

what
Irvin S. Cobb
thinks
about:

Third Term Ballyhoo.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—After a president has been re-elected it's certain that some inspired patriot who is snuggled close to the throne will burst from his cell with a terrible yell to proclaim that unless the adored incumbent consents again to succeed himself this nation is doomed.

Incidentally, the said patriot's present job and perquisites also would be doomed, so he couldn't be blamed for privately brooding on the distressful thought. You wouldn't call him selfish, but you could call him hopeful, especially since there's a chance his ballyhoo may direct attention upon him as a suitable candidate when his idol says no to the opposition. He might ride in on the backwash, which would be even nicer than steering a tidal wave for somebody else.

Irvin S. Cobb



Political observers have a name for this. They call it "sending up a balloon." It's an apt simile, a balloon being a flimsy thing, full of hot air, and when it soars aloft nobody knows where it will come down—if at all. It lacks both steering gears and terminal facilities.

There have been cases when the same comparison might have been applied not alone to the balloon but to the gentleman who launched it.

So let's remain calm. It's traditional in our history that no president ever had to go ballooning in order to find out how the wind blew and that no volunteer third-term boomer ever succeeded in taking the trip himself.

Modern Prairie Schooners.

WE'RE certainly returning—with modern improvements—to prairie schooner days when restless Americans are living on wheels and housekeeping on wheels and having babies on wheels. Only the other day twins were born aboard a trailer. And—who knows?—perhaps right now the stork, with a future president in her beak, is flapping fast, trying to catch up with somebody's perambulating bungalow.

So it's a fitting moment to revive the story of early Montana when some settlers were discussing the relative merits of various makes of those canvas-covered arks which bore such hosts of emigrants westward. They named over the Conestoga, the South Bend, the Murphy, the Studebaker and various others.

From under her battered sunbonnet there spoke up a weather beaten old lady who, with her husband and her growing brood, had spent the long years bumping along behind an ox team from one frontier camp to another.

"Boys," she said, shifting her sniff-stick, "I always did claim the old hickory waggin' wuz the best one there is fur raisin' a family in."

Pugs Versus Statesmen.

IT'S confusing to read that poor decrepit Jim Braddock, having reached the advanced age of thirty-four or thereabouts, is all washed up, and, then, in another column, to discover that the leading candidates to supply young blood on the Supreme court bench are but bounding juveniles of around sixty-six. This creates doubt in the mind of a fellow who, let us say, is quite a few birthdays beyond that engendered wreck, Mr. Braddock, yet still has a considerable number of years to go before he'll be an agile adolescent like some senators. He can't decide whether he ought to join the former at the old men's home or enlist with the latter in the Boy Scouts.

Quiescent Major Generals.

SOMETHING has gone out of life. For months now no general of the regular army, whether retired or detailed to a civilian job, has talked himself into a jam—raspberry jam, if you want to make a cheap pun of it.

Maybe it's being officially gagged for so long while on active service that makes such a conversational Tessie out of the average brigadier when he goes into private pursuits and lets his hair down. It's as though he took off his tact along with his epaulettes. And when he subsides there's always another to take his place.

You see, under modern warfare the commanding officer is spared. He may lead the retreat, but never the charge. When the boys go over the top he is out in front waving a sword? Not so you'd notice it. By the new rules he's signing papers in a bombproof nine miles behind the lines and about the only peril he runs is from lack of exercise in the fresh air.

May be, in view of what so often happens when peace ensues, we should save on privates instead of generals.

IRVIN S. COBB.

—WNU Service.

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted by William Bruckart

National Press Building Washington, D. C.

Washington. — This article shall be devoted not to politics nor to affairs of the government of the nation exclusively but to the future leaders but to the future leaders. It shall be, to that extent, a discussion of fundamentals about which I think there can be no controversy.

First, let us take a quick survey. In the Capitol building of our own nation there is raging a bitter debate between two schools of political thought. The question is whether there shall be a law passed that will give to the President of the United States the power to appoint additional justices to the bench of the Supreme court when and if present sitting members reach the age of seventy-five and refuse to retire from active work.

In Spain, a bitter political warfare moves on apace. It is over the question whether Communism of the Russian sort or Fascism of the Italian brand should be the dominant influence in the government of that nation.

In the Far East, along the Russian border, troops of the Japanese emperor and of the Russian dictator, Stalin, glared at each other. Their controversy also involves political bases. That controversy also is complicated by economic conditions. It is a powder keg.

Back in Europe, we find a dictator, Hitler by name, persecuting citizens of Germany almost without end. A political question there is involved and it is complicated deeply by religion and race. Hitler and his minions seek to destroy, first, the Catholic church and, second, the Jews.

Somewhat set off by the great Alps, although woven intricately into the whole picture, is another distorted and disturbing condition. In Italy, Mussolini, having most of his people under his steel boot, is now preparing for new crusades. He has ordered all steel producing units in Italy to increase their production to the maximum so that war material will be available. Mussolini wants more territory; he wants to expand the influence of Fascism and he wants to build a gigantic world power in a military way with Rome as the center and with him as the head.

Through many years residents of Washington and visitors to the capital of the nation have gloried in a greensward that borders the Potowmac river within the District of Columbia. It is a justly famous park, made more beautiful by such state-like structures as the monument to George Washington and the great citadel of beauty erected to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. And, to add to this beauty is the vista across the river where stands in grandeur the beautiful home that was the residence of Robert E. Lee—maintaining throughout the years the respect that a nation has for a great military leader. It reposes, or seems to repose, in peace and quiet as do the thousands of men who rest in the hillsides of Arlington National cemetery.

In this peaceful setting for ten days, more than twenty-six thousand boys—the leaders of the future—were congregated in a National Jamboree of the Boy Scouts of America. Tents were everywhere. Uncounted boys in the khaki shorts, which is their uniform, fitted about the city or held various maneuvers or staged dramas of the ages in a great arena. Among them was a sprinkling, and the number was not more than a sprinkling compared to the boys, or the scoutmasters and mature men who constitute the leadership of this great army of youth.

I hope I may be forgiven for injecting here an expression of my personal feelings. It has been my lot to work hard from the time I put off swaddling clothes. The work I have done and the experiences I have met had a tendency to make me callous, somewhat cynical. But I must confess that on half a dozen occasions as I wandered through this tented city, I gave thought to my own boyhood and to two boys for whom I am responsible. I felt a swelling of pride, a satisfaction of heart, that I live in a nation which has given me the right to liberty and progress.

Moreover, there came to me the thoughts of the future of my own two boys and the millions of others just like them—future leaders of a nation that holds forth such possibilities as are best evidenced by the encampment of those twenty-six thousand then within the range of my vision.

Then, no tribute to these future leaders of our nation and to the nation which bred them can or will be complete without mention of Dr. James E. West, Chief Scout Executive. Dr. West was an orphan boy. Worse, he was a cripple. And to add to these handicaps, there was a period in his early life when

the keenest medical minds said he could not live and if he did live would be a hopeless invalid.

But Dr. West was made out of the same mold from which came the founders of our nation and from whom, as founders, the traditions and the methods known now as the American way have grown.

It was Dr. West who devoted, indeed, dedicated his life to the organization and development of the Boy Scouts of America. It is now an organization of more than two million boys and there are some six million who can be called alumni because they have grown too old to remain in the ranks of active Boy Scouts.

I mentioned earlier that this was an army of peace, an army devoted to the maintenance of American traditions. No better proof of this need be given, if any were needed, than the notorious fact that representatives from the three totalitarian states—Italy, Germany and Russia—are missing from the encampment. In two of those states the Boy Scout movement has been superseded by a dictator's decree which forces regimentation and militarizing of the youth. They are being trained for war. Happily most countries still pin their faith to the virtues summarized in the Scout law—the boys promise not to die but to live, not to cringe but to blossom, by holding themselves ever trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, clean, and last but not least to maintain a reverence for God.

So, I think I can be pardoned for the feeling I have that in this encampment lie the seeds of a continued free America, waiting the time to take root and bloom into manhood. It is from these and from these alone that we can hope to maintain in our beloved nation a political system which warrants neither Communism nor Fascism; which desires liberty and peace and which challenges the cockeyed theories that government must care for the people rather than the people care for their government.

It seemed to me, therefore, to be something of a sour note that the National Youth administration which set up a hideous looking, box-like structure near the center of the capital city from which literature could be distributed to the Boy Scouts. This structure looked for all the world like a soft drink stand at a cheap carnival and I, personally, resented the action of National Youth administration officials who ordered its construction. I felt this way because the National Youth administration is predicated upon the very theory that I have just condemned—a theory that government must serve as a father for everybody and that it must lay down rules to which all must subscribe. It is the nearest thing to the regimentation that is going on in nations under dictators that exists in our government today.

Cabled dispatches from Russia indicate again that the dictator, Stalin, is determined

Heavy Hand to rid the Soviet of anyone and ev-

eryone who may be opposed to him. The official announcements of the so-called Soviet government tell of the "liquidation" of numerous individuals who have objected to Stalin's tactics or who are seeking to revise the Soviet system. "Liquidation" in Russia means that those individuals were executed by a firing squad. A dead man can cause no harm to the aspirations of a dictator.

The Stalin administration arranges for the "liquidation" of its opponents by coercion of confessions and this is followed up by what the Soviet calls a trial in a court of justice. The courts of justice are owned and controlled by Stalin; they decide as they are told to decide and there is no such thing as an impartial court in Russia because the government owns the courts and names the judges who are to do the government's bidding.

Private advices from abroad seem to show that there is a very serious uprising underneath the surface in Russia. Thousands of Russians have grown tired of having one man determine whether they shall live or die and they yearn again for a system of courts which will determine their guilt or innocence in accordance with honest evidence presented and not in accordance with the way the governing clique wants justice administered.

As the Russian judiciary is constructed under the mailed fist of Stalin, courts are a farce. Without such a court structure, however, a dictator could not perpetuate his own power. He must have control of the courts in order to carry out under the guise of law all of the whims and fancies and hatreds that he possesses. A nation of free people does not long remain free after its courts become subjected to the direction and control of one man.

Judges who can administer justice without fear or favor are the first perquisites to liberty.

—Western Newspaper Union.

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

Loopholes for Statesmen.

NEW YORK.—Statesmen frequently may be found on this or that side of the loophole. In June, 1933, Guy T. Helvering, now unrolling the government's roster of alleged tax-dodgers, was the subject of a bitter senatorial debate. Certain senators fought his confirmation as commissioner of internal revenue.

They charged that, as an income tax lawyer, he had procured a reduction in the tax bill of the Slim Jim Oil & Gas Company from \$1,211,000 to \$451,000. However, he was confirmed, and, discharging his official duties, puts the finger on the "wealthy evaders" for the congressional investigation committee.

Prof. Roswell Foster Magill, author of the tax-avoidance report, wrote books giving pointers on legal loopholes, before he went to Washington. No moral turpitude has been charged. It just means that Dizzy Dean may be pitching for Washington next year instead of St. Louis.

Commissioner Helvering is a shrewd, portly, ruddy, white-haired Kansas politician who wears good clothes, carries a shiny malacca cane, smokes good cigars, knows his way around and says little. He was in congress from 1913 to 1919, a tax income lawyer thereafter, and according to the somewhat heated and vehement charges of Senators Hastings, Couzens and others.

He has been a close friend of Postmaster General Farley for many years and it was understood that he was the President's personal choice for the internal revenue post.

He has been active in Kansas politics for many years, a former superintendent of public construction under Governor Woodring, and campaign manager and chairman of the Democratic state committee.

He was born in Felicity, Ohio, in 1878. His family removed to Kansas when he was eight years old. He studied law at the University of Michigan, and was county attorney of Marshall county, Kan., before he went to congress. He is one of the hardest men in Washington to see and correspondents have mainly let it go at that.

Middle-of-the-Roader.

D. R. JAMES ROWLAND ANGELL, retiring president of Yale, is an aggressive middle-of-the-roader, which seems not such a bad idea, considering the plight of extremists, right and left. He will receive a salary of \$25,000 a year as educational counsellor of the National Broadcasting company.

L. R. Lohr, president of the NBC, says it will be full time work, adding that "broadcasting has a mandate to operate in the public interest, convenience and necessity." All this will presumably be in Dr. Angell's department.

It would be difficult to think of Dr. Angell as a mere eremitus. He said he was retiring at sixty-eight "because of obvious and offensive senility," at the same time demonstrating the contrary by some lusty swings at the New Deal. He will need no time out for road work before taking on the radio engagement. When he retired as dean of the University of Chicago in 1921, the Carnegie foundation snapped him up at a fat salary, but, before he got his chair warm, Yale was after him. He is always in demand.

Baccalaureate orators used to see "the orb of Rome sinking in a sea of blood" and warn us that we were getting that way, too. Now we are heading "down the same abyss which has engulfed Europe," which was Dr. Angell's phrase in his farewell address at Yale. That is, unless we do something to check the slide of a dictator.

The Stalin administration arranges for the "liquidation" of its opponents by coercion of confessions and this is followed up by what the Soviet calls a trial in a court of justice. The courts of justice are owned and controlled by Stalin; they decide as they are told to decide and there is no such thing as an impartial court in Russia because the government owns the courts and names the judges who are to do the government's bidding.

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—Consolidated News Features.

WNU Service.

Sweet Potatoes in China

Sweet potatoes were cultivated in ancient China.

GREAT PLAINS SEEN GUARDED BY TREES

100 Million Shrubs Planted by Forest Service.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—More than 100,000,000 trees planted in the great plains shelterbelt are affording effective protection against winds, according to the forest service.

The shelterbelt, at which many persons scoffed, is a "complete success," Earl W. Tinker, assistant chief of the forest service, said. Tinker made a tour of the mid-western area to inspect growth of the trees.

The shelterbelt extends from Texas almost to the Canadian border. It ranges from a few hundred yards to several miles wide. In places there are several strips of "belts." From 700 to 1,000 trees were planted per acre.

CCC Enrollees Aid.

The forest service has planted approximately 35,000,000 of these trees. About 30,000,000 were distributed to farmers for woodland and shelterbelt planting. Not all of the planting has been done in the great plains. CCC enrollees have planted other millions in many states.

Federal and state nurseries have produced an additional 150,000,000 trees for planting. The forest service has distributed more than 50,000,000 trees for private plantings during the last two years.

Tinker said a check of trees planted in the western shelterbelt showed 81 per cent had survived under adverse drought conditions. Their effectiveness will increase as they grow, he said.

"Many thousands of young trees planted during the 1935 season are now six feet high and already are moving about a lessening of wind range," Tinker said.

Some Sixteen Feet High.

"Heights up to 16 feet have been noted in some instances," he said. "I saw fields of cantaloupes and watermelons growing in what were formerly dust fields, protected by rows of newly planted trees."

Tinker said more than 1,281 miles of shelterbelt strips and 6,415 acres of farmsteads have been planted.

More than 4,500 farmers participated in tree plantings.

Trees found to have made the best growth were the green ash, cottonwood, Chinese elm, red cedar and Ponderosa pine. The forest service said farmers who had seeded their land in trees valued it at an average of \$1,046 per farm.

"Experience gained thus far in shelterbelt and windbreak planting demonstrates the value of this type of work in the great plains region where an urgent necessity exists for an extensive tree-planting program," the forest service said.

"Ghost Town" Territory Extends to Puget Sound

Seattle.—Carbonado, which sprouted from one of western America's biggest coal mining operations, today is the most prominent "ghost town" in the Pacific Northwest.

Water crept up the 1,000-foot main slope of the Carbonado mine, strangled the shaft from which was taken 10,000,000 tons of coal during the last fifty years, and probably blocked forever a twenty-five-mile network of tunnels. The mine was sealed and dismantled April 1.

Located thirty-five miles southeast of Seattle the mine was opened a half century ago by the "big four" railroad leaders of California—Collis P. Huntington, Mark Hopkins, Leland Stanford

The Garden Murder Case

by S. S. VAN DINE

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WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

Philip Vance, famous detective, and John F. X. Markham, district attorney for New York county are dining in Vance's apartment when Vance receives an anonymous telephone message informing him of a "disturbing psychological tension at Professor Ephraim Garden's apartment" advising that he read up on radium-active sodium, consult that passage in the *Aeneid* and concluding that "Equanimity is essential." Professor Garden is famed in chemical research. The message, decoded by Vance, reminds him that Professor Garden's son, Floyd and his puny cousin, Woods Swift, are addicted to horse-racing. Vance says that "Equanimity" is a horse running next day in the Rivermont handicap. Vance is convinced that the message was sent by Dr. Siefer, the Gardens' family physician. He arranges to have lunch next day at the Gardens' penthouse. Vance is greeted by Floyd Garden and meets Lowe Hammie, an elderly follower of horse racing. Floyd expresses concern over Swift's queer actions. Mrs. Garden, supposedly ill, comes downstairs and places a \$100 bet on a horse.

CHAPTER II—Continued

"Right-o, Baby-face," grinned Garden. "Step into our parlor."

She started forward and hesitated momentarily as she caught sight of Vance and me.

"Oh, by the way, Zalia,"—Garden put the receiver down and rose—"let me present Mr. Vance and Mr. Van Dine . . . Miss Graem."

The girl staggered back dramatically and lifted her hands to her head in mock panic.

"Oh, Heaven protect me!" she exclaimed. "Philip Vance, the detective! Is this a raid?"

Vance bowed graciously.

"Have no fear, Miss Graem," he smiled. "I'm merely a fellow criminal. And, as you see, I'm dragging Mr. Van Dine along the downward path with me."

At this moment Garden pressed forward the key on the switch box, and in a moment the voice we had heard earlier was again coming through the amplifier.

"Coming out at Rivermont, and here's the new line: 20, 6, 4, 8 to 5 scratch twice, 3, 20, 15, 10, 15 . . . Who was it wanted the run-down at Texas?"

Garden cut the amplifier.

He turned to his cousin. "And you, Woody?"

Swift shook his head. "Not this race."

"Saving it all for Equanimity, eh? Right-o."

Despite the superficial buoyancy of the gathering, I could detect an undercurrent of extreme tension and expectancy; and I made mental note of various little occurrences during the first hour or so.

One incident connected with Swift puzzled me greatly. I had noticed that he and Zalia Graem had not spoken to each other during the entire time they had been in the drawing room. Once they had brushed against each other near Garden's table, and each, as if instinctively, had drawn resentfully to one side. Garden had cocked his head at them irritably and said:

"Aren't you two on speaking terms yet—or is this feud to be permanent? . . . Why don't you kiss and make up and let the gaiety of the party be unanimous?"

Miss Graem had proceeded as if nothing had happened, and Swift had merely given his cousin a quick, indignant glance.

CHAPTER III

"The great moment approaches!" Garden announced, and though he spoke with sententious gaiety, I could detect signs of strain in his manner.

Kroon rose, finished the drink which stood on the table before him, and dabbing his mouth with a neatly folded handkerchief which he took from his breast pocket, he moved toward the archway.

"My mind was made up yesterday." He spoke across the room, as if including every one. "Put me down in your fateful little book for \$100 on Hyjinx to win and \$200 on the same filly to place. And you can add \$200 on Head Start to show. Making it, all told, half a grand. That's my contribution to the afternoon's festivities."

"Not deserting us, are you Cecil?" Garden called after him.

"Frightfully sorry," Kroon answered, looking back. "I'd love to stay for the race, but a legal conference at a maiden aunt's is scheduled for 4:50." He waved his hand and, with a "Cheerio," continued down the hall.

Madge Weatherby immediately picked up her cards and moved to Zalia Graem's table, where the two women began a low, whispered conversation.

Garden's inquiring glance moved from one to another of the party.

At this moment a young woman of unusual attractiveness appeared in the archway and stood there hesitantly, looking shyly at Garden. She wore a nurse's uniform of immaculate white, with white shoes and stockings, and a starched white cap set at a grotesque angle on the back of her head. She could not have been over thirty; yet there was a maturity in her calm, brown eyes, and evidence of great capability in the reserve of her expression and in the firm contour of her chin. She wore no make-up, and her chestnut hair was parted in the middle and brushed back simply over her ears. She presented a striking contrast

to the two other women in the room. "Hello, Miss Beeton," Garden greeted her pleasantly. "I thought you'd be having the afternoon off, since the master's well enough to go shopping . . . What can I do for you? Care to join the madhouse and hear the races?"

"Oh, no, I've too many things to do." She moved her head slightly to indicate the rear of the house. "But if you don't mind, Mr. Garden," she added timidly, "I would like to bet two dollars on Azure Star to win, and to come in second, and to come in third."

Everyone smiled covertly, and Garden chuckled.

Vance, who had been watching the girl with more interest than he usually showed in a woman, leaned forward.

"I say, Garden, just a moment." He spoke incisively. "I think Miss Beeton's choice is an excellent one—however she may have arrived at it." Then he nodded to the nurse. "Miss Beeton, I'll be very happy to see that your bet on Azure Star is placed." He turned again to Garden. "Will your book-maker take \$200 across the board on Azure Star?"

"Will he? He'll grab it with both hands," Garden replied. "But why?"

"Then it's settled," said Vance quickly. "That's my bet. And two



The Two Women Began a Low, Whispered Conversation.

dollars of it in each position belongs to Miss Beeton."

"That's perfect with me, Vance." And Garden jotted down the wager in his ledger.

I noticed that during the brief moments that Vance was speaking to the nurse and placing his wager on Azure Star, Swift was glowering at him through half-closed eyes. It was not until later that I understood the significance of that look.

The nurse cast a quick glance at Swift, and then spoke with simple directness.

"You are very kind, Mr. Vance." Then she added: "I will not pretend I don't know who you are, even if Mr. Garden had not called you by name." She stood looking straight at Vance with calm appraisal; then she turned and went back down the hall.

Swift stood up and walked to the cabinet with its array of bottles. He filled a whiskey glass with Bourbon and drank it down. Then he walked slowly to the table where his cousin sat. Garden had just finished the call to Hannix.

"I'll give you my bet now, Floyd," Swift said hoarsely. He pressed one finger on the table, as if for emphasis. "I want \$10,000 on Equanimity to win."

Garden's eyes moved anxiously to the other.

"I was afraid of that, Woody," he said in a troubled tone. "But if I were you . . ."

"I'm not asking you for advice," Swift interrupted in a cold steady voice; "I'm asking you to place a bet."

Garden did not take his eyes from the man's face. He said merely: "I think you're a damned fool."

"Your opinion of me doesn't interest me either," Swift's eyelids drooped menacingly, and a hard look came into his set face.

Garden capitulated.

"It's your funeral," he said, and turning his back on his cousin, he took up the gray hand set again and spun the dial with determination.

Swift walked back to the bar and poured himself another generous drink of Bourbon.

"Hello, Hannix," Garden said into the transmitter. "I'm back again, with an additional bet. Hold on to your chair or you'll lose your balance. I want ten grand on Equanimity to win . . . Yes, that's what I said: ten G-string—ten thousand from men. Can you handle it? Odds probably won't be over two to one . . . Right-o."

He replaced the receiver and tilted back in his chair just as Swift, headed for the hall, was passing him.

Garden, apparently deeply perturbed, kept his eyes on the retreating figure. Then, as if on sudden impulse, he stood up quickly and called out: "Just a minute,

Woody. I want to say a word to you." And he stepped after him.

I saw Garden put his arm around Woody's shoulder as the two disappeared down the hall.

When Garden returned to the room his face was a trifle pale, and his eyes were downcast. As he approached our table he shook his head dejectedly.

"I tried to argue with him," he remarked to Vance. "But it was no use; he wouldn't listen to reason. He turned nasty . . . Poor devil! If Equanimity doesn't come in he's done for." He looked directly at Vance. "I wonder if I did the right thing in placing that bet for him. But, after all, he's of age."

A bell rang somewhere in the apartment, and a few moments later Sneed appeared in the archway.

"Pardon me, sir," he said to Garden, "but Miss Graem is wanted on the other telephone."

Zalia Graem stood up quickly and raised one hand to her forehead in a gesture of dismay.

"Who on earth or in the waters under the earth can that be?" Her face cleared. "Oh, I know." Then she stepped up to Sneed. "I'll take the call in the den." And she hurried from the room.

Garden a few moments later turned in his chair and announced:

"They're coming out at Rivermont. Say your prayers, children

As the radio tubes warmed up, McElroy's well-known voice gained in volume over the loud speaker: ". . . and Equanimity is now making trouble at the post. Took the cue from Head Start . . . Now they're both back in their stalls—it looks as if we might get a—Yes! They're off! And to a good even start. Hyjinx has dashed into the lead; Azure Star comes next; and Heat Lightning is close behind. The others are bunched. I can't tell one from the other yet. Wait a second. Here they come past us—and it's Hyjinx on top now, by two lengths; and behind her is Train Time; and yes, it's Sublime, by a head, or a nose, or a neck—it doesn't matter—it's Sublime anyway. And there's Risky Lad creeping up on Sublime . . . And now they're going round the first turn, with Hyjinx still in the lead. The relative positions of the ones out front haven't changed yet . . . They're in the back stretch, and Hyjinx is still ahead by half a length; Train Time has moved up and holds his second position by a length and a half ahead of Roving Flirt, who's in third place. Azure Star is a length behind Roving Flirt. Equanimity is pocketed."

At this point in the broadcast Zalia Graem appeared suddenly in the archway and stood with her eyes fixed on the radio, her hands sunk in the pockets of her tailored jacket.

". . . They're rounding the far turn. Equanimity has improved his position and is getting into his famous stride. Hyjinx has dropped back and Roving Flirt has taken the lead by a head, with Train Time second, by a length, in front of Azure Star, who is running third and making a grand effort . . . And now they're in the stretch. Azure Star has come to the front and is a full length in the lead. Train Time is making a great bid for this classic and is still in second place, a length behind Azure Star. Roving Flirt is right behind him. Hyjinx has dropped back and it looks as if she was no longer a serious contender. Equanimity is pressing hard and is now in sixth place. He hasn't much time, but he's running a beautiful race and may come up front yet . . . And here they come to the finish. The leaders are straight out—there won't be much change. Just a second. Here they come . . . and . . . the winner is Azure Star by two lengths. Next is Roving Flirt. And a length behind him is Train Time. Upper Shelf finished fourth . . ."

"Not such a hot race," Miss Graem remarked with a toss of her head. "I'll just about break even . . . Now I'll go and finish my phone call." And she turned back down the hall.

Garden seemed ill at ease and, for the second time that afternoon, mixed himself a highball.

Just then Mrs. Garden bustled into the room.

"Don't tell me I'm too late!" she pleaded excitedly.

"All over but the O. K., mater," Garden informed her.

"And what did I do?" The woman came forward and dropped wearily into an empty chair.

"The usual," grinned Garden. "A Grand Score? Your noble steed didn't score at all. Condolences. But it's not official yet. We'll be getting the O. K. in a minute now."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. Garden despondently.

"Well," said Garden, "Mr. Vance, the eminent doper of crimes and ponies, can now take a luxurious vacation. He's the possessor of thirty-six hundred and forty dollars—or which thirty-six dollars and forty cents goes to our dear nurse . . . And Woods, of course . . . His voice trailed off.

"What did Woody do?" demanded Mrs. Garden, sitting up stiffly in her chair.

"I'm frightfully sorry, mater," her son groped for words—but Woods didn't use his head. I tried to dissuade him, but it was no go . . . Right-o."

He replaced the receiver and tilted back in his chair just as Swift, headed for the hall, was passing him.

"Well, what did Woody do?" persisted Mrs. Garden.

Garden hesitated, and before he could formulate an answer, a paralyzing sound, like a pistol shot, broke the tense silence.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Household Hints

By BETTY WELLS

MABEL F. has asked us to help her plan her bedroom. The furniture is burl walnut in rather simple lines. She's been thinking of having silver gray wall paper and wonders what spreads, draperies, carpet and chair coverings she should use with it, providing we approve of the gray in the first place.

Yes, indeed, we do like silver gray wall paper with walnut, providing it's a sunny room, with a pattern of white flowers and maybe a whisper of yellow in the stamens. Gray woodwork the shade of the paper, a gray carpet, yellow organdy curtains, spreads in yellow flowered chintz, the armchair in a plain gray linen slip cover with wide cotton rope fringe dyed yellow to go around the bottom (or the flowered chintz for the chair) would be our idea for this room.

But here is another suggestion for a room with gray wall paper. Consider the possibilities of petunia colors with it. Pinks for the glass curtains, spreads, in yellow flowered chintz for the chair.

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But here is another suggestion for a room with gray wall paper. Consider the possibilities of petunia

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STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss.

Court of Probate

To the heirs at law of the estate of Loren D. Clement, late of Wear, in said County, deceased, intestate, and to all others interested therein:

Whereas Moses H. Clement, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office, for said County, his petition for license to sell real estate belonging to the estate of said deceased, said real estate being fully described in his petition, and open for examination by all parties interested.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be held at Manchester in said County, on the 17th day of August next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

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

Given at Nashua in said County, this 30th day of June, A.D. 1937.

By order of the Court,

WILFRED J. BOISCLAIR,

Register.

Rubberoid Shingles

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

Arthur W. Proctor
Tel. 77 - Antrim

East Antrim

Arlo Sturtevant is helping Walter Knapp with haying.

Mrs. Rachel Richardson of Winchester, Mass., is visiting at Mountaineer View.

Mrs. A. E. Richardson spent the past two weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Tripp.

Mrs. Walter Wood has returned from the hospital following an operation for appendicitis.

Mrs. V. J. Swett has rented her home, also one of the larger camps, to Massachusetts parties.

Friends of Mrs. Walter Knapp are rejoiced at her successful operation at the Margaret Pillsbury hospital, where she is still a patient.

Miss Margery Grant recently spent a few days with Mrs. Margaret Hammond following a short stay at a hospital for removal of tonsils.

Miss Helen Richardson enjoyed a two weeks' vacation with friends and relatives in Massachusetts and is now back at Mountain View farm.

Mrs. C. D. White and son Carroll, also Mrs. Bertha Hill, went to Truro, Nova Scotia, last week. Mrs. Hill will remain in that town for a season.

Miss Dudley of Antrim Center sang a solo at our first meeting at the chapel and those who have heard her know how we enjoyed it. Last Sunday Mr. Bell, who is stopping in Bennington for a season gave us two solos and he was surely appreciated.

OWNERS, OPERATORS
MOTOR VEHICLES
LIABLE FOR DAMAGES

The House of Representatives passed the bill Tuesday, requiring proof of financial responsibility by owners and operators of motor vehicles and sent it to the Governor for his signature. The measure originated in the State Senate and was sponsored by a special commission appointed by former Gov. H. Styles Bridges.

Under the terms of the act, every owner and operator involved in an accident causing injury or substantial damage, must show his ability to meet any property damage amounting to over \$25. Provisions for suspension of licenses until financial responsibility is shown is contained in the act.

The Antrim Reporter
ANTRIM NEW HAMPSHIRE
Published Every Thursday

H. W. ELDREDGE
Editor and Publisher
Nov. 1, 1892 - July 9, 1936

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One year, in advance \$2.00

Six months, in advance \$1.00

Single copies 15 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's 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, JULY 22, 1937

Antrim Locals

Mr. and Mrs. Fuller of Contoocook were Sunday callers on Mr. and Mrs. Forest Smith.

Miss Barbara Nolan of Ware is visiting with Miss Virginia Worthley for a few days.

Miss Madeline Gagnon of New Boston spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Ayer.

William Townsend and Mrs. Stella Hastings and Mr. and Mrs. Jene Phinn of Claremont were weekend visitors with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Moul.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rokes and two daughters enjoyed Sunday climbing Mt. Crotched.

Mrs. Laura MacLane has been spending two weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Newell.

Miss Estelle Deacon of Waltham, Mass., has been visiting with friends in town.

FOR RENT—Furnished Apartment. Four large rooms and bath. Suitable for light housekeeping. H. E. Wilson, Main St.

Guy O. Hollis has purchased the Dearborn house on Main Street and will occupy it as a home.

Caughey & Pratt, contractors, are doing contract work for the L. S. Starrett Company at Athol, Mass.

Mrs. Julia E. Proctor is visiting with her daughter in Shrewsbury, Mass. for a few weeks.

Edwin and Dwight Southwick, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Addison Southwick, recently spent two weeks with relatives in Claremont and Hillsboro.

Have you seen the new Polaroid lenses? Best thing ever made for protecting the eyes from glare. See Dr. Haynes at Antrim Pharmacy on Thursdays.

Miss Phyllis Tuttle of Wilton is spending a few weeks with her grandmother, Mrs. William C. Hills.

Mrs. Isabel Martin of Chichester is spending a few weeks with her brother, George Warren, and family.

Frank E. Wheeler recently entertained his brother Lieut. Colonel M. D. Wheeler of Fort Monroe, Virginia.

Mrs. Winslow A. Sawyer and Mrs. Walter M. Smith Jr. and Walter Smith Third are spending a week at Camp Third Vermont, Gregg Lake with Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Wheeler. Mr. Sawyer and Mr. Smith will join them Friday for the week end.

"OUR BEAUTY SHOPPE"

Telephone 66
Main Street - Antrim, New Hampshire
When Better Waves Are Given, We'll Give Them'

Antrim Locals

Ira J. Locke of Concord spent a week with James R. Ashford and family.

For Sale—Roasting Chickens, 4 to 4½ lbs.; price 35 cents per lb. Call A. L. Edwards, Tel. 75, Antrim.

C. F. Raleigh of Rochester, N. Y., is visiting friends and relatives in town this week.

Real Estate listings solicited. Jere Callahan, 26tf

Mrs. Robert Downing and Roy Tandy of Concord spent Sunday with their sister, Mrs. Benjamin Tenney, and brother, Wilbur Tandy.

Miss Elizabeth Hollis spent a week's vacation with her grandfather in East Ware.

Mrs. Edward Clark and family of Hyde Park, Mass., is visiting for a while with her sister, Mrs. Guy O. Hollis, and family.

Mrs. George Hannaford and children of Dublin were visitors with Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Tenney on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Muzzey of Concord are occupying a tenant in the Deacon house on Main Street owned by H. E. Wilson. Mr. Muzzey is employed at the Monadnock Paper Mill.

Mrs. Clarence Elliott and two children of East Hartford, Conn., have been visiting her mother, Mrs. Junia Wilson.

Several relatives from Nashua were callers on Mrs. Junia Wilson on last Sunday.

Robert Newhall and friend, Arthur Mahoney, of Pepperell, Mass., visited a few days with the former's uncle, John Newhall.

Mrs. Alice Newhall of Pepperell, Mass., is visiting with her mother, Mrs. Bert Paige.

Harvey Rogers has returned to his home after spending two weeks with his daughter, Mrs. McMahon at Dover.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Locke, caretakers of Greystone Lodge for the past several years are residing at the former Harris Tavern for the summer months.

Mrs. Ruth Betz and children of New York are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Locke.

Miss Clara Briggs and Miss Helen McClure of Newton Highlands, Mass., spent the week end with Mrs. Rachel Hunt at North Branch.

Miss Mary McClure is spending a season with her aunt, Mrs. Paul Cole, at Little Island Pond, Pelham.

Miss Margaret Scott is visiting with her sister in Friendship, Maine.

Mrs. W. E. Cram is spending the week with her son, Donald Cram, and family at Keene.

Mrs. Fletcher E. Forehand and children of Fort Myers, Fla., are spending a few weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James R. Ashford.

Mrs. H. W. Eldredge and daughter, Miss Mabelle Eldredge, are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. H. Burr Eldredge in Winchendon, Mass.

THE STRANGEST GRANGE MEETING EVER HELD

Probably the most unusual Grange meeting ever held in the United States recently took place in the state of Maine, where an entire family took over the whole Grange meeting of the evening—filled all the 16 officers' chairs and conducted the entire business session; provided a complete program of varied character lasting more than one hour; and then provided and served the supper, which was enjoyed by a large attendance of members.

The "family" referred to included a father and mother, and 14 sons, daughters and "in-laws"; the venerable couple having a few days before celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. Not only are all the 16 family members on the roll of a single Grange, but several grandchildren as well, while the latter were present, assisting in the serving of the supper. There are 28 Grange family all get together it grandchildern and when this is a reunion in every real sense.

Bennington

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

Fire of unknown origin destroyed the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ora Parker on Francestown Road Wednesday morning of this week.

The Congregational Church will hold their annual Fair on Friday, August 9, with many special features.

St. Patrick's Church is conducting a Garden Party at the Church Grounds Saturday, July 24, in the afternoon and evening. There will be special features, with valuable prizes.

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our deepest gratitude for the many kind deeds rendered us by friends and neighbors during our great bereavement.

To the Sportsmen, firemen and friends we also wish to express our sincere thanks for the beautiful flowers and generous donation.

Mrs. May Wilson
Miss Ruth May Wilson
Master Robert E. Wilson
Philip E. Knowles

Hillsboro

Mrs. Louise M. Casey is spending the week at Hampton Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. James Perham are the parents of a son, born Monday, July 19.

Arlow Powers of Concord visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Powers, this week.

Hillsboro was visited by an electrical storm on Saturday afternoon that did considerable damage to trees and gardens.

Mrs. C. W. Wallace and daughter Marjorie, Mrs. George B. Colby and Emory Phelps spent Sunday at Old Orchard Beach, Me.

Henry Pye, a resident of this town for over thirty years, is very ill at his home on Henniker street and but little hope is held for his recovery.

Thirteen men of Hillsboro are employed on the WPA project at the fair grounds, where twenty-four workmen were formerly employed under the supervision of Frank L. Glading.

Mrs. Bert L. Craine returned from the hospital in Concord last Friday feeling much improved in health.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Baldwin of Henniker street were recent guests of friends in Newport and vicinity.

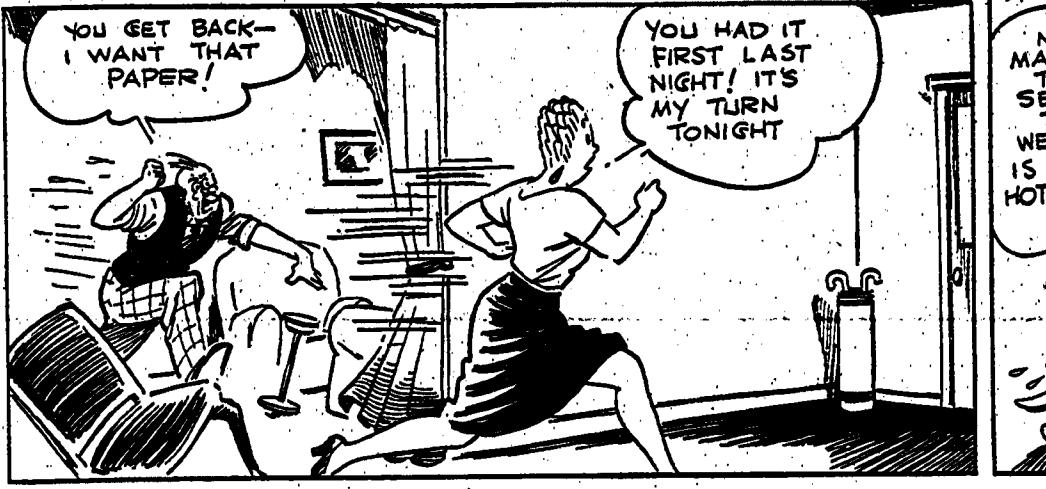
Charles Dunbar of Winooski, Vt., was a recent guest at the home of Miss Agnes Sp

Fun for the Whole Family

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne
© Western Newspaper Union

Hot Off the Press



© QUACK

JUST LIKE THEM

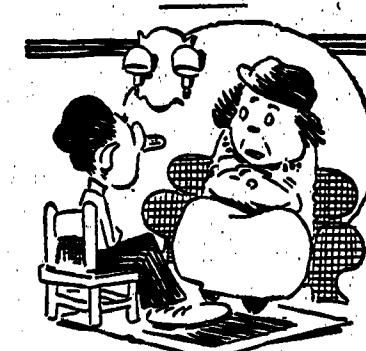


EXTRAVAGANCE



"Yer blamed fool! Dat's what yer git for puttin' all yer begs in one ask it."

ALL THAT WORK, TOO!



Mrs. Newrich—You don't seem to have a vacuum cleaner, Mrs. Wayback?

Mrs. Wayback—What! them things, they gather so much dirt you have to clean them out every day.

PROVIDING THAT



He—Do you think you could be happy with me on \$10 a week?
She—I'm sure I could, provided we have servants and a car.

SOME MISTAKE

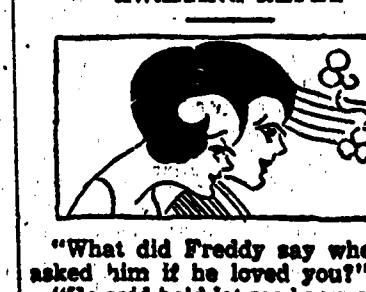


EVER THUS



"The best of friends must part."
"Especially if one starts borrowin' money from the other."

AWAITING REPLY



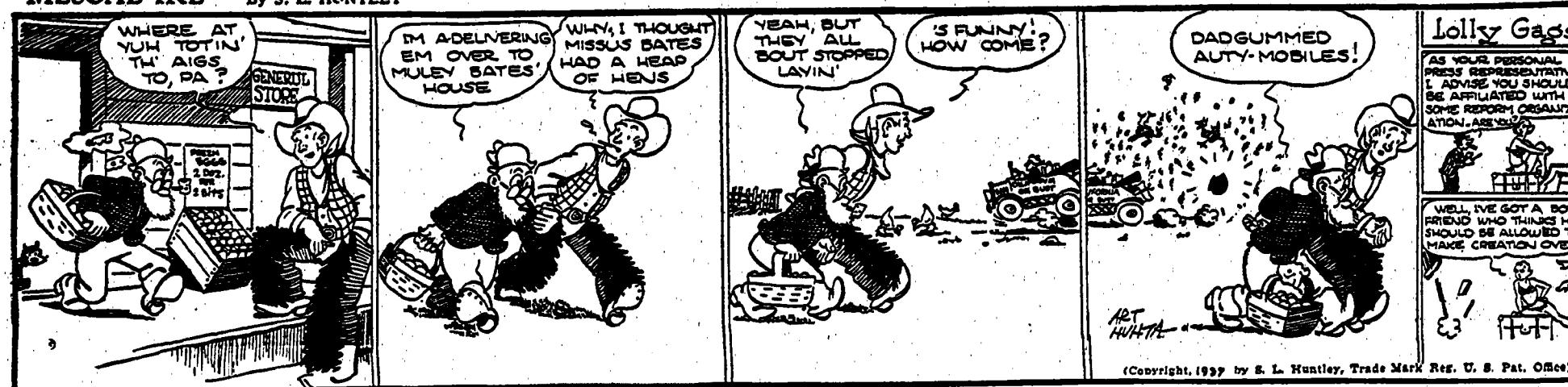
S'MATTER POP—Migosh, Maw! That's What You Wanted!



By C. M. PAYNE

MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNLEY



Those Pesky Tourists Again

© Bill Syndicate—WNW Service

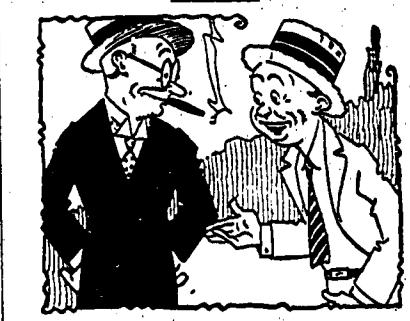
FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin
© Western Newspaper Union

(Smart) Crackers and Jam

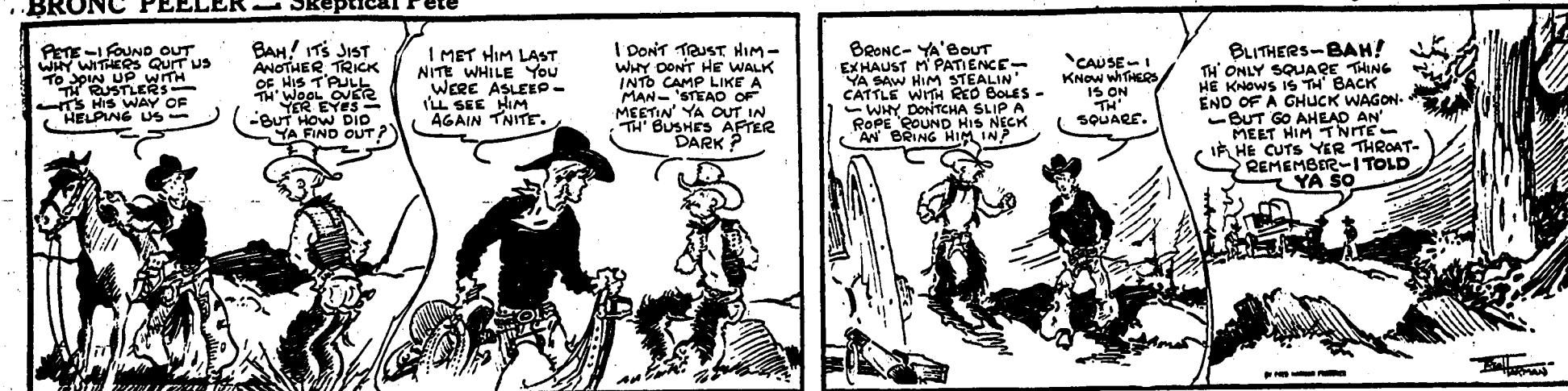
PHOTOFISTER FINNEY Says

A CROWD BE LOIKE A COLD IN TH HEAD—EF YEZ DON'T BREAK IT UP YEZ'LL BE HAVIN' TRUBLE



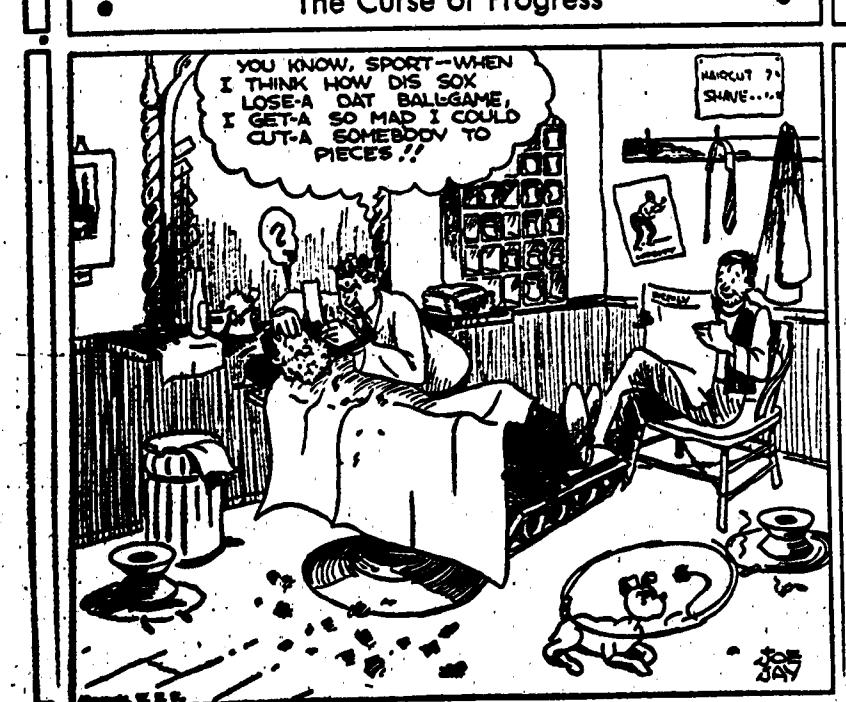
He—Do you think you could be happy with me on \$10 a week?
She—I'm sure I could, provided we have servants and a car.

BRONC PEELER—Skeptical Pete



By FRED HARMAN

The Curse of Progress



"Never, never, never," said the teacher, "kiss animals. Can anybody tell me the dangers of such a practice?"

Susie's hand shot up. "I can, teacher," she cried. "My Auntie used to kiss her pet Peké!"

Teacher smiled encouragingly.

"Well—?"

"The Peké died!"

Easy Way
"Stop!" thundered the man in the barber's chair who was having his hair trimmed. "Why do you insist upon telling me those horrible, blood-curdling stories?"

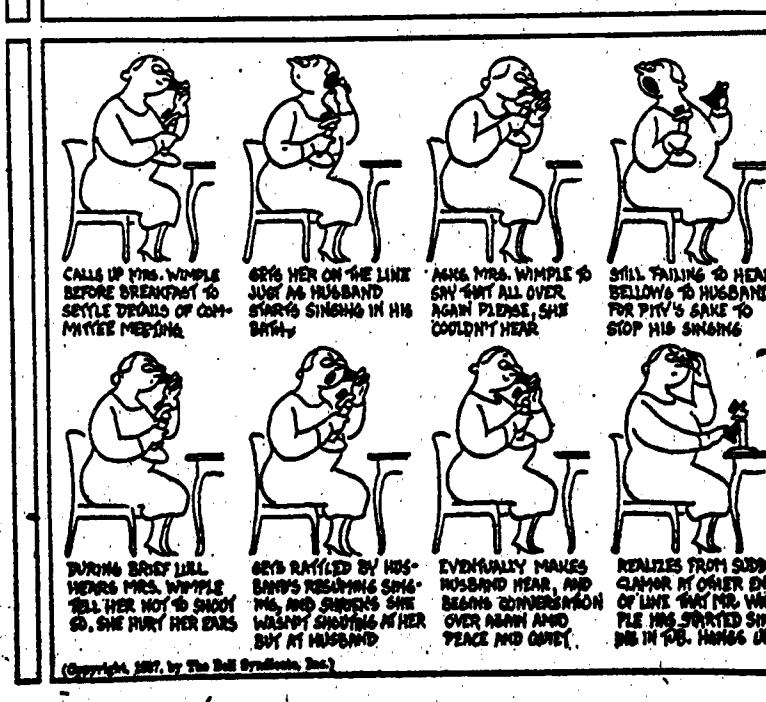
"I'm sorry, sir," said the barber, "but when I tell stories like that, the hair stands up on end and makes it much easier to cut, sir."

Exactly
Cook (to assistant on entering gallery and seeing stew had boiled over)—I told you to notice when the stew boiled over.

Assistant—I did, sir, it boiled over at exactly 10:31.—U. S. N. A. Log.

JUB SINGING

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



CALL IN THE WHOLE BEFORE BREAKFAST TO SQUELCH DREAMS OF WHITE MERRINGUE.
GET HER ON THE LINE JUST AS HUSBAND STARTS SINGING IN HIS BATHY. MAKE MAMA WHIMBLE TO SING ALL OVER AGAIN PLEASE SHE COULDN'T HEAR IT.
TAKING BABY JILL HAVING FINE WHIMPLES TELL HER NOT TO SING SO ONE DAY HER EARS
GET PAINTED BY HER DAUGHTER SINGING CHA-CHA AND SINGING SHE WASN'T SINGING AFTER DAY AT HUSBAND.
EVANGLY MAKES POSSUM HIDE AND BEAN CONFESSION OVER MAM AND PEACE AND QUIET.
REALIZES FROM SUNDAY CLINIC MY OTHER END OF LIFE THAT FOR WHILE SHE HASN'T STARTED SINGING IN THE HABES UP.

"The best of friends must part."
"Especially if one starts borrowin' money from the other."

"What did Freddy say when you asked him if he loved you?"
"He said he'd let me know as soon as he had an answer from Mary."

Hugh Bradley Says.

© New York Post—WNU Service.

Worse Teamwork Shown by Baseball Bosses Than Help

SO MANY things are being blamed upon the weather nowadays that it is a relief to consider Brooklyn's Dodgers. Since those athletes probably would continue to drop decisions even if they were performing within the shadow of the South pole, this collection of logic is dedicated to persistent customers who annually must be beast by chills while the heat is being turned on elsewhere.

Plainly, what is wrong with the Dodgers—as well as with such better favored clubs as the Red Sox and the Indians—is that even worse teamwork is displayed by the bosses than by the hired help. Until the front offices can be made to understand the necessity for co-operation as well as for sustained and intelligent planning, World series must continue to be played at the Polo grounds, at Yankee stadium, and in such other heaven-favored spots.

By this I mean that there are entirely too many straw bosses floating around in the Cleveland, Boston (American league) and Brooklyn offices. There is such an abundance of managers—both of the business and field variety—that there is no real central authority.

Instead of being Bill Terrys, Branch Rickeys or Connie Mack's, these bossy gentlemen have become Jack Horner's. To o many of them are too eager to poke in their thumbs and pull out the plums. Then, with that "Oh, what a great boy am I" refrain still on their lips, they duck out of the back door as soon as some one discovers that a mess has been made out of the pie. Such confusion, of course, is nothing new in this combination of sport and business that is called baseball. For instance, there are the White Sox. When the lamented Charles Comiskey was in his prime the team made money and won pennants. As he became older he slipped into a mingling of uncertainty and stubbornness that caused him to lean too heavily upon poorly equipped volunteer advisers. For years then, and after his death, the White Sox neither made money nor won pennants. Now a happy understanding between field and office is bringing success again.

There also are the Giants. For almost twenty-five years John J. McGraw was the supreme authority and the club was one of baseball's grandest successes. Then some of the players discovered that it was not impossible to go over the "Old Man's" head. The next pennant was not won until Bill Terry, who would not accept the job until granted full and unquestioned control, had become manager.

Other examples bob quickly to mind. Bucky Harris, who managed two pennant-winning teams under the overlordship of Clarke Griffith in Washington, was not a success in Boston. Marty McManus, for many reasons very popular with the fans, was separated from Red Sox managerial duties ahead of Harris. During the several seasons since he has taken over the same rap, Joe Cronin may have yearned for the peaceful days when he merely had to fight over signs and trades with his father-in-law.

Similarly, there is Cleveland. Billy Evans, the business manager, and Walter Johnson, the manager, had a pretty time there, while pennant dreams faded in the heat of their feud. Then a new business manager and a new manager drew the black spots. The quarrels have been no less entertaining and destructive. And meanwhile the Yankees, ruled by Ed Barrow, and the Tigers, directed by Mickey Cochrane, continue to cash World Series checks.

In mentioning this, though, I have no desire to be unkind to the various gentlemen who have devoted their years—at salaries considerably more handsome than the results—to the executive end of the game. I merely am stating facts that are very well known to any one who ever has poked an inquisitive nose into a major league dugout.

That these facts always include the case of a club precariously guided by two discordant sets of directors, a bank, a business manager, a probate court, a manager, a clubhouse janitor, a pitcher and an infielder does not particularly disturb me now.

NOT IN THE BOX SCORE:
JIM TEN EYCK Jr., younger son of Syracuse's old man of the river, is reported in line for that crew coaching job at Princeton . . . A special act of congress provides that the Coast Guard must be available to patrol courses wherever boat races are held . . . To celebrate his latest wrestling reunion with Jack Curly, Promoter Jack Pfeffer has submitted to a hair cut . . . Is it true that Dixie Howell of Rose Bowl fame is due to rejoin the Tigers any day now? They say he is burning up the Texas league.

All reports to the contrary, Bill Bonthron will not attempt another comeback. Bonnie's business is too good and his home life too happy for him to monkey with fate. His workouts are simply to ease the heart that was three times its normal size when he graduated from Princeton in 1934. From now on he'll merely be in the stands applauding while others are setting track records.

Note to the eminent editor Marcus Griffin—"Why do you keep insisting one of our present day New York boxing commissioners is copying a page out of the book of a lamented predecessor in the job? Don't you know that celebrated gentleman never put anything in writing?" . . . Add scenes I like: Mothers greeting tall bronzed Yale and Harvard sons in the Mohican lobby on the night of the annual boat race . . . Add scenes I don't like: The way sports writers are letting baseball magnates get away with their plans for ditching that All-Star baseball game the fans like so well.

Navy football followers are out on one of the earliest yardarms, many of them already claiming the Eastern championship. Incidentally, they have something more than rumor and the customary handsome donation from congress to support them this time, too. Last fall's plebe team was one of the strongest in years, the line is heavy, replacements are powerful and Young Bill Ingram ranks with the best triple threats.

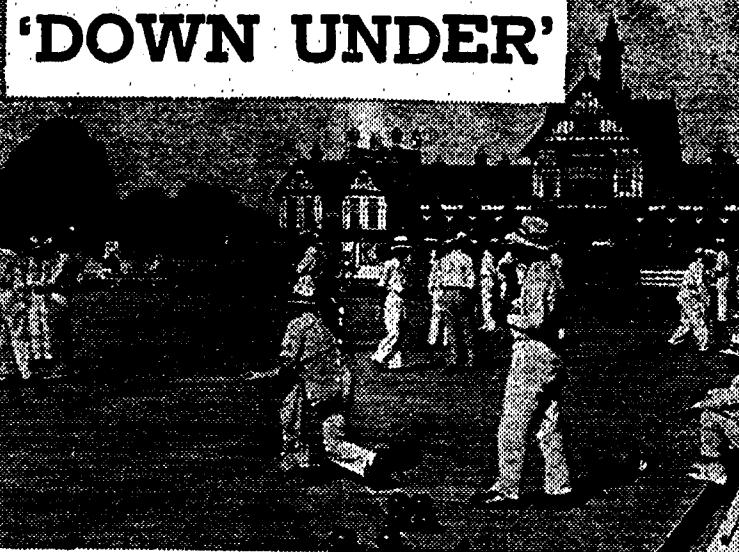
Larry Snyder, Ohio State track coach, predicts there will be several 7 foot high jumpers in a few years and also 15 foot pole vaulters . . . Two of Snyder's high jumpers, Dave Albritton and Mel Walker, have cleared 6 feet 8 1/4 inches . . . Purdue and Notre Dame, who divided a two year series in football a few seasons ago, will play another game at South Bend in 1939.

Bill Dineen, in his 28th season as an American league umpire, never has missed a game . . . Gene Sarazen plans to compete in the Japanese open golf tournament this summer . . . Lee Grissom, the Cincinnati Reds' contribution to the National league's All-Star pitching staff, never had a baseball in his hand until seven years ago . . . Milton Berle, the giggle gagster, is taking boxing lessons from Mushy Callahan, former junior welterweight champion . . . Jack Johnson believes he can outbox Joe Louis right now . . . Braddock thought so, too . . . Hank Greenberg of the Tigers has bet \$100 that Jimmy Foxx of the Red Sox will finish the season with an average of .320 or better.

Nap Lajoie, the old Cleveland second baseman, used one bat throughout his brilliant major league career . . . It now is on exhibition at a Louisville bat factory . . . Ace Parker, Duke university's all-around athlete who has been sent to Atlanta by the Athletics, will return to school in February to receive a degree . . . Rowing costs Harvard from \$15,000 to \$25,000 annually . . . Bill McWilliams, the former De Paul athlete who began the season with Los Angeles, has replaced Dixie Howell of Alabama and Rose Bowl fame at third base for Memphis . . . Sammy Baugh is playing semi-pro baseball at Pampa, Tex.

They say in the locker room—that Gene Sarazen still sticks to his opinion that a t Sammy Sneed will be the greatest golfer of all time whenever the boys try to break him down . . . That Frank Walsh, the Chicago-born pro once was given no chance to live after suffering a fractured skull when his auto wrapped itself around a pole. A few months later he was a finalist with Olin Dutra in the 1933 P. G. A. test at St. Paul. Also that Walsh's father, who brought five golfing sons into the world, never had a golf club in his hand and will see his first movie when Parnell gets to Chicago. He was one of Parnell's followers during the Irish revolution. That Johnny Goodman, who used to be a little fellow himself, told Frank Strafaci to get plenty of sleep if he wanted to put on weight. Johnny is up to 170 now and never gets less than nine hours a night . . . That Johnny Farrell's favorite color is green . . . That Jimmy Hines is plenty sore because some one printed a story that he uses \$50 shoes. It's true but it gives people the wrong impression, for Jimmy has had the shoes for five years and they have outlasted seven pairs of regular ones.

Earle Meadows, the sky scraping pole vanisher, confided to friends he expects to clear 15 feet 8 inches before the season is over . . . But he'll retire after this year regardless . . . Coach John P. Nicholson of Notre Dame will be in charge of the U. S. track team which tours England and Europe this summer.



'DOWN UNDER'

Bowling on the Green Is One of the Favorite Sports in New Zealand.

New Zealand Is Country of Scenic Wonders and Many Odd Paradoxes

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

O N DECEMBER 16, 1642, Abel Tasman stood on the deck of the Heemskirk in the South Pacific and gazed out toward an unknown "great, high, bold land." At the hands of an unimaginative cartographer the new wavy lines added to the map became New Zealand, after the Netherlands Province of Zeeland, to which it bears not the least resemblance. The inappropriateness of its name, however, is not the only paradox of this British dominion of the Far South.

Captain James Cook, who first explored the islands a century and a quarter later, took possession of them for his country only to have his claims rejected. Britain still later hoisted the Union Jack over the land to prevent French immigrants from settling in the place they cherished. The country's capital bears the name Wellington, but the Iron Duke stood firm against the annexation.

Many New Zealanders who have never been away from the island's shores, and whose parents likewise were born in the Dominion, still speak of England as "home."

Here in an area approximately the size of Colorado are grouped the snow-mantled peaks of Switzerland, geysers of a Yellowstone, volcanic cones of Java and Japan, and the lakes of Italy; the mineral springs of Czechoslovakia, fjords of Norway, seacoasts of Maine and California, and waterfalls higher than Yosemite.

Largest and Smallest Pines.

Glaciers slip down sharp mountainsides from vast snow fields into subtropical bush. A short ride through a pass in the southern Alps will take one from impenetrable evergreen forests into barren tussock-covered lands.

New Zealand is the home of the massive kauri pines, some of which measure 22 feet in diameter and have reached hoary ages that rank them next to the sequoias. It also is the home of the smallest known representative of the pine-tree family. Giant fuchsias grow to the height of 40 feet; a white buttercup has blooms four inches in diameter; flax is produced from a lily; man has imported all of the mammals, and many of the native birds cannot fly.

The Maoris were the first-known colonists of these southern islands. Guided only by the stars and a knowledge of the winds and ocean currents, they boldly piloted their slender double canoes from their homeland of "Hawaiki" (probably Tahiti and the Cook Islands) to the shores of New Zealand in the Fourteenth century. Legend credits them with having followed the sailing directions of the famous Polynesian navigator, Kupe, who is said to have preceded them by 400 years.

To the new land they gave the lilting, vowel-studded name, Ao-tea-roa, which is variously translated as "The Long White Cloud," "The Land of Long Daylight," and "The Long, Bright Land."

Here they lived, increased, warred against each other, and cultivated their taro and the more important kumara, or sweet potato, which they brought with them. Then came whalers, missionaries, and traders; and colonists arrived with gunpowder, conflicting social standards, and the desire to carve out new homes.

Principal City Thrives.

Protracted Maori wars, contested land claims, the discovery of gold, land booms, and a heavy depression—New Zealand passed through them all before she settled down to economic equilibrium.

With its 221,300 people Auckland today has more than twice the British population of the whole country in the early 60's of the last century. As a ship nears the end of its 6,000-mile journey from the west coast of the United States, or the 1,200-mile span from Australia, it skirts the islands that stud the cobalt waters of Hauraki gulf, enters Waitemata harbor, and finally ties up at the very foot of the thriving city.

The early colonists chose well when they staked out this harborside settlement that once served the country as capital and now is the largest city in New Zealand.

Long ago Nature's forces, not man's industry, reigned in this locality. Within a radius of ten miles there are more than 60 burnt-out volcanic cones. Stand on the top of Mount Eden, one of the best-preserved of the craters, which rises like an observation post near the center of the city, and you see the once-fiery throats bulging or forming symmetrical cones on the landscape.

From this same vantage point it is apparent how narrowly North Island escaped being divided in two. The isthmus upon which Auckland sprawls, between the Waitemata harbor, looking out toward the Pacific, and the Manukau harbor, opening westward to the Tasman sea, is only eight miles wide. River estuaries and other indentations narrow it in places to a scant mile. Veritably, water seems almost to encircle the red- and green-roofed maze of the city's business blocks and suburban residences.

Abounds in Flowers.

Business hovers close to Queen's street, which leads up from the wharves, and in its adjacent narrow, twisting thoroughfares. But if the people responsible for the city's growth have failed somewhat in town planning so far as the streets are concerned, they have more than compensated themselves in providing broad park spaces.

The parks seem almost numberless. To them the flush of the sub-tropics gives perpetual freshness and color. Flowers luxuriate all the year round. Even the race course has an avenue of palms and extensive beds of blooms that would do justice to a botanical garden.

One cannot move about Auckland long without the new War Memorial museum claiming attention. It stands out boldly, a massive white Grecian building, above the wide greensward on the heights of the Domain. Here are housed treasures from many lands, but most interesting of all is the comprehensive collection of Maori objects on display—the homes, elaborately carved storehouses, war canoes, war implements, and handicrafts of that powerful native race.

Rolling southward in January from Auckland on the ribbon of concrete and asphalt, you pass soon into smiling open country, checked with fields. Men are haying and herds of sleek cattle and sheep graze on a hundred rolling hills.

Agriculture was the task to which the New Zealand colonists first directed their efforts, but in the passing years they have come to rely more and more on pastoral enterprise. An experimental shipment of frozen meat sent to England in 1882 pointed the way out of a pinching depression that had followed the collapse of a land boom.

Historic Battle Scenes.

Today New Zealand butter and other dairy products have attained world-wide distribution. Of more than 4,300,000 cattle pasturing on the land, nearly half are dairy stock. More than 28,600,000 sheep also range North and South islands, making New Zealand the world's seventh largest sheep-producing country and the fifth largest in wool production.

Near the little town of Mercer was the old frontier between Maori and colonist. The whole region is historic ground, for here in 1863-4 the Maori warriors tested the best mettle of the British troops and long made pioneering a perilous venture.

Today, instead of a battleground, the district is a peaceful, English-flavored countryside. Upon a hill now stands the St. Stephens Maori Boys' college, where Maori youths are being trained for useful pursuits.

Just beyond Hamilton, the largest provincial town in Auckland province, you may run into peat fires that are smoldering and eating into the black soil in many places. The continued dry, hot summer weather makes an outbreak of many of these destructive fires.

A few miles to the west of the main road that leads to Te Kuiti are the fascinating Waitomo caves.

Interest in the caves hinges on a tiny worm—an unusual carnivorous glowworm—scientifically, the *Boletophila luminosa*.

The Glowworm grotto is a magically uncanny spot. Floating along in a boat on the stillness of a subterranean stream, one looks up at myriads of these tiny creatures, with their lamps alight, that cover the roof of the cavern like a dense, greenish-blue Milky Way.

AROUND the HOUSE

Items of Interest to the Housewife

Storing Brown Sugar.—Brown sugar will not become lumpy if stored in an airtight jar.

When Drawers Stick.—Black lead or black lead pencil rubbed on the edges of a drawer which has become swollen from heat will enable it to be opened and shut quite easily.

Turnips Au Gratin.—For this tasty dish half-cook turnips in boiling salted water, then cut into fairly thin slices and drain well. Arrange in layers in a buttered fireproof dish, and cover each layer of turnip with grated cheese, a seasoning of pepper, and some

little dabs of butter. The last layer should consist of breadcrumbs sprinkled with grated cheese and dotted with butter. Bake in a moderate oven until well browned.

Heating the Oven.—Open the oven door for a minute soon after the gas has been lit and you will find that the oven will get hot much quicker. By doing so you let out the moisture that always collects when the oven is not in use.

To Clean the Piano.—Use the suction cleaner to remove dust from the inside of the piano, and clean the keys with a soft cloth moistened with methylated spirit. Polish with a chamois leather.

Disagreeable Odor.—The smell of new paint has a very bad effect on some people. To minimize it, fill a pail of water and sprinkle in it some hay and one or two onions, freshly sliced. Stand this in a room newly painted, and much of the smell will be neutralized.

WNU Service.

Baskets of Lace For Chair Set

Isn't it exciting to think that with your own crochet hook you can fashion a chair or buffet set as lovely and practical as this basket design? A bit of string helps do the trick, giving it durability beyond compare. Even a

beginner can do this simple filet crochet, the design set off in open stitch. Pattern 1437 contains charts and directions for making the set shown; material requirements, an illustration of all stitches used.

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

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 20c with your dealer's name for a Trial Package of 48 genuine Pe-Ko Jar Rings, sent prepaid.

United States Rubber Company

United States Rubber Products, Inc., Room 608, 1790 Broadway, New York

And They Can't Be Spanked Their Time Comes
There are old folks as well as When thieves fall out, honest children that are spoiled men get their own.

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO

5¢ PLUG

LIFE'S LIKE THAT By Fred Neher

BUBBLES

FRED NEHER

"Always look . . . there might be an old maid there."

The Snapshot Guild

CAMERAS BY THE SEA



Enlarged from portion of negative taken with a folding camera giving post-card size pictures. Exposure 1/100 second at f.11 on supersensitive film.

COMES the time every year when many of us make for the sea—shore for cool breezes, swimming, sailing, motorboating, fishing, and the many other pleasures that go with a sojourn by the sea.

Any one can enjoy this fun without a camera, but verily to go to the seashore and return without having made a picture-story of your visit seems as useless as trying to write a book about it with water for ink. When you have finished, your memory may retain some of it for a time, but eventually you remember little else than the fact that you went there. Years later you will say, "Yes, I had a good time that summer," but what did you do, whom were you with, what did you see? Bet a million that with nothing in your snapshot album to show for it, you will remember scarcely anything of the details of that good time, and regretfully wish you could.

Another reason for taking your camera to the seashore is that where the sea is, with its bright reflecting waters, you have exceptional chances for making fine pictures.

Feast or Fast

We must be weighed the doctors say,
Watch well our weight from day to day.
Now sometimes as those scales I see,
I'm shocked at my obesity.

Some folks are plump and some are stout,
And some are overweight no doubt.
But I am different from all that;
I find that I am simply fat.

I've counted well my calories,
Numbered vitamins from A to E's.
But yet in spite of all of that
The scales say I am growing fat.

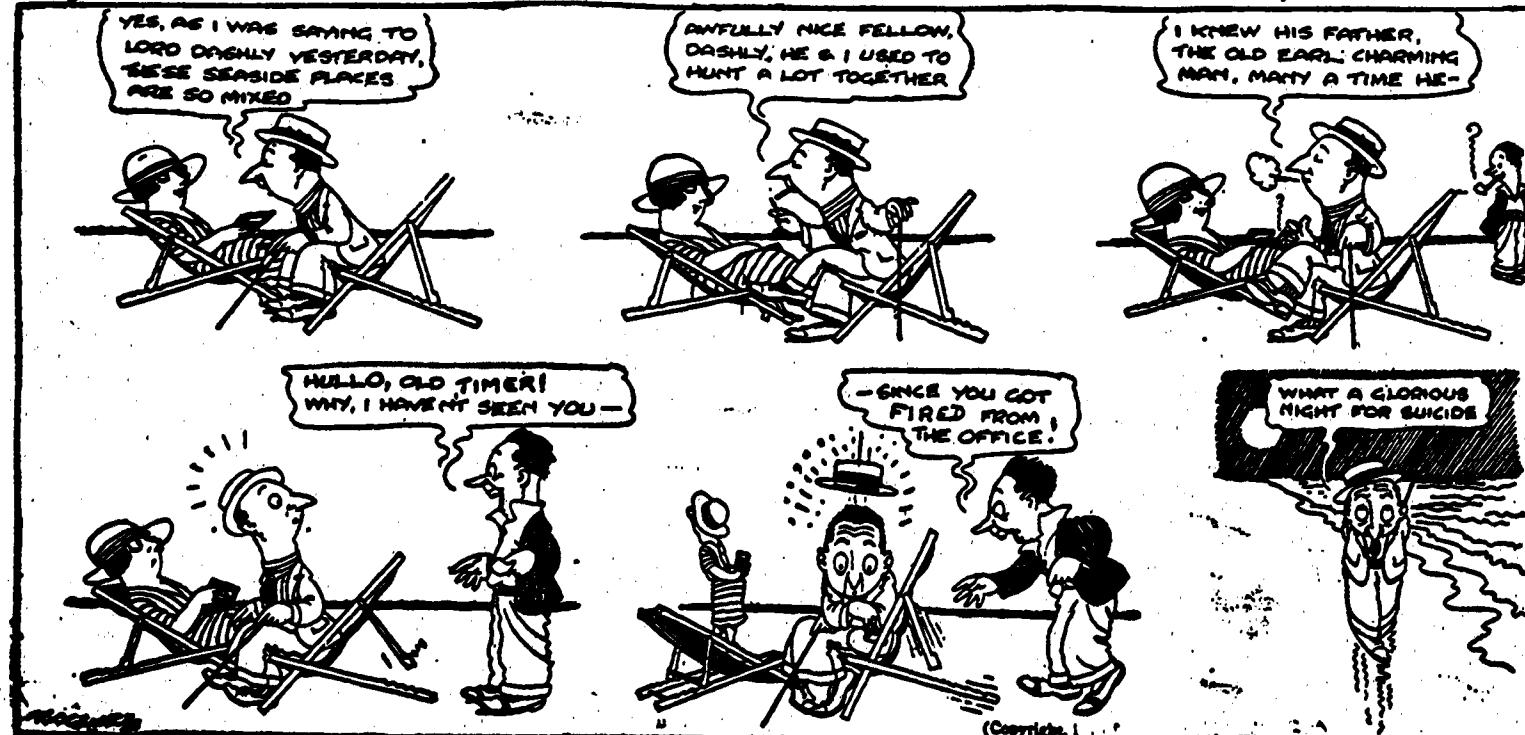
If we a graceful form desire,
To conquer fat we do aspire,
Then we must often fast it seems.
Our food consist of bran and greens.

Potatoes baked will make us fat.
The doctors will all tell you that,
Even cold water makes you fat.
We must drink sparingly of that.

The doctors should all have a pill.
That would reduce our weight at will.
Not make us fast and live on greens
That is sheer cruelty it seems.

Kind fate, rid me of fat once more,
Give me that willowy form of yore,
That slim prim figure of my dreams.

EVERYBODY



Hillsboro

Miss Antoinette Gendron and Miss Agnes Garvey, teachers at the local high school, were in town this week.

Mrs. Merrick Crosby is spending this week with Mrs. Ethel Fitch at Bauneg Lake, North Berwick, Maine.

Charles McNally has bought the J. Frank Smith place on Mill street, which was sold at auction two weeks ago.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Garafoli, real estate owners of this community, who are now in Italy, have received letters and cards from them last week in which they state in brief that they expect to return to Hillsboro next month.

Friends of Otis Bailey will be sorry to learn that he is not improving in health as fast as could be desired.

Born July 8, at Howlett Maternity Hospital, Henniker, a daughter, Nancy Lona, to Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Crane.

Helen E. Scruton is operator at the new Western Union station on West Main street, managed by Walter Sterling.

Dr. A. A. Muir, chiropractor, formerly of Keene, has moved into the Proctor house on Main street, opposite the "Gables."

Miss Mary Holly, who is employed at the home of Mrs. Edgar J. Liberty at Wilton, spent the week-end at her home on Mill street.

Miss Hele Bruso of Keene, who is employed at The Gables, was a recent visitor at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Bruso in Munsonville.

R. W. Spaulding and family have moved from Mrs. Louise Cassy's house on Main street to the Ash house on Park street, which he recently purchased.

The card party, given under the auspices of Wolf Hill grange, will be held at the home of Mrs. Emma B. Warne, Saturday evening and everyone is cordially invited to attend.

Miss Antoinette Gendron, Miss Agnes Garvey and the Misses Marjorie Wallace, Martha Yeaton, Helen Ellsworth and Elsie Yeaton had an outing at Rye and Salisbury beaches on Tuesday.

Mrs. Mendel Codman and Miss Susan Forsyth spent last week as the guests of their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wilson at Portland, Me. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson returned home with them for a short visit.

Mrs. Edgar J. Liberty of Wilton was in town on Tuesday.

Miss Edith Lundberg is visiting friends at Old Orchard, Maine.

Victor Rawleigh of Braintree, Mass., is spending his vacation in town.

John W. Sands is able to be out again after being confined to his home by illness.

Little Misses Marion and Katherine Ryley are visiting their aunt, Mrs. Myron Presby, in Contocook.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Veino of Osteen, Florida, are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Doris Cheskey, and family.

Stuart Thompson, teacher in the local grammar school and a friend, Harold Norton of the Bennington high school, were recent guests of friends in this community.

Miss Cynthia F. Scruton has returned to her duties as nurse at the Mary Hitchcock Memorial hospital at Hanover, following a three weeks' vacation spent at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul S. Scruton.

West Deering

Elmer Worth, of Melrose, Mass., was a caller in town on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Crosby of Hillsboro were callers in this neighborhood Sunday night.

Miss Stella Worth who visited her father for a week at the old home here, has returned to Melrose, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Lachance and daughter of Wilton, were Sunday guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Bassett.

Mrs. J. D. Hart and Miss Priscilla Hart of the county road were calling on friends in this neighborhood one day last week.

H. D. Kiblin has been making some repairs on the Francetown road which have been needed for some time but have been delayed for lack of funds.

Mrs. E. W. Colburn and Miss Ethel Colburn were visitors in the Capital City on Friday and while there called on Mr. and Mrs. William P. Wood at the White Farms where they are very pleasantly located.

The Colburn family spent the week-end at Breezy Point on Lake Sudgen, in Spencer, Mass. at the summer place of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Watkins. Mrs. Kenneth Colburn and Warren Colburn were also members of the party. Boating, swimming and games were enjoyed.

RHODODENDRON TIME

Probably there are many people in Hillsborough and vicinity who have never visited the rhododendron field in Fitzwilliam, N. H., one of the especially beautiful natural bits of nature which is well worth seeing.

It is well known that this property was preserved for the benefit of nature lovers by the late Miss Mary L. Ware of Boston and West Rindge, N. H.

This 300-acre tract of land was to be sold and the timber cut off some years ago, but Miss Ware bought it and gave it to the Appalachian club of Boston, so that the public might have the benefit of visiting the place.

It is probable that this week will be a good time to see the flowers in all their beauty. A walk of just a few minutes from where you leave your car and you are in the midst of a wonderfully beautiful scene. The deep silence of the woods is broken only by bird-calls, and one has the feeling of entering a cathedral.

Overhead to a height of 20 feet the wild rhododendron grows abundantly, the pink and white of the blossoms set off by the shiny dark green leaves. Mosses and ferns are beneath your feet and a tiny brook must be passed over on flat stepping-stones. The sun's rays shining through the thick foliage adds to the picture. Only a short distance from the club house, it is as though cut off from the hurry and bustle of the world.

Route 12 should be followed to Fitzwilliam, take the road to the left of the tavern and from there the road is plainly marked by Appalachian club signs.

Even if this rare plant is not in abundant bloom it is well worth while to visit this delightful spot—the largest bed of wild rhododendron in New England, it is said.

Plants and humans are much alike. Feed them a normal amount of suitable food, and the flourish accordingly. There are several kinds of plant food that may be used, first, liquid manure, which is most dependable, and will stimulate growth. Dilute water that has stood on manure in a pail until it is light amber in color. Then, you can use any ordinary complete commercial fertilizer, by dissolving in water at the rate of a tablespoonful to a gallon of water, spreading it on the ground around the plants. This should not touch the leaves of the plants. Or you can work into the soil around the plants a reasonable amount of dry, complete fertilizer, preferably just before a rain.

By RIDGEWELL

I KNEW HIS FATHER,
THE OLD EARL, CHARMING
MAN, MANY A TIME HE—

WHAT A GLORIOUS
NIGHT FOR SUICIDE

Spots on Ermine Reveal

Rank of High Personages
Ermine has always been considered an emblem of purity, owing to its clearness and whiteness, says a writer in the Montreal Herald. In the reign of Edward III the wearing of this fur was forbidden to all except members of the royal family. It is adopted by monarchs and high personages of the realm as part of their state robes, but anyone who can afford to wear so costly fur is in liberty to do so.

The ermine worn by the monarch is closely marked with spots. The cape of a duke is decorated with four rows of black spots on each side. That of a marquis has three and a half rows, four on the right side and three on the left. A viscount is privileged to wear two and a half rows of spots, and the ermine cape of a baron is trimmed with two rows of spots on each side. The peeresses' capes are spotted according to their husband's rank in the peerage. The state robes of judges and magistrates are trimmed with spotless ermine.

Nature has been very kind to the ermine, and has provided it with a splendid means of self-protection. During the winter months the regions in which it lives are snow-covered. To prevent its being seen easily as it runs about, its summer coat of reddish-brown becomes snow-white; the only bit which does not change color is the tail, which is always jet black. The trappers seek the ermine only in winter-time, when its coat is white, for it is then that the fur is most valuable commercially. Ermine is one of the most valued furs of the market, and commands a very high price.

Lutheran Church Much

Older Than Methodist
The Lutheran church is about two centuries older than the Methodist, notes a writer in the Detroit News. As its name indicates, it was founded by Martin Luther, whose opposition to certain doctrines and practices of the Catholic church led to his excommunication in 1520. The organization of his church began soon afterward and in 1530 the Augsburg Confession was adopted as its fundamental creed. From Wittenberg in Saxony Lutheranism spread throughout Germany, Sweden, Denmark, Netherlands, Poland, Hungary, etc. The first Lutherans came to America as early as 1643 and established a congregation in 1648.

The Methodist church was an offshoot of the Church of England and was at first a reform movement within that church. John and Charles Wesley had in 1729 formed at Oxford university a club for the promotion of personal religion and their careful observance of rather strict rules of conduct led to the term "Methodists." Briefly, the open-air preaching of the Wesleys and of George Whitefield and the opposition of the Church of England gradually developed the Methodist system into a church, from 1738 onward. The first Methodists arrived in America from Ireland in 1760 and six years later, their leader, Philip Embury, formed the first Methodist society in America.

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The Friendly Tree

Compared with man a healthy tree is ageless, and it can grow into one's affections and become a factor in the life of a family, playing its own part in romance, contentment, happiness, sorrow and retrospect. The old homestead may go; the master may tear it down and replace it with something new and unfamiliar, feeling no poignant qualms; but the old tree remains, an old friend, a retainer, faithful comrade through all the summers and winters that the man has known.

First "Miracle" Play in England
The first "Miracle" play in England was acted probably not far from 1100. In the Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth centuries these plays had become so popular that they were produced in nearly every part of England. Shakespeare felt their influence. He must have had frequent opportunities in his boyhood to witness their production. They were seldom performed in England after 1600.

The Term Chiaroscuro

The term chiaroscuro means the distribution of light and shade so effected in a picture that these elements are of mutual aid. The term is applied especially to the devices by which a figure or an object is made to appear as if enveloped in atmosphere. Among the masters of chiaroscuro are Correggio, regarded as its inventor, and Rembrandt, who developed it to its highest limit.

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SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE

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

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

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE

The Selectmen will meet at their Rooms, in Town Hall block, on Tuesday evening of each week, to transact town business.

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