

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME LV, NO. 41

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1938

5 CENTS A COPY

Antrim Community Calendar For Month Of September

Thursday, 1st.

No. Branch Ladies Home Circle 2 p.m.
Baptist Church Vestry, weekly prayer
meeting 7:30 p.m.

Presbyterian Church Vestry, weekly
prayer meeting omitted.

Friday, 2nd.

Fire Dept. meets 1st Friday at Fire-
man's hall 7:30 p.m.

Cong'l church monthly supper 6 p.m.

Saturday, 3rd.

I.O.O.F. Lodge Meeting, 8 p.m.

Sunday, 4th.

Congregational Church—Morning Wor-
ship 9:45; Church School 10:30

Baptist church — Church School 9:45

Morning Worship at 11

Presbyterian Church— Church School

10 a.m. Morning Worship at 11

N. Branch Chapel worship service 7:30

Vesper Service, Deering, 4:00

Monday, 5th.

LABOR DAY
Mt. Crotched Encampment, No. 39,
at I.O.O.F. hall 8 p.m.

Sons of the American Legion meet at
Legion hall 7:30 p.m.

Tuesday, 6th.

Schools Commence To-day
Wm. M. Myers Post A. L., No. 50,
Legion hall 8 p.m.

Boy Scouts of America meet at 7
Baptist Women's House Party at New

London, Sept. 6th to 9th

Selectmen meet in Town Office every

Tuesday 7 to 8 p.m.

Wednesday, 7th.

Antrim Grange meets at 8 p.m.
Presbyterian Church - Workers Con-
ference and Supper - 6 p.m.

Thursday, 8th

Rod and Gun Club meets in Firemens
hall 7:30 p.m.

Weekly prayer meeting; Baptist vestry
7:30, Presbyterian vestry 7:30

Friday, 9th

Saturday, 10th
I.O.O.F. meeting at 8

Sunday, 11th

Congregational church—Morning wor-
ship 9:45; Church school 10:30

Baptist Church — Church School 9:45

Morning Worship at 11

Young People's Fellowship at 6

Union service at 7

Presbyterian church — Church School

10 a.m. Morning Worship at 11

Monday, 12th

Wm. M. Myers Unit No. 50 meets at
members homes, 8 p.m.

Antrim Garden Club meets with
Marion Wilkerson at 7:30

Tuesday, 13th

Selectmen 7 to 8
Boy Scouts at 7

Wednesday, 14th

Baptist Ladies Circle meets in the
church vestry at 10 a.m.

Hand in Hand Rebekah Lodge meets
at I.O.O.F. Hall 8 p.m.

Presbyterian Pioneers meet at the
Manse 8:30 p.m.

Thursday, 15th

N. Branch Ladies Home Circle 2:30
Prayer meetings at Presbyterian and
Baptist churches at 7:30

Friday, 16th

Molly Aiken Chapter, D. A. R.
Annual Constitution Day Pilgrimage
Woods Chapter, Royal Arch Masons
meets in Henniker.

Saturday, 17th.

I. O. O. F. meeting at 8

Sunday 18th

Congregational church—Morning wor-
ship 9:45; Church School 10:30

Baptist Church — Church School 9:45

Morning Worship at 11

Presbyterian church — Church School

10 a.m. Morning Worship at 11

Young People's Fellowship at 6

Union Service at 7

Monday, 19th

Wm. M. Myers Squadron No. 50
meets at Legion Hall at 7:30

Mt. Crotched Encampment No. 39 at

I.O.O.F. Hall at 8 p.m.

Tuesday, 20th

Selectmen meet 7 to 8 p.m.

Boy Scouts at 7

Ephriam Weston W.R.C. No. 85
meets at members homes 8 p.m.

Wednesday, 21st

Baptist Ladies Circle Program meet-
ing at 8 p.m.

Antrim Grange meets at 8

Harmony Lodge A.F. & A.M. meets at
Hillsboro

Presbyterian Vestry Mission Circle

Monthly Supper 6 p.m.

Thursday, 22nd

Prayer meetings in Presbyterian and

Baptist churches at 7:30

Friday, 23rd

Saturday 24th

I.O.O.F. meets at 8

Sunday, 25th.

Baptist church — Church school 9:45

Morning Worship at 11

Young People's Fellowship at 6

Union Service at 7

Congregational Church—Morning Wor-
ship 9:45; Church School 10:30

Presbyterian church — Church School

10 a.m. Morning Worship at 11

Monday, 26th

Presbyterian Unity Guild at 8 p.m.

Tuesday, 27th

Selectmen 7 to 8

Boy Scouts at 7

Wednesday, 28th

Rebekah meeting

Congregational Ladies Aid Society

meets at 2:30 p.m.

Thursday, 29th

Prayer meetings at Presbyterian and

Baptist churches at 7:30

Friday 30th

School Board meets in Town Clerk's

Office at 7:30

Presbyterian Mission Study Class at

members homes.

COTTON BLOSSOM SINGERS AT BAPTIST CHURCH

Thursday evening Sep. 8, at 7:30

The Cotton Blossom Singers, a Negro

male quartet will be heard in a pro-

gram of spirituals, plantation melodies

and dialect reading in the Antrim Bap-

tist Church. There will be no admis-

sion fee. A freewill offering will be

received, however, for the work of the

Piney Woods Country Life School in

Mississippi, which these singers rep-

resent. This school has a notable re-

cord of twenty-five years of success-

ful training of colored boys and girls

in Christianity, character and service

Of course the average American
is vigorously opposed to dictatorship.
He is striving desperately to
reach the point where he can af-
ford to do as he pleases, and if he
ever succeeds, he doesn't want any
dictator standing in his way.

Weekly Letter by George Proctor Fish and Game Conservation Officer

Get out your pencil and jot down
this date, Sept. 4th and 5th, at
Hocksett. The annual coon hound
field trials of the N. H. Fox, Coon
and Rabbit Hunters' Association.
The first prize for finals at tree \$50,
and other prizes. You know what
kind of a time this club has had
in the past and Walter Dunlap of
Laconia says this one is to beat 'em
all.

Your Uncle Samuel has got—a
long arm. A trapper in South Da-
kota tried to pull a fast one by
sending beaver pelts to Tientsin,
China. They reported back to this
country where the pelts were ship-
ped from, and this trapper had to
pay a fine of \$200 and plenty of
beaver pelts.

George Perham of the home town
found a pair of wild mourning
doves in his millet field dead. He
thinks they must have got into
some poison somewhere as there
was not a mark on them. Mr. Well-
ington of East Jaffrey is to mount
them for future generations to see
at the State Capitol.

By the time this is printed I will
have planted in streams in my dis-
trict 15,800 legal sized brook trout.
These are from the rearing station
Transported in large tanks with a
motor on the end to keep the wa-
ter in circulation. The loss is very
small. Every brook in all my towns
that does not dry up has been
stocked in 1938. The trout fishing
for 1939 should be better than ever.

This week we have a call for a
small bob tailed kitten to go to a
western state. Also a man wants to
get a couple of good cats that will
catch rats. What you got?

Here is a fellow that wants to get
a good watch dog. He don't care
about the breed as long as he has
a good deep voice and will use it
in case some one comes prowling
around.

If you have a litter of mixed
breed puppies that you want to get
rid of quick I know of three pairs
that will take them off your hands
and pay all they are worth.

Some time ago I spoke about a
litter of seven beautiful Cumber-
Spaniels at the home of Mrs.
Greene at South Peterboro. This
week she shipped two to Penn. and
several to other states and has only
one left. This is one of the best
litters of spaniels I ever saw. They
are all blue ribbon stock and worth
a second look.

One day last week I was on the
receiving line and Mrs. Harry Rose
of Peterboro gave me a nice canary
and a cage to match for one of my
girls. Mr. Rose is recovering from
a very severe illness but hopes to be
back on the mountain in the fall
to watch the spruce trees. Mrs.
Rose has a wonderful collection of
Canaries and some of them being
imported.

This past week has been a case of
skunks to the right of us and
skunks all around us. Nine letters
and 11 post cards and I forgot the
number of phone calls sending out
an SOS for me to get 'em. This
is not a part of the work of a Con-
servation Officer but I have in the
past done this to save the life of
the animal and to help out the per-
son who has been troubled with them.

I had at one time 14 box traps
that I used to remedy this
trouble but I can only account for
three traps to date. These three
have been working overtime the
past two weeks. Don't kill a skunk
unless he is doing you damage and
you must prove the damage. Several
people have made box traps the
past few weeks and have brought
the skunks to me to be transplanted
to a new home. This trapping
must be under the direction of a
Conservation Officer.

A well known farmer told me the
other day that he never bothered
a skunk as he considered them a
great asset to his farm. A skunk
under the shed and you have no
rats. If you don't disturb him you
will never know he lives there.

I never heard of us many fly fisherman
as this last week. A party in An-
trim saw nine feeding just at dusk
back of the farm house.

The annual forest field day will
be held at the Caroline A. Fox re-
search and demonstration forest at
Hillsboro Saturday, Aug. 27th. You
are all invited to attend this big
time.

Some nice bass were taken from
Otter and Willard pond the past
week-end. One at Willard over 4 lbs.
by a Keene man.

Don't take your dog out without
a permit. These permits are being
issued from the main office. No
permits are issued to fox hounds as
the open season starts Sept. 1st.

I have been promised a few more
beavers from the north country
and if you want a pair get in touch
with me at once. These beavers are
to be planted on the land of the
owner and the owner of the land
must have plenty of acreage as
some times the beavers do not stay
put where they are planted.

Do you know of anyone in

Weekly News Review

Farm Problem Still Unsolved After Five Years, Three Bills

By Joseph W. LaBine

Agriculture

Since 1933, Franklin Roosevelt's administration has enacted three major agriculture laws, spending \$3,000,000,000 to end the woes of 30,000,000 people on 6,000,000 American farms. Chief victim of this headache is Iowa's onetime Republican, Henry A. Wallace, who turned New Dealer in time to become President Roosevelt's one and only secretary of agriculture.

No business can live by spending alone. To match its \$3,000,000,000 outlay, Farm Relief's five-year income has been only \$969,258,000, collected in processing taxes before the Supreme court outlawed AAA in 1936. To replace AAA, congress enacted a soil conservation measure calling for periodic land retirement. Last spring this was incorporated in an intricate crop control law drafted by the Farm Bureau federation.

By last week it looked like this latest panacea was failing. To Henry Wallace in Washington came reports of good weather and bountiful crops, surpassing last spring's most fervent hopes. Prices were dropping, but that was only part of the problem. Foreign nations that once bought U. S. wheat, corn, cotton and tobacco have started buying from other surplus-producing countries. Some are even growing their own crops, approaching self-sufficiency.

That Henry Wallace deserved sympathy, was plain. Whether he would get it, was something else. To his office he called reporters, defending his department against charges that farm income has

announcement was forthcoming, newsmen got their heads together, decided Jim Farley had urged the President to push his "purge" of Maryland's Sen. Millard E. Tydings. Less enthusiastic, thought newsmen, was Jim Farley's reaction to "purge" efforts against Georgia's Sen. Walter F. George and South Carolina's Sen. Ellison D. ("Cotton Ed") Smith.

In Mississippi, where Democratic nomination is tantamount to election, all seven incumbent congressmen were renominated by primary voters.

Religion

In a cabin near Merced, Calif., Mrs. Ola Irene Harwell sat reading the Bible to her husband and two small sons. In the Book of Matthew, Chapter XVIII, she read the eighth verse:

"Therefore if thy hand or thy foot offend thee cut them off and cast them from thee; it is better for thee to enter life half or maimed than having two hands or feet to be cast into everlasting fire."

She read the ninth verse:

"And if thine eye offend thee pluck it out and cast it from thee; it is better for thee to enter into life with one eye rather than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire."

Finishing, Mrs. Harwell picked up

her scissors, walked to the woodshed and gouged out one eye, hacked off one hand. Next day at a Merced hospital physicians said she would live.

Miscellany

By seven o'clock one night last week, Chicago's mammoth Soldier field was filled with 100,000 jitterbugs come to enjoy a jam session.

Outside, as police closed the gates, milled thousands of other swing addicts who could not get in to hear 20 prominent dance orchestras or watch amateur swingsters swing it.

The mob grew, stormed the gates, tore across the carefully sodded turf where bedlam reigned until early next morning. When the last of 200,000 music-mad youngsters had gone home, sad-eyed city officials found Soldier field needed resodding, many other repairs.

● In Rome, the Imperial Japanese empire bestowed on Benito Mussolini its highest decoration for a foreigner, the Supreme Order of the Chrysanthemum.

Foreign

To cope with military-mad Adolf Hitler has been France's biggest problem since the Nazi war leader left the League of Nations. As Germany advanced her fortifications along the French frontier, Paris took counter steps, designed her magnificent Maginot line. But fortnight ago when Adolf Hitler began drilling 1,300,000 troops in Germany's largest peacetime war games, Premier Edouard Daladier was frightened.

Jerking vacationing Frenchmen from their midsummer sluggishness, he suddenly proposed extending the 40-hour week to 48 hours, thereby boosting war industries, increasing general manufacturing output and aiding recovery.

If he expected radical France to take this pronouncement quietly, M. Daladier was badly mistaken. Two cabinet members quickly resigned.

Next day, Socialist Leader Leon Blum, whose cabinet was over-

Labor

Last week American workers could look to September as the biggest month of their year. That widely observed Labor day falls in September was incidental. What promised to make news was another outbreak of the tiff between William Green's American Federation of Labor and John Lewis' Committee for Industrial Organization.

At Atlantic City, A. F. of L.'s executive council made plans for its annual meeting in Houston. At Washington, C. I. O. thought about

the "purge" efforts against Georgia's Sen. Walter F. George and South Carolina's Sen. Ellison D. ("Cotton Ed") Smith.

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War

Sweltering in 140-degree heat,

Japanese troops captured Juichang for their first notable victory since the occupation of Kiukiang on July 26. Still 110 miles from their objective, Hankow, Nipponese warriors could anticipate strong resistance from 1,000,000 soldiers and 200,000 civilians which China had reportedly mobilized.

● For more than one year England has labored to perfect a 27-nation plan for withdrawal of foreign troops from war-torn Spain. Last Easteride, the Anglo-Italian friendship pact carried an "unwritten agreement" that Benito Mussolini would co-operate in this ambitious plan. But fortnight ago Rebel Generalissimo Francisco Franco bluntly rejected the non-intervention idea, effectively shattering the Anglo-American pact.

At Rome one day last week, British Charge d'Affaires Sir Noel Charles paid a visit to Count Galeazzo Ciano, Italian foreign minister. Surprise stole across his face as Count Ciano formally announced that Rome is sending new reinforcements to Generalissimo Franco, hoping to end the war before winter.

Simultaneously, 80,000 rebels were hurled against Catalonia's western boundary, driving back eight loyalist divisions.

Aviation

At East Aurora, N. Y., Aviator Frank Hawks and Broker J. Hazard Campbell entered an airplane,

delayed their takeoff while a friend gave Commander Hawks a four-leaf clover for "good luck." Minutes later their ship soared, tripped over telephone wires, crashed. At a Buffalo hospital died the man who set a non-stop Los Angeles to New York record in 1929. Later, Broker Campbell also died.

● Forty-five per cent of the stock in China National Aviation company belongs to Pan-American Airways. One day last week, Pilot Hugh L. Woods was flying a China National liner near Canton when Japanese warplanes hove into sight, forcing him to the ground. While Pilot Woods watched, helpless, 14 Chinese passengers were machine-gunned to death. Next day Pan-American asked the United States government for protection.

People

In January, 1937, Columbia university's Roswell Magill left his academic post, became the United States treasury's chief tax expert.

Last week Roswell Magill made use

of his previous understanding with Franklin Roosevelt, resigning to teach law once more.

● The hour is too grave . . .

thrown last spring, threatened to withdraw government support of his party. Paris labor unions met, planning a countermove. Two hundred thousand miners threatened to strike by September 15. Along the Mediterranean coast, all stevedores struck and troops took their places.

By week's end a potentially dangerous situation was apparently smoothed out. Said Leon Blum's party newspaper: "We do not exploit the difficulties which Daladier himself has created. The hour is too grave for that. Next evening M. Blum and M. Daladier talked half an hour over the telephone, seeking conciliation to avoid a crisis while Germany is strutting her military strength. Still unsolved, however, was the problem of finding jobs for 340,000 unemployed now on relief—30,000 more than a year ago. Apparently a longer week would only make this number larger.

SOCIALIST LEON BLUM
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WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINES'

To Ride the River With

COPYRIGHT WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINES—WNU SERVICE

CHAPTER XIII—Continued

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"There's only one thing to do with us," Ruth said. "You can take us to Tall Holt and leave us at Ma Presnal's. We'll be safe there. You'll have us under your eye all the time."

"All right," Lee assented. "I'll take you with me—both of you. I wouldn't if I could help it, but there's nothing else to do, as you say. You and Nelly fix up your war-bags. We may be there two-three days. While we're at Tall Holt you'll stay right in the house every minute. Understand?"

Ruth said she understood.

They took the road two hours after midnight.

Steadily they rode, through a lovely night of stars that softened the harsh and desiccated face of Arizona to a strange, ghostly loveliness. Even the sabaros, with their intimation of age-old decay, were like magnificent candelabra waiting to be lit. Peace reigned over the land.

Jeff Gray was a light sleeper. Awakened by the furious barking of the blacksmith's dog, almost instantly he was out of the bunk and at the window. Silhouetted in the moonlight on the brow of the little hill in front of the cabin were a number of men. They were moving toward the cabin. The marshal counted eight of them.

He called to his companion: "Wake up, Hank, and come here."

Ransom struggled to consciousness. "Lord love ye, man, what are ye doing at the window?" he asked.

The dog was still barking savagely at the intrusion of so many night visitors.

"They've found out where I am and are coming to get me," Gray replied.

The blacksmith joined him. "The scalawags are scattering to cover more ground." He lifted his Winchester from the wall.

"Any chance for me to slip out of the back door down to the rocks in the creek?" Jeff inquired.

"Not a chance," Ransom said grimly.

"Then I'll have to surrender. They'll only hold me prisoner, if Sherm Howard is running the show. His son is out at the L. C. I'll step out with my hands up."

"Wait a minute," the old Indian fighter objected. "I'll go out and make a bargain with them. Better tie them up to an agreement. If there weren't so many, I'd say for us to stand 'em off, but I don't reckon we can do that."

A gun cracked. The dog no longer barked.

The leathery face of the blacksmith twitched. "Some damned scoundrel has killed Laddie," he said.

"Yes." Gray was thinking that a man who could shoot down a faithful dog was a villain and not to be trusted. "I'm going to wave the white flag and make terms, Hank. You're not in this. I'm the man they want. First thing is to get you out of this."

He sat down on the bed, pulled on his boots, and buckled round his waist the gun-belt lying on the rear.

"I'm not in this, ain't I?" the blacksmith blazed. "After they've killed my Laddie?"

The marshal returned to the window. The men outside were about sixty yards from the house. Jeff put a hand on the shoulder of his friend. "We've got to play our cards the way they are dealt us, old-timer. I'm going out with my hands up. You stay under cover. After they have me they won't both er you."

Gray unbolted the door and whipped it open. He stepped into the moonlight and lifted a hand, palm out.

There was a yell of rage. A bullet knocked a dirt chip from the adobe wall back of the officer. Another dusted his hat. The roar of a rifle deafened him. From just back of him Ransom had fired.

Lead sputtered against the building. Hank lurched against his shoulder and fell.

"I'm hit!" he cried, and caught at his right leg.

Jeff snatched the rifle from him. "Crawl back into the house," he ordered.

"Come on, boys, we've got him!" a voice shouted.

The line of attackers moved forward. The marshal fired and missed—fired again and hit. A running man cried out and stopped abruptly. The others faltered. Their guns barked angrily.

Gray stepped back into the house and slammed the door.

"Get any of 'em?" his companion asked.

"One." The officer was at the window. "For right now they've had enough and are hunting cover. I've sure got you in a fine jam, Hank. You hurt bad?"

"My leg is plugged. It's not bleeding bad. I reckon the bullet missed an artery."

"Look after you in a minute,"

Jeff said. "Got to fix the fort so we can hold it."

He found an axe and knocked a bunk to pieces. Ransom told him where to find nails. The window he boarded up, leaving an inch or two for a loophole. Both doors he barricaded as best he could. Meanwhile, Ransom crawled across the floor and with a hatchet cut a spy-hole in the adobe wall. He made it large enough for shooting purposes.

"I'd like first-rate to get that bull-rat Morg Norris," Ransom said. "I've a notion if we picked off that slit-eyed cabron, and maybe one or two more, the rest of the lads would drag it."

Gray was of another opinion. By this time the whole village would know what was going on, and the attackers would be recruited if necessary by others. Reinforcements were likely to come in from the hills. Having gone so far, Sherm Howard would feel that safety lay in finishing the job. But the marshal did not say what he thought.

"I certainly picked me a top hand for a partner this trip," he said



"Gimme a hand, pardner," he drawled.

lightly. "They're beginning to close in on us. I better discourage that."

He took aim at a dodging figure and fired.

"Get him?" asked Ransom, scraping the dirt out of the hole he had dug.

"No. Some of them are moving up the hill. Going to take us in the rear, I reckon."

The rifle of the blacksmith boomed. Hank gave a yell. "One of 'em won't take us in front or rear. He's down."

Ransom dragged his wounded leg across the room to his loophole in the rear.

"Where did those fellows go?" he asked after a time. "No sign of them back here."

"That's funny. They headed toward the rimrock. Four or five of them. Must be figuring to work back of us, don't you reckon?"

"Love of Moses!" the old soldier cried. "They're going to crash boulders down on us."

The marshal knew at once that Ransom was right. The cabin lay in the path of an old slide. At the edge of the rimrock, hundred feet above them, lay hundreds of loose boulders large and small. A half-ton of rock, hurling down that precipitous slope, would crash through the soft adobe wall as if it were paper.

"I've got to stop that, Hank," the younger man said. "The firing down here is a bluff to keep our minds busy. They won't charge the cabin till those above have smashed it. I'm going up to stop their game if you don't mind sticking it out here alone."

"They'll pick you off before you've gone a dozen yards, boy," the blacksmith told him.

"Maybe not. The moon is under a cloud now. For one thing they won't be expecting me up there."

"They might have someone watching the back door."

"Not near enough to see in this darkness. See you later, old-timer." Jeff tore down the planking with which he had reinforced the back door.

Ransom said "Sure," and did not believe that either of them would be alive an hour from then.

"Bolt the door after me. I may come back on the jump. Be ready to let me in pronto." The marshal opened the door and slipped out.

Clouds were scudding across the sky. Jeff lay behind a woodpile, eyes and ears alert. Someone must have been sent to make sure the

trapped men did not escape by the back door. The man was probably crouched back of a rock some distance from the cabin. He might or might not have seen the door open, since the sky was now overcast.

Gray wished he knew whether he had been observed. If he moved from the shelter of the woodpile, he was likely to find out.

He crept up the hill, taking advantage of every rock and bit of cactus that would give him cover. From the front of the house came the occasional crack of a gun. This was good news, since it told him the attackers were not rushing the house yet, but were waiting for the rock-rolling brigade to drive out the doomed men.

He was close to the top when a sound brought him to rigid stillness.

A man was standing on the crest just above him. He was striking a match to light a cigarette. For a moment the flare of light showed Jeff a face he did not recognize, yet one that seemed oddly familiar. In an instant the man would look down and see him. The marshal did not wait for discovery.

"Gimme a hand, pardner," he drawled.

The match went out. "Who in hades are you?" a heavy voice rasped.

"Bud Taylor," Jeff said evenly.

"Sherm sent me with a message."

The man above lent a hand to pull the climber over the edge. Looking at the iron-gray hair, the scarred cheek, the shifty eyes, Jeff remembered where he had seen that face before. It had been in a sheriff's office in Texas, on a photograph beneath which had been written the caption, "Clint Dike, Wanted for the robbery of the Texas and Southern Flyer."

A fraction of a second later the light of recognition began to dawn on the hairy face of the outlaw. He had seen this man once in San Antonio, had had him pointed out as the famous man-hunter, Jefferson Gray.

Doke opened his mouth to let out a cry. Already Gray's fist was traveling in a powerful short-arm jolt toward the drooping chin. The cry materialized as a strangled groan, and the outlaw pitched down as if he had been hit with the back of an axe.

Jeff did not dare to leave him to recover in a minute or two. He pistol-whipped the fallen man across the temple. His gun he kept for immediate use.

Someone called. "Come here, Clint."

Jeff stepped behind a boulder. He could see three men grouped together against the skyline. With Doke's gun he fired three times rapidly above their heads.

One of the men gave a yell of consternation. He started to run. Another fired in the direction of the marshal. Jeff pumped lead at him.

"Let's get out, Mile High," the third man shouted shrilly. "We're being bushwhacked."

It might be true. Mile High did not wait to find out. In another moment it might be too late to escape. He flung one last defiant shot and followed his companions into the darkness.

Jeff started to descend the rimrock. It was time for him to get back to Ransom. As soon as Morg Norris learned of the fiasco above, he would rush the cabin. At the foot of the rimrock Jeff broke into a jog-trot, reckless of being seen by the watcher at the back.

Abruptly he stopped. Four or five figures came into the open, as if from the creek bed, and ran toward the cabin. He heard shouting, but could not make out the words. There was the crack of a gun. The figures vanished into the

house. From inside it came the crash of revolvers.

Jeff Gray's heart died within him. He knew that Ransom had been killed. The old soldier had come to his death after he had apparently deserted him. If he had stayed in the cabin, they might have driven back the attack. In any case he could have gone down fighting with his friend.

Sick with despair, Jeff turned to the left, reached the foot of the slope, and dropped down into the creek. He could neither see nor hear anybody. Through the brush he made a circuit and reached the cottonwood grove. Occasionally he could hear the spitting of guns.

The best thing he could do was to get down to the Alamo corral and force Reynolds at the point of a gun to lend him a horse. If possible, he must ride back to the L. C. and get the reinforcements Lee Chiswick had promised. He knew that Lee could stir up some of the other cattlemen and that a large fighting force could be organized.

That excitement in the village had reached a high point he could see. Many men were in the street, most of them farther up town in the little business center. He had to wait for a chance to get across the road unobserved. More than once someone appeared just as he was about to start.

He took the street at a run, and swarmed over the same wall he had gone over on the night of his adventure with Frank Chiswick. He passed the blackened site of the stable that had been burned, crossed the creek, and moved down along its bank.

Another burst of gunfire filled the night. Jeff could not understand this, unless the victors were setting off fireworks in celebration of their victory. The officer's jaw set grimly. They had better wait until they had finished the job. He intended to make them pay for what they had done to Hank Ransom, if they did not get him before he could slip out of town.

There were too many people afoot. As he made a circle around the Presnall boarding-house, three men carrying rifles walked toward him. He did the only thing possible, dodged into the same door he had entered some hours earlier when he had been looking for Curly.

The men stopped to talk for a moment at the door. One of them was coming into the house, Jeff gathered from what he said. Gray went gingerly up the stairway. He heard a crisp "See you later," and knew that the man was coming upstairs too.

Jeff had no time to pick and choose. He whipped open the first door he saw, walked into a room, and closed the door behind him. On the table there was a lighted lamp.

At the window a woman stood, clean-limbed and slender. She turned toward him a haggard face, eyes shadowed and fear-filled. For an instant she looked at him incredulously. Her amazement was no greater than his own. The woman was Ruth Chiswick.

A dressing-gown, open at the throat, was wrapped tightly around her lithe long body. Beneath the edge of it her bare feet peeped out. Jeff was aware, without giving the matter any weight, that Nelly lay asleep in the bed.

"You!" she cried. "I thought—I was afraid."

Her tremulous voice broke, quivering with emotion.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I made Father bring me. He came to help you—after Lou Howard got away."

"Got away?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



NOT FORGOTTEN

The plumber was a mild sort of man, always wanting to see the best in everyone. But he could not get away from the fact that his assistant was terribly lazy.

For a long time, says London Answers Magazine, he managed to say nothing, but at last he could stand it no longer, and his exasperation got the better of him.

"Bill," he said, "you get on my nerves standing there with your hands in your pockets. For Heaven's sake take one of them out."

One Virtue
Magistrate—So you knew your husband was a burglar, even before you married him?

Witness—Yes, your honor. I'd had a nervous breakdown, and figured I could depend on his being quiet around the house, at least.—Farm Journal.

OLD SARCASTIC



"No I never could swim with my head under water."

"It bobs up like a cork, I suppose."

Got Left

Fitzjones—Did you go to the theater last evening, Percy?

DeBrown—No; I attended a sleight-of-hand performance.

Fitzjones—Where?

DeBrown—I went to call on Miss Le Smythe, and offered her my hand, but she slighted it.

His Position

Mrs. Jones—They tell me your son is on the college football eleven?

Mr. Jacks—Yes, indeed.

Mrs. Jones—Do you know what position he plays?

Mr. Jacks—I'm not sure, but I think he's one of the drawbacks.

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worth of Irish sweepstakes tickets
were seized at Philadelphia the
other day by customs men. But
probably there wasn't a winning
ticket among 'em.

Try a Want Ad.

Post Office

Mail Schedule in Effect May 1, 1938,
Daylight Saving Time

Going North 7:20 a.m.

" 3:55 p.m.

Going South 11:40 a.m.

" 4:30 p.m.

" 6:10 p.m.

Office Closes at 8 p.m.

Mails Close

"

Office Closes at 8 p.m.

"

Hancock

Harian E. Emery of Lyndeboro was in town recently.

Dale Higgins has recovered from rheumatic fever.

Leslie Wright and daughter, Norma, attended the fair in Hartland, Vt.

CORRECTION. The birthday notice last week was for Mrs. Emma Coolidge Weston.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Carrier and daughter Janice, attended the Sullivan Old Home Day.

Mr. Turner and his daughter, Mrs. Ellis, are guests at the home of Mrs. Leah Hill.

Mrs. L. R. Yeagle and Miss Luella Kinney have returned from the Religious Education School at Durham.

Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Davis and daughter, Dorothy, spent the weekend in Medford.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Knowlton and friends, from Leominster, Mass., were in town, Sunday.

Miss Dorothy Davis has been spending her vacation with her sister, Mrs. Harold Brown of Newton Center, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Kimball and Mabel Loomis were in Quincy, Mass., for the week end.

Last Sunday there was a small fire at the home of L. B. Currie, caused by a tree falling on the light wires.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Coleman of E. Swanzey, spent Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. Melvina Loomis.

At the Grange meeting, Thursday evening, there were songs by the Grange, an essay written by Cora Osis and read by Helen Currier, a poem, "Old Home Week" by Leah Hill, and roll call, "Reminiscences" opened by Rev. William Weston.

The minstrel show in the town hall last Saturday was very well attended. The cast was composed of residents of Bevington and was under the auspices of the "Merrymakers". The program included xylophone, accordian and musical glass solos, vocal solos, duets and trios, dances and songs by the choruses.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Noyes Daniels gave a party for their daughter, Lenore on her sixth birthday last Sunday. The guests were Teddy, John, Robert, and Ann Stinson, of Baltimore, Md., Patricia Peterkin, Morgan and Roderick Currie, Edith and Peter Moffat, Jimmy Davenport, Margaret, Virginia, and Katherine Quinn, Helen and William Weston and Norman Wright.

North Branch

Annual School Reunion. The annual reunion of schools, held at the Branch chapel last Saturday, was enjoyed by nearly seventy people. It was a perfect day for a basket lunch, which was enjoyed on the chapel lawn.

Many availed themselves of the opportunity of visiting the old school building, now owned by W. K. Flint, which is remodeled and used for sports.

The privilege of visiting the beautiful flower gardens of Mr. Flint was also enjoyed by many and was greatly appreciated and here we want to say the garden is very beautiful.

After lunch the time was spent in story telling, harmonica playing by Albert Cheney of Pittsfield, a former Antrim resident and who we regret to say is now blind. The present officers were re-elected. Each year has brought former teachers or pupils. It was voted to meet next year.

Mrs. Ernest McClure is confined to her room.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Butterworth were guests at Mountain View Jr. last week.

Herbert Knapp and son of Virginia visited relatives and friends last week.

Mrs. Paul Cole and children are visiting her mother, Mrs. R. F. Hunt, and family.

C. W. Petty has returned to Vero, Fla., after spending the summer with her daughter, Mrs. W. F. Knapp, and family. Mrs. Katie Goodall accompanied him.

A Curtis reunion was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. P. McIlvain on August 28, when twenty-four people enjoyed a basket lunch and visited the old homestead of the late Curtis families.

GRANITE STATE GARDENER

By Thomas A. Marsden, Jr., University of New-Hampshire

So many requests have come in for information on how to treat wounds or rotted sections of ornamental trees that I shall consider it briefly in this article. Those having major problems should consult a commercial tree surgeon.

Every broken limb and every other kind of external wound that penetrates to the inner bark may allow parasites or diseases to enter unless these injuries receive proper treatment and care. Care of smaller wounds is simple and comparatively inexpensive. If a wound is allowed to remain untreated for some years decay producing organisms enter and produce a rotted area. The damage is so extensive that a violent wind may break the tree at the decayed spots. Do not neglect decayed portions that are difficult to reach. All decayed tissue must be removed.

OPEN SEASON IMPROVING

During the past two weeks, or since we wrote our last article on "The Open Season on Editors," we have accumulated enough political propaganda, if each sheet was placed end to end, to reach to Washington, D. C., and back. For instance, last Saturday morning over 60 pages of literature reached our desk, all of which we opened carefully before filing away in our oversize waste basket.

As one of the publicity agents suggested to us in a letter a short time ago: "Be sure to open it all. You might find something good."

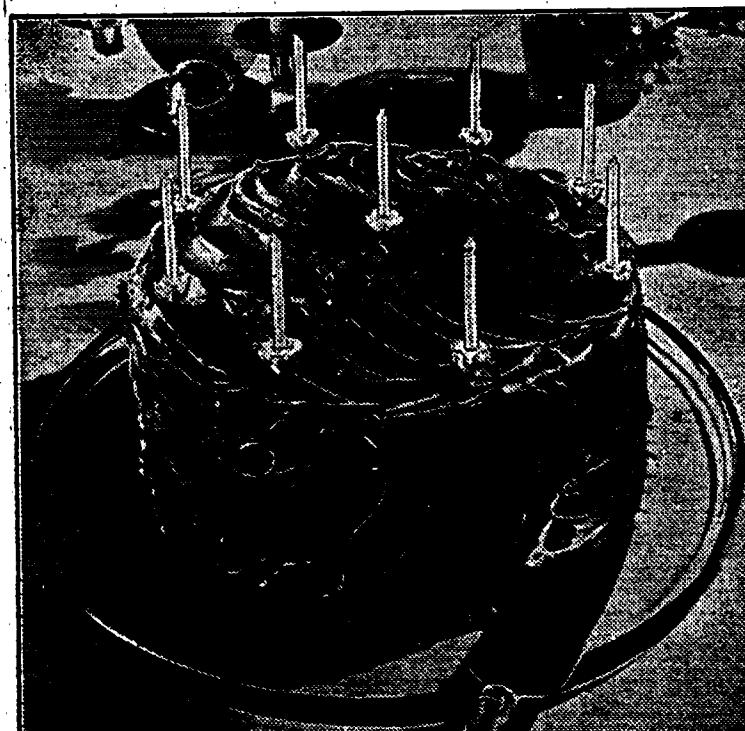
We have followed that advice very carefully with the expectation of finding a few checks, but with one exception "No soap."

Well, the "I'm the man" stage is over and the smearing has begun. Sad to relate the many sins and faults of the various candidates are set forth in black, cold type, much of which will just make ammunition for the other side.

One of our local dailies remarks that it seems strange that many of the "I'm for Murphy" followers have now climbed on to the Cheney band wagon. To us that does not mean a thing. It's happened year after year. Every man in public office, whether governor or state or selectman of a town, makes enemies, the bigger the office the more enemies. So what?

We have found in our short life of sixty years that even country editors are not immune from making enemies and we have no jobs

Happy Birthday To You!



THE breath-taking moment of every birthday party is the cutting of the cake—and the best cake that can be baked is none too good for the "birthday child." It looks as if the chocolate birthday cake idea had taken hold—for celebrants from 7 to 70 are demanding chocolate cakes. For the little folks mothers make individual chocolate sponge cakes, frost and decorate them and adorn them with a candle—a tactful way of disposing of that juvenile "second helping" problem.

Chocolate Birthday Cake

- 1 cup sifted cake flour
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup melted butter
- 4 eggs
- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/2 cup squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and 1/4 cup sugar, and sift together three times. Add water to egg yolks and beat with rotary egg beater until thick and lemon-colored. Add 1/4 cup sugar gradually, beating until very thick—about 5 minutes. Fold in flour, alternately with chocolate mixture, 1/4 at a time, adding chocolate mixture last; then fold in egg whites. Turn into very slightly greased cup-cake pans, filling them almost to the tops. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 20 to 25 minutes, according to size. Makes 18 large, 24 medium, or 48 small cup cakes. Spread your favorite chocolate frosting on tops of cakes and insert small candle on each cup cake.

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The vital chance of a Republican winning the Councilor election (for a change) is to nominate WHITNEY, the only Nashua Republican who is not running for any other office, who led the G.O.P. Hillsboro County ticket at the last primary and election.

Voters of Cheshire and Hillsboro Counties will G.O.P. Places on

September 13th...

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3 terms Representative
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Appleton for Councilor Committee
Harold C. Sterns, Chairman
Dublin, N. H.

Primary Sept. 13th

Political Advertisement

Star-Dust

★ Pearl Was Canny
★ Gargan Reduces
★ "Willie" Flops

By Virginia Vale

PEARN WHITE'S death brought out an odd fact, when her father denied that she was forty-nine. She was forty-one, he said, and added that she had just tacked on a few years, long ago, "to keep ahead of Mary Pickford."

A woman who interviewed the serial star in the heyday of her popularity was talking about her recent life. "She was an amazing person," she said. "Think of her having sense enough to save money, back in those days when to be a movie star meant throwing it around. I'll never forget, either, going to see her one day, and finding her reading a French book—in French."

It seemed odd, too, that Warner Oland, who so often played the villain in Pearl White's pictures, should have died soon after she did. He was famous in those days, but of course his great success came with his creation on the screen of the character of "Charlie Chan."

"The Crowd Roars" not only gives Robert Taylor a chance to give an excellent performance; it also brings Bill Gargan back to us in a good picture, minus some 20 pounds. Leslie Howard sent for him to come



BILL GARGAN

to England and play in "Alias Mrs. Jones," which he is producing, before Gargan made a hit in the new Taylor picture. But the name of the production will have to be changed, probably, when it is shown in this country, otherwise people are going to think it's just another of the Jones family pictures.

If you've seen Hedy Lamarr in "Algiers" you probably have wondered whether she will be one of our A-1 movie stars in year or so, or will just be making pictures that are nothing special. And if you've seen the announcement that Josef von Sternberg has been engaged to direct her first picture for Metro, probably you're still wondering. Of course, Mr. von Sternberg may not have been responsible for slowing Marlene Dietrich down so that she seemed to be doing nothing but stand around, but sometimes he's been blamed for it.

There are a lot of good pictures at large nowadays; better make a list of them. Include "The Crowd Roars," "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "Mother Carey's Chickens," "The Rage of Paris," and, if foreign pictures come your way, "May-erling."

Charlie McCarthy has been such a success on the air here that the British Broadcasting company tried out the idea of having a Charlie of their own. They called the puppet "Willie Winkett." And "Willie" was a flop. Which proves how clever Edgar Bergen really is.

Incidentally, Bergen is working on another puppet—figuring that, no matter how popular you are, there's always a time ahead when the public grows tired of the same old thing.

ODDS AND ENDS—Watch W. C. Fields make a come-back as author of, and actor in, "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man," and make Paramount regret releasing him . . . Isn't it good news that Carole Lombard and Bill Powell are to make a picture together again . . . Harold Lloyd is threatening to turn producer—though he'd still act in a picture occasionally—and is also considering making his next picture in England . . . After having too much excitement, seeing too many people, and having the door of a car slammed on her finger, Shirley Temple was awfully glad to end her vacation and get back home . . . Lots of people didn't believe that Simone Simon would really sail off to France without signing a new contract, though the only contract that offered seemed to be one for appearance at a New York night club.

Western Newspaper Union.

Fur-Embellished Costume Important Thing for Fall

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



DEPEND upon it—this is going to prove one of those seasons when the highest ambition of a lady of fashion will be to come into the happy possession of a lavishly and intriguingly fur-trimmed coat or costume suit. Which is as it should be for if there is one message more important than another now broadcasting via dramatic style prevues throughout leading style centers, it is that of the fur-embellished costume for the coming fall and winter.

We call your attention to the handsome fur-laden outfits in the picture. This trio of voguish costumes were displayed at a series of style revues held recently by the Style Creators of Chicago in the wholesale district for the edification of buyers who came from all sections of the country to gain first-hand news of fashion futures. The coat illustrated in the foreground to the right is highly significant as it bespeaks the continued importance of Persian lamb. Also it emphasizes the tendency to do exciting things in the way of novel fur manipulation. Persian lamb in tall slender points follows the many gores of the skirt. Wide bands of the Persian also define the hemline and trim up and down the front.

The stylish tuxedo-front theme and the new sleeve ideas are seen worked out in terms of fur in the handsome jacket suit to the left. Here the jacket is vertically banded in skunk, a fur which is very fashionable this season when brown

Hanky Highlights Note on New Hats

The vogue for picturesque head kerchiefs is still going strong. When autumn evening breezes become persistent gusts, tie Burmel's newly designed filmy petit point embroidered flower "hanky" around your head to keep your curls set just right. These exquisite head kerchiefs come in a wide range of pastels, so you can have one for each gown. An ostrich boa as here pictured reflects the influence of softness and femininity. Below in the picture petit point flowers on a cobwebby chiffon hanky highlight a costume of symphonic black and white worn for dining under the stars.

Elasticized Fabrics Vogue
A noteworthy trend in play clothes is the vogue for elasticized fabrics. Wool and cotton swim suits are elasticized to insure a smooth fit. Some casual sports frocks are designed with elasticized waistlines. Elasticized panty-girdles often are worn under tennis frocks.

Collars Found Smaller
Collars are noticeably smaller on fur coats this year, with tailored models often seen on mink, dyed ermine and Japanese weasel coats. A few swaggers are seen with almost no collars, while the tuxedo front panel is very popular for fall daytime models.

The "Tinkling" Dress
The duchess of Windsor recently wore a "tinkling" dress to one of the smart Paris night clubs. The sound is produced by paillettes topped with bits of loose metal which let out a refined jingle when they are in motion.

FARM TOPICS**SHOULD BE READY FOR THE HARVEST****Have Equipment in Repair To Handle Fruit Crop.**

By M. B. Hoffman, New York State College of Agriculture, WNU Service.

Harvest time is a busy time for the fruit grower. He has to estimate the crop, plan for dependable pickers, and have on hand the needed supply of baskets, boxes, pads, nails, liners, and similar equipment.

Everything included in the equipment of harvesting and packing should be in good repair ahead of time. Ruts and rough places in the orchard roadways should be repaired to prevent bruising the fruit when it is hauled from the orchard.

The right kind of picking ladder is a big satisfaction. For peaches, prunes, and small apple and pear trees, the stepladder is desirable. A stepladder, wide at the base, narrowing toward the top and with a single leg for support, is the easiest to place among the branches.

For mature apple trees, the rung ladder with a wide base and commanding to a point at the top is the most satisfactory. The larger ladders should be made of light wood. Basswood makes an excellent ladder.

The type of containers used in handling fruit has great influence on the amount and severity of bruising. In general, picking containers with rigid walls cause the least bruising.

Males for Next Season Should Be Chosen Early

If one desires to hatch one's own eggs next year, now is the time to select the cockerels that will be needed, says a writer in the Missouri Farmer. As the chicks grow, the topnotchers of the flock begin to show up. They forge ahead of their fellows, and plainly indicate that they possess more vigor, faster growing and feathering qualities than their brothers. These are the ones to mark for breeding purposes.

Out of a hundred males there will be a half dozen or so of these topnotchers. These should be kept throughout the summer and then next fall culled again, since several of them will fail to maintain the pace set by the leaders. A few more than will be needed for the matings next year should be kept, since one or two might die in the interim. In selecting cockerels for breeding purposes, vigor is the all-important consideration. Lacking this quality, a male is worthless because his offspring will be unsatisfactory.

Weedy Milk

From the standpoint of herd management there are two things that can be done to prevent weedy-flavored cream. One is to keep the cows off the weedy pasture for from three to five hours before milking. That may in some cases mean that the cows will have to be taken off the weedy pasture at noon and in the evening before retiring for the night, during the time that the weeds are at their worst stage, says Hoard's Dairyman. The second way to avoid weedy cream is to provide the cows enough good feed so they will not be forced to eat weeds. When cows have access to a good pasture, they will usually leave the weeds alone. If the pasture is short it should be supplemented with hay, grain, silage, or green feed. A combination of these two methods is excellent. Turn the cows on the weedy pasture after milking but transfer them to a good pasture or to a yard where they have access to other feed three or four hours before milking.

Cross-Breeding

For many years American poultrymen have, by crossing different breeds, produced chicks that show sex differences by the different colors of the males and females. Rhode Island Red males, for example, crossed with Barred Rock hens produce black female chicks with black shanks. The males, also black, have yellow shanks and a white spot on the head. Another example of cross-breeding for sex determination of chicks is the crossing of rapid-feathering Single-Comb White Leghorns with slow-feathering Single-Comb White Leghorns. The male chicks have small primary wing feathers. Female batch with larger primary wing feathers. Cross-breeding has its limitations, however. Two breeding lines must be maintained. Generally the poultryman wants but one breed.

Agricultural Extension

The United States stands ahead of most other countries in agricultural extension, or the education of farmers on the land, according to Prof. Bristol Adams, of the New York State college of agriculture. Professor Adams, who recently returned from a world tour, studied the methods employed in the more progressive countries south of the equator. Greatest progress, he said, is now being made in Australia and New Zealand.

Becoming, Practical Frocks

the prettiest silk crepe, georgette or sheer wool that you can find.

For Slim School-Girls:

Your daughter will be delighted with the grown-up, slick look of this basque frock, and yet it's just as simple as a school-girl's dress should be. This is the style that growing girls, too, thin for their height, look very well in. The high neckline covers up their collar bones, the puff sleeves and flaring skirt have a filling effect. This style is pretty in so many fabrics—cotton, wool and silk. Especially linen, gingham, challis, jersey and for dress-up, taffeta.

The Patterns.

1563 is designed for sizes 38, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 38 requires 5½ yards of 39-inch material.

1464 is designed for sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 10 requires 2½ yards of 39-inch material, plus ¾ yard contrasting.

Success in Sewing.

Success in sewing, like success in any other field, depends upon how you approach the task in hand. To help you turn out clothes professional looking in every detail, we have a book which plainly sets forth the simple rules of home dressmaking. The beginner will find every step in making a dress clearly outlined and illustrated within its covers. For the experienced sewer there are many helpful hints and suggestions for sewing short cuts. Send 15 cents (in coins) today for your copy of *SUCCESS IN SEWING*, a book every home dressmaker will find of value.

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

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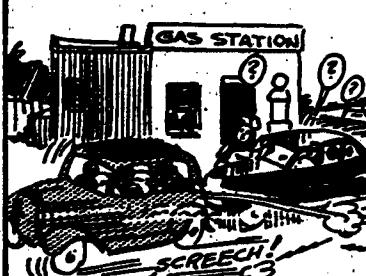
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OUR COMIC SECTION

Snoopie

THE FOLKS ARE SURPRISED NO END TO SEE SNOOPIE PASS THEM IN A STRANGE CAR WHEN HE IS SUPPOSED TO BE AT HOME--BELIEVING HIM STOLEN, THEY FOLLOW THE CAR IN HOT PURSUIT--

IT'S A GOOD THING THEY'RE STOPPIN' FOR GAS--OTHERWISE WE'D NEVER CATCH 'EM--



WHAT'S-A-IDEA---STEALIN' OUR DOG FROM HOME WHILE WE'RE AWAY---IF YOU WAS A MAN--

I BEG YOUR PARDON!

I FOUND THIS POOR LITTLE PUP ON THE ROAD--WHERE YOU MOST LIKELY TRIED TO LOSE HIM--

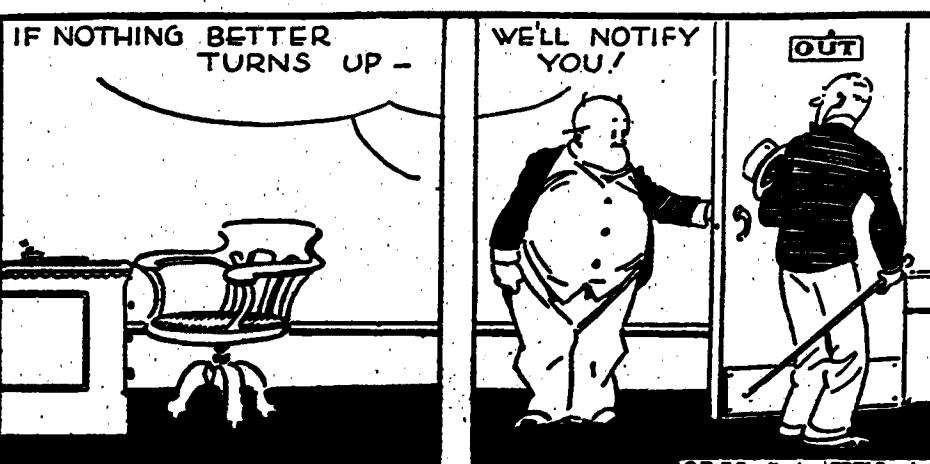
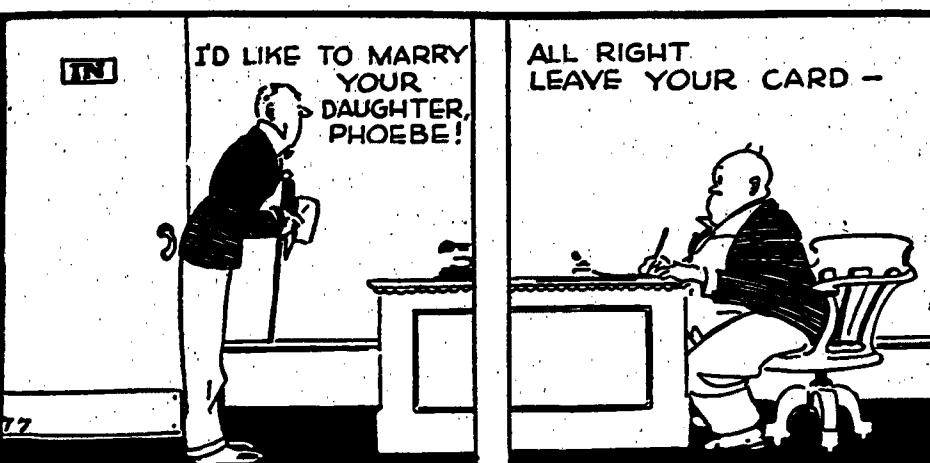
IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOUR SON, I'D HAVE YOU LOCKED UP!

--AND TH' NEXT TIME I LEAVE YOU AT HOME, I'LL PUT YOU IN IRONS!

I STILL WONDER HOW HE GOT OUT HERE!

SMARTER POP

By C. M. Payne
© WNU



POP

By J. Millar Watt
© WNU

HIGH PRESSURE BOY



"Fred is selling oil stock."
"Maybe that's why he's so smooth."

Choice of Two

Mrs. X—I do wonder what sort of hats will be worn this fall.
Mr. X—Don't wonder, darling. There are only two sorts—the sort I can't afford to buy you, and the sort you wouldn't be found dead in.

Everything's O. K.
"How are you, Mrs. Smith?"
"All right, nothing to grumble at."
"Mr. Smith away, eh?"—Humorist.

SHE'S SOME CALLER

IN
"Did Mary call Frank back?"
"Think not—but she called him about everything else."

WHAT to EAT and WHY

C. Houston Goudiss Asks
Will Your Child Be Ready
For School?Noted Food Authority Outlines a Correct Diet for
the Growing Youngster

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS
© East 39th Street, New York City.

WHEN school closed last June, most parents looked forward to the long weeks ahead when their children could play in the sunshine, get plenty of rest, and build up a splendid fund of vitality to last them all through the new school year.

Some mothers resolved to do everything possible to prevent a recurrence of last season's disheartening colds. Others planned to look into a blood-building diet that would give Mary or Johnnie more pep and rosier cheeks. Perhaps there were teeth that required attention, or a nose or throat condition to be corrected.

Now, within a few weeks, the children will be returning to school, or in some cases beginning their school life. Every mother should ask herself whether she has made the most of the opportunities offered by the vacation period.

Have you put forth a conscientious effort toward making your children 100 per cent fit for school? If not, there is still time! You cannot finish the job in a few weeks, but you can make a good start. And you owe it to your children to begin at once. For whether they enjoy school or find it tedious, whether they make excellent records or lag behind their fellows, depends in large measure upon their physical fitness.

Every child is entitled to good health, safeguarded by high resistance. And in this age of amazing scientific discoveries, every child should enjoy these blessings. Top health and resistance to disease are the result of an intelligently planned and carefully executed health program. It should include proper diet, adequate sleep and rest, an abundance of sunshine and fresh air, freedom from physical defects, and the avoidance of physical or mental strain, or fatigue.

Diet—the Key to Health
Perhaps the most important factor of all is the carefully balanced diet. When planned to take full advantage of modern nutritional discoveries, it will insure normal growth and health, and build up high resistance that is like a protecting wall to safeguard your children.

With our present knowledge of the power of food, there should not be one ill-nourished child in our land. Yet the spectre of malnutrition rears its ugly head among children of the well-to-do as well as in homes where money is scarce. For, as a rule, it is not lack of money, but lack of knowledge of food values, or faulty eating habits which are responsible for the tragedy of an incorrectly fed child.

Don't Overlook Protective Foods
A child's diet should be built upon a foundation of the protective foods.

Do YOU Know
HOW TO PLAN A
Blood-Building
DIET?

EVERY MOTHER SHOULD KNOW WHICH FOODS ARE RICHEST IN THE BLOOD-BUILDING MINERALS, IRON AND COPPER.

C. Houston Goudiss will gladly send you, free of charge, a bulletin listing those foods which are high in iron and also those that are notable as a source of copper, together with suggestions for planning a diet that is exceptionally rich in these elements.

Address your request, on a postcard, to C. Houston Goudiss, 6 East 39th Street, New York City.

"It's Red-Hot News!" . . . only Pepsodent Powder contains Irium!

Pepsodent alone of all tooth powders contains remarkable Irium!*

* Nowadays remarkable Irium puts more pep into Pepsodent Powder. Yes, it is the wonderful cleanser, Irium, that has helped Pepsodent Powder to sweep the nation! For it is this thrilling new cleansing agent, Irium, that helps Pepsodent Powder to make teeth shine and sparkle with all their glorious natural brilliance!

Although Irium puts more pep into Pepsodent . . . yet Pepsodent containing Irium has NO BLEACH, NO PUMICE, NO GARI. Buy it today!

*Pepsodent's trade mark for Purified Alky Salts.

Mothers! SEND FOR THIS FREE BULLETIN ON

FEEDING THE SCHOOL CHILD

Write at once to C. Houston Goudiss, 6 East 39th Street, New York City, for his Free Bulletin on "Feeding the School Child."

This valuable bulletin shows, in chart form, the foods that every child should have every day. Contains sample menus, and also shows how inexpensive foods may be substituted for those that are high in price to provide the same food values.

• Just send your request on a postcard to C. Houston Goudiss, 6 East 39th Street, New York City.

There must be plenty of energy foods, such as potatoes, rice, macaroni, bread and butter, and cereals, to help prevent the physical fatigue which lowers resistance. At least one starchy food belongs in every meal.

A well-cooked cereal should be provided once daily; in warm weather a ready-to-eat cereal may be used instead. In order to provide an abundance of minerals, and vitamin B, nutritionists place emphasis upon the whole grain varieties.

For desserts, choose rice, tapioca and bread puddings; gelatine, either plain or with fruit; fresh or stewed fruit; milk sherberts or ice cream.

In planning meals for children, it is important at all times to keep the menus simple, and prepare foods so that they are appetizing and easily digestible.

★

An Egg Every Day

Eggs rank next to milk in importance, because of their protein, iron and vitamins. A child's diet should normally include one egg daily, or at least three or four weekly.

Green, leafy vegetables must not be neglected, as they supply iron and precious vitamins. Yellow vegetables, such as carrots and sweet potatoes are notable as a source of vitamin A.

Fruits, especially the citrus varieties, are important for their vitamin C, which helps to safeguard the health of teeth and gums. However, tomatoes, or tomato juice may also be used as a source of this vitamin. Bananas are an excellent fruit for children. Dried fruits furnish iron and are high in energy values. Fruits and vegetables in general are likewise an important aid to regular elimination.

As a rule, school children may have lean meat, fish, chicken or liver once a day, and a second protein food, such as cheese or legumes, is usually introduced at another meal.

Here's a New Note in Filet Crochet Doilies



Pattern 6121.

Variety in filet crochet to suit your every need! These oblongs make a luncheon set, a buffet set or doilies. If you prefer round doilies, crochet just the center of each oblong. The size is varied by the cotton used. Pattern 6121 contains instructions and charts for making doilies; illustration of them; materials needed.

To obtain this pattern, send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. 14th St., New York City.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Questions Answered

Ms. G. B. F. — Weight for weight, fresh spinach has four times as much vitamin A as good butter. When the amount of butter in the diet is curtailed, it is advisable to consume an abundance of green, leafy vegetables and milk. It is also possible to obtain margarine fortified with both vitamins A and D.

Miss A. G. M. — The bleaching agent used in wheat flour is not objectionable and this product makes a perfectly satisfactory food. It is desirable to include in the diet every day some products made from whole grain flours, as they are richer in minerals and vitamins. But that should not be interpreted to mean that white flour should be avoided.

© WNU—C. Houston Goudiss—1938-26.

Favorite Recipe
of the Week

Ice Cream Cake

2 cups of fine granulated sugar
½ cup of butter and shortening
1 cup of cold water
3 cups of flour
3 teaspoons of baking powder
Whites of five eggs

Cream butter and sugar. Add alternately two cups of the flour and the water. Then add the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs, and lastly, one cup of flour and baking powder.

Bake in two pans at 350 degrees.



Whizzer Starts Pro Career

Byron "Whizzer" White, who catapulted to all-American fame on the University of Colorado football team last year will start his professional career Sunday, September 4, with the Pittsburgh Pirates, playing against Philadelphia. Whizzer will play professional football this season only, starting a Rhodes scholarship at Oxford university, London, shortly after January 1.

Idleness Not for All
"There can never be times so prosperous," said El Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "that idleness can be enjoyed by every one, since even devout prayer cannot assure us of what we need, unless we pray for strength and skill to labor."

In a detective novel the man who is always most suspected always turns out to be innocent. This is a good tip for jealous wives who are always suspecting the old man when he stays out late at night.



This young lady in the fetching swim suit is Doris Nolan. Miss Nolan has the featured role of Julia Seton, sister of Katharine Hepburn in "Holiday," Columbia's picturization of the Philip Barry stage success in which Miss Hepburn and Cary Grant are co-starred. Before taking up pictures, Miss Nolan was on the Broadway stage and achieved success in "Night of January 19." She was also seen this year in "Tell Me Pretty Maiden." Among the screen plays in which she had leading roles were "The Man I Marry," "Top of the Town" and "As Good As Married."

Little Vibration
Readings taken with delicate instruments show that during the heaviest winds the vibration in our tallest buildings does not produce movement of half an inch each way from the vertical.



Here is 19-year-old Ann Miller, noted dancer and comedienne, who although she only made her picture debut last year, now finds herself cast in one of the most sought after roles in Hollywood this season. After Capra-approved screen tests, she was selected for the part of Essie, one of the leading roles in Columbia's picturization of the Kaufman-Hart Pulitzer prize-winning play, "You Can't Take It With You." Miss Miller was dancing in a San Francisco night club when she was "discovered." Her first picture was "New Faces of 1937." Then followed feature roles in "Stage Door," "Radio City Revels" and "Having Wonderful Time."

Back to Kansas

Glenn Cunningham, famous mile runner who received his Ph. D. degree last spring returned Thursday, September 1, to his alma mater, Kansas university, to join the faculty. Cunningham's teaching schedule excludes athletic instruction so he may preserve his amateur standing.

The rebel army in Spain is calling the eighteen-year-old class to the colors. But this hardly makes unhappy Spain a young man's country.

It is said that more than 4,700 miles of thread can be spun from a single pound of cotton. But we know some stump speakers who can spin more than 4,700 miles of baloney out of one pound of logic.

Robot Saves Time for Kansas School Teacher

Wichita, Kan.—When the school day is over and the pupils at Central Intermediate school go home for the day, Carroll Joachim, vocational electricity teacher, goes home, too.

Joachim isn't bogged down by the tedium of grading examination papers. He uses his electrical talents to perfect a robot which grades the papers for him, thus saving him about eight hours of work each week.

The machine is used in checking answers of true and false or yes and no tests. Joachim places ten questions on a sheet and draws circles containing two answers adjacent to the questions. The pupil merely punches a hole in the answers he thinks is correct.

The pupil is satisfied, because the machine plays no favorites.

Nap-Destroying Wriggle Only That of a 7-Ft. Snake

Capetown.—Awakened by something wriggling on his chest, J. H. Meredith of the Tuan Bazaar Mine in Filabusi, South Africa, learned that he had been sleeping with a deadly mamba snake, seven feet long. It was crawling across his body, its head almost on his face. Meredith had the presence of mind to remain perfectly still until his wife appeared. She called servants who enticed the reptile from the bed, then killed it.

Meanest Man Pours Glue Into Gas Tank

Cincinnati, Ohio.—A new candidate for the title of the "world's meanest man" was discovered here when James Louis, twenty-nine, negro, was sentenced to serve ten days in the workhouse for pouring glue into the gasoline tank of a neighbor's automobile.

SAME OLD JACK-IN-THE-BOX**"Jade"**

By HELEN R. BARTON
© Wheeler Syndicate Inc.
WNW Service.

THE professor looked very sad—in fact his expression bordered on the mournful and the cause of it all, though obviously ignoring the effect, was none other than the charming Mrs. Marie Goodell.

Mrs. Goodell ran the select boarding house wherein the professor spent his leisure hours, and made a decently good living from her 12 other boarders.

Mrs. Goodell was a widow and her means were sufficient to allow her to dress modestly and her youth was such that she inspired her one literary boarder to write startling unintelligible odes and poems to her tawny hair, her snapping hazel eyes and her svelte figure. The professor wearied of the long lines of attending males and longed to throw each and every one of them into the chill bracing air of Wilson boulevard.

Not that the professor was interested in Mrs. Goodell as a man was usually interested in a sprightly, charming widow. Oh, No! The pro-

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

fessor loved nobody but himself, and his passion for that self would not permit the transference of even a minor portion of affection upon anyone else.

For many years he had been the professor of chemistry at a great school in the Middle West, and so influential had been his teachings that the school was honorably proud of a long list of noted scientists upon its alumni roll. And now the stock shares in several little thriving drug stores and made a neat living out of his earnings. Naturally conservative, he did not spend much, as most men did, but reserved his spare dollars for his only passion (excepting himself) that of collecting rare old bits of antique jade.

And in Mrs. Goodell he had found a sympathetic listener. He would talk on for hours in his soft, intellectual "classroom" murmur, explaining the history of each little trinket. Occasionally she would hold up a bit of especially colorful jade to her ears, and smile at the reflection of the tawny hair fringing the amazing green of the ornament.

And occasionally Mrs. Goodell would laugh comfortably over the whims of an old man, for the professor was fifty-one and she but twenty-six. Or she would disturb him with a flashing, eloquent glance from her merry hazel eyes.

At such times the professor would stamp to his room.

Today, the professor had struggled all the morning attempting to achieve a "darkly saturnine" smile. He hoped to annihilate his jibes with that look. He had read of it in a current magazine of worth, and he hoped to get practiced up on it so that he might squelch that frivolous Miss Bascomb, who taught French to the junior high students.

And the result had been ridicule.

It was too much. It was more than mortal man could stand. He would leave. He would return to the hills of his native New Hampshire and spend the rest of his days in peace and quiet away from this horde of gibbering females.

The effrontery of it! Miss Bascomb had said: "Pain in your old turn-tum, prof?" when he'd tried to smother the exuberance of the lively Miss Jennison with a "darkly saturnine" smile.

Mrs. Goodell smiled a knowing little smile, suggesting: "The professor is returning to his native heath, the better to be a real lion in a little jungle—instead of vice versa!"

"Oh, now, professor! That's too bad. What will you do with all those lovely little pieces of green glass—with nobody to show 'em to?" continued the irrepressible Miss Jennison.

"I fancy my jade will be appreciated as well—elsewhere!" remarked the professor, stiffly.

"Well, you know—each to his own kind!" laughed Miss Bascomb, and not until he was on the train did he comprehend the significance of her remark and then it brought a deep red flush to his soft, heavy pink cheeks. "Jade—to-jade!" he muttered, and stared out over the flat prairie with a new bitterness in his heart.

Back on Wilson boulevard, Mrs. Goodell and her merry family made merrier than ever, their jolly wits flashing with keenened edges one another. Only Mrs. Goodell remarked slowly, as she moved the professor's chair back to the wall and moved the other places nearer: "Poor dear. So deluded!"

And unknown to Mrs. Goodell, Professor Rand was ruthlessly destroying the tiny green shoot of what might have bloomed into love, had not he fled so hastily, for he knew at last, now that he'd burned his bridges, that he might have learned to like little Mrs. Marie Goodell a great deal more than he liked his Jade—and himself.

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