

The Antrim Reporter

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ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1937

5 CENTS A COPY

Mrs. Elizabeth H. Buckminster, Antrim's Oldest Resident, Passes Away at Age 96

Mrs. Elizabeth H. Buckminster, age ninety-six, oldest resident of Antrim for the past two years, died at the home of her niece, Mrs. L. Gertrude Robinson, on May 20, after a brief illness.

She was within twenty days of her 97th birthday, and had resided in town for the past fifty-four years.

Mrs. Buckminster was born in London, England, on June 10, 1840, the second child of the late Rev. William and Harriet Brown Hurlin and came to this country with her parents at the age of nine years. One of her most vivid childhood recollections was the six weeks passage to America.

On April 14, 1864, in Sumner, Maine, she married Lucius M. Robinson, a Union soldier, invalided home because of saber wounds. Within a month of their marriage, and at the expiration of his furlough, Sargent Robinson left his wife and returned to his company. She never saw him again and not until the end of the War was she able to learn that her soldier-husband was "Killed in action—body not recovered". The history of the First Maine Cavalry reports Lucius M. Robinson as "Killed on battle field in Virginia 1864", the same year in which they were married.

In 1883, after making her home for a number of years in Boston, she

came to Antrim where she spent the remainder of her life. Four years after coming to town, in 1887, she built the home on North Main street where she lived for many years and until, because of age and failing health, she took up her home with her niece.

She was happily married to Bennett S. Buckminster of Antrim on December 24, 1891, until his death in 1908.

One of a family of twelve children, she is survived by her sisters, Mrs. Sophia E. Robinson and Mrs. Clara M. Abbott, both of Antrim, by her brothers, John M. Hurlin of Dorchester, Mass., and Henry A. Hurlin of Antrim, besides many nieces and nephews.

Funeral services were held at the home of her brother, Henry A. Hurlin, on Saturday afternoon and were attended by a large number of relatives and friends. Rev. R. H. Tibbals, pastor of the Baptist Church of which Mrs. Buckminster was the oldest, and in her active years, a very devoted member, officiated and paid tribute to her long and useful life and the unfailing courage and courtesy which were characteristic of her. Solos by Mrs. Vera Butterfield and selections by Mrs. Elizabeth Felker were beautifully rendered. Interment was in Maplewood Cemetery.

Public Service Company of N. H. Will Open New Office and Display Room

The Public Service Company of New Hampshire will move their Antrim office from its present location to the Town Hall block next door to the Postoffice and will open a new display room Saturday, May 29. The office hours will be 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. except Wednesday and Saturday evenings when they will be open until 9 p.m.

The Antrim Division of the Public Service Company serves the towns of Antrim, Bennington, Greenfield and Franconia. By the great demand for major electrical appliances in this division, it has made it advisable to open one of the finest and best equipped display rooms in this section. This room has been completely remodeled and refinished. This display room will have Electric Ranges connected at all times for demonstration; also Hot Water Heaters. The room is finished with cream and blue walls with black base boards; also daylight blue indirect lighting.

The Public Service Company feels they are most efficiently equipped to serve all in any electrical appliance. In connection with their Sales Force they have a Home Service Department and Rural Farm Department, that are ready to serve their patrons at any time. They also have a Merchandise Service Department that will give service on their appliances at the lowest possible charge to the customer.

In taking over of the New Hampshire Power Company some months

ago, the Public Service Company of New Hampshire now serves a large majority of the State of New Hampshire with electricity. It might be interesting to know that the Government figures show that New Hampshire is one of the leading States in Rural and Farm Electrification. With the new low rates, the Public Service Company made available some time ago, they feel that more and more electricity will be used by the installation of Electrical Equipment such as Electrical Refrigerators, Ranges and Water Heaters. There is also a special rate for Off-peak Water Heating, which makes it very economical.

Everyone is cordially invited to visit our display room Saturday, May 29. Each one visiting this room Saturday will be given a door prize, and also a chance on a percolator and toaster which will be given away Saturday at 9 p.m. There will also be present a Home Economist for the day to help in any way and answer any questions she is able.

Howard Humphry, local manager of the Public Service Company is to be congratulated for the efficient manner in which he has conducted the business of the company, which is largely responsible for the large increase in business, which has made it possible to open a new and modern office. His corps of assistants are also to be congratulated and may success follow them in their new "home".

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

This little item may be of interest to all dog owners in this state. Out in Michigan the dog owners have banded to gather and all dogs are being tattooed in the ears and are being kept on records by the Vet who does the job. Dog stealing in that state has decreased wonderfully since the tattooing has taken place.

Out in Rice County, Kansas they have a crow contest much like the other parts of the country. No. 1 crow is worth \$100 while the others are worth \$75, \$50 and plenty of them at \$1 each.

It was my pleasure the other day to speak to the 7th and 8th grades in the Milford Public schools. There was a live wire bunch and I think I enjoyed the hour more than they did. We tried to sell them the idea of Conservation and I guess most of them knew more about it than the speaker. However I had a good time. Hope they did.

Although there was a big crowd fishing Monadnock lake at Dublin last Sunday the fish catch was very small. The smelt in this lake have gone down and we think the big trout have gone deep. Every one was fishing too high to catch the big ones. One big one was brought to the edge of the boat by a Keene fisherman just to see him flop and dive for deep water.

We saw part of the first ball game of the season between Marlboro and Wilton one day last week. Both teams put on a fine exhibition but the locals were a little too strong for the visitors. We like the good sportsmanship of the boys and girls who cheer every good play without regard to the side that makes it. That's sportsmanship.

Last week I told you about a story told me by R. H. Madden of Washington, D. C., a former Antrim man. It seems that he and his father with Carl Muzzy of Antrim were skipping pickorel on Gregg lake. They had the old fashioned bamboo poles and while changing position his father held his pole straight up in the air. A young bird out with its parents evidently got tired of flying and lit on the tall bamboo pole and rode on its tail perch till the fisherman started to fish again. Mr. Madden says "Believe it or not but that's the truth." Did you ever hear of a like incident?

Just a few years ago the antelope was doomed to go the way of the health hen and the Dodo. But with sane protection both by the Federal Government and the States they are back to 15,000 strong in Wyoming. Oregon has over 4,000 and Nevada has as many more. All due to a little wise protective measures.

So many complaints to the Federal Government of the damage done in New England by the Blue heron and the gulls that they are beginning to ask questions and they want answers. The Government would like to know the location of every rookery in New England. Can you supply me with this information.

Here is a fellow in Tilton that believes no matter what the charge it's worth it. He has a car, a trailer, an outboard motor and two fishing permits. With the proposed in-

crease in license fees and the fee to run an outboard he still believes it's worth it. That's the way I like to hear a fellow talk. He knows that with an increased fee he will get even better fishing. With more money in our jeans we can do more stocking of all kinds of fish. As a matter of Conservation he also believes that all trout fishing should be done with a barbed hook. Then no trout are lost. You don't even have to touch them with your hands.

Here is a fellow who believes that all children should be accompanied by parents to fish. (Free). He knows of many cases of people who are fishing but when someone shows up the children are fishing and the adults duck behind a tree till the stranger has gone. Then boys and girls under 16 catch more trout and fish of all kinds and waste it more than adults. He wants the department to think this matter over very carefully when making new laws two years hence.

They are still taking out the big ones from the Peterborough Fly Casting pool at North Peterboro. This is a private owned pool and trespassers will be prosecuted.

If a party owns both sides of a brook he owns the bottom so that you cannot wade down this brook to fish if the land is posted. If a brook is deep enough for a boat or a canoe, a man can fish that brook as long as he does not touch the shore line at any point. The land owner does not own the water.

Don't forget the big fish prizes offered by most of the Sporting magazines. They are worth looking into.

Harry W. Codman Nichols - Woodward

Harry Weston Codman, son of Nathan and Hannah (Cree) Codman died very suddenly Sunday afternoon from a heart attack; he was in his usual good health and the end came without any apparent warning.

Mr. Codman was born in Deering March 9, 1874, and came to Antrim in 1907. On June 28, 1907, he married Olive Ida, adopted daughter of John M. and Lena L. (Cree) Elam, at Providence, R. I.

The survivors are the widow, three sons, Ira, Charlie and Earl, and one grand-daughter, all of Antrim; also a sister, Mrs. Ida C. Blood, of Milford. Funeral services were held Thursday afternoon at the home with Rev. R. H. Tibbals officiating. Interment in Maplewood Cemetery.

Miss Margaret Scott is ill and Miss Nanabelle Buchanan is assisting at the home of Mrs. Mary B. Jameson.

Carroll A. Nichols of Antrim and Miss Phyllis Woodward of Concord were united in marriage Friday evening, May 21, at the First Methodist Church, Concord, by Rev. Richard Kellogg. Milton Hall of Antrim and Mrs. Aimee Pettigill were the only attendants.

Mr. Nichols is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Nichols of Antrim. He graduated from Antrim High School, Class of 1929, and Concord Business College, and is employed at the Goodell Company office.

Mrs. Nichols is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chester N. Woodward of Concord. She is a graduate of Pembroke Academy and Concord Business College, and is employed at the Law Office of Murchie, Murchie and Blandin in Concord.

It is rumored that Mrs. G. W. Hunt has sold her home on Summer St.

Dance Recital and Nite Club Minstrel

A Dance Recital and Nite Club Minstrel will be presented Friday evening by a group of talented young artists. Miss Yaobel Mac's Dancing Classes will entertain for the public in a variety program, featuring Carroll White as Master of Ceremonies.

The program follows:
Part 1
Overture—Orchestra
Opening Chorus—Marian Perrotta and Ensemble, Bennington, Vt.
Four Funmakers—Rastus, Robert Nylander; Snowball, Earl Wallace; Lightning, Neal Mallett; and Sambo, Harvey Black.

Double Tap Dance—Senior Tap Class
Acrobatic Specialty—Ruth Adams, Keene
Frisco Tap—Justina Tucker, Shirley Gray, Regina Johnson
Military Tap—Junior Class
"Moonlight and Shadows"—Earl Wallace and Chorus
I'm Coming Out and Tap For You—Ann Louise Edwards
Adagio Dance—Elof V. Dahl and Yaobel MacGangler
"Did Your Mother Come From Ireland?"—Chorus

Three Kilarney Roses—Justina Tucker, Shirley Gray, Regina Johnson
Ten Irish Maids—Senior Tap Class
Skip Rope Specialty—Avis Groat
Part 2
Medley of Popular Airs—Chorus
A Sailor and His Sweethearts—Bobby Lowell and Girls
Salute to West Point—Ann Louise Edwards
Minuet—Eight Old Fashioned Girls
"Little Old Lady"—Wallace Nylander and Chorus
"Dinah"—Marian Perrotta and Chorus
Dancing On The Swanee—Regina Johnson, Shirley Gray, Justina Tucker
Grand Finale

Grant-Hodgdon
Linwood B. Grant, son of Edward R. Grant, of North Branch, Antrim, and Berilee L. Hodgdon of Claremont

Memorial Day Observance in Antrim

Memorial Day will be observed on Monday, May 31, in the usual manner by the various Patriotic organizations. At 8.30 a.m., delegations will leave G.A.R. hall for North Branch Cemetery where exercises of the Center and North Branch Schools will take place.

Decorating the Center Cemetery will take place on returning from North Branch.

Parade will assemble at 10 a.m. and proceed to the Library where the American Legion Auxiliary will hold brief exercises.

The parade will then proceed up Main street and down Elm street to Maplewood Cemetery, where exercises will be held.

Parade will then proceed up Concord street to G.A.R. monument where the W.R.C. will hold brief exercises.

The Antrim Band will furnish the music.

Edson H. Tuttle,
Chairman of Committee

Notice!

The Sons of Union Veterans and Spanish War Veterans are cordially invited to attend the Memorial Church Service with the American Legion Sunday, May 30, at Baptist Church.

Harold Miner, Commander.

Prize Speaking

The annual Junior-Sophomore Prize Speaking of Antrim High School was held at the town hall last Friday evening. The prizes were awarded as follows: For Girls; Gwendolyn Cutter, first; Charlotte Phillips, second. For Boys; Robert Nylander, first; Franklin Robinson, second.

were married Friday, May 21, in the Baptist Parsonage, by Rev. Ralph H. Tibbals. Mr. Grant is employed at Goodell Company. They will make their home at North Branch.

For Memorial Day

WHITE SHOES

CHILDREN'S...1.25, 1.49
BOYS'.....1.98
LADIES' (Sport)...2.98 up
MEN'S (White Buck) 3.50

TASKER'S

HILLSBORO

At the Main Street Soda Shop

A Durable Porch Paint

Lowe Bros. porch and deck paint dries quickly and stands up, because it is made to withstand exposure, scuffing shoes, often moved furniture and other hardships to which porch floors are subjected; it is equally good on wood or cement floors. Sold only at the Main Street Soda Shop. Agents for Lowe Bros. Paints, Oils, Turpentine and Varnishes.

Spring-time is Moth-time!

We have the Sprays and Sprayers to use them with, at lowest price for years.

ANTRIM PHARMACY

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ANTRIM, New Hampshire

Dance Recital and Nite Club Minstrel

Town Hall, Antrim, N. H.

Friday, May 28, 8 p.m.

60 Students of Miss Mac's Dancing Classes

Dancing after Performance

Music by The Keene Syncopators

Adults 35 cents

Children 10 cents

Public Invited

LAST PARADE of "The Boys in Blue"



The last parade of the Grand Army of the Republic at the close of their convention in Washington, D. C., as the aged veterans of the Civil war marched through the streets as they did more than seventy years ago.

DECORATING HEROES' GRAVES



Above, loved ones of brave boys of all wars, placing flowers upon their graves. Below, Boy Scout, marking grave of a soldier.

Stone Lions War Gift.

Two stone lions from the ancient Menin Gate have been placed at Canberra, Australia, the gift of Ypres, France, to the Australian War Memorial museum. Through the historic gate during the World war marched the armies of the British empire, France, the United States and Belgium, fighting in the battles of Ypres.

NAME DUE TO CLOTHES

THE term "butternut" was applied to soldiers of the Confederate army because many of their homespun uniforms were dyed light brown from the shell of the nut.

"Angel of Mons" Story

Made Plenty Realistic

THE legend of the miraculous intervention of angelic bowmen under the patron saint of England, St. George, during the British retreat from Mons in August, 1914, was invented by the English author, Arthur Machen. He wrote a story called "The Bowmen" which appeared in the Daily News of London on September 29, 1914. This was an entirely fictitious account of how, during the days when the British were hard pressed by the enemy, an English soldier happened to utter the motto (in Latin): "May St. George be a present help to the English."

Immediately after he had spoken, he saw "beyond the trench, a long line of shapes, with a shining about them. They were like men who drew the bow, and with another shout, their cloud of arrows went singing and tingling through the air toward the German hosts."

This story was immediately taken up as an authentic record, states a writer in the Detroit News. Soldiers back from the trenches told of it as eyewitnesses.

IN THE DAYS OF 1861



In the North, in 1861, masculine attire developed a strong trend in the direction depicted above. Drawing by Felix O. C. Darley.

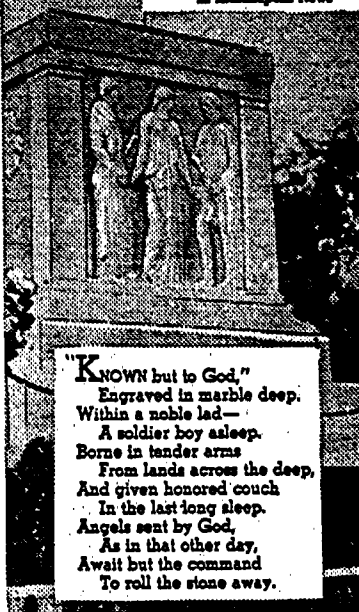
DRUMMER "BOY" of the Civil War



Civil war veteran and the drum he "beat" to aid his comrades to "keep step" as they marched to the bloody battles. With him are members of the Sons of Veterans with their stands of colors.

The Unknown Soldier

By Emmet Glazner
In Indianapolis News



"KNOWN but to God,"
Engraved in marble deep.
Within a noble bed.
A soldier boy asleep.
Borne in tender arms
From lands across the deep,
And given honored couch
In the last long sleep.
Angels sent by God,
As in that other day,
Await but the command
To roll the stone away.

Nation Pays Tribute to War Dead in Arlington

ARLINGTON National Cemetery just across the Potomac from the Lincoln Memorial is the scene each Memorial day of elaborate but solemn ceremonies honoring America's hero dead. These ceremonies are held in the magnificent Memorial Amphitheater provided through the efforts of the Grand Army of the Republic as a fitting memorial to our soldier dead and a suitable assembly place for the thousands in attendance at the services on Decoration day.

Usually attended by the President of the United States, other high government officials and foreign diplomats, Arlington Decoration day services are to the nation what the local observances are to each community throughout the land, observes a writer in Pathfinder Magazine.

For the benefit of those who have never visited Arlington cemetery and its magnificent Memorial Amphitheater a short description of the circular white marble structure will be interesting. The open-air structure covers an area of 34,000 square feet. In the amphitheater are seats of marble for 5,000 people. Several thousand more can find seats and standing room around the sides. On the stage there is room for several hundred more.

The eastern facade of the amphitheater overlooks the Potomac affording an excellent view of the Lincoln Memorial, the Washington Monument, the new government buildings, the Capitol and the city of Washington. Just across the roadway from the eastern stairway is the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

Civil War Men of Note

The Twenty-first regiment of the O. V. I., recruited in northern Ohio at the outset of the Civil war, was noted for the men among its ranks who rose to distinguished heights. Of its recruits, Stanley Matthews became associate justice of the United States Supreme court and Rutherford B. Hayes and William McKinley became presidents.

A GOLD STAR MOTHER

THE Gold Star Mothers' association defines a Gold Star mother as one whose son was killed overseas during the World war or who was killed on the sea while serving in the war.

Fate of Millions Still Unknown

Of the 16,000,000 soldiers and sailors who died or disappeared as a result of the World war, the fate of more than 7,000,000 is still unknown, asserts a writer in Collier's Weekly.

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted

by William Bruckart

National Press Building

Washington, D. C.

Washington.—The nation is continuing to witness labor disturbances of an exceedingly serious character. Many persons thought when the big sit-down strikes in the automobile industry were settled without serious bloodshed that we were on the way out of labor trouble in this country. The feeling in this regard had some confirmation when the great United States Steel corporation reached an agreement by which John L. Lewis and his faction of organized labor was recognized as the sole bargaining agency on wages for the greatest single unit of steel.

Unhappily, those circumstances were not indicative of an end. They did not presage peace between labor and employers. The conflict is continuing and, I believe, holds the elements of much more danger than we have yet experienced. Because of the conditions that are now apparent and those which happen to lie ahead, the recent speech by Edward McGrady, Assistant Secretary of Labor, becomes both interesting and significant. Mr. McGrady, it will be remembered, made a speech at Atlantic City, New Jersey, in which he said boldly to the members of the garment workers union that if labor and capital both are to survive, there must be a sincere effort on the part of each group to understand the problems of the other. He reduced the differences between employer and employee to the simple formula, namely, that representatives of each side, if they expect to do justice by their own people, must sit down at a table and talk things over honestly.

Now, the Assistant Secretary's interest in labor cannot be questioned. He is a former official of organized labor. During his term as Assistant Secretary he has been exceedingly active and earnest in his attempts to solve labor problems and bring about industrial peace. His efforts at conciliation cover the range from the bitter maritime strike on the west coast to the more or less inconsequential sit-down strike of a hundred employees in a hotel here in Washington.

So, it seems thoroughly fair to assume that any advice given by Mr. McGrady must include absolute justice for the workers. Mr. McGrady believes that the irresponsible practices which lead employers to treat labor representatives as agitators are due to ignorance. On the other hand, you cannot help reading between the lines of his recent speech an inference at least that he regards some labor representatives as quite as irresponsible as some employers. His view in this regard is indicated by the stress, the emphasis, which he laid upon the importance of discipline among union members together with his assertion that labor must recognize the sanctity of its contract with the employers just as much as the employers must recognize the validity of their contract with labor.

Mr. McGrady pointed out what losses result from shut downs or strikes and declared that the efficiency in production, which the country has a right to expect from industry, cannot be achieved unless labor and capital work together. Further, the Assistant Secretary observed that "responsible labor leadership" must place efficiency and elimination of waste and loss among its objectives if organized labor is to achieve a worthwhile goal.

See Ray of Hope

great masses of American citizens who are neither employers of labor nor members of labor unions. I have said in these columns before and I repeat that the tragedy of conflict between employer and employee, organized capital versus organized labor, lies in the fact that there are millions of people in the role of innocent bystanders. They are the individuals who suffer most. It is inevitable that they must suffer because in a nation whose commerce and industry is as complex as ours, every time capital or labor abuses the powers entrusted into its hands, those who are not members of either group pay a penalty which is not possible of measurement.

This characteristic of life obtains not alone in the United States. It exists in every civilized country to the extent that that country is industrialized.

There is no better evidence of the truth of the statements I have just made than an incident which occurred a few days ago in the house of commons in London. Stanley Baldwin, prime minister of England, and one of the most powerful men among foreign statesmen today, called attention to "a dark cloud" which he saw on the economic horizon of time.

Mr. Baldwin was speaking to his colleagues in the house of commons something in the nature of a valedictory because he is soon to retire from public office after three decades of service to his government. I happened to have had the privilege of close contact with Mr. Baldwin when he headed his country's debt refunding commission to the United States more than fifteen years ago. From that association I learned to respect his mental capacity and his ability to foresee coming events. When he says, therefore, that labor and capital must be honest with each other, I cannot help feeling that Mr. Baldwin foresees the possibility of bloody clashes and unsound results in the offing, conditions that will flow from the abuse of power.

Mr. Baldwin told the house of commons that: "You will find in our modern civilization, that just as war has changed from being a struggle between professional armies with civilians comparatively uninterested in it, so the weapons of industrial warfare have changed from arms that affected comparatively small localized business into weapons that affected directly those who have no concern whatever with the issue except perhaps natural sympathy with their own class."

The British prime minister added that, under such circumstances, "the one thing we must pray for, not only in our statesmen, but also in trade union leaders and masters, is wisdom." It seems to me that Mr. Baldwin's admonition can be uttered from high places in our American government with a value just as important as he gave to his words. The fact that Assistant Secretary McGrady has been the only public official to speak so frankly and so honestly is comforting, but it is to be deplored that he alone has spoken.

Since there are ominous signs in a class struggle that unfortunately has been promoted in this country, it seems to me the attention of the people ought to be directed somewhat more to conditions in congress. Some months ago I wrote in these columns my fear that the current session of congress was going to leave a rather dull record for having done nothing. Thus far, my fears have been justified to the fullest.

Nothing Doing

Congress went into session in the first week of January. To date, therefore, it has been in session five months. Its record of accomplishments includes passage of four appropriation bills, providing money for federal government departments; the Guffey-Vinson little NRA coal law and the cash and carry neutrality law. I do not see how anybody can be enthusiastic about those accomplishments. Passage of appropriation bills is mere routine usually because in most cases they involve no controversial question at all. Passage of the neutrality act likewise was an action about which there could be little dispute even though there may have been plenty of grounds for disagreement over the type of law enacted. That leaves, therefore, only the Guffey-Vinson coal bill over which there could have been much delay in house or senate debate. All of this makes the picture look even worse for congressional leadership.

There is talk already about adjournment of congress as soon as hot weather strikes Washington—and the temperatures can get very high and unpleasant. While this undecurrent of talk is not yet in an important volume, it emphasizes the fact that there is a growing body of legislators who see no possibility of accomplishing anything worthwhile in the current session.

But what are the reasons? Having gone rather thoroughly into this situation, I think there are two factors to be considered. One is the lack of capacity of the leadership among both Democrats and Republicans and the other is traceable to the White House. President Roosevelt for four years has told congress what to do and to that extent has destroyed the initiative of the legislators as a body and now that some members want to reassert the power of congress, the President's organized spokesmen appear not to know what to do.

It may be said that the immediate cause of the failure of congressional leadership to get much of the legislative program out of the way in five months is the controversy resulting from Mr. Roosevelt's proposal to add six justices of his own choosing to the United States Supreme court. That statement, in my opinion, is only partially true. There are many senators and representatives, otherwise loyal to the President, who now feel that the court re-organization plan cannot be put through. But those spokesmen thus far have not advised the President frankly of their views and in consequence the court bill is still in the way. To that extent, then, the legislative leadership has lacked courage and Mr. Roosevelt has remained adamant, which possibly charges him with some responsibility in the legislative stalemate.

© Western Newspaper Union.

What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

The Gabble of Tourists.

GRAND CANYON, ARIZ.—It gets on your nerves to stand on the rim of this scenic wonder and hear each successive tourist say, "Well, if any artist painted it just as it is nobody would believe it!"

After I heard 174 separate and distinct tourists repeat the above it got on my nerves and I sought surcease far from the maddening round-tripper, hoping to escape the commonplace babbling of eastern sight-seers and revel in the salty humor of the unspoiled West. And I ran into a native who said, with the cute air of having just thought it up, "Yes, sir, I never felt better or had less."

And I encountered a gentleman who in parting called out, "Say, kid, don't take in any wooden nickels." And then, speaking of someone else, remarked, "If I never see that guy again it'll be too soon."

Renaming Hors d'Oeuvres.

THE controversy over giving a more American name to hors d'oeuvres—which some cannot pronounce and none can digest—rages up and down the land. What Sam Blythe, that sterling eater, calls these alleged appetizers you couldn't print in a family newspaper, Sam's idea of a before-dinner nicknack being a baked him. A sturdy Texas congressman calls them doo-dabs.

But if I were living abroad again, I know what I'd call them. When you behold the array of this and that, as served at the beginning of luncheon in the average table d'hôte restaurant over there, and especially in France, you are gazing upon what discriminating customers left on their plates at supper the night before.

Scrambled Cooking.

DOWN below Flagstaff, Ariz., but somewhat to the eastward, in a picturesque city which saddles the international boundary, I found a unique condition.

The best American food available is across the Mexican line at a restaurant owned by a Greek gentleman with a Chinese cook in the kitchen. But the best Mexican cookery is done well over on the American side by a German woman whose husband is an Italian.

So our own native-born citizens, when hungry for the typical dishes of New England or Dixie, journey beyond the border patrols, passing on their way many of their Spanish-speaking neighbors bound four miles northward for a bit of superior tamales and the more inflammatory brands of chili.

Dueling a la Europe

UNTIL Dr. Franz Sarga, the dueling husband of Budapest, really serves one of his enemies en brochette, as it were, instead of just trimming off hangnails and side whiskers, I decline to get worked up. You remember the Doc? He set out to carve everybody in Hungary who'd snooted his lady wife and found himself booked to take on quite a large club membership. But so far he hasn't done much more damage than a careless chirpologist could.

Once, in Paris, I was invited to a duel. I couldn't go, having a prior engagement to attend the World war, which was going on at that time, so I sent a substitute.

He reported that after the principals exchanged shots without peril, except to some sparrows passing overhead, all hands rushed together, entwining in a sort of true-love knot.

The Forgotten Man.

THOSE whose memories stretch that far back into political antiquity may recall the ancient days that seem so whimsically old-fashioned now, when our present President was running the first time on a platform which, by general consent, was laughed off immediately following election. He promised then to do something for the forgotten man. Remarks were also passed about balancing the budget right away. "We needn't go into that."

But the forgotten man figured extensively in the campaign. Then, for awhile, popular interest in him seemed to languish. So many new issues came up suddenly, some, like dyspepsia symptoms, being but temporary annoyances, and some which lingered on and abide with us yet, including Mr. John L. Lewis, the well-known settler.

And now, after these five changeable, crowded years, we have solved the mystery—we know who the forgotten man is. The name is Tugwell, spelled as spoken, but you can pronounce it "Landon" and get practically the same general results.

IRVIN S. COBB.

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Murder Masquerade

—BY—
Inez Haynes Irwin

Copyright Inez Haynes Irwin
WNU Service.

THURSDAY—Continued

I kept reminding myself that I really knew—of my own knowledge—nothing about Myron Marden and his granddaughter. I had accepted them on their face value. I had accepted them on the acceptance of Ace Blaikie and Bruce Hexson. But now I recalled to myself how easily friendships were made between men who were in the World War . . . out of nothing . . . out of anything . . . fleeting as a whisper . . . strong as iron cables . . . Yet every instinct I had, every intuition, every ounce of that judgment which comes from experience of the world kept telling me, kept shouting to me that these two were everything I thought they were. That last feeling arose so strongly in me when Myron Marden soon entered the room that again the tears pricked for a salty instant in my eyes. He came immediately over to my chair, bowed in his courtly, continental way over my hand, turned with a "Good morning, Mr. O'Brien!" to Patrick.

I had not seen him since the funeral. I noted how pale and tired he was then. This day he looked ravaged.

"Won't you sit down?" I asked. Doctor Marden did not sit down. He stood—his whole graceful easy length subtly emanating question—and looked at Patrick.

Patrick, who had risen as he entered and was still standing, steadily returned that gaze. Rarely have I seen a greater contrast in men. Marden exuded that unanalyzable suggestion, alien in manner and clothes, which expatriates so often acquire unconsciously; his deep dark coloring; his distinguished, irregular aquiline; Patrick with his perfect athlete's figure, so light in pose, so perfect in poise and balance, his sun-shot Irish coloring, his regular Celtic features.

Patrick explained, "I want to ask you some questions, Doctor Marden. I ventured to suggest that you come here as I have been using Mrs. Avery's home as a sort of annex to the police station. It makes the whole business a little less unpleasant and we have no kibitzers. You realize that more evidence in this Blaikie case comes in from time to time. Then we have to go over what everybody else has said and check up. I wanted to ask you a few more questions in regard to Mrs. Stow's masquerade."

"Quite!" Doctor Marden assented. He sat down. "I must tell you, Doctor Marden," Patrick added, thrusting his keenest glance across the space between them, "that in case of suspicion being turned upon you, anything you say here may be held against you and that there is a witness present."

Doctor Marden made a deprecatory gesture outward of his long, slender hands. "Ask me anything you want, Mr. O'Brien. I shall avail myself of your suggestion and answer only the questions I wish to answer."

I became conscious of mounting excitement. Everybody else who had submitted to Patrick's interrogatories under my roof—Sarah Darbe, Bessie Williams, Molly Eames, Walter Treadway, Margaret Fairweather—had said in effect: "Ask me anything you want. I shall tell the whole truth."

Perhaps Doctor Marden felt that he had made a false step; for he immediately added, "I have no anticipation that you will ask me any question that I shall not prefer to answer fully."

"Doctor Marden," Patrick began, "at what time did you go to the masquerade?"

"Somewhere between half-past nine and ten," Doctor Marden answered.

"How did you get there? By car?"

"No. It was such a beautiful night and as there is only concrete road between our house and the Stow house, my granddaughter suggested that we walk. Besides she thought that there might be some difficulty in parking."

"What time did you get home?"

"I left earlier than my granddaughter. Half-past twelve I should say."

"Doctor Marden, between the time you arrived and the time you went home, did you leave the Stow house?"

Doctor Marden answered instantly, "Yes."

"Why did you leave it?"

"Well, for no reason or several, just as you choose. I am not much of a dancing man, Mr. O'Brien, and after I'd been there about an hour, I began to find it very hot and also I wanted a smoke."

He smiled and Patrick met his

charming candid amusement with a warm Irish appreciation.

"What time was this?"

"I should say about half-past ten—certainly not much before and certainly not much later."

"By what door did you go out?"

"Through the kitchen and out the little door in Mrs. Stow's garage."

"Why did you go out so secretly?"

"In order to be alone. My head was buzzing a little with the warm air and I didn't want anybody to come with me."

"Did you put on your outer clothes?"

"Yes. I retrieved my long cape and beret from the garage where I left them when I came in."

"Did anybody see you go out?"

"No! Yes!" Doctor Marden reconsidered; smiled reminiscently; smiled with that tender gentleness which I might describe as my favorite of his many charming expressions. "Mrs. Avery's little niece, Sylvia. She had gone out into the kitchen. For some reason, none of the maids was there."

"Did she recognize you?"

"Yes. I lifted my mask."

"Did she speak?"

"Before she could say anything I put my fingers to my lips and she kept perfect silence."

"Where did you go?" Patrick asked next.

"I took a little stroll," Doctor Marden answered, "through the meadow which stretches between Mrs. Stow's and Mrs. Avery's house."

"You were in costume, Doctor Marden. Did your walk injure it—mean, dew, vines, weeds, etc.?"

"There's a very pleasant little path between the two places," Doctor Marden informed Patrick politely.

I had a feeling that I was watching the preliminaries to a duel of two skilled fencers.

"I went through the opening in the hedge, across Mrs. Avery's drive, across the lawn in front of her gardens and onto the path leading to what Mrs. Avery calls the Spinney."

"Did you see anybody on the place or on the road?"

"Nobody."

"I walked into the Spinney. As I entered I heard voices." He paused politely. "Does this interest you, Mr. O'Brien?"

"Very much. Whose voices were they?"

"There were two voices. One was a woman's. I did not recognize it. The other was a man's—Doctor Blaikie's."

"Did you hear what they said?"

"I heard nothing!"

"But as you got nearer—"

"When I realized that there was a tete-a-tete going on in the Spinney, I stopped, started to turn back but the voices stopped and I heard footsteps retreating. I waited a minute and kept on until I came across Doctor Blaikie."

"You did not see the lady at all?"

"No."

"You spoke with Doctor Blaikie of course."

"Yes—for several minutes."

"And then you went on?"

"Yes."

"Was your conversation a long one?"

"A very brief one."

"What was the nature of your talk?"

"It's one of those talks that you can't reproduce because really nothing was said. I knew that a lady had just left the Spinney. I think he knew I knew that. I don't know whether he was embarrassed or not. I was a little conscious of the situation. I think I told him that I'd come out because the house was so warm and that I wanted to smoke."

"Had you lighted a cigar yet?"

"No. But I told Doctor Blaikie that I was going back to the house and I asked him to join me in a smoke."

"What did he say to that?"

"He said no; that he was returning at once to the dance."

"Did you go after that?"

"As I remember, that was my last remark."

"You left Doctor Blaikie in the Spinney?"

"Yes."

"Had he turned—had he started to leave the Spinney?"

"No."

"By what path did you go out from the Spinney?"

"I continued along the path that runs beside Mrs. Avery's Little House; then up onto the road and then back to the Stows."

"Did you smoke on the way back?"

"Yes—one cigarette."

"Did you meet anybody else on the way back?"

"No."

"How did you enter the house?"

"By the garage door—as I left it."

"Did you leave your cape and cap there?"

"Yes."

"Did anybody see you come in?"

"I think nobody noticed it; for the reason that the kitchen was full of masks. They had come out, I think, for water. There had been plenty of punch about, but no water and apparently a big group had suddenly invaded the kitchen. Nobody paid any attention to me and I went back to the dance."

"You were there then at the unmasking?"

"Yes."

"And what time did you say you went home?"

"Yes."

"About half-past twelve."

"You walked home?"

"Yes."

"Did you go straight up the Head?"

"Yes—exactly the way I came."

"When you were in the Spinney, did you hear any noise in the bushes, let us say, or among the trees?"

"I heard nothing."

"Don't you yourself think, Doctor Marden, that it's a little strange that you did not volunteer this information the first time I talked with you?"

Doctor Marden smiled. "I think it might seem so. But what would you have done, Mr. O'Brien? There was a woman involved. I didn't know what sort of trouble I might get her into."

"Well, of course you realize," Patrick advanced, "that some people might say that you invented the woman to save yourself."

Doctor Marden bowed in a polite acquiescence. He made no comment.

"What to your best knowledge and belief was Doctor Blaikie's frame of mind while you talked with him? Did you get any impression?"

"He gave me the impression that he was extremely happy—triumphant, definitely triumphant. I might say, he breathed, he emanated triumph."

Patrick's thick-lashed eyelids dropped. He seemed to reflect deeply. "Well, I guess that will be all," he said. "Wait a moment though. I'm the poorest hand in the world at remembering figures."

He reached into his waistcoat pocket, brought out the little red leather notebook. "I'd like to take down the hours as you remember them—of your arrival and departures from the Stow house."

He reached into one pocket and then another, another and another. "I cannot keep a pencil!" he muttered.

I moved in the direction of my desk. Before I could reach it however, Doctor Marden had offered Patrick a fountain pen. Patrick busied himself a moment or two writing, handed the pen back. "Thank you very much, Doctor Marden. I won't detain you any longer."

"Oh by the way, Doctor Marden," Patrick reached into his

pocket again—"do you recognize that?"

Doctor Marden answered instantly, "Yes."

"Does it belong to you?"

"Yes."

"When did you last see it?"

"The last time I noticed it was when I put on my slippers to go to the masquerade. It's one of a pair of old paste buckles that I bought some years ago in Paris. I lost it that night."

"Had you any idea where you lost it?"

"I thought it must have dropped off in that walk I took. It seems to me that had it been lost in the house, I would have noticed it."

"Did you make any attempt to find it?"

"Yes. I got up very early Sunday morning and went over the road I took, to see if I could find it."

"Don't you think that that might look suspicious?"

"Perhaps. But I suppose I would also think that whether it looked suspicious or not would depend on my standing in the community—my reputation for decency and honor. I am perfectly willing to admit that I didn't want to be involved as a witness in this case. Naturally I did not want to get into it. Moreover, the buckle is an extremely valuable one. It is part of a set and although that was not, in view of the great tragedy, of momentous importance, it was of some importance."

"Well," Patrick decided, "I guess that will be all."

Doctor Marden arose. He bowed to Patrick; came over to my side; bent low over my hand. "Dear lady," he said, "I cannot tell you how much I think of you in these distressing days."

Something in his voice brought the tears to my eyes again. Then with his quick, light step, he started to go.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Lights of New York

by L. L. STEVENSON

Chuhatee looks much like a pancake. It is broken in the fingers and dunked in warm gravy. One of the members of the party asked our host, M. H. H. Joachim, about it. He explained it was made of layers of flour. In India, it also has a historical significance. At the time of the Indian uprising in 1857, the natives could not communicate with one another because of the perfection of the British espionage system. But under the law, the British can not touch the food of an Indian soldier. So the time set for the rebellion was hidden between layers of chuhatee and the uprising occurred on schedule. Much more about India Mr. Joachim told us, his supply of information being vast. His home is in Calcutta. A Hindu, his family is of one of the highest castes. Educated in Oxford, with a long string of degrees after his name, he has been in this country since 1920 and has lectured on Indian esoteric philosophy before all the leading universities.

Naturally, we asked Mr. Joachim about Gandhi, who lately has discarded the title of Mahatma. The answer was strange indeed coming from a high caste Hindu. In his belief, Gandhi is one of the greatest men India has ever produced. The caste system, he added, is so ingrained in the country that it will never be eradicated. The Gandhi has done much to relieve the lot of millions. Incidentally, Mr. Joachim called attention to the fact that Gandhi originated the sit-down strike. Becoming serious again, he declared that even the most submerged Indian was happier in his lot than many an American. It is the Indian's philosophy that sustains him and gives him an inner happiness no matter what his lot may be. Incidentally, while in Oxford, Mr. Joachim made a study of all known religions.

As for the restaurant in which we were eating real Indian food, badami, dhal, Bombay duck, loochies, pappadam, chicken curry with the hottest chutney I've ever enjoyed, that caused our host to smile. It seems that Calcutta food is different from other Indian fare. In his travels about the United States, his constant search was for his own kind of food. He seldom found it. When he did in New York, he bought the restaurant so as to insure a supply. It costs him thousands of dollars a year to maintain that small restaurant on Forty-eighth street but he doesn't mind. Maybe that's the Indian philosophy. In passing, it may be stated that while the name Joachim may not mean much to the general public, it is different with "Your Unseen Friend." Yes, M. H. H. Joachim is that Sunday afternoon radio speaker, whose program starts with soft music and who discusses life problems. In his possession are more than a half million letters, most of them vital human documents.

Not infrequently a paragraph under "Public Notices" intrigues my interest and excites my fancy. For instance, this one, which recently ran several days: "Tumbledown house on hilltop for sale in Litchfield Hills, Connecticut. Two miles from town. No babbling brook. Extensive grounds for pushing lawn mower. Bad golf, fishing, shooting, etc. Twelve acres enclosed by horse fence adjoining hunt club. Dump near house with skunks, rabbits and field mice rattling around. Approximately 30 apple trees. Oil burner. Domestic problems terrible. Price \$29,000." And yet I continue to dream about a little place somewhere far from the madding crowd.

Again, I've learned something about cash customers. It seems that a number of them carry "discount cards." These cards are issued to employees of various concerns or, in some instances, sent out to mailing lists. They entitle the holder to a third off, the holder being cautioned not to show the discount card in the presence of other customers. Then there are places which carry only very small stocks but which obtain any article desired, from a radio to a washing machine, at a discount of from 25 to 30 per cent. And of course there are always those friends who remark, "I can get it for you wholesale."

Subway eavesdropping: "He's the kind of a guy that always tries to kiss you when you've got your make-up just right."

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No. 13 Appears Often in This Man's Life

Acton, Mass.—Arthur E. Tuttle sat down and figured out that: He was a 13th child. He was born on July 13, 1858. He left school when 13.

He entered the building contracting business July 13, 1913. He has had automobile registration 96-13 for 13 years. He has had telephone number 13 for 13 years.

He started building a home for his daughter last June 13 and completed it October 13. And he has a sister aged 94, which digits total 13.

Fashions to Pep You Up!



HERE'S spring tonic for you, Miss America, done up in fine formula by Sew-Your-Own! The ingredients are bracing and please the taste.

The model at the left is the type to take right away before spring advances further. It is especially beneficial to the willowy figure with its alluring swing and grace, its delicate waistline, becoming collar and stylishly cuffed sleeves. Any of the lovely sheers will do well here.

Miss Athletic Girl.

The center package is labeled Miss Athletic Girl. She goes for it because without fuss and furbelows it still is feminine. And, too, she knows that the smart lines down the front and back are not gored but tucks which give the same stylish effect, and necessitate half the effort, thanks to the clever designing of Sew-Your-Own.

A Builder-Up.

Upper right is the Builder-Up for the younger Lady of Fashion. Because of it and her other Sew-Your-Owns she will go down in the Year Book as the Best Dressed Girl in the class the first thing she knows. This two-piece has style unmistakable in its absolute simplicity of line, round collar so tiny as to be a mere suggestion, and in the perfect balance of its flared sleeves, pelplum, and skirt.

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Brand New 1937 Jantzen

Line has just arrived — right in time for Memorial week end.

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\$6,620.82 Raised in State Cancer Control Campaign

The first Enrollment Campaign of the Women's Field Army for Cancer Control was most successful in New Hampshire. Mrs. Harry W. Smith of Durham, State Commander, reports a total of \$6,620.82 raised in the state, which is more than two and one-half times the quota. The major portion of this amount was received from enlistments. Contributions were received from local branches of many service and fraternal organizations. Foremost in this campaign was education to stress the necessity of early diagnosis of cancer. Therefore, in every section of the state, educational work was carried on which has awakened a definite interest in the Control of Cancer, as evidenced by increased numbers attending the diagnostic clinics under the supervision of the State Cancer Commission and by reports of increased diagnosis from physicians in private practice.

In the Great Smokey Mountains National Park there are 1500 Spring blossoms. This little item will be of greater interest to those who heard the excellent talk given on the people of this region by Miss Charlotte Brown recently before the Winchendon Woman's club.

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Carrie Jacobs Bond Writes Theme Songs of Own Life

Carrie Jacobs Bond's last two songs have been written during the past two years and are theme songs of her own life. They are: "My Garden of Memories," and "In My Garden." Since her serious illness of last Spring, Mrs. Bond has lived quietly at her home in Hollywood, spending much time in her garden, which friends call "the bird-cafeteria" for her feathered friends know right well there is a good meal awaiting them there, and she finds great enjoyment in watching the many varieties. She has written many lovely songs, none more popular than "A Perfect Day," which was inspired by one of those wonderful sunshiny California days, once experienced, never forgotten, a perfect day indeed, and it was written after spending the day at the Mission Inn at Riverside where she loves to go. She has had many tragedies in her life. She has a lovely but isolated home in Grossmont, near San Diego, situated on top of a mountain, not far from the fine home of Schumann Heink which she gave to soldiers for a home. Mrs. Bond was born in Janesville, Wis., and the town has put a marker at her birthplace.

Paths of some sort are quite necessary in the average garden, and should be at least 18 inches wide to permit comfortable passage of one person. Gravel walks are preferred by some, but they need raking. The most permanent are brick or flag walks which give a finished appearance to the whole garden. The two latter may have planting done between the crevices, but only the lowest, spreading plants are suitable—lobelia, sweet alyssum, portulacca, creeping phlox, English daisy, are some that are all right.

The Antrim Reporter ANTRIM NEW HAMPSHIRE Published Every Thursday

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

ADVERTISING RATES
Births, marriages and death notices inserted free.

Card of Thanks 75c each.
Resolutions of ordinary length \$1.00.

Display advertising rates on application.

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

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

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

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

Thursday, May 27, 1937

Antrim Locals

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

Mrs. G. W. Hunt was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Scott Emery at Peterborough the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. George, Mrs. H. C. Speed, and Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hult of Francetown went on a sight-seeing motor trip recently.

Miss Jean Linton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William R. Linton of Antrim, will receive the degree of Bachelor of Science from the School of Home Economics at Simmons College at the annual commencement exercises to be held on Monday, June 14.

Miss Linton has been a member of the Home Economics Club.

Miss Margaret Clark has completed her labor at the home of Oscar Robb and is working at Mrs. Gertrude Robb's.

Mrs. Fred Shoults, Clifford Worthley and Mrs. Sara Brown were in Amesbury Mass., last Friday.

Mrs. Elizabeth Robertson and daughter, Dorothy, spent the week end in Franklin.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Miner and family of Warner were callers on his mother, Mrs. Grace Miner, Sunday.

Mrs. Jessie Hall and Frederick Saunders of Boston spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Milton Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Vose and Mr. and Mrs. William Vose of Watertown, Mass., were here over the week end.

Luther Hastings and Miss Mabelle Hastings of Lynnfield Center, Mass., were callers Sunday on Mrs. Minnie White.

Mrs. Sara Kimball of Lawrence, Mass., called on Mrs. Julia Hastings on Saturday.

Miss Olive Ashford is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Ashford.

Harvey Rogers is 81 years of age instead of 85 as stated in last week's issue.

Whittemore - Harriman

Ralph L. Whittemore and Miss Mona F. Harriman, both of Antrim, were united in marriage at Hancock Saturday evening, May 22, by Rev. William Weston. They were attended by Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Butterfield.

Antrim Locals

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

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Davis and Mrs. Joseph Heritage took a trip to Concord Saturday.

George Paige of Providence, R. I., and Mrs. James Jenks of Pawtucket, R. I., have been recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Lane.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hastings have returned to their home, after spending two weeks in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy O. Hollis and children attended the apple blossom festival in Wilton Sunday.

A party of six from Stoneham, Mass. called on Miss Nellie McKay recently.

Mrs. Virginia Plurin and children of Claremont, were Sunday visitors of her sister Mrs. Edward Moul.

Mrs. Chester Hartwell and daughter Janice, and Mrs. Richard Hartwell and two children of Keene spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. David Bassett.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard R. Davis of New Hartford, N. Y., were Sunday guests of Rev. William McNair, Kirtledge.

Word has been received in town of the death of Mrs. Cyril Switzer (Mamie Perkins) of Bernardston, Mass. She was the sister of the late Carl Perkins.

Mrs. H. W. Eldredge and daughter, Miss Mabelle, were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cranston D. Eldredge and Mr. and Mrs. H. Burr Eldredge, in Winchendon, Mass.

The young son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard S. Humphrey fractured an arm while playing during recess at school today.

A Poet's Dream

I dreamed I was possessed with wealth,
And lived in mansions grand,
Had costly robes and jewels rare,
And servants at my command.

When I awakened from my dream,
My splendor all had fled,
Dreams are much too bright to last,
As I have often said.

As for what the world calls wealth,
That gift was sure not mine,
The only talent I possessed,
Was just a gift of rhyme.

But I've the blessing of good health,
Kind friends and many more,
God's promised me my daily bread,
What king could ask for more.

I've hitched my wagon to a star,
The star the muse of rhyme,
Aspire to write my rhymes and verse,
Unto the end of time.

I weave the thoughts of brighter days,
Into my rhyme and song,
And tho at times I may feel sad,
It can not last for long.

Some may aspire for wealth and fame,
But I will bide my time,
Will take the gift His love has given,
And cheer sad hearts with rhyme.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank our friends and neighbors for the many kind deeds and for the flowers; also those who gave the use of their cars.

Mrs. Harry Codman
Mr. and Mrs. Ira Codman
Charlie Codman
Earl Codman.

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Careful Planning is Necessary to Avoid Great Damage by the Flood Waters

The building of Noah's ark was the first historically recorded Practical Plan to guard against flood danger. Noah's neighbors, seeing him put much time and effort into the erection of a sea-going craft, on dry land, and with the sun brightly shining, no doubt considered him an "eccentric." Considerable water has flowed under the bridges since Noah's time. Today, however, we are equipped with more comprehensive data than that which our common ancestor had. We not only know when a flood is in the offing — we also know why — and, to a certain extent, what to do about it.

Our Colonial ancestors could not see the forest for the trees. This is literally true. Faced with seemingly limitless stretches of primeval woodlands, one of their major problems was that of clearing away the trees. Those early settlers could not be expected to realize that they were embarking upon a program which would culminate in the denuding of millions of acres of forest land, thereby creating conditions that invited flood disaster.

In 1911 Congress passed the Weeks Purchase Act. In accordance with the provisions of this act the White Mountain National Forest in New Hampshire and the Green Mountain National Forest in Vermont have been established. The Resettlement Administration of the United States Department of Agriculture is in process of planting 1,802,000 trees in Maine, 350,000 in Connecticut and 42,500 in Rhode Island. But reforestation, like the building of Noah's ark, does not insure flood control. At best, it will be some years before its benefits become apparent. Must our generation, then, submit to the unhappy situation of being ground between the upper and nether millstones of our ancestors and our descendants?

Various communities have taken steps to hold back the surging waters. Although some local undertakings have proven practical, others, unfortunately, are reminiscent of the efforts of the great King Canute, who said to the ocean, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther!" In a recent speech Joseph T. Woodruff, Consultant to the New England Regional Planning Commission said: "Like modern

scientists and physicians, planners today believe in treating the cause of our troubles rather than the result. The remedy for flood danger is often applied many miles from the actual trouble, possibly in another State."

And here lies the crux of the situation. The flood wall now being built at Haverhill, Massachusetts is a real aid to flood control. The extending of the dikes at Hartford, Connecticut is necessary. But neither of these measures is in itself sufficient to eliminate the danger of floods in their respective communities.

We come now to the practical application of flood control measures. Interstate Compact Committees have been established in all the New England states, except Maine. The Vermont legislature has passed and Gov. Aiken has signed the necessary legislation for state participation in the interstate compact for flood control in the Connecticut River Valley. Similar action is necessary by New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Connecticut.

Grandson Noah bowed to the will of God. Perhaps it was His will that all living creatures of that time be destroyed with the exception of Noah and his entourage. The savages in darkest Africa even today bow to the will of their gods. When a great regional catastrophe engulfs them, their medicine men make magic and offer sacrifices to appease the wrath of their angry divinities. How effective such a program of flood control can be is not hard to conjecture.

We know some of the steps that are necessary to insure New England against floods. We have made some progress on reforestation and in local projects. But all this work will be wasted if we do not embrace and carry out a region-wide program of flood control, as constantly urged by the New England Regional Planning Commission.

Only if New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Connecticut fall in line with Vermont on the interstate compact can that program become a reality. We cannot, like Noah, each build ourselves a boat-house, and go cruising around in quest of an olive twig when the waters overwhelm us. Olive twigs are scarce in New England.

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Congregational Church
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Morning Service at 11 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Newcity, and John L. Fleming of Tewksbury, John H. Fleming of Lowell and Sanford, Maine and Frank E. Fleming and wife of Sanford were recent week end callers at the Balch Farm.

Two New Buildings At the Paper Mill

Ground has been broken for two new buildings at the Monadnock Paper Mills. A new finishing room, 87 feet by 125 feet, for storage and finishing, and a new machine shop, 68 feet by 40 feet, both of brick construction, are being erected. Shattuck Company of Manchester and Mill workmen are doing the work.

Climbing Plants

Climbing plants. What do you know about these interesting and quite numerous kinds of plants that go up and up, and round and round in various ways? There are the weavers which stick to lattice or a wall, the young shoots having a tendency to grow in the darker areas so that they weave themselves in among the older wood, and also grow on the back of a trellis. Twiners are the ones that are really interesting to watch. Did you know that they had different ways of twining? The hop and the honey suckle turn clockwise or to the right, while the scarlet runner bean, the bindweeds and Dutchman's pipe, go to the left, and some plants send their shoots either way. It is interesting to watch the growth of a hop vine which shoots around its support rapidly. Put a piece of white paper behind the tip and mark the position every few hours and see how it grows and grows. Then there is the English ivy and trumpet creeper which produce roots along their stems with which they cling to the walls. Climbers are the best things in the world for cutting off unsightly views and are not as harmful to buildings as might be supposed, for when a wall gets well covered with vine it tends to keep it dry rather than wet. Trellises should be from 12 to 18 inches from a wall to give a chance for air to circulate and to spray the back of the vine. Plain wooden posts with the bark left on, make more interesting trellises than the fancy-shaped things.

No Longer a "Labor" Question

The labor situation has reached a point where it effects every citizen.

The unlawful occupation of property by workers to enforce their demands, and the breakdown of our law enforcement agencies in protecting the property owner, is a new experience in the United States. It is but one step removed from revolution.

If one class of citizens can dispossess another class of the use of their property, it is only a step further to take over such property permanently. We have witnessed that in Russia and Spain.

If workmen stop and think, they will see that they are destroying their own safety and liberty when they foment revolutionary practices.

Thoughtful persons who have the best interests of workers at heart, can only warn them against such tactics which in the long run will lose unless government stability is destroyed — then what?

The Name Brazil
The name Brazil of the South American country is derived from a Portuguese word, *brazo*, meaning live coal, in reference to the color of its dyewoods.

SCHOOL BOARD NOTICE

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

Philip E. Knowles
Martha L. Weston
Doris M. Parker

Bennington School Board

Church Notes

Furnished by the Pastors of
the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Rev. Wm. McN. Kittredge, Pastor
Thursday, May 27
Prayer meeting at 7:30 p.m. Topic: "Paul's Christian Faith", 2 Cor. 5: 1-11.

Friday, 3 o'clock.
The Mission Study Class will meet in the vestry.

Sunday, May 30.
Church School at 10 o'clock.

The Union Memorial Service will be held in the Baptist Church at 11 o'clock.

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

Union Service at 7 in this Church.
Sermon theme: "A Critical Alternative".

Baptist
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, May 27
Prayer Meeting 7:30 p.m. Topic: "Bridge Building".

Sunday, May 30
Church School at 9:45 o'clock.

Union Memorial Sunday Service 11.
The pastor will speak on "Memories".

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.

Woman's Relief Corps Will Meet

All members of the Woman's Relief Corps who can are requested to meet at the home of Mrs. George Warren on Concord St. Saturday afternoon for the purpose of making wreaths. They will also meet Sunday morning to attend Memorial Services at the Baptist Church.

Louise G. Auger,
Press Correspondent

State Officers' Day

Was observed by Molly Aiken Chapter D. A. R., Friday May 21st at the home of Mrs. Alice Hurlin; Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Helen Robinson assisting.

Voted to accept the invitation of Mr. Tibbals to attend Memorial Day services at the Baptist church, Sunday May 30th.

The History Study period was given by Mrs. Hunt on the administration of President Van Buren. Mrs. Butterfield sang two vocal solos and Mrs. Seaver read a paper on "Old Alms-houses". Words of greeting was made by the following State Officers — State Regent Mrs. Hoskins; State Sec. Mrs. Pickett Jr.; State Treas. Mrs. Jackson; State Registrar, Mrs. Storrs, State Librarian, Miss Cutler.

Refreshments and a social hour followed.

Ethel B. Nichols,
Publicity Com.

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, platters, 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, 8 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 lot approximately 9 rods x 5 rods, and the 24 x 30 foot building thereon.

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

Weekly Letter by Proctor, Fish and Game Conservation Officer

Last Sunday I met Mr. Gale of Temple armed with a camera and an oiler. He was oiling the tent caterpillar nests along the road side near his Temple estate. I don't know what he was doing with the camera.

The old weather man sure has it in for the fisherman. Every weekend he sends plenty of damp weather. This makes the brooks at flood height and there is no trout fishing over the week-end.

The first snapping turtle of the season has been captured by Vivian Tucker of East Washington. We did not think it was warm enough for these fellows to be stirring.

Fishermen are reporting in that they never have seen so many different kinds of hawks as in the past week. What the reason is for the number we know not.

The Golden robins are back and one pair that nests somewhere near my place sing every morning in the big maples back of the house.

Ever hear of Mr. Gardner of the Highway Department at Concord. This man is doing more to keep our highways free of advertising matter of all kinds than any one else in the state. That's his job and he is doing it well. Wish he had power enough to stop the big road signs from going up. Within a week we have seen many more new signs going up all over our highways. They expected the legislature to stop it all but seeing the way clear for another two years up they go.

Have you seen that fox hunting film owned by the Fish and Game department? It's a wonderful picture. One day last week Ex-Mayor Dulap of Laconia told me how that picture was made. Seven different foxes were used to take that picture and it took as many weeks to get them all in.

The skunk season has started. I took one for a ride the other day and planted him in new fields. I don't know whether he enjoyed his new home or not but we was out of sight very soon after I lifted the cover. If you don't want skunks around be careful with your garbage. In some places the picking is good. Dogs tip over the pail and then the stray cats and skunks have a good meal. Skunks won't bother if there is no feed.

Have had a number of requests for the new law books. There ain't no such animal. The Legislature is still in session and we will have to wait till they close up shop before we can issue a new up to date set of game laws.

Domestic rabbits as food is nothing new but within a month many new rabbit farms have sprung up all over my district.

The past few days I have had several requests for Foster Mothers. Any one having them will do well to get in touch with us at once. Any breed of a dog will do.

The possum supposed to be a native of the south has started an invasion of the north and are quite plentiful in Wisconsin. Several years ago Arthur Doucette of Milford had several but the cold winters were too much for them.

Last Sunday an out of state man hooked a big one in one of our local brooks and after a hard battle lost him. He would not say how large it was but did admit it was the biggest one he ever got hold of. A local man tried to help him land the big one but he also failed in the attempt. He is still there.

Is this the seed year? Every pine we have noted the past week is full of cones.

The other night I sat in with the Granite Fish and Game club of Milford. They had a very interesting meeting.

Was talking with several men from a town just over the line. These men all buy N. H. fishing licenses as they don't just always know where the Massachusetts line leaves off and the N. H. line starts and they heard the N. H. Wardens were hard boiled, so safety first. Game Warden Arthur Lovely of Orange, Mass., has posted a long ways on the border with Massachusetts Border signs warning the hunter or fisherman that he's near the state line. Good idea.

It won't be long to young quail, partridges and pheasants. Check up on mouse cats and dogs. Don't let them destroy all the game that is breeding near your property. Heard from a lady the other day that used to keep a dozen cats. Now she keeps one. And that one is in nights.

Have a nice long letter from Jim Peck of Fitchburg, Mass. Jim is a Game Warden over the line and known all over as "Bull Of The Woods." He says that down in Ayer they have a new pond for raising pond fish and will have over 50,000 before Oct. 30th.

Here is the name of a party who has got some German Shepherd puppies a month old for sale. The past month we have had quite a few asking for such puppies. Mrs. Josephine Nichols is the name and Antrim is the place.

Here is a nice long letter from R. H. Madden of Washington, D. C. He has been a reader of this column ever since it was started. He would like to know just how far reaching this column is read. He thinks that a post card pole of all readers outside of New England would be of interest to other readers. Mr. Madden is a summer resident of Antrim and is a pickler fisherman. He believes that certain ponds should be stocked and reserved for such fellows as he who likes this sport. He also likes bass fishing.

Listen you fellows who like to hunt and own good guns. Just run down to the corner book store and buy the June number of Field and Stream and turn to page 23 and read the article by the Publisher and then do some thinking of your own. He puts the situation right up to you on this anti gun racket.

According to the Wildlife Institute the groundhog or wood chuck is a farm asset. One farmer paid his taxes last year on the sale of the meat. He got 20c a pound for same. A woodchuck is a very clean animal. I had some at New Boston several years ago and it was very good.

Springtime is Clean-up Time

You can see signs of spring fever almost everywhere. Farmers are plowing and sowing their fields. Suburbanites are planting their gardens. Housewives are cleaning and revamping homes. Communities are starting improvement projects.

Winter is apt to be a time of general neglect—partly because of severe weather and partly because of the press of other matters in that busy season. Vacant lots, yards and even streets become unsightly. Now is the time for a thorough spring cleaning, extending through the community, in the interest of health, safety and civic progress.

Such a clean-up campaign is a splendid activity for civic clubs, chambers of commerce, Boy Scouts and similar groups of sponsor. Every town should emulate those communities which, through a spirit of fine cooperation, have succeeded in gaining the name of "Spotless town."

When a movement to paint up, clean-up and beautify sweeps a community, it leaves in its wake a healthier, happier town. From the standpoint of fire safety alone, the movement pays big dividends—as the records show, many a disastrous fire has been caused by rubbish and litter. Drop a cigarette or a cigar butt into an accumulation of trash and a conflagration may follow—furthermore, piled rubbish is always susceptible to spontaneous ignition.

Carry out the clean-up campaign by carefully burning all trash in incinerators and under close supervision. Every citizen and every business will benefit—socially and economically.

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. 17092, 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 Selectmen'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 to 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; thence northerly by said highway to first mentioned bound, containing ten acres be it more or less. Meaning to convey the same premises conveyed to Charles

Methodists Observe 200th Anniversary

Millions of Methodists all over the world will join in the 200th anniversary observance of the founding of that church, which will culminate May 22, 1938 in London, England, where John Wesley laid the foundations of Methodism.

Bishop Hughes of the Washington, D. C., area, issued the call for the semi-annual meeting of the Board of Bishops, which convened in Minneapolis on Tuesday, when the anniversary celebration began officially.

Bishop Ernest Lynn Waldorf of the Chicago area opened the six-day meeting with an address on the progress of the million unit fellowship movement, the aim of which is to pledge a million communicants each year to contribute one dollar a month for the benevolent and missionary activities of the church. The Board of Bishops also discussed the liquor question in the United States, world peace, missionary problems and the proposed merger of the church with the Methodist Episcopal church south and the Methodist Protestant church.

Camp Wiyaka, the Y. M. C. A. Summer camp on the shores of Sandy Lake at Richmond, N. H., will be opened for the annual "Y" Summer campers on July 3. Boys will occupy the camp until July 31, according to previous custom. The period from Aug. 1 to 14, inclusive, the camp will be given over to the Greenfield Girl Scouts and the Athol Campfire Girls will occupy the last two weeks in August. The camp is recognized as one of the best in this section.

W. Mann by Herbert W. Dustin by his deed dated Oct. 22, 1924 and recorded with Hillsborough Records Book 641, Page 418.

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 45 acres more or less and commonly called the "Bradford lot."

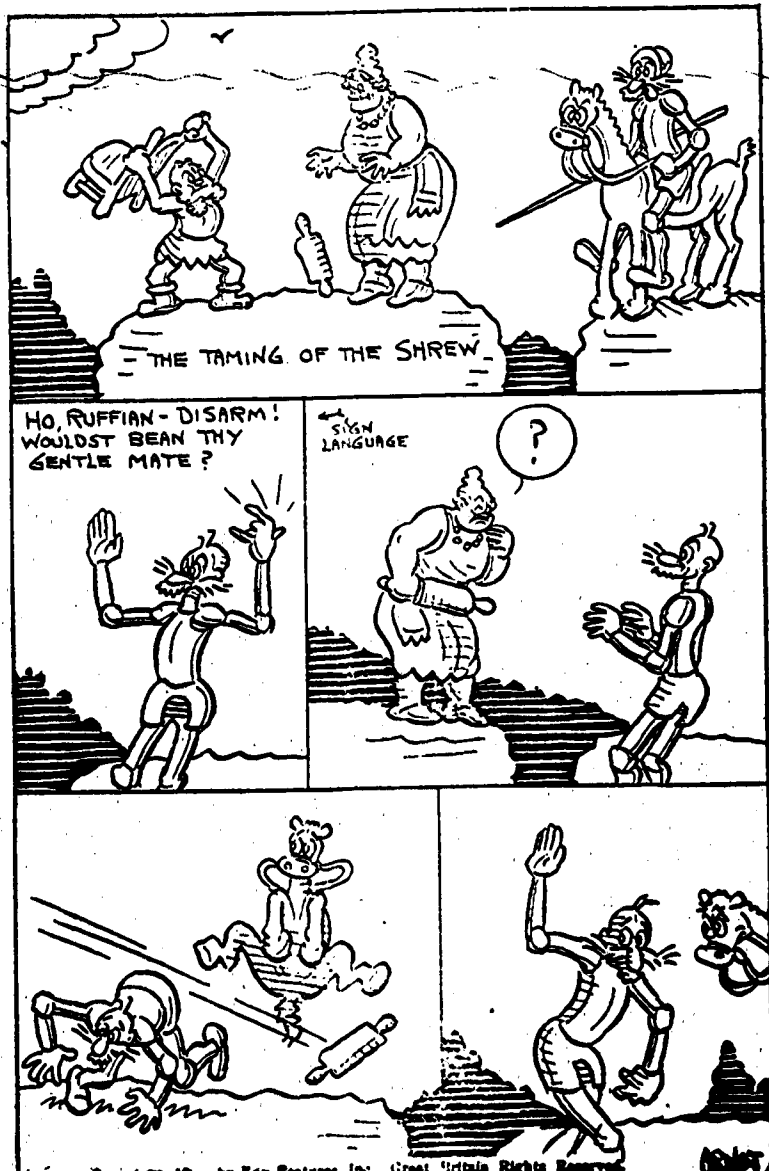
Being the same premises conveyed to Charles W. Mann by Harry M. Brooks by deed dated May 23, 1921 and recorded with Hillsborough Records Book 794, page 43.

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 Loveren; 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 eighty 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 785, page 428. The above seven tracts are adjoining.

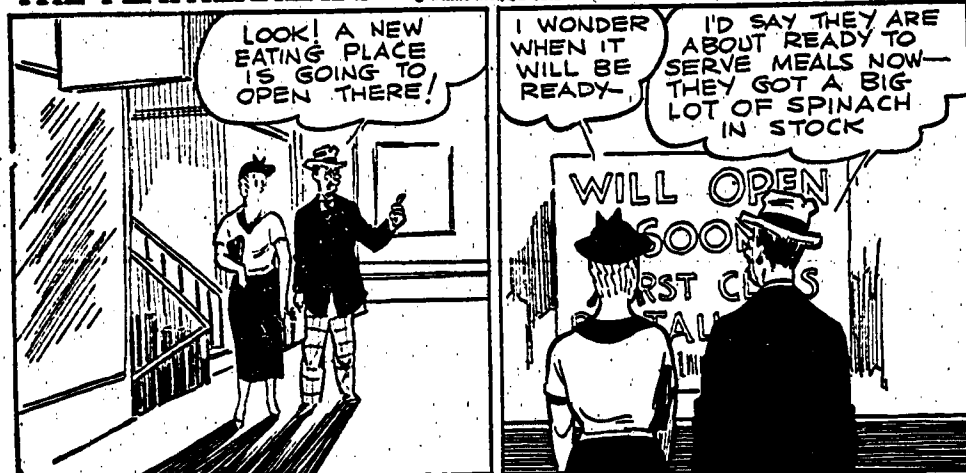
WILDER H. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.



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Fun for the Whole Family

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne
© Western Newspaper Union

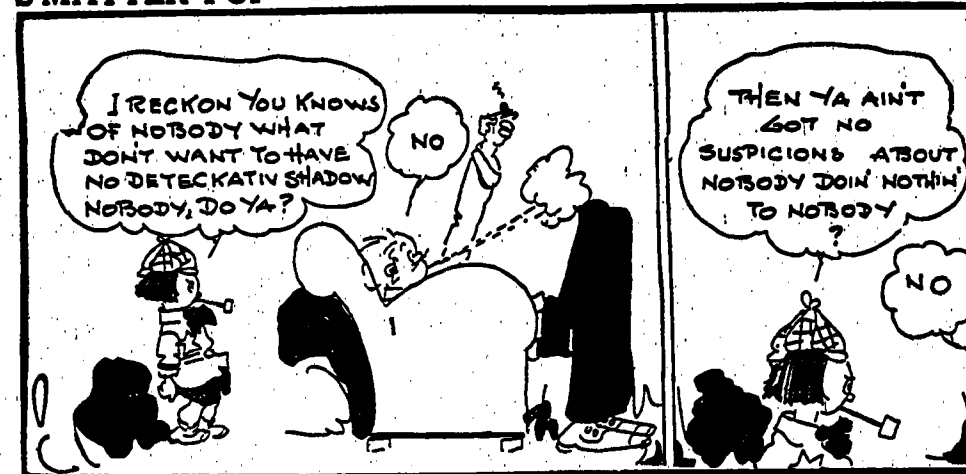
Dirty Crack

By C. M. PAYNE



S'MATTER POP—These Deteckativs Can Sure Lead You Into a Trap!

By C. M. PAYNE

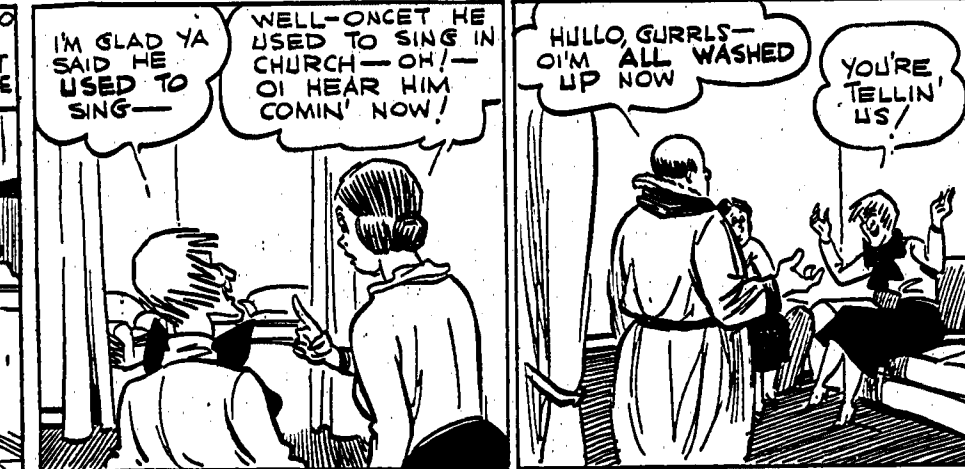


MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY

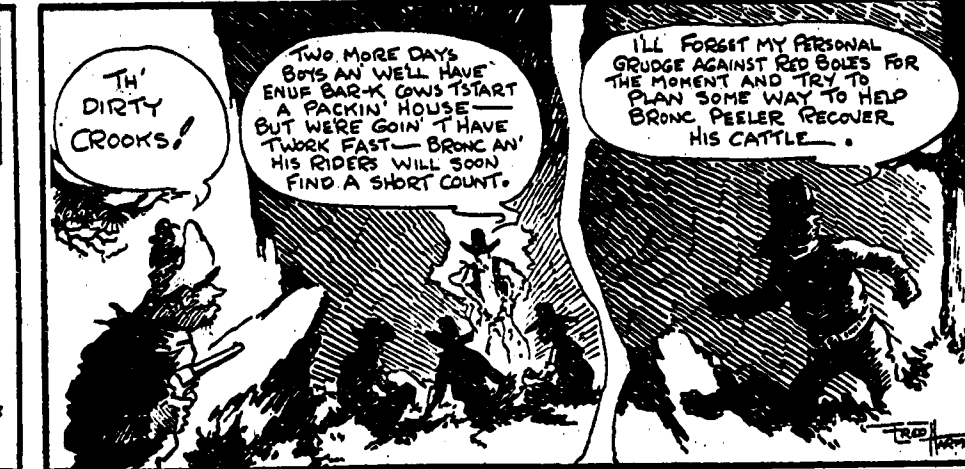


FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin
© By Western Newspaper Union

BRONC PEELER—Withers' Decision

By FRED HARMAN



Curse of Progress



Hurrah for the Moon
Sambo had joined a debating society, and the day after his first meeting he was being questioned by friends.

"What was de subject of de debate, Sambo?"

"De subject were, 'What Is de Most Benefit to Mankind, de Sun or de Moon?'" replied Sambo.

"And which side did you take?"

"De moon's," said Sambo. "I argued dat de sun shines by day when we doan' need de light, but de moon shines by night, when dat light mos' certainly am needed. An' dey couldn't answer dat, suh!"—Titt-Bits Magazine.

Worm Turns
Angus was out for the evening and when he returned he found his father waiting up for him. "How much did the evening cost ye, lad?" he asked at once.

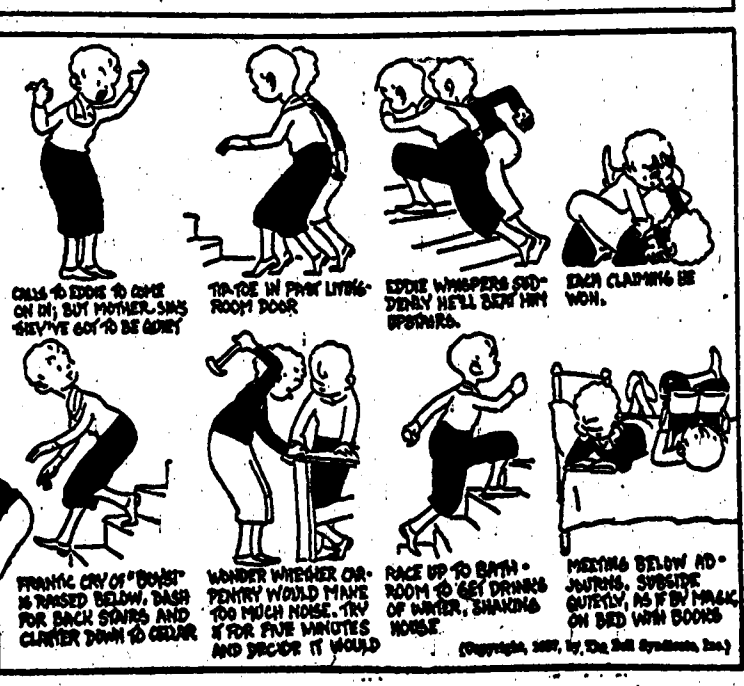
"Half a dollar."

"That's not so bad," he said, visibly relieved.

"It was all she had," the boy explained.

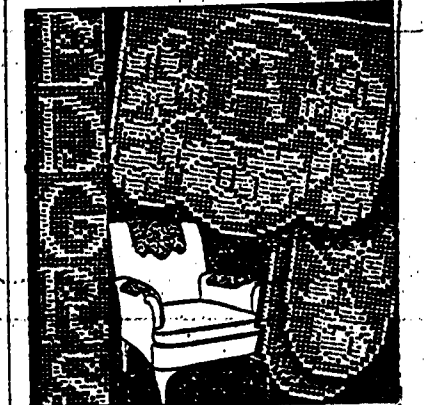
KEEPING QUIET

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



Filet Chair Set With an Initial

Grand, isn't it—that big, stunning initial adding that definitely personal touch to a chair-set of string! Select your initial from the alphabet that comes with the pattern, paste it in place on the chart, and crochet it right in with the design (it's as easy as that!). You can, of course, crochet the



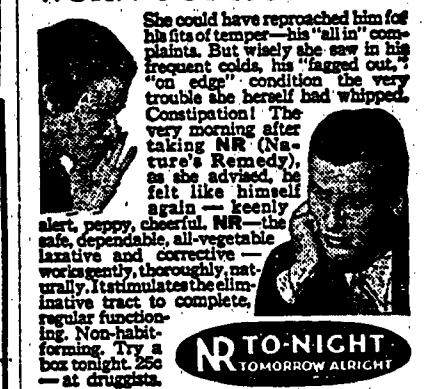
Pattern 1399

initials separately as insets on linens, too. Pattern 1399 contains charts and directions for making a chair back 12 by 15 inches, two arm rests 6 by 12 inches and a complete alphabet, the initials measuring 3 1/4 by 4 inches; material requirements; an illustration of all stitches used.

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

Please write your name, pattern number and address plainly.

What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND



BRONCHITIS
CATARRH
HAY FEVER
Thousands upon thousands of sufferers the world over have found the secret of wonderful relief in Dr. Hail's famous book of treatment sent FREE on request. Write today to Dr. B. W. Hail, Dept. C, 53 Park Place, New York.

Counsel From All
Take counsel of him who is greater, and of him who is less, than yourself, and then recur to your own judgment.—Arab Proverb.

KILL THOSE 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¢, 35¢ and 60¢ at your drugist's.

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Loss Weight Daily. Safe, sure, inexpensive. Weight chart and information free. Write DR. WENDT . . . CANTON, S. DAK.

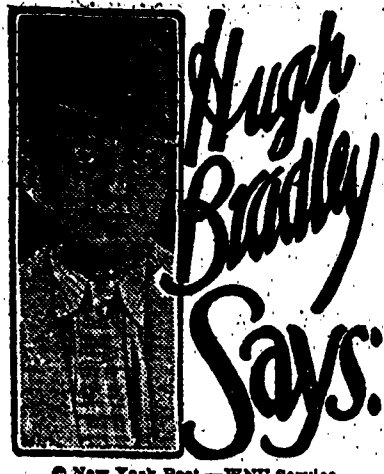
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\$2.50
A DAY
Hotel Tudor
In NEW YORK CITY
2 blocks east of Grand Central Station on East Street. 300 rooms, each with private bath.



War Admiral, Jock Worked Out Perfect Getaway at Barrier

JUST a note to one of the old folks at home:

Dear Red—Pop Kurtzinger's wildy thumping heart burst six buttons off his vest when his boy Charley came galloping down to the wire atop the winner. The beauty and chivalry of Kaintucky were so elated that they only jacked up prices 500 per cent for the frenzied who missed the first train out, but—

Well, Red, that's why an admiring friend who hasn't seen you for a long while is writing this letter. It was a swell Derby, that one so easily won by War Admiral, but there was something missing. That was you, Pop. All the while that little brown colt—really he's little only as compared to such big red giants as yourself—was shaking those four feet to make every post a winning one I kept whispering to myself. What I was saying was, "Gee, but I wish his old man could see him now."

Lots of other folks were saying the same thing, too, Red. You needn't think because you're stuck off in a green pasture a couple of counties away that honest-to-goodness people have forgotten you. Ever since the race was run I've heard hundreds of them saying the same thing. "My, my," they've been saying, "he looked just like Man o' War."

War, didn't he? Actually they're a little wrong on that, though, Red. If they're speaking of mere outward appearances while the kid's standing in his stall. Maybe—because of what I hear about the way you've been spending your last fifteen years you're sort of like the old woman in the shoe and got mixed up about the younger ones now and then—I'd better set you right about him.

War Admiral, this kid of yours, has a nice easy stride, pretty close knit conformation and may be a trifle light in back. Carries his head like you but otherwise he takes after his mammy's family in looks. His mammy, you may have to be reminded, was a little mare named Brushup and her daddy was Sweep.

Once out on the track, though, you can't miss him as a Man o' War. Walks up to the barrier just like you did, kind of proud and disdainful and wondering at the nerve of those other gee gees even thinking they could run along with him for money, marbles or the next peck of oats.

Just like you he's full of pep and vinegar at the barrier, too, but I wouldn't take too seriously those stories you may read about him being a bad actor there. Actually what happened there was that your kid and Pop Kurtzinger's boy, Charley, were giving the first evidence of that perfect teamwork which won them the race in the second best time in Derby history.

What Charley and your kid really were doing at the post when everybody thought they were cutting up was thinking and acting. They were wheeling in and out of their stall because they wanted to be on their toes when the break came. If they'd stood there nice and flatfooted maybe it would have looked nice in a book of manners but where would they have been when the wire went up? Probably still standing there, eh Red? Or maybe piled up over the fence in the infield.

So Charley and your kid were putting on the act. They figured that if they were a little tough lining up the starter'd make his move as soon as he got them in line for once. That's what happened and from then on it was just like as if you were doing it yourself, Red. Hee-hy, who's always a mite impatient at the start, maybe had a head lead for the first hundred yards. After that your kid was never in trouble.

Maybe Kurtzinger did go to bat on him once, turning into the straightaway, but it wasn't even necessary. Pompey, who looked like a much better horse than he did in the Wood Memorial, was challenging then, but even if this son of Pompey hadn't been carried wide it wouldn't have made much difference. Your kid only won by two lengths but he won well in hand and he could have made it six.

NOT IN THE BOX SCORE:

STEVIE CULLINAN, possibly Princeton's best center in the past decade, has turned down a pretty offer to take Art Lane's place as coach of the Harvard Scrubs. No more aid for the Crimson on how to stop the Tiger attack—as last fall—for Lane graduates from Harvard Law and will take a job with a New York firm. Val Pienich, Clyde Dudley, Walter Shaner and Frank DeHany, all of whom performed in baseball's big-time short seasons ago, are members of the Elizabeth branch of the Motion Picture Operators' union.

The Giants were not interested when Boston's Bees tried to peddle them First Baseman Buck Jordan, recently traded to the Reds. Manager Jimmy Wilson had a swell article called "Fixing the Phillies" in a recent issue of a sports magazine. Coach Fritz Crisler is reported as feeling the 1937 Princeton football team will be fuller of fight than any Tiger team since 1932. Leon Cadore, the Brooklyn pitcher who hurled 26 innings one day, now is associated with a Jamaica track bookie.

Names alike in sports: Jim Crowley, fight referee—Jim Crowley, Fordham football coach. Jack Doyle, Irish heavyweight—Jack Doyle, Broadway billiard and betting magnate.

Low Raymond, Washington welterweight—Low Raymond, fight matchmaker. Ben Johnson, prelim featherweight—Ben Johnson, Columbia sprinter.

Sandy MacDonald, Texas heavyweight—Sandy MacDonald, Duluth Herald sports.

Moon Mullins, Indiana featherweight—Moon Mullins, former Notre Dame football star now coach at Loyola University.

Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, high commissioner of baseball, once was a champion bicycle rider. When he was seventeen years old he had won so many cash prizes in races at Indiana county fairs that he decided to become a business man. Opened a skating rink and went broke.

Class in Kentucky Derby history—The smallest purse ever offered in this stake was in 1875. The value to the winner then, the first year the race ever was run, was \$2,850. In 1928 Mrs. John D. Hertz received \$55,375 when her Reigh Count came home in front. From 1875 to 1895 the race was at a mile and a half. In 1896 it was changed to the present mile and a quarter. Falsetto, defeated in the 1879 renewal by Lord Murphy, sired three winners of the Derby. They were Chant, in 1894; His Eminence, in 1901, and Sir Huon, in 1906.

Grimm Is Happy Over Frey's Fine Showing

Charley Grimm gives Cubs dug-out visitors rave notices about Lonny Frey, the young shortstop obtained last fall when a new era dawned in the Brooklyn front office.

The Chicago manager particularly likes Lonny's competitive spirit, which, no doubt, is news to the Dodgers' directors. Max Ulmer, who plays so well at left fullback for the Furriers Union Soccer club, is the brother of Ernest Ulmer, the famous film director. The poster advertising the International Amateur Boxing tournament at Milan, Italy, features the picture of a fighter whose tights are decorated with the flags of all the competing nations. The big blot on the poster at Stillman's gym is where the Nazi swastika used to be before Eric Seelig, barred from his native land, got through operating on it.

One of Casey Stengel's most prized possessions is a gold-headed cane. Got it from the University of Mississippi students as a reward for coaching their baseball teams for several weeks 20 springs or so ago—Chick Wergesle, the celebrated fight press agent, has numerous other claims to fame but likes best to relate that he has bought 23 automobiles in 23 years—Stu Saks, who operates a driving range near New York, has a new waistline cure. Waits until his customers have driven 1,000 balls. Then goes out and picks up all the balls.

P. Jay Donohue usually is given credit for nicknaming the Giants. The name came into being in the summer of 1865, when Chicago and New York were fighting for the championship, and was meant as a tribute to sterling playing deeds rather than to the size of the players. The Pirates were so named in 1888 when—in an attempt to beat the inter-league rules of that day—the Athletics failed to protect properly their rights to Louis Bierbauer, star second baseman. This made Bierbauer a free agent, and he was quickly persuaded to sign with Pittsburgh. It was a perfectly regular procedure under the existing rules and served the Philadelphia club right. But at the time there was high excitement and such widespread acrimony that one Philadelphia writer referred to Pittsburgh's part in the transaction as "an act of piracy on the baseball seas."

The Pirates are such nice, quiet fellows that nobody wants to beat them—and nobody will unless National league managers stop this spell of sweetness and light and bear down on the Pittsburghers.

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK...

By Lemuel F. Parton

Gallant Crusader Against the Marijuana Weed

NEW YORK.—The good men do isn't necessarily interred with their bones if they have co-operating wives. The late Hamilton Wright's world war on narcotics has been shoved on down through 19 years of tireless fighting by his widow.

At Richmond, Va., recently, Mrs. Wright pleaded to the National Congress of Parents and Teachers for united and effective action against the marijuana weed; murderous Mexican narcotic smoked by school children. She calls it the "most pernicious of drugs."

In New Mexico, twelve years ago, the state narcotics commission found growers and cigarette manufacturers pressing a campaign among children, and they found the children smoking marijuana. They passed a law. The use of the weed crept on to New York, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Texas and several southern states.

At the Richmond congress, Mrs. Wright represented the federal bureau of narcotics. In 1921, she began her service as one of three international members of the opium advisory committee of the League of Nations, and has since waged her fight against the drug traffic in every country where it originates. She was Elizabeth Washburn, the daughter of the late Senator William Drew Washburn, who had been minister to France.

Hamilton Wright traveled, agitated, organized, wrote and lectured for years against narcotics. When, in 1918, he went to Paris as a member of the peace conference, he was killed in a street accident. Mrs. Wright, highly placed socially in Washington, left her pleasant home and her four children and picked up her husband's gage where it had fallen.

In China, Turkey and Persia, she fought against the world tide of poison. She traced the green capsule of the poppy, from the fields of Yunnan and Shensi provinces to the slums and stews of world capitals. She rounded up the story of the foreign wars waged against China to make her admit Indian opium. With Ellen La Motte, who wrote "The Backwash of War," she pieced together a narrative as unlovely as any chapter of horror which ever rested on the brow of the nations.

There are so many things to be against these days, it is hard to pick your opponent. Why not just take marijuana weed? This writer speaks with feeling on this subject, having observed one citizen chewing another's ear off in a mountain hamlet in southern Mexico, quite a few years before the weed became an extra-curricular interest in American high schools.

I had joined in singing the quaint "La Cucaracha" song about the cockroach that got so full of marijuana weed that he couldn't walk home. There was nothing in the song about the drug's peculiar incitement to mayhem. The song will become distasteful to anyone who has seen marijuana at work—also my experience near Mazatlan, where a peon was shooting up the town and lunging at passersby with a machete.

It was about eleven years ago that the Brooklyn police arrested Andrew Huerta, a Mexican sailor, who was selling marijuana cigarettes. In a backyard in Queens, he showed them a knee-high crop of marijuana. This led to the arrest of racketeers, growing the weed and selling cigarettes to soldiers.

Every year or so there is an arrest. The cigarettes are made from the dried leaves and the flowers of the weed, which is known as "wild tobacco" and looks like a tomato vine. It is a tough growth and so is the habit. If somebody on the subway bites you, you will know what is the matter.

All states, as Mrs. Wright reports, have laws against its growth or use, except South Carolina, Kentucky and Tennessee. But, so far as this writer can learn, there has been no unified or vigorous action, there is meager information and there is accumulating evidence that, with repeal, some of the more resourceful liquor racketeers became agriculturists.

Lost Atlantis Again.

For more than thirty years Professor Leo Frobenius has been taking the shine off our modern civilization by demonstrating that a lot of it is old stuff. The famous German archeologist, lecturing in the United States, is one of the leading defenders of the lost continent of Atlantis theory. Now sixty-four years old, he delves tirelessly in India, Africa, Egypt, Tripoli and Turkey. The son of a German army officer, also an author and scholar, he made his first expedition in 1904. Of all savants, he has turned up the most convincing evidence that many strata of great buried civilizations under our house of life.

Consolidated News Features, WNU Service.

AROUND the HOUSE

Items of Interest to the Housewife

Using Skim-Milk—Skim-milk is excellent for milk puddings, providing a dessertspoonful of finely-grated suet is added to replace the missing fat.

Economic Ironing—When ironing dispense with the ironing blanket and fold all the large things flat on the table, forming a "pad." On top of this I iron the small things, and when they are done, I find that the large things are quite nicely pressed.

Making a Cushion—A useful flat cushion can be made from an old blanket. Fold it carefully to the size required; taking care that it is quite smooth and then secure the "layers" together with a few strong stitches. Slip it into a cover made from any pretty piece of material. These cushions are very useful when you want to make a chair higher, and are comfortable and firm to sit upon.

Ladders in the Hosiery—Place your silk stocking over a glass tumbler when repairing a ladder. The light shows up the cross-threads, which can then be picked up easily with a fine steel crochet hook.

Maple Oatmeal Cookies—Two and a half cups fine oatmeal, one cup maple syrup, one quarter cup water, two and a half cups flour, one cup shortening, one teaspoon soda. Boil water and syrup together, add soda, then shortening. Cool slightly. Add to dry ingredients and allow the mixture to cool thoroughly before mixing out.

Bacon and Macaroni—Break two ounces of macaroni into small pieces and throw into quickly-boiling salted water. Simmer until tender. Fry two ounces of streaky bacon cut into small pieces, then drain the macaroni and add it to

the bacon. Add seasoning, one-half ounce of butter, and a scrape of nutmeg, and stir over a low heat until the macaroni is brown. Turn on to a hot dish and serve with dry toast.

Soft-Boiled Eggs—When soft-boiling eggs, put them in boiling water, boil for one minute and turn off flame, leaving eggs in the water for another four minutes. This prevents them from hardening and saves fuel.

Better Bread—Home-made bread is lighter and keeps moist longer when mixed with skim-milk instead of water.

Cooking Cauliflower—To prevent it breaking while cooking, wrap loosely in muslin.

WNU Service.

Foreign Words and Phrases

Au fond. (F.) To the bottom; thoroughly.

Billet doux. (F.) Love letter.

Ad infinitum. (L.) To infinity.

Aequo animo. (L.) With equanimity.

La critique est son fort. (F.) Criticism is his forte.

Je parle. (F.) I speak.

Beau geste. (F.) Beautiful gesture.

Argot. (F.) The slang of the streets; thieves' jargon.

A l'impossible nul n'est tenu. (F.) There is no doing impossibilities.

Tout a fait. (F.) Wholly perfect; nothing less than.

Prendre le chemin de la greve. (F.) To be on the high road to the gallows.

Discerner le faux d'avec le vrai. (F.) To discern the false from the true.

Cacoethes. (L.) An evil habit.

Uncle Phil Says:

Rights and Ability

We all clamor for equal rights, but do we all seek to be equal in ability?

Next to good health, good company is the best boon of life.

Constantly looking back doesn't help you forward.

A good neighborhood is one in which the family noises are kept within the family household.

When shabby ideals bawl for recognition it is usually a maudlin bawl.

Our Privilege Is to Listen

Literature speaks in the best and most beautiful words and has something to say.

Being polite to the public makes fortunes. Sometimes young men get into commerce who do not realize this.

If one could hear the real opinion of others about himself he might be as much cheered as cast down.

Having only about 70 or 80 years of time per capita on this planet, we have to "kill it" to get rid of it.

What is pleasanter to a farm boy than to come to town in his automobile after supper to loaf—if he just didn't have to get up before daylight.

World's Gold

Improved methods have boosted Alaska's gold production to a new high of more than \$18,000,000 in a single year, best since 1909. That sounds like a lot of money, but it's only small change when you talk about gold mining. Annual gold output of the world runs into real money—well over \$1,000,000,000. South Africa supplies just about one-third of it.

More than two thousand mines in the United States dig up every year a total of more than \$100,000,000 worth of the yellow metal. —Washington Post.

THE GREATEST TIRE EVER MADE TO SELL AT THESE LOW PRICES

COME in, examine a cross section cut from a Firestone Standard Tire, then examine the deep-cut, non-skid tread and see how much extra value you get. You will quickly understand why more and more car owners are equipping their cars with these tires. You will agree that never before have you seen so much quality, so much built-in mileage and so much safety at so little cost. You will find the Firestone Standard Tire is made safer from blowouts with the Firestone patented process of Gum-Dipping. The patented construction of two extra layers of Gum-Dipped Cords under the tread protect against punctures and bind the tread and cord body into one inseparable

unit. The wider, flatter tread with more rubber on the road will give you longer mileage and greater protection against skidding. Firestone is able to give you all these extra values because Firestone Standard Tires are built in such large quantities that great savings are made in production.

Don't drive another day on thin worn tires that are dangerous and may cause an accident. Join the Firestone SAVE A LIFE Campaign by letting your nearby Firestone Dealer or Firestone Auto Supply & Service Store equip your car with Firestone Standard Tires — First Grade Quality at Low Cost.

Buy Firestone STANDARD TIRES TODAY AND SAVE!

YOU SAVE yourself and your family from dangerous accidents because Firestone patented construction features give you greatest blowout protection and safety from skidding.

YOU SAVE because Firestone Standard Tires give you low initial cost and lower cost per mile.

YOU SAVE by buying now as tire prices are advancing. The price of crude rubber has gone up 110% and cotton more than 26% during the past two years. BUY NOW AND SAVE.

YOU SAVE BECAUSE THE WIDER, FLATTER TREAD GIVES LONGER MILEAGE AND PREVENTS SKIDDING

YOU SAVE BECAUSE TWO EXTRA LAYERS OF GUM-DIPPED CORDS MAKE THE TIRE MUCH STRONGER

YOU SAVE BECAUSE THE GUM-DIPPED CORD BODY GIVES GREATEST BLOWOUT PROTECTION

YOU SAVE ON LOW INITIAL COST \$8.15 4.40-22

AUTO RADIO 6 All-Metal Tubes — 8 inch Dynamic Speaker — Sound Diffusion. These features cost up to \$20 more in other radios. Includes external Control Head \$39.95

BATTERIES Firestone Extra Power Batteries are built with Patented All-Rubber Separators for longer life.

SEAT COVERS Cool, clean, comfortable. \$1.95 Covers: Coupe \$3.95 Sedan \$4.95

HOME RADIO 4 Tubes, AC-DC, 110V. \$19.95

SPARK PLUGS Replace worn spark plugs with long-life Firestone spark plugs. 65¢ ea.

AUTO SUPPLIES FOR LIGHTS... \$3.95 FOR FLASHERS... \$2.95 FOR TURN SIGNALS... \$2.95 FOR HORN... \$2.95 FOR BELL... \$1.95 FOR GLASSES... \$1.95

DON'T RISK YOUR LIFE ON THIN WORN TIRES Protect yourself and your family from the danger of driving on thin worn tires which may cause a serious accident.

DO YOU KNOW THAT last year highway accidents cost the lives of more than 36,000 men, women and children? THAT a million more were injured? THAT more than 40,000 of these deaths and injuries were caused directly by punctures, blowouts and skidding due to unsafe tires?

Firestone STANDARD FOR PASSENGER CARS

450-20... \$8.70	525-17 \$11.00
450-21... 9.05	525-18... 11.40
475-19... 9.55	HEAVY DUTY
475-20... 9.95	450-20 \$10.95
500-20... 10.30	450-21... 11.40
500-21... 10.60	475-19... 11.75
500-22... 10.95	500-19... 12.95
500-22... 12.25	525-18... 14.25

OTHER SIZES PRICED PROPORTIONATELY LOW

Firestone SENTINEL

440-21... \$5.65	500-19... \$7.20
450-20... 6.05	525-17... 7.70
450-21... 6.35	500-20 \$12.70
475-19... 6.70	500-21 \$13.00

OTHER SIZES PRICED PROPORTIONATELY LOW

Firestone COURIER

440-21... \$5.43	475-19... \$6.37
450-21... 5.65	500-19 \$12.47

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SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE

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

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

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE

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

Meetings 7 to 8

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

Meals and Memories on Memorial Day

By Betty Barday



There may be Paraders in your family today. There may be sad visits to last resting places. There may be cheerful, youthful salutes to the photographs of family heroes. There may be nothing more than relaxation and reflection.

But the inner man must be served. Dainties are expected on Memorial Day—especially if the usual Memorial Day guests arrive.

Strawberry Brazil Nut Charlotte
1 pint strawberries
1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon gelatin
1 cup cold water
1 cup sliced Brazil nuts
Salt
1 cup cream
6 whole Brazil nuts

Wash and pick over strawberries and reserve half a dozen for garnishing. Hull remaining berries and crush with sugar. Set in a warm place until sugar is dissolved. Soak gelatin in cold water a few minutes and stir over hot water until dissolved. Stir into straw-
berry mixture, stir occasionally until mixture is cool and add sliced Brazil nuts. Add salt to taste, whip and fold into strawberry mixture. Pour into mold, chill several hours until set, turn out of mold and garnish with strawberries and whole Brazil nuts.

Pineapple Sabayon
2 egg yolks
2 tablespoons sugar
1/2 cup Hawaiian pineapple juice
Pinch of salt
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon vanilla
Few drops rum flavoring

Beat yolks of eggs until thick and creamy, add sugar and pineapple juice and continue to beat. Add the pineapple juice, salt and flavoring. Remove beater and stir well with a wooden spoon for 2 minutes longer.

Keep water in bottom of the double boiler below the boiling point or the mixture will curdle.

Serve hot in small sherbet glasses and with several lady fingers on the plate. This may also be used as a sauce for bread or fruit puddings. 2 average servings.

Italian Spaghetti Sauce
A tasty and delicious sauce for macaroni, spaghetti or egg noodles may be simple or elaborate, meat-
less or with meat, as desired.

Meatless Sauce
1 can tomatoes (strained)
1 can tomato paste
2 onions (sliced)
2 tablespoons butter
Salt and pepper

Cook above ingredients for about an hour, or till thick, stirring frequently. Boil spaghetti, macaroni or egg noodles till tender, in plenty of salted water. Drain. Pour sauce over boiled spaghetti and serve hot.

Meat Sauce
To the ingredients for the meat-
less sauce, add a half pound of ground fresh or left-over meat.
Cook as directed.

(1) A more elaborate sauce is made by adding such flavoring ele-
ments as mushrooms, pimentos,
garlic, celery, sage, thyme, bay-
leaves, allspice, etc.

(2) Put surplus sauce in a tight
jar, keep in cool place for later
use, re-heating as needed.

On Your Doorstep
On your doorstep this morning is
an extra supply of milk—for your
breakfast or perhaps for your first
snack of the season. Parade or no
parade, picnic or no picnic, guests
or no guests, modern methods of
distributing this healthful food, in-
stant delivery. Milk is one of the
richest foods known to man. In the
Bible the story of the Promised
Land visaged—not gold—but
a land of "milk and honey." Milk
provides almost every type of
nourishment needed by the human
body. Truly your milk supply is
as dependable as daybreak.

A Romance in Roses

By ELIZABETH G. GRAY
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Service.

MEHITABEL SOPHIA PERKINS, spinster, opened her ivory enameled Colonial door, in answer to the deep thud of her antique brass knocker that gave such atmosphere to her rose-trellised cottage.

"Land sakes," she said, "if you book agents must pester the heart of me all day long, why not use the rear door like other vendors?"

A broad, good-natured smile answered her. "Now, ma'm, who could resist entering under an arbor of such glories as these? Who could forego a tilt of that knocker, just to hear its music? Who?"

"You may cease your levity and state your business," said Miss Metty, somewhat softened by the praise lavished on her special pride.

"You guessed it, ma'm, 'tis books—not ordinary books, but all the beauties of thought and nature for centuries passed, compiled in one book to intrigue us just as sure as these roses drew me to your door. Rare gems, ma'm, songs that 'could wake to ecstasy the living Lyre!'"

"Rigmarole! The liars I come across daily! Don't need any incentive to keep awake," she retorted tartly.

Ignoring such rank heresy, the agent became so much more eloquent an exponent of the poets that are and were that Mehitabel gave in to the spell of his words; the years dropped from her; she felt young, thrilled.

"I saw Hamlet," she barely breathed. "You are much better than he was. Why don't you quit peddling books and do that?"

"Tis a thought," he said. "And I will send you a front row seat for my opening night."

"Oh," she gasped. "It would be wonderful. I'll buy a book to remind you of your promise."

Should he allow a guilty conscience to spoil a sale? Never. All's well in love and salesmanship.

His leave-taking held a suggestion of Romeo and Juliet. Mehitabel sighed and thrilled. She gazed at the receipt as though it were her first love letter.

The book of verses came at last. The blood raced to Metty's face as she scanned the pages for some personal message. Fool! she cried to herself; but even so her austerity became softened as the winter wore on and spring awakened their roses from their long sleep. Then came a morning when the first of them had burst into bloom. A booming voice hailed Mehitabel as she was working among them.

"A letter for you, Miss Metty, from the theater. Now, who could that be from? Think of going on the stage?" and he laughed uproariously at his own joke. "Whole town's wondering what it's all about."

A strong will alone saved Mehitabel from fainting as the blood pounded in her head and throat. "Won't hurt any to let 'em wonder a while longer," she said as she took her letter.

Once alone she opened it. Enclosed was a theater ticket and a scrawled note, which read:

"To Miss Mehitabel Perkins, from Robert Butler.
"Upon her advice I have assumed the tragic role of Hamlet; I am with hope and fear consumed—Tonight, I toss the gauntlet."

Miss Metty's trim little figure was the first in the theater that night. Her program told her that Robert Butler came third on the list. She never knew what the first two numbers were about. As the curtain rose above the din of harsh discordant music on the third act, her taut muscles sagged and slumped; she metaphorically withered. Ambling awkwardly across the stage her hero dropped sprawling into a chair reminiscent of the Elizabethan period. Clad grotesquely in a costume of the same period, with a tall silk hat atop his head, he fired the house to roars of laughter with his burlesqued soliloquy. He was called and re-called. He was a success.

Mehitabel Sophia Perkins, spinster, opened her old Colonial door in answer to the thud of her antique knocker, amid a small shower of rose petals.

"Land sakes," she exclaimed, "it's you."

"Yes, Ma'am," was the inane reply.

"As long as you are here you might as well come in. I can see you've got something to say, and I want to thank you for the theater ticket to the show."

"Was it as bad as that, honest?"

"Worse!" she said bitterly.

"I didn't sell very many books," he began. "I kept thinking of what you said, and the roses and the sweet peace of it all here. I decided to give your suggestion a try. I was a joke. They thought I meant to be, so I exaggerated the offense and built on that foundation the act you saw. They said they'd try me out. You know the rest. It is a success financially. It would give us plenty to live on and we could live too, Mehitabel, for your old age."

For a moment Miss Metty gasped for breath, then, with a swift fluttering movement, she arose, smoothed her immaculate apron and made a hasty retreat, saying,

"Land sakes, our tea is boiling, and I do hate boiled tea."

Elephants Are Happiest

When Wallowing in Mud

The elephant is the only four-footed creature that nurses its young from between the forelegs, says a writer in the New York Times. During the rutting season both the males and females secrete an odorous fluid from two small glands on the head, one above each eye. Ten days after the start of the rutting season, which lasts six to eight weeks, the males become wild and fail to recognize even their keepers. That is the main reason why the circus has only female elephants in its herd. The only males are the pygmy elephants.

A mature elephant eats 125 to 150 pounds of hay each 24 hours, along with three shovelfuls of bran and oats. They drink from 45 to 65 gallons of water a day. They like to be dirty, and are continually throwing old hay and debris over their backs. They are happiest when wallowing in the mud. A person feeding peanuts to an elephant sees two apertures in the end of the trunk. These two holes extend for about 18 inches, where they become one, which increases in size as it nears the head. An elephant can hold six to twelve quarts of water in its trunk.

The first thing a new circus elephant in the herd is taught is to hold on to the tail of the elephant in front. This gives them something to think about, and keeps their mind off annoyances.

Lions Classed as Vermin in Some Parts of Africa

For long the lion's right to be styled the "king of beasts" remained unchallenged; but the wider settlement of Africa and closer acquaintance with the species has done much to discredit him. Most people who have intimate knowledge of him in the wild spaces regard the lion as a fraud, asserts a big game hunter writing in London Answers Magazine.

Within recent years lions have been hunted with packs of hounds, ridden down on horseback, and pursued by motor-cars, lassoed by American cowboys, killed with bows and arrows by Europeans and natives, photographed, and played with in their natural surroundings.

The Masai, Nandi, and Lumbwa tribes in Kenya have killed lions with spears in single-handed combat or massed attack. The "cow people" of Bunyoro, in Uganda, do not consider them worthy of powder and shot, but thrash them to death with sticks.

In most of the game ordinances of Africa lions are classified as vermin, and may be shot outside the reserves without a license.

He has earned his false title through a misconception of his true character. At first the majestic appearance and challenging voice of the lion filled man with awe.

Birth Circumvents Law

When the great Napoleon was finally exiled to St. Helena the British secretary of war issued strict orders no French visitors were to be allowed on the island. But destiny was not reckoned with and when Mme. Bertrand, wife of the French general and companion of Napoleon, gave birth to a child on the island she presented the baby to the Emperor as the first French visitor that had entered the island without permission of the British.

DAZZLING



Here is Pert Kelton, engaging comedienne and dancer, whose somewhat abbreviated costume, brilliant plumage and captivating smile are extremely eye-filling. Miss Kelton, who recently completed the comedy role in "Women of Glamour," was formerly a member of the famous vaudeville troupe, "The Three Keltons," which toured the world. She made her screen debut in "Sally," several years ago, and has been featured and appearing prominently in pictures ever since.

Around the Corner

By VIVA STINGEL ELDRIDGE
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Service.

IT WAS one of those rare spring days that impels small boys to dawdle along the roadside wishing for a fishing pole to dangle over the river; a day that impels older people to dawdle along life's highway wishing for a magic rod to dangle over the pool of the unknown, and so fish out a satisfying adventure or two.

Doris Sedgwick was finding life tasteless and humdrum. Today she stacked the lunch dishes in the pantry, closed the door firmly on this evidence of her unusual feelings, changed her frock, and went out into the golden sunshine.

Doris decided to go to the pictures. For two hours she could be the heroine in as romantic an adventure as would satisfy any woman's soul.

The picture happened to be one of fine beauty and delicate romance; an epic of noble lives, flavored with love, devotion and courage.

As she emerged to the sidewalk a wistful sigh escaped her. "Ah, but life is never like that. In reality, quarrels, greed, selfishness dwarf everything; where would we find such romance, such devotion, such love, such courage?"

Half resentfully she brought herself back to earth, remembering that she had to get something for supper. Why did one have to think of food, when one wanted adventure?

The beautiful day was over; Doris caught her coat about her, as, beyond the shops, the full force of a gale struck her.

The deafening shriek of the fire whistle smote her ears.

Shivering back against a building, she watched as, with clang of bells and howling of sirens, the engines swept by. She became one of the crowd hurrying after the engines, on—around the corner.

"Oh! Oh! In that wooden factory. And the workers not yet out!" Smoke and flames were pouring from the second floor; strained faces were at the upper windows. Already the men had their ladders up.

A small car, with a girl at the wheel, came to a grinding halt in front of Doris. Springing out, a young man turned to catch the girl's hand hard in his, caught the flower that she snatched from her coat, and thrust it into his breast pocket as he ran; throwing on his rubber coat and hat, he entered the fight.

Steadily, efficiently, the firemen were helping workers down the ladders. The fire, fanned by the high wind, was gaining headway. A red glow revealed a fireman high on a ladder. A sharp report, bursting flames, a moment of sick expectancy, a gasp of horror sweeping the crowd. Doris closed her eyes; she tried not to distinguish the murmur, nor sense the ambulance driving up.

Shudderingly, she saw another fireman running up the ladder. Somehow the danger to the firemen excluded the thought of the people inside; they were horribly trapped, yes, but these men deliberately left safety to go up into that inferno.

The crowd was whispering of a tragedy; a group of girls were missing.

The end wall was crumbling; hoarse commands that the ladder be shifted, when, breathless, coatless, a silvery badge flashing at his waist, a man tore through the crowd and up the ladder.

Doris glimpsed his set face as he rushed past. A fireman, one of her neighbors; his daughter was a stenographer here. Well, he had gone to his death, Doris thought.

Weakly she dropped to a doorstep, beside a fat man who was shaking with excitement, a proud smile on his tear-wet face. "See that boy," he demanded, his eyes never leaving the figure of a stalwart young fireman perched precariously on a nearby roof, "that's my boy, my Joey. Finest man in the department. Yessir."

Doris agreed wholeheartedly. The weather had become piercingly cold. Water froze where it fell, making the firemen's work doubly hazardous.

A shout of acclaim went up from a group on the other side of the fire. The man who had run past, up the ladder, had appeared with the girls at a top floor window. They were quickly brought to safety.

The fire was well under control, and the workers all rescued, when, with a fountain of sparks, the roof fell in.

Sharp, shouted orders by the chief, firemen scaling ladders against unstable walls. Two of the men had gone down. A human rope was formed; ready volunteers went into the mass of scorching, falling timbers to rescue their comrades.

Miraculously, beyond scratches and bruises, the men were unhurt. Safe again, one turned for a moment to the crowd; tall as he was, his eyes swept over the faces, seeking—his sweetheart?—his wife? Ah, yes. A sweet-faced woman waved her hand, a shaky smile trembled for just a moment on her strained white face; the look of intense love and admiration she sent him was satisfying in the extreme.

Doris turned to go home, feeling that she had lived through years of adventure. Romance? Devotion? Love? Courage? Boundless! Immeasurable!