

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME LV, NO. 45

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1938

5 CENTS A COPY

HURRICANE AND FLOOD RAISE HAVOC IN ANTRIM

Weekly Letter by George Proctor Fish and Game Conservation Officer

Has any one lost a young red cocker spaniel? One was found in Sharon a few days ago by Warren Haskell of East Jaffrey.

At the end of this week there will have been planted in this section of the state 1,000 14 weeks old ringnecks and a few adults. Martin of Keene, Cole of Manchester, Barnard of Nashua and myself have all received 250 each and all are now running over the landscape. By Nov. 1st they will have got well scattered.

Don Ingram, Supt. of the Hatchery at Colebrook, was in town one day this week and brought me four pair of adult beavers for new homes in my district. These beavers were the best I ever saw and in fact the biggest. The largest one would go at least 70 lbs.

Was in Concord Monday morning and put in three hours with Earl Hoover, the biologist, in mapping out a stocking program for next year. Every brook is now listed and they know in Concord all about the brooks and ponds and lakes and what they can produce in the line of fish. It's just as bad to over stock a brook as to understock it. This survey has cost a lot of money but in my opinion it's well worth it. And now we know and the guess work has all been taken out of the picture.

My SOS had the desired effect on the cat question and many a cat has been placed in a good home or gone the Gas Box route in the past week. We thank the summer people for their cooperation in this matter.

Last Sunday I ran into the annual Field day of the East Manchester Fish and Game club held at the Pulpit farm in Bedford. This is an ideal place to hold field trials as the fox hounds can be seen running on the distant hills and they make a wonderful picture running through the low trees and the junipers. This was an all day meet and sportsmen came from all over New England to attend this meet. This club is a bunch of live wires and they put on a good show. There were fox, raccoon, hare and bird dog trials.

In the passing of George G.

Blanchard, president of the Wilton bank, wild life has lost a good friend. He was an expert on all bird life and took a great interest in my work. He was one of the state founders of the Audubon Society and took a great interest in its work. Many a specimen have I taken to him to have him identify. Here is a man that I will miss.

It's a great sight at the Pheasant farm of Prince Toumanoff at Hancock just now. 1000 young ringnecks all ready to liberate. 300 young chukar Partridges and plenty of mallard ducks.

Erland Lyford of the home town ran up against a horned owl the other day and the owl came out second best. He sent the owl to me and the only thing I can see that's bad about him is his disposition.

Let's get this skunk racket if you call it such, off our minds. Many people have the idea that it's part

of my work to remove a skunk from a cellar or a garage or under the porch. In justice to the other war-

dens I will say that I have been doing this humane work as a matter

of accommodation and not as a part of my work. I don't have to go

and remove a skunk but I do as a matter of conservation and to help out the householder who is usually afraid to tackle the subject matter.

I am always willing to help out in a case like this but we don't like

the idea of someone ordering us to travel 15 miles to take an animal out of his cellar. I have 9 traps set

now and have taken out many the past week and when we catch one we remove to a new home deep back into the woods.

Fox hounds can be run without a permit as the fox season is now open. Other hunting dogs must have a permit to run till after Oct. 1st when the open season starts.

It's a case of check and double check on your dogs for the next few days or a week. Many complaints have come in that sheep, hens, turkeys, ducks had been killed by dogs the past week. In most of these cases it's dogs which have not been tied up, the owners thinking that they not being classed as a self hunter do not have to be

Continued on Page 8

Communication Cut Off From Outside World; All Roads Were Closed

Rising flood waters and a howling hurricane that far surpassed any storm in the history of this town, completely isolated Antrim from the outside world for two days and nights. Flood water far above the mark of the flood of '36, washed out some roads and covered others to such an extent that they were impassable. When the hurricane struck, trees and light and telephone poles were uprooted and thrown about like match sticks, and when the storm had passed, a network of interwoven tree trunks, branches, poles and wires completely blocked every road in town.

The force of the hurricane at its height was unbelievable, huge trees toppled like ten-pins, buildings were crushed like egg shells, and boards, slate, roofs and branches were tossed about as if thrown by gigantic hands. Sheets of tin from roofs were scaled through the air with enough force to decapitate a person and daylight found these sheets of metal blown to incredible distances and in some instances hung in tree tops forty feet above the ground.

Because of the impassable roads, it was impossible to receive food supplies until Friday and there was a shortage of bread and the meat supply ran low. Fortunately, the water supply was all right at all times. The milk supply was low for a day or two but it was available in smaller quantities at all times. Mail service was cut off and there were no news papers available, which, with the loss of radio and telephone communication, left Antrim without contact with any other community. As in all cases of this kind, rumors ran wildly about, but as is also usually true, most of them proved to be greatly exaggerated or absolutely false.

Practically every able bodied man and boy in Antrim went to work to clear the streets of the debris left by the storm and by Thursday noon, nearly every street was passable. A path the width of an automobile was first chopped clear and later the whole road was cleared. Washouts in the road were filled wherever possible and by Friday morning it was possible to drive to Keene and Hillsboro through North Branch. Although passable now, these roads will not be in the best of condition for quite some time.

WHY PAY IN THE DARK

No one would be so foolish as to choose a pitch dark room in which to compute monthly bills for rent, clothing, fuel and food, and to count the necessary money due on each.

Yet the average consumer is made to do something just as foolish by paying taxes in the dark—taxes that cannot be seen because they are concealed in the purchase price of every necessity. A competent estimate is that 63% of all taxes—local, state and national—are hidden.

The average consumer pays taxes in the dark, for example, when he pays his rent—one-fourth of which on an average goes for taxes.

The cost of a bottle of medicine includes its proportional part of 172 different taxes levied on every step of production, distribution and marketing. There are 112 hidden taxes in a pair of shoes, and

the taxes on milk exceed the profit gained by the farmer.

This pyramided tax method is the target of a militant attack by the National Consumers Tax Commission, representing prominent women in a nation-wide crusade against taxes that increase the cost of living. With headquarters in Chicago, units are being formed by leading women of this state, who believe the consumer is entitled to know how taxes, direct and hidden, reduce buying power, cause unemployment, curtailed payrolls and lower wage rates.

Thus the fight against unseen taxes on the necessities of life is really a crusade to protect the American standard of living.

In ancient Egypt, it is said, surgeons had a way of hitting the patient on the head at a certain spot and then operating while he was unconscious from the blow. Wouldn't it be a good idea to equip our tax collectors with mallets?

GRANITE STATE GARDENER

By J. R. Hepler, Associate Horticulturist,
New Hampshire University

What more enticing crop is there than the muskmelon! To my mind there is no other vegetable that has quite as high quality, wonderful texture, and extra fine flavor than a good muskmelon has. However, they are extremely difficult to grow. The muskmelon is the product of years and years of breeding and selection, and it is certainly very different from its parents that grew wild in Africa and southern Asia. The earlier melons undoubtedly had considerable cucumber flavor in them and lacked sweetness. Even today we find many melons that are not as good as they might be.

What is the secret of a good melon, and how may it be obtained? A good melon wants to be vine ripened, on a healthy vine during the warmer part of the year. Then in addition to this it must be a melon that has the capabilities of producing high quality. Probably half or more than half of the melons sold by seedsmen today are rather indifferent in quality, and then the New Hampshire grower must get a melon which has been selected to grow and ripen during the cooler weather we have in this state. As a consequence you can find almost everywhere a local melon which has been selected for a considerable time principally for earliness and which does ripen in New Hampshire.

The best commercial melon in southern New Hampshire is the Bender Surprise and its offspring the Delicious which is an early selection of Bender's and has equally as good quality, but has a tendency to split open, rot at the blossom end, and is smaller in size, but is considerably earlier. What is the best way to grow melons? Select new land that has not grown melons for some years preferably plowed in fall. Select a southeastern location, sunny with good air drainage, and with protection from cold winds. Sandy soil is preferable to a clay soil although good melons have been grown in a loam soil. With a good location you can grow very fine melons. Mow the ground slightly. Use a light application of fertilizer and preferably put a shovelful of well rotted manure under the hill of each plant, being sure to cover it with enough soil so that the upward movement of the water is not stopped. People often wonder how to tell ripe muskmelons. For a roadside market or home use the best thing to do is to wait until the stems slip, the melon changes color and produces a high perfume, then it is ready to eat.

Ripe muskmelons are certainly much easier to tell than ripe watermelons. A ripe watermelon does not change in appearance or very little if at all, and it takes long practice to tell a ripe watermelon by thumping it as I have personally found out.

NEW FUNERAL HOME OPENS IN HILLSBORO

COMMUNITY CALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER

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.

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WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

New York.—In 1918, the Bolsheviks were fixing to shoot Maj. Alexander P. de Seversky, but he persuaded them to let him go to America so he could get a new wooden leg. He got it, also a beautiful wife, a \$50,000 airplane factory, and a lot of flying records, culminating in his new east-west transcontinental record of 10 hours and 3 minutes, from New York to Los Angeles.

Flying for Imperial Russia in the World war, he engaged in more than 100 dogfights with the Germans and dropped 13 of them. But one day they dropped him—into the Baltic. A forty-pound bomb, which he had failed to release, exploded as the ship struck the water, and blew it to bits.

Recovering consciousness later, he discovered that, witness as he was, he had been clinging to a pontoon. The water was red around him. Shifting his good leg over the pontoon, he made a tourniquet of his torn trouser leg. He swooned again, as a Russian destroyer picked him up. He crow-hopped the Chinese border on his wooden leg, as a stupid border guard refused to recognize his papers.

Washington received him hospitably, in April, 1918, and made him a consulting engineer for the army air service. He later experienced some rough going, but the only real crack-up in his career was encompassed in that drop into the Baltic. He was steadily on the uptake, designing planes, flying and bringing through his factory. In 1933, he designed and built an amphibian plane which made a record of 177.79 miles per hour. Trained in the Imperial Naval academy, he has contributed greatly to aviation engineering and design.

Several years ago, using an alarm clock and few electrical odds and ends, he made a waltzing plane, swaying rhythmically with band music from below. His waltzing days were over and he found this a satisfactory substitute.

SIMON LAKE, the inventor of the submarine, 72 years old, hopes some day to get an under-sea peek at the sunken continent of Atlantis.

Lake Out to Redeem the Submarine In a mid-town hotel in New York, he is up to his knees in blueprints of submarine adaptations and gadgets which he hopes will be found useful by the deep sea boulevardier. His father is 91; his grandfather lived to the age of 98 and his sister to 102. Although his once red hair is white, he thinks he is just now getting his start in life.

His 25 basic patents alone made the submarine possible. Like many, possibly most, inventors, he could devise a scheme for almost anything except getting what was coming to him. So, in his genial, casual way, he is broke.

Reading Jules Verne, when he was 10 years old, led him to capsize a rowboat on the Toms river in New Jersey and test his staying powers in the submerged air chamber. In 1894, he made a wooden submarine 14 feet long, with a soda water tank supplying compressed air. It worked nicely. In 1894, he made the Argonaut, Jr., in which he cruised under the water for thousands of miles on Chesapeake bay.

Like the Wright brothers, he aroused little attention. He finally got Washington interested when he telephoned to the capitol from the bottom of the sea. His working submarine came through. Washington didn't seem to care much what he did, so he took his invention to foreign capitals. Czarist Russia made him some impressive offers but he decided they were a dissolute lot and, as a self-respecting American business man, he wouldn't have anything to do with them.

All in all, he became fed up with bureaucrats and red tape and governments in general and turned to deep sea treasure hunts. The submarines, of course, destroyed much more treasure than they ever dredged up. This troubles him. Vigorous and energetic, with a wrinkled, knobby weather-beaten face, genial and friendly, he plugs along alone in his hotel to redeem the submarine by making it a general cargo and passenger carrier.

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WNU Service.

The Letter Writers

The average Englishman writes 78 letters a year; an American writes 67; a New Zealander, 66; Swiss, 60; German, 56; Dane, 46; Austrian, 38; Dutchman, 34; Swede, 26; Frenchman, 26; Norwegian, 20; Italians, Spaniards and Portuguese write less than 20 letters a year.

Weekly News Review Four-Power European Treaty May Avert General Warfare

By JOSEPH W. LA BINE

Foreign

Until he spoke at Nuremberg a fortnight ago, Adolf Hitler had never given open, out-and-out promise of assistance to Czechoslovakia's Sudeten Germans. If his purpose was to brew trouble, it was not long in coming. By promising his exiled fellow Germans the right of "self determination," Der Fuehrer gave overnight rise to demands for a plebiscite, demands which were not long in bringing bloodshed.

Confident that frightened Prague would tolerate anything, the henchmen of little Fuehrer Konrad Henlein organized demonstrations that ended in riots which took six lives. By this time the Czech government was forced to show its hand. Tight martial law was clamped on five Sudeten towns, then on three more. While a jittery world held its breath, Fuehrer Henlein shot back an ultimatum that martial law be lifted in six hours or his party would "decide responsibility for all further developments."

In the next 24 hours Prague rejected the ultimatum, rushed troops

Europe were obvious. To a nine-year-old visitor who found him, studying Czechoslovakia's map, he advised: "Just now, more than ever, it is necessary to remember my geography lessons. So keep up your interest in geography."

That night the presidential special left for Washington where Secretary of State Cordell Hull waited to talk diplomacy, where Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau Jr. waited to discuss U. S. money and stock market action in the event of war.

Politics

Until August 11, the word "purge" had little application in American politics. On that date Franklin Roosevelt asked Georgians to defeat their Sen. Walter F. George because: "He is out of touch with the broad objectives of the party." On most questions we don't speak the same language."

Subsequently, "purge" went after South Carolina's Sen. Ellison D. Smith and Maryland's Sen. Millard E. Tydings. Both won anyway. Adding to the President's consternation was Maine's historically prophetic election in which all Republicans won, all Democrats lost. Only two days later, Georgians voted to give "purge" a final shellacking, to bury with vengeance the gravest political error Franklin Roosevelt has ever made.

Day before Georgia's election, Manager Edgar B. Dunlap of the George machine could confidently predict victory. Major reason was the President's speech, but Manager Dunlap himself was another reason.

One-time Georgia chairman of the Birthday balls, once an RFC attorney, he was fired from the latter job for political activity. Few Georgia Democrats carry more weight. Against red-suspended ex-Gov. Eugene Talmadge, against New Dealer Lawrence S. Camp, against Townsend Planner William G. McRae, Manager Dunlap drove a campaign that won handily. But while anti-New Deal Senator George was renominated, so was Gov. E. D. Rivers with his "Little New Deal" platform.

● Among other results in a week started with primaries:

In Michigan, Gov. Frank Murphy and ex-Gov. Frank Fitzgerald became Democrat, G. O. P. gubernatorial nominees, respectively.

In Utah, Dr. Franklin S. Harris, president of Brigham Young university, won Republican senatorial nomination, will face Democratic Sen. Elbert D. Thomas in November.

Next afternoon came the most precedent-setting move yet made. A thoroughly frightened Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain announced he would take his first airplane ride, crossing the channel to Berchtesgaden for a conference with Adolf Hitler. Said he: "I am going to see the German chancellor because . . . discussions between him and me may have useful consequences."

Later the same day he landed at Munich, sped to Berchtesgaden, where Der Fuehrer was waiting. For three hours Britain's strong man talked to Germany's strong man, then Neville Chamberlain emerged to tell the world he was returning to London, would come back to see Hitler in a few days.

What happened at Berchtesgaden was mere conjecture. Best guesses said London and Paris seek a four-power pact with Germany and Italy, since Prime Minister Chamberlain's visit was suggested by French Premier Edouard Daladier. No one could figure how the source of this trouble, Czechoslovakia, fit into the picture, but it was clear Der Fuehrer would accept little short of outright autonomy for his Sudeten friends.

Not the outgrowth, rather a re-

action from this meeting is the National Small Business Men's association, founded by letter-writing letterhead manufacturer from Akron, Ohio. Dewitt M. Emery, jokingly called "little in everything but stature," 6'4-foot President Emery solicited members by mail from business firms not employing more than 500 persons, not capitalized at more than \$1,000,000. Presumably too inarticulate for membership are the butcher, baker and

Business

No target of New Deal dislike has been U. S. small business, though a leading small town business man is often regarded by his fellow townsmen as the counterpart of big business. Last spring, Franklin Roosevelt called a meeting of little business men at Washington, was later shocked to see his conference turn into a near riot.

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grocer who fit into Franklin Roosevelt's more logical definition of a small business man.

To Pittsburgh last week for their first convention went Dewitt Emery's little business men. Though Pittsburgh's C. W. Elton hopefully predicted 2,500 delegates, the first day found a scant 200 whose restraint held discussion to a minimum. Next day, with their number increased to 300, little business men talked more freely. Drawn up were resolutions which lashed fiercely at administration policies in relation to business.

Their demands: Free enterprise, less waste, removal of excess bureaus and employees, balanced budget, lower taxes, sound money.

Crime

Fortnight ago, before his rackets case against Tammany Leader James J. Hines was thrown out of court, New York District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey was a good bet to win Republican gubernatorial nomination. Cause of the mistrial was Tom Dewey's reference to Tammanyman Hines' alleged conspiracy in Manhattan's poultry racket, a reference which Justice Ferdinand Pecora thought constituted a breach of court etiquette.

Since Justice Pecora has a Tammany-Democrat background, it was easy for disgruntled prosecutors to mutter about political influence. Day after the mistrial decision, even the august New York Times pontificated that "Justice Pecora has made a profound mistake of judgment."

In its efforts to prove Politician Hines had participated in the late Arthur ("Dutch Schultz") Flegen-

JUSTICE FERNAND PECORA
"...made a profound mistake..."

heimer's policy racket, the state had spent \$50,000, presented four weeks of testimony, gone to great pains guarding precious witnesses.

But Justice Pecora's decision had hardly ceased echoing through the courtroom before Tom Dewey began planning his next move. Though the Republican nominating convention was but two weeks away, though Defense Attorney Lloyd P. Stryker had sarcastically suggested that a new trial be delayed until "after the political campaign," the state will probably rush through a new trial which would preclude the 36-year-old prosecutor's running for governor. Biggest job will be to avoid Justice Pecora's sitting on the case. For this, the state must either ask Gov. Herbert Lehman to designate another judge, or present the case back to a county grand jury for an indictment identical with the last.

Relief

As enacted, social security is insurance based on a man's lifetime earnings. But Depression and Recession have shown that some never earn enough to retire comfortably. For this reason, also because 1938 has brought an alarming rebirth of pension ideas (Townsendism had 100 supporters in the last congress) social security will probably be revised next winter in the face of such "short cuts to Utopia" as California's "\$30-every-Thursday" plan.

Changes Franklin Roosevelt reportedly wants: (1) Beginning of old age insurance payments in 1940 instead of 1942; (2) increasing minimum monthly old-age payments from \$10 to \$30, decreasing maximums from \$85 to \$60; (3) payments to widows and orphans of workers equal to those received by a man retiring at 65.

Already announced are plans to expand social security among 18,000,000 now excluded: Farm laborers, domestics, seamen, federal reserve bank employees, and possibly self-employed persons.

War

In theory the forlorn League of Nations applies sanctions against aggressor nations. Ineffective against Italy's Ethiopian campaign, the league has been even less capable of spanking Japan for her Chinese conquest. Fortnight ago, when the league began its current session, China resolved to demand action. From Hankow went hundreds of telegrams to league representatives.

But last week all hopes were dashed when a European crisis (See FOREIGN) developed into such proportions that China's complaint drifted to the background. Only hope remaining is that Great Britain will force the league's hand to protect her swiftly vanishing economic domination of the Far East. Meanwhile, Jap troops continued creeping up on Hankow, one-time Chinese capital which is their final objective, and which they will ultimately capture whatever the cost.

● In Spain, fighting practically ceased on both sides as eyes turned to central Europe where an even greater conflict was brewing. Only action took place on the Ebro river front, where insurgent troops occupied a hill north of Gandesa and strengthened their positions.

Miscellany

On Utah's Bonneville salt flats, Englishman John Cobb drove his button-shaped, 2,500 horsepower racing car 350.20 miles per hour, capturing the record held by a fellow countryman, Capt. George E. T. Eyston.

Bruckart's Washington Digest

Government Must Be Kept Liberal, Cry of President and Spokesmen

Roosevelt's Definition of Term Means He Has Cast Die For Realignment of Political Parties; Time May Prove Fallacy of Today's Liberal Doctrines.

By WILLIAM BRUCKART

WNU Service, National Press Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Thus, there is a split, with those who subscribe to the New Deal theory of liberalism on the one hand and the Democrats who adhere to the hundred-year-old principles of the Democratic party on the other. There will be some Republicans drawn into the new alignment, but they will be fewer than the wing formed from Democrats. The Republicans who will go over to the new alignment will be of the type of Harold Ickes, now secretary of the interior, Senator Norris of Nebraska (who once wore a Republican label) and others of the here-today-gone-tomorrow category.

And further, as to what will happen: my observation is that these so-called liberal movements don't last very long. They crack up on the very principles which are supposed to be their foundation stones. Always, there are too many "leaders." Every "liberal," who catalogues himself as such, shouts about it and produces plans for saving the world wherever anybody will listen, conceives himself to be a leader. Somewhat, the ideas and ideals of these liberal leaders always differ. Each invariably takes the position that his plans must be adopted unanimously or the world will go to pot.

Ideas Subject to Quick Change; Try Something Else

Then, too, their ideas are subject to such quick change that few of them are retained very long. They are cast aside for something else that has more glamor. A case in point is an incident of recent history. After New Dealer Senator Pope had been licked for the Idaho Democratic nomination for senator by the youthful Worth Clark, there was talk among the New Dealers about having Senator Pope seek reelection independently; it was proposed and discussed with Mr. Roosevelt. Whether Senator Pope should embrace the faith of the LaFollette's progressive ticket in Idaho. It was found, however, that the LaFollettes had a candidate for the senate on their ticket. To the suggestion that he withdraw and let Senator Pope be their candidate, the LaFollette spokesman said: no sir! Senator Pope isn't progressive enough for us—and Senator Pope had campaigned as a 100 per cent New Dealer.

One can walk around the halls of congress any day when the session is on and find hundred-per-centers arguing how far "reform" must be carried; what "liberalism" means. And, in downtown Washington, where the really important heads of liberalism are to be found, they are constantly fuming and fretting at each other. Instances are on record where two rabid liberals actually have sought to get each other discredited in the eyes of the President because of their differences over what liberalism means.

The only thing about which they seem to agree is that anyone who insists on sanity in governmental thinking—anyone who takes heed of lessons of experiences and traditions of the past—must, of necessity be a tory, a bloodsucker, a trampler of the poor, an obstructionist, a "republicrat," or some other animal in human form who is overcome with personal greed. On that point, the liberals that we see in the government these days present a united front.

Time May Prove Fallacy Of Today's Liberal Ideas

That is the story of the self-appointed liberals. To them has been given the right—in their own minds, at least—to guide the destinies of the nation. I assume that if they regard me at all they classify me as coming from across the railroad tracks, question my mental balance. But I shall continue to study their methods, command what is good, criticize that which is obviously unsound. More important, I shall continue to cling to the doctrine of the ages that human nature is going to be changed by some Power that is considerably above the level of human intelligence; I shall hold to a conviction that real progress comes by that method and not from the crackpots who look upon the human race as a fresh litter of guineapigs.

But, anyway, we have liberalism defined at last by a man who is qualified to define it, and we find that it differs from what liberalism formerly meant. It was only a few generations ago that liberalism meant restricting, not increasing, the powers of government. Neither Mr. Roosevelt's definition nor his record in office coincides with the former understanding of the word. It seems to me likely, therefore, that we will go on for quite some years with this quarrel, and that may be—and this is just a hunch—will prove the fallacy of some of the so-called liberal doctrines of this day.

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CRUCIBLE

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

© Ben Ames Williams.

CHAPTER I

—1—

Barbara, dancing with Robb Morrison and more and more distressed by his too obvious devotions, met Helen Frayne's eye as they passed on the floor; and Helen laughed at something her partner had said, in a metallic mirthless fashion, and avoided Barbara's glance. Barbara looked around for rescue; and Robb said, whispering in her ear:

"Say, Helen's got her eye on me! Let's duck, go outside."

Now, this party was Helen Frayne's, at the Club in Essex; and Robb was Helen's too, as everyone knew. But tonight—he met Barbara before dinner for the first time—he had made Barbara and himself conspicuous by his attentions. So she was at once uncomfortable and unhappy—and a little afraid of what Helen might do. Helen was nice enough; yet she could be cruel too.

Barbara declined Robb's invitation to promenade; she said: "No, let's not! Robb, find Johnny, will you please? He has my compact in his pocket."

"Come on," he urged. "We'll both go hunt for him!" He took her cheerfully by the arm.

But she freed herself. "Sh-h! No!" she whispered. "You must go rescue Helen. See! She's stuck with Luke Tydings."

He laughed, shook his head. "Don't want to be a rescuer," he protested, a little thickly. "Just want to dance and dance and dance with you, forever and ever. How about a little punch?"

"No, thanks!" Barbara had accepted one cocktail before dinner, since it was easier to do so than to refuse; but she used that one as a shield, barely tasted it, so that her full glass protected her against persuasions to take another. Not everyone had been so discreet. Robb, for instance, was certainly in no need of another glass of punch! "Do run along," she insisted now, good-humored but insistent; and she turned and gave him a small thrust toward Helen yonder across the floor.

She realized, too late, that Helen was watching them, had seen her do this. Worse, Robb marched straight to Helen, saluted, and said—much too loudly, "Barbara says I must report for duty, Helen!"

So naturally, some people laughed; and Helen was red with anger. Her eyes met Barbara's across the floor.

And that was why Helen deliberately set to work to get Johnny Boyd drunk. For Barbara had come with Johnny, driving down from Boston. She liked him well enough. He was a gay youngster, still at Harvard, gentle and amusing and good fun; and he usually remembered his responsibilities. Tonight he had cut in on Robb once or twice, till Robb began to cut back so quickly that people noticed and laughed; and Johnny got a little mad.

"I'll knock him endways if he cuts back this time," he told Barbara; and she said in pleading urgency:

"No, Johnny! Don't have a row! I'll get rid of him. Here he comes now."

Johnny obeyed her; but when a little later Barbara sent Robb to Helen, Johnny had disappeared; and someone else danced with Barbara, and before she could escape, Helen captured Johnny. They went out of doors somewhere, and Barbara could only wait for them to return; and when they came back again and began to dance together, Barbara saw what had happened. Helen had done her work well. Johnny was first red, then pale, then red again; and his feet were stumbling and uncertain.

Someone cut in on them and took Helen and left Johnny tottering in the middle of the floor; and Barbara guided her partner that way, thanked him, dismissed him, turned to Johnny.

He said, "Hi, Barb!" His arm encircled her. "Where you been, all evening?"

She steadied him skilfully. "I've a frightful headache, Johnny! And it's so hot in here; I'm just stifling. Would it spoil your fun if we started home?"

He looked down at her in bemused suspicion. "Wait a minute! Trying to play nursemaid, are you? I'm all right, Barb!"

"Of course you are! You're fine. I hate to drag you away, but I'm simply exhausted, Johnny."

He said elaborately: "Well, of course in that case! Always the gentleman; that's me. Damsel in distress! Women and children first. Don't spare the horses. Let's go!"

"Thanks, Johnny. I'll meet you in the hall."

They went to say good-night. Helen said mockingly, "Oh, going so early, Barb?"

"It's been a lovely party," Barbara assured her.

When they came to the car, Johnny said:

"Thanks for getting me out of that, Barb! I'm drunk. Cocked as a mink! I'm sorry as the Devil. But do you mind driving? I don't want

to hang you on a telephone pole somewhere."

She said gratefully: "Of course not. I'll drive, but you'll be all right presently. We'll open the windshield, get a lot of air."

"Sorry to make a show of myself. It hit me all of a sudden."

"I understand."

When they were under way, he slumped beside her and was presently asleep. The night was cool, in early fall. She stopped the car once to turn up his coat collar and adjust his scarf against a chill. He snored heavily; and as she drove on she considered the problem now presented. This was Johnny's car. If she took him to Cambridge, she would have to find a taxi to her home. If she went directly to her home, Johnny would have to drive to Cambridge alone—and for that he was in no condition.

She decided to try to bring him back to sobriety again, before they came to Boston; and she turned off the main highway down a short spur road that ended above the rocky shore, and stopped the car and tried

to half drag Johnny Boyd out of the car, set him on his feet. Johnny promptly hit him. He flung himself at the officer so violently that the policeman was borne backward and fell, and Johnny swarmed on top of him, and Barbara tried to come at them and was tossed aside by the violence of their movements, and the officer got to his feet and dragged Johnny upright, and said urgently, "Hey, buddy, behave!"

Another car turned down the road, its lights upon them. Barbara cried, "Please, Johnny!"

But Johnny was violent; the policeman said wearily, "All right, if you want it." His blow landed with a sharp, slapping sound; and Johnny went limply down, and Barbara protested unhappily,

"Oh, did you have to do that?"

The officer was apologetic. "Best thing for him, Miss. He'll wake up in the morning with a head, that's all." He added, "But I'll have to take him in!"

"Can't I take him home, please?"

"He's tore my uniform! I'll have some explaining to do. And it might

take you home, then bring him some clothes in the morning before he has to go to court. There's no need of your being mixed up in this."

And Barbara in the end surrendered; and the officer approving, she and Professor Brace got into his car and drove away. After they had been some silent moments on the road past Revere toward Boston, he asked stiffly, "Now, where do you live?"

She told him. "I'm Barbara Sentry," she said. "I'll tell you where to go."

"You choose curious company," he suggested. "Why does an intelligent girl like you get herself mixed up in a mess like this?"

"I'm twenty-eight, if that matters."

She said, amused: "And already so serious? I suppose, being a professor, you think you have to be!"

He was silent, and they came to the Tunnel entrance, and he paid

"But He Can't Go to Court in Dinner Clothes."



"But He Can't Go to Court in Dinner Clothes."

to wake him up, to make him get out of the car and breathe deeply and walk up and down. But when she shook him, he only roused enough to mumble protests and go back to sleep again. She remembered hearing that you could wake a drunken man by slapping his face, and she tried this; and Johnny muttered to himself, and someone beside the car said harshly "What's going on here?"

Barbara turned and saw a policeman standing at her elbow, peering at them. She said, "It's all right, officer."

But Johnny was awake now. "Sure's all right!" he declared; and in alcoholic belligerence demanded, "What do you want to make out of it?"

The policeman said, "All right, buddy, pipe down." He asked Barbara, "Handle him all right, can you?"

"Oh, yes. I just want to get him out of the car, get him to walk up and down."

"He's a fine one to get in this shape with a nice girl on his hands!"

"It isn't quite all his fault, officer."

"I'll help you cool him down," the policeman decided. He went to the other side of the car and opened the door and said, "Come on, buddy, a little fresh air will fix you up all right."

teach him something, to wake up in jail!"

"I'll go with you. I can't leave him."

Someone touched her arm, and she whirled, and a man said, "Can I help in any way?" There was a moment's silence of surprise. The newcomer explained: "I'm Professor Brace, Harvard Business School. If I can be of service?"

It was the officer who answered him. "You might take the young lady home, Professor," he suggested. "The boy here has had a drop too many. I had to slap him down. He'll sleep it off in the station; but it would be too bad to have a nice girl—"

"But I want to take care of him," Barbara insisted. "I can't run out on him."

Professor Brace said, "You seem sober."

"Of course I am!"

"Then you ought to be sensible. Come along. I'll see you safe home; and the officer will give your gallant young escort a break in court!"

The policeman added his urgencies. "Yes, ma'am, you do that. Drunk and disorderly, five dollars. That's all."

"But he can't go to court in dinner clothes!"

The professor's tone held a grudging approval. "You're a loyal young woman. Suppose we do this. You tell me where he lives. I'll

tell and went on. In the Tunnel, she said contritely: "I'm sorry. I was horrid to be sarcastic! And I am grateful, really. You're nice to take all this bother."

"If you picked your escorts a little more carefully, you wouldn't require rescue."

"Oh, don't keep on being a professor," she urged, smiling. "You're not in a classroom now."

They emerged from the Tunnel, and as he swung to the right, he had to check speed for a moment to allow a car coming from the left to proceed in front of them. Professor Brace caught a glimpse of the man at the wheel; and as they followed the other car, Barbara said in quick surprise:

"Why, that's father! That's our car. He must have been down at the office."

"At the office? At this time of night? It's quarter past twelve!"

"He has to go down sometimes," she explained. "Don't pass him. Let's let him get home before we do. He gives me the Dickens when I'm out late."

"Not very effectively, I should say," he commented; but he did slow down, kept half a block behind the other car. And they talked now not so much of Johnny as of each other. It was his turn to make apologies.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Fall Styles That Flatter



jacket-blouse as youthful and becoming as it can be. For street, make it of wool crepe, flannel or faille. For afternoon, choose velvet or broadcloth for the skirt; satin, velvet or silver cloth for the jacket blouse.

With Smart, Slenderizing Lines.

Notice that the front panel of the skirt is cut in one with the midriff section—that's a smart detail that you see in expensive models, and it's excellent for large women. You can trust the suave, slick lines of this dress to make you look several pounds slimmer. It fits beautifully. Shoulder darts, and gathers above the waistline, ease it over the bust, without any hint of bulkiness. Make this of satin, silk crepe, velvet or sheer wool, and you'll like it better than any dress you've had for a long time.

The Patterns.

1477 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 2 yards of 39 inch material for the jacket-blouse; 2 yards for the skirt.

1585 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 50 and 52. Size 38 requires 5 1/4 yards of 39 inch material for long-sleeved dress; 4 1/2 yards for short-sleeved.

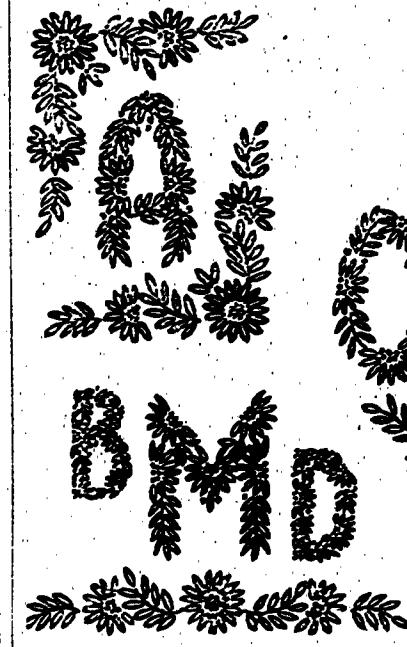
Fall and Winter Fashion Book.

The new 32-page Fall and Winter Pattern Book which shows photographs of the dresses being worn is now out. (One pattern and the Fall and Winter Pattern Book—25 cents.) You can order the book separately at 15 cents.

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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placing of initials; illustrations of stitches; color suggestions.

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Smiles

That's the Question
Bill—If my idea goes through,
I'll be on easy street.
Chuck—What doin', sweeping it?

Seasick Passenger (on yacht)—
I say, what about going back?
After you've seen one wave you've seen them all.

Another Objection
Teacher—Why are wars objectionable?
Pupil—Because they make history.

Aforethought
Wife—What do you suppose baby is thinking about?

Brute—suppose he's thinking what to cry about tonight.

Score for the Ladies
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"Well, lots of them certainly don't seem to want their pounds of flesh."

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A boy is better unborn than untaught.—Gascoigne.



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A local man was asked by his wife to explain the difference between direct taxation and indirect taxation. He replied: "When you ask me for money, that's direct taxation; when you go through my pockets while I am asleep, that's indirect taxation."

Hancock

A local apple pie contest, arranged by John Reaveley, took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Quinn, with about 140 people present. There were 34 pies. There were three first prize winners, Mrs. R. Brooks, Mrs. E. Dimock, and Mrs. E. Strombeck. Second prize was won by Mrs. Joseph Quinn. In addition to the pies, coffee and cheese were served. Games and old and modern dancing with music by Annie Lindsay's orchestra and the radio. Community singing was led by Mrs. Colone of The N. H. Extension Service. The judges were Mrs. E. Pierce, Mrs. Dunbar of Jacksonville, Fla. who is at Tall Pines, and Mrs. Reaveley, County Agent Pierce acted as spokesman.

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ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE
Published Every Thursday

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Editor and Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One year, in advance \$2.00
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Single copies .50 cents each

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Card of Thanks 75c each.
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Notices of Concerts, Plays, or Entertainments to which an admission fee is charged, must be paid for at regular advertising rates, except when all of the printing is done at The Reporter office, when a reasonable amount of free publicity will be given. This applies to surrounding towns as well as Antrim.

Obituary poetry and flowers charged at advertising rates.

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

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

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

SEPTEMBER 22, 1938

Hancock

Mr. Maurice Tuttle and Sherwood Tuttle spent a few days in Plymouth.

Rev. Wm. Weston was one of the speaker at a night before election meeting in East Jaffrey.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank West were recent callers at the Parsonage. They have their trailer parked in Henniker for the present.

Mrs. L. R. Yeagle attended the funeral of her grandmother, Mrs. Wm. Leonard in Grafton Center.

Miss Barbara Noyes of Plainstow and Miss Edna Twombly of Alton who teach at the high school returned to their homes because of illness.

All the people who spent the summer at Lake Nubanusit have returned to their homes except Mr. and Mrs. A. Barnes and daughter, Rita.

Mrs. Barbara Kinch of New York is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. M. Sommes. Miss M. Sommes observed her 14th birthday last Sunday.

Many members of the Ladies' Aid of Milford were guests of Rev. Wm. Weston, who was their pastor for many years. Mr. Weston was assisted in the entertaining by his daughter Mrs. Ledward.

Mr. W. Sanderson Wild Life Director of the American Humane Society, and son of Albany, visited Mr. L. N. Smith last week. Mr. Smith was a prize winner in the international humane trap contest held annually.

Senator H. Styles Bridges will be the speaker at the meeting of the Historical Society, Oct. 6. The meeting will begin at 1:30 P.M. The public is invited.

The funeral of Mrs. H. Fowle, who died in Pittsfield, Mass., took place at the Congregational Church last Sunday. Rev. Yeagle and former pastor Rev. Eldridge, officiated and Maro Brooks played the organ. Mrs. Fowle was a native of Hancock, the daughter of Hiram and Laurilla Fuller. She was a member of the church, the Historical Society and Womens Club. At one time she was the house mother at a school in Wellesley, Mass., and an expert antique collector. She is survived by a son, Frank Fowle of Chicago, and two grandsons, F. Fowle Jr. of Chicago and Wm. Fowle of Williamsburg, Mass. The bearers were E. Adams A. Wood, T. B. Manning, Chas. Upton, Wm. Fogg and J. Quinn.

Miss Dorothy Knapp has returned to Boston after a several days visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Knapp.

Mrs. Edson Tuttle spent the past week with her mother in Fairhaven, Mass.

We wish to thank our friends and neighbors for their many acts of kindness and beautiful floral tributes at the time of our recent bereavement. We also wish to thank the Hand in Hand Rebekah Lodge and Ephriam Weston Post, W. R. C., for their floral tributes.

The Subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Sophie E. Robinson late of Antrim, in the county of Hillsborough, deceased.

All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.

Dated September 19, 1938.

44-6 Carl H. Robinson

Patronize Our Advertisers

Antrim Locals

Miss Jane Hurlin has enrolled at Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass.

All school sessions were omitted Wednesday and Thursday because of the flood conditions.

Donald McLane has entered New Hampton Academy for Boys, at New Hampton, N. H.

Mrs. Ethel Whiting has returned from visiting her daughters in Wellesley, Mass., and Hopkinton, N. H. She is now with Mr. and Mrs. Archie Ney.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Clark and Mrs. Gladys Phillips were in Winchendon, Mass., Sunday, to attend the funeral of Mrs. Clark's father, Mr. Edward Weeks.

Madam Julia Proctor has returned from visiting her daughter in Massachusetts. Mrs. Emily Tawksbury is now visiting Madam Proctor at her home on West Street.

STORM NOTES

Part of the roof of the Maplehurst Inn was blown off.

Many barns and sheds were completely demolished.

About every tree on Main St. was uprooted or damaged to some extent.

Elm St. was a solid mass of tree trunks and branches.

Practically every light pole on High Ave. was blown down.

The Harris Tavern barn was demolished but cows that were in it escaped unharmed.

The fire tower on Mount Crotched was blown over by the terrific hurricane.

The tin covering on the roof of the Whipple barn was blown off entirely and lodged in surrounding trees.

Many large trees fell directly on houses but did not do damage to any great extent.

Fortunately, the plate glass windows in the stores along Main St. were not broken.

For sometime it seemed that the West St. bridge would be carried away by the rushing flood waters.

Several families at the lower end of Depot St. were isolated by the swirling flood waters.

An airplane dropped newspapers Fri. day morning, giving Antrim its first real news of the outside happenings.

This town was fortunate in having a full supply of drinking water at all times.

Mr. W. Sanderson Wild Life Director of the American Humane Society, and son of Albany, visited Mr. L. N. Smith last week. Mr. Smith was a prize winner in the international humane trap contest held annually.

Several local people were stranded in Hillsboro and Peterborough by the storm.

Electric light service was restored in some parts of Antrim Friday and in others Saturday.

Those fortunate enough in having an automobile radio were the center of attraction during the time when no electricity was available.

Eighteen out of twenty one cabins at Breezy Point on Pierce Lake were blown down by the hurricane. About a dozen were reduced to splinters and tossed about for dozens of yards.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank our friends and neighbors for their many acts of kindness and beautiful floral tributes at the time of our recent bereavement. We also wish to thank the Hand in Hand Rebekah Lodge and Ephriam Weston Post, W. R. C., for their floral tributes.

Mrs. W. W. Brown
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44-6 Carl H. Robinson

Patronize Our Advertisers

Bennington

Howard Doe and son, Jerry, were recent guests at the Doe home.

Frank Seaver spent a few days at Hampton Beach recently.

Miss Florence Edwards of Hillsboro, was at home for the week-end.

Miss Vincena Drago was at her home in Milford for the week-end.

Miss Frieda Edwards was in Manchester recently.

Sunday School will convene at 12 o'clock here-after.

Thelma Chamberlain is about on crutches.

Mrs. A. MacDonald of Nashua, was in town on Monday.

Mrs. Alice Weeks and Miss Ellen Matteson of Providence, R. I., were week-end guests of Mrs. Weeks parents Mr. and Mrs. F. Seaver.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hadley of Concord were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Parker.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Cody and Katherine were in Springfield, Vt. for the week-end.

Miss Hattie Parker spent the week-end at home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Parker.

Perley Warren's car was damaged in Boston, Sunday, by a car that ran through a red light. The boys were shaken up and Kenneth Warren's shoulder was injured.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brown and children visited their daughter, Dorothy, in Nashua on Sunday. Miss Brown entered training at the Memorial Hospital this past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Vasil Lagitidis, Mr. A. Cudde, Mr. and Mrs. Costos Zachos and sons, Mr. Green, Thomas Bavel and Mrs. S. Zachos and three children were in Concord, Sunday for a memorial service.

Mr. Webster Talmadge arrived at the "Whitney" homestead on Saturday. Mrs. and son visited friends in Lynn and Boston recently. Howard Talmadge will return to Dartmouth this week.

The Rev. A. Colbourn has completed his ministry at the Congregational Church. He left for his Maryland home on Monday. During his stay, his work with the young folks has been outstanding. The Vacation Bible and ten hikes were outstanding activities.

The Sunday evening gathering of young folks took place in the Vestry. The social started with a supper of hot dogs, cookies and hot chocolate. The program included community songs by the entire group, a piano solo by Claire Stowell, ukelele selections and solos by Robert Wilson, vocal solos by E. Bartlett; the accompanist for the evening was Velma Newton. There were twenty one present. Rev. Mr. Colbourn introduced Miss Margaret Kay as the leader for this group for the winter.

The Bennington Woman's Club met Tuesday afternoon in the Congregational Vestry. This meeting marked the beginning of the new year. Mrs. Leffel Dickenson of Keene, second vice-president of the General Federation, the speaker of the afternoon, was unable to attend because of the weather. Miss Velma Newton rendered three vocal solos; "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life", by Victor Herbert; "Out of the Dust", by Dorothy Lee and "The Girl in the Bonnet of Blue", by Ross Parker. Sandwiches, cake and tea were served by the hostesses; Mrs. A. Edmunds, Chairman, Miss E. Lawrence, Mrs. H. Burns, Mrs. P. McGrath and Mrs. Wm. Gordon.

Post OfficeMail Schedule in Effect May 1, 1938,
Daylight Saving TimeGoing North
Mails Close 7.20 a.m.
" 3.55 p.m.Going South
Mails Close 11.40 a.m.
" 4.30 p.m.Office Closes at 8 p.m.
" 6.10 p.m.In a Nutshell
After burying the hatchet don't mark the spot.**CAUGHEY & PRATT**

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Time Turns Back



Clocks were turned back one hour Sunday throughout a large portion of the United States as daylight saving time was concluded for 1938. An employee in New York's municipal building is shown here as he turned the tables on Father Time.

Bone Meal Valuable

Many experiments have been conducted throughout the world to determine the availability of calcium and phosphorus in different forms. Results show that sterilized bone meal is as available as other chemical forms that are soluble in water. Feeding large quantities of minerals to animals that they do not require may be definitely detrimental. Indications of mineral deficiency should be taken up with the agricultural experiment station, where such problems can be investigated and recommendations made according to the requirements.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss.
Court of Probate

To the heirs at law of the estate of Elizabeth also called Lizzie H. Buckminster late of Antrim, in said County, deceased, testate, and to all others interested therein:

Whereas Henry A. Hurlin executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County the final account of his administration of said estate:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be held at Milford in said County, on the 30th day of September next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

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

Given at Nashua in said County, the 2nd day of September A. D. 1938.

By order of the Court,

WILFRED J. BOISCLAIR,
Register.

42-4

TETER'S HELL DRIVERS IN NEW THRILLS



WITH scores of new thrills and daredevil stunts, "Lucky" Teter and his hell drivers will be seen at the Eastern States Exposition, in Springfield, Mass., as an added grandstand attraction each afternoon from Monday, Sept. 18, to Thursday, Sept. 22, inclusive. Breath-taking stunts include automobile crashes, jumps through flaming barriers, motor cycle laps, auto turnovers and a host of equally sensational features.

Political Advertisement Political Advertisement

CARD of THANKS

I wish I could talk with and personally thank each one of the more than thirty-seven thousand people who voted for me for the Republican nomination for Governor. As I cannot do that I ask each of them to accept this means of expressing my gratitude. I am proud of the fact that more people voted for me this year than ever before voted for a winning candidate for the nomination except in 1932 and 1936. I appreciate the confidence of so many thousands of New Hampshire citizens.

THOMAS P. CHENEY

Laconia, N. H.
September 14, 1938.

DEERING

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Putnam of Antrim were dinner guests at the home of their son Wendall Putnam in the Mansfield District one evening last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hamilton and James Dube of Greenwich, N. Y., were recent guests at the homes of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hart and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jacques.

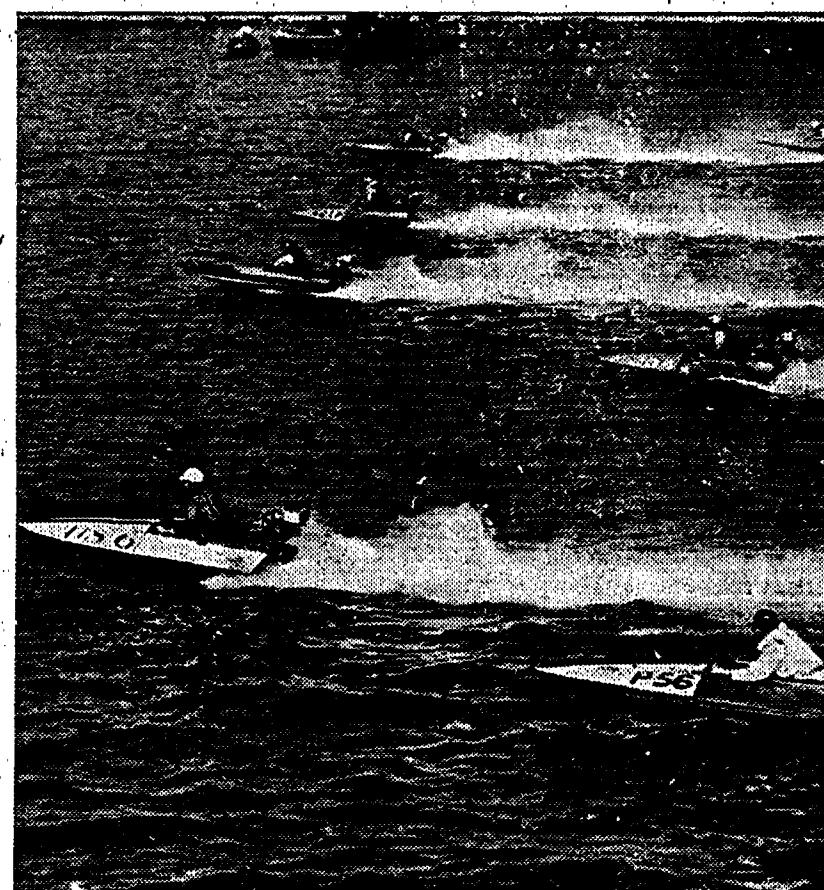
Work is progressing rapidly on the new bungalow of C. Harold Taylor on the Francestown road as Mr. Taylor plans to move his family into their new home in several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Willgeroth, Jr., and two sons, Paul and George, of Rockford, Ill., are visiting his father Paul Willgeroth and family, at his home Mountain View Farm.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Churchill Rodgers and two children, Louise and Jackie, returned to their home in New York City after spending the season at their summer home "The Eagle's Nest."

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Wood, who have been passing a fortnight's vacation at their home, "Twin Elm Farm," returned on Monday to their work at the White farm, the State hospital, Concord.

Vie for President's Cup



More than 300 motorboats competed at the annual President's Cup regatta on the Potomac river at Washington. It was the last of four 12 liter motor boat races, bringing the world's fastest boats into competition. Last year's attendance of 820,000 set a record.

All Wet

By TERESA PARKER
© Wheeler Syndicate Inc.

If I'd cooked the bacon in the first place everything would have been all right. I went away down to Market street to get the special kind of imported bacon that Eddie likes. Sort of a surprise for his late supper. He likes it with lamb kidneys. But when I got home Alice called up, and it seems there's something on her mind and only a "reading" can straighten it out. And Annie, too; she tells me there's something she wants to know, and won't I go to the medium's with them? I don't believe in that stuff myself, but I like Annie and Alice and, if it will help her peace of mind, well, I figure I can go to the medium's and get back home before Eddie (this being his night at the lodge) and do everybody a favor.

So I say to her, "Sure, I'll go; let's get an early start."

But Annie had to put all her kids to bed—six of 'em. And Annie's husband didn't like the idea of her going to a medium.

I guess he knew what it was she wanted to know.

When we got there we had to stand on the stairs until somebody came out and made room for us to go in. And I didn't enjoy that very much, as I was wearing my new satin slippers, the ones with the spiked heels. I don't like spiked heel, anyway, and I would never have bought them if I'd known how long I was going to have to stand on those stairs.

It wasn't raining when we started for the medium's, just sort of drizzling, and I thought it would clear off, so I wore my new spring coat. Annie and Alice hadn't seen it before.

Before the medium was ready to read us, Alice was looking at the clock, and Annie was telling one of the attendants that she had left her six children to come, but the attendant didn't seem to mind, and there was nothing to do but wait.

And then our turn came, and we were the last three.

Annie first and then me and then Alice. We would have saved a little time, if she'd put me last, because I wouldn't have waited. I don't believe in that stuff, although she told me the truth.

She said everybody thought Annie was a millionaire, and that pleased Annie, 'cause she had her diamond engagement ring up where it would show. She said I should have been a lawyer and that I was going to New York. She told Alice that no one could ever take the place of someone who had gone, and Alice cried and got her money's worth.

Then we got out and it was raining terribly. Annie wanted to take a taxi. I guess she felt like a millionaire after what the medium said. Alice didn't want a taxi, and I had to smooth matters over by saying there was a street car coming. We took it, and when we got to the end of the line, Alice had to take another car, and Annie had a long walk in the rain.

Annie said her husband might not let her in, so I had better go to her house and explain about standing on the stairs so long.

I felt sorry for Annie having such a cross husband and for Alice who had lost her husband. I was glad I had such a good husband who understood me.

So I went to Annie's to see that everything was all right there and then I started home alone. I just realized it was awful late, after midnight. I wasn't afraid. That is not afraid of anything in front of me, but I kept looking behind. You couldn't hear a step, it was raining so hard. And how the wind blew! I didn't mind. I knew I would find my Eddie when I got home and I wanted to be sympathized with. I was cold and wet.

When I got there I rang the bell. And Eddie opened the door. "Oh, darling," I said, "I'm ruined," showing him my rain-soaked slippers and listening for sympathy.

"Serves you right," he said, "running around at night like this."

"But, Eddie, dear," I said, trying to explain.

"I don't care where you've been," he yelled, "and I don't even want to know. But this partying out is a game I can play, too."

I couldn't say anything; I was so cold and wet and tired. I walked into the kitchen and I smelled the imported bacon. I knew Eddie had cooked his own supper and I just sat down in a chair and cried.

I had tried to please Alice by going to the medium's, and to please Annie by going to her house, and to please Eddie by going to Market street for the imported bacon, and everything was gone wrong.

I don't know how long I was crying when I decided I better take off the wet clothes. Then I felt the spiked heel slippers being slipped off my feet; first the right and then the left. Then Eddie took off my rain-soaked hat and put his arms around me.

"My poor little half-drowned kitten," he said, "and, gee, wasn't I glad I went to the medium's."



With an Easy Washer in the house, keeping little suits and dresses crisp and clean for school is no task. A few minutes of the washer's gentle, thorough cleansing action, and the playground soil is gone, without any scrubbing.

Do your school day's laundry the "Easy" way!

THESE MODELS PRICED FOR YOUR BUDGET

Model 6TP8 Easy Washer has Turbola \$59.95
tor washing action, pump, modern design.

Model 5TP8 Easy Washer offers gleaming \$69.95
white finish, Turbolator washing action, and pump.

Model 2SP8 Easy Washer has the famous Spiralator action, all white finish, pump, full sized \$89.95
tub. Features never before offered for less than \$100.00.

These prices are slightly higher on terms.

\$5 DOWN PAYMENT
PLACES AN EASY WASHER
IN YOUR HOMESMALL MONTHLY PAYMENTS PAY THE BALANCE
PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY
of NEW HAMPSHIRE

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Isn't It Strange
???

That so many business men
Will get up in the morning

Shave with an advertised razor

Use advertised soap

Put on advertised underwear,

Advertised hose, shirt, collar,

Tie, shoes and suit;

Eat advertised breakfast food,

Drink advertised coffee or substitutes,

Put on an advertised hat,

Light an advertised cigar,

Go to their place of business

In an advertised automobile

AND

Turn down an advertising plan

On the ground that

Advertising doesn't pay.

Isn't It Strange?

MARS COUNTS NOSES

ARMIES



Russia
Regular Army 1,600,000
Reserves 15,000,000
19,600,000

Italy
Regular Army 658,000
Air Force 50,000
Reserves 6,300,000
7,008,000

France
Regular Army 658,000
Air Force 50,000
Reserves 5,500,000
6,208,000

Germany
Regular Army 900,000
(Including Air Force)
Reserves 230,000
Nazi Units 2,400,000
3,600,000

Great Britain
Regular Army 292,000
Air Force 75,000
Reserves 550,000
917,000

United States
Regular Army 177,000
(Including Air Force)
National Guard 195,000
Reserves 100,000
472,000

Despite the fearsome thunderings of Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini, a paradox of war-mad Europe is that the foes of Germany and Italy have far superior military equipment.

Though Rome and Berlin may shout and boast, a cold analysis of comparative strength shows that the inevitable "allies" can eventually defeat them in a war which might last as long as two years.

This fact has long gone unnoticed. It was not brought out until a few weeks ago when Germany opened her autumn maneuvers and began looking with hostile eyes at little Czechoslovakia, whose Sudeten German minority has allegedly been discriminated against.

Though Czechoslovakia herself is weak, though even Great Britain has a surprisingly small armed force, the mighty power

of Russia and France is something to be reckoned with. Russia cannot afford to throw her entire weight against a European foe, because the threat of Japan necessitates maintenance of a good-sized force in the Far East. But the Soviet military machine is a wonder of the modern world.

In her weakened condition from the Chinese conflict, Japan cannot be considered an important factor in any current European war. The above figures on comparative military strength—furnished by the United States army and navy departments—do not even list Japan's land forces for this reason. Tokyo's only power lies in whatever "nuisance value" she might provide in Siberia to help her Fascist allies, Germany and Italy.

U. S. by Comparison.

Figures on America's "military power" are provided only for comparative purposes. Though the United States has abandoned her policy of complete isolation, her neutrality position is stronger than it was in the World war, when American aid was deemed necessary to crush Germany's imperialism.

Thus the lineup of great powers finds Germany and Italy on one side, opposed by Great Britain, France and Russia. Such European countries as Jugoslavia, Rumania and Hungary are minor factors. Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Finland have avowed their intention of escaping complications.

Here, then, are the figures. In actual army strength—including standing forces, airmen and reserves—Russia, France and Great Britain have 26,725,000 men. Italy and Germany have less than half, or 10,725,000.

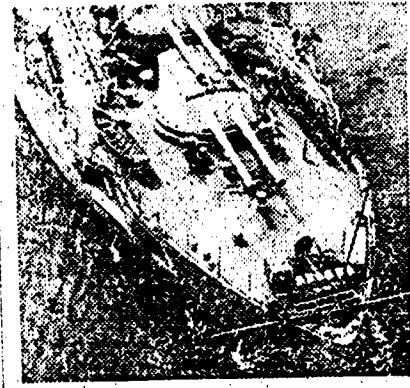
Great Britain's navy is alone bigger than the combined fleets of Italy and Germany, whose tonnage is 1,107,032. Britain's 1,758,478 tons, plus 699,342 tons from France, makes an opposition force of 2,457,820 tons. Some of this naval equipment will not be ready to use for several months, but the actual ratio at the present time is about the same.

In air strength, the "allies" have 15,400 planes, while Germany and Italy together have 11,500.

A Week or a Year.

It is interesting, though admittedly horrifying, to contemplate how long a general European conflict could continue. Several years ago the Italian general staff made the rash prediction that the next war would be finished within a week. This belief was based on the rising importance of fast planes, gas, long-

NAVIES



Great Britain
Tonnage: 1,758,478
(Including 20 Battleships)

United States
Tonnage: 1,407,945
(Including 17 Battleships)

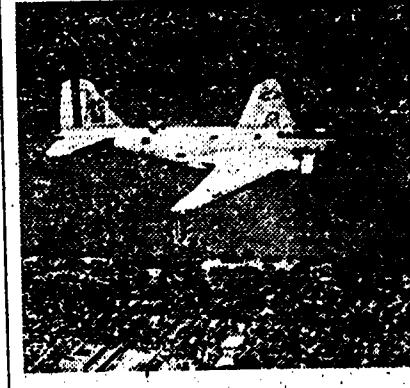
Japan
Tonnage: 898,691
(Including 10 Battleships)

France
Tonnage: 699,342
(Including 9 Battleships)

Italy
Tonnage: 668,668
(Including 8 Battleships)

Germany
Tonnage: 438,364
(Including 10 Battleships)

PLANES



Russia
7,000

Germany
6,500

Great Britain
5,000

Italy
5,000

United States
3,850

France
3,400

Japan
3,000

chemists who can manufacture "ersatz" or substitute materials of war. These products relieve them of some worry in the event of blockade, but there are certain essentials—like oil and cotton—which every nation must have to carry on successful warfare.

The discouraging inevitability of war has been growing in Europe's consciousness for five years, and out of that inevitability have arisen new methods of defense unparalleled in history. England, which is especially invulnerable to modern aircraft, has developed her "ARP" (air raids precaution) program to the point where almost every man, woman and child knows how to handle a gas mask. She has built bomb-proof and gas-proof cellars with feverish haste, constructed new coast defenses and trained expert anti-aircraft gunners.

But these precautions are minor compared to those of France, Germany and Czechoslovakia with their amazing "lines." Between 1929 and 1936, France employed 15,000 men to construct the Maginot line, a series of underground fortifications which extend from Belgium to Switzerland, aimed to protect the country against invasion from Germany.

When the September crisis first broke, France rushed hundreds of thousands of men into this line and Germany answered by hastening work on a similarly startling series of fortifications, the Siegfried line.

The most striking example of modern warfare is in Spain, where two powerful forces are fighting their battles along tactics similar to those used in the World war. Madrid was bombed hundreds of times and still found itself able to hold out against Generalissimo Franco's rebel troops.

Thus, militarists of 1938 are of the opinion that warfare has not changed much in the past 20 years. As in the World war, the doughboy is the most vital factor in land conflict. A similar comparison can be made on the sea, where the battleship is still the backbone of the fleet despite mighty naval planes.

"Ersatz" to the Fore.

Perhaps the major difference between 1918 and 1938 is that gold is not now so important. The "allies" have behind them a gold reserve almost 30 times the value of that of Germany and Italy, but the latter two countries now boast of their

RIGHT—How France and Germany face each other with their amazing Maginot and Siegfried lines. **BELOW**—Czech soldiers, small in number but great in bravery, stand ready to defend their nation against German aggression.

Flowers

Canberra, the federal capital of Australia, is set in a vast amphitheater in the foothills of the Australian Alps 200 miles from Sydney. It is a garden city of wattle blossoms, of flowering almond, cherry, peach and plum. There are long avenues of decorative trees, of white buildings.

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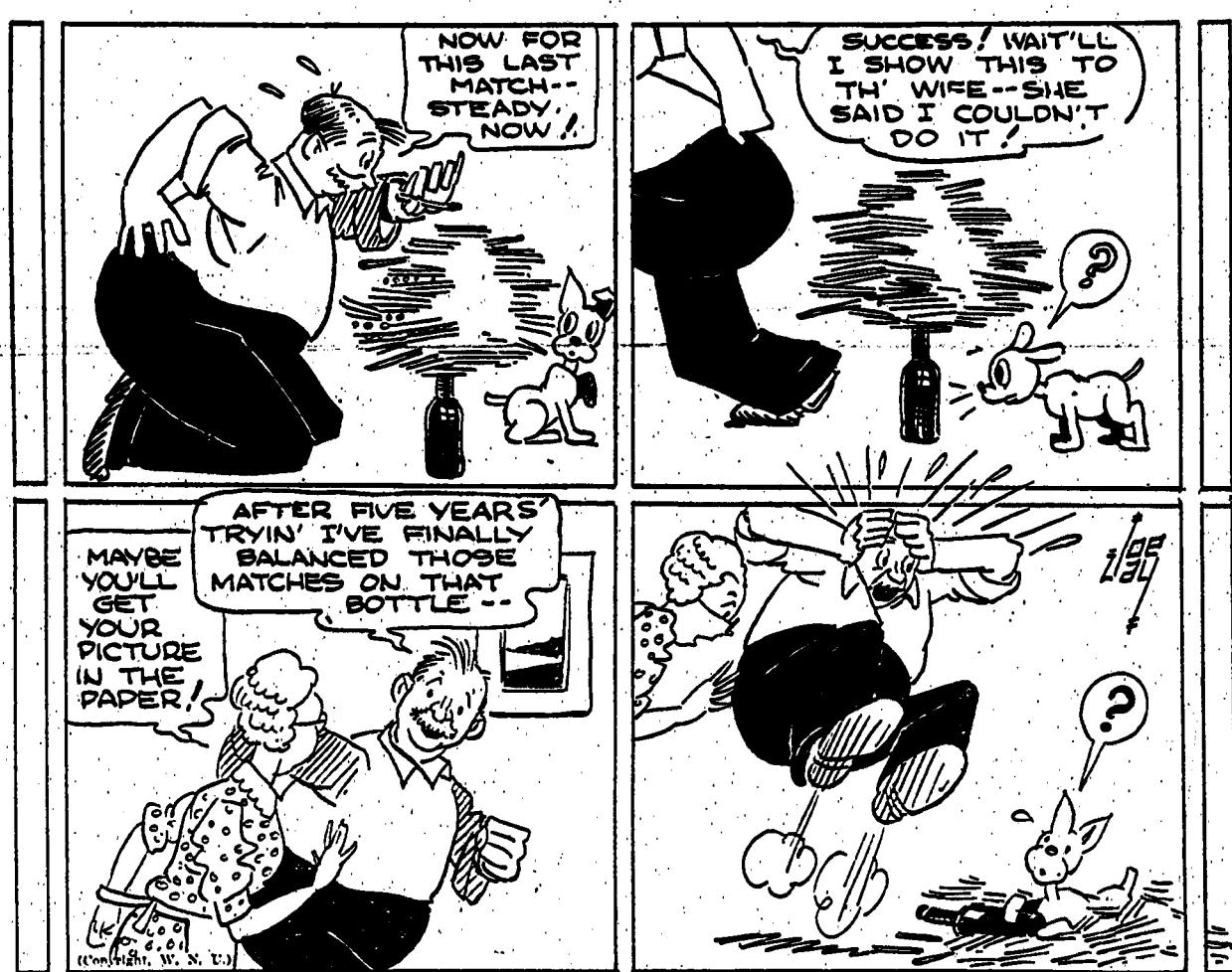
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Flowers

OUR COMIC SECTION

Snoopie



POP

By J. Millar Watt

©WNU



By C. M. Payne

©WNU



"She was disappointed in love."
"Yes; but realized in alimony all
she had ever hoped for."

We See

"Name?" queried the immigration official.
"Sneeze," replied the Chinese proudly.

The official looked hard at him.
"Is that your Chinese name?" he asked.

"No, Melican name," said the Oriental blandly.

"Then let's have your native name."

"Ah Choo." — Log.

DOWN IN THE DEEP



"Were you frightened when you bumped into shark?"

"Yes, I trembled like a jellyfish."

What to Eat and Why

C. Houston Goudiss Describes Diet After Middle Age; Shows How Right Food Can Prolong the Vigorous Years

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

ONE of the best prescriptions ever offered for longevity was advanced by the wise man who said: In the twenties, prepare for the thirties; in the thirties, prepare for the forties; and after that—prepare for a long and vigorous old age!

That advice is well worth following, for it has been estimated that by taking into account all the newer knowledge of nutrition, it is possible not only to improve health, but to add a number of years to the normal life span.

A Man Is as Young as He Feels

It has been well said that "the age of man has small relation to his years," for it has been demonstrated, both clinically and in the scientist's laboratory, that old age is a physiological condition rather than an accumulation of years.

In grandmother's day, a woman of 50 was considered old. Today that age

is regarded as young, and much

of the important work of the world

is being done by men and women

who can see 50 only by looking over their shoulder.

Importance of Correct Diet

On the other hand, thousands of Americans are unknowingly impairing their efficiency and shortening their lives through the misuse of food. They are eating the wrong kind of food—and what is equally disastrous—they are overeating! They do not seem to realize that eating too much does not strengthen the body, but exhausts it with the labors of digestion. The surplus nourishment clogs the system and may be indirectly responsible for headache, dyspepsia, biliousness and mental dullness. Unless they change their habits of eating, they will inevitably become victims of their own indiscretions. For while it is folly to neglect the health at any age, to do so in middle life is to open the way to an early death or to old age marred by sickness.

Unfortunately, however, the laws of hygiene and nutrition are often broken during the active middle years. As a result, bodily reserves are depleted and middle

age finds many men and women near the danger line, no longer able to resist infections and the degenerative diseases.

That is why it is so desirable—if you hope to be vigorous at 50 and after—that you begin to plan for it many years earlier.

Live sensibly. Avoid overwork.

Regularly take a moderate amount of exercise. Get enough sleep so that you avoid that chronic "tired feeling." Above all, eat enough, but not too much, of the foods that build and maintain health: milk; eggs; fruits and vegetables; protein foods in amounts just sufficient to meet your requirements, so that there is no excess to be eliminated; enough fuel foods to give you plenty of pep and power, but not in amounts that will cause the weight increase which many people erroneously believe inevitable during the middle years.

Curb the Appetite for Rich Foods

It is most important to avoid overeating. For muscular activity decreases with the passing years. The middle aged individual often rides where a younger person might walk or observes active sports from the sidelines where he formerly played them with zeal. Unfortunately, however, the appetite seldom diminishes in proportion to the lessened fuel needs. That is why every individual who has entered upon the middle years should check his

Without Puffing
Don't get too swift; you can walk farther in a day than you can run.
Efficiency that begins with mere skimping is no efficiency at all.

Sort of Magic in It

It is great fun making people who you know dislike you, like you.

After a sensitive man has been blown about for years by the winds of chance, he looks for a rut.

or her weight frequently, and promptly reduce the fuel foods if a significant gain is noted.

The protein requirement diminishes somewhat after the age of 60 for no new tissue is being built. It is, furthermore, advisable to take a large share of the protein in the form of milk and eggs.

Vegetables should be used freely and if there is difficulty in mastication, they may be finely chopped. Fresh fruits may be eaten as long as they do not cause fermentation; otherwise cooked fruits should be used instead. Contrary to popular opinion, sweets can frequently be eaten in considerable amounts without causing indigestion. Fats, however, should be used sparingly.

Hot Foods Beneficial

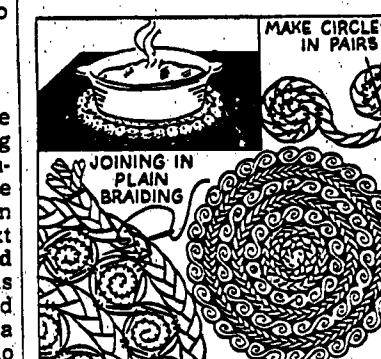
Hot foods are often more easily digested than cold, and it is helpful to begin meal with hot broth, in order to stimulate the secretion of digestive fluids. A hot beverage may also be beneficial at bedtime.

It is sometimes observed that five or six small meals are more easily digested than three large ones. Each person should discover what meal schedule best suits individual requirements and then abide by it. For it is indeed true that middle age—and the years beyond—are largely what you make them!

© WNU—C. Houston Goudiss—1938—29.

HOW to SEW

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS



what! Corset strings. These were once a common commodity along with collar boning, hat pins and side combs. There was quite a fad for making luncheon sets of them braided or arranged in various designs and sewn with fine stitches on the wrong side.

The design shown here is compact and copied in rather heavy cord, makes an ideal hot dish mat. Follow the sketches for directions. Make the circles in pairs, as shown, using No. 40 cotton thread to sew them. Braid three cords together and then sew the braided strip around and around to make the center of the mat. Sew a row of the circles to the edge of this center part, then add another braided row, being careful to "ease in" the inside edge just enough to keep the mat flat. Continue adding alternate rows of circles and braiding until the mat is the size desired.

To join the ends of the braided rows, pull one end through the braiding to the wrong side of the mat; then trim the ends and sew them flat. It is not too early to begin thinking of Christmas gifts—and you will be wanting to make something a bit unusual for that next bazaar when it comes rolling around. Sewing Book 2, Embroidery, Gifts and Novelties, is full of new ideas all clearly illustrated with step-by-step pictures. Send for it today and give life a new interest by starting some fascinating piece of hand work. Enclose 25 cents and address Mrs. Spears, 210 S. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.

Look to Your Reading

Look to the kind of literature you read, boys and girls—and I mean boys and girls of all ages. Read books that will enrich your life and inspire you to make the most of yourself.—Dale Carnegie.

100 WAFFLES 10¢

That's how many you can make for a dime with this patented WONDER WAFFLE MAKER. Simply dip it into batter then into heated cooking oil. Simple, quick. Pure aluminum and stainless steel handle. A lifetime tool. Millions in use. Price 30 cents. Send coins with order. Dept. W-27 West 24th St. New York, N. Y.

AROUND the HOUSE Items of Interest to the Housewife

For Damp Closets.—A saucerful of quicklime placed in a damp closet or cupboard will not only absorb all dampness but will sweeten and disinfect the closet.

To Destroy Smoke Odor.—Put a basin of water in each room and leave windows open an inch at top and bottom until the odor disappears.

When Cleaning Windows.—Tissue paper makes an excellent polish for window glass and mirrors. Wash, dry and then polish with the paper.

Clogged Sinks.—A mixture of washing soda and vinegar poured down a choked-up sink or basin will dissolve any soap or grease which is causing it to clog.

For Stiff Leather Straps.—Leather luggage straps that have become hard may be softened by soaking for several hours in hot, soapy water. Allow to dry in a cool place while still soapy, and finally rub with a cloth dipped in linseed oil.

A Twine Holder.—A funnel makes an excellent holder for a ball of twine. Choose one large enough to hold a good-sized ball. Put the end of the string through the neck of the funnel.

Preserving Scrub Brushes.—Never put scrubbing brushes away until they have been thoroughly washed, rinsed and shaken, so that most of the moisture has been removed.

Safety Measure.—To fill a steaming teakettle place a small funnel in the spout to prevent burning your hands in taking off the cover.

Cultivate Soft Voice.—A harsh rasping voice, coming from a pretty, well-groomed girl, is sure to jolt the nerves of listeners. All sensitive ears rebel against a flat, dull voice or one that screeches and shouts, and even more against hardly audible, mumbling conversation. Try to speak clearly and distinctly, being particular about the enunciation of each syllable and word.

"Good? AND HOW!" Say Millions About IRIUM in Pepsodent Powder

Pepsodent alone of all tooth powders contains remarkable Irium!

• "Seeing is believing!" So TRY PEPSODENT POWDER! SEE how Pepsodent's remarkable new cleansing agent . . . Irium . . . helps to clean YOUR teeth more thoroughly! SEE how Irium . . . found in Pepsodent's trade mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate



Roosevelt at Big Chickamauga Celebration



Continuing his busiest summer of traveling since becoming President, Franklin Roosevelt attended the national Chickamauga celebration at Chattanooga, Tenn., Tuesday. Here is an aerial view of the beautiful country where the Civil War battles of Chattanooga, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, and Missionary Ridge were fought 75 years ago.

DEERING

George Ellsworth is confined to his home, "The Orchards" by illness.

Miss Ann Louise Poling has arrived for a vacation at the Long house.

Miss Hazel Johnson is confined to her home at North Deering with tonsilitis.

Mrs. Harold Tewksbury is ill at her home, and is being cared for by Miss Ruth Wood, as nurse.

George Willgeroth returned to his studies at the University of New Hampshire at Durham, on Monday.

Paul Scruton and Mr. Hale, of the Public Service Co., of Hillsboro, were in town on business one day recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakeham, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. visited Mrs. J. D. Hart and family at Wolf Hill Farm recently.

Earl Griffin has purchased the Harald Taylor place at the foot of Birmingham Hill and will move his family there in November.

The Women's Guild held a social for young people at the "Homestead" summer home of Dr. Eleanor A. Campbell, on Friday evening.

Mrs. G. Edward Willgeroth and Mrs. Harold G. Wells attended the funeral of Mrs. Edward Towle at Hillsboro last Thursday.

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Commercial Printing

and

All Kinds of Job Printing

Careful and Prompt Service

Our prices are as low as good workmanship, good stock, and a nice product will warrant. We have a reputation to maintain along these lines, and stand ready at all times to protect it.

Give us an opportunity to quote prices, and those who do not already know it, will learn that they are in keeping with the times. People who are anxious to have their printing done right should consult us before going elsewhere.

FREE ADVERTISING!

When this office is given the printing for plays, or other society affairs we will give a Free Reading Notice in this paper which is oftentimes more valuable than the entire cost of the posters and tickets for an entertainment or dance.

The Reporter Press

PRINTERS FOR OVER SEVENTY YEARS

Antrim :: New Hampshire

WEEKLY LETTER BY PROCTOR FISH AND GAME WARDEN

Continued from page 1

confined. Some of the worst deer dogs that we have had to contend with the past few years have been so-called farm dogs. It's best to know where your dogs are to save a heavy expense later on.

Here is a letter on the same subject. If you have stock or poultry killed do not touch it but get in touch with the selectmen of your town and they will view the damages and pay you for the same. If the dogs are known the owners are asked to pay up and if not the money comes out of the dog tax fund and the schools lose. But you look to the town for your damages. Here is a friend of mine in the north country who wants to buy a good safe saddle horse? Let me know in the first letter age and condition and price.

Did you ever see a lead fox or raccoon work at a field trial? Some of them seem to enjoy the fun as well as the hounds themselves. And some of them don't.

Here is a fellow asking if a bee hunter has to have a license to hunt bees. Not that I know of. One of the restrictions however is that you can't cut a bee tree. The reason is that a bee tree is usually hollow and that makes a fine home for the raccoon.

Yes, a permit is required to keep a lead coon or a pet raccoon. This does not cost you anything but will if you don't get one. To breed raccoons you must have a breeders' permit which costs \$2.00 a year. A permit must be held to keep any kind of a wild animal protected by law.

Some weeks ago I had a short item about a donkey wanting a good home on a farm. Well to date I have had 18 requests for that lone donkey. Sorry we have no more to give to a good home.

The only request this week is for a good big watch dog and a small beagle hound. What you got?

Yes, I had a request in for a couple of good cats to catch rats. I got 'em so please don't bring any more. I have enough.

In sending in a complaint or a hot tip be sure to sign your name as that gives the letter some standing. Don't be afraid to sign your name as we never tell the source of information unless you want that we should. At least nine letters last week came in unsigned. Some of the tips are very blind and we are unable to use them. Please sign your name.

Over 12 requests came in last week asking questions that did not have a stamp enclosed. Just think those 12 letters would almost buy us a haircut even with the high prices now prevailing. So if you want some information be sure to enclose a stamp. The Dept. does not furnish them.

I could still use a few more licensed guides in my district. Many people have wrote the past week asking if guides are available in my district. I have a few but not enough.

Quite a few small birds and animals were killed on the highways last week and not one of them was fit to be mounted as the cars had crushed them. Be sure to save all good specimens.

In order to have good luck in your pond and lake fishing you must know your pond or lake. We know that one lake in our district is good for bass fishing with crawfish while another lake is only good with shad minnows so that it's a good plan to study your lake to see what the bass crave. The bass catch the past week has been way above the average. The bodies of water being the most productive are Otter at Greenfield and Willard at Hancock. Some beautiful bass have been taken this past week. One nice one was taken at Gregg Lake in Antrim the past few days.

My old friend "on top of the world" at Greenfield, H. H. Battles of Philadelphia has closed his summer home and gone back with the birds to his winter home. I was able to make one trip up to see him this summer and his place is rightly named. The view from his back door is wonderful. The old Contoocook river can be seen for miles winding its way through the Monadnock Region. Mr. Battles has made many changes the past year and he now has a summer home that will rank with the best of them.

It's very pleasing to me to announce that three different parties have the past week told me that they were to build ponds and stock them for their own use. The more ponds we have and the more dams across the brooks the better the trout fishing will be in the future. Sorry I can't give you the names of these people as they requested me not to present.

Have you seen that beaver dam and the pond that they made about a mile above my place on the Lyndeboro road? The dam has gone up many feet since a month ago. It's nearly six feet high now and that shows some work in the past few weeks. The pond will exceed 12 acres. What place to fly cast next year from boat or canoe.

Don't forget that Field Trial at Safford Park, Swansey, Sept. 17th. It's an All Hound Trials. This is in connection with the fair to be held that date.

A colony of beavers over near Bradford is bringing in the dimes to some enterprising fellows that have a small stand and selling a chance to see the beaver dam and house.

Reports are coming in that the duck season this year is to be the best for a long time. In planting some beavers last week I came to a pond that had at least 50 ducks. I counted up to 36 and then had to quit.

During my stay at the Eastern States Exposition my district will be patrolled by two good men, John Martin of Keene and "Tim" Barnard of Nashua. These fellows are "good sports" but if you try to pull

a fast one, they can be hardboiled. Watch your step.

The price of quail has gone up to \$3.00 per bird. What argument has the hunter got who pays \$2.50 for a year's hunting and gets his limit of quail a year. What's the answer?

Listen to this one right hot from "Hunting & Fishing." A woodpecker is worth \$20. A nuthatch \$10, and a chickadee \$5 as man's natural allies in fighting insect pests. Without these birds and many other insect eating birds they claim that at the end of 7 years the earth would be covered to a depth of two feet and the human race a thing of the past. So let's protect the birds.

Every pond in my district has been listed to receive a good supply of horn pout from the northern lakes where the Fish and Game Dept. have a gang of men trapping them. It might be nice to mention the fact that Edward Burke of the Souhegan Valley Rod and Gun club of Wilton has transplanted several thousands of small pout from ponds to other ponds in the past few weeks. This is under a special permit issued to him by the state department.

A few more copies of regulations relating to Migratory Birds for 1938 are on hand if you are interested.

Well if you visit the Great Eastern State Exposition look up us up in the N. H. building, one of the best on the grounds. I will be at the Fish and Game Exhibit.

Oldest Known Printed Book
The Chinese were the first printers. The oldest known printed book, printed from blocks, was discovered in the Chinese province of Kansu in 1900. It bears the statement, "Printed on May 11, 868, by Wang Chih, for free general distribution, in order to perpetuate the memory of his parents."

Crosses and Losses
By crosses and losses men grow humbler and wiser.

Hillsboro

Mr. and Mrs. Harry McClintock have returned from a vacation trip to Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Coxon of Webster, Mass., visited relatives in town over the week-end.

The Hillsboro Fish and Game Club will hold an outing at Breezy Point Inn on Sunday, September 25th. Plans are being made for a great time.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pickett of Topsfield, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Gould visited with friends in Laconia, Meredith and New Hampton last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Gaddas and son Roy of Whitinsville spent the week-end in town. Mrs. Thom as Gaddas, who has been visiting them, returned with them.

Amos Harrington, Carl and Donald Harrington and Mr. and Mrs. Otto York were in Peterboro on Tuesday to attend the funeral of Maurice H. Nichols, who passed away last Saturday. Mr. Nichols was a brother-in-law of Amos Harrington.

Mrs. Ruth Woodbury, Past Grand Adab, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Holden, Worthy Patron and Worthy Matron of Portia Chapter, O. E. S., and Mrs. Henrietta Colby, Past Worthy Matron of the chapter, attended the sessions of the New Hampshire Grand Chapter at Laconia this past week.

Liberia
Liberia, Republic on the west coast of Africa, first became independent state in 1847.

A Farm Plan Across the Sea

By HARLEY L. LUTZ

Professor of Public Finance, Princeton University

(Special Correspondence)
LONDON, England—As soon as the American visitor in England begins to read the English newspapers he learns that the English have an agricultural problem, and he immediately feels at home. The only difference is that the English problem is stated as the exact reverse of our own. In the United States, we are troubled by production, and the major contribution of our agricultural statesmen has been the ingenious ways devised to reduce output while paying the farmers more for producing less. In England the complaint is that production is declining, and support is being drummed up for some policy that will stimulate a larger total crop.

If we put together the English and the American situations the two policies of agricultural aid are equally stupid. But if we seek a solution for both nations the answer is obvious. The American farmer needs a larger market, while England needs more foodstuffs. If our farmers had freer access to 40,000,000 more consumers, the need for AAA, for processing taxes, and for governmental regimentation of agriculture would disappear. Of course, England could pay for her purchases of our farm products only by sending us some of her own goods in exchange. This would do us no harm in the end. A strong revival of our agriculture would absorb some of the unemployed. It would also create a greater demand for our own manufacturers, and there is no clear evidence to prove that the volume of domestic manufacturing would be adversely affected by accepting English goods in payment for our surplus farm products. Indeed there is more reason for thinking that this elimination of the taxes which business now pays to support both agriculture and the unemployed, would leave American manufacturing in a better position than it now enjoys in its fully protected home market.

Under the circumstances, the initiative towards a solution of this joint problem could be taken by either country. It would be good business and good political strategy for us to make the first move. Continued inaction will only stimulate greater effort to make the Empire self-sustaining. Once this has occurred, the chance of the American farmer at this large and strong English market will be lost completely. Already our mistakes have cost the farmer and the taxpayer heavily, but it may not be too late to regain this lost ground.

Shall We Dump Our Wheat?

By ERNEST MINOR PATTERSON

President, American Academy of Political and Social Science

Our crop of wheat this year will probably be one of the largest in our history. As the reports come in the price falls until some speak of the situation as a major disaster.

Accordingly, plans are being considered to ease the strain. One of them is said to be the provision of an "export subsidy" that will permit the sale of at least 100,000,000 bushels of wheat in foreign markets.

This is a good illustration of modern economic difficulties. First there is what looks like the absurdity of viewing a bountiful crop as a disaster. One would think that a large number of bushels of wheat ought to be welcome, especially when so many people are out of work and when, in spite of gigantic relief efforts, many would be glad to have more bread. Yet modern economic life is so intricate that a huge crop may result in so low a price that the farmers who produce the wheat will lose heavily. It is very complicated and perplexing.

But why meet the problem by a subsidy on wheat exports? It is argued that last year we exported nearly 100,000,000 bushels of wheat and that this amount may be "bought off" as the "American share of world trade." Therefore the wheat interests of other countries ought not to object if we facilitate the sale of this much wheat in foreign markets. A subsidy would have to be paid in some indirect way by American consumers or taxpayers, but this burden may be still be "dumping" and there are a large number of other countries affected besides Canada.

Yet "dumping" is very common. Other countries do it so extensively that there may seem to be a justification for our action. It has been suggested that we will arrange an understanding with Canada because we have a trade agreement with her and in order to avoid the charge of "dumping". We may reach an understanding, but the proposed sale would still be "dumping" and there are a large number of other countries affected besides Canada.