

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME LIV NO. 27

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1937

5 CENTS A COPY

Apple Blossom Tour May 22nd and 23rd

The date of the annual spring opening and apple blossom tours of the Monadnock Region of Scenic New Hampshire has been set for May 22nd and 23rd, according to an announcement received from A. Erland Goyette, the President of the Monadnock Region Association. This year marks the fourth celebration of the beauties of New England apple blossoms in the Monadnock Region. The first Apple Blossom Festival in New England was celebrated in 1934 in this section.

A careful check of the many thousands of apple trees which are in the Monadnock Region has proved to the committee that they will be at the height of their glory and fragrance on next week end. Several marked tours have been laid out so that visitors can quickly drive to many orchards and enjoy their splendor. The routes have been carefully chosen so that between the apple orchards it will be possible for visitors to enjoy many scenic panoramic views of the rolling countryside, mountains and streams. The tours will include practically all of the orchards in Wilton, Temple, Lyndeboro, Greenfield, Hancock and Peterborough. The different tours have been planned to be of different lengths so that visitors may take a long tour or a short tour as they prefer. Printed directions to the different tours are available, which will give many interesting points about the places that will be seen. Directional signs will be at all entrances to the Region to guide visitors to the marked tours.

Wore Prince Alberts
In the "nifty nineties," most United States senators wore Prince Alberts. The frock coat was a symbol of statesmanship and a beard was the mark of a man of maturity and substance.

Daylight Saving Time Legal in This State

Members of the State Legislature wasted little time in passing a measure last week to make daylight saving time legal in the State of New Hampshire.

Within three hours from its introduction the bill was voted upon by roll call, presented to Governor Murphy and his signature affixed. The Senate had previously passed the measure.

Attempts were made to permit Coos, Grafton and Carroll counties to remain on standard time. This move was frustrated.

The wording of the Act is as follows:

AN ACT

Relating to Daylight Saving Time.
Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court convened:

1. Daylight Saving Time. Amend section 76 of chapter 42 of the Public Laws by striking out said section and inserting in place thereof the following: 76. Standard Time. The standard time within the state, except as hereinafter provided, shall be based on the mean astronomical time of the 75th degree of longitude west from Greenwich, known and designed by the federal statute as "United States Standard Eastern Time." At 2 o'clock ante-meridian of the last Sunday in April of each year, the standard time in this state shall be advanced one hour, and at 2 o'clock ante-meridian of the last Sunday in September of each year the standard time in this state shall, by the retarding of one hour, be made to coincide with the astronomical time hereinbefore described as United States Standard Eastern Time, so that between the last Sunday of April at 2 o'clock ante-meridian and the last Sunday in September at 2 o'clock ante-meridian in each year the standard time in this state shall be one hour in advance of the United States Standard Time. In all laws, statutes, orders, decrees, rules and regulations relating to the time of performance of any act by any officer or department of this state, or of any county, city, town or district thereof, or relating to the time in which any rights shall accrue or determine, or within which any act shall or shall not be performed by any person subject to the jurisdiction of this state, or of any county, city, town or district thereof, and in all contracts or choses in action made or to be performed in this state, it shall be understood and intended that the time shall be as set forth in this section.

2. Takes effect. This act shall take effect upon its passage.

Saturday Will Be "Poppy Day"

Saturday will be Poppy Day in Antrim and in thousands of other cities and towns throughout the United States. Millions of bright red poppies will be worn in America's annual tribute to the World War dead.

Women of William M. Myers Unit of the American Legion Auxiliary will be on the streets early Saturday with baskets of the memorial flowers, offering them in exchange for contributions to aid the war's living victims, the disabled veterans, their families and the families of the dead. They will continue working throughout the day, giving everyone an opportunity to "honor the dead and aid the living" by wearing a poppy.

Poppies will be distributed by Auxiliary members, all working as unpaid volunteers. Money received for the flowers will be used to help maintain the welfare work of the Legion and Auxiliary among disabled veterans and fatherless families during the coming year.

Last year \$25 was realized from the sale of poppies, and has been spent for welfare work.

A copy of a letter follows, received from the Veterans' Hospital in appreciation for the clothing sent one of our adopted buddies, purchased from poppy money:

VETERANS ADMINISTRATION

Bedford, Massachusetts

May 7, 1937

Mrs. Mae L. Perkins,
President,
Wm. L. Myers Post No. 50,
American Legion Auxiliary,
Antrim, New Hampshire.

Dear Mrs. Perkins:

We are most grateful to your organization for supplying clothing for Joseph Fowler, patient in this hospital. The package came through safely, and both the trousers and the sweater are the right size and just what he needed. You will receive an official receipt for them, but mean while we did want to express our thanks in a more personal way. If more organizations would follow your example in "adopting buddies" it would be a great help in caring for our indigent patients.

Please express to the members of your auxiliary our sincere appreciation for their generosity.

Very truly yours,
Winthrop Adams, M.D.
Manager.

The little red poppy worn above our hearts Saturday is the truest symbol of our remembrance for those who gave their lives in the nation's service during the world war. It is their flower. It grew on the fields where they died and it was the only floral tribute on the bare battle graves where they were buried. We of the Auxiliary are hoping that everyone in Antrim will understand the poppy's significance and wear one with pride on Saturday.

Dance Recital and Nite Club Minstrel

A Dance Recital and Nite Club Minstrel will be presented at the Town hall, Antrim, Friday evening, May 28, by the students of Miss Mac's Dancing Classes.

A group of sixty dance students will present a program of various dancing and singing numbers, which includes Tap, Acrobatic, Adagio, Ballroom, etc. Carroll White will enact the role of Master of Ceremonies with Robert Nylander, Harvey Black, Neal Mallett and Earl Wallace, Comedians. Dance students from Bennington, Vermont, Keene and Marlboro will be guest artists of the evening.

Public Dancing after the performance, music by The Keene Syncopators. Public invited.

Mrs. Kate Mower Taken by Death

Mrs. Kate (Kendrick) Mower, wife of Fred G. Mower, died on Wednesday afternoon, May 12, at the home, 68 Lilley Street, Floriston, Mass., following an illness of nearly two years, though the end came quite suddenly, as Mrs. Mower had been able to be about the house until Tuesday morning.

She was born in Cornish April 9, 1872, the daughter of James A. and Sara (Bartlett) Kendrick. She married Fred G. Mower June 29, 1894, and they resided in Concord several years, then moved to Antrim, where Mr. Mower was employed by the Goodell Company until 1914, when they went to Worcester, Mass. They have lived in Florence for the past year and a half. Beside her husband she leaves two daughters, Miss Stella L. Mower, a Baptist Missionary in Iloilo, Philippine Islands, now on furlough at home; and Miss Marguerite Mower of Florence, a social worker in the Northampton State Hospital; one sister, Mrs. H. Randolph, of Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

The funeral was held in the Newell Funeral Home on Friday afternoon, with Rev. Orville Wright, pastor of the Seventh Day Advent Church of Northampton, of which Mrs. Mower was a member, officiating. Burial took place in Cornish on Saturday, with services at the grave, conducted by the pastor of the Windsor, Vt., Baptist Church, and Rev. W. J. B. Canhall of Lebanon, who was pastor of the Antrim Baptist Church when Mr. and Mrs. Mower were members here.

Mrs. Mower needs no eulogy, for her life in Antrim, as elsewhere, spoke for her splendid Christian character and high ideals of service.

"Think Before You Drink"

Old Jake Lakin sat by the kitchen stove reading his daily paper while Sarah, his wife, mended Jake's socks, as she sat in her little old kitchen rocking chair.

All of a sudden Jake broke out with "Gosh all hemlock! that beats all the liquor advertisements I ever read; it says 'Think Before You Drink'", and his wife pushed her spectacles upon her forehead and said "Good Land! I didn't suppose anyone who ever did any thinking would ever drink"; But old Jake said "Some folks drink first and think afterwards. Do you remember Lem Jackson? Lem married Ina Blackburn and they got along pretty well until Lem got to reading liquor advertisements and Lem just swallowed them whole, book, line and sinker, and couldn't be contented until he had sampled some of their liquor. He didn't think he was spending much money but he never had much money on hand and when Ina would ask him for money to buy a new hat with Lem would say he didn't have any money for new hats and all the time Ina got madder and madder until one day Lem took a drop too much and got pulled for drunken driving and drew a fine of \$100 and costs, and then Ina gave Lem a free lecture and went home to live with her father and mother while Lem did a whole lot of thinking".

And Sarah leaned back in her chair and said "Good land! I guess I remember it and how Jim Blaisdell's little girl died in the hospital, because she needed a transfusion of blood and Jim's blood was the only blood that was of the type needed and Jim had been drinking and the doctors would not use it and they came and told Jim his blood would not be right for 48 hours and Jim said 'Why did I go out and drink that night?' But poor Jim did not think before he drank".

Then Jake began to read again, but

High School Prize Speaking, May 21

The Annual Junior-Sophomore Prize Speaking of Antrim High School will be held at the town hall Friday evening, May 21, at 8 o'clock.

The program follows:

- Music: War March of the Priests—Orchestra
- Good-night Papa—Charlotte Isabel Phillips
- Rational Defense—John Harvey Grimes
- No Room For Mother—Doris Dunlap
- Music: Tripping Lightly—Orchestra
- The Polish Boy—Robert Guild Nylander
- Cooly-Boy, the Outlaw Horse—John Robert Carmichael
- The Bees of Gerhema—Franklin Moore Robinson
- Music: Gavotte—Orchestra
- The Inventor's Wife—Thelma Sarah Smith
- Covers for Seven—Norine Edna Warren
- The Honor of the Words—Ralph Alberz Zabriskie
- Jean Desprey—Gwendolyn Louise Cutter

Judging
Music—Orchestra

Sarah sat there in her chair and thought of how many years ago she had married Jake and not once in all the years had Jake come home under the influence of liquor and caused her pain and sorrow. Jake always seemed to have money when she needed new hats and new coats. Sarah knew women in that town who actually suffered because their husbands' money went into the coffers of the distillers and the brewers rather than into their homes, and Sarah knew that she had lived in reasonable comfort because her Jake had done some thinking instead of a lot of drinking.

Now Jake had fallen asleep reading his paper and Sarah walked over and kissed him in his sleep and said "God bless the man who thinks and then does not drink".

Fred A. Dunlap.

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By
INEZ HAYNES IRWIN

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THURSDAY—Continued

"This child hasn't a thing to wear!" Sylvia announced in the accents, faintly disgusted, faintly indignant, which I had heard so many times from her mother's mouth. "She is a perfect disgrace. I'm ashamed of her. She's got to have a whole new wardrobe. She doesn't take care of her clothes at all. She gets them dirty. She spills her oatmeal all down the front. She catches her clothes in the blackberry vines. She's a perfectly terrible, terrible child sometimes."

Energetic nodding and vehement emphasis accompanied this diatribe. Of course, like all mothers, Sylvia was enjoying the utter unregeneration of her offspring and of course, like all children, she was quoting grown-up violences of expression. Indeed, when she had finished, she looked up at me with a sunny smile. Then she set her lips again. "She ought to be sent to a reform school."

I wondered where Sylvia had received her education in regard to reform schools and then I remembered that that was a pet phrase with Bessie in regard to naughty children.

"But after all," I remonstrated, "it seems to me, Sylvia, that Dorinda Belle is a pretty good child. She's very quiet about the house. She treats your other dolls very well."

Compuaction apparently hit Sylvia hard. "She's a beautiful child!" she admitted remorsefully. She picked Dorinda Belle up from the hammock. She was still kissing the china face when Patrick drove up to the door.

"I left pretty suddenly yesterday, Mary," he apologized, "but it gave me such a—what my old grandmother used to call—a turn to hear that story from Walter and Molly."

As though by mutual consent, we withdrew to the living-room to get away from Sylvia. "It's haunted me all night," I admitted.

"Mary," Patrick said, "I guess we've got to admit that from some points of view, Ace was a pretty bad actor."

"It wasn't exactly a surprise," I agreed, "and yet it was a surprise too. Of course before we go any further, I'll have to tell you, Patrick, that I believe every word Walter said."

"So do I."

"But," I went on, "I had no idea that Ace was capable of such—I wouldn't have believed that he would have tried to compel Molly—"

"Well, you see, Ace was spoiled as far as women were concerned. He'd always had his way with them. That's bad medicine for any man. Especially, if a man lets it get him. And Ace let it get him. When he was young, as you and I knew well enough, he was a chaser. I don't know why I call him a chaser. He was chased much more than he chased. Girls fell for him in all directions. I think you're the only one who ever gave him his come-uppance, Mary."

"Ace never was in love with me, Patrick."

"Perhaps not. He's always taken you for granted, that you were within hand's reach so to speak. He felt that he could close his fist on you at any time. But when Mark began to specialize on you he didn't like it. Believe me, he didn't like it, Mary. He couldn't do anything about it though. I must confess I took a great deal of private satisfaction out of that."

"Ace and Mark and I were always good friends," I commented. "That's right! And Ace and I were great friends. Damn it all, I loved Ace. I love him still. That story Walter told me yesterday rocked me more than anything that's happened in a long time. But there was something about Ace—"

"I suppose he had more natural charm than any human being I have ever known," I tried to sum it up. "The most delightful personality!"

"It was that charm that ruined him," Patrick carried my thought on. "It brought him so many things when he was young that he thought he could keep it up forever. Yet, by God, I shall always feel about Ace—"

"It's one of the puzzles of life," I said. "Once or twice in a lifetime, this happens to everyone. Charm is as strong as the force of gravity. People who have it sweep our hearts along in the very face of disapproving judgment. That was Ace."

I think I raised my voice a little; for Sylvia, suddenly abandoning her dress-making, seized a freshly dressed Dorinda Belle and came pattering into the living-room. She seated herself on a cricket beside the low table on which stood a telephone extension. "Patrick," she said, "did you know that Doctor Ace had gone to Heaven?"

Before Patrick could answer the question, her eyes, wandering over the surface of the table, fell on a little Dresden box there. Now Sylvia has been brought up not to touch bric-a-brac or books without

permission. She is an extremely docile child and I cannot recall that she has ever broken anything in my house. Now her eyes fixed themselves hard on that Dresden box. Her fixed gaze recalled no association to me, but apparently it suggested vaguely something to her. Suddenly she jumped up from her cricket and lifted the cover. "Oh there it is!" she exclaimed. "There's the beautiful buckle I found. I forgot all about it. I found it—I found it—"

Her eyes seemed to look inward in the effort of her concentration. "I found it the day after the party." A silence as bleak and cold as ice seemed to fall on my piazza. For when Sylvia's tiny fingers lifted the brilliant buckle—old paste and old silver—from the box, a series of mental cataclysms shook me. They came as fast as successive shots from a revolver. Instantly I recalled Sylvia's entrance to the piazza early Saturday afternoon, carrying a Dorinda Belle who glittered with a magnificent—an alien—splendor. I remembered taking the buckle from her and, as the telephone rang, slipping it into the Dresden box. Suddenly too now, I recalled, though I had not recalled it then, that that buckle was one of a pair which ornamented the slipper which Myron Marden wore at the masquerade. Instantly too, I recalled another thing that I would have said must have departed completely from my memory—departed, leaving no trace behind. And that was an event of Sunday morning—waking and going to the bathroom for a drink of water, returning and for an instant gazing out my window onto the fog-laden scene. What I saw in that instant merged completely from my mind in the oblivious weariness with which I again sank back into sleep.



"Oh, I Know Now," Sylvia announced.

Yet now, I saw the picture perfectly—Myron Marden coming out of my Spinney and up over my lawn in the direction of the park and of his own home.

Patrick's eyes had narrowed. Never had I heard silkier accents than those which emerged at that moment from his throat. "Come over here, Sylvia," he wheedled. "I want to talk with you. Bring the buckle, with you."

Sylvia pattered over to him and he lifted her onto his lap. She opened her little fist and they surveyed the paste together.

"How it sparkles!" Patrick commented. "How lucky you were to find it! When did you say you picked it up?"

"Saturday afternoon," Sylvia answered with a childish explicitness. "Right after lunch!"

"And where did you say you found it?" Patrick asked, turning the buckle this way and that, so that it flashed fire.

"Near the path to the Spinney." "Where were you going?" Patrick asked in the most casual of tones.

"I was going to the Little House and I saw this buckle in the path. So I ran right back to get a ribbon to tie it on Dorinda Belle."

"Now, who do you suppose," Patrick went on, "that buckle belongs to?"

"Oh I know now," Sylvia announced. "Doctor Marden wore it on his shoe."

"Sylvia," Patrick went on, "did you see anybody go out of the Stow house the night of the masquerade—I mean anybody besides Molly Eames and Walter Treadway?"

I remembered now that Patrick had asked Sylvia a similar question once before. However, he had not waited for the reply and I had not thought it important.

Sylvia leaned her head back against Patrick's chest. She looked up into his face, smiling her most sunny smile. "Yes," she answered. "Doctor Marden."

"When did you see him go?" Patrick asked in a friendly way. "And what door did he go out of?"

Sylvia smuggled close against him. "You see," she went on in the most confidential manner, "I went out into the kitchen. Nobody was there. All the girls had gone downstairs into the cellar to—I for-

get what—Oh, I know, they wanted to look at the ice cream."

Patrick made big eyes at her. "All of them?" he asked in an astounded voice.

"Every one of them!" Sylvia replied with finality.

"You mean that there wasn't a single one of the girls there?" Patrick kept it up. "Not Sarah, nor Bessie, nor Caddie, nor Jessie, nor Little Alice—"

"There wasn't anybody but me," Sylvia asserted.

"Wasn't that wonderful?" Patrick commented.

"Go on and tell me about Doctor Marden," he said. "Well, Doctor Marden came out into the kitchen."

"Did he see you?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He didn't say anything. He put his finger on his lips—just like this." Sylvia's tiny forefinger and thumb moved upwards to press her lips close but the lips pouted outwards as they emitted a gentle, "Sh—sh—sh!"

"And didn't you say anything?" Sylvia's eyes grew sparkly with mischief. "No, I didn't say a word. I just did this." She put her forefinger to her lips and emitted a "Sh—sh—sh!"

"And then what did Doctor Marden do?"

"Well, he went out through the pantry and into the garage and I heard him open that little door in the back wall of the garage."

Idiot! All of us! Suddenly I remembered that little door! Of course Patrick had posted no policeman there. It was extremely unlikely that any guests would enter that door, would even remember its existence—if indeed they had ever known of it. Mattie herself rarely used it.

"I should have thought Doctor Marden would have got all dirty going out that way," Patrick commented.

"Oh," Sylvia explained, "he wore his long dark cape. It was in the garage."

"How do you know he put it on?"

"He came back to the door of the kitchen and he said, 'Sh—sh—sh!' and he put his finger to his lips again. And I said, 'Sh—sh—sh!' and I put my finger to my lips."

I knew the garment very well. The heavy, dark cape that the French peasants wear. Doctor Marden's tall, thin figure in that dark blue cape and the dark blue beret which matched it was an accepted detail of the Second Hand roads.

"And did you see Doctor Marden come back to the party?" Patrick asked.

"Yes."

"Did he come back soon?"

"Yes."

"Was it a long time like this?"

Patrick put his hands about a yard apart. "Or a little time like this?"

Patrick drew his hands towards each other until the space of a foot lay between them.

"It was a littler time like this," Sylvia answered. With the utmost care, she placed her slim, brown little paws first about nine inches apart; then about six.

Patrick kissed her. "And were you still in the kitchen when Doctor Marden came back?"

"Yes."

"Who was there?"

"Oh lots and lots and lots of people!"

"I forget," Patrick mused aloud, "was Doctor Marden in Mrs. Stow's house when they unmasked, Sylvia?"

"Oh yes!" Sylvia said. Over Sylvia's head again Patrick looked at me questioningly. Again I nodded in assent.

"Did Doctor Marden have on his mask the first time he came into the kitchen?" Patrick asked.

"Yes," Sylvia answered. "How did you know it was Doctor Marden then?"

"Oh, when he put his finger to his lips and said, 'Sh—sh—sh!' he lifted his mask way up and he winked at me."

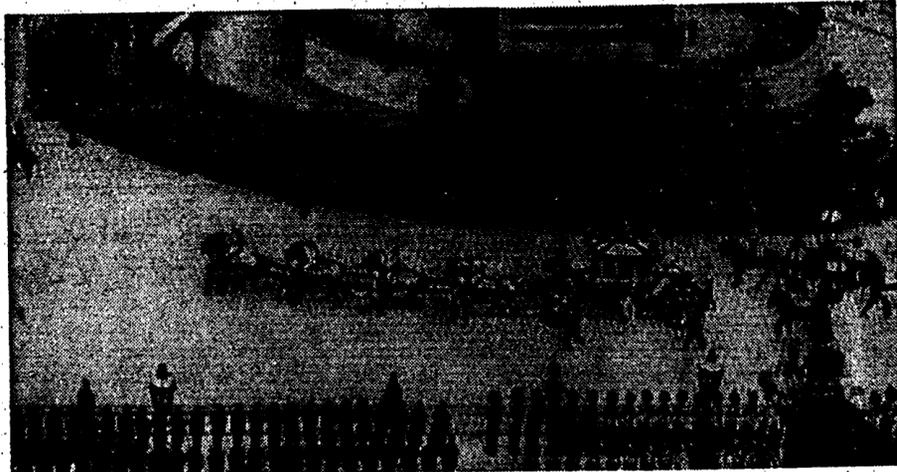
Patrick sat motionless for a tiny interval. Suddenly, but with utmost gentleness, he put Sylvia down. "I think Sylvia will want to go out and see Sarah Darbe," he signaled to me. He took the buckle from Sylvia's reluctant fingers and dropped it into his pocket. Then he hurried swiftly across the room to the telephone, called up the station. "Get two men over here at once!" he ordered. "Put them on the Marden house. Don't let Doctor Marden leave the house until he hears from me. I'm phoning him to come to Mrs. Avery's house. See that he comes!"

Then he took up the telephone again and called a number. "I'd like to talk with Doctor Marden, please . . . Oh good morning, Doctor Marden. This is Patrick O'Brien speaking. I'm talking from Mrs. Avery's house. I'd like to see you here at once. I have some further questions to ask you in regard to the Blaikie case."

It seemed to me that my life had reduced itself to waiting—waiting for people to come in cars. Waiting—and trying not to tremble; for I was always poignantly troubled about some friend or other. I remember that while I waited for Myron Marden, moods chased each other through my mind. One was a kind of despairing impatience. How long was this ghastly suspense to last? Could it be possible that the mystery would never be solved; that we would all go down to death never knowing who had killed Ace Blaikie? The other was more desperate.

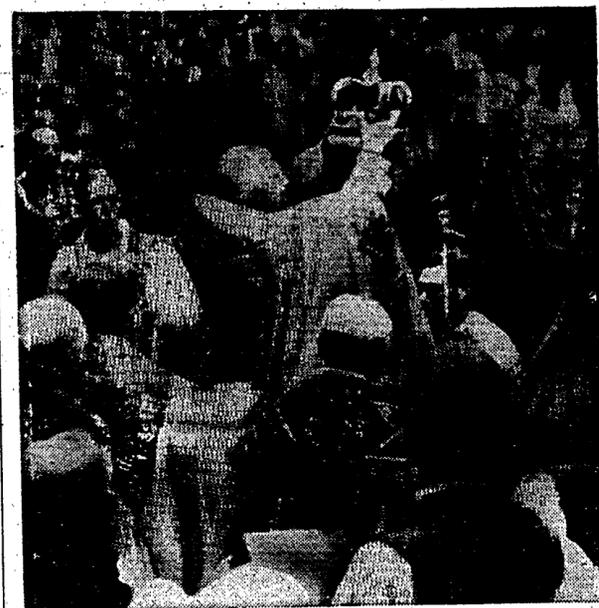
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Coronation—History's Greatest Pageant



London.—England's coronation procession, hailed by 6,000,000 onlookers as the world's greatest show, as it passed Victoria fountain on the way to Westminster Abbey. The royal coach, bearing the king and queen, is in the foreground. International News Radiophoto.

George VI Is Crowned



London.—In the climax of the coronation ceremony, the archbishop of Canterbury places the Crown of Edward the Confessor upon the head of George VI, his hands trembling with emotion. International News Radiophoto.

U. S. Delegate



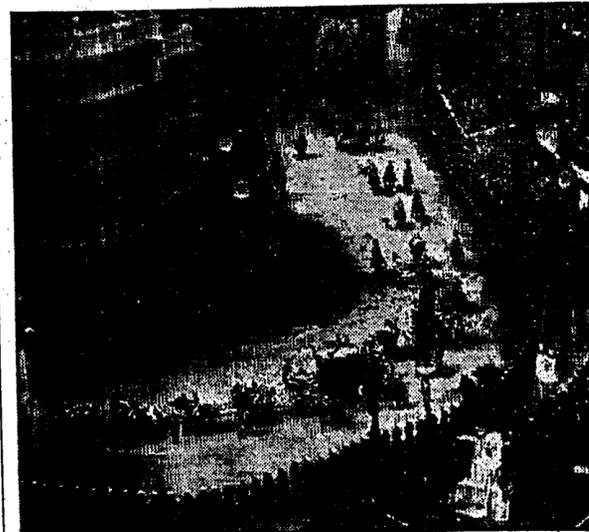
London.—As one of the representatives of the United States, James W. Gerard (above) attended the coronation of George VI. International News Radiophoto.

King George VI



London.—King George VI, newly crowned, as he appeared to the throngs after coronation. International News Radiophoto.

Returning Home in Triumph



London.—An impressive view of the royal coach of state and attendant procession as they wended their way back from the coronation ceremony in Westminster abbey. The coach bore the king and queen. International News Radiophoto.

Resplendent Nobles in Coronation Pomp



London.—Mounted on prancing chargers in gorgeous trappings, the foremost nobles of all the British empire, garbed in colorful uniforms, ride to the coronation of their monarch. International News Radiophoto.

Crowned King and Queen of England



London.—Still arrayed in their regalia of the most glorious coronation the world has ever seen, King George VI and Queen Elizabeth are shown on the balcony of Buckingham palace as they responded to the cheers of thousands of their subjects who gathered outside. Between them are the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose.

International News Radiophoto.

American Peeress



London.—Lady Astor, the former Nancy Langhorne of Glenwood, Va., shown at the coronation.

International News Radiophoto.

Paying Homage to George VI



London.—Seated on his throne in Westminster abbey, King George VI receives the homage of his peers, immediately after being ceremonially crowned, by the archbishop of Canterbury. One is shown kneeling before the monarch.

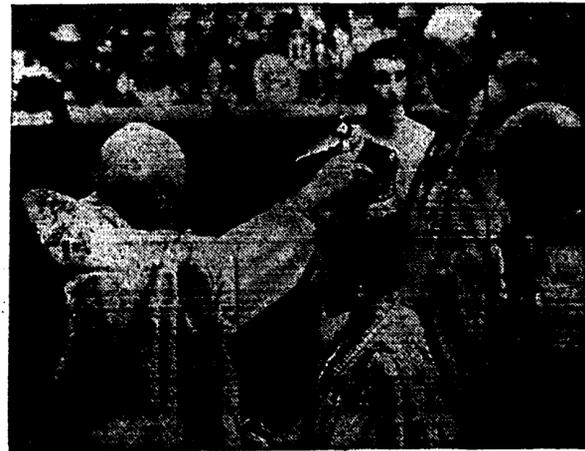
International News Radiophoto.

Hold Seats All Night for Coronation



London.—Under the famous lions guarding Lord Nelson's monument at Trafalgar square, early comers held seats all night that they might have a good view of the coronation procession. International News Radiophoto.

Commoner Is Crowned Queen



London.—The archbishop of Canterbury is shown here placing the crown upon the head of Queen Elizabeth, in Westminster abbey. It was the first time in 250 years a commoner had been crowned Queen of England. She is the former Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the earl of Strathmore.

International News Radiophoto.

Chair of State



London.—While sitting in the chair of state, King George VI makes responses to the prayers of the archbishop of Canterbury.

International News Radiophoto.

what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

Curing Stuttering.

CHIN LEE, ARIZ.—Away up here in the Indian country comes a newspaper, saying some expert at correcting human utterance has turned up with a cure for stuttering.

But why? By his own admission, nearly all stutterers can sing and most of them can swear fluently, thus providing superior emotional outlets in two directions. One of the smartest criminal lawyers I know deliberately cultivated a natural impediment in his speech. In courtroom debates it gave him more time to think up either the right questions or to figure out the right answers.

And one of the most charming voices I ever heard belonged to a Louisiana girl whose soft southern accents were fascinatingly interrupted at intervals by a sudden stammer—like unexpected ripples in a gently flowing brook.

How to Relax.

BEFORE I started out here, feeling somewhat jumpy after wrestling a radio program for six months, Jimmy Swinnerton, the artist, who's one of the most devoted friends these high mesas ever had, advised me to try stretching out on the desert sands as a measure for health and complete relaxation and a general toning up.

"Just lie down perfectly flat," he said. Then he took another look at my figure. "Anyway, lie down," he said. So today I tried it. Another friend, John Kirk, the famous Indian trader, helped me pick out a suitable spot on the Navajo reservation that was forty miles from the nearest habitation. But the site I chose was already pre-empted by a scorpion with a fretful stinger and an irritable disposition that seemed to resent being crowded. So I got right up again. In fact, I got up so swiftly that Kirk said it was impossible to follow the movement with the human eye. It was like magic, he said.

Speed Crazy Drivers.

WHY the hurry, Sonny Boy? I see you almost daily. You're roaring through populous streets or skidding on hairpin turns or whirling at sixty perilous miles an hour around the kinked and snaky twists of mountain roads like some demonic bug racing along the spine of a coiled rattler.

If I am one to say, you probably have primed yourself for this senseless speeding on that most dangerous of all mixed tipples—the fear-some combination of alcohol and gasoline. Or perhaps, like the blind mule of the folklore tale, you just naturally don't care a dern. One thing is plain: Despite the high percentage of mortality your breed is on the increase.

So, again, echoing the question which the coroner must frequently ask at the inquest, why the hurry, Sonny Boy?

It can't be that anybody wants you back at the place where you've been or that anybody else will be glad to see you at the place where you're going.

Really now, Sonny Boy, what is all the hurry about?

Civilization's Predicament.

FEEL it my duty to call attention to the following warning, recently published:

"The earth is degenerating in these latter days. . . bribery and corruption abound. . . the children no longer obey their parents. . . it is evident that the end of the world is approaching!"

However, it should be added that this prediction is not, as might be assumed from its familiar ring, the utterance of some inspired observer of the present moment. It is a translation from an Assyrian tablet, dated 2800 B. C.

So, if the fulfillment of the doleful prophecy has been delayed for 4,737 years it seems reasonable to assume that it may be some months yet before civilization flies all to pieces.

Waning States' Rights.

AS I watch commonwealth after commonwealth below the Mason and Dixon line tumbling over one another to embrace centralized authority in exchange for federal funds for local projects, I'm reminded of a trip which a friend of mine out here just made.

He's a descendant of the Lees and he decided to pay a pious pilgrimage to the last remaining stronghold of the late Southern Confederacy. So he went to the only two states that voted last fall for states' rights, making his headquarters in the ghost city of Passamaquoddy.

He reports that, in both Maine and Vermont, the secession sentiment is getting stronger all the time and that there's a growing tendency to name boys for Jeff Davis rather than Ethan Allen or Neal B. Dow.

IRVIN S. COBB.

AROUND the HOUSE Items of Interest to the Housewife

Making Cocoa—Cocoa loses that raw taste if made with half milk and half water, then boiled. More nutritious and digestible, too.

Keeping Cheese Moist—To prevent it from becoming dry, keep it wrapped in butter muslin, or in the glazed hygienic paper in which some bread is wrapped.

Stewed Macaroni—Boil one pound macaroni in milk and water for three-quarters of an hour, adding one-fourth ounce butter, salt, and an onion stuck with cloves. Afterwards, drain the macaroni, add three ounces grated cheese, a little nutmeg, pepper, and a little milk or cream. Stew gently for five minutes and serve very hot.

Cleaning Combs, Brushes—A teaspoon of ammonia in a quart of water will remove all grease and dirt from combs and brushes, after which they should be rinsed and dried in the sun.

Fitting Your Hat—If you have a tight felt hat, hold it in the steam of a boiling kettle. When the felt is thoroughly damp it is easy to stretch it to the right size.

Devised Egg Lilies—Hard cook as many eggs as there are to be servings. Chill, then peel carefully. With a sharp knife cut strips from the large end to the

center; remove yolks, mash and season with salt, pepper, mayonnaise and a little Worcestershire sauce. Carefully refill cavities having the white strips form the petals of the "lily." Lay each on a bed of curly endive. Accompany with cheese straws.

Save Stockings—If stockings persistently wear out at the toes, try buying them one-half size larger.

Rust Remover—Onion juice will remove rust from tableware.

Milk Puddings—Orange peel shredded very finely makes an excellent flavoring for milk puddings. It is a pleasant change from nutmeg when added to rice pudding or baked custard.

WNU Service.

Wrongs

HE'S truly valiant that can wisely suffer the worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs

His outside, to wear them like his raiment, carelessly, And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart.

To bring it into danger. —Shakespeare.

Solitude

FOR solitude is sometimes best society. And short retirement urges sweet return. —Milton.

Foreign Words and Phrases

Toute medaille a son revers. (F.) Everything has its good and its bad side.

Chacun pour soi et Dieu pour tous. (F.) Everybody for himself and God for all of us.

Laissez ces vains scrupules. (F.) Discard or lay aside those vain scruples.

Ad nauseam. (L.) To the point of disgust.

Argumentum ad absurdum. (L.) An argument intended to prove the absurdity of an opponent's argument.

Je suis. (F.) I am.

Bon marche. (F.) A bargain.

Empressement. (F.) Eagerness.

Pater patriae. (L.) The father of his country.

Chronique scandaleuse. (F.) A scandalous story.

Embarras de richesse. (F.) Oversupply of material.

Entr'acte. (F.) Between the acts.

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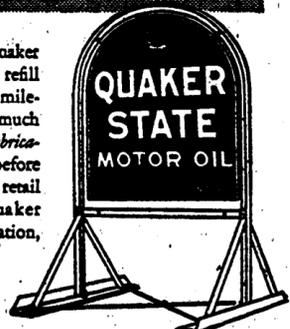
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**Weekly Letter by George Proctor, the
Local Fish-Game Conservation Officer**

Several hundred fishermen all over N. E. know now that Nashua has a good business college because I handed out six inch rulers with the compliments of the principal of the school, Mr. Barbour. Most of the fishermen got out in such a hurry they forgot all about that six inch ruler. They were appreciated.

Two beautiful brook trout were taken by Steve Tonella of Milford one day last week. One 16 1/2 inch weighed 1 lb. 8 oz., the other one, 18 1/2, 2 lbs. 1 oz. I saw them and they were beautiful fish. Steve says "over there."

Did they catch trout at Dublin lake last Sunday, but not so many as the first Sunday. Several 3 and 4 pound trout were taken from the shore line.

The Peterborough Fly Casting club opened up its pond again Sunday p. m. Every member was present and were they having a good time. Some nice trout were taken from the pond that P. M.

Taylor the Horseman, has returned to Peterborough for the summer with a nice string of saddle horses from his Vermont home. He is now ready for the business.

Up in the town of Marlborough they have had a deer show every night for the past week. A herd of 13 shows up every night just before dark and frisk about to the delight of several hundred people who are out to see the fun.

The trout fishermen report every day that they have seen plenty of deer and signs of deer along the brooks.

The last meeting of the Hillsborough County Forest Fire Wardens was at Hillsborough Upper Village.

This was in charge of Wilfred Clement who put on the whole show and was one of the main attractions of the evening. They had a fine supper and a good entertainment. Although it was a bad night there was a good attendance. My old friend Jerry Doyle of Nashua now Citizen No. 1 of that town, helped the boys out on many perplexing questions of law. President Casey of Milford presided in his usual jovial snappy manner. The next meeting is at Wilton and the date is May 25th. Put that down on your cuff for it's going to be a Hum-Dinger. If you know what that means.

We have checked on more women fishermen this year than ever before. Over double what we found fishing a year ago.

Have you seen the kippy little button which the members of the Souhegan Valley Rod and Gun club of Wilton are wearing on their coats? Better buy one.

Last Sunday over a dozen sea gulls were feeding on the Souhegan river between Wilton and Greenville.

Believe it or not but one of my Canadian geese the other day took wing and flew off. She got chased by a strange dog who caught her on the land. She was gone ten days and was racing trucks and cars up and down route 31. That Saturday and Sunday was too much for her and she came back home. She traveled up a very steep bank and when on the top flew back and was at home in no time. Life on Stoney brook was too strenuous for her.

If there is any prettier sight than to watch the trout jump in a pond just before sun down you will have to show me.

This is the month to pay the dog tax, get the car inspected and face traffic on the highways.

**The Antrim Reporter
ANTRIM NEW HAMPSHIRE**
Published Every Thursday

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One year in advance \$2.00
Six months in advance \$1.50
Single copies 5 cents each

ADVERTISING RATES
Births, marriages and death notices inserted free.
Card of Thanks 75c each.
Resolutions of ordinary length \$1.00.
Display advertising rates on application.

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

Obituary poetry and flowers charged at advertising rates.
Not responsible for errors in advertisements but corrections will be made in subsequent issues.

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

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

Thursday, May 20, 1937

Antrim Locals

Jerry Sweet is enjoying a week's vacation from his clerking duties at Butterfield's Store.

Mrs. B. J. Wilkinson and Mrs. Rose Poor attended the funeral services for Mrs. Kate Mower at Cornish last Saturday.

Hay For Sale, at The Uplands, Antrim Center. Proprietor.

Antrim friends of Miss Stella L. Mower will be interested to know that she sails on May 29th from San Francisco on her return to her Mission field in Iloilo, Philippine Islands.

Raymond Locke of Falmouth, Mass. is spending a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Locke.

K. E. Roeder is having his store repainted.

Mrs. Arthur Whipple has recovered sufficiently to be taken to the home of her daughter, Mrs. Robert Warner, at Hancock.

Molly Aiken Chapter, D.A.R., will meet Friday, May 21, at the home of Mrs. William Hurlin. The State Officers will be guests.

Found — Fountain Pen, on South Main St. Owner may have by proving property and paying for this adv. Antrim Garage.

The Hillsborough County Woman's Christian Temperance Union will hold the annual Spring Institute on May 25th in the Union Church, No. Wear, at 10.30 a.m. All women interested are invited to attend. Lunch will be served at noon by the ladies of the church at 35 cents a plate.

The New Hampshire Tuberculosis Association will hold a clinic at the Antrim town hall on Tuesday, May 25, from 2 to 4 p.m., and at Bennington high school from 11.30 a.m. to 1.30 p.m.

Mr. and Mrs. William McMahon of Dover spent the week end with her father, Harvey Rogers. Mr. Rogers celebrated his 83rd birthday May 13.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Miner of Warner and three children visited his mother, Mrs. Grace Miner, Saturday.

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Antrim Locals

**Mrs. Elizabeth Hurlin
Buckminster**

Mrs. Elizabeth Hurlin Buckminster, age 96, died this morning (Thursday) at the home of her niece, Mrs. L. Gertrude Robinson, after a week's illness. Funeral services will be held at 2.30 p.m. Saturday at the home of her brother, Mr. Henry A. Hurlin.

Sand-rite Floor Sanding. C. A. Davis, Bennington. Box 211.

Herbert Wilson is taking a motor trip to Fall River, Mass., and Providence, R. I., this week on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Morton, two children and Mr. and Mrs. Wallin of Belmont, Mass., were recent visitors of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. George.

Guy O. Hollis, Hedley Allison and Oliver Wallace went on a fishing trip to Granite Lake one day last week, getting some nice fish.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Vose of Watertown, Mass., will occupy the brick house, corner of West and Main Sts. for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Wilson were at their home here over the week end.

Mrs. Estelle Speed is spending a week with Rev. and Mrs. Packard at Franconstown.

Proctor Says:

Put in your order for snapping turtles. We are to set our trap this week and hope to get a few big ones. Massachusetts is to do a lot of trapping this coming summer.

Everything in the line of ponds and lakes is open. The ice has gone from all the lakes and ponds but in the far north some of the lakes are still ice bound. Word comes down from New Found that some wonderful strings have been taken from the lake the past week. This part of the state was well represented there over the week-end.

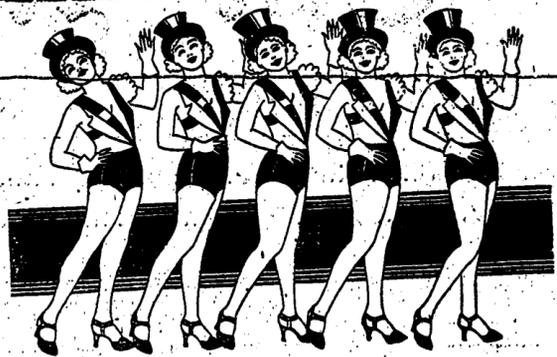
If you want to get comedy and tragedy at the same time attend an auction where everything is sold for the high dollar. The favorite old gun or fish pole is sold for a few cents with some wise crack by the auctioneer. Sure he must keep his buyers in good humor. Why did not that man make a will and give that gun or pole to some good friend rather than have it go for much less than it was worth? But that is human nature. You can't change 'em.

Some time ago a magazine wrote me for a story on Cock fights in N. H. Why they picked on me I am sure I don't know. I did while in Texas some years ago attend many a good cock fight but in this state I am about the last man they would tip off to a good fight. Will have to pass the assignment on to some one else. Who wants it?

OBAN'S BIG MUSICAL REVUE

Grimes Field—Wednesday, May 26

Hillsboro, N. H.



N. C. Oban's Musical Revue Company, which is announced to appear at Grimes Field, Hillsboro, on Wednesday, May 26, is said to be one of the most complete and capable organizations ever sent on tour. Its fame extends all over the country and each season its popularity increases. Inasmuch as this is its tenth annual tour it will be new to New England. This season the company is presenting an entertainment under its big tent theatre that is up to the minute, bright and pleasing from start to finish. From the rise to the final curtain it will be found of full good, clean comedy, bright and catchy music, all of the whistling kind and it is, in addition, with an olio of high-class and entertaining vaudeville and a chorus of splendid voices with its own orchestra. Throughout it is snappy and interesting and much above the average organization. This season, as an added attraction, Mr. Oban has secured the great Turner, the mystery man, an outstanding hit in Florida this last winter. He is the marvel of the age. The show is bright, clean and attractive in its blend of tuneful music, which is all new, being a fine example of currently popular, humorous and sentimental compositions, alive with thrilling incidents, rollicking fun, merry dances and pretty girls. Conceded to be the brightest, breeziest and most thoroughly enjoyable musical production on the road, possessing all the elements that go to make up a first class characteristic musical entertainment, which is packed with fun and frolic as well as entrancing melody. The action of the performance is almost cyclonic but the fun, frolic and dancing important enough in their sphere are subordinated to the wonderful catchy music of the score and exceptional voices of the different members of the cast.

The Court Fight

When two women were litigating before King Solomon a matter involving the maternal parentage of an infant, that wise judge proposed to settle the controversy by cutting the child apart and giving half to each of the persons claiming it as a whole. Congress ordinarily cannot dispose of its business in so simple and direct a fashion. It must search out, weigh and consider all the intricate rules that govern law making. Now and then, however, it falls back on simple maxims that remind one of a Solomonic judgment, an example of which is: "Enough is enough." The Senate Judiciary Committee is approaching the conclusion that it has in hand all the testimony that it needs respecting the court change, and that hearings should cease. With the public out of the encounter, the battle will settle down to a hand to hand conflict on the floor. Even though the numbers engaged will be reduced, there will be no lack of sport for those who like to see a good fight, and the indications are that the fight will be sharp and long.

Dandelion Greens

When comes the early days of spring, And gentle breezes verdure brings, There is one scene that I love best, That far surpasses all the rest. To see folks out with pan and knife, It seems but to renew my life, And what delicious food it means, When we start digging luscious greens. Let gormands eat their dainty food, And call their fancy dishes good, I do not know what that food means, Pass me a plate of ham and greens. Of all the dishes that there be, That plate of greens doth best suit me. No other food however rare, Can with those dandelions compare. All Doctors say that they are good, They say their minerals feed our blood, But should they doom them so it seems, I still shall eat my plate of greens. It is an old, old fashioned dish, But it fulfills my every wish, I'll fill my pan and dig again, And eat them too in spite of pain. Some say they are not fit for food, They say to eat them is not good, But I, their merits will defend, Until those greens my life shall end.

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Arthur W. Proctor

Tel. 77 - Antrim

Bennington

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

Confirmation at St. Patrick's Church

A Confirmation Ceremony was held at St. Patrick's Church Tuesday afternoon, May 18, at 2 o'clock.

The Sacrament was administered by The Most Reverend John B. Peterson, D.D., Bishop of Manchester, to a class of twenty-seven children and five adults. He was assisted by Rev. Charles Leddy of Hillsboro and Rev. Edmund F. Quirk of Lakeport. Rev. John Driscoll of Harrisville preached a most interesting and instructive sermon on the Sacrament of Confirmation. Rev. Joseph O'Connor of Hinsdale, Rev. Cornelius Buckley of Marlboro, Rev. Joseph Hurley of Manchester, Rev. John McSweeney of Manchester, together with the pastor, Rev. F. T. Hogan, assisted the Bishop at the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur F. Bell acted as sponsors. At the conclusion of the ceremony Most Reverend Bishop conveyed his pastoral message to the parishoners and most touchingly urged the children to be faithful in their religious duties. He concluded by giving Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Union Veterans Auxiliary held their regular meeting Monday night. Seven sisters were present. Memorial Day will be observed Monday, May 31, at one o'clock p. m. The Wilton Band of thirty-two pieces will furnish music. The Auxiliary will meet with the Sons on Sunday, May 30, and all go to church. The Committees for Decorating the Church and hall are: Doris Parker and Leona McKay; for making Wreaths, Hattie Messer and Marion Cleary; for Serving Lunch after the Services are over, Monday, Elsie Clafin, Mae Wilson and Eunice Brown. We are to meet at the Auxiliary Hall on Thursday and Friday, May 27 and 28 to make the wreaths. The Hall will be open at 1 p. m. for all who wish to help.

Hattie R. Messer.

Press Correspondent.

Harry D. Dunbar, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Dunbar, and Miss Bessie C. Stone, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Stone of Antrim, were united in marriage at Henniker on Saturday, May 15, at 7 p. m., by Rev. Tucker. Mr. Dunbar is employed at Abbott Company in Antrim; They will reside in Antrim.

Mrs. Anna Legatsicas, for seven years a resident of Bennington, died at the Peterboro hospital Sunday, May 9. She is survived by one son, Vasil Legatsicas and wife; one daughter, Mrs. Thomas Bevelas and husband and two grand-children, Andrew and Anna Bevelas. Funeral services were held at the Congregational church on Wednesday, with Rev. Petropoulos of Keene officiating. Burial was in Sunnyside cemetery.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank our friends and neighbors for their many kind deeds and for the flowers at the time of the death of our loved one.

Mr. and Mrs. Vasil Legatsicas
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bevelas

Red Coral Always Prized

It is red coral that is and always has been prized, not solely for jewelry and buttons, but as a charm to bring safety, health and secrets not revealed to the ordinary person. As ancient Gauls rushed headlong into battle, they trusted their safety to their swords, strength and the "magic" coral imbedded in their shields or helmets. Many Italians and Indians regard coral as protection against the "evil eye." The world's red coral comes from the reefs off the Mediterranean coast of Africa, says the Washington Post, and is obtained chiefly by Italians.

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 business and to hear all parties. Philip E. Knowles
Martha L. Weston
Doris M. Parker
Bennington School Board

Church Notes

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Rev. Wm. McN. Kittredge, Pastor

Thursday, May 20
Prayer meeting at 7.30 p.m. Topic: "The Religious Faith of Great Statesmen"

Sunday, May 23
Church School at 10 o'clock.

Morning worship at 11 o'clock. The pastor will preach on "The Broken Things of Life". The story-sermon for the children will be "Follow the Leader". After the story the boys and girls are allowed to go.

Baptist

Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor

Thursday, May 20

Prayer Meeting 7.30 p.m. Topic: "Going Whither?" Matt. 7: 13, 14.

Sunday, May 23
Church School at 9.45 o'clock.

Morning worship at 11. The pastor will preach.

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

Union Service at 7 in this Church.

Little Stone Church on the Hill

Antrim Center

Rev. J. W. Logan, Pastor

Sunday School at 9 a.m.

Sunday morning worship at 9.45.

East Antrim

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. White and son, Carroll, were in Boston recently and visited Mrs. Ellie Appleton and son, Forrest, former Antrim residents. Forrest is Assistant Manager of the Canadian Pacific R.R. in Boston and has recently been promoted to a position in Chicago and we understand has already begun work. Mrs. Appleton will join him in a few weeks. Antrim friends extend congratulations.

Two saddle horses have been placed on the Ricker farm, now managed by Mr. Matthews.

We are sorry to learn of the misfortune, by a fall, of Fred Waite of Peterboro, who is a former East Antrim resident.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Whitney arrived the last of the week at their summer home, the former Rokes place.

A variety of power has been used in this neighborhood for plowing, there being oxen used, also tractors; both did splendid work.

Royal Pollard, who for a few weeks worked for Mr. Matthews, is working for Mr. Muzzey at the Branch.

Mr. and Mrs. Edson Tuttle recently visited Mr. and Mrs. Otis Tuttle in Fairhaven, Mass.

Auction Sale

By H. C. Muzzey Auctioneer, Antrim

Saturday, May 29, 1937, the undersigned will sell at the Antrim Center School House, Antrim, N.H., the following articles: A partial set of dishes, silverware, vegetable dishes, plates, cooking utensils, bread and meat boards, rolling pins, three 1-burner oil stoves, one 2 burner oven, hot water tank, dish pans, singer sewing machine, baking tins, and a number of small articles. One 16 foot, 7 drawer table; one 14 foot, 6 drawer table. Two long benches, 3 oil drums, about 25 pairs of large blinds.

Immediately following disposition of the above, the sale will be continued at the East Antrim School at which time and place will be sold the 24 x 30 foot building thereon.

Arthur J. Kelley,
Archie M. Swett,
Myrtle K. Brooks,
School Board of Antrim

The Lone Pine club of Nashua opened up their skeet field last Sunday for the season. This is considered one of the best fields in New England. It's situated at the Terrill Farm at Hollis Depot but in the city limits of Nashua.

Post Office

Mail Schedule in Effect April 26, 1937

	Going North	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		
Mails Close	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.	

A Visit To The "Sunshine City"

By H. B. ELDRIDGE
(Continued from Last Week)

Of all the charming places visited in the South, one of the most quaint and attractive was St. Augustine, the oldest city in the United States. Here in New England we pride ourselves on our early Colonial history, and justly so. However, St. Augustine was founded in 1565, more than half a century before New England was settled, and 210 years before the Revolutionary War.

To the writer of this article much of the charm of St. Augustine lies in its many points of historic interest: standing at the Fountain of Youth, and sipping its "magical" waters amid tropical vegetation of surpassing beauty. It was easy to imagine the happiness of the early Spaniards when they discovered this attractive spot.

Among the points of special interest in this ancient city are the Avenue of Palms, the City Gates (now gray with age), Old Fort Marion (never captured by an invading foe); Old Spanish Treasury; the Plaza with its old Slave Market; Oldest School House in the country; alligator farm; shrimp fleet, and many others.

If you have never eaten French fried shrimps in St. Augustine you have missed a real treat! - Such large shrimp, so deliciously prepared, and served piping hot! Who could resist the temptation to eat too many!

A week in St. Petersburg likewise proved interesting, especially as we were there during the Festival of States. The week was filled with events such as the selecting of the Queen, Princesses, Parade of the States, Mardi Gras Carnival in the Streets, Children's Parade, Pageants, etc.

A side trip to Tarpon Springs proved that our olfactory nerves were in perfect working condition! Never have we seen so many sponges. One would think the price on this article should be low where they are obtained, but in general prices were on an upward trend. Scarcity of sponges, plus the danger to divers in obtaining them, keeps the prices from being too low.

There are many other features of a Southern trip which might be written, but with the arrival of Spring in the North the song of the birds, and an occasional warm day it is difficult for the scribe to concentrate on this trip. A few random impressions in closing: St. Petersburg, which modestly advertises as the "Sunshine City" greeted us with a torrential rain. "VERY unusual" was the comment of the natives. In fact, it rained about half of the time we were in the so-called "Sunny South." If somebody did not remark at every rainstorm "very unusual" we felt disappointed!

The hospitality of the Southerners is more than a tradition; it is still in effect. Many evidences of this were found after crossing the Mason & Dixon line.

Driving along Daytona Beach on the sand, just a few feet from the ocean waves, was a thrill. We were told it would be more thrilling if we happened to drive too close!

The Chambers of Commerce have done an excellent job in "selling" the South to the tourists all over the country. We saw cars from practically every State in the Union, many of the Canadian Provinces, and the Canal Zone. New England Chambers of Commerce might well adopt some of the methods used by our Southern friends. Right here in Vacationland we have natural advantages which are the BEST in the country. They are deserving of more extensive advertising and greater appreciation.

Church attendance in St. Petersburg was outstanding. Arriving at the first service nearly half an hour before it was scheduled to commence we found the auditorium nearly filled. The second service at 10.30 a. m. was also thronged. Apparently going to church is quite "the thing to do" in St. Petersburg. Such fine congregations are not only an inspiration to the ministers, but also to the church goers themselves.

Several major league baseball teams have their training camps in the South. At St. Petersburg the New York Yankees and the Boston Bees have fine baseball parks and training accommodations.

Toll bridges are rather numerous, but the fees are reasonable and they certainly are a convenience.

U. S. Route 1 travels through historic country, many of the battles in "The War Between the States" having been fought in this section.

And so, in spite of all the rainy days, we shall try to remember the pleasant, sunny days, and our enjoyable trip in the hospitable, Sunny Southland.

The End.

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On Sale at the Following Dealer:

PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY
of New Hampshire

THE STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE Hillsborough, ss. May 11, 1937

SHERIFF'S SALE

To Charles W. Mann of Methuen, in the County of Essex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, also of Salem, in the County of Rockingham and State of New Hampshire:

TAKE NOTICE that your right, title and interest, in and to certain Real Estate, will be sold at Public Auction agreeably to the Public Statutes according to an advertisement hereto annexed on Execution No. 17902 in favor of Herbert W. Dustin of Pittsfield, in the County of Merrimack and State of New Hampshire, against you.

WILDER H. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

THE STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE Hillsborough, ss. May 11, 1937

Taken on execution in favor of Herbert W. Dustin of Pittsfield, in the County of Merrimack and State of New Hampshire, against Charles W. Mann of Methuen, in the County of Essex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, also of Salem, in the County of Rockingham and State of New Hampshire, and to be sold at Public Auction agreeably to the Public Statutes on Saturday, June 12, 1937, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Sheriff's office in the Town of Antrim, all the right, title and interest which the within named defendant had on the 5th day of September, 1932, at 30 minutes past 7 o'clock in the forenoon, the day on which the same was attached on mesne process on the original writ, or now has in and to certain Real Estate, situated in the Town of Antrim, in said County of Hillsborough. The hereinafter described premises to be sold subject to the 1937 taxes.

No. 1. A certain tract or parcel of land situate in the westerly part of the Town of Antrim, County of Hillsborough, State of New Hampshire, bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at the corner of the road that leads from the Boyd McClure place to the Warren Butters place, at a stake and stones; thence running south by said road about sixty-seven rods to a stake and stones to land of the said Butters; thence east eight rods on said Butters' land to land now or formerly of John Robb to a stake and stones by a large rock; thence south by said John Robb land to land now or formerly of Peabody and Dinsmore to a birch tree marked; thence east by Peabody and Dinsmore land to land now or formerly of John G. Flint to a birch tree marked and blown down and stake and stones; thence northerly by said Flint's land to a stake and stones by a fence; thence easterly by said Flint's land about eighty-two rods to land now or formerly of John M. Whiton to an ash tree marked; thence northerly by the said Whiton's land about one hundred and six rods to land now or formerly of Levi Curtice on a stake and stones; thence west on said Levi Curtice's land and land now or formerly of Lemuel Curtice about one hundred and sixty rods to a stake and stones by land now or formerly of John McClure; thence south on said McClure's land crossing the road to the bound first mentioned, containing one hundred

and twenty-two acres, be the same more or less.

Also one other tract or parcel of land No. 2 joining the above described premises situate on the westerly side of said land and on the easterly side of the highway leading from Keene, N. H., to the Dustin farm so called, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stake and stones on said highway at land of grantor; thence running easterly by said grantor's land to the above mentioned herein conveyed; thence westerly by said land to said highway to first mentioned bound, containing ten acres be it more or less. Meaning to convey the same premises conveyed to Charles W. Mann by Herbert W. Dustin by his deed dated Oct. 22, 1924 and recorded with Hillsborough Records Book 841, Page 419.

Another tract of land No. 3 situate in Antrim, County of Hillsborough, New Hampshire, bounded as follows: Beginning at the southwest corner of the premises at a stake and stones by land formerly of B. F. Dustin; thence easterly by said Dustin land about 78 rods to land formerly of Levi Curtice; thence northerly by said Curtice land about 63 rods to the road leading from the "Stoddard Road" to the house formerly of said Levi Curtice; thence on the west side of said road about 62 rods to land formerly of Jefferson Conn; thence westerly by land of said Conn about 25 rods to a stake and stones; thence southwesterly by land formerly of John G. Flint about 64 rods to a stake and stones; thence southerly by land formerly of John Emery about 75 rods to bounds first mentioned, containing 48 acres more or less and commonly called the "Bradford lot."

Being the same premises conveyed to Charles W. Mann by Harry M. Brooks by deed dated May 23, 1921 and recorded with Hillsborough Records Book 794, page 43.

Another tract of land No. 4 situate in Antrim, Hillsborough County, New Hampshire, and bounded as follows: Northerly by John G. Flint's land; easterly by land of Josiah Lovren; southerly by Benj. F. Dustin's land and westerly by the highway leading from North Branch to said Dustin's house; containing ten acres. Being the same premises conveyed to Charles W. Mann by Madison P. McIlvin by deed dated May 27, 1921, and recorded with Hillsborough Records Book 794, page 183.

Tract No. 5 situate in Antrim, Hillsborough County, New Hampshire, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stake and stones at the northwesterly corner of the premises hereby conveyed and at land formerly of Benjamin F. Dustin; thence S. 85° E. about 80 rods to another stake at what is known as the Mittmore land; thence S. 20° W. by said Mittmore land and land formerly of McClure about one hundred and eight rods to the Henry Hubbard land so called; thence N. 83° W. about 85 rods by said Hubbard land to land formerly of Gilman Swain; thence N. 23° 30' E. about eighty rods by said Swain land to a spruce stub; thence westerly by said Swain land about six rods to a stake and stones; thence N. 20° E. about twenty-five rods by said Swain land to the bound first mentioned; estimated to contain fifty acres be the

same more or less. Being the same premises conveyed to Charles W. Mann by deed of Wyman Kneeland Flint by deed dated Sept. 2, 1925 and recorded with Hillsborough Records Book 857, page 80.

The two following described parcels of land No. 6 situated in Antrim, Hillsborough County, New Hampshire, bounded and described as follows: - The first parcel of land containing about seventy-seven (77) acres, beginning at the southeast corner of the premises, and at the southwest corner of land formerly of Silas Holden; thence easterly by said Holden land to the land now or formerly of one Pierce; thence northerly by said Pierce land to the southeast corner of land of Josiah Herrick; thence westerly by said Herrick land to his southwest corner; thence southerly by land now or formerly of one Pierce or Cunningham to the point of beginning. The parcel of land No. 7, containing about one hundred (100) acres and is lot No. 24 in the Great Right Number Five, as surveyed and laid out by John Clark. Being the same premises conveyed to Charles W. Mann by Walter T. Ashley et al by deed dated Jan. 13, 1920 and recorded with Hillsborough Records Book 783, page 428. The above seven tracts are adjoining.

WILDER H. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

10% ANNUAL TOUR 10%



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10 VAUDEVILLE ACTS 10
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Wednesday, May 26, 1937

Evening performance only

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Clean Comics That Will Amuse Both Old and Young

Dinner Cloth of Crocheted Lace

Dress up your table, when company's expected, with this stunning lace cloth. Crochet either identical squares, or companion squares—they're easy fun, and either way makes a handsome design as shown. Crochet them of



Pattern 1410.

string and they'll measure 10 inches; in cotton, they are 6 1/2 inches. Join together, for tea or dinner cloth, spread or scarf. Pattern 1410 contains directions and charts for making the squares shown; illustrations of them and of all stitches used; material requirements.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

My Favorite Recipe

By Ann Harding
Actress

Chicken Salad.

- 1 quart cold chicken
- 1 pint finely cut celery
- 3 hard-boiled eggs
- 2 cups mayonnaise
- Small bottle of olives
- Salt to taste
- Paprika

Joint the dressed chicken and boil until tender. Allow it to cool, then cut into small pieces until the required amount is obtained. Use only the whitest celery, and none with coarse strings. Cut two of the eggs, not too fine. Mix chicken, celery, eggs and seasoning. Allow the mixture to stand with a little French dressing for an hour or more in a cool place. To serve, the mayonnaise may be mixed with the chicken or served as a top dressing, according to taste.

Serve on fresh lettuce leaves. Garnish with slices of the third egg and stuffed olives. Sprinkle with paprika.

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Voyage of Life

Today, in the voyage of thy life down the dark tide of time, stand boldly to thy tiller, guide thee by the pole star, and be safe.—Martin F. Tupper.

Sure death to ants

Ants are hard to kill, but Peterman's Ant Food is made especially to get them and get them fast. Destroys red ants, black ants, others—kills young and eggs, too. Sprinkle along windows, doors, any place where ants come and go. Safe. Effective 24 hours a day. 25¢, 50¢ and 60¢ at your druggist's.

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Beauty in Labor
Honest labor bears a lovely face.—Thomas Dekker.

HELP KIDNEYS

To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste

Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys get functionally disordered and fail to remove excess impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress. Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of some kidney or bladder disturbance. You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up at night, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous; all played out. If such cases it is better to rely on a medicine that has won country-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Use Doan's Pills. A multitude of grateful users recommend Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

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THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne

TANKS FER TH' CLOTHES, MA'AM— IF I COULD STEP INSIDE I'D LIKE TO PUT 'EM ON NOW

ALL-RIGHT— MY HUSBAND'S IN THE OTHER ROOM

WELL—NOW—MY GOOD M'N— THAT'LL MAKE QUITE AN IMPROVEMENT— WHAT?

YEAH— WHAT?

WHY— THEY ARE A BIT TOO BIG— FOR YOU—

YOUSE COULD FIX 'AT, MA'AM

AFTER ALL— WE GAVE YOU THE CLOTHES— YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO MAKE ALTERATIONS—

I DIDN'T MEAN THAT, MA'AM— BUT I THOUGHT MEBBE A MEAL WOULD HELP FILL 'EM OUT!

A LOT OF FOOD GOES TO WAST

SMATTER POP— Whee, Kids! Encourage Your Folks to Like Organs

By C. M. PAYNE

YA KNOW SOMETHING, MAW?

I LIKE ORGAN MUSIC. HOW ABOUT BUYING AN ORGAN?

SMATTER?

ORGAN!

WHEE-EE!

LEMME LEAD THA MONKEY, HUH, POP?

HUH, POP? HUH, POP? REMEMBER, I SPOKE BEFORE, WILLYUM! HUH, POP?

HEY! JUST A MOMENT!

SMATTER?

MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY

I TRAINED HIM TO GO FETCH TH' NOOS-PAPER— LOOKIT!

SHOR' NOUGH?

CACTUS COUNTY BUGLE

THE LATEST NEWS

FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin

TAKE IT EASY, NOW

GLUMPH—UH—MMPH—UGH

GLUMPH—PHLUG—AWRRK!

I'M NOT HURTING YOU— JUST RELAX

LEMME OUTTA HERE!!

WHAT'S THE IDEA?

THAT MAN JEST SNOIPED ME HAT 'N COAT OUT O' YER WAITIN' ROOM

BRONC PEELER—Pete's Conclusion

By FRED HARMAN

PETE— WERE NOT BOUNDIN' UP ENUF CATTLE— THEY COULDN'T DISAPPEAR WITHOUT BEIN' DRIVEN AWAY—

I HATE T'THINKSO BUT I FOUND SEVERAL FIDES T'DAY, THAT WAS STILL SMOLDERIN'— SOMEBODY WAS BRANDIN' OVR STOCK!

DON'T IT LOOK QUEER THAT BLYMERS AINT SHOWED UP SINCE YESTERDAY?

YES— AN IT'S GOT ME PUZZLED— WHY WOULD BLYMERS BE INTERESTED IN RED BOLES ENUF T'ARRY HIS PICTURE AROUND IN HIS POCKET?

IT'S NO PUZZLE T'ME— AINT RED BOLES ALWAYS BRINGIN' SUSPICION OF STEALIN' CATTLE?

WAL— BLYMERS AINT CARRYIN' A TEN-HEAR OLD REWARD NOTICE OF A MURDERER IN HIS POCKET— JIST T'BUILD FIDES WITH— I BETCHA HE AN' RED BOLES IS IN CAUGHTS AN' STEALIN' OVR CATTLE— AN' I'M GONNA DOZE IT.

The Curse of Progress

OH—ER—... DON'T YOU FEEL WELL, CHARLES??

WHO—M-ME?? HA—HA— I FEEL FINE? JUST— GULP—... A LITTLE WARM!

WE HAD TO PUT UP A BRAVE FRONT WHEN WE SMOKED THAT FIRST CIGAR!

He Gets 'Em Up

"That," said the native proudly, pointing out a passer-by. "is Jonathan Bell, native of Squash Center, and the man who has aroused more people than any other man in the country."

"You don't mean to tell me that quiet-looking man is some great communist or radical, do you?" inquired the stranger.

"Not at all," was the reply. "He's a retired alarm-clock manufacturer."

Life's Little Trials

"Pa, what's the difference between a hill and a pill?"

"I don't know, my son, unless it's that a hill is high and a pill is round—is that it?"

"Naw! A hill is hard to get up and a pill is hard to get down."

Substitute

"Tommy, what is a synonym?" the teacher asked.

"A synonym," said Tommy wisely, "is a word you use when you can't spell the other one."

GOOD SPIRITS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

WAVES ARMS AND CROWS BECAUSE HE'S FEELIN' HAPPY

CLAPS HANDS

FEELS THAT'S A DELIGHTFUL GAME

BRINGS ARMS AGAIN BUT PRESSES HIS AIM, CONNECTING SPOOTLY WITH HIS NOSE

RUBS NOSE, IS PUZZLED AND A LITTLE AGGRIEVED

FEELS SURE THE SHUTION CALLS FOR TEARS, BUT DOESN'T FEEL MUCH-LIKE CRYING

AT ONE MOMENT CARRIES SHANTY OF TOES AND DIVES FOR THEM!

GRABS THEM AND ROLLS OVER WITH PERLS OF LAUGHTER

FRESHLY FEELS HE'S BEEN THROUGH LONG ENOUGH AND GETS TO SERIOUS WORK OF GURGLING-SUCKLING

Ask Me Another

• A General Quiz

© Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

1. When was the "conscience fund" in the United States treasury started?
2. How far away from the earth is the nearest star?
3. From where was the inscription on the Liberty bell in Philadelphia reading: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof" taken?
4. From where did the word "geyser" come?
5. What is the size of Yellowstone National park?
6. How many different types of holly are there?
7. What is the net area of national forests in the United States?
8. What city is known as the City of Hills?
9. What is the greatest height at which birds fly?
10. What is the estimated world total of unmined coal?
11. What is a dewworm?
12. What is the difference between a surf board and an aquaplane?

Answers

1. In 1811, by a contribution from some anonymous person whose conscience hurt him. The fund has grown until today it totals over \$650,000.
2. About 25,600,000,000 miles.
3. From the Bible—Leviticus 25:10.
4. Geyser is an Icelandic word—the original pronunciation being "geeser," later changed to "gayer" and finally Americanized to "geyser."
5. It covers 3,438 square miles of territory, of which 257 are in Montana, 25 in Idaho and the remainder in Wyoming.
6. There are 175 different types or species of holly found throughout the world.
7. More than 162,000,000 acres.
8. Lynchburg, Va., is so called.
9. Aviators crossing the Andes report condors seen at 22,000 feet.
10. Estimated at 7.8 trillion metric tons.
11. This is the British name for the earthworm.
12. An aquaplane is attached to a motor boat. A surf board is not attached to anything. If used behind a motor boat, the rider holds a rope in his hand and can cast loose at any time.

Most Successful Author

Mark Twain probably is the highest-paid American author of all time. Harper's became his sole publishers in 1896. Early figures are lacking, but since the author's death, in 1910, the publishers have paid into the estate more than \$1,250,000 in royalties. These figures do not include huge royalties from stage and screen nor do they account for the enormous earnings of Mark Twain as his own publisher.

Since 1896 Harper's have sold more than 6,500,000 volumes of the humorist's work.

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WNU-2

20-37

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In NEW YORK CITY
2 blocks east of Grand Central Station on 4th Street. 500 rooms, each with private bath.

Washington Digest

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



Washington.—President Roosevelt, from this time he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy in the Wilson administration, has always been regarded as a friend of the military forces of the United States. He has never been a fanatic about his position but has held consistently to the view that the military services must be protected against continuing political attack which would destroy their usefulness. Likewise, Mr. Roosevelt has constantly argued for a policy of building up the army, navy and marine corps.

Since he has been in the White House, Mr. Roosevelt has taken care always to see that sound policies of development were invoked as regards the military services and his interest in the navy in this direction has been marked. In consequence, the President has brought about a program of building in the navy that, examined from any angle, must be considered as having established a splendid first line of defense for our country. Whether one favors a big navy or a small navy, I think it must be admitted that the navy is the first line of defense and so the President, being fully acquainted with developments throughout the world, has seen to it that our navy shall be in a strong position as our first line of defense.

It may be, as some critics of the President contend, that the hundreds of millions expended under Mr. Roosevelt's policies constituted too much of a fund in this direction; that we have no need for a navy as large as that now contemplated, and that the creation of a large navy indicated a policy of aggression by the United States. My own feeling is that these objections are not well founded. The turbulent situation in international relations, both in Europe and in Asia, seems to warrant a definite move on the part of the United States to be equipped. In other words, who is there that would wish our nation again to be caught without any worthwhile fighting units ready for action as we were in 1917? Further, although we are a peaceful nation, we must avoid a repetition of the 1917 conditions because we can not afford the waste of money that characterized the building up of our armed forces at that time.

One reason for the comments that I have just made on the navy and President Roosevelt's policies is the fact that we have a new neutrality law. It was passed just a day ahead of the expiration of the temporary neutrality law that was operative during the past year or so.

This new law probably is as good as any neutrality law that can be written. It represents the work of men in congress who are very serious in their desires to create machinery that will keep us out of war, or at least will slow down our entry into international conflict.

It lays down prohibitions against the sale of hundreds of items by American citizens or American corporations to any nation which the President may hold to be a "belligerent" nation, which is the way diplomats describe a nation at war.

The law has a further important and interesting provision. It requires that if any belligerent wants to buy products in this country, commodities that are not prohibited by the neutrality law, it must come to our shores and get them and must pay for them before the boat leaves. Thus, it has come about that the new law is called the "cash and carry" neutrality act.

That title sounds very satisfying. It sounds as though we will never make loans again as we did during the World war—loans never to be repaid except in some minor instances—and that none of our ships will become the targets of foreign gunboats because we are transporting munitions of war to any belligerent. Surely, this phase of the law will in a measure retard our entrance into any war and it will at the same time reduce the excitement in this country incident to the manufacture and sale of munitions of war because of the profits accruing under such circumstances.

But, it strikes me that, after all, this neutrality law is likely to be a rather futile gesture. Having observed governmental action over an extended period of years, I refuse to kid myself. I will not say that the new neutrality act will keep us out of war because, very definitely, it will not.

Let us see why. There are a thousand and one acts that a foreign nation can do to insult our national honor or damage our citizens and their commerce. These are called "overt" acts. When an overt act is committed, it is so easy to forget about the high principles stated in the present neutrality law. It can be repealed and a declaration of war substituted for it almost within twenty-four hours.

There have been a good many millions of citizens of the United States come onto this earth since the armistice of 1918. Among these are undoubtedly many who will learn of the present neutrality law with a feeling of safety; who will think that nothing now can happen and their mothers, wives and sweethearts will feel they need not worry about the time when these younger generations of men will have to march away, with drums beating and flags flying, never to return. For their peace of mind, the present neutrality law certainly is helpful. My suggestion is, however, that they look the facts in the face. When one of these overt acts is committed, in we will go regardless of the neutrality law.

I might advert to some of the things that happened between 1914 and April 6, 1917. President Wilson, a sincere advocate of peace, did the best he could to prevent our participation in the World war. It was a matter that actually brought about his re-election in 1916 because his campaign leaders used the slogan, "He kept us out of war." Events came through with such startling speed, however, that a month after he was inaugurated for his second term, he was standing on the rostrum before a joint session of congress asking for immediate passage of a resolution placing our country in the war on the side of the Allies and against Germany and the Central Powers. Two days later we were formally in the fight and then, once we were made a belligerent by the decision of our government, it became "a war to make the world safe for democracy."

I think I need not review all of the various slogans that were employed in the national propaganda to solidify our nation behind its military forces. There were many of them. The nation was ninety-five per cent behind the government in a war to end all wars. Hundreds upon hundreds of millions of dollars were borrowed from our citizens who bought, first, liberty bonds and later, victory bonds. For the first time in later history of our nation we had a tremendous national debt, more than ten billions of which were loaned to those nations with which we were associated in the war. The remainder of these funds was spent like money in the hands of a drunken sailor, ashore for the first time in the year. Nor is there criticism to be made of that spending because we were not prepared for war.

So, while I do not now foresee our participation in any conflict within the next few years, I am quite convinced that Mr. Roosevelt has pursued an absolutely sound program in advocating a strong navy and a strong army. It will serve us well and will cost us very much less than if this building up process had to be accomplished overnight as it was in 1917. It may be surprising to a good many people to know that our army at present ranks as number 17 in the list of armies of nations even though our country is one of the largest and one of the richest in the family of nations.

My belief is that if our navy is made to rank with the greatest and plans are worked out as Mr. Roosevelt is trying to work them out so that our army will be possible of expansion, taxpayers' money will be much better spent than through boondoggling or wasted through useless development of theoretical schemes.

As the battle over President Roosevelt's proposal to pack the Supreme Court of the United States with six new judges grows in heat, it becomes increasingly evident that members of congress are looking to the political aspects of the situation to a greater extent than obtained in the early stages of the fight. This circumstance certainly is working to the advantage of those who oppose the President's scheme and it is interesting to look at the picture from that angle.

My observation of congressional activities in the past leads me to believe that every President must expect in his second term a certain amount of defection, a certain amount of running away, among the supporters who stood by him unflinchingly during his first term. Of course, most of his stalwarts will stick by him through thick and thin but it always has happened that a rather deep fringe of his party will begin to balk or duck when they reach the second lap and know that the head of their party will not seek election to a third term. The reason must be quite obvious. All members of the house and one-third of the senate membership have to seek votes in their home districts every two years. With a President in his second term, the interest of these candidates for office must turn to what their voters think rather than what the President thinks.

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For Dress and Utility

1268



"WHY Mollie R., are you going out again? My own mother has become a gadabout and all because she made herself such a pretty new dress. Really, Ma, those soft graceful lines make you look lots slimmer. I think the long rippling collar has a good deal to do with it. Or maybe it's because the skirt fits where it should and has plenty of room at the bottom."

"Yes, My Darling Daughter."

"Daughter, dear, how you do run on! Imitate Sis; put your apron on and have the dusting done when I get back from the Civic Improvement League meeting. And speaking of aprons, that is the cleverest one Sis ever had. I love the way it crosses in the back."

"So do I, Mom, and see how it covers up my dress all over. Good-by, Mom, have a good time."

Sisterly Chit Chat.

"Sis, run upstairs for my apron, won't you? I wouldn't have a spot on this, my beloved model, for all the world. It's my idea of smooth; all these buttons; no belt; these here new puffed sleeves; and this flare that's a flare."

"Just you wait, Miss, till I grow up! Your clothes won't have a look in because I've already begun to Sew-My-Own. All right, I'm going."

And so on well into the afternoon!

The Patterns.

Pattern 1268 is for sizes 36 to 52. Size 38 requires 5 1/4 yards of 39 inch material plus 1 1/2 yards of 1 1/2 inch bias binding for trimming.

Pattern 1292 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 42 bust). Size 14 requires 4 3/4 yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1255 is designed in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 1/4 yards of 35 inch material for the blouse and 1 3/4 yards for the apron.

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Send for the Barbara Bell Spring and Summer Pattern Book. Make yourself attractive, practical and becoming clothes, selecting designs from the Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Interesting and exclusive

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

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

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Uncle Phil Says:

Could We But Hear—

We laugh over the "private lives" of the ancients. What will posterity think is the funniest about ours?

Ideas of beauty change; 60 years ago, young women powdered their faces until they looked as if they were ill; and they laced their stays so tight, they were Now—

We realize what an offense swearing is when a woman indulges in it.

A woman with little money, but much taste, will make a small, shabby house into "a vineclad cottage."

The Real People—

The solid gold in human character is all that holds society together.

You can not really like an egotistic man, but at times you admire him.

How cold law is, considering that it has to deal so much with affairs of sentiment.

Youth is charming, even when it is foolish, but age isn't. The old must always be wise, to be attractive.

Wounded vanity makes the bitterest enemies.

Smiles

The Cheat
His wife was busy at her desk, with bills all round her. Suddenly she looked up from her work. "How many fish did you catch last Saturday, dear?" she asked her husband. "Six, darling," he replied, with reminiscent pride. "I thought so; that's what you usually catch, isn't it? Thatascal of a fishmonger has charged us for eight!"

Heads!
A woman took down the telephone receiver, but the line was in use. She heard another woman remark, "I just put on some steak to cook so I thought I'd call you up." Five minutes later the first woman again tried to use the line. The other women were still talking. Impatient to make her call, the first woman broke in: "Madam, I smell your steak burning." There was a horrified scream, receivers slammed and the line was open.

FILLED THE NEED



"He's ingenious, you say?" "Oh, very. Why, he took the self-starter off his automobile and attached it to the kitchen range."

He Would

"Have you heard of the timber merchant who had the phone installed for the first time?" "No. What happened?" "Well, he kept putting trunk calls through to his branches!"

There is always more room at the top, says Oliver Optimist. I wonder if he's ever seen a pyramid.

The Lack

"Why," said the Englishman, "your country has never produced a really great man. You say Robert Burns? Puff! If I had a mind to do it, I could write as good stuff as ever Burns did." "Ay, you're right there," replied the patient Scot. "All that ye want is the mind."

HERE'S A REALLY MARVELOUS BARGAIN IN SELF-POLISHING FLOOR WAX—A FULL QUART FOR 85¢ NO RUBBING—NO BUFFING—WITH THIS AMAZING NEW O-CEDAR WAX

O-Cedar POLISH MOPS • WAX

THESE DELICIOUS SOUPS ARE SOUTHERN COOKING AT ITS BEST! Says GEORGE RECTOR, FAMOUS COOKING AUTHORITY and MASTER CHEF of PHILLIPS SOUTHERN KITCHENS

You will echo George Rector's words of praise when you taste your first spoonful of Phillips Delicious Soup... All eighteen of our vitamin-rich, nourishing soups are made with that real down-in-Dixie flavor! Seasoned just right, the famous Southern way.

They're skilfully prepared from treasured old Dixie recipes—so as to bring out ALL the richness of their choice ingredients. Plump sun-ripened vegetables—picked garden-fresh for our gleaming kettles! Precious spices carefully weighed! And such handsome cuts of meat!

Our soups are made exactly as you'd like them to be. In great, immaculate, sunny kitchens—presided over by snow-clad chefs who take a personal pride in their work. We call it "lovin' cookin'" down here in Maryland. Your family will call it "DELICIOUS!"

Phillips Delicious Soups are condensed to DOUBLE RICHNESS—giving you double the quantity when you add milk or water.

Ask your grocer—today—for Phillips Delicious Soups. And remember, every meal is a BETTER meal when you start it with Phillips Delicious Soup!

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... "the" George Rector of famous old Rector's, in New York, whose name for years has stood for the finest in cooking craftsmanship. Today... as Phillips Master Chef his art rises to new peaks of popularity.



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SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE

The School Board meets regularly
in Town Clerk's Room, in Town Hall
block, on the Last Friday Evening in
each month, at 7.30 o'clock, to trans-
act School District business and to
hear all parties.

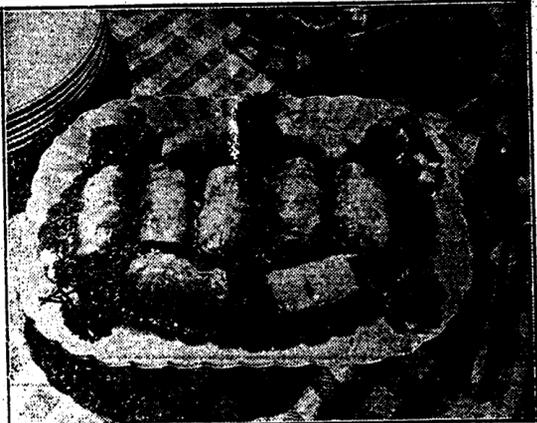
ARTHUR J. KELLEY,
ARCHIE M. SWETT,
MYRTIE K. BROOKS,
Antrim School Board

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE

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

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

OLD SYRIAN DISH BRINGS NEW TASTE THRILL



Mary Talbot

Cabbage Rolls Are Great—Try Them Tonight!

HERE'S the perfect answer to the age-old
family cry—"let's have something new for
dinner tonight!" In these Syrian cabbage rolls
an old familiar vegetable takes on a new guise,
presented as it has been in the small towns of the
Near East for hundreds of years.

Here's the recipe:

- 1 cup cooked rice
- 1 cup minced beef or lamb
- 1 teaspoon grated onion
- 1 head cabbage
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- 2 cups seasoned tomato sauce

Cook cabbage in boiling salted water for five minutes, drain and separate into leaves. Combine rice, meat, onion and seasonings. Form into small rolls and wrap a cabbage leaf around each. Transfer to heavy frying pan and pour over tomato sauce. Cover and simmer for about 30 minutes.

Of course you have to boil your cabbage first and to most people that means filling your house with a noticeable odor. However, I've found a new trick that completely eliminates that in the simplest manner imaginable. There's a new product on the market, an odorless household deodorant, sold at your drug store, that is conveniently packed as a clean white powder. Mix it with water to form a simple solution, put it over a burner (or half a burner) to simmer while you're cooking, and all the odor will be miraculously evaporated before it even starts to wander into the front hall. Don't apologize—deodorize.

PIE CRUST

- 2 1/2 cups sifted Pillsbury's Best Flour
 - 1 teaspoon salt
 - 1/2 cup Spry
 - 5 tablespoons cold water (about)
- Sift flour and salt together. Add 1/2 cup of Spry to flour. Cut in with pastry blender or two knives until mixture looks like meal. Add remaining Spry and continue cutting until particles are size of a navy bean. Sprinkle water, 1 tablespoon at a time, over mixture. With a fork work lightly together until all particles are moistened and in small lumps. Add just enough water to moisten. Press dampened particles together into a ball. Do not handle dough any more than necessary. Makes 1 two-crust 9-inch pie.

BANANA SCALLOPS

- Melted Spry
 - 1 egg
 - 1 1/2 teaspoons salt
 - 6 bananas
 - 1/2 cup fine bread or cracker crumbs or corn meal
- For shallow frying have 1 inch of melted Spry in frying pan. For deep-fat frying have deep kettle 1/2 to 3/4 full of melted Spry. Heat Spry to 375° F. (or until a 1-inch cube of bread or fat sizzles). Beat egg and add salt. Slice peeled bananas crosswise into 1/2-inch-thick pieces. Dip into egg and roll in crumbs or corn meal. Shallow fry or deep fry in hot Spry 1 1/2 to 2 minutes until brown and tender. Drain on unglazed paper. Serve very hot. Six servings.

BAKING POWDER BISCUITS

- (Recipe makes 18 small biscuits)
 - Temperature: 450° F.
 - Time: 12 to 15 minutes
 - 2 cups Pillsbury's Best Flour
 - 1/2 teaspoon salt
 - 1 tablespoon baking powder
 - 1/2 cup Spry
 - 1/2 cup milk
- Sift flour with salt and baking powder. Cut in Spry with pastry blender or two knives until mixture resembles coarse meal. Make a well in center of flour mixture; add milk. Mix with a fork until all of flour disappears. Turn out on floured board; knead lightly for a few seconds. Pat or roll dough to about 1/2 inch thickness. Cut with floured biscuit cutter. Place on baking sheet; bake in hot oven.

LUXING OF FINE FABRICS

When washing colored materials for the first time, test an inconspicuous part of the garment or the end of a belt in a tumbler of lukewarm water for five minutes. If the color of the water doesn't change or if the water shows only a slight discoloration the fabric may be safely washed. Turn garment inside out. (If you draw your stockings off the leg inside out they'll be all ready for washing.) Make a rich Lux suds in lukewarm to cool water. Test the temperature with the back of your wrist. The warmer the water, the more likely colors are to run and fade. Wash quickly by gently squeezing the suds through and through the material. Don't soak colored materials or leave them in a heap while wet. Never rub or head out moisture and then unroll immediately. Sometimes it is helpful to insert a white cloth in colored garments to prevent streaking. When the garment is unrolled ease it to shape and press with a burly warm iron—smooth fabrics when slightly damp, crinkled materials when dry or nearly dry. If necessary stretch again while ironing. After unrolling stockings from towel, ease foot to shape and stretch leg gently in length. Dry away from heat.

LEMION CHELIFON PIE

- (Filling for one 9 inch pie)
 - 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
 - 1/2 cup cold water
 - 4 eggs
 - 1 cup sugar
 - 1/2 cup lemon juice
 - 1/2 teaspoonful salt
 - 1 teaspoonful grated lemon rind
- Add one-half cup sugar, lemon juice and salt to beaten egg yolks and cook over boiling water until of custard consistency. Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add to hot custard and stir until dissolved. Add grated lemon rind. Cool. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites to which the other one-half cup sugar has been added. Fill baked pie shell and chill. Just before serving spread over pie a thin layer of whipped cream.

SPICY APPLE PIE

- 8 large tart apples, sliced thin
 - 1/2 cup sugar
 - 1 teaspoon cinnamon
 - 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
 - 1/2 teaspoon salt
 - 1 teaspoon lemon juice
 - 1 tablespoon butter
- For pastry, use 1 recipe Pie Crust. Roll dough and line a 9-inch pie plate. Fill pie shell with sliced apples. Mix sugar, spices, salt, and lemon juice. Sprinkle over apples. Dot with butter. Fold in top crust with crust with water. Fill top crust over apples and seal edge of pie. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 30 to 40 minutes.

MODERN HOME LAUNDERING

White cottons and linens will come from your week's wash more than five shades whiter, and will last two or three times longer if you follow these hints. Sprinkle Rinso into tub. Add lukewarm water and stir a few seconds. You will be delighted with the lively, lasting suds. After using once or twice, you can easily estimate how much soap is needed (it's really very little) for rich lathering in hard or soft water. While clothes should be soaked in hot or two or overnight. Even if you soak your white clothes as little as ten minutes in Rinso suds, the results will be amazing. If there are badly soiled spots, sprinkle a little dry Rinso on them, roll the garment and push it well under water. The wash water for white cottons and linens should be as hot as is available, preferably around 140 degrees. Two loads of clothes may often be washed without changing the water in the machine. When the suds die down, the cleansing power of the soap is spent. Either add more Rinso—or if the suds have become very dirty, make a fresh solution. The more completely the dirty suds are wrung or spun out of the clothes, the easier the rinsing is, and the less hot water is required. Have water for the first rinse as hot as the wash water. In the second and third rinses, use as hot water as convenient. In washing machine or tub, Rinso and lukewarm water washes cold cottons and linens so they keep bright as new. To avoid fading and streaking, never use hot water, harsh bar, chipped or powdered soaps. Never soak colored clothes longer than 20 minutes, and then only provided they are color-fast. Shake Rinso into tub and add lukewarm water. Sprinkle dry Rinso on soiled spots, roll garments and wash well under water. Wash in lukewarm Rinso suds. Rinse in lukewarm to cool waters. Rinso has introduced millions to wonderful gracefulness of washing! No unpleasant greasy feel to the water—no film of grease left on the clothes. Economical—a little goes a long way.

Uncle Joe's Opportunity

By ADA BORDEN STEVENS
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WNU Service.

"WELL—good-by, Clara."
"Good-by, Uncle Joe. There—Bernice stop that crying! Uncle Joe will come back to see you. Kiss Junior, Uncle Joe. You've been real good to help me with the children so much. Now you are going to live with that rich Colonel, you'll forget how to mend things, I expect."

Clara Whelpley, with a strange pull at the heart under her blue morning frock, watched Uncle Joe tremulously fumble with his cap, pulling it well over his snow-white head. She talked away to hide her feelings, for instead of the satisfaction she had expected to feel at his going, she found she was going to miss her husband's uncle, who had shared their first struggling years. It wouldn't do for him to realize it just as he had this grand opportunity to companion an old army friend, lonely in his old age. He was going to live with Colonel Welt, and she was glad.

"Keep your throat covered up. You don't want to celebrate with a cough the first thing. Hou must save up and come to see us—often." She choked over the words, divided by conflicting emotions—joy at the thought of the little apartment to herself, and sorrow at the loss of one of its permanent fixtures—Uncle Joe Whelpley.

Clara kept up the play that this was to be only a visit, but in her heart she knew he would never come back. Benton was a long way from Southboro, and Uncle Joe never saved a cent. After he had gone, she tiptoed around the rooms, planning new uses for them. The apartment was so tiny! But if she put both children in Uncle Joe's room, she could sew in her own bedroom. Without Uncle Joe's clutter in the kitchen, that room would seem twice its size. He had been always under her feet, she thought.

At noon the clatter of the elevator sounded louder than usual, and Tom Whelpley burst into the room with a "Hullo, family!" that nearly raised the roof. He had said good-by to his uncle in the morning. Such a good opportunity for him—companioning rich Colonel Welt. And Uncle Joe could be a great companion. He was always the life of a party and remembered all the anniversaries.

"Hullo, Clara!" He caught his capable little wife with a big kiss and towled her bobbed and golden hair with his big hands. "Guess what?—I've got my raise this morning, and I stopped in and made a first payment on the Garden Green cottage we were looking at the other day. Lots of room for the children to grow, and for Uncle Joe's tools!—golly!—he won't need that now."

Tom's smiling face fell, but he recovered himself at once. He sat down to the steaming meat pie. "Gee, dear, you've got the place all to yourself at last. But I bet he'll be as homesick as the dickens for a while."

"Oh, Tom!" Clara found the news overwhelming on top of a hard morning. Between laughter and tears, she decided to weep. "I am glad, honest, but—but—I didn't think we'd miss him so much, and it is all Bernice has talked about all the morning," she sobbed.

"And now the new house, and everything—oh—"
She sat Junior in his high chair with a vigor which puckered his baby lips. But Junior had grit. He didn't cry. His big brown eyes rolled to her blue ones, and he seemed to know that she didn't mean it at all. "Well, I'll be jiggered!" Tom watched her changing moods with surprise and chagrin. "You wanted to be alone—"

"Ahem."
Neither of them had heard the clatter of the elevator, but there on the doorsill stood a white-haired man, cap in hand, a sheepish smile on his kind, ruddy face. The young people turned. There, sure enough, stood Uncle Joe—bag and baggage, watching them a little ruefully.

"I guess you did want to be alone," he apologized. "I guess you'd rather, but somehow I just couldn't leave—not right now. I got to thinking at the station about Junior's elephant. I didn't have time to send it yesterday, packing so, so I sent along a telegram to the colonel, saying I was delayed. Mebby I can get a cot into that back hall closet, endwise, and keep my stuff under the bed, so's I won't be any more in the way than I can help."

"Uncle Joe!" Clara's arms were around his neck. "Did I ever say you were in the way, dear Uncle Joe? I've been wishing and wishing you'd come back ever since you stepped out of this house—I did, truly. We simply can't get on without you. Bernice has been under our feet all morning—"

A knowing smile ran around Uncle Joe's bearded lips as he caught Bernice, who was struggling in her chair, and heard all about the good luck that had come to Tom that day.

"Well," he commented, taking the chair at the table which Tom pushed eagerly forward, "all a man wants in this world is an opportunity to be useful. I guess I'll stay! Maybe you need me more than the colonel does, anyway."

"You bet!" Tom agreed heartily, and passed a plate of the steaming pie across the table. "Don't talk about going away again—ever."

Junglefowl, of Pheasant Family, Daddy of Poultry

The Chinese ring-neck is one of about 108 species of pheasants which inhabit all parts of the world that lie in the temperate zones and the tropics, and so not only furnishes sport and food to civilized man but to the savages of the jungles. The red junglefowl, a member of the pheasant family, is the ancestor of all varieties of our domestic poultry, thus again emphasizing the importance of the genus, according to an official of the Detroit chapter of the Isaac Walton league.

The most gorgeously plumed pheasants are the tropical species, and among these the Tragopans stand supreme, with magnificent plumage of cherry red or crimson, interspersed with other harmonizing colors of delicate shade. To add to their beauty, nature has equipped them with brilliantly colored wattles. The tragopans are extremely shy birds and inhabit areas that are not easily accessible to man.

Among the long-tailed pheasants, beautiful in form but not so rich in coloration, is the Chinese Silver pheasant, with a long hairy crest and breast of purple. His silvery tail is considerably longer and bushier than that of the ringneck. The Reeves' pheasant, also a native of China, carries an exceptionally long tail, but the feather colorings are more subdued.

Outside of the tropics we find the plumage of all species of pheasants a varied mixture of brown, orange, gold and purple, but body shapes differ, some being stubby and others elongated.

Balloons First Used in War by France, in 1794

Balloons were first put to a military use in France, states a writer in the Chicago Daily News. At the battle of Fleurus in Belgium on June 26, 1794, Capt. J. M. Coutelle, the world's first military balloon observer, floated in his balloon, L'Entreprenant (the Venturesome), above the cannon flashes and clouds of smoke of the opposing French and Austrian armies. By signaling with flags to the French artillery, Coutelle demoralized the Austrians and was an important factor in the French victory.

During the siege of Paris in 1870-1871, balloons played a strategic part. Cut off from supplies by Germans surrounding the city, starving Parisians were reduced to eating rats and zoo animals. Their only means of contact with the outside world was by balloon. Dozens of them, like great striped gourds, were hastily made in railway stations.

Between September, 1870, and the following January, about sixty-eight rose from Paris, soared safely over the circle of German gunfire, and enabled 164 Parisians to escape. One of their most famous passengers was the French statesman Gambetta, who took the French government with him to Tours, where he set up his headquarters and organized fresh troops which offered the Germans fierce, but vain resistance. Other passengers were pigeons, which afterward brought back news to the besieged city.

The Mixed Hand

The mixed hand, as the name implies is a mixture of any, or all, of the other types. Some of the fingers may be pointed, and the others square. The palm may be conic while the fingers belong to two or three different types. The mixed hand is the sign of the versatile, adaptable person, according to a palmist in Pearson's London Weekly. If you happen to belong to this class, then you are bound to be an interesting conversationalist who knows a bit about most things, but not necessarily a lot about anything in particular. On the whole, this is a fairly successful type of hand.

Piracy by Warships

Until 1820 Turkish warships operating from North African ports as pirates used to terrorize the commerce of the Mediterranean. Captive sailors were carried off by them to the slave market in Algiers or the prisons in Saltee. It was from Malta that resistance was most effectively organized by the Knights of St. John, who held the island until it was surrendered by their grand master to Napoleon in 1798. The island passed to Britain by the peace of the Amiens (1802).—Rocky Mountain Herald.

"Seven Great Gaelic Families"

Laoghis, considered by many as the builder of Irish civilization, was the ancient territory of the "seven great Gaelic families" whose Septs were the patrons of literature and art, where Gaelic poetry and learning flourished for seven centuries. Interest in Laoghis divides between old Irish settlements and the churches and castles associated with the early Renaissance periods.

Superstition on Sick Horses

In the days when superstition was rampant in connection with the curing of suffering humanity, various forms of superstition extended in a great measure to the treatment of sick animals as well. Sick horses, for instance, were supposed to be possessed by evil spirits and the witch would be consulted when a horse went lame.

Realization

By LYDIA LION ROBERTS
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Service.

LEONA BRENT leaned back wearily against the cushions of the street car. She had really been too tired to enjoy the evening's visit with her aunt. She was always too tired now to enjoy anything. As the car joggled along she studied the faces of the people near her.

"The women's lips are pressed tightly together," she thought idly. "Maybe they have children, too. Well, if they are as full of mischief as Berton and John, I don't wonder their mothers look cross and strained." She sighed dispiritedly, as she thought of the next day with its multitude of duties.

"I get up early and dress the children, watch them at breakfast to prevent their cereal going down their necks or into someone's eyes; pick them out of the flour barrel, and the coal hod, settle their constant quarrels, and rescue the cat from their clutches. And the next day is the same, and the next after that! All day I goestep through the house, trying to avoid stepping on the children or their toys. In the evening I rest by trying to mend the things they have torn or injured, from clothes to cats."

She smiled involuntarily as she remembered the cat's outraged demeanor when she had rescued him from among the boats in the bathtub. The boys had explained that he was a whale. Both boys, the cat, the bathroom and herself needed repairing after the experience.

"What's the use of it all?" she wondered wearily. "I'll just wear myself out, and become a drudge instead of a wife to David, and then the boys will grow up and forget us both."

She came out of her absorption to notice that the car had stopped. A man was talking earnestly to the conductor, pointing to the door. The young conductor's face grew red and startled. He rubbed his forehead and looked dazedly out into the darkness. Then he went slowly down the aisle of the car and stopped in front of some uniformed men.

"Ben," said he to one of the men, then choked and stopped. The passengers waited tensely, wondering what was going to happen.

"Ben," the young conductor started again, "will you take the car for me? My baby is dying."

The passengers looked up in quick sympathy. The conductor, still with that curious red flush on his face, swung off the car and walked into the shadows of the night.

"How terrible! His baby is dying! The poor mother!" whispered the passengers to one another.

"That's what I get for traveling in uniform," grumbled the extra conductor, but he smiled at the pretty girl opposite him, and rang the bell for the car to proceed.

The pretty girl smiled back, the car started, and the tragic moment passed.

Leona felt turned to stone. The wheels of the car re-echoed, "Baby, little baby, is dying." Like a black wave the sorrows of the world seemed to roll in on her. There were so many things that might happen to little children! She remembered the night Berton had roused them with his croupy gasp. The terror of the time John had cut his head, flashed before her. There was measles in the next street; but so far, her boys had been safe. A long list of diseases passed before her mental eyes. So many things happened to babies and little boys.

"I wonder if Berton is well covered," she worried. He was such a vigorous little two-year-old, and so proud of his strength. John had bumped his head in trying to make the cat turn into a whale. She hoped it would not irritate that old cut and bring on blood poisoning.

"How slowly this car goes," she thought impatiently. "It seems as if I never shall get home. I'm glad I stopped to get some warm flannels for Berton and a new blouse for John. Won't their eyes sparkle tomorrow when they find the picture books wrapped inside the new clothes!"

In imagination she could hear John's delighted roar and Berton's chuckle. How they would charge upon her and scramble all over her until she lost her breath from laughing!

"Poor things!" she thought as she glanced at the women near her. "Probably they look so grim and sad because they haven't any children!"

"At last my street!" as the conductor called a name. She gathered up her bundles and stepped quickly out of the car.

"How dark it seems! I'll be glad to get home where there is warmth and brightness. Tomorrow I'll make cookey animals for the boys. How fast they grow! I could never be happy without little children around me!"

Odd Laws

In Kansas, says a writer in London Answers Magazine, there is a law which says that when two railway trains meet at a crossing, both must come to a full stop, and neither must proceed until the other is a mile away. In Tennessee, through a mistake in wording, the keeper or owner of cattle is not allowed to run wild under heavy penalties.