Roosevelt a vigorous letter against it. As a man of the people, he says there will be no gold braid or red tape in the capital while he is governor.

Fourteen-Hour a Day Man.

IN UTAH, the Mormons start a back-to-the-farm movement to take 80,000 persons off the state and federal relief rolls. Former Senator Reed Smoot, helping shape up the plan, says he hopes the Latter-Day Saints "will be an example to the world in being independent of relief."

Mr. Smoot, who was seventy-five last January 13, says one cause of trouble in the world is too little work and too much sleep. Fourteen hours a day work and six hours sleep would be about right, he thinks.

In the senate for 30 years, he sometimes worked as much as 24 hours a day as chairman of the senate finance committee. He retired in 1932 to become a member of the council of the Twelve Apostles of the Latter-Day Saints, and to devote the rest of his life to the church.

At his home in Provo, Utah, he is a director of many corporations, including real estate, insurance and beet sugar interests, which, with his church activities, enable him to round out a 14-hour work day. No hot drinks, along with plenty of work, he prescribes for long life and vitality.

Hot drinks and low tariffs have for decades been Mr. Smoot's two leading public enemies.

Philosophers Versus Kings.

IF, WITH hard work, a high tariff on beet sugar and no hot drinks, Mr. Smoot's probable life span should be ninety years, Dr. Henry C. Sherman would rate him a possible ninety-nine if he gets plenty of minerals and vitamins. Dr. Sherman deals us an extra 10 per cent if we take his inside laboratory tips about nutrition. This idea, which he has been expounding for several years, he elaborates in a lecture before the New York Academy of Medicine.

Dr. Sherman, engaged in teaching and research work at Columbia university since 1898, is now Mitchell professor of chemistry at that institution. Famous and authoritative in his field, he looks forward with Plato to the day when "kings will be philosophers and philosophers kings."

This, he thinks, will come with a knowledge of nutrition. The trouble now is that, when men are old enough to be wise and dispassionate, they are no longer vigorous. That is because they don't mind their vitamins. When we learn to eat properly, there will be no senility, and hence wise and still active old men will make a better world.

Consolidated News Features. WNU Service.

TODAY'S PROSPECTS



Father—So you want to marry my daughter? Why, young man, she doesn't even know the use of a rolling pin.

Smitten Youth—Well—er—I don't expect to stay out nights.

TOO MUCH EFFICIENCY



The Office Manager—I hear you're to be congratulated on your engagement to Miss Flowers.

The Efficiency Expert—Well, no. We were engaged but as soon as I had decided on the length of our engagement, charted its course and composed form letters for our correspondence she broke it off.

ALL HAVE ABILITY



She—I want a man who is young and foolish!

He—Doesn't a man who is old and foolish conjure up possibilities?

ONE OF THE BOYS



"Am I the first man you ever kissed?"

"You're among the first."

JAIL FOR LIFE



Judge—Now why do you nag your husband so much?

The Lady—Me nag him? I should say not! I'm always after him for the rough way he treats me.

NEEDS A CRUTCH



Teacher—Tommy, you are late this morning!

Tommy—Hurt my knee, so, couldn't walk fast.

Teacher—That is a lame excuse, a very lame excuse

Murmurings of Spring



"IF YOU'D take a few steps, Sis, I believe I'd be inspired to answer that question, 'Did you ever see a dream walking?' You are nothing less than devastating—truly a menace!"

"You meow so sweetly, Connie. I'm a bit suspicious that this little peplum frock of mine has got you catty. Your eyes really aren't green by rights, you know."

Connie Sews Her Own.

"How could you? I think my dress looks as nice on me as yours does on you. Why practically all of the girls at the Laf-a-Lot last night wanted to know where I found such a lovely frock. Not one of them guessed that I made it myself. And did I feel elegant when I played Mendelssohn's Spring Song on Diane's new baby grand! The girls said I fit into the picture perfectly. I thought if only Dwight could see me now."

"I still say my two-piece with its piped peplum, cute little buttons and stream-lines is the No. 1 spring outfit in this woman's town."

"Girls, girls, if your talk were only half as pretty as your frocks you'd be better off. Sometimes I wonder if you wouldn't be more appropriately titled The Cheek Twins, rather than The Chic Twins."

"Okay, Mother, you win. Let's change the subject by changing clothes. We'll put on our collottes and join you in a round of golf, how's that? Gee, Mother, you never look sweeter than when you're wearing a casual young two-piece shirt dress. The plaid pique is just the thing for you, too. In fact, Mom, you're just about tops from any angle."

The Patterns.

Pattern 1257 is for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 40 bust). Size 14 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material plus 11 yards of ribbon or bias binding. Pattern 1231 is available in sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material.

Pattern 1236 comes in sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material.

New Pattern Book.

Send for the Spring-Summer Pattern Book containing Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Exclusive fashions for children, young women, and matrons. Send 15 cents for your copy.

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

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MM! BEST SOUP I EVER TASTED... IT'S PHILLIPS DELICIOUS!

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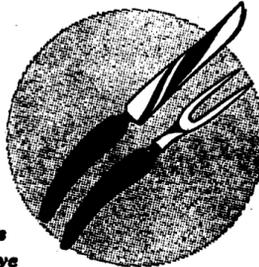
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OFFER GOOD WITH EITHER BRAND



TEAR OUT THIS ADVERTISEMENT AS A REMINDER

Take It Easy, Darling

By MARY PORTER ADDISON
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WNU Service.

"H E'S just what I had in mind," groaned Pat, kneeling beside her suitcase. "And he gets here the day before we leave!"

"As a matter of fact, Pat," drawled Lucinda, "he's the new swimming instructor for the hotel pool and his name is David Gordon."

"You don't say!" Pat cried. "Then where is my bathing suit?"

"Take it easy, darling, take it easy," begged Lucinda. "And just how," went on Pat, pawing through her suitcase, "did you find that out? Here I chase my fool head off asking everyone who might know, while you serenely pack, and I don't find out. And then in your blamed leisurely fashion you trot out the news!"

"I want," said Pat to Mr. Gordon, standing in all his glory on the edge of the pool, "to learn to crawl."

"What stroke do you swim now?" inquired the Greek god in business-like tones.

"None," admitted Pat, coyly. "Float?"

"Oh, yes, I can float."

"Get in the pool, and float."

Pat floated, smiling up at him.

"O. K. No reason why you shouldn't learn to crawl first if you want to. Now float on your face. Arms ahead of head. Dead man's float."

"O. K. Now when you are floating, kick your feet. Straight up and down, keeping your legs close to each other. Don't bend your knees; do it from your hips. Not a great kick—just churn the water."

Not bad. Now go right ahead and do that back and forth across the pool for awhile. Until I tell you to stop."

Pat looked up at him as he stood on the edge of the pool. "But," she wheedled, "doesn't anyone hold me up? What if I sink?"

"What if you do," he repeated. "The water is shallow here. Just get up and start over. All right. Get some practice." And he walked right off toward the other end of the pool.

Gradually she worked her way into deeper water. When she could barely touch bottom on tiptoe, she launched herself. It scared her to death. But she thought, it would be worth it. She kicked for a moment, spluttered, swallowed some water, and then really lost her head and yelled for help.

"Grab hold of this," said Mr. Gordon, unperturbed. And he reached a long bamboo pole out to her efficiently.

Pat grabbed it. He pulled her over to the edge and she clung there furious and gasping.

"Do you do all your teaching from dry land?" she inquired sarcastically when she could speak.

"Of course," he explained in a matter-of-fact voice. "How could I watch the whole pool if I were in any part of it?"

"How was your swim?" Lucinda looked very fresh; very manicured; very waved. Altogether, very much too pretty.

"Swell," stormed Pat. Her eyes were blood-shot from the water. Her nose still felt water logged. But her legs—

"I can't move them," she groaned to Lucinda.

Pat could hardly drag her feet to the dining room and back. When they came up to the room again she collapsed on the bed. "I couldn't dance a step if my life depended on it," she said.

So she lay there and watched Lucinda slip her shimmering frock over her head, perfume her ears, and go drifting down the hall toward the music. She was still there when Lucinda came back. Came back with a song on her lips and a light in her eyes.

"Your David Gordon—" began Lucinda.

"He's a fool," raged Pat.

"He's divine," corrected Lucinda, crooning the words "He even asked for my address when I told him we were leaving tomorrow."

Pat gave another groan and Lucinda turned to pull a cover over her.

"Take it easy, darling," she said.

Trade of 5,000 Years Ago Indicated by Kish Relics

Evidence found at Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, among archeological collections from ancient Kish has added to existing knowledge of the foreign trade conducted as much as 5,000 years ago between ancient Babylonia, India, Persia and Anatolia (the last of which constitutes the major part of modern Turkey).

The collections from Kish, which was the seat of one of the world's earliest civilizations—that of Sumerians—were obtained by the Field Museum-Oxford University Joint Expedition to Mesopotamia and have been the subject of intensive study by Richard A. Martin, a Chicago archeologist associated with the department of anthropology of Field Museum.

The earliest international contact seems to have been before 3000 B. C., and is indicated by the presence among the objects excavated at Kish of highly polished, fine black ware identical with that of Anatolia and North Syria, according to Martin. Between 300 and 2800 B. C., Kish was apparently in touch with the early Harappa culture of western India, it is deduced from fragments of decorated stoneware bowls similar to those of Mohenjo-Daro in the Indus Valley. Twin cosmetic jars of alabaster and beak spouted stone vessels are also links respectively with Persia and Anatolia during the same period.

Two stamp seals which depict the urus-ox before a symbolic standard, and are inscribed with the as yet undecipherable Indus script, are undoubtedly imported pieces from the later phase of the Harappa culture. Those probably reached Kish between 2700 and 2530 B. C. Another evidence of contact at this time is the occurrence of many etched cornelian beads so characteristic of Indus sites, and probably manufactured in India. During this same period there seems to have been relation also with the north as is shown by a rare stone ax of typical Anatolian type.

Flogging Clerk of Eton Retires

Hundreds of boys have been flogged under the direction of A. C. Baker, school clerk of Eton, who is retiring on a pension. It was in 1909 that he began arranging for the flogging of students at the "birching block" of the famous English school. It is one of his duties to see that boys report to the headmaster for flogging when this punishment has been ordered. Years ago the birching clerk began the tremendous task of recording the names of the boys carved on the walls of the Upper school and the adjoining staircase. This work he has at last completed and published.

Wood Ashes as Fertilizer

Wood ashes vary in composition. There is considerable difference due to kind of wood from which they come and they may vary, too, due to conditions under which they have been collected and kept. There are several constituents of wood ashes that are of importance in agriculture. The most valuable are potash, phosphoric acid and lime. Potash may vary from 2 or 3 per cent to as high as 13 or 14 per cent; phosphoric acid is not usually as high as 2 per cent, while lime may vary from 30 to 50 per cent. Good unbleached soft wood ashes are likely to be of considerable value as a fertilizer for roots and vegetables other than potatoes.—Montreal Herald.

Red Clover Roots

The roots of red clover extend to a depth of 4 to 6 feet, but much the largest portion is in the upper foot of soil. The proportion of root to top has been variously estimated. The Minnesota and Delaware agricultural experiment stations found nearly half as many pounds of root as of top; the Wisconsin station one-quarter as much; the Central experimental farm at Ottawa more than two-thirds as much; while in one-year-old clover in Michigan the weight of roots nearly equaled that of tops. The percentage of the total fertilizer ingredients in the crop that is found in stubble and roots is larger in red clover than in any other legume except alfalfa, though figures on sweet clover are not available.

He Never Told a Lie

By EMILY MARGARET WALSH
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WNU Service.

IT WAS a dirty, thawing day; warm fog enveloped everything in a sticky blanket. Giuseppe, with his eyes on the pavement, plowed homeward. He was pondering heavily on the terrifying thing that had happened to him, and he felt bewildered and frightened. He had lost his job.

When Blake had arrived at seven o'clock and found him staring in horror at the raging torrent which, with the rain and thaw, had swept away the first frail structure of the bridge, it had been like a nightmare.

"I told you to look out for this!" Blake had roared. "What do you think we hire a night watchman for? I told you all you had to do if things looked bad was to phone me! Well! What have you got to say?"

Giuseppe had said in his sketchy English: "I fell asleep. I just woke up a minute ago."

"You fell asleep," Blake repeated. "You're through! Come back tomorrow for your pay. No, I'll send it; I don't want to see you again."

Incoherently Giuseppe appealed. He'd had no sleep for two days. His wife had pneumonia. Blake left him talking. Giuseppe gathered his coat and hat, his lunch box, and left.

He stopped on the corner to wait for the light to change. His absent gaze fell on a poster. It was like the posters they had last fall at election time; but Giuseppe didn't think there was any election now. He had been in America less than a year and there were many things he did not know. The man in the poster wore a uniform and had long hair. Perhaps he was a great soldier; there was his name beneath. Giuseppe sounded it out: George Washington.

The children, Manuel and Rosa, bounded to meet him at the door. "No school today, Papa," little Rosa shouted in broken English. "You can sleep today. Manuel and me, we wait take care of the mama."

From the bedroom his wife's voice sounded weakly. "It is nice, Giuseppe, isn't it? I am much better today and the children can look after me."

He sat by the bed and pressed her hand. How could he tell her? "Why is there no school?" he asked tiredly.

"Eet is because eet is the bird day off the Georga Washington," little Rosa pronounced.

"Please—please, Rosa," Giuseppe said shaking his head wearily, "speak in Italian. I am so tired—it makes me dizzy to listen and understand."

Obediently Rosa rattled in their native tongue. "George Washington was the first president of the United States. He was called the father of his country. He fought many battles and he never told a lie," she ended breathlessly.

Giuseppe laughed shortly. "He never told a lie. What a fool! He must have had many troubles."

At five o'clock the children woke him. "Papa, get up. You'll be late for work."

"Go away," said Giuseppe who was never cross. "I don't go to work today." He sat up and looked dully about. "No," he said. "I don't have to. Today is a holiday, isn't it? They said I don't have to work tonight."

The children still chattered about Washington as they prepared his evening meal. "And look," Manuel said, "what we made yesterday."

He displayed a paper hatchet and tree. "When George was a little boy he chopped down his father's best tree and when they said who did it he said: 'I cannot tell a lie, Papa, I did it.'"

"And what did the papa say?" Giuseppe inquired ironically.

"He said he would not whip him because he told the truth."

Giuseppe digested this. "How do you know this is true?"

Rosa's eyes grew round. "The teacher read it out of the history book."

Someone pounded on the door. Giuseppe raised his voice. "Rosa, see who it is."

A man's voice said: "Does Giuseppe Del Costa live here?"

Blake! He had brought the pay envelope and would give everything away. Giuseppe hurried to the door.

"Oh, hello, Del Costa," Blake said before he could be silenced. "I—well, I changed my mind."

"Change you mind?" Giuseppe shook his head dumbly.

"You'd better come to work tonight. A lot of fellows would have lied. You see," he grinned, "my kids got to telling me what they learned about George Washington. Not telling lies and so on—and—well, get your things and ride down with me!"

Food of Sea Gulls

Sea gulls are literally flying appetites. Their regular diet is fish, refuse from ships and insects, but they have flown as far inland as the Dakotas in search of worms in freshly plowed earth. The famous monument to gulls in Salt Lake City, Utah, may be considered a tribute to their appetites. It commemorates delivery of the Mormons from a plague of grasshoppers. A swarm of gulls appeared from nowhere to devour the insects.

Rejuvenating Edward B.

By ELSA S. GRANT
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Service.

THE neighbors could never understand how Emma put up with Edward B. and his antics. Perhaps Emma couldn't herself, unless it was because she loved him so much. Whenever the neighbors saw Emma filling her pulley line with clean clothes or dragging her little cart through the streets with a basket of washing they would shake their heads and tell one another what they thought of that Hawley man, Edward B.

Edward B. was a tall, gangling man with thin hair and black mustaches under a straight nose. He had a limp in his right leg and carried a thick yellow cane. Because of this limp Edward B. had not done a stroke of work for six years.

One morning he found a letter in the front hall as he was leaving for the park. He brought it out to the kitchen. Emma dried her hands on her apron and sat down by the kitchen table where the light was good. Letters were rare and Edward B. hovered in the background watching Emma's face for signs that would indicate whether the contents were fortunate or otherwise.

"It's from sister," Emma confided at last, tucking the letter in her apron pocket. "She sent us a little something to keep us going."

"How much?" Edward B. asked, holding out his hand for the letter.

"Twenty dollars," Emma answered, ignoring his hand and returning to her tubs. Her thoughts were on needed shoes and clothing for both of them.

"Twenty dollars!" Edward B. was elated. "There's a swell little radio," he crowed, "that I've had my eye on for a long time. It's just the thing to put up here in the kitchen. Only fifteen-fifty."

When Edward B. returned for supper—he had prudently remained away at lunch time—he found Emma sitting alone in the living room attired in her best clothes.

"Edward B.," she called out to him, "you change over. We're going to the Jewel Box for supper."

The Jewel Box was fronted by two wide plate glass windows with brass rails. In each there was a rubber plant in a green tub and green baize curtains hanging from brass rings on poles across the back. In one window a card announced that supper was seventy-five cents and in the other a card stated: Dish Washer Wanted.

They ordered the seventy-five cent dinner and it was brought to them savoury and warm. Edward B. sat straight in his chair looking down his nose at the other patrons. He pictured himself as an actor giving a small dinner party. He joined Emma's conversation only in monosyllables. He was distant and preoccupied and at first Emma did not notice she was so busily engaged in enjoying the dinner and her surroundings. When she did become conscious of Edward B.'s distant attitude toward herself, his detached manner, then was she truly hurt. She was trying so hard to enjoy herself, to make the most of this little excursion into a realm so long denied to her, that Edward B.'s indifference to her presence hurt beyond measure.

The waiter brought the charge. Edward B. looked at it and then nodded at Emma. "She'll pay it," he murmured. Anger flamed white hot in Emma.

"But you have the money," she heard herself saying softly.

"Me?"

Edward B. went slowly through his pockets, all of them. Emma looked in her purse. The manager came and spoke to the waiter.

"What's wrong, Joe?"

"Can't pay," the waiter answered gruffly.

"Two dinners, eh?" the manager observed. "I noticed you two before you came in here. Well, you can't get away with that game on me." He turned to the waiter. "Rush him out to the sink, Joe." Then he took Emma by the arm as she picked up Edward B.'s hat and yellow cane. "You can just wait outside."

It was embarrassing. Edward B. was hustled out to the kitchen and the diners were watching as Emma was led toward the street. At the entrance, where the cash desk stood, she jerked her arm free.

"Here's your money," she said, opening her purse. The manager looked surprised, but took the bill and went behind the counter. Emma counted the change and stowed it carefully away.

"You've a card in your window for a dishwasher," she said. "Take it out, you've hired one!"

In the kitchen Edward B. was soap in his armpits before an ever increasing stack of dishes. He had looked helplessly around. He had lost something vital, his cane. Emma had it. She was standing on a street corner breaking it over her knee and stuffing the pieces down a drain. In the darkness it was hard to tell whether she was laughing or crying.

Illinois River

The most important tributary of the upper Mississippi is the Illinois river with a length of over 500 miles.

Just We Two

By JOSEPH CARLOS
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Service.

HAVING put the dinner dishes away Margaret came into the living room of our little apartment and said, "You know, Ed, your vacation begins in two weeks."

"So it does," I replied, laying aside the newspaper. "I haven't thought much about it."

"I have. I've been thinking that it would be nice if we could spend this vacation alone together—just we two. We've been married almost three years now, and with you only home on week-ends, I haven't seen much of you. We haven't even been alone on your vacations. The first year mother was with us; last year, your brother."

"Right you are, honey," Ed returned. "We'll just slip away this time. Where would you like to go? Biloxi again?"

"Oh, any place. Biloxi will do. It's such a pleasant contrast to these Knoxville hills."

"Okay. Biloxi it'll be. And we will just slip away."

One morning two weeks later the rising sun found us headed southward, our sedan loaded with golf clubs, fishing tackle, tennis rackets and other vacation paraphernalia.

As we approached Birmingham around five o'clock Margaret suddenly had an idea. "Oh, Ed," she exclaimed, "let's stop and see Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien here in Birmingham!"

"We can do anything we like, honey," I replied. "But just who are Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien?"

"They were neighbors of ours years ago. Mrs. O'Brien used to play with me when I was a little girl. They live here in Birmingham now. I'd love to see her!"

"We'll look 'em up and say 'hello.' Then we'll go to a hotel for the night, get an early start in the morning and reach the coast sometime tomorrow afternoon."

After consulting the Birmingham telephone directory and making several inquiries, we drove up in front of Mrs. O'Brien's house.

The door was opened by a fat woman past middle age, gray-haired and with a double chin, who stared at us.

"Hello, Mama O'Brien," gurgled Margaret.

"Well if it ain't little Margaret White!" gurgled Mrs. O'Brien, opening the green and throwing her huge arms around Margaret. Margaret reciprocated, and for several seconds they stood there kissing and hugging and showering each other with joyful greetings.

We went in and sat in the living room where they talked of old times.

"How is Mr. O'Brien?" asked Margaret.

"Pop? His health ain't been so good the past few years. Had to give up his plumbing business and now he just putters around. He's out now taking his afternoon walk."

About that time the front door opened and "Pop" entered. In sharp contrast to his portly wife, Pop was a weather-beaten little man, bent and wrinkled. After a while I suggested that we'd better go, explaining that we were getting an early start in the morning.

"Why, you'll do no such thing!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Brien while Pop grinned toothlessly. "We've got plenty of room; you'll stay right here. I haven't seen this little girl in over ten years. Besides, it'll save you a hotel bill."

We stayed.

Next morning Mrs. O'Brien prepared an early breakfast for us, after which we made ready to leave. We went through the good-bye formalities; I thanked them for their hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien stood on the front porch as Margaret and I went out to the car.

As a parting adieu I waved a hand and called carelessly, "Better go with us."

Mrs. O'Brien said something to Mr. O'Brien. Mr. O'Brien said something back to Mrs. O'Brien.

"Hey, wait a minute!" called Mrs. O'Brien. She came waddling out to the car. "That's an idea," she said. "The coast climate would be good for Pop. And I ain't had a vacation in twenty years. You just wait till we pack—we'll go with you!"

Wet and Dry Gravel

It is stated that dealers in gravel figure a very slight difference in the weight of dry and wet gravel, as when trucks are loaded with the wet gravel the water runs out quickly and the gravel is loosely packed. A cubic yard of the wet gravel is said to weigh from 5 to 10 pounds more than a cubic yard of dry gravel. Marks' Mechanical Engineer's Handbook gives the weight of dry, loose sand and gravel as 90 to 105 pounds per cubic foot; dry and packed sand and gravel, 100 to 120 pounds; wet sand and gravel, 118 to 120 pounds. The effect of water on sand is different; dry sand is heavier, measure for measure, than wet sand, up to a certain percentage of moisture. A film of water forms around the individual grains and prevents them from flowing together. If the sand is thoroughly saturated so that the voids are filled with water, it again approximates the original weight of the dry sand.

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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,
MYRTLE 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.

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