

# The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME LIV NO. 24

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1937

5 CENTS A COPY

## School Orchestra Presents Concert

A very fine concert was presented by the Antrim-Hillsboro High School Orchestra, under the direction of Mrs. Elizabeth Felker, at the town hall on Tuesday evening. Assisting artists were Richard E. Bailey, baritone, of Concord, accompanied by Mr. Crawford at the piano; Leslie Coad, violin, of Hillsboro; the Antrim High School Chorus.

The orchestra, in its first public appearance, played several selections in a very pleasing manner. The soloist of the evening was a singer of unusual talent and all enjoyed his fine voice. The violin solos by Leslie Coad, a student of Hillsboro High School, were very well rendered, as were the songs by the High School Chorus. Mrs. Felker, Music Director of the Antrim and Hillsboro Schools, was in charge of the program.

The only feature that marred the occasion was the small attendance, there being less than one hundred

## Charles C. Gorst "The Bird Man"

Antrim is fortunate to have the opportunity to hear Mr. Charles Crawford Gorst, noted "Bird Man". Mr. Gorst tries to entertain, inform and inspire. He is pretty generally regarded as the best imitator of bird songs in America. He sings eight hundred songs of two hundred and twenty kinds of birds. He shows his own enlarged paintings of the birds. He tells many interesting and instructive facts about birds and bird life, the knowledge of which he has obtained from years of study and living with birds in their natural haunts.

Because Mr. Gorst desires to create the stillness of the bird haunts, the audience will be requested to be as quiet as possible.

It is hoped that as many as possible will come to hear this genius of bird life.

Feeling this is a rare opportunity for the children especially, all pupils of the schools will be admitted free. All adults will be charged 25¢.

Mr. Gorst will be at Antrim town hall, Friday, May 7, 1937, at 8 p.m. Daylight Saving Time.

Mt. Crotched Encampment has extended an invitation to Waverley Lodge to meet with them Monday evening, May 3. A baked bean supper will be served at 6:30, followed by indoor baseball games between the two Lodges. All members of the Antrim Lodges are cordially invited to attend.

to listen to and enjoy this program, which was deserving of a full house. The proceeds will be used for music purposes in the schools.

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## May 9th is Mother's Day

Of course you expect to remember her with a Mother's Day box of Chocolates. We have handsome decorated boxes for the occasion, and the best chocolate on the market, at a lower price than they have been for years. Why not select a box and let us keep it for you until wanted? Don't wait too long.

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ANTRIM, New Hampshire

## Annual Meeting of the Presbytery of Newburyport Held in Antrim Church

The Presbytery of Newburyport including the Presbyterian churches of Vermont, New Hampshire and Northern Massachusetts, met in the First church at Antrim last Wednesday afternoon and all day Thursday. The Missionary Presbytery of the same churches held their meeting in the Antrim Baptist church at the same time with Mrs. James W. Smith serving as president of the Presbytery.

Rev. James W. Smith, who has been the moderator of the Presby-

pensions and ministerial relief, bills and overtures, etc.

The place of the next meeting, Oct. 5, 1937, was fixed for Barre, Vt.

In conjunction with the sessions the 25th annual meeting of the Woman's Presbyterian Missionary society was held in the Antrim Presbyterian church.

At the Wednesday afternoon session the president, Mrs. James W. Smith presided and the business included worship service led by



Rev. William McNair Kittredge  
Pastor of First Presbyterian Church, Antrim

## Ernest P. Libby Dies Suddenly in N. Y.

Ernest P. Libby, over twenty years in the employ of Goodell Company and for the past three and one half years Manager of the Company's New York Office, died very suddenly Monday morning, being taken ill Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Libby was born July 11, 1864, at Milton, Mass., and came to Antrim several years ago, residing on Highland Ave. He leaves a widow, two daughters, Mrs. Ernest Lindberg, and Miss Karline Libby, and one son, C. Parker Libby. While in Antrim Mr. Libby made a host of friends, who all join in expressing their sympathy to the bereaved family.

Funeral services were held Wednesday morning at the Cook Funeral Home, 1 West 190th St., Bronx, New York. Burial in Milton, Mass., on Thursday.

## Woman's Club Ob- serves Guest Night

Guest Night was held at the Presbyterian Church Friday evening at 8 o'clock. A very pleasing programme was given. A chorus of Antrim school children sang four numbers and certainly were a credit to their director, Mrs. Felker. A one-act play by members of the Bennington Woman's Club was enjoyed by all. A very interesting talk was given by Mr. Robb Sagendorph, Editor of "Yankee" Magazine. His subject was "Getting Yankee Material for the Yankee Magazine". Refreshments were served and a social hour was enjoyed by all.

There will be a food sale on Friday, May 7th.

Louise G. Auger, Publicity

Mrs. Pauline Whitney, a teacher in the Hampton schools, has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Mary E. Whitney.

## At the Main St. Soda Shop

### Paint - Paint - Paint "and plenty of it"

Our new stock has arrived which was bought at last Fall prices having placed our order to be delivered this month. If you are going to do any painting, come in and see us; we will sell you paint at last year's price and save you money. Plenty of paint on hand in 5 gallon, 1 gal., 1/2 gal., qt. and pint cans

At \$2.00 and \$2.65 per gallon

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Agents for Lowe Bros. Paints, Varnishes, Oils, Turpentine; in fact everything in the Painting line

## COMING !

## Charles Crawford Gorst

"The Bird Man"

Lecturer—Singer of Bird Songs—Entertainer

Friday, May 7, 1937

8 o'clock, Daylight Saving Time

## Antrim Town Hall

(Sponsored by Garden Club and Woman's Club)

All the Pupils of the Schools  
Admitted Free

Adults - - 25 cents

CHILDREN are requested to be very quiet and to sit with parents where possible.

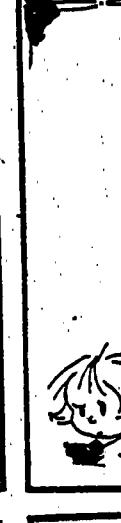
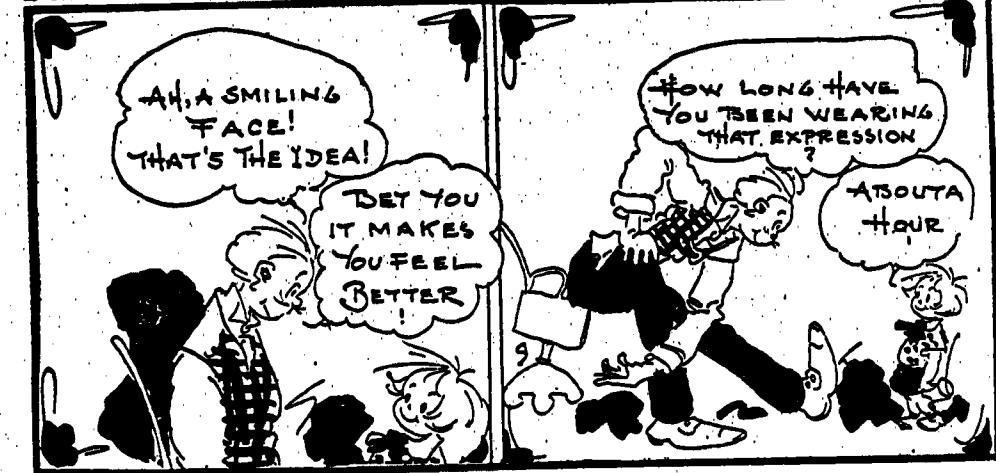
trades, the lowest of fourteen and fifteen dollars in service trades.

# Fun for the Whole Family

## THE FEATHERHEADS



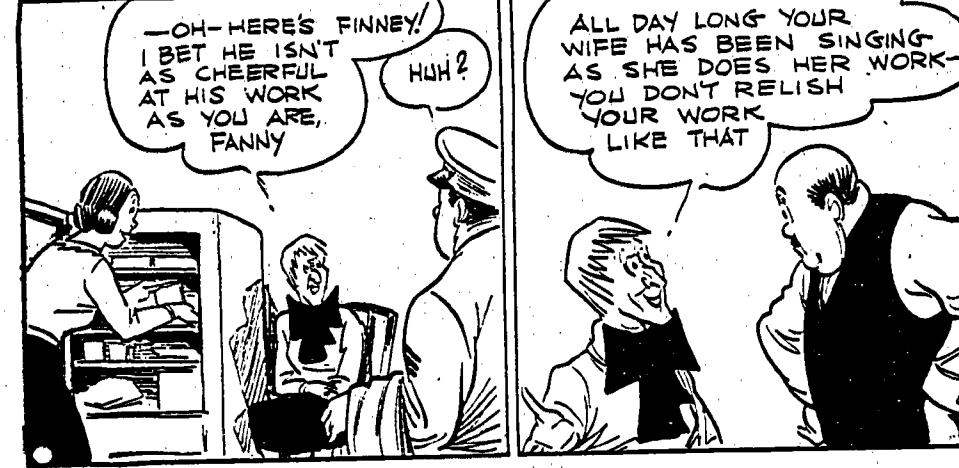
## S'MATTER POP—Just Went Into Reverse, for a Moment



## MESCAL IKE



## FINNEY OF THE FORCE



## BRONC PEELER—Whither Goest Withers



By FRED HARMAN

## The Curse of Progress



**Suggestion**  
Jim had spent his vacation with his indulgent uncle and seemed very disconsolate his first evening at home.

"Feeling badly, son?" asked the father.

"I fell so sorry for you, dad. Uncle Jack is so rich. He goes to the picture show every night," was the lad's reply.—Indianapolis News.

**The Idea!**  
Pretty Stenog: "What's the big idea of your working steady 10 hours a day? I wouldn't think of it. You know what the code said."

Equally Pretty Cashier: "I didn't think of it myself. It was the boss who thought of it."—Pathfinder Magazine.

**Triumphal Demonstration**  
"The right is always triumphant!" exclaimed the idealist.  
"Eventually, perhaps," answered Senator Sorghum. "But it may refuse to be hurried and insist on postponing the big celebration till some subsequent election."

## POSTPONING THE DISHES



## Pleasing Types of Needlework to Do

Add lacy crochet to dainty cross stitch, and what have you? A stunning decoration for your most prized scarfs, towels, pillow cases or whatever! However, either cross stitch or crochet may be used alone, if you wish, and both



Pattern 5751

are easy as can be, even for "amateurs." What could be more captivating than graceful sprays of full-blown roses, cross-stitched in color, with the border crocheted? In pattern 5751 you will find a transfer pattern of two motifs  $\frac{1}{4}$  by  $10\frac{1}{4}$  inches; two motifs  $3\frac{1}{4}$  by  $7\frac{1}{4}$  inches; a chart and directions for a 3 by  $15\frac{1}{4}$  inch crocheted edge; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches used; color suggestions.

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

Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

## My Favorite Recipe

By Gloria Swanson  
Film Star

### Caviar Canape

1 can of caviar  
1 egg  
1 tablespoonful of lemon juice  
1 tablespoonful of onion juice

Bread for toast according to the number to be served.

Spread the caviar on round piece of toast. Then spread on this the yolk of the egg which has been hard-boiled and run through a sieve. Season with the lemon and onion juice, although the latter is a matter of personal taste and should be used at the discretion of the individual. Trim the edges with the grated white of the egg and garnish with small piece of tomato.

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*Hugh Bradley Says.*

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## Bowling Official as Guest Columnist Praises 1937 Event

(Elmer H. Baumgarten occupies this space this week as guest columnist for Hugh Bradley. He is secretary of the American Bowling Congress held this year in New York for the first time in history and like all bowlers, thinks there's no other sport like it.)

By ELMER H. BAUMGARTEN

IT SEEMS that Charlie Ebbets, while in attendance at the 1936 A. B. C. tournament at Louisville, Ky., was so impressed with the tournament that it was his intention to have the event awarded to New York City. He said at the time that if it was ever taken east of the Allegheny mountains, it would never be returned to the Mid-Western states.

This display of enthusiasm was misinterpreted by the bowlers of the Western and Mid-Western states and, as a result, the tournament never was permitted to go east of Buffalo until the 1935 event was held at Syracuse.

The Eastern bowlers made a remarkable showing in organization work, in patronizing the Syracuse tournament, and living up to their promise to return the tournament to the West the next year many of the leaders from the Western cities supported New York City in its campaign to obtain the tournament for this year.

The entry of 4,017 teams in this year's tournament must prove conclusively to all skeptics that the Eastern seaboard is capable of enlisting such an entry as to make any future tournaments in the East attractive to the bowlers of the United States and Canada.

We entered in this year's tournament approximately 22,000 individual bowlers some coming from points as far as 3,200 miles away. The great majority of these were accompanied by their wives; many by their entire families. The average stay was four or five days, but some remained in the city for two weeks or more and, as a result, we have been told that the American Bowling Congress tournament and convention is the most valuable of all conventions and gatherings inasmuch as there was a consistent flow of business into the tournament city over a period of weeks.

### A. B. C. Makes "Hot Shot" Just Another Bowler

The A. B. C. tournament alleys level off all participants. One who might have a very fine average on his home alleys becomes just another bowler. There are only a small number of the country's outstanding bowlers who continue to maintain an average nearly approximating their averages at their home alleys. Quite a number of the so-called exhibition bowlers must have a particular alley finish upon which to do their stuff. When these individuals are permitted to practice a certain number of games in order to find the particular spot on which to start their ball on each alley, they can then make a brilliant showing, but in an A. B. C. tournament they must begin to count immediately after a game starts, no practice being allowed except one ball on each alley without pins being set up.

Quite a number of the so-called "hot-shots" are practically scared to death when they appear at the A. B. C. tournament each year simply because they realize that they have no advantage. They do not know the "run" of the alleys, but must go in cold and proceed to knock down the brand new ten pins which are spotted for each team.

Although alleys are resurfaced each twelve months and all alleys on which sanctioned league and tournament games are bowled are certified as to being strictly regulation so far as the specifications are concerned, some bowling alley proprietors, alley mechanics, resurfacers and so-called sharpshooters insist upon having alleys finished in such a manner as to enable them to bowl a hook ball that has terrific power, and brings about excessive or unnatural high scores that in the end cause these particular individuals to look ridiculous when they bowl on alleys that are strictly flat; carry the proper amount of shellac and are correctly polished in accordance with the written rules and intent thereof.

This practice can be compared with a golfer who has been playing on a so-called croquet course, and then attempts to display his proficiency on a championship golf course.

**NOT IN THE BOX SCORE:**  
AT LEAST ten ballplayers who played on Cuban teams last winter could make good in such leagues as the International or the American Association. Two or three others would have excellent chances of holding jobs in the majors. They do not get a chance because organized baseball is almost as pyridish, as unenlightened and as selfish as Joe Louis in the matter of drawing color lines. . . . Horsemen who wintered in California say that Santa Anita has the country's best-conducted race meeting and that next winter the minimum purse will be \$1,000. . . . Lou Chiocca's worst fielding trouble is that he tries to straighten up and aim before throwing. When he gets the ball away quickly from any old stance, his control is better and he looks more like a Giant third baseman.

When the indoor season ends boxing will have grossed more than \$1,000,000 in the New York metropolitan area. The Garden naturally heads the list in gross revenue with St. Nick's and the Hippodrome running neck and neck for second position. This is the biggest season since the depression and promoters are so enthusiastic that they plan twelve outdoor clubs in addition to those operating in the Garden Bowl and the ball parks. . . . The Bomar Stable, a Maryland-trained outfit owned by Detroiters, is a combination of the names of Charles Bohn and Peter Markey—thus, the Bo-Mar. . . . "Fall Guys," a new book of revelations due from the pen of the sports writing Marcus Griffin, already has wrestling enthusiasts in an expectant dither.

That feud between Burleigh Grimes and Charley Dressen is strictly on the level. Players whisper that, late last summer, the Cincinnati manager, who was none too secure in his own job, was offered the Brooklyn berth but refused to carry on negotiations behind Casey Stengel's back. . . . The reason why Tony Cuccinello, Burleigh Grimes, whose legs were supposed to be worn out several seasons ago, still can star for the Bees is simple. The Boston infield is the deadliest in the league. That is, the ground is so surfaced that balls do not take the fast and erratic hops they take in Chicago and other spots.

Dick Shikat, former world heavyweight wrestling champion, is in New York trying to buck the Trust. . . . Indian Quintana is very anxious for Champion Sixto Escobar to know that he'd like to fight him for money, marbles or old moth balls. . . . Bowie, the track that opens and closes the Maryland racing season, once was a rabbit hunting ground. . . . Bill Johnston will promote boxing at the Coney Island Velodrome this summer. Also, not at all awed by the task of filling the 18,000 seats in the Velodrome, he is dickering for a show or two at the local ball park. . . . Johnny Neun, the former Tiger who now manages Norfolk in the Piedmont league, also is a Baltimore sports writer.

Although he is doing well enough, it is Jack Dempsey's ambition to promote a big heavyweight championship fight. . . . An American league club could make a smart move by picking up Babe Herman. The former Dodger still has a year or two of big-time baseball left in him and a change of surroundings would give him a chance to bring it out. . . . Purists can take the word of one of the nation's most celebrated gambling house proprietors as to why roulette wheels—which never fail to provide the house with a better than 5 per cent profit—still remain in action. He says, "We gotta keep 'em going. The men got wise long ago. But we gotta lotsa lady customers and they squawk like hell whenever we try to remove the wheels. . . . Incidentally, another eminent proprietor of such devices of the devil provides the information that 45 per cent of the money gambled in Florida during the past winter was gambled by the gals.

The main thing holding up the sale of the Dodgers is Judge Steve McKeever. The Ebbets heirs, who own 50 per cent of the stock, are more than willing to peddle their end. So are the Ed McKeever heirs, who own 25 per cent. But even though his 25 per cent of the stock is in his daughter's name and she would like to get rid of the headaches it causes her, the Judge has been holding out.

Harry F. Sinclair, once a mighty turf force, has only one horse left on his expansive farm in Jebstown, N. J. That's the old, and once truly great, Grey Lag. . . . Jimmy Foxx is playing first base for the Cambridge, Mass., Latin school baseball team while Lou Gehrig is a candidate for second base. They are not related to the major leaguers.

Sam Leslie, the Giants' first baseman, wanted to be a prize fighter. . . . Herb Stegman, who virtually juked a Harvard education and an architectural profession to become a wrestling referee in Los Angeles, is writing a piece for a magazine on the life of a referee and is calling it: "Boo for the Referee." . . . Bob O'Farrell, the Waukegan boy who made good before Jack Benny ever owned a violin, says Carl Hubbard is the greatest pitcher he ever caught.

## NUTS, LEGUMES GIVE VITAMIN B

### Combination Will Enhance Protein Value of Dish.

By EDITH M. BARBER

ALTHOUGH naturally we go to the animal kingdom for a large part of our supply of muscle-building food which is scientifically known as protein, the vegetable kingdom will also contribute to our daily needs. Nuts and vegetables, such as beans, peas and lentils, which are called legumes, supply us with liberal amounts of this important element in good nutrition. We also find worthwhile amounts in cereals.

Nuts are not unlike meat in content, because they are high in both protein and fat. They vary as far as their mineral content is concerned, as some are well supplied and others contain little. The legumes are higher in protein and lower in fat. Instead of the fat, they contribute carbohydrates. Both nuts and legumes have a high caloric value. The latter as well furnish important amounts of minerals. Both nuts and legumes will give us vitamin B. The addition of nuts to vegetable dishes will add protein and flavor.

Legumes used in such dishes as baked beans, split pea soup, black or white bean soup and in other ways make satisfying dishes.

Lentils, Mecklenburg Style.  
1 cup lentils  
1 quart water  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1 cup diced salt pork  
1/2 cup minced onion  
1/2 cup diced celery  
1 tablespoon flour  
1/4 cup vinegar  
1/4 cup water  
Pepper

Wash lentils and soak several hours in water. Add the salt and cook in the same water until tender, about one hour. Fry the salt pork in a skillet until crisp and delicately brown; add the onions and the celery and cook three minutes. Sprinkle this mixture with the flour and stir until well mixed. Drain the lentils and add with the vinegar, water and pepper to the salt pork mixture. Heat well, and serve as a luncheon or supper dish.

Split Pea Soup.  
1/2 pound split peas  
3 cups beef stock  
Salt, pepper  
1 sprig parsley  
1 bay leaf

1 tablespoon flour  
1 tablespoon butter  
1 large onion, grated  
Chopped parsley

Soak the peas overnight, drain, add stock and seasonings and simmer about two hours. Press through a sieve, return to saucepan. Rub flour and butter together and stir into the soup, stirring constantly. Cook for five minutes and serve with a sprinkling of grated onion and minced parsley on top.

Black Bean Soup.  
1 cup black beans  
1/2 quarts water  
1 sliced onion  
1/4 pound salt pork  
6 cloves  
2 bay leaves  
1 stalk celery  
Salt, pepper  
Sliced lemon  
Hard-cooked egg  
Sherry

Soak beans overnight. Add water, onion, salt pork, cloves, bay leaves, celery and salt and pepper and simmer until beans are soft. Add more water if necessary. Press through a coarse sieve, add enough water to give desired consistency, reheat and serve with sliced lemon, sliced hard-cooked egg and sherry.

Creamed Onions With Chestnuts.  
1/2 pound chestnuts  
1 teaspoon butter  
2 pounds boiled onions  
2 cups white sauce, well seasoned

Cut a cross in chestnuts and shake with butter in a frying pan over the fire for five minutes. Remove shells, skin and slice. Heat onions in white sauce, add chestnuts, reheat and serve.

Nut and Date Muffins.  
1/4 cup shortening  
1/4 cup sugar  
1 egg  
2 cups flour  
4 teaspoons baking powder  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1 cup milk  
1/2 cup sliced nuts  
1/2 cup cut dates

Cream shortening, stir in sugar, and add beaten egg. Mix and sift together flour, salt, and baking powder and add alternately with the milk. Add nuts and dates which have been dredged in flour. Pour into well greased muffin pans and bake 25 minutes in a moderate oven, (375 degrees Fahrenheit).

Pea Soup.  
3 tablespoons butter  
1 tablespoon minced onion  
3 tablespoons flour  
3 cups milk  
1 1/2 teaspoons salt  
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg  
1 can peas  
1/4 teaspoon pepper

Melt the butter, add the onion and cook one minute. Stir in the flour, add the milk, salt and pepper and stir over fire until thickened. Cook one minute. Add the peas which have been cooked in their liquor until very tender and then rubbed through a sieve. Add the nutmeg and heat.

© Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

## Household Hints

By BETTY WELLS

WHEN a man goes after his collar button, a lady had better mind her frills and fripperies. Or they'll be scattered all over the place.

Of course it's quite the style among people who take their style very seriously for a husband and wife to have separate rooms. Which is all right if you can spare the space and want to preserve your mystery.

But there's a lot to be said for the sweet everydayness of marriage. After all, some women look their best in their tangled moments, and some men are very debonair with their lather. So if by choice or necessity, you share a room with your spouse, the main recipe is to make it really joint in mood as well as fact.

That's not always so easy—at least from the looks of it—as most rooms of this kind are either too feminine or else they'll be positively clinical in their austerity. But one couple we know have succeeded in making their bedroom comfortable and becoming to both of them. It's rather a large room to begin with and what's nicer than a spacious big bedroom? Sarah selected wall

lentils, Mecklenburg Style.  
1 cup lentils  
1 quart water  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1 cup diced salt pork  
1/2 cup minced onion  
1/2 cup diced celery  
1 tablespoon flour  
1/4 cup vinegar  
1/4 cup water  
Pepper

When a man goes after his collar button.

paper in very pale yellow with white flowers so that the effect is rather of an ivory or subtle neutral. The furniture is mahogany, with a massive old poster bed as the main piece. This has a firmly bodied crocheted spread in white, appropriate, decorative and yet "sittable," and the white is repeated in the curtains which are marquisette and made with seven inch ruffles that fall very softly. An easy chair for him and a chaise longue for her are both upholstered in cocoa brown moire. The rug is a misty patterned design in two shades of lightish green, and most of the accessories in the room are white. Sarah's dressing table has a simple white marquisette skirt with tailored bows of green and brown velvet ribbon tied together. bows like these also serve as tie backs for the curtains, and there aren't any draperies.

It's not a dramatic room . . . they didn't want it to be. But it has a substantial charm about it, and you can see at a glance that it's a room that both He and She enjoy living in. Which is what decorating is all about anyway.

Sociable Kitchens.

We are all up in arms when we hear anyone make a slurring remark about kitchens, or kitchen work for that matter. Because kitchens are pleasantly sociable if you give them half a chance. And if you don't believe us, read Dickens or Kathleen Norris for descriptions of gay kitchens.

It's fun to have impromptu parties in the kitchen—after-the-movie snacks . . . Sunday night suppers . . . old time candy pulls. They're very simple if you do a little thinking ahead. One problem is the matter of places to sit. If the kitchen is big enough, be sure to have at least one rocking chair. And benches that slide under the table between times are useful every day as well as for parties. If you need more table area than you have room for, have a shelf table on hinges along the wall that folds down when not in use.

Have festive ware for kitchen serving too—a very brilliant pottery tea set and cookie jar to match,



It's fun to have impromptu parties in the kitchen.

or some of that spun aluminum and walnut buffet service ware is very good for kitchen entertaining.

An easy way to make the kitchen look more prettified is to take the glass or wood doors off your cupboards, paint the insides as well as the shelves in some very bright color, and then repeat this bright color in oilcloth covers for the tables and pads for chairs.

Another notion we have is that a kitchen is more genial looking when the pots and pans are hanging up where you can see. Certainly they're handier that way if they're near the stove.

© By Betty Wells—WNU Service.

## AROUND the HOUSE

Items of Interest  
to the Housewife

Washing Table Silver—Much of the work of polishing table silver can be saved if the silver is placed in hot soapsuds immediately after being used and dried with a soft clean cloth.

Cleaning Wood-Work—To clean badly soiled wood, use a mixture consisting of one quart of hot water, three tablespoons of boiled linseed oil and one tablespoon of turpentine. Warm this and use while warm.

To Remove Threads—When basting sewing material, try placing the knots of the thread on the right side. They will be easier to pull out when the garment is finished.

Hanging Pictures—If your picture hangs on a nail which keeps breaking the plaster and so falling out? Before you put the nail in next time, fill the hole with glue, the plaster will not crumble.

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.

Melting Chocolate—Chocolate is easy to burn, and for that reason should never be melted directly over a fire. Melt it in the oven or over a pan of hot water.

Stuffed Orange Salad—Allow one orange for each person to be served. Cut through the skin three-quarters of the way down in inch strips, being careful not to break the strips apart. Remove orange pulp and cut in neat dice. Combine with pineapple and grapefruit dice and fill orange shell with mixture. Drop a spoonful of heavy mayonnaise on top of each salad and garnish with a maraschino cherry. Another good mixture for stuffing the orange shells is a combination of orange sections, dates stuffed with cream cheese and nut meats. Mask with mayonnaise.

Butterscotch—Two cups brown sugar, four tablespoons molasses, four tablespoons water, two tablespoons butter, three tablespoons vinegar. Mix ingredients in saucepan. Stir until it boils and cook until brittle when tested in cold water. Pour in greased pan. Cut into squares before cool.

Left-Over Liver—Liver that is left over can be converted into an excellent sandwich filling if it is rubbed through a sieve, well seasoned, and moistened with a little lemon juice and melted butter.

WNU Service.

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IS YOUR CHILD HANDICAPPED?  
Can your child or any other child be expected to bring home Honor school report cards if handicapped by constipation? For 86 years Mothers have found Dr. True's Elixir a helpful laxative. . . . It has been an aid in relieving constipation in children and adults for four generations. . . . At Druggists.

**Dr. True's Elixir**  
THE TRUE FAMILY LAXATIVE

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By

**At Your Convenience**

We suggest you look at our New Assortment of

**Greeting Cards**

Birthday, Congratulations and Illness

Also MOTHER'S DAY

You like to receive Rust Craft Cards of Character  
— Why not send them!**BUTTERFIELD'S STORE**

Telephone 31-5 - Antrim, N. H.

**BANK BY MAIL****HILLSBORO GUARANTY SAVINGS BANK**

Incorporated 1889

HILLSBORO, NEW HAMPSHIRE

A Representative of the Hillsboro Banks is in Antrim  
Wednesday morning of each weekDEPOSITS made during the first three business days of the  
month draw interest from the first day of the month

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

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent \$2.00 a Year

**Post Office**Mail Schedule in Effect April  
26, 1937

	E.S.T.	D.S.T.
Mails Close	6.20 a.m.	7.20 a.m.
" "	2.55 p.m.	3.55 p.m.
Going South	10.40 a.m.	11.40 a.m.
" "	3.45 p.m.	4.45 p.m.
" "	5.15 p.m.	6.15 p.m.
Office closes at	7.00 p.m.	8.00 p.m.

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

Arthur W. Proctor

Tel. 77 - Antrim

**The Clinton Studio**Photo Finishing  
Through Butterfield's Store  
or Theodore Caughey  
Antrim, New Hampshire**Cheshire  
Oil  
Company  
Range and  
Fuel Oil  
Call  
Frank Harlow  
Peterboro  
356**The Antrim Reporter  
ANTRIM NEW HAMPSHIRE  
Published Every ThursdayH. W. ELDREDGE  
Editor and Publisher  
Nov. 1, 1892 — July 9, 1936.SUBSCRIPTION RATES  
One year, in advance ..... \$2.00  
Six months, in advance ..... \$1.00  
Single copies ..... 5 cents eachADVERTISING RATES  
Births, marriages and death notices inserted free.  
Card of Thanks 75c each.Resolutions of ordinary length  
\$1.00.  
Display advertising rates on application.

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

Obituary poetry and flowers charged at advertising rates.

Not responsible for errors in advertisements but corrections will be made in subsequent issues.

The government now makes a charge of two cents for sending a Notice of Change of Address. We would appreciate it if you would Mail Us a Card at least a week before you wish your paper sent to a different address.

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

Thursday, April 29, 1937

**Antrim Locals****Church Notes**

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church  
Rev. Wm. McN. Kittredge, Pastor  
All services on Daylight Saving Time.

Thursday, April 29

At 7:30 in the vestry of the church a union service will be held under the auspices of the W.C.T.U. of Antrim. Rev. William Weston of Hancock will speak on the liquor and gambling bills before the legislature. The public is cordially invited. Be sure to hear Mr. Weston.

Sunday, May 2

Church School at 9:45 o'clock.  
Morning worship at 11. The pastor will preach on "Christian Comfort".

The Young People's Fellowship will meet at 6 o'clock in the vestry of this church. Leader, Mr. Kittredge; topic, "Bible Questions".

At 8 o'clock (Daylight Saving Time) the union service will be held in the Congregational Church of Franconia. The speaker is Rev. William DeBerry, D.D., of Springfield, Mass.

Baptist  
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, PastorThursday, April 29  
Union Service at 7:30 p.m. in the vestry of the Presbyterian Church under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Rev. William Weston, Chaplain of the New Hampshire Legislature, will speak on certain bills now before it. The public is invited.Sunday, May 2  
Church School at 9:45 o'clock.

Morning worship at 11. The pastor will preach on "Discovering Christ".

Young People's Fellowship meets at 6 o'clock in the Presbyterian Church.

Union Vesper Service at 8 o'clock in the Congregational Church, Franconia. The speaker will be Rev. William DeBerry, D.D., one of the outstanding leaders of the Negro race in America.

**Services Held For Frank Eben Bass**

Funeral services for the late Frank E. Bass, who passed away April 21, after a few days' illness with pneumonia, were held from his home, the Bass Farm, Saturday afternoon. Rev. Robert C. Armstrong, of Concord, was the officiating clergyman. Floral tributes were very beautiful.

The bearers were Edward Frame, Byron Butterfield, Morris Wood, Elmer Merrill, Charles Brown and George Caughey. Interment in Maplewood cemetery.

Among those from out of town who were here to attend the funeral were Dr. and Mrs. William Buckley, Winchester, Mass.; Raymond Hanson, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harlow, Peterboro; Rev. and Mrs. Robert G. Armstrong, Concord; Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Coburn, Milford; Mrs. Charleston Tileston, Ashmont, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Little of Lexington, Mass.; Mrs. John R. Rablin, Brookline; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lorance, Winthrop.

Mr. Bass was a native of Antrim and had made his home here for the past 25 or 30 years. He had served the town as Selectman and on various committees of a public nature. At one time he was a member of Waverley Lodge, I. O. O. F., and Antrim Grange, P. of H.

**W.R.C. Meeting**

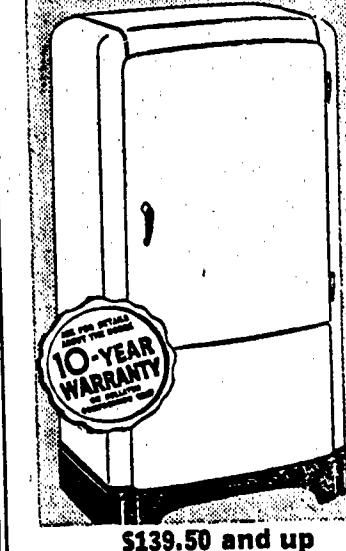
The next meeting of the Woman's Relief Corps will be held Tuesday, May 4, at 8 o'clock, in Library hall. Supper will be served at 6:30 o'clock.

Louise Auger, Press Cor.

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.**AGAIN NORGE LEADS!**

NEW 1937 NORGE

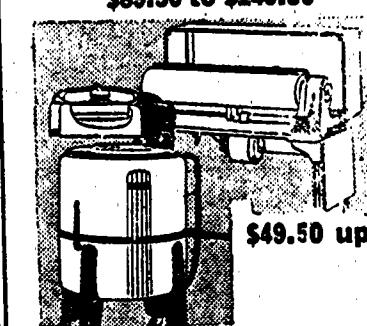
PLUS-VALUE HOME APPLIANCES

**SAVE MORE THAN THEY COST**

\$139.50 and up

NORGE ROLLATOR REFRIGERATOR  
New efficiency in the Rollator (the Norge 3-moving-parts cold-making mechanism) and new Flexible Interior Arrangements make the new Norge Rollator Refrigerator more economical to use than ever. Interiors can be arranged in nine different ways to meet changing storage requirements.The Rollator\* Compressor... smooth, easy, rolling power instead of the usual hurried back-and-forth action. Result—more cold for the current used and a mechanism that is almost everlasting.  
\*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.NORGE CONCENTRATOR RANGE  
Norge leads with a thrilling new line of ranges...models, colors and available extras provide wide choice in style and equipment. And every one is a sound investment in savings in time, work, actual dollars and cents. Before you buy a range, be sure to see what Norge has to offer.NORGE AUTOBUILT WASHER  
In addition to the famous Autobuilt transmission, new models have Pressure-Indicator Wringer—a new development exclusively Norge. Many other convenience, time and money saving features.NORGE DUOTROL IRONER  
Makes ironing a pleasure. Heat, pressure and speed under finger-tip control. Easy to learn to use—fast and efficient. Pays for itself many times over during its long, useful life.Small Down Payment  
3 Years to Pay

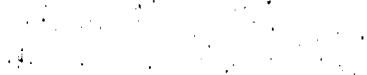
\$49.50 up



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\$89.50 to \$149.50



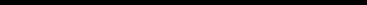
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## Bennington

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

The ladies of the Congregational Church will serve a May breakfast at the chapel Saturday morning, May 1, from 5:30 to 8 o'clock Standard time.

Bennington will change to Daylight saving time beginning next Monday morning.

The Ladies' Missionary Society of the Congregational Church will meet Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the home of Mrs. Arthur Perry. The speaker will be Mrs. Ray Pettee.

Rev. and Mrs. John Logan called on the Vassar family in Putney, Vt., first of the week. They found them very busy at their paper mill, with all the orders they can handle.

St. Patrick's Church observed Mission Week last week with two Masses every morning and a Benediction Service in the evening, with a Children's Service in the afternoon.

### Auction Sale

By C. H. Muzzey, Auctioneer, Antrim

Mrs. Joseph Willet will sell at Public Auction, all her household goods, at her home in Bennington Village, on Saturday, May 1st, 12:30 o'clock, Standard Time. The following is a partial list: Good dining set, kitchenette set, reed set, General Electric radio, beds, springs, mattresses, diapers, electric lamps, two birds-eye maple bureaus and commodes, one other nice bureau, parlor stove, range, pictures, linoleum art square, garden tools, good lawn mower, chairs and rockers, fruit jars, etc.

Terms Cash. Sale rain or shine.

### Card of Thanks

We wish to thank our friends for all the expressions of sympathy and helpfulness in our time of great sorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Goodwin  
Mr. and Mrs. V. W. Goodwin

### 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

### 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.  
22-8t 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. Robison 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 held 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.

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

The Peterborough Fly Casting club opened up their private pool to fly fishing only on April 15th and the "Boys" have been having a wonderful time the past few days. This pool is well stocked and they do have fun. We mean the fishermen.

If you have a junk pile in your back yard you don't know how well off you are. In the past few weeks the price of old iron has more than doubled its self in value. Those countries over across the water are buying everything in sight. The junk men are well aware of this fact and the country is now full of boot-leg collectors. Check up on your old iron and cash in on it.

In Denmark a homing pigeon carried on a ship saved the lives of 15 men when it was sent off for help as the vessel was sinking. Help arrived just in the nick of time.

Believe it or not but every year the tourist spends in New England over \$500,000,000. Forty cents of every dollar is spent on food and accommodations. Do you get yours?

That old saying that furbearers are weather prophets is all hooey. In Maine last winter the furbearers had extra heavy coats, in fact they were prime two weeks earlier than any winter for years but it was the mildest winter for years in that state. In January the skins were all shed out something that does not happen till March. Another old tradition shattered.

The 15th annual convention of the Izaak Walton league will be held at Chicago April 29th to May 1st. At one time this organization was very strong in this state.

Last week was a busy one. Every night we went smelting but never got a smelt ourselves. It was not the fault of the smelt but we were busy checking on licenses and to see that every one got the required amount. This was at Stony brook, Bennington, the stream that runs in to Whittemore Lake, formerly known as Lake George. One night the Bennington club transferred many thousands into Otter Lake at Greenfield and the next night the Antrim club took as many more to Gregg Lake in their town. Every one got a good mess each night. By the time you are reading this the season will be over. There was an average of 60 men and boys at the brook every night and they stayed late. During the days last week we were busy chasing up rumors that some one was doing a little pre-season trout fishing. But they must have got the tip as we found no one when we arrived at the brook. Now that Black brook in Sanbornton and Dublin Lake in Dublin are closed to smelt fishing that draws the number of brooks that smelt can be taken to a very few. It's rumored that the State Department is to take adult smelt from Black brook to stock many lakes in the state.

Did you know that the duck stamp for 1937 will show a small flock of bluebills pitching into open white capped water. Last year the duck stamp buyers were much less than the year previous. The stamp collectors help out wonderfully in sales.

Believe it or not but in 1910 in New York state there were no pheasants, but in 1935 they killed 250,000 of them. This shows what state stocking will do in a few years.

The back roads are not too safe just now. Never have we seen them so soft as at the present time. This is where the old grey mare has it on the automobile.

Who is the careless guy with the gun. According to the Penn. Game Commission in 1936 56% of all accidents were over 21 years of age and only 17% under 21 years of age and 81% were shotgun accidents.

Eastern rabbit hunters will sigh when they read that out in Utah they are planning on a rabbit drive to kill at least 8,000. Last year the drive netted over 7,000. Too bad we can't have a few of them to stock our rabbit swamps.

The Chesham Fish and Game club held its second annual banquet and entertainment at the Community hall in Marlborough the evening of the 14th. Over 250 sat down to a real turkey supper with all the fixin's. This banquet was put on by the ladies and it was right. An able corps of young men waiters did the job up brown. President "Ned" Dunklee presided both at the banquet and at the meeting and entertainment in the hall above. A professional troupe from Athol, Mass., put on a fine show. The drawing of 100 door

prizes was the hit of the evening. Enough Dog bread was given away to feed all the dogs in Keene for several days. I got some flea soap while "Clem" Hersom drew 5 quarts of motor oil. But the joke is, on "Clem." He has got to go to Newport to get his. Every club within 45 miles was represented. President Bickford and Secretary Tibbets of the Federated clubs were present and were the speakers of the evening. Mr. Bickford drew a nice fly casting rod.

Well it won't be long now. May 1st is just around the corner. Massachusetts has been fishing both trout and pout since the 15th of April.

Within a few days we have had five requests for Grey call and Wild Mallard ducks. If you know of any one raising either let us know. We don't want the puddle ducks. Real wild mallards.

At the recent New York sportsman's show the daily attendance was over 20,000 a day showing that even the largest city in the country is interested in out-door life.

We predict that this is to be the banner year of all years. Why? Well, the sporting goods houses are beginning to tell that they are sold out of certain lines in the fishing equipment, "flies," lines, reels, rods and lines are now scarce. Have you got your full equipment? Don't get caught in a shortage.

Have you wool to sell? Have a letter from a party in Boston asking if I know of anyone who has wool to sell. Do you? I don't.

Have a nice letter this week from Edward P. Clark of North Woodstock. He also put in some fine pictures of his wonderful sled dog hitched to a sled with 1339 pounds of geren wood hauling out of the woods. Have known "Ed" for quite a few years. A nice fellow.

A bob cat broke into a hen house at Hooker farm in Hancock owned by Prince Toumanoff and killed three of his best hen turkeys one night last week.

### Services for Ernest Burnham Goodwin

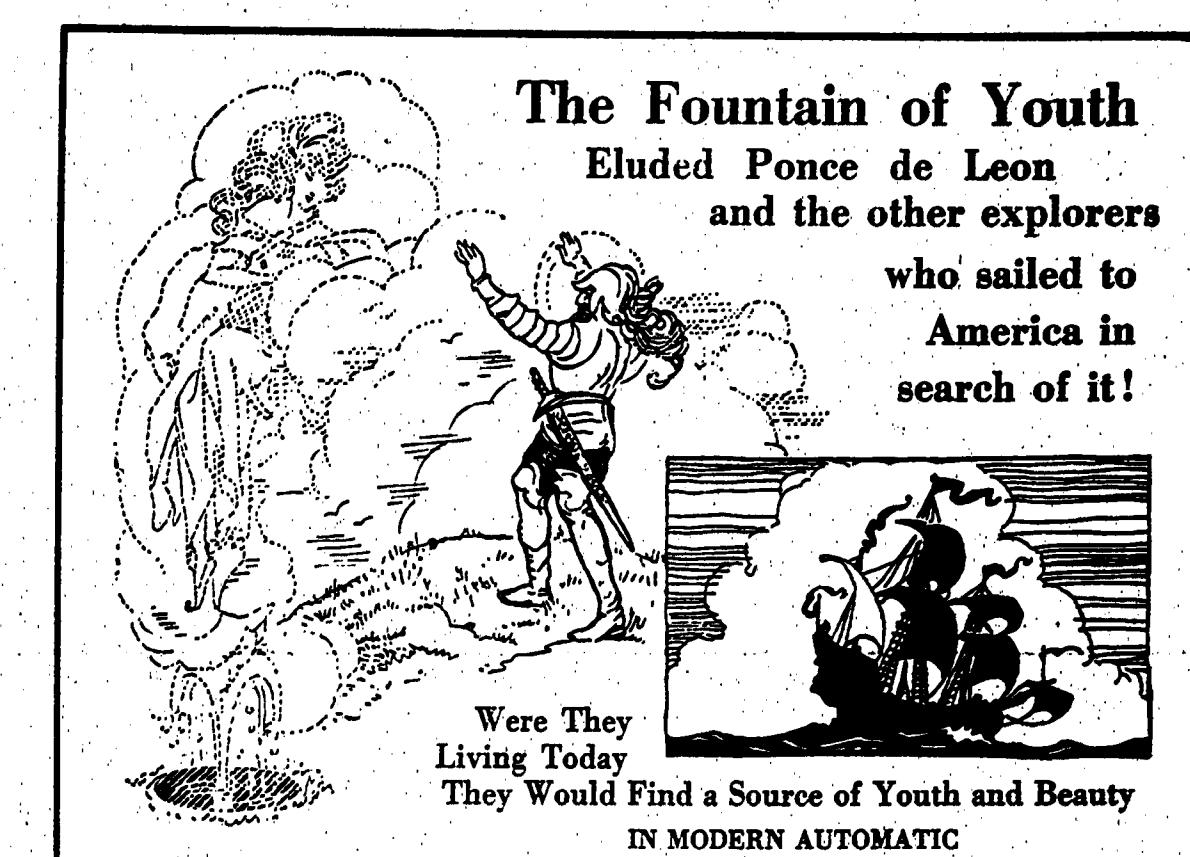
Ernest Burnham Goodwin, whose body was brought here to rest in Maplewood cemetery, was born in Antrim May 21, 1910, the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Goodwin. He attended the village schools until nine years of age, when he went with his family to live in Berkeley, California. After a few years they went to Santa Monica, where he had made his home for the past twelve years. He attended the schools there and graduated from Santa Monica High School in 1929. Since then he had been employed in his father's store. Last October he came back East with his parents to live in Claremont, was taken ill about January 1st, and although every effort was made to save him, he continually failed until the end came peacefully Wednesday morning, April 21, 1937. He leaves his father, mother and brother, Vinal W., of Los Angeles, Cal., one aunt, Mrs. Mary Goodwin, of Claremont, besides numerous more distant relatives.

Services were held last Saturday in the Presbyterian Church at 1:30, Rev. W. J. B. Cannell and Rev. Bennett VanBuskirk officiating. Mrs. Vera Butterfield sang "The Lord is My Shepard" and "Going Home", with Mrs. Elizabeth Felker at the organ.

The bearers were former playmates, Edmund and Benton Dearborn, Forrest Appleton and Sheldon Burnham.

Among out of town friends and relatives here at the funeral in addition to the immediate family were Mrs. Mary Goodwin, Miss Josephine Bailey, Mrs. Mary LeClair, Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, Mr. Boardway, Mrs. Shattuck, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Dearborn, all of Claremont; Mrs. Gould, Mr. Chamberlain, of Newport; Mrs. Jennie D. Erskine, Charlestown; Benton Dearborn, Springfield, Vt.; Mrs. E. D. Appleton, Forrest Appleton, Hyde Park, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Davis, Reading, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Ray Burnham, Milton, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. J. Sheldon Burnham, Hudson; Mrs. Emma Burnham and Miss Isabel Clough, Manchester; Mr. and Mrs. Scott E. Emery, Miss Bernice Emery, Peterboro; Rev. and Mrs. Cannell, Lebanon; Rev. and Mrs. VanBuskirk, Lebanon.

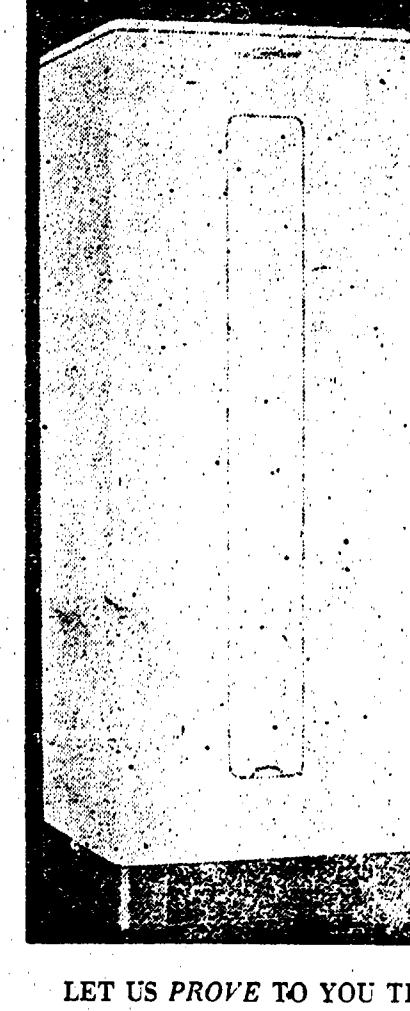
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**The Fountain of Youth**  
Eluded Ponce de Leon  
and the other explorers  
who sailed to  
America in  
search of it!

Were They  
Living Today  
They Would Find a Source of Youth and Beauty  
IN MODERN AUTOMATIC

## ELECTRIC WATER HEATING



... they could literally bathe their way to beauty with instant automatic hot water, as can you, if your home boasts an electric water heater!

*Automatic*  
**HOT WATER**

Is the Royal Road to Beauty . . .

No beauty-helps can compete with steaming hot water! Plenty of freshening baths, hot water compresses for tired eyes and face, relaxation to tired nerves. Hot water takes the lines of weariness out of the face, keeps one looking clean, alert, fit.

The Royal Road to Comfort . . .

From morning until night there's nothing that gives you more convenience and comfort and luxury than a plentiful supply of hot water.

The Royal Road to Health . . .

From the cleansing, stimulating morning bath to the tepid, sleep-producing bath at night, hot water keeps you "in the pink."

LET US PROVE TO YOU THE ECONOMY OF ELECTRIC WATER HEATING

## PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY

of New Hampshire

### The State Chaplain Attends Meeting

Miss Josie Coughlan, who was elected Department Chaplain at the Convention held in Concord, was guest at Laconia Wednesday evening, representing the Department W.R.C. in the absence of the Dept. president who was unable to attend, in honor of the visitation of Mrs. Gladys Mooney of Detroit, Michigan, National President of the Veterans of Foreign Wars Auxiliary. A splendid banquet was served. Men and women were present from all corners of the State.

Mayor Edward Gallagher, in a very pleasing manner, welcomed the group to Laconia, also Rev. Merrill Bates, pastor of the Unitarian Church, where the banquet was served. Remarks of a high order were given by the heads of the allied organizations in attendance.

Mrs. Mooney spoke very pleasantly, touching on many very important points; she referred particularly to the V.F.W. program of Junior work as important to combat the prevalent "ism" striving to attract youth. The only "ism" we have room for in this country is Americanism. This closed a very pleasant, profitable evening.

### FOR SALE!

### VICTROLA

with 25 records  
in excellent condition

### Wood Frame Bed

with spring and mattress

Priced Right for Quick Sale

MRS. H. W. ELDREDGE  
Grove St., Antrim

### News of Interest Gathered from Here and There, Both Domestic and Foreign

Charles Evans Hughes, Chief Justice of the United States, was 75 years old recently. Despite the extra court-work burden carried by the Chief Justice, he has written more than the average number of opinions in the current term. Of the 105 opinions handed down up to April 5, Mr. Hughes wrote 14, this number being exceeded by only two of the younger men, one of whom wrote 16, the other 17.

Justice McReynolds, whether speaking for himself or for the entire court is not known, has broken the silence that the court has maintained heretofore regarding its own destiny and functions. His attitude perhaps is included in the statement that the Supreme Court is the balance wheel of the national timepiece, and that it is well to be reasonably sure of consequences before adopting any radical change, in courts or in anything else.

Finally there are the extreme views on both sides. Upon the one hand, it is fundamentally wrong to leave the affairs of the land in the hands of a group of old men in their dotage; or if that statement does not fit in with one's ideas, there is the assurance that it is bad business to substitute exuberance for wisdom. In any event, a good fight is on, and those who like excitement are getting plenty of it.

A generous Japanese presented Miss Helen Keller who is a visitor in Japan with a sum exceeding the amount stolen from her on her recent arrival in that country. Miss Keller who has been blind and deaf all her life, turned the gift over to the fund for relief of the blind in Japan.

For keeping the Orange telephone exchange open during the flood of March, 1936, eight employees of the New England Telegraph and Telephone Co., in the Fitchburg-Athol district are to be awarded a bronze plaque. The award is made for noteworthy public service by the New England region committee of the Bell system.

The citation with the award reads: "The Bell medals are not awarded merely for acts of heroism or spectacular deeds, although noteworthy heroism often characterized the service performed, nor as a reward for faithfulness in the performance of daily tasks, but rather to honor the memory of Theodore N. Vail by special recognition of a few of the most conspicuous examples of noteworthy service that are daily occurrences among telephone employees."

In many quarters, rich men, viewed in the most favorable light, are regarded as a nuisance. It is common to go further and state that they are definitely undesirable citizens and a menace to sound government. Cyrus H. McCormick of Chicago left an estate of twenty-two million dollars. According to current newspaper print fifty-two per cent of what he accumulated went for state and federal taxes. Assuming that his active life covered the span of fifty years, he worked twenty-six of them to accumulate about eleven million dollars for the public treasury. That is not so bad a record after all. Probably Mr. McCormick would have registered an emphatic "No" had he been asked to make a free will gift of more than half his goods to the common purse, but that does not enter into the argument. The fact remains that the world found that it could use him, even though he happened to be a millionaire.

# What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

A Yes-Man's Paradise.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—It is, and when the President puts over his scheme for reconstructing the Supreme court nearer to his heart's desire, the question arises—in fact, has already arisen—as to where he's going to find members who will keep step with the New Deal's march of triumph.

Might this earnest well-wisher make a suggestion? Let the President look Hollywood over before making his selections, for this is yes-man's land. Some of the studios out here are so crowded with yes-men that big yes-men have to tote little yes-men in their arms.

There's only one or two drawbacks to this plan, as I see it. It's going to be hard to wean the local appointees from wearing polo shirts along with those long silken robes. And they'll insist in a preview for each decision.



#### Domestic Pets.

A BROOKLYN judge has decided that for a couple to keep eighty-two various animal pets in one apartment is too many—maybe not for the couple, but for the neighbors—yes!

That reminds me that once, in a hotel in the Middle West—not such a large hotel either—I found fully that many pets in my bed. They weren't assorted enough; they all belonged to one standard variety. I shall not name the hotel, but it was the worst hotel in the world, as of that year. If bad hotels go where bad folks do, it's now the worst hotel in Hades.

But the point I'm getting at is that, though eighty-two animals may make a surplus in a city flat, they couldn't possibly upset a home so much as one overstuffed husband who's puny and has had to go on a strict diet such as would be suitable for a canary—if the canary wasn't very hungry.

#### Literary Legerdemain.

CULTURAL circles along sun-kissed coast of California are still all excited over the achievement of a local literary figure who, after years of concentrated effort, turned out a 500,000-word novel without once using a word containing the letter "E." If the fashion spreads to the point where the capital "I" also should be stricken out, it's going to leave a lot of actors and statesmen practically mute.

But that's not what I started out to say when I began this squib. What I started out to say was that I know of much longer novels which have been produced without a single idea in them. Sold pretty well, too, some of 'em did.

#### Holding World's Fairs.

IT'S customary, before launching a world's fair or an exposition or whatever they may call it, to hang the excuse for same on some great event in history and then promptly forget all about the thing that the show is supposed to commemorate in the excitement of flocking to see Sally Rand unveiled as the real main attraction.

For instance, the big celebration in New York in 1939 ostensibly will mark George Washington's inauguration as President 150 years before, and it may be, just as a matter of form, that Washington will be mentioned in the opening ceremonials. But the real interest will center in whether Billy Rose or Earl Carroll or the Minsky brothers succeed in thinking up some new form of peach-peeling art to entertain the customers, or have to fall back once more on such reliable standbys as fan dancers and strip-teasers.

#### Coronation Souvenirs.

SINCE previous engagements prevented me from going over to the coronation, I trust some friend will bring me back a specimen of that new variety of pygmy fish which some patriotic and enterprising Englishman has imported from Africa as an appropriate living souvenir of the occasion. It's a fish having a red tail, a white stomach, and a blue back, thus effectively combining the colors of the Union Jack. And it's selling like hot cakes, the dispatches say.

Now if only this engaging little creature could be trained to stand on its tail when the band plays "God Save the King" what an addition it would make for any household in the British domain! (Note—Households in the south of Ireland excepted.)

IRVIN S. COBB.

E-WNU Service.

50,000 Cattle Lost in Day  
Kansas ranchers lost 50,000 cattle in the famous New Year day blizzard of 1888. Dead cattle were piled so thick along the railroad tracks they had to be cleared off before trains could go through.

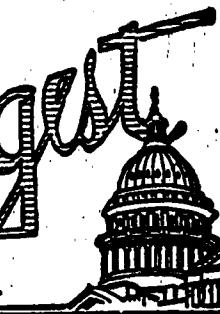
# Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted

by William Bruckart

National Press Building

Washington, D. C.



# UNCOMMON AMERICANS

By Elmo Scott Watson • Western Newspaper Union

Washington. — Although it has been three weeks since the Supreme court of the United States upheld the Wagner labor relations act, I doubt that there is more than a mere handful of people in this nation who are able to comprehend the full significance of those decisions of the highest court. The chances are, if our present form of government remains and we continue to adhere to our Constitution, the full import of the so-called Wagner act decisions (there were five of them) will not be discovered within a quarter of a century.

No decision of the Supreme court in several decades contains the wide range of potentialities found in the decisions of April 12 and it may well be that the findings of the court at that time will constitute a turning point in United States history.

There are so many potentialities to be found in the Wagner act decisions that one may reasonably express a doubt whether states have any rights left. Likewise, one may express a doubt whether labor and the friends of labor have won or lost in the determination by the high court that the National Labor Relations board has power to compel an employer to deal with a majority of his workers, organized into union form. Above and beyond these phases lies another, namely, the question whether the United States congress does not have power to legislate strikes out of existence.

First, I am convinced in reviewing the court's action that there has been a tremendous amount of misinformation spread about the findings of the court. Never in my period of service in Washington have I seen so many different constructions placed upon an official act.

We have seen and heard unmeasured criticism of the court for turning business over to the labor unions; we have witnessed a renewal of attacks on the Supreme court because it did not go far enough to the radical side in granting power to congress and the President, and we have been deluged with talk of what can now be done in a legislative way to carry out Mr. Roosevelt's theme song, "The More Abundant Life." The truth is, however, that the Supreme court in deciding the Wagner act cases actually restated in a clarified manner a position the court took twelve years ago.

It was in 1925 that the court decided the so-called second Coronado coal mining case. In that opinion, the court laid down the rule, although it was obscured, that obstacles to production constituted an interference with interstate commerce. In the cases this month, the court reaffirmed and restated that principle.

The principle of majority rule is laid down. An employer must deal with the representatives of a majority of his workers.

The rights of the minority, whether that minority be a company union or an independent union are rather much overshadowed although they can present their grievances to the National Labor Relations board.

It is in that situation that trouble is foreseen. Most of the recent strikes have resulted from disputes over union recognition. Largely this union recognition question resulted from the maneuverings and agitation by John L. Lewis and his Committee for Industrial Organization.

But it is not to be forgotten that the American Federation of Labor has several million members in its craft unions. Thus, it can easily be foreseen that the National Labor Relations board is going to be confronted many times with a fight between the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. Each one of these organizations will claim that it represents a majority of the workers and, therefore, is entitled to be the spokesman for all of an employer's workers.

Most of us have seen how bitter internal labor rows can become. I am sure that most of my readers will recall cases within their own knowledge where carpenters and bricklayers have fought it out over the question of which one was to do certain work in construction. It has happened hundreds of times and each time bitter hatred has developed.

When the right to speak for a whole body of employees becomes the question for determination, it seems to me perfectly obvious that the controversy will develop into one of white heat. And the labor board will have to decide which one should serve as the employees' representative. In the meantime, the employer can have nothing to say.

All of this may sound a bit fantastic; it may sound as an attempt to borrow trouble.

**Fix Hours and Wages**

It is neither. The situation is discussed for the reason that it is quite apparent there will be new attempts in congress now to write legislation controlling hours and wages. Representative Connelly of Massachusetts, speaking as chairman of the house labor committee, declared the other day that such legislation would be drafted and he entertained no doubt that it would pass the house. Conditions in the senate are different, but Mr. Connelly's opinion must be accepted as worthwhile in so far as the house is concerned.

Thus, if congress undertakes such legislation it is confronted with the necessity of doing something by way of amendment of the Wagner act that will make union labor comply with federal regulation instead of leaving the Wagner act one-sided as it is. In other words, labor is entitled to its dues, to its fair share of profits, but it seems to me it is also entitled to be as subservient to law as those who pay the wages.

• Western Newspaper Union

# VERMONT TO MARK 150 YEARS IN UNION

Prepare Now for Celebration in Year 1941.

Montpelier, Vt.—"Fourteen years as an Independent Republic—One Hundred and Fifty Years as a State of the Union." Such is the unique story which will be reviewed in 1941 when Vermont dedicates the entire year to a statewide recognition and celebration of the 150th anniversary of her admission to the Union.

Plans are to be outlined by a state commission provided for in a joint resolution just signed by Governor Aiken. The commission is to report its suggested plans and program to the Vermont legislature of 1939.

This recognition by Vermont may tend to make all states of the Union admission-conscious, since Vermont was the first state to be admitted to the Union after the original thirteen. This was the starting of a "Long Trail," over which thirty-four other states have followed Vermont into the United States, a procession of states beginning with Kentucky in 1792 and culminating with New Mexico in 1912.

#### Build Up Program.

Governor Aiken's signing of the joint resolution passed by the legislature is not merely an official commitment to the idea of the recognition of the 150th anniversary in 1941 but also a signal for the mobilization of the people of the state, in support of a 1939-1941 program of so-called "Sesquicentennial Objectives."

The attainment of these objectives during 1939-41 is regarded by Vermont as the building of an appropriate and necessary preliminary stage setting to prepare the state for the formal recognition and celebration in 1941.

A five-point program has been built up out of suggestions sent to the state chamber of commerce by individuals, organizations and newspapers. The program affords the following picture of some phases of the Green Mountain state in 1941, resulting from the proposed pioneering and perfecting activities during the last four years of the first 150 years of the life of the state:

During 1937-41 the attractiveness of Vermont shall be greatly enhanced through the wholesale removal of roadside and other blemishes which here and there disturb the exquisite beauty of Vermont scenery. Special attention by the towns to the erection of road direction signs along town rural roads will enable citizens and guests easily to find their routes.

#### Expect to Be Busy

Vermont's welcoming hospitality both in winter and in summer shall become familiar to many more people through the speeding up of various activities and developments.

Vermont shall become busier through playing to the movement for the decentralization of industry, thus restoring and building up industrial activity in the valley and mountain villages.

Vermont shall become more widely known through the expansion into other fields of originality and initiative recently displayed in the official handling and reporting of town and state finances and affairs. Vermont town and state reports have become "news" in other states, because they have demonstrated "modernization" in the handling and reporting of local and state finances and affairs. Four other states have adopted the Vermont plan of a "town report competition."

During 1937-41 Vermont shall witness the utter extinction of the old-fashioned town report. "Modernization" in these documents shall seep into every nook and corner of the state. Thus the mass production of modernized public reports shall be achieved in Vermont, which is serving as an experimental demonstration plot in this regard.

#### Free Classes Plant Art

#### Where None Had Grown

Chicago. — Butcher, baker and candlestick maker are getting art lessons free—and eating them up.

The Chicago Art Institute installed a twelve-week course as an experiment in fostering art among persons too timid or poor to enroll. The success was surprise.

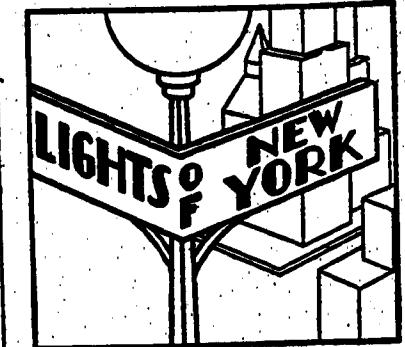
A draughtsman took his daughter, fifteen years old to watch him; she picked up a brush and now excels her father. A machinery manufacturer seeking diversion, has turned into a painter of pastoral scenes. Mothers leave children at home with dads to wield a brush. And a structural steel painter who joined the course is now depicting flowers.

#### Farmer's Lost Cow

#### Found Underground

Berne, Ind.—When Reuben Romney went to bring his cows from pasture he discovered one missing. He walked around the field, found no break in the fence and no trace of the cow.

Yet when he called he heard an answering "moo" beneath his feet. Peering down, he saw the head of the cow—she had slid into the small opening of a jug-shaped sinkhole.



By L. L. STEVENSON

The theatrical season was well advanced. Broadway critics had become pessimistic over the possibility of a youthful star making an appearance. Then "Having Wonderful Time," a comedy by Arthur Kober, opened. It deals with Jewish young people on vacation in the Berkshires—most of them boys and girls who have been saving up all year for two weeks at Camp Kare Free. Among them is Teddy Stern, slight, blue-eyed and with hair of reddish gold. Teddy is tired—tired from working as a secretary and a number of other things including a broken engagement. Sam Rappaport is a lot older than Teddy and is interested solely in his business and radio. But he offered security and a chance to quit taking dictation. Things change a bit when Teddy meets Chick Kessler. The part of Teddy, short for Tessie of course, had been given to Katherine Locke. As she played it, something passed over the footlights. The jaded critics sat up and took notice. And the next day, Broadway knew a new star had arrived at last.

Katherine Locke is twenty-five years old. For five years she struggled for a foothold on Broadway. Her talents brought her a number of opportunities. She clutched them eagerly and gave her best. The plays, however, were not of Broadway caliber and one by one they flopped, seven or eight in all. "If a Body," however, ran 46 times, which didn't place it even in the success class. But it brought Miss Locke a screen test. Still fate wasn't ready to smile. More disappointments followed. Then came the big opportunity and now nightly, with two matinees a week, she is Ted Stern. In private life, she is Mrs. Morris Heilprin, wife of an advertising and publicity man. And for her, the sun is shining brightly though she does call her dog Noon Day Drizzle.

Speaking of dogs, there is Colonel. When it became known that the Theater Guild needed a dog for a part in a forthcoming production, canines of almost every known breed—many with pedigrees as long as from here to there—were offered. As the script called for a mutt, the bloodied animals were eliminated automatically. That didn't help the Guild much since the blends were in the majority anyway. After a lot of inspection and other trouble, Colonel, who is owned by Mrs. Francis Kidner, of Greenwich Village, was chosen. He's just plain dog and can be classified in no other way. From his tail to his shoulders, he's one breed. His ears make him another and so does his tail, while various other physical attributes provide further variations. Thus, he fulfilled all specifications.

On stage, Colonel becomes Patsy in "Storm Over Patsy." Since his name is in the play title, though he doesn't receive top billing, Colonel is a star. As is often the case with human stars, Colonel has developed a temperament. Having become accustomed to riding to and from the theater in a taxicab, he has to be forced into walking. Also, he high-hats various old dog friends of the village, passing them with muzzle in the air. When an attempt was made to photograph him with Sylvia, the goose in "Sun-Kissed," he put up a battle. That was an error. Sylvia, though a lady, has a strong beak and wings. The brawl was ended before a decision was reached and Colonel is said to have looked relieved.

In the case of Colonel, it pays to own a mutt. His owner receives \$50 a week, plus expenses, which usually run about \$10 a week more, for his services. On stage, he doesn't do much except look bored and receive a lot of petting, though a veterinarian, in speaking of his various points during court proceedings, isn't exactly complimentary. But be all that as it may, Colonel is making personal appearances here and there. Also he is endorsing various dog products and posing for photographs, all of which run his income into higher brackets.

Bus top eavesdropping: "Why should I pay good money to go to that show about women? I can listen to my friends, can't I?" • Bus Syndicate—WNU Service.

Coeds at Vermont Live on \$2.50 Weekly Budget  
Burlington, Vt.—Living on \$2.50 a week each, 46 University of Vermont co-eds are applying successfully the ideal of co-operative housing under the direction of the woman who conceived the idea 25 years ago.

Two dormitories, renovated by the university, are supervised by Prof. Bertha M. Terrill, home economics department head, who prepares the menus and buys the food.

## Murder Masquerade

BY  
Inez Haynes Irwin

Copyright Inez Haynes Irwin  
WNU Service.

TUESDAY—Continued

"No." The day I heard of Ace's death, I went over to the bank to stop payment. They said I couldn't do that without a court order. They told me it hadn't been cashed."

"Well, we'll watch that point again," Patrick assured her. "Was that all you said?" Patrick went on.

"No. I said one other thing and it was the only other thing I did say. I said, 'Ace Blaikie I hope you die the death you deserve!'"

Patrick stroked the back of his head, then he clasped his hands there and let his head rest against them. "What did Ace do with the check?"

"He took off his helmet and put the check inside—in the sweatband."

"Was there anything else?"

"Nothing—so far as Ace was concerned."

"Did you see Tony Torriano go off into the bushes?"

"No."

"You say, 'Nothing—as far as Ace was concerned.'" Patrick's voice held an interrogative note.

"As I went back over the path, I thought I heard a stir in the bushes."

"Not loud then?"

"No, a mere stir! A cat might have made it."

Patrick's Irish gray eyes had turned brilliant. He still rested his head against his clasped hands. For a moment he did not speak, but his eyes never left Margaret. She did not speak either.

"Margaret," Patrick began, "you and I are old friends and we've known each other for forty years and perhaps longer. You know that I've always been fond of you and



I Thought I Heard a Stir in the Bushes.

"About a week ago, Ace Blaikie called at the house and asked me if I would lend him some money. For many reasons, I did not want to lend Ace any money. I did not like him in the first place. In fact—" Suddenly her dead eyes blazed. "In fact—I hated him. I did not trust him either. When he told me how much he wanted to borrow, I was appalled."

Patrick remained silent.

"About a week ago, Ace Blaikie called at the house and asked me if I would lend him some money. For many reasons, I did not want to lend Ace any money. I did not like him in the first place. In fact—" Suddenly her dead eyes blazed. "In fact—I hated him. I did not trust him either. When he told me how much he wanted to borrow, I was appalled."

"Patrick said, "How much was it?"

"Ten thousand dollars," Margaret answered.

Patrick whistled. I said nothing. I could not speak.

"What did Ace want that ten thousand dollars for?" Patrick asked.

"I don't know," Margaret answered. "Perhaps I could guess, but I'd rather not." She looked pleadingly at Patrick.

"You're right, Margaret!" Patrick approved. "Let's confine ourselves to the facts. Did you lend him this money?"

"Yes—but not at once. I told him I would have to think it over. I knew that I would have to take that ten thousand out of my principal."

"He called more than once?" Patrick interrupted.

"Yes, four times. I have the days in my diary. Ace stipulated—requested I mean," she corrected herself with the careful honesty typical of her, "that I give him a certified check. It all took time, but he kept hurrying me. He wanted the money, I felt, for something special."

"When was the last time he had been in your house before that?" Patrick asked.

"Ace Blaikie had not been in my house for twenty-five years," Margaret replied.

"Did you give him the money?" Patrick asked.

"Yes."

"When?"

"The night of the masquerade."

"Where?"

"In Mary's Spinney."

Patrick sighed again. "About what time was it?" he asked.

"A little after ten thirty."

"How were you dressed?"

"I wore a black dress, a black scarf over my head, a big black lace shawl of my mother's."

"How did you go to the Spinney?"

"I walked up the road toward the Park, turned off at Mary's path, walked past the Little House and met Ace—" She paused bleakly.

Patrick waited.

"At the exact spot where they found his body," Margaret concluded.

A pause, pregnant with awful possibilities, whirled between us three.

"Did your interview take long?" Patrick asked gently.

"No, it took scarcely a moment."

"Could you reproduce it for me?"

"Easily. I said, 'Here is the check, Ace.' He said, 'Thank you! Here's my note for it!' I handed him the check and he handed me the note. I have it with me. Would you like to see it?"

"Yes—thank you, Margaret, for thinking of that."

Margaret took a folded piece of paper from her hand-bag and handed it to Patrick. He examined it on both sides, held it up to the light. "Will you trust this with me for a while?"

"Certainly, Patrick," Margaret replied.

"By the way, Margaret, who'd you make it out to? Oh yes, you'd have to make it out to Ace."

"Yes."

Patrick whistled. "That compl-

cates things. Perhaps there's somebody boob enough to think he could murder Ace and then forge Ace's endorsement on the check. Has the check been cashed, Margaret?"

"No. The day I heard of Ace's death, I went over to the bank to stop payment. They said I couldn't do that without a court order. They told me it hadn't been cashed."

"Well, we'll watch that point again," Patrick assured her. "Was that all you said?" Patrick went on.

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"Margaret," Patrick began, "you and I are old friends and we've known each other for forty years and perhaps longer. You know that I've always been fond of you and

the building, a sound of weeping, like a dreary wind, ran through the church.

I did not want to go to the grave, but I did. Somehow, most deeply I desired not to see what had been the splendid body of Ace lowered into the earth . . . given over to decay . . . Yet I went. A large group of his friends accompanied Ace. Bruce Henson was not there.

Mrs. Thelford told me that he was so sick with a bad cold that he wouldn't be able to enter Ace's will for probate before Saturday. I saw both Doctor Marden and Caro.

"I wish you hadn't felt obliged to go to this funeral, Aunt Mary." Hopestill greeted me, when I returned.

"I didn't feel obliged," I answered, "but I wanted to go. Ace was one of my oldest and dearest friends."

"Was Caro there?"

"Yes," I answered. "She wasn't intending to go," Hopestill explained. "We were planning to go places and do things together this afternoon, to get this horror out of our minds. But after luncheon, she telephoned me that her grandfather insisted on her attending the funeral."

"They sat together," I said. "Doctor Marden looked frightfully exhausted. This terrible thing has worn on him as much as anybody."

"I don't see why he made Caro go," Hopestill grumbled. "She says he hates funerals. She knew Ace, of course, but not awfully well."

"Well, I suppose he has the French point of view," I explained. "He's lived many years in France. There they make so much of death. Funerals and burials are extremely important events."

"I don't think Caro liked Ace particularly," Hopestill declared. "Although I don't know why I bring it up when he's dead—poor old Ace!"

The telephone rang and Hopestill answered it. "Yes, she's here. Yes. Yes. Come right down!" Still holding the transmitter, he looked over at me: "Caro Prentiss is coming here."

"That's nice. She'll be just in time for tea."

It seemed to me that there was an air of suppressed excitement about her; for as we drank our tea, her foot tapped the floor. Once I intercepted an interrogative look in Hopestill's direction.

The instant I put my cup down, Caro and Hopestill put their cups down. Hopestill arose and came toward me. As though unconsciously drawn, Caro arose too, walked to Hopestill's side, stood with him looking down at me.

"Aunt Mary," Hopestill said. "Caro and I want to take you—Now don't get weepy and don't say no—we want to take you down into the Spinney. We want to show you something. I think I can give you my word, Aunt Mary, that when you see what we have to show you, you'll be glad you did what we asked."

Caro's lovely voice reinforced him. "Please, Mrs. Avery, please, please come! It's something lovely."

"I'll go, children," I agreed. And then, "May Sylvia come too?" "Yes," they chorused, "we want Sylvia to come."

"Caro and I will go first," Hopestill declared. "And you and Sylvia walk behind us."

I followed those two about the piazza, down the steps at the side, over the path into the shade of the Spinney.

Uncontrollably I began to tremble.

I fixed my eyes on the two beautiful young creatures ahead. Light and shade poured a checkered stream upon them. That stream flowed over their figures and poured into the earth. My trembling grew. Suddenly they stood aside from each other, stationed themselves one on either side of the path. Between them sentinel figures, I glimpsed—

"Ask any questions you want, Patrick," Margaret said.

"Well, if I were a jury, the first thing I'd want to know would be why you were willing to lend Ace Blaikie so much money, especially when you hated him."

"I did it to prolong my sister's life. I made up my mind that Ace should not enter our house again. The last time he came, he said that if I couldn't lend him the money, perhaps Flora would. I knew if he made up his mind to see Flora, nothing on earth could prevent him from getting to her. And I was sure a meeting with him would kill her. I was in agony every time he was there for fear Flora would hear his voice."

Again silence. Margaret saved Patrick from asking the question that hung almost visibly on his lips. She went on. "Ace Blaikie made love to Flora when she was a slip of a girl. She fell in love with him. She loved him with her whole heart and mind and soul. And when he transferred his affection to a mere light-of-love in Marshbanks, it nearly killed her. She was never the same girl afterwards. She never recovered from that. She has loved Ace Blaikie all her life. She loves him still. She can't help loving him. But she hates him too."

"No check was found on Ace's body," Patrick informed her.

"I know," Margaret arose to her feet. "I realize perfectly, Patrick, that I am now under suspicion. I hope you won't have to arrest me for a while. It would kill Flora. She doesn't know Ace is dead yet." "I shan't arrest you for the present, Margaret," Patrick assured her. "I will ask you not to leave Satuit—not even for a day."

"Yes—thank you, Margaret, for thinking of that."

Margaret took a folded piece of paper from her hand-bag and handed it to Patrick. He examined it on both sides, held it up to the light. "Will you trust this with me for a while?"

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## WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK... By Lemuel F. Parton

Mr. Dewey's Rat Trap.  
NEW YORK.—Our Mr. Dewey seems to have made a better rat trap than his neighbor and the world beats a path to his door, with other cities wanting to know how he does it.

The young rackets prosecutor, ringing up seven more convictions, for a perfect score, has turned up extortions totalling about \$100,000. He gets \$16,695 a year. He seems to be a good investment. With possible maximum sentences of 2,100 years against the seven racketeers, he's already drawing a bead on allied industrial rackets.

Governor Lehman took Thomas E. Dewey, now thirty-four years old, from a \$50,000 law practice for the biggest municipal dry-cleaning job of modern history. First, he put the panders away. Charles (Lucky) Luciano and eight others; then twenty-eight loan sharks, with their \$10,000 blood money racket; then, with a bit of legal legerdemain, he turned policy kings into rats and put them away, too.

He comes from Owosso, in the deep woods of Michigan. There, as in Windy Gap, the sheriff is supposed to drive out or lock up the crooks. Thomas E. Dewey seems to have brought this quaint small town idea to Manhattan. He rides 'em down.

His father ran a country newspaper and he was the printshop devil, working on nearby farms when he was big enough. He expected to be a choir singer and it was his baritone voice which won him a scholarship at Columbia. He was a paid soloist at St. Matthew's and St. Timothy's church in West Forty-fourth street.

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## SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE

The School Board meets regularly  
in Town Clerk's Room, in Town Hall  
block, on the last Friday Evening in  
each month, at 7:30 o'clock, to transact  
School District business and to  
hear all parties.

ARTHUR J. KELLEY.  
ARCHIE M. SWETT.  
MYRTIE K. BROOKS.

Antrim School Board

## SELECTMEN'S NOTICE

The Selectmen will meet at their  
Rooms, in Town Hall block, on Tues-  
day evening of each week, to trans-  
act town business.

Meetings 7 to 8

HUGH M. GRAHAM.  
JAMES I. PATTERSON.  
ALFRED G. HOLT.  
Selectmen of Antrim.

## Lights of New York

by L. L. STEVENSON

## Trouble at Prairie Farm

By JACK HOADLEY  
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate,  
WNU Service.

DINNER was finished at Prairie farm. Joe Evans was glancing at the town newspaper reading the local comment. His wife, Martha, sat restless across the table from him.

After she had piled up the dishes on the table ready to be washed, she stared at Joe for a minute. Oblivious of her regard, Joe continued reading the paper. Finally oppressed by the silence, Martha exclaimed, "Joe, I can't stand living here any longer. Look—look at this room! No running water, no shade, no comfort! Nothing but heat and drudgery for me all day long!"

Joe put down his paper and from his pocket took his pipe which he filled and lit. "I know it's hard for you, Martha. It's so different from what you've been used to. But have a little patience—we'll have comforts in time. Just look at that wheat. Every golden head means considerable money in our pockets. We'll be able to build a better house before long."

"Promises, always promises," she snapped. "I hate it!"

Joe left his chair and walked outside the one room that was both kitchen and dining room. For some time he seemed lost in thought, gazing out over the land which he loved and hoped to make a fortune from. Then, hearing the clink of dishes, he returned into the house and took a dish towel and helped dry the dishes. "I've been thinking maybe you're right, Martha," he said kindly. "Maybe we'd better get out of this. Just as soon as the crop is sold we'll go back home."

The next day she stood alone in the doorway and watched him attentively as he went off to put his riper in the field. It was a hot day—so hot that Martha left her work in the kitchen and sought what shade was available in the little room at the other side of the house.

Suddenly she sprang to her feet. Joe was running toward the house, lashing the team before him.

She ran to the door and met him, her eyes aflame.

"Prairie fire!" Joe shouted. "Darned fool that I am—I never plowed a fireguard around the house!"

In a moment he had hooked his team to the plow and started a furrow. The ground was hard, baked in the sun. But the team worked, sweated, strained in the collars, driven on by the sharp sting of the lash and Joe's continuous shouts.

Her frightened eyes suddenly were centered on Joe's precious stand of wheat where the flames were creeping up, devouring it all in their devastating course. The plight of Joe's work all going up in flames brought her to her senses and she was stirred with a sudden urge to fight and help Joe. "Joe," she yelled as loud as she could, "What can I do?"

"Pump water," came the instant reply. "Get all the empty sacks you can find. Get ready to fight the fire."

Then when she turned from her work to glance again at her husband she saw him slump to the ground in a heap. She heard his cry. Instantly she dropped her work and ran to him regardless of the danger. "Badger hole," he groaned as she reached him and started lifting him up. "I'm done up, Martie! I guess my leg's busted!"

Martha wasted no time on reflections. She knew the fire was almost up to them. The heat was terrific. She jerked the pin and the frantic team bolted. She dragged Joe away over the furrows to the shelter of Prairie farm.

She realized that Joe's work was finished but hers had just begun. Their little home was almost surrounded by a raging, devastating inferno. Martha's legs and arms soon were covered with burning heat blisters but she disregarded the dangers around her and her fighting spirit kept her going.

Many times she climbed to the roof and put out the sparks that threatened the house, and again at the stables.

For what seemed hours she dragged blackened, water-soaked, steaming sacks through the murk, beating back the flames in an endless tireless circle. Then the breeze shifted and with it went the fire, almost as swiftly as it had come. The heat gave way somewhat to the cool of the evening and Martha dropped at her husband's side exhausted.

"Thank God we saved our home, Joe," she said between gasps of breath.

Three days later Joe lay on the bed looking out over his devastated land. Then his glance turned to his leg carefully don up in splints and bandages, and finally his eyes focused on Martha, who sat on a chair next to his bed.

"Martha, I—I don't see how we can leave for awhile—even when my leg heals. You see, I figured on selling the wheat and—"

"Martha smiled at her husband. Her face had been kinder and she had been much less irritable since the fire. "Joe," she said quietly and firmly, "we're going to forget all about leaving. We're going to hang on and lick this country if it takes our best years to do it! I'm game—are you?"

## Writes and Sells

## Odes on Horseback

Budapest.—The first "mounted poet" in the world is Denzo Kolta, a young man of thirty, who recently made his debut on a beautiful brown horse and wore typical peasant dress. The rider sold his poems for 20 filler (4 cents) each. For one pengoe (20 cents) he writes a fresh poem on horseback in a few minutes. He declared he will ride all over Hungary, selling and writing poems on horseback.

## MYSTERY SAFE WILL BE OPENED IN 1976

## Catacombs of U. S. Capitol Hold Ancient Riddle.

Washington, D. C.—Walk with the writer through the labyrinth of crypts and corridors under the capitol of this nation and stumble on a mystery generations old, a riddle which will not be solved until forty more years have passed.

The pale gleam from an occasional electric bulb makes eerie shadows in this legislative catacomb. The granite walls are black with the dust of the ages. They feel clammy to our hands.

We poke our heads into airless chambers, like dungeons now, but built for a purpose—long forgotten—when the country was young. We wander through corridors which turn and weave and double back upon themselves, far underground. We tread softly because, well, we're a little scared.

We talk in whispers as we approach the empty sepulchre which was built to keep forever the body of George Washington. The early lawmakers changed their minds. Washington's body rests at Mount Vernon.

Near this empty grave, directly beneath the great rotunda, is a wooden door, which creaks on its hinges as we push it open. Behind it, in a rock-lined room, is an ancient iron safe, waist-high, covered with dust a quarter of an inch thick. We try to open it, but its heavy door is locked tight.

What's in this strongbox?

We rush upstairs with news of our discovery to the office of Charles E. Fairman, elderly curator of the capitol's art. He, too, has been wondering about that safe thinking about it for more years than he likes to remember.

It was installed in 1876, with a strict injunction that it not be opened until 100 years later. The key long since has been lost. With it into the limbo of forgotten things has gone the story of the safe.

Nobody knows the secret of the safe. Nobody will know until our children—grown to men by then—assemble January 1, 1976, to witness a locksmith, perhaps yet to be born, discover the truth.

## Girl, 19, in Boy's Attire, Prefers Plow to Kitchen

Kansas City, Mo.—Well-groomed in boy's clothing, Eleanor Vass, nineteen-year-old farm girl, sat in the police matron's quarters here recently, and said she would rather run a plow than a vacuum cleaner.

Eleanor, who was reared on a farm near Vermillion, Ohio, said she had been wearing male clothing for ten years, and preferred male occupations to housework. She was questioned about her activities, while police attempted to communicate with her family.

The girl was turned over to police after she entered a hospital for treatment of an infected hand. She appeared so natural in boy's clothing that physicians failed to recognize her as a girl. She admitted her name was Eleanor and not "Tommy" when attendants assigned her to the men's ward. Police were notified.

"Ever since I was little I have done hard work on my father's farm," Eleanor explained. "I have five brothers and three sisters, and I helped my father and brothers in the fields, while my sisters helped with the housework."

## Two-Yard Shirt Tails

## Evade Singapore Duty

Singapore.—How long should the tail of a shirt be? That is worrying customs authorities here. The shirts in a shipment on arrival here were found to have tails two yards long.

After some discussion the shirts were allowed to enter the colony, but an official inquiry is to be made into the maximum reasonable length of a shirt tail.

Japanese exporters have been making double-size garments to evade the quota applied to textile imports, according to Singapore merchants. After the garments are landed they are taken to pieces and sold by the yard.

## Hawaiians Are Proud

Honolulu.—Hawaiians are proud of the fact that all progress does not necessarily have to follow the flag. They installed their electric light and power system in monarchial times, 50 years ago, or 14 years before Hawaii became a part of the United States.

## Yen for Curls Gets Student Into Jail

Mount Vernon, N. Y.—Allan Lamprecht, high school student, snipped the curls from nearly a score of girlish heads before police caught him.

Allan, who explained he had suffered a nervous breakdown recently, developed a yen for curls. He would attract the girls to his automobile with the offer of candy, police charged, clip their tresses and drive away.

A search of cars resulted in discovery of the scissors and a large collection of curls in Lamprecht's automobile. He was booked on four charges of third degree assault.

## The Sheriff Gets a Tip

By VIC YARDMAN  
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WNU Service.

AS the sheriff's posse neared the crossroad's saloon it spread out, fan shape, gradually widening into a circle, until the lone building was completely surrounded. When within fifty yards all but Sheriff Steve Osmund and Mose Anthony came to a halt. Steve and Mose rode boldly up to the saloon door and dismounted.

The barkeep was seated on a high stool at one end of the bar, a paper covered magazine in his lap.

"Sit still, barkeep." Sheriff Osmund strode into the room, his eyes darting around in quick scrutiny. "This ain't a stickup. I'm Sheriff Osmund. You alone?"

The barkeep swallowed and his Adam's apple bobbed ludicrously. "Ain't seen a soul since last night," he gulped.

"I'll look, anyway," said Mose. And he strode past the bar toward the back room. Sheriff Osmund went to the door and called to his men. They galloped up, tethering their horses in the rear of the building, stamping inside a moment later.

The barkeep blinked. "What's the idea, Sheriff?"

Osmund posted men at the windows, consulted with Mose Anthony who had returned from the back room, and approached the man on the stool. "Listen, shrimp, sit tight and keep your trap shut. Maybe we'll see some excitement. Nick Bacchelli's due here any minute. We got a tip he's headin' for the border, see? He's meetin' his moll here before he makes the dash. This time he ain't gettin' away from us."

The barkeep crossed to a window. Mose Anthony took out his gun and spun the cylinder. The barkeep stared, round-eyed, pale. Spasmodically his Adam's apple bobbed and rebbed.

Minutes passed. Outside, the desert baked and shimmered beneath the broiling Arizona sun. Presently the stillness was broken by a faint humming sound. It grew louder, flashed over the peak of a low rise, developed into a roar. A motor car bore down on the saloon, stopped outside. A girl alighted. Inside the room the tenseness electrified the atmosphere.

The girl approached the door, opened it, stepped inside. No one moved. Her eyes flitted about, rested first on one face and then on another, flicked to the barkeep, sitting statuelike on his stool, nothing about him moving but his Adam's apple.

Osmund said: "Well, sister, you arrived in time for the party. Take a chair. Your boy friend ought to be here any moment."

The girl laughed, raucously. She placed a hand on either hip and looked at Sheriff Osmund scornfully.

"Just like he said it would be," she said. "Sheriff, I didn't believe him. I had to come up and see for myself."

"Didn't believe who?" Osmund snapped, color showing beneath his tan.

"Nick, you fool! Nick said he fixed it so you'd congregate here. He wanted it that way to give him a clear run for the border. Nick's smart, but by the lord, I didn't think he'd pull one as good as this!"

Mose Anthony laughed gratingly. The officer swore. He told the girl to sit down. Contumaciously she complied. Five minutes passed. The sheriff stared from the window, but his face worked. Presently the girl spoke again.

"You're O. K. You do things right. By now, Nick's hit the border and is safely over."

Mose Anthony laughed again, to himself. "Listen, Steve, the girl's giving it straight. You can tell that. We're wastin' time. Stick your pride in your pocket and let's call it a tough break."

The sheriff glowered. The posse members had risen and were flexing their muscles. "All right, Blast it—I got half a mind to take the dame along just to satisfy—"

"But you can't," said the girl sweetly. "You haven't anything on me."

Ten minutes later the posse faded slowly against the northern horizon. The barkeep moved his hands, and the paper covered magazine fell to the floor, revealing a brace of automatics clutched in his fists. He went to the door. The automobile containing the girl had turned and was racing back. It stopped and the girl said:

"Hop in, Nick. We'll have to step on it. That crazy sheriff might get ideas and come back. Where's the barkeep?"

"Tied up under the bar. The dumb cluck of a deputy didn't have sense enough to look." He smiled at the girl fondly. "Say, for quick thinking, you've got me stopped forty ways."

## The Mocking Bird Family

In raising their family, the male and female mocking birds show commendable co-operation. She builds the nest, while he brings things to help her. About the third week after the baby birds are born, they are ready to go out with their parents, and then for several weeks they follow the father and mother about. Gradually the young ones lose their soft and fuzzy looking feathers and the tiny speckles on their throats, until by fall they are very sleek, trim and "tailor-made" in appearance.

## Noble Bay Tree Has Long Been Associated With Man

The noble bay tree has been associated with man for many centuries. In the thirty-seventh Psalm is stated: "I have seen the wicked, in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree." Fecund enough, it was this same bay to which the ancient Greeks and later the Romans turned for the "laurel" for the brows of warrior heroes, according to an authority in the Los Angeles Times.

The Roman Caesars wore bay leaves as a circle crown. Sometimes they used a gold imitation of the living plant. The famous Napoleon wreath was a circle branch of laurel inclosing the letter "N".

In Grecian mythology it is related that Daphne was transformed into a bay tree and that her lover, Apollo, placed a crown of leaves upon his head. The fragrant flowering shrub, botanically named daphne, is in many lands known as laurel.

At the Pythian games held to commemorate the mythical Apollo's victory over the Python, a crown of laurel was the prize. The statue of Aesculapius, the son of Apollo and the god of medicine and music, was adorned with laurel leaves. This was done to propitiate that deity—who assuredly would guard and protect from harm any place where he found this emblem of his beloved Daphne.

This fragrant plant was worn by the Delph