

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME LVII, NO. 13

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1940

5 CENTS A COPY

Washington Birthday Ball February 21

Washington's Birthday Ball under the auspices of William M. Myers Post No. 50 American Legion, will be held in the Antrim Town Hall, Wednesday evening Feb. 21.

ZaZa Ludwig and his vodil Band will furnish music for old and new dances. There will be a watch given away to the lucky ticket holder. This dance is an informal affair but the Legionnaires are asked to wear uniforms. Dancing will be from 8 to 12. Admission price is set at Adults 50 cents and children 25 cents. Spectators 25 cents. Refreshments will be served during intermission.

"FROZEN SLEEP"—The new treatment for cancer recalls the old and weird tale about aging Vermont men and women deliberately frozen during winter months to save food. An absorbing article in the American Weekly Magazine with the Feb. 18th BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER.

Mrs. Lydia A. Bullard Passes Away Here

Mrs. Lydia Augusta Bullard passed away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Blanche M. Thompson, on Wednesday, February 14th. She was born in North Truro, Mass., August 27, 1848, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Slye. She has been a resident of Antrim for the past 50 years.

She was a member of the Antrim Baptist church and the Hand-in-Hand Rebekah lodge of this town.

She is survived by her daughter, Mrs. Blanche M. Thompson, with whom she has made her home.

Funeral services will be held from her late home on Jameson avenue on Saturday afternoon, February 17, at two o'clock.

"Cordovan" Named for City
The name "cordovan" is derived from the Spanish city of Cordoba, once a Moorish leather center. Because the leather is made from only small portions of the hide, it is expensive.

Weekly Letter by George Proctor Fish and Game Conservation Officer

Lawrence Rathbun of Marlow tells us that he has some real Shepherd cattle dog puppies. They are six weeks old and ready to go. The price is right. This will answer several letters which I have been unable to answer the past few weeks.

From J. E. Fuller, Hillsboro, comes a nice big box of tinfoil by mail. Thanks.

To settle all arguments about the poor crow the U. S. Govt. has just got out a booklet entitled the Crow. It's Farmers' Bulletin No. 1102 and will settle all arguments about the crow pro and con. Get your copy and know the truth about this black fellow.

One day last week a very large doe came down from a banking between Antrim and Hillsboro and struck a truck being driven by a Hillsboro man. The collision pushed the heavy truck over about three feet and killed the deer. We went up and brought the deer home. A large black and tan dog said to be long in Hillsboro was close at its heels.

Believe it or not but in 1936 the Hart Mountain so called in Oregon was set aside as a refuge for Antelope of the pronghorned species. Since that time it's been a refuge for 150 different kinds of animals large and small and birds. A survey recently by the Govt. men found all these birds and animals. They know where they are safe in a very short time. This Hart Mountain is only one of the 266 national wildlife refuges scattered all over the U. S.

Reports are coming from the southland that the robins are dying by the hundreds from the cold and the snow. This cold weather in the south is killing a lot more of the wild birds. We will miss the robins. We know of one robin that is not down south. He has been singing around my house now for a week. He has also been seen on Maple street of the home town. Every year a few crows and robins winter in the John K. Whiting woods near my home.

One of the most interesting meetings that I have attended for a long time was at Merrimack one night last week when the Southern Council of Fish and Game clubs met at the Horseshoe Fish and Game club of that town. Rolland Caderette of Nashua, the new president, presided and he sure did wield a mean gavel. There were representatives from ten towns and one city at the meeting. Much instructive business was conducted. Refreshments were served by the Merrimack boys. Bill Abbott, the well known sportsman, took the cake as the best story teller. And why not, ain't Bill a traveling salesman?

Was reading a book which is supplied to all school children of a certain grade. In fact it's a text book. The writer of that book was a little short on his animal knowledge. For instance he says that a skunk goes in like a bear in November and does not come out till it's warm. My skunk has not missed a meal yet this season. My raccoon comes out every day and Vixen fox is always ready for a tidbit. My animals must be wrong according to that book.

According to the fish calendar the fishing won't be good again till the 17th of February and for the rest of the month.

Many have asked about the turtle trap made by Robert G. Smith of East Killingly, Conn. Drop him a line for his circular on turtle and snake traps. It's interesting. His traps are the real thing. Ask Capt. Barnaby of the Brookline, N. H.

club. He caught a lot of them one season from the big pond near his home.

The poor ducks can't seem to figure it out. With ice in Louisiana and an Indian summer in Western Canada the ducks are sort of in a daze as it were. Over 40,000 mallards were found starling on the ice in Illinois near LaSalle in late January and were saved by state game wardens, the grain being furnished by the state and "Ducks Limited" Inc., in New York City.

Well here is a story and the best part of it we have the proof. Mrs. Donald W. Hopkins of Greenfield tells us that a crow appeared at the Town school along late in the fall and is still a regular attendant of the school. Every night the Browns who live near by let him roost in their barn. All the school children take a hand at feeding him at morning, noon and night. When school is in session he perches on the window sill till school is out. Then he enters their games much to the delight of the children. He did not quite understand the week's vacation at Christmas time but was back the first day the school opened. If you are up by the school any day stop and look him over.

We have stirred up a lot of interest in the snapping turtles and in the past month some of the big national sporting magazines have picked up the idea and we have had a number of letters asking how to make traps or where to buy one already made. It's a good idea to clean up a few of these babies that feed on our fish and young ducks. And besides they are wonderful eating.

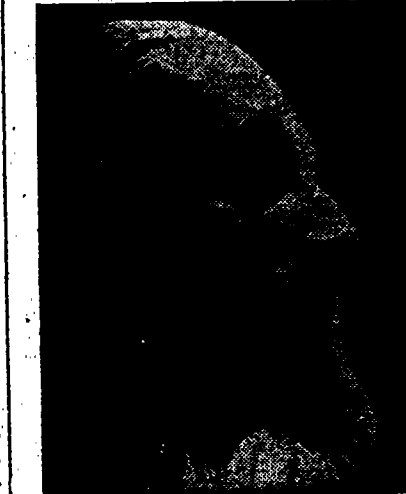
I don't know how you feel on the subject of Blue Heron but I feel that something must be done to save our trout streams against these fishermen. One rookery last year in one of my towns I know for a fact that over 300 young were born and raised. They are protected by both State and Federal Govt. and why? That's the question. A few years ago many thought they were going like the Heath hen, but I know different. They are holding their own and much more than that they are increasing in leaps and bounds. Every nest has three young and this rookery I speak of has a good deal more than 100 nests. In New Boston is a rookery and last year a man near by said it had 66 nests that he saw. Last fall at one time I counted 27 heron on the logs at Otter Lake, Greenfield, and they well knew they were protected on that body of water.

The night before the woodchuck was supposed to come out and see his shadow Miss Gilbert, R. N., was driving up from Milford at about 8:30 and she had to stop her car to let one go across the road. It's a bet he didn't see his shadow that night. But did he see it the next day? Wonder if the big fellow sleeping in a nail keg at the home of Bill Wilder in East Rindge came out to look around. What about it, Bill?

Not for a good many winters have we seen such nice skating all over our District. The Souhegan river at Wilton, Milford and Greenville, the skating has been ideal. The Contoocook river at Bennington, Hancock, Peterboro and Jaffrey and Rindge was well covered with skaters this past week-end. The skiing condition over the last week-end was not so good but there were plenty of people in this section to try it out.

Reports come to us that the ice on Newfound lake at Bristol is Continued on page 8

"Golgotha" at Bennington on Saturday



ROBERT LEBIGAN
As CHRIST

"Golgotha," the new talking motion picture play is a great tragedy of the Bible impressively performed and brilliantly directed, standing out among the great films. A great French cast throughout, all superb in their roles, great and small. Regardless of its religious implications to people of diverse creeds and beliefs, here is an epic drama that stands out as one of the greatest tragedies of the screen and one of the most impressive and important productions since the birth of motion pictures. The production is also outstanding for the English dialogue, with the English speech recorded for the original French by a selection of well known American actors dubbing their voices for all the principals in the cast who have speaking parts.

Unit No. 50 Holds Meeting

The American Legion Auxiliary Unit No. 50 met at the home of Mrs. Dagmar George February 12, 1940.

A very lovely supper was served by Mrs. George and Mrs. Mildred Zabriskie.

The following candidates were initiated: Mrs. Mary Doyle, Mrs. Doris Grimes and Mrs. Nellie Thornton.

The Unit voted to sell refreshments at the Washington Birthday Ball to be held Feb. 21. The Unit is sending a contribution to the fund which is to be used to purchase an Audiometer for the use of the schools in the southern part of New Hampshire. Department President Mrs. Madeline Gladu gave a very interesting talk. We also had a few words from Alternate District Director Mrs. Marion Bagley.

A Copy of the Liberty Bell made from hurricane wood by Mr. Austin Paige was presented to the unit as a gift from president Gladys Phillips. Mr. Paige also made a stand for the auxiliary lamp.

The guest for the evening were: Mrs. Madeline Gladu and Mrs. Mona Benoit from Manchester, Mrs. Sadie Hollow and Mrs. Marion Bagley from Peterboro and Mrs. Will Weston from Hancock.

ANTRIM WOMAN'S CLUB

The Antrim Woman's Club held a meeting on Tuesday evening, February 13, at the vestry of the Baptist church. After a brief business meeting, at which it was voted to purchase a copy of the New Hampshire Anthology of Poetry for the library, the president, Mrs. Fred S. Dunlap, gave an interesting report of the Presidents' Conference recently held in Concord.

Mrs. Ethel Roeder and Mrs. Vera Butterfield sang "In An Old-fashioned Garden," accompanied at the piano by Mrs. Gertrude Thornton.

An illustrated lecture, read by Rev. Harrison Packard, was furnished by General Motors Company in the interests of the Buick automobile. The advantages of touring the country in one's own car were described and gardens, National Parks and other beauty spots of America, from California to our own familiar Arnold Arboretum in Boston, were shown.

Lincoln's Birthday was honored with singing two patriotic songs. Members of the Antrim Garden club were invited guests.

Bennington Centenarian Passes Away

One hundred years and exactly two months is a long life rarely attained by man. Nevertheless, that was the age of our beloved Thomas Wilson when he quietly passed away at his home last Thursday morning Bennington's Grand Old Man!

He was born in Ulster Province, North Ireland, on December 8, 1839. In 1871 Mr. and Mrs. Wilson came to reside in Canada and from thence to Bennington to become a millwright in 1888. Of his nine children, seven are now living, Mrs. Ninie Keeser, of Walden, N. Y.; Mrs. Annie Vose, Tilton, N. H.; Robert Wilson, New York City; Mrs. Jennie Dearborn, Tilton, N. H.; Mrs. Elizabeth Hill, Londonderry, N. H.; Mrs. Eva Cleaves, Amherst, N. H., and Miss Margaret Wilson, who resides with her parents.

Mr. Wilson just two short months ago, sat enthroned among his people, both kinsfolk and townsfolk, in his own dining room celebrating his one-hundredth birthday. We will not see his familiar figure walking about our streets any more, but the memory of his quiet, steadfast life will linger on.

The bearers for the funeral were as follows: Wesley Keeser, Thomas Keeser, Walden, N. Y.; Paul Dearborn, Donald Vose, Tilton, N. H. and William Cleaves, of Amherst, all grandsons; and Phillip Knowles, of Bennington.

ANTRIM LOCALS

A Valentine supper party was given at the Baptist parsonage, Monday evening, for two of the junior classes in the church school. Fourteen were present and after supper games were played and there was a treasure hunt.

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Golgotha

With fidelity to the biblical narrative, GOLGOTHA re-creates those stirring events which changed the destiny of the world. You see the triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem, the plottings against Him, the Last Supper, His betrayal, trial and Crucifixion, and then His final appearance to His disciples after the Resurrection.

With irresistible power, unparalleled scope, and rare pictorial beauty, the drama that has been the heritage of the ages moves swiftly before your eyes, enacted by a cast of thousands. GOLGOTHA is soul-stirring, unforgettable.

BENNINGTON TOWN HALL
THIS SATURDAY

Adults 25c Children 15c
Two Shows: 7:30 and 8:45 P. M.

THE LONE STAR STATE BOYS

SLATS—PEE WEE PETE—BLACKIE SQUEEZIE and KEN LANE

Presents Their

RADIO and STAGE SHOW

ANTRIM TOWN HALL

Thursday, Feb. 15th

Variety Show

Fun for Old and Young

Broadcast Daily from WFEA

Adults 35c

Children 20c

WILLIAM F. CLARK

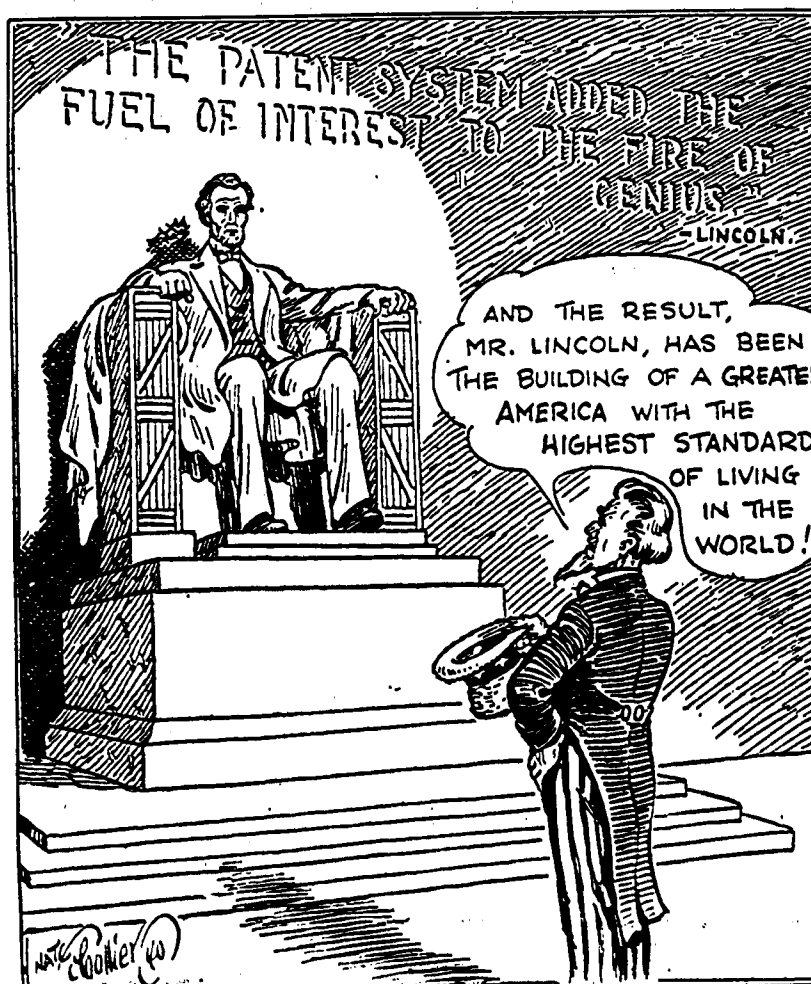
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ANTRIM, New Hampshire

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Prescribed by Wm. H. Lucas, M. D.
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Conditions and Frequent Colds.
Accelerating Recovery of Energy,
Strength, Appetite and Sleep.
As claimed by Users of Dr. Lucas
Tonic Tablets. At all Drugstores.

Mellon Foundation

The Andrew W. Mellon Memorial and Charitable Trust is for the purpose of aiding such religious, charitable, scientific, literary or educational purposes as the trustees judge shall be in furtherance of the public welfare and tend to promote the well-being of mankind. Mr. Mellon requested the trustees to give careful consideration to the needs of those institutions in which he had manifested special interest.



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... famous New England Seedsmen Since 1818!
House-grown flowers and vegetables are best.
This valuable free book will really help you plan and be ready for Spring weather. Don't delay... Send this postcard TODAY!

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Boston, Mass.

Clock Hands at 8.20

Possibly the best answer to the question: Why clocks when purchased have the hands placed at 8.20 is that the hands so placed is the most symmetrical arrangement possible, and the most pleasing to the eye. It will be noted that at 8.20, or 8.18 the hands are the same distance from the 12 and the 6 and two-thirds of the space on the dial is above the hands.

NIGHT COUGHS
DUE TO
COLDSNeed More Than "Salve" To
Quickly Relieve DISTRESS!

Before you go to bed rub your throat, chest and back with warming, soothing Musterole. You get such QUICK relief because Musterole is MORE than "just a salve." It's a marvelous stimulating "counter-irritant" which helps break up local congestion and pain due to colds. Its soothing vapors ease breathing. Used by millions for over 30 years! 8 strength Regular, Children's (mild) and Extra Strong, 40¢. Hospital Size, \$3.00.



Life of Employment

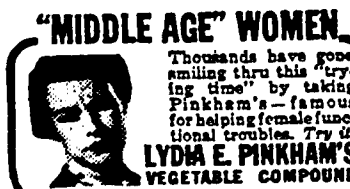
The wise prove, and the foolish confess, by their conduct, that a life of employment is the only life worth leading.—Paley.

There Are Two Ways
to Get at Constipation

Yes, and only two ways—before and after it happens! Instead of enduring those dull, tired, headache days and then having to take an emergency cathartic—why not KEEP regular with Kellogg's All-Bran? You can, if your constipation is the kind millions have—due to lack of "bulk" in the diet. For All-Bran goes right to the cause of this trouble by supplying the "bulk" you need. Eat this toasted, nutritious cereal regularly—with milk or cream, or baked into muffins—drink plenty of water, and see if your life isn't a whole lot brighter! Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek. If your condition is chronic, it is wise to consult a physician.

Seeing Myself

"I have never seen a greater monster or miracle in the world than myself."—Montaigne.



"MIDDLE AGE" WOMEN
Thousands have gone smiling thru this "trying time" by taking Pinkham's famous PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

The Present

Past and to come seem best; things present worst.—Shakespeare.



To Relieve
Suffering of
COLDS
Take
666
LIQUID TABLETS, SALVE, NOSE DROPS

Star Dust

★ In New York Village
★ True Funny Scenes
★ Silence Preferred

—By Virginia Vale—
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

DURING the week or so that Hedy Lamarr spent in New York with her husband she proved conclusively that the largest city in the country is a small village at heart. She visited a newspaper office and appeared at night clubs, and people stared and stared and even were guilty of pointing—and these were people, mind you, who patronize night clubs so often that visiting movie stars are just people to them. But Hedy Lamarr Markey was so beautiful that she bowled them over. Of course, she didn't exactly try to hide her light under a bushel. Night clubs were warned in advance when to expect her. And she even went so far as to wear a diamond on her forehead. Maybe she was rehearsing for the role of Cleopatra. Well, it was good publicity; everybody's all agog to see "I Take This Woman," the next picture in which she will be seen.

She wore glamour-girl clothes—a linky black evening gown with a peg-top skirt, embroidered in blue and beige paillettes, another evening gown with a long-sleeved, high-necked basque of black satin, the skirt of black satin to the hips, cream colored the rest of the way.

If you think some of those hilariously funny scenes in "The House-keeper's Daughter," which stars Joan Bennett in the title role, are a bit far-fetched, rest assured that they're not. Even the battle with



JOAN BENNETT

fireworks for ammunition would be just run of the mill amusement for old-time newspaper men like those portrayed so convincingly by Adolphe Menjou and William Garagan—as anyone who has known such newspaper men will tell you. The picture is so good that it should be on your "must" list; it's so good that memories of it haunted your reporter along about the time that "Gone With the Wind" had been running for a good two hours and still had plenty of time to go.

And, speaking of "Gone With the Wind," if you're old enough to have seen D. W. Griffith's "Birth of a Nation" you're going to feel right at home when you see this latest picture of Civil War scenes. Of course, D. W. couldn't use sound. I wished modern producers couldn't when that soldier's leg was cut off without an anesthetic being used.

But the story of Scarlett O'Hara makes a great picture; don't miss it!

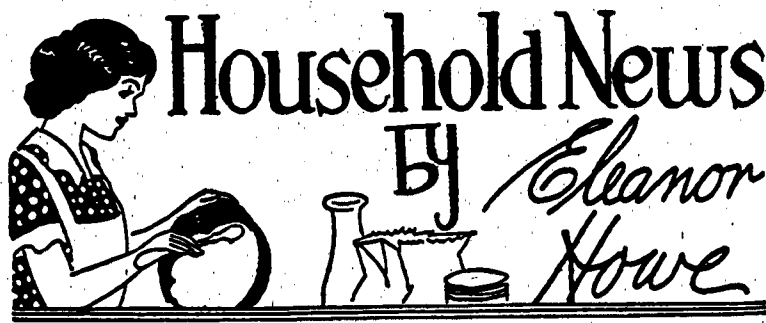
As a rule the only woman involved in the "Sky Blazers" broadcasts is the sound effects girl, Ora Nicolls. While the husky males stand before the mike, Ora, who's a little thing, fires guns, makes a noise like a hefty male sloshing through jungle swamps, and shatters the air with simulated airplane effects. But being the sound effects man is a grand job for a woman, and she loves it. She has her troubles, though; trying desperately to please the director in the matter of firing a gun, she demanded, "How many shots is a fusillade?"

One of the most inspiring sights in radio results when you watch Alec Templeton broadcast for "Alec Templeton Time." Not merely because he plays so beautifully, but because he is so sure of himself. The spirit of fun which faintly curves his lips seems to move all the other performers, lifting the entire program. You realize that he is blind only when he is introduced; the other performers smile broadly, but Templeton doesn't; in his world, a smile means nothing, because it can't be seen.

Another good picture is Metro's "The Shop Around the Corner," with Margaret Sullivan and James Stewart making such a good comedy team that the rather slim story is vastly entertaining.

ODDS AND ENDS—The Pat Reillys of the nation are squawking; a clue read during a "Gang Busters" broadcast identified one Pat Reilly—now they're all being hounded, by amateur as well as professional sleuths.

Frederic March is one of the few top-flight actors who will accept a radio engagement on short



SOUP GIVES THE FIRST IMPRESSION

See Recipes Below.

Satisfying Soups

Soup, like the front door, gives a first impression, good or bad, that is difficult to overcome, whatever follows.

It's the cook's fault if this first course at dinner isn't good, for a great many wholesome ingredients can be made into delicious soups if they are knowingly handled.

Beginning with good ingredients and finishing off with skillful seasoning, there's no reason why you can't produce a soup that is tempting, delicious and wholly satisfying.

Soup is more than just a means of using up left-overs and remnants of meat and vegetables, but left-overs may be the starting point for a cream soup that's a masterpiece; season it with discrimination, thicken it smoothly, serve it hot and nicely garnished, and you have evolved the perfect beginning for a dinner, or a satisfying mainstay dish for lunch.

Finely chopped parsley, paprika and croutons are familiar garnishes for soups; newer, and just as attractive are these: a few grains of popped corn; minced chives; toasted and lightly buttered puffed cereals; a spoonful of unsweetened whipped cream, salted and sprinkled with minced parsley, chives, or finely chopped salted peanuts; very fine strips of thin, well browned pancakes; thin slices of frankfurters.

Quick cooking tapioca is a new thickener for soups; it's quick and easy to use, and it adds unusual texture and taste as well.

Corn Soup.

(Serves 4)

- 1½ cups canned corn
- 1 cup meat broth, or 1 cup water
- 2 and 2 bouillon cubes
- 2½ cups rich milk
- 1½ tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon sugar
- ½ teaspoon onion, minced
- 1½ tablespoons butter

Cook corn in broth 10 minutes; force through sieve. Combine with milk, quick-cooking tapioca, salt, sugar, and onion in top of double boiler. Place over rapidly boiling water and cook 10 to 12 minutes, stirring frequently. Add butter. Garnish with popcorn if desired.

Vegetable Soup

- 1 lb. soup meat, cut in small pieces
- ¾ lb. veal bones
- 2 quarts cold water
- ¼ cup sliced onion
- 3 cloves garlic
- ¼ cup sliced carrots
- ½ cup potato cubes
- ½ cup shredded cabbage
- 1 stalk celery (cut in pieces)
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 1 teaspoon paprika
- 1 sprig parsley
- 2 tablespoons celery leaves (chopped)

Place meat, water and vegetables in saucepan. Cover and simmer slowly for two or three hours. Remove from flame and put through sieve.

Cream of Tomato Soup.

- 2 cups canned tomatoes
- 2 slices onion
- ¼ teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- Dash of pepper
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 2 cups milk

Heat tomatoes with onion, soda, sugar, salt and pepper. Rub through sieve; reheat. Place butter in top of double boiler and melt. Add flour and mix thoroughly. Add

Fish Chowder.

- 4 pounds white fish
- 2 cups cold water
- 1 cup salt pork (diced)
- 1 onion (sliced)
- 4 cups potatoes (cut in ¾ inch cubes)
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 3 cups canned tomatoes
- 3 tablespoons butter
- ¼ cup coarse cracker crumbs

Clean fish. Remove head, tail and

bones, cover with cold water and cook slowly for approximately 20 minutes. Drain and reserve stock. Place salt pork in skillet, add sliced onion and saute until onions are brown. Add to fish stock. Add potatoes and cook until almost tender. Skim and cut flesh of fish in 2-inch pieces, add to mixture and cook until tender. Then add seasonings, tomatoes and butter and heat thoroughly. Add cracker crumbs and serve immediately.

Onion Soup au Gratin.

Wash, peel, and slice thinly 5 medium-sized onions. Brown in ¼ cup of butter in a heavy frying pan. Cover and cook slowly until tender, but not brown—about 10 minutes—adding more butter if necessary.

Add 1 quart beef broth, brown soup stock, or bouillon, and heat through thoroughly. Place slices of crisp dry toast in petite marmite—or small earthenware pots. Cover generously with grated Parmesan cheese, grated Swiss or grated American cheese. Pour hot soup over all, place under broiler flame just a moment to melt and brown cheese, and serve immediately.

Parsley Dumplings.

- 2 cups bread flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¾ cup lard
- 2 tablespoons parsley (chopped)
- ¾ cup milk (approximately)

Sift together dry ingredients, cut in fat, and add chopped parsley. Add milk and mix gently with a fork. Drop by spoonfuls into boiling stew. Cover and continue to steam for 15 minutes without lifting the cover.

Peanut Butter Soup.

- 1 quart sweet milk
- 3 tablespoons peanut butter
- 4 thin slices onion

Salt and pepper to taste. Add small quantity milk to the peanut butter and mix thoroughly. Heat remainder of milk, and stir in the peanut butter mixture. Add onion—and season to taste with salt and pepper. Serve with toasted croutons.

It's not strange that many of us are bewildered when we're confronted with the problem of preparing meals on a large scale. Cooking for fifty or a hundred is a whole lot different from getting a meal for a family of four or five! In this column next week, Eleanor Howe will give you recipes for serving fifty or a hundred—economical recipes of the sort you like for church suppers or the P. T. A.

Here's the Booklet You've Been Wanting.

How many times have you wished that you could find in one book the answers to the puzzling, miscellaneous questions about home making—how to substitute sweet milk for sour in your favorite cake recipe? What to do with the odds and ends of jelly that accumulate in the refrigerator? How to remove troublesome crumbs from the electric toaster?

"Household Hints," by Eleanor Howe, is just the book you've been wanting. You'll find in it over 300 clever, practical short cuts to successful home making—and it's only 10 cents!

To get your copy of this useful book, now, send 10 cents in coin to "Household Hints," care of Eleanor Howe, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Practical Food Containers

Don't discard your empty flour and salt bags. Wash them in hot soapy water and they will make excellent refrigerator containers for lettuce, parsley, and other raw vegetables that are best kept chilled.

For Cleaner Cups

To remove coffee, tea or chocolate stains from cups rub well with a non-gritty cleansing powder applied with a soft cloth. Rinse in plenty of warm and cold water to remove all traces of the powder.

A Break for Julia

By SMITH JOHNSON

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

CHARLOTTE DAVIS could hardly wait till 12 o'clock lunch hour, so eager was she to show her friend Julia Winter her new ring.

"It's lovely," praised Julia. "I do hope you and Leslie will be very, very happy," she added, wistfully.

"I hope so, too," retorted Charlotte. "And I guess we will be, for Les seems willing to give me anything I ask for. Lucky for him that he works in a store and can get a good break on the sort of stuff I want."

"Where will you live?" inquired Julia.

"Out on Park terrace."

"Aren't the rents awfully high in that district?" exclaimed Julia.

"Oh, yes," cheerfully admitted Charlotte. "But we only live once, I tell Les, so we're getting the very best of everything."

"It sounds wonderful," sighed Julia.

"I'll say it's wonderful," agreed Charlotte. "All that swell stuff for only \$25 down, and he didn't really have to pay that, for the store is giving him credit for the twenty-five as a wedding present, so he took the fifty he saved and made the down payment on my ring."

"Oh!" gasped Julia, aghast at the thought of the size of the debts in proportion to the size of Leslie's income.

"That's what I get for having a sweetie who is a salesman."

"Want a nice willow rocker for your hope chest?" called the foreman of the warehouse, as the tall, cheerful-looking truck driver passed the office door.

"What's wrong with it?" replied the younger man.

"Paint got scratched off in uncrating and the party that ordered it claims the color can't be matched. We settled with her for \$5 cash—and we don't want the rocker."

"Store it for me?" grinned the tall chap in tan.

"You bet," cheerfully agreed the foreman. "Put it right in with the rest of your junk. And while you're in the mood to spend money, better take a look at the table over by No. 15. Make you a nice dining table when you've got the top done over, and it won't cost much since the party that owns it hasn't got room for it and won't pay storage any longer."

In the warehouse Pete's bargain-hunting had become a standing joke. But it was a kindly joke that the men enjoyed, for Pete MacElroy was popular and the men all knew that the young chap's purse was strained to the utmost with helping put three younger brothers and sisters through school and at the same time saving to marry Julia Winter.

"I'll wait," Julia had bravely promised.

Sunday afternoons when Peter and Julia walked in the park or took a bus ride or went to a cheap movie they talked, as lovers will, of the time they would be living in a "home of their own," with a garden and a radio and an open fireplace. And then a sorrowful silence would come between them.

Pete and Julia were the first guests to be entertained at the Park terrace apartment. Proudly Charlotte displayed her new treasures. Silk draperies, silk bedspreads, handsome glassware, china and rugs, stunning furniture.

"Honestly, Julia, I wish you could clear out of that stuffy hall bedroom before the hot weather comes," whispered Charlotte as she kissed her chum good-night.

Going home on the bus Peter and Julia were strangely quiet, yet when they reached Julia's rooming-house Peter said, "Let's sit on the porch a while and talk."

Nervously the young chap clasped and unclasped his big hands, cleared his throat and exclaimed abruptly, "Honestly, Julia, there isn't a bit of sense in going on this way. We are just eating out our hearts. And at the rate I'm getting on we'll both be gray-haired before I can give you more than about two rooms to live in."

Julia's poor heart almost stopped beating. Yet she did not blame Peter for wanting to stop pinching pennies to save for a home after spending most of his wages for his brothers and sisters.

Bravely Julia winked back the tears which filled her brown eyes. She tried to speak, to tell Peter that he was free—to offer to give back to him the inexpensive little ring he had given her two Christmases before.

But the words choked her.

Anxiously Peter peered down into her face. Tensely his firm, tanned fingers closed over Julia's trembling hands as he said, "How about it, sweetheart? Are you game to start homemaking with me in just two rooms? I've some odds and ends of furniture stored at the warehouse. And I've enough money saved so you can pick out your own cooking things for the kitchen, and curtains—not silk, like those fancy ones at Charlotte's. And the foreman gave me a tip yesterday about a garage-cottage we can rent dirt cheap, with an option to buy."

"Oh, my dear!" gasped Julia, looking up with a smile that was radiant testimony as to just how Julia felt.

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DEPARTMENT

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Strange Facts

Whose Signature?
"Proxy Parents"
Live to Collect

In a recent experiment the Chicago Police Crime Detection Laboratory had seven college professors differentiate between four samples of their signatures, one being genuine, one an expert forgery, one a tracing and one written with no attempt at imitation. Only one man identified his own signature as genuine and recognized the other three specimens as nongenuine.

A new organization in New York supplies capable young women between the ages of 20 and 30 years to act as "proxy parents," taking children to theaters, schools, parties, dentists' offices and on shopping tours. They also stay with children while parents are away for the week-end, and meet trains and chaperon girls who come to the city for a visit.

In Great Britain, the fees of barristers, or trial lawyers, still are regarded as gratuities and, therefore, cannot be collected through legal action.

More than 60 per cent of the money now paid out annually by the life insurance companies of the United States and Canada goes to living policyholders, not to their beneficiaries.—Collier's.

To the Best Use

The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market. It depends, chiefly, on two words—Industry and Frugality. That means, waste neither Time nor Money, but make the best use of both.—Benjamin Franklin.

WOMEN

Here's amazing way to
Relieve 'Regular' Pains

Dr. J. C. Lawrence writes: "I was underminded, had cramps, headaches and backache, associated with my monthly periods. I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for a while, gained strength, and was greatly relieved of these pains."

FOR over 70 years, countless thousands of women, who suffered from monthly pains, have taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription over a period of time—and have been overjoyed to find that this famous remedy has helped them ward off such monthly discomforts.

Most amazing, this scientific remedy, formulated by a practicing physician, is guaranteed to contain no harmful drugs—no narcotics. In a scientific way, it improves nutritional assimilation; helps build you up and so increases your resistance to disease. It is a powerful, safe, and sure remedy for women's ailments during this trying period.

Don't suffer one unnecessary moment from such monthly discomfort. Get Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription from your druggist. Discover how wonderfully it acts to relieve you of "Regular" pains.

As He Saw It
We have not read an author till we have seen his object, whatever it may be, as he saw it.—Carlyle.

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If you think all laxatives are alike, just try this. It is a natural, safe, and sure remedy for all conditions of the bowels. It is a mild, thorough, refreshing, invigorating. Dependable relief from sick headaches, bilious spells, tired, nervous, and constipation. Get a 25c box of N.R. from your druggist. Make the test—then if not delighted, return the box to us. We will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Get N.R. Tablets today.

N.R. TO-NIGHT

To Agree

Few are qualified to shine in company, but it is in most men's power to be agreeable.—Swift.

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WNU-2 7-40

Evil of Omission

Evil comes of omission as well as commission.—M. Aurelius Antoninus.

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with backache?

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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Thursday, Feb. 22, 6 p. m.

... MENU ...

Roast Turkey	Dressing
Mashed Potatoes	
Squash	Cranberry Jelly
	Onions
	Hot Rolls
Washington Pie	Coffee

Adults 60c Children 30c

Antrim Locals

Hand-in-Hand Rebekah lodge observed its annual visitation on Wednesday night.

The Amherst high school basketball teams beat Antrim in the town hall, Wednesday evening.

Norman Morse is boarding at the home of Mrs. Franklin Dodge in Hillsboro for a few weeks.

Jackie Joe Munhall, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Munhall, who has been ill with pneumonia, is better.

The 20-45 Discussion Group of the Baptist church met with Mr. and Mrs. Guy Hollis on Monday evening and the subject was Mohammedism.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Pratt and son Ben left Sunday morning for Florida where they will visit Mr. Pratt's sister. They also plan to go to Mobile, Ala., to see Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Pratt, Jr.

Willis Muzzey has so far recovered from his recent illness that he has been moved to a convalescent home near the Margaret Pillsbury hospital, Concord.

Mrs. Maurice Poor and Miss Norine Edwards were in Concord, Saturday for the good citizenship contest sponsored by the D. A. R., in which Miss Edwards represented Antrim.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Charles Williams of Concord visited Mrs. Williams' mother, Mrs. Maude Frederick, on Sunday afternoon. They brought with them Rev. William Patterson, formerly pastor of the local Presbyterian church, who has been ill for several years in a Concord hospital and who was a guest for the afternoon of William D. Ward. Several old friends of Mr. Patterson called on him during his stay. His many friends in town will be glad to hear of his recovery of health.

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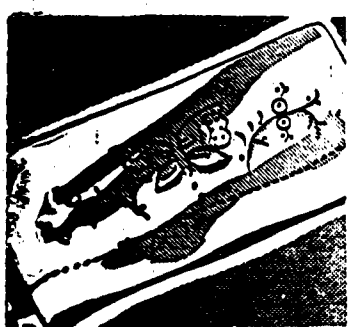
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H. W. ELDREDGE
Editor and Publisher
Nov. 1, 1892 — July 9, 1936
W. T. TUCKER
Business Manager

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Six months, in advance \$1.00
Single copies 5 cents 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.

FEBRUARY 15, 1940

REPORTERETTES

Remember the Maine? She sank 42 years ago today.

The Russians are great fighters — among themselves.

Russia may call quits when there are no more Finnish hospitals to finish.

Mr. Roosevelt says his critics are wrong. What would you expect him to say?

Browder ran a poor third in the New York Congressional fight. Poor is right.

President Roosevelt certainly minced no words in his speech to the Youth Congress.

Mr. McNutt has been praised for his sartorial elegance. Clothes don't make the President.

Let's see, on or about Washington's Birthday is the time for the big snowstorm of the Winter, isn't it?

The taxpayer gets a break in 1940. Leap year gives him one more day in which to make out his income tax.

Someone asks a household specialist: "How can I make easier the task for boiling eggs?" Gosh, some people are lazy!

An eighth-grader, asking for and receiving a definition of a kleptomaniac, exclaimed, "Oh, you mean like a totalitarian state!"

A wet hen is not any madder than a wet cat. But a wet hen does not prefer to dry off on the best bedspread in the house.

"If you eat slowly, you will eat considerably less," asserts a physician. This is especially true if you eat at a boarding house.

A slate of delegates pledged to a third term has been filed by New Hampshire Democrats. Whom do they prefer for Vice President?

A golf pro asserts the game is going to save America from becoming soft. It's already hardened up our speech considerably.

Elections are swung by those who partake of Jackson Day dinners at \$100 a copy but by the great silent, or hamburger, vote.

It is interesting to observe how easily a terribly tempered gentleman can control his emotions in the presence of one much larger than he is.

SCHOOL NEWS

Beginning with a program at the high school on Thursday p. m. in which the boys, thru a play written especially for the occasion, made an appeal for a larger troop. Tuesday at the meeting 7 new boys were present. Carl and Paul Dunlap, Gordon Sudbury, and Frank Jellerson scouts who have been on the inactive list for some time returned once more and three new candidates were listed.

This alone was worth to us all our scout week efforts.

At the Court of honor in Milford last Friday Harold Roberts and Guy Clark were awarded their Second class advancement cards. David Hurlin his first class award. Edward Robinson his star scout rank and Edward Robinson, Ernest Fuglestad and David Hurlin all received merit badges.

In a very close contest, which was hard to make a final decision upon Edward Robinson won out by a small margin in the Knot board contest which ended at the regular meeting.

Due to the fact, there were no services at the church last Sunday the scouts will attend services this week in observance of Scout Sunday.

In closing, there is plenty of room for more boys to join so please follow us join and have some fun with us.

Scoutmaster, William P. Holleran

LOCAL BASKETBALL QUINTET TROUNCES PETERBORO TEAM B

On Tuesday afternoon the Antrim High school boys scored 44 points over Peterboro's team B, whose score was 19 points. The local boys were in their best form. Bennett of the local team scored 21 points. Second highest scorer for the Antrim boys was Ayer with 9 points. Others in the lineup were Fuglestad, Sturtevant, Carlson, Guy Clark and Wesley McClure.

High scorer for Peterboro was Rayhennet with 9 points. Eaton of Hillsboro refereed.

Antrim Locals

A one-act play, "About Candle-light Time," will be the chief feature of an entertainment to follow the Washington's Birthday dinner on Thursday evening, February 22, at the Presbyterian church. The ladies of the church are preparing to serve a turkey dinner with all the "fixins" and this should prove to be a very enjoyable social occasion.

The World Day of Prayer was observed Friday evening by a union service in the Baptist church, arranged by a group of women representing the three churches. Mrs. Ralph Tibbals, Mrs. William Ramsden, Mrs. Harry Packard and Mrs. William McN. Kittredge were the leaders and were assisted in the service by Rev. Ralph Tibbals, Rev. William McN. Kittredge and Rev. John Logan. The union choir furnished music. The four fields to which the offering goes were represented by Mrs. A. E. Young, Mrs. A. J. Zabriskie, Mrs. R. H. Roberts and Miss Helen Cutter. This was the first time this service has been in the evening.

The Alabama Claims
The Alabama claims were claims of the United States against Great Britain, for losses inflicted on shipping by the Alabama, Shenandoah and other Confederate vessels, fitted out in British ports during the Civil war. The United States claimed \$19,021,428 in direct losses and many times that amount in indirect losses. The matter was arbitrated in 1871, and in the following year the Geneva Tribunal awarded the United States an indemnity of \$15,500,000 in gold. This was paid by Great Britain in 1873.

Post Office

Effective September 25, 1939
Standard Time

Going North	
Mails Close	7.20 a.m.
" "	3.55 p.m.
Going South	
Mails Close	11.40 a.m.
" "	3.25 p.m.
" "	6.10 p.m.

Office Closes at 7 p.m.

Church Notes

Furnished by the Pastors of
the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Rev. Wm. McN. Kittredge, Pastor
Thursday Feb. 15
At 7:30 the Study of Acts, the 9th chapter.

Sunday Feb. 18
Morning Worship at 10:30 with sermon by the Pastor to the Boy Scouts of America. The local troop will be present as guests.

The Bible School meets at 11:45
The Young People's Fellowship meets in the Baptist vestry at six. Leader, Miss Marion Cutter Topic: "Robert Morrison"

The Union Service in the Baptist Church at 7. A special memorial service for Miss Frances Willard. Address by Rev. William Weston.

Baptist Church
Rev. Ralph H. Tibbals, Pastor

Thursday, Feb. 15
Prayer Meeting 7:30 P. M. "Halting Places", Ex. 15:22-27.

Sun. Feb. 18
Church School 9:45
Morning Worship 11. The pastor will preach on "The Call of the Deep".
Crusaders 4

Young Peoples Fellowship meets in the Vestry at 6. Topic: Robert Morrison' Leader, Miss Marion Cutter
The Union Service in the Baptist church in charge of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

**Antrim Center
Congregational Church**
John W. Logan, Minister
Service of Worship Sunday morning at 9:45

Antrim Locals

The Republican Caucus will be held in the Antrim Town Hall on Monday evening February 26 at 8 o'clock. All Republican voters are requested to be present. Candidates will be nominated for the coming election. All items sent into the Reporter or left at the office must have the signature of the sender or the item cannot be used. The Reporter is desirous of having local items left at our office but insists on knowing their source.

Because of the sleet storm Saturday night electric light wires were damaged somewhat. Since the heating systems in both the village churches are run by electricity, the buildings could not be heated in time for morning services. The Presbyterian Sunday school met at 11:45 and there was the usual union evening service.

Crypt of Skulls
One of the most gruesome sights that tourists see in Rome, and thousands seem to like the gruesome, is in the crypt of the Capuchin monastery, where five or six rooms are filled with human skulls actually embedded in the walls and ceilings.

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

MYRTIE K. BROOKS,
WILLIAM R. LINTON
ARCHIE M. SWETT,
Antrim School Board.

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE
The Selectmen will meet at their Rooms, in Town Hall block, on Monday evening of each week, to transact town business.
Meetings 7 to 8
ALFRED G. HOLT,
HUGH M. GRAHAM,
DALTON R. BROOKS
Selectmen of Antrim.



GRANITE STATE GARDENER

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

Muskmelons are difficult to grow in the average season in New Hampshire because of the cool nights. The Delicious is perhaps the earliest good melon, is well adapted to New Hampshire conditions and while it is a poor shipping melon it is satisfactory for roadside stands. Among watermelons, the Japanese varieties such as the Sweet Japanese and the Early Sugar both ripen as early as the Delicious muskmelon.

Endive has changed greatly in the last few years. Instead of having the flat plant which looks like wild dandelion, the newer varieties have developed a heart which practically blanches itself and is of very high quality. The Deep Heart variety is a new type and well worth growing as is the Ruffec. The Florida Full Heart is the broad leaved Batavian type with a solid heart.

Among carrots I have found none that surpass the Nantes for quality. Most home gardeners find the red cored Chantenay very satisfactory while commercial gardeners like the variety Hutchinson or the Perfection. Home gardeners should not plant the Hutchinson because it is of indifferent quality.

The home gardener should, by all means, try some of the Buttercup squash. This is a squash with quality par excellence. The blossom end is enlarged and very thin so that it may be cut out, the seeds removed and the squash itself baked whole with the addition of a little butter and salt. The squash may then be served either in the shell or removed from the shell and mashed.

If you wish to grow lima beans you can grow the Henderson's bush lima beans by planting them around June 1st. People in the southern part of the state with favorite locations may try the Fordhook. These are better in quality than the Henderson's but two to three weeks later in maturing.

There is no beet better than the Detroit Dark Red for home use or the Early Wonder for an early market beet. Both these varieties have been improved in shape and color until they are excellent.

I have had remarkable success in good soil with transplanted on-

ion plants. They are grown in the greenhouse for six or eight weeks before being planted outdoors, or they may be bought from southern plant growers. The variety Riverside Sweet Spanish is about as good as any. For seed onions, the Early Yellow Globe or the Yellow Globe Danvers are preferred. However, if you want to plant onion sets, buy Ebenezer. The new Paramount parsley is a beautiful variety. People who grow parsnips should plant some of the Model variety which is perhaps the smoothest and whitest variety grown.

North Branch

This neighborhood was grieved at the passing of Isaac Barrett, who was a favorite visitor. He was born May 12, 1869, the son of Dustin and Louisa A. Hall Barrett, the last survivor of four children, Levi, Helen, wife of the late Will Marcy of Hillsboro and Kate; Isaac was a native of Antrim, but Hillsboro was home to him for many years and he won many friends there. He was a painter by trade, but in late years was a mail carrier, having different routes, the last one being from Hillsboro to Peterboro. The funeral was held from Woodbury's Funeral Home with a good attendance. Rev. Mr. Coad officiated with interment at Maplewood cemetery, Antrim.

Ed Coughlin, we understand, is operating the lumber on the Richardson farm.

Letters from Lake Worth, Fla., state that the family of C. E. Tripp are comfortable.

Hickory Heavy Wood

Hickory is one of the heaviest of northern common woods, a dry cubic foot weighing 52.17 pounds. The earliest American settlers discovered its advantages when shaped into tool handles, advantages of strength and elasticity under strain. Second-growth hickory, which means that the tree has emerged from the stump of an older, faster growing tree, is in demand because its fiber is more compact and close-grained. Hickory decays quickly in heat and moisture and warps easily unless carefully seasoned in the open air.

Installation Of Bennington Grange Officers

On Tuesday night of this week installation of officers took place at the Bennington Grange and brother Charles Eastman, N. H. State Grange Lecturer, and his assistants, came from East Kingston to do the work. It was very smoothly and efficiently done and a joy to behold and listen to. A number of Hillsboro County Pomona officers were present including, Brother E. Chalifoux, Master of Hudson, Mrs. Augusta Bean, Lecturer, of Reeds Ferry; Mrs. Edith Needham, Secretary, of Milford; Mrs. Livermore, head of the Home and Community Welfare Committee; also special Deputy Bernard Love, of Chester; Deputy James Hodgson, of Milford and Juvenile Deputy, Sister D. McLain, of Manchester.

The program for the evening was very good consisting of the following: Two out of town sisters Miss Pickard and Mrs. Dunklee, both rendered solos, Mrs. J. Bryer gave a reading, Phillip Knowles rendered two selections on his piano accordion and a short skit was given which was very funny. Mrs. Doris Parker had charge of the refreshments.

The following are the officers for 1940.

Master, Maurice Newton; overseer, Mrs. Eunice Goodwin; steward, Mrs. M. E. Sargent; chaplain, Miss Grace Taylor; lecturer, Miss Freida Edwards; secretary, Mrs. Martha Weston; treasurer, Miss Mae Cashion; assistant steward, Prentiss Weston; lady assistant steward, Mrs. Lena Taylor; Ceres, Mrs. Ann Burns; Pomona, Mrs. Mae Sheldon; Flora, Mrs. Florence Newton; executive committee for three years, Mrs. Eva Kay; trustee for three years, Mrs. Freida Edwards.

Bennington

Elaine Davy has been having a bad cold.

Mrs. Martha Allen has recovered from her illness.

The schools will close on Friday night for one week.

L. Bernardie who has been very ill is slowly improving.

Mrs. Ruel Cram is still confined to her home although reported better.

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

Col. and Mrs. A. J. Pierce are both ill at their home. They are slowly improving.

Mrs. Wayne Clymer and son Kenneth returned last week from their visit in Keene.

Mrs. Benjamin Griswold of Antrim spent Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. George Griswold.

William Leppinon, Robert Shea and A. Cuddemi were recent visitors in New York City.

Mrs. Andrew MacDonald, of Nashua is guest of her daughter Mrs. Aaron Edmunds.

Mrs. Howard Humphrey of Antrim spent Tuesday afternoon with her mother, Mrs. Patrick McGrath.

Herbert Lindsay, David Sylvester and Aaron Edmunds were at the Sportsman's Show in Boston one day.

Hancock defeated the local school boys basketball team on Tuesday afternoon 30-12 in the town hall.

The Social Committee of the Congregational Church of which Mrs. Olive Perry is chairman are planning a food sale on Saturday afternoon in the vestry.

The upper grades of Pierce school are to hold a Prize Speaking Contest in the Grange Hall on Friday night. Kindly note the change in the night as it was originally planned for Wednesday night. As well as the pieces to be given there will be specialty numbers to entertain all who go.

Patronize Our Advertisers

Definition of Evening

By definition "evening" is the latter part and close of the day and early part of darkness or night; the period from sunset or from the evening meal to ordinary bedtime, no definite later limit being fixed. The word is also used locally in England and in our southern states to include the period from noon to and including sunset and twilight.

F. A. Taylor Of Bennington Passes Away

Deacon Frank A. Taylor, who lived in Bennington all of his 82 years, was laid to rest in the Sunnyside Cemetery last Saturday.

He was born in the old Taylor homestead on Main street, and later lived with his late wife and family on the Taylor farm on the Antrim road. Just a year ago, the latter part of January, his beloved wife and helpmate, Margaret, passed away leaving lonely hearts behind.

Mr. Taylor was one of the town's "Doers," a worker both at home and abroad in the town. A genial, kindly, Christian man; he lived his life and left the town a little better because he has passed this way. He was senior deacon of the Congregational Church for 26 years and a valued trustee of the Bennington Grange for a number of years, of which organization he was a charter member. He was for a great many years sexton of the Sunny Side Cemetery and also has the honor of being a Past Noble Grand of Waverley Lodge of Odd Fellowship.

He leaves behind his daughter, Grace, who resides with Mrs. Emma Joslin, his daughter, Dorothy, whose husband is Alfred Chase, and William, his son, who resides with his family on the Taylor farm. He was also blessed with five grandchildren.

Mr. Taylor died at the hospital and was brought "Home" for his final rest. He has been in failing health for some time and for a number of weeks has been in the hospital.

The bearers were as follows: Phillip Kuowles, George Edwards, Ellerton Edwards, Frank Wilson, Maurice Poor and Ralph Whittemore.

Card of Thanks

We wish to very sincerely thank all the friends and neighbors for the many kindnesses extended to us during the illness and death of our loved one. Also for the beautiful floral tributes and to the donors of automobiles whose kindness is greatly appreciated.

Grace A. Taylor
Dorothy M. Chase and family
William J. Taylor and family *

Card of Thanks

It is with sincere appreciation that we wish to thank all the friends and neighbors for the many deeds of kindness extended to us during our recent bereavement, also for the beautiful floral tributes sent us.

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Robert Wilson
Mrs. Minnie Keiser
Mrs. Annie Vose
Mrs. Jennie Dearborn
Mrs. Elizabeth Hill
Mrs. Eva Cleaves
Miss Margaret Wilson *

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ANTRIM REPORTER
ANTRIM, N. H.

Deering

Wolf Hill Grange

Wolf Hill Grange held its regular meeting in Grange Hall, Monday evening. Mrs. Louise L. Locke, Master, presided at the business meeting at which time the third degree was conferred for the instruction of the deputy, Lester Connor, of Henniker. All officers but two were present.

At the next regular meeting a vote will be taken on changing the time of opening the meetings from 8 o'clock to 8:30. It was voted to send a card of sympathy to State Secretary John A. Hammond, whose wife, Ethel J. Hammond, Past Ceres of the N. H. State Grange, passed away at their home in Gilford this week.

Mrs. Edith L. Parker, Lecturer, presented the following program: Song, Old Kentucky Home, by the Grange; Biography of Abraham Lincoln and questions on Lincoln, Mrs. Edith L. Parker; The American's Creed, Miss Jane Johnson; reading, "Abe Lincoln," Miss Almada Holmes;

song, "Lincoln" written by Miss Fern Grund.

Deputy Lester Connor installed Herbert Spiller as Gatekeeper. Refreshments of sandwiches, cake and coffee were served and a social hour followed.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold G. Wells and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson of Hillsboro were in Concord, Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold G. Wells visited their daughter Mrs. Edgar J. Liberty and family at Wilton last Thursday.

Harry Miller, Past Master of Oak Hill Grange, of Franconia attended the regular meeting of Wolf Hill Grange, Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Connor, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Munsey and Harold Jameson of Henniker were among Bear Hill Grange patrons who attended the regular meeting of Wolf Hill Grange, Monday evening.

Try a For Sale Ad.

SAVE WASHDAY LABOR WITH AN EASY ELECTRIC WASHER

Washday becomes a pleasure day when you let an "Easy" do the work. This modern washer will end old-fashioned back-breaking scrubbery as it gently turns out a snowy white laundry. See the new Easy Electric Washers today... you'll be delighted with their time and labor-saving features.

NEW ALL-WHITE

EASY

ELECTRIC WASHER

ONLY \$51.51

Slightly higher on Terms

FEATURES:

- New Streamlined Wringer
- All Metal Rustproofed
- All White Porcelain Tub
- Sealed Quiet Mechanism
- Turbolator Washing Action
- Double Wringer Roll Safety Stop
- Splashproof Tub
- Bar Wringer Release
- Large Family Capacity
- FULL GUARANTEED
- Automatic Self-Reversing Drainboard

If you have an old Electric Washer... FIND OUT ABOUT OUR LIBERAL TRADE-IN OFFER.

CALL NOW

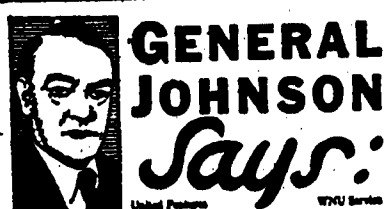
FOR AN EASY WASHER DEMONSTRATION RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME.

EASY TERMS GIVEN

PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY of NEW HAMPSHIRE

IF

you have something to sell and are in a big hurry to sell it, let the classified department of this paper prove its ability as a speedy and efficient sales medium



GENERAL JOHNSON Says:
Congress Alone Can Declare Military War but President Wages a More Deadly Economic War Against Japan.

By HUGH S. JOHNSON

CHICAGO.—Anglo-French strategy in the European war is to starve Germany, just as it was German strategy in both the World war and this one to starve England. This is economic war which can be more deadly than military war, especially to women, children, the sick and the aged.

"Measures less than war but more than words" is a misleading phrase if it means that we will engage in economic war. Military war requires a declaration of war by congress. But this administration has wangled many powers that permit it to engage in economic war without any reference whatever to congress.

In Chicago, the President, speaking of Japan, threatened to "quarantine the aggressor nations." That raised such a storm of protest that it was soft-pedaled. Nevertheless, we seem now to be about to wage economic war on Japan. By letting the Japanese trade treaty lapse, the administration has created a condition in which, by use of other executive powers, it can wage economic war to a remarkable extent.

Hacking at Lifelines.

No nation can go very far down the road of economic war without reaching a place where military war can't be avoided. In this very situation we are creating a condition which has already involved a serious military problem. Japan does



JAPANESE SANDWICH MEN

But sandwiches are scarce; the signs urge all to be thrifty during the present difficulties.

not now threaten us to any such extent as demands a vast addition to our navy. But we can't thus hack at her lifelines without creating a resentment that already has required very extensive naval preparations to back it up.

Why are we doing it? We are told that it is not for the trade of China but for our love of China. China is a big country. Part of it is Communist and all of it may be. Shifts in the Far Eastern line-up are unpredictable. Just when we must closely watch a dangerous configuration in our front yard, we seem to be building a bonfire on our own back doorstep.

In Reverse English.

Some authorities say we are doing it to protect the British economic position in eastern Asia—a thing she refused to do with us in Manchukuo. If that is so, we are reaping a rich reward in the British interference with our exports, imports and mails and their disregard of what remains of our neutral rights on the high seas.

CHICAGO.—John Lewis would never contend that this administration has done little or nothing for organized labor. He feels that the continued stagnation of economic activity and the great pool of unemployment, which has been very little lessened, are evils which the administration started out to improve. He says it has not succeeded in doing this or fundamentally helping the situation in taxation, debt, federal finance, agriculture and export trade to betterment of all which the unemployed in the ranks of labor must look for jobs.

If that is a correct interpretation of John's mighty blast, it's hard to see any error in it. As the President is fond of saying: "Res ipsa loquitur"—the facts speak for themselves.

But this administration cannot fairly be charged with not having done its utmost for labor.

It is true that many of these fledglings of the Blue Eagle have turned out to be sick chickens. The Labor Relations board needs a good going over. The bituminous coal commission has not yet laid a substantial egg. The wages and hours act is still to weather its first real test. Handling of the labor problem by the department of labor has been bungling and inept.

Nevertheless, the purpose and the effort of the administration on behalf of labor have been sincere and ceaseless. These faults and shortcomings can all be cured.

Most important of all, from the labor point of view, these new truly liberal principles are so firmly established and so widely accepted in this country that never again can they be made a political issue. Any party that attempt to turn back the hands of the clock will fail.

Finland acted in exact accord with Winston Churchill's plea to trust the allies—to join them or die. But we have yet to hear of England or France declaring war on Russia or sending Finland a couple of hundred planes and army corps.

WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS BY JOSEPH W. LaBINE

Half-Year Relief Appropriation May Avert New Tax Measures; Would Merely Postpone Crisis

(EDITOR'S NOTE—When opinions are expressed in these columns, they are those of the news analyst and not necessarily of this newspaper.)
Released by Western Newspaper Union.

CONGRESS: Solution

One way of postponing a crisis is to run away from it, though the eventual consequences are usually worse. After five weeks of wrestling with Franklin Roosevelt's budget, it looked dangerously like congress would try this very strategy to avoid raising new taxes or increasing the national debt limit.

The trouble was, economy had bogged down. Independent offices appropriations, slashed in the house, were raised to \$1,138,875,000 in the senate, making the total bill \$56,029,000 under budget estimates but still \$22,000,000 more than last year. The President's \$788,929,000 farm bill, from which the house appropriations committee cut \$154,000,000, went to the senate minus only \$60,928,000 of the original figure.

To save even this much, Virginia's Rep. Clifton Woodrum had to fight a score of dragons. When President Roosevelt commented from Hyde Park that he didn't like this sort of indiscriminate economizing, Mr. Woodrum dug into the Presi-



VIRGINIA'S WOODRUM
Seven years old, but still true.

dent's record and found a speech he made in 1933 declaring governments too often are wrecked by a loose fiscal policy.

Thundered Mr. Woodrum: "What was true seven years ago is true now!"

Maybe so, but the farm bloc promised heavy pressure in the senate. The new bill is \$579,339,231 under last year's and contains no provision for farm parity payments, for which the farm bloc wants at least \$200,000,000. Since this would undo the best economy efforts to date, there were rumors that congress would run away from its next crisis, relief. Recommended by the President is \$1,000,000,000 for this item, but Sen. Jimmy Byrnes of South Carolina hinted congress might make only a part-year appropriation of only \$750,000,000, thus staying inside the fast-approaching debt limit. Obvious purpose was to avoid new taxes in an election year, but not even the folks back home could very well be fooled into swallowing this sort of economy.

Also in congress:

Men-who-came-to-dinner got into trouble: (1) The house NLRB probe heard that two NLRB regional directors had stirred a family quarrel by attending a banquet given by a firm which had cases before the board. (2) The house heard about six congressmen who allegedly attended a dinner given by "plotters" who were trying to discredit Texas Rep. Martin ("un-Americanism") Dies.

Missouri's Rep. John Cochran introduced a bill to let next November's election winner draft the next budget.

To settle once and for all time the administration-congress battle over who shall make trade treaties

(now being argued in connection with the expiring reciprocal trade act) Michigan's Sen. Arthur Vandenberg introduced a bill to create a foreign trade board.

NAVY:

Squalus Report

Since last May navy men have wondered why the submarine *Squalus* carried 26 men to death off Portsmouth, N. H. Almost nine months later a naval court of inquiry got around to reporting. The gist: Officers and crew were abt: "serious blame," the sinking having been caused by mechanical failure of the air intake valve leading to the vessel's engine.

EUROPE:

No Harm at Belgrade

For a short and unimportant weekend, Europe's spotlight shifted to Belgrade. There met envoys of the Little Entente—Turkey, Rumania, Yugoslavia and Greece—seeking a way to keep war out of their back yard. In their midst were two malcontents who had territorial claims against Rumania, namely, Hungary and Bulgaria. Others, Germany and Russia, also looked covetously at Rumania, whose diseases thus became so numerous that she was virtually untouchable. To support her against these many foes would be suicide for other Entente members.

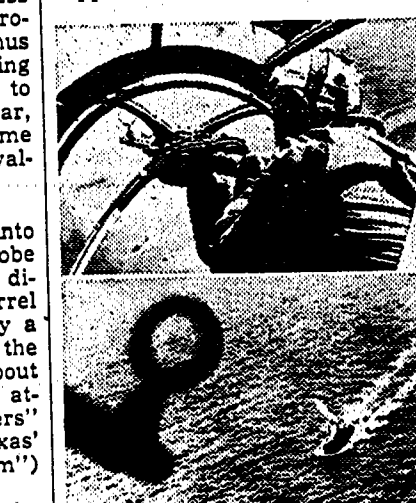
But Rumanian Foreign Minister Grigore Gafencu brought two trump cards to Belgrade. First was the threat that Rumania would seek security with Russia and Germany unless the Entente played ball. Second was the promise of a small territorial concession to Bulgaria, which meant the Entente could now woo and win that aloof little nation.

When the conference ended nothing was announced more concrete than a mutual "promise" (but not guarantee) to "watch . . . over the safeguarding of the rights of each."

But Turkish Foreign Minister Sukru Saracoglu, homeward bound, stopped at Sofia to see how Bulgaria would react to Rumania's concession. Since Italy, Germany and the Allies each claimed the Belgrade session was a "diplomatic victory," it had at least done no harm.

The Wars

Russian-Finnish. Withdrawing its decimated armies north of Lake Ladoga, Russia began concentrating on the Mannerheim line. Armored sledges carried troops to within striking distance of the Finnish lines, but hundreds died as the Finns drove them back. Parachute troops met a similar fate. But Soviet planes sapped Finnish civilian morale.



WINGS OVER ENGLAND

(Top photo shows Nazi gunner in nose of bombing plane; bottom photo shows view from plane about to rain death on merchant vessel in North sea.)

raining bombs throughout a Sunday on Vipur and Abo. At the former city, Finland's ancient cathedral, built in 1600, was ruined.

Allied-German. Both sides were busier planning for war than fighting it. But German planes continued their disastrous raids on British coastal shipping, becoming so cocky over their successes that photos were released showing how it was done (see above). Britain had reason to talk fearfully of the new JU-88 bomber which the Reich is expected to unleash soon. Both sides had trouble at home. Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain made enemies when he rejected commons' plea for a war economy dictator. Germany meanwhile was talking about new taxes and a "wage-certificate" plan to raise a \$4,800,000,000 war chest.

POLITICS:

In Old Chicago

In 1932 Franklin Roosevelt was drafted for President at Chicago. It would be historically significant if he were drafted for a precedent-shattering third term at Chicago. Whatever the reason, it was worth noting that third-termite like Chicago's Mayor Edward J. Kelly and Jersey City's Frank Hague were in the saddle when the Democratic national committee met in Washington. Result: Chicago won.

Woman of the Week

GIRL-WHO-GETS-SPANKED

LAST spring John Barrymore began spanking his actress-wife, Elaine Barrie, each night in their stage play, "My Dear Children." Once spanked too hard, temperamental Miss Barrie up and quit to



write another chapter in the turbulent Barrymore-Barrie romance that began four years ago. Her successor as the girl-who-gets-spanked was Doris Dudley, youthful actress who already has written a successful screen career behind her. But when "My Dear Children" reached New York late last month the publicity men arranged a gag that left Doris Dudley in the cold. Announced was a Barrie-Barrymore reconciliation, Elaine to resume her role in the play. Doris Dudley was spanked out of the cast.

AGRICULTURE: Southern Freeze

Damaging enough to tourist trade was the cold wave that struck southern states in late January. When it was over, farmers found even more damage had been done to their crops. Florida clamped down a one-week embargo against citrus shipments while inspectors determined how much damage was done. "Spies" from California were on hand to observe the damage. The agriculture department's marketing service surveyed damage in both Texas and Florida, making a preliminary report that indicated severe crop damage but little injury to trees themselves.

One important announcement came from the U. S. Sugar corporation, which reported to stockholders that cold weather had "totally destroyed" the mature cane standing on 25 per cent of the planted acreage.

ASIA:

Indian Rondelet

When Britain went to war and asked India's aid, Mahatma Gandhi countered by asking when India might expect dominion status. Answered Viceroy Marquess of Linlithgow: After the war. Complained Gandhi: This was unacceptable.

Such bickering continued while the Nationalist leader urged passive resistance upon his people and negotiated for a chance to discuss the problem with the viceroy. Finally the chance came and Gandhi went to New Delhi.

When, he asked the marquess, could India expect her independence? Answered Linlithgow: After the war. Complained Gandhi: This was unacceptable. Net result of five months' talk: Nothing.

Trouble, Trouble, Trouble!

Any fact reported to Japan's emperor is "irrevocable," hence the army had no choice this month but to substantiate a "fact" it had reported in 1932. Chinese Gen. Ma Chan-shan, hero reported killed in the 1932 Manchurian invasion, had popped to life again. The entire North China army was hunting him.

In Tokyo, 70-year-old Takao Saito created a storm in the diet by charging Japan has lost 100,000 killed and several hundred thousand wounded in China. He suggested Nippon had best withdraw its troops and negotiate peace. Highly publicized by the foreign press much to Japan's chagrin, the incident was climaxed when Statesman Saito was asked to resign from the Minseit party.

The government had still more trouble. Sweet words have been exchanged with Russia since Manchukuoan-Mongolian border incidents ended with a truce last September. There were even rumors of a Soviet-Jap mutual assistance pact. But suddenly the border demarcation talks broke down, as Gen. Shunroku Hata charged the Soviet with "scores of illegal acts."

Sore at everyone (including the U. S., for abrogating its trade treaty), Nippon promptly stuck its foot in the mud again by bombing the French-operated Kunming-Hanoi railroad, not once, but twice.

AVIATION:

Foreign Business

Already burdened with airplane orders from Europe's belligerents, U. S. manufacturers have a new customer—Sweden. Just placed is an order for 150 Vultee attack planes costing about \$8,000,000. What this order meant was anybody's guess. Congress buzzed with rumors that the planes were really destined for Finland, but military experts argued that Sweden, next in line for aggression should the Soviet capture Finland, was bolstering her own defenses.

Meanwhile Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau gave the first accurate picture of just how big America's foreign airplane business really is. Since mid-1938, when France first placed orders here to supplement her own lagging aircraft industry, the U. S. has shipped 1,100 planes to the allies, recently stepping up delivery to more than 100 ships a day. Together these two governments have placed orders for about 4,000 planes in the past 18 months, while current negotiations call for 8,000 additional bombers, pursuit craft and other types.



WAR CONVERSATION

Stalin (quite confused)—Where am I?
Hitler—You mean, "Where are we?"

Chamberlain—You boys shouldn't have any trouble getting your bearings; you planned this way.
Mussolini (sarcastically)—That's what THEY thought!

Hitler (to Stalin)—I thought you had an army.
Stalin—So did I!

Hitler—The secret of victory is a swift powerful attack, a terrific body blow. Why didn't you do just as I did in Poland?

Stalin—There were no Finns in Poland.

Chamberlain (wearily)—I wish you would stop arguing; I want a little peace.

Both—A little is all you'll get.
Chamberlain—Oh, I dunno; I'm not doing so badly.

Hitler—And you're not doing so good, either.

Mussolini—You're all terrible. Do you know what I'd do if I was in this war?

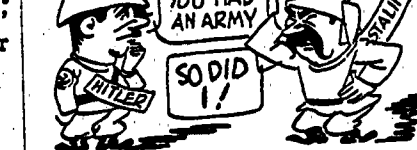
All—No, and we probably never will!

Mussolini—Look at me. I don't pay any attention to war.

Hitler—I don't know whether to trust you or not.

Mussolini—The feeling is mutual, Adolf.

Chamberlain—As I recall things, Adolf, you were going to have this



war over in no time. It was to be done in one mighty blow.

Hitler—Can't you wait?
Chamberlain—I can; but can YOU?

Stalin—What's worrying me is what those Finns have that I haven't got.

Hitler—They haven't a thing, and it's time you found it out.

Mussolini—Will you all keep quiet, please.

All—What for?
Mussolini—I'm trying to map out a policy.

Hitler—You and I mapped out a policy last summer.

Mussolini—Things are a lot different now.

Hitler—You're telling me!

Daladier—Do I hear people talking?

Hitler—Have you been asleep all through this?

Daladier—Why not; you've done nothing to keep me awake.

Stalin (to Hitler)—Are you going to stand for a crack like that, comrade?

Hitler (wincing)—Don't call me comrade.

Stalin—Listen, you called me comrade first. Have you forgotten?

Hitler—I wish I could!

DISILLUSIONMENT

I met my favorite movie star
And, lord, was he a bore!

He talked about himself at will
From seven until four;

Then downed another drink or two
And passed out on the floor.

K. Forshey.

Add smiles: As inefficient as a man putting on his own auto plates.

Football is a major handicap to education, says Dr. Hutchins of the University of Chicago. Most of us thought it was the other way around.

Add smiles: As depressed as a cheer leader who picked the University of Chicago for his education.

There are 12,000,000 fishermen in the United States, a federal bureau which gets paid for keeping track of such things, announces. No wonder those two fish get more scary every season.

PLANET JOTTINGS

Joe Stalin, from up Moscow way, has a war which he would like to swap, sell or lease.

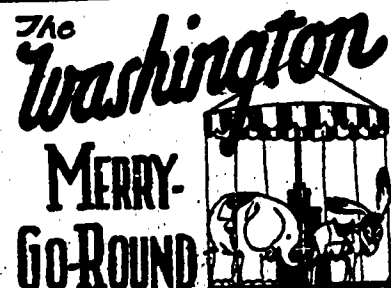
Earl Browder was in court under the name of Earl Browder.

Harold Ickes hasn't lambasted anybody in almost a week now, and must be ill or something.

Bob Taft, from up Cincinnati way, is trying to collect a prize offered by Mr. Roosevelt for a plan to balance the budget. Bob will settle for a set of dishes.

A "Mickey Rooney-for-President" club was started here last week at the Fire House. Mickey could sweep the country, say we.

Frankie Murphy has been located by anxious friends. He turned up on the Supreme court. That will stop him popping about, ye ed reckons.



By DREW PEARSON and ROBERT ALLEN

WASHINGTON.—It has already been published that A. F. of L. President Bill Green called upon Roosevelt last week to present a giant birthday cake (which had been crushed en route) plus infantile paralysis checks from A. F. of L. members.

What was not generally known was the fact that while Green and Roosevelt were talking, the President picked up two teletype reports which Steve Early had just placed



HAPPY BIRTHDAY

... as cartoonist Thomas sees it.

upon his desk. They reported John L. Lewis' hot blast accusing Roosevelt of "not keeping faith" with labor.

"Bill," said Roosevelt, after glancing at the teletype sheets, "it's wonderful to be remembered this way by you and the A. F. of L. I'll be honored to accept the cake and the money the federation is donating to my little crippled friends."

And then he added: "You don't know how much this means to me, coming at this particular time."

Mrs. Roosevelt.

It was a cold wintry day in Washington. There was a nine-inch snow on the ground and the streets were icy. A car stood waiting at the front entrance of the White House.

Mrs. Roosevelt emerged from the front door, dressed in a blue woolen suit, with a brown fur about her neck. She glanced at the car, took a deep breath of the wintry air, waved the car away, and set out on foot.

She walked out of the White House grounds, waited for the lights to change, crossed Pennsylvania avenue and proceeded alone along the slippery pavements to make a call, six blocks away.

The guards started after her. "You never can tell about her," said one to the other.

McNutt's Income.

WASHINGTON.—Internal revenue agents are certainly going into Paul McNutt's income tax with a fine-tooth comb. They turned up at American Legion headquarters not long ago and got photostats of the checks which McNutt had received as commander of the American Legion, including expenses and all other payments.

The agents also turned up at the bank where McNutt keeps a safe deposit box, with a subpoena for its contents. To open the box required two keys, one being with the cashier, the other being with McNutt, so the agents were frustrated.

However, one of McNutt's political aides volunteered to get the other key, and it is understood that most of McNutt's personal papers now are in the hands of internal revenue agents.

McNutt has said that he welcomes the inquiry and has no facts to conceal. He also has said that while governor of Indiana he filed no income tax return since state salaries there were not taxable by the federal government.

What federal agents seem to be interested in, however, is other income received by McNutt.

Note—McNutt's income tax investigation started when the treasury probed the income tax of his former secretary, Pleas Greenlee. Since then, the treasury has been using some of the information obtained from Greenlee to probe the taxes of the entire McNutt machine.

Political-Go-Round.

And still the presidential candidates come. Latest to toss his hat in the ring is kindly Speaker William Bankhead, who will soon open headquarters in Washington. Ostensibly after the presidential nomination, actually the Alabamian is shooting for second place.

John L. Lewis' Tactics.

John L. Lewis' abandonment of his secret plan to have the United Mine Workers endorse Sen. Burt Wheeler for President was not voluntary.

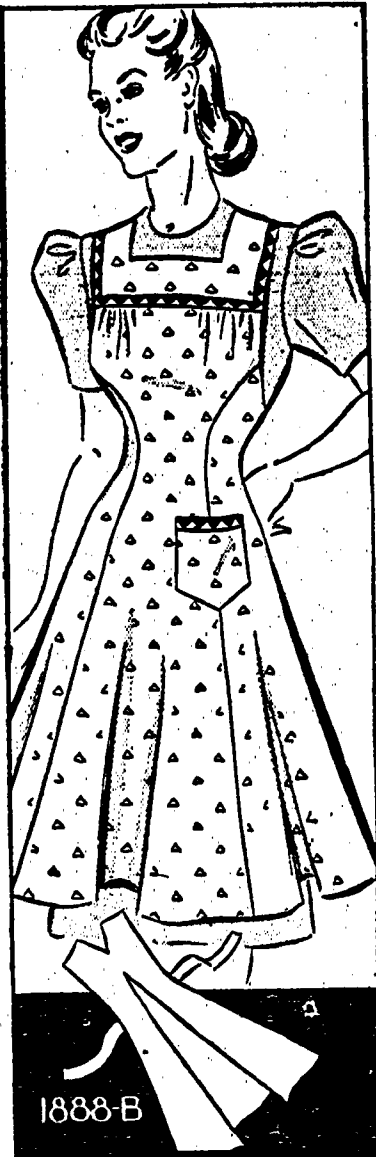
Strong dissent developed from two quarters. A number of mine leaders objected strenuously, and some of the biggest guns in the C. I. O. served notice that they intended to stick by Roosevelt regardless of anything Lewis did.

Faced with the prospect of a serious split, the scheme was dropped.

Charming New Apron Has Square Neckline

THIS pinafore apron (1888-B) is so pretty that it really deserves to be called a fashion—a crisp, flattering, practical home fashion! The square neckline (no troublesome straps), the princess waistline and bosom gathers make it fit as becomingly as your favorite afternoon dress. And it covers your dress with protective thoroughness.

Send for the pattern this very minute! You can finish the apron in a few hours, because it's simple!



nothing to make. And the first time you slip it over your head, tie the sash bow, discover how pretty it looks and comfortable it feels—you'll go ahead and make up several, in order to have a fresh, clean one always ready. Tuck some away for bridge prizes and shower gifts, too. Gingham, percale, calico and chambray are pretty for this.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1888-B is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 35-inch material; 1 yard trimming.

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

SANDPAPER
THROAT
Has a cold made it hurt even to talk? Throat rough and scratchy? Get a box of LUDEN'S. You'll find LUDEN'S special ingredients, with cooling menthol, a great aid in helping soothe that "sandpaper throat!"
LUDEN'S 5¢
Menthol Cough Drops

Mistakes in Mind
Mistakes remembered are not faults forgot.—R. H. Newell.

Don't Aggravate Gas Bloating

If your GAS BLOATING is caused by constipation, get the DOUBLE ACTION of Adolka. This 35-year-old remedy is BOTH cathartic and carminative. That warm and soothing the stomach, help expel GAS. Cathartics that act quickly and gently, clearing the bowels of wastes that may have caused GAS BLOATING, headache, indigestion, sour stomach and nerve pressure. Adolka contains three laxatives and five carminatives to give a more BALANCED result. It does not grip—it is not habit forming. Adolka acts on the stomach and BOTH bowels. It relieves STOMACH GAS almost at once, and often removes bowel wastes in less than two hours.

Sold at all drug stores

WATCH

YOU can depend on the special sales the merchants of our town announce in the columns of this paper. They mean money saving to our readers. It always pays to patronize the merchants who advertise. They are not afraid of their merchandise or their prices.

THE SPECIALS

Prologue to Love

© MARTHA OSTENSO-WNU SERVICE

By
MARTHA OSTENSO

THE STORY THUS FAR

Lovely, independent Autumn Dean, returning home to British Columbia from abroad without her father's knowledge, stops at the home of Hector Cardigan, an old family friend. He tells her that she should not have come home, that things have changed. Arriving home at the "Castle of the Norms," she is greeted lovingly by her father, Jarvis Dean, who gives her to understand that she is welcome for a short visit. Her mother, former belle named Millicent Odell, has been dead for years. Autumn cannot understand her father's attitude, though she tries to understand that she is home for good. She has grown tired of life in England, where she lived with an aunt. Her father gives a welcoming dance at the castle. Autumn meets Florian Parr, dashing, well-educated young man of the countryside. Late in the evening Autumn leaves the dance, rides horseback to the neighboring ranch where she meets Bruce Lander, friend and champion of her childhood days. He takes her to see his mother, an invalid. His father is dead, thought to have killed himself. As soon as his mother sees Autumn she commands Bruce to take her away, that death follows in the wake of the Odells. Autumn is both saddened and perplexed by the invalid's attitude. Bruce, apologetic, can offer no reason for his mother's attitude. Autumn calls again on Hector Cardigan this time to find out the reason for Mrs. Lander's outburst. From his conversation she inferred that Geoffrey Lander killed himself because he loved Millicent Dean, her mother.

CHAPTER III—Continued

There was no mistaking Hector's meaning. He would say no more about it at present. On the other hand, his very manner was in itself a confession. Autumn's question had been answered. She had no desire to leave her old friend in an unpleasant frame of mind. She looked up at him and laughed.

"Hector, you old goose," she said, "I believe you are almost angry. After all, there isn't much that either of us can do about it now. Come along, darling, and show me your flowers."

In Hector's orderly garden at the rear of the cottage, blue flags stood tall and brave, cupping the sunlight. Autumn stared at them and tried desperately to check the shaking uncertainty of her own heart; it was in Bruce Lander's eyes that she had seen that same clean and gallant blue.

The moods which had attended Bruce Lander all day had been of two disconcerting extremes. In one moment he would be swept up to heights of emotion as he thought of how Autumn Dean looked at him on their meeting last night, the quick, shy veiling of those luminous gray-green eyes of hers, a concealment that had brought a strange throb to his blood. In the next moment he would be in the depths, remembering how she had been sent away.

When Autumn had gone, he had done his best to soothe his mother and dissipate the fears that had beset her wandering mind. When he had finally succeeded in getting her to sleep, he had sat beside her for a long time, reluctant to call the nurse from her room.

All his life, it seemed, Bruce Lander had been compelled to adjust himself in one way or another to his mother's humors. He had scarcely known a day at home that had not been marred by her variable temper that often flared up over the merest trifle. It had begun when he was eight—twenty years ago now—and very soon he had grown, in his pathetic boyish way, to understand that his mother's sudden outbursts were her only means of preserving her sanity after what had happened to his father, that dashing figure romantically and tragically limned in memory. She must have loved Geoffrey Lander with a singular and rather awful intensity, and Bruce could imagine the dreadful scene in the birch-hung gully recurring to him with cruel suddenness in the midst of some familiar task. He could imagine her lifting her eyes from her sewing or from her work among her flower-beds, and beholding again the stark verity of Geoffrey Lander lying face downward in the shallow, amber-clear creek, his head lying downstream and the white stones under the water there becoming red as sullen garnets. Out of his own young heart-break had grown a great pity and patience for her.

In all those twenty years Bruce had never heard his mother speak the name of Millicent Odell until she had spoken it last night. His memory of his father was on the whole very vague. But he could recall one afternoon in summer—it had remained with him like a vivid dream—when they had ridden together down the birch-filled gully where they had gathered pocketfuls of rounded pebbles from the creek and Bruce had used them in the sling-shot his father had made for him. He did not know how he had come to think of his father and Millicent Dean as friends, but somewhere in that dimly recollected past he had seen them riding together down some forgotten trail and his boyish fancy had clung to the picture so that he had rarely been able to think of them apart. He remembered, too, the day when Jarvis Dean's wife had died. He had forgotten the words his mother had spoken that day, but the bitter spirit in which she had spoken them had lingered with his curiosity concerning the relationship of the two women.

And now, after nearly twenty years, Jane Lander had once more spoken the name of Millicent Odell, with a bitterness and hatred that time itself had failed to vanquish. Of late, he knew, there had been something almost fanatical in the proud manner in which his mother had spurned Jarvis Dean, but Bruce had found some excuse for that in the haughty arrogance of the old Laird himself, who for years had lived almost as a recluse in his formidable turreted house. Jarvis Dean's manner to the world in general had

been hostile, people said, ever since the death of his beautiful wife. If Bruce was perplexed at the Laird's stony refusal to acknowledge him even as a neighbor, there was at least some consolation in the fact that the dour sheepman treated everyone alike, granting each a sort of individual eclipse with the extraordinary power of his unseeing eye.

It was mid-afternoon, the light falling moist and sweet from the green of the hills into the curved valley where the Lander ranch seemed to hide in humility from its more magnificent neighbor, the domain of Jarvis Dean. The ancient weeping-willow trees drooped like a ceaseless lovely rain into their own dark and earthy shadow, and like a phalanx of green-tipped paint brushes the long avenue of Lombardy poplars stroked the sky, swaying in a whispered rhythm from the corral to the Lander ranch house. In the tiny patch of sunlight that lay like a gilded shield between the house and the somber poplars, Jane Lander's irises bloomed, purple, yellow, and then again purple, on each satin lip a brilliant sunny stain. Jane Lander's hands would probably never trim those beds again, Bruce thought as he strode down the walk leading from the house to the corral. The voices of the ranch hands, the bleat of sheep, the occasional barking of a dog, were rarefied to unreality through the blue filament of the air.

From the woolshed came the whirr-r-r of the shearing machine. Two or three hundred sheep stood in the corral outside, a ranch hand running them into the shed as quickly as the signal came from within. These were the pick of Bruce's flock of more than three thousand; they were great three-year-old Merinos, their bodies richly wattled.

He went into the shearing pen, where the great tall hemp sacks were rapidly filling with wool. As the nervous sheep passed from the hands of the shearers, they were being caught by the brander, who gave each a smear from the branding brush. Bruce stood by and laughed at the ungainly look of a great-horned ram as, shorn of his magnificent coat and duly branded, he dashed to freedom.

When he had inspected the work and instructed his men, Bruce went out and made his way to the small pasture back of the poplars, where he whistled to his horse. When he had saddled him he mounted and rode off to the southward to visit one of his camps. He found the camp deserted. The flock, he knew, was grazing to the eastward, close to the edge of the Dean property. He caught sight of the sheep edging their way across the face of a hill. The herder was bringing them back to camp for the night.

Bruce rode out and circled to the rear of the flock, where he found his herder at work with his dog, bringing up the stragglers and keeping the sheep on the move toward camp. "We'll be ready for your bunch tomorrow, Ned," he told the man.

"Right, sir! I'll start 'em in first thing."

Bruce ran his eye over the flock. "You've seen nothing more of that big coyote hanging around?"

"I'm thinkin' ye'll see little o' that one from now on," said the herder. "Them two shots I got at him day before yesterday come close to puttin' him away for keeps. But, since ye're askin', I did hear something this afternoon over on the Dean place. Seemed like it was down there somewhere near the Gulch—or beyond."

"You heard something?" Bruce asked.

"It sounded like one o' them cats we get up in the hills sometimes—like a young-one cryin', it was."

"Did you go down to see what it was?"

"I went as far as the Dean place, but I could hear nothin'. I heard it once or twice after then an' I could 'a' sworn it was a kid cryin'."

"When did you hear it last?"

"Mebbe an hour back—after I started headin' for home. I thought I'd come out in the evenin', just to make sure."

Bruce turned his horse about and looked eastward beyond the line that separated his own land from that of Jarvis Dean.

"Perhaps I'd better ride down that way," he said, then bethought himself. When he had been very much younger, he had heard the men talk among themselves of the haunted gully known as Lander's Gulch. His herder had doubtless been loath to venture too far that way alone. "You're sure you heard a cry of some sort, Ned?" Bruce asked him.

"Oh, indeed I did, sir. As I say—like a young-one cryin', it was."

"I'll go down and take a look," said Bruce and rode away.

At the entrance to the ravine, Bruce swung his long body out of the saddle and walked slowly into the birches, letting his horse wander off to nibble the sweet young grass. On a little rise of ground he stood and listened. The shimmering air held a sad stillness; even the coquettish young leaves of the birches drooped in a melancholy quietude.

He had been standing there only a moment when from somewhere deep within the birches came the tiny bleat of a lamb. Bruce knew it could not be one of his own flock. Ned was too experienced a herder to permit any of his wards to stray.

Besides, the sound had come from well within the land of Jarvis Dean. The responsibility was not his and yet—he stepped down from the rise of ground and strode through the birches till he came to the creek. He followed the shallow stream downward until he came at last to the fatal spot which he had marked years ago and which he had visited occasionally during the summers that had come and gone since his boyhood—the spot where the sheepherder had found the still form of Geoffrey Lander lying in the shallow creek.

He paused a moment and looked about him. The light of the waning



"I hope you will try to forget what happened last night."

afternoon was a pure amber sprayed with lacy leaf-shadows. Here it was, and on such a day as this, that Geoffrey Lander had last looked upon the world he had loved.

He lifted his eyes suddenly at the sound of a child's whimper. Only a few yards away, half-hidden behind the shining birches, a small boy was leading a lamb at the end of a rope. At first he could not believe his eyes. But when he called and the boy turned his face toward him and began to cry, Bruce knew him at once. It was the young son of Tom Willmar, Jarvis Dean's foreman. In a moment he had the boy in his arms. "Why, Simmy! Where did you come from?" he asked.

Simmy buried his face on Bruce's shoulder and sobbed. The lamb promptly lay down in the fern that grew beside the water.

Bruce laughed as he hugged the boy close. "Where in the world do you think you're going, Simmy?" he asked.

"I want to go home," Simmy sobbed. "I want to go home."

"Sure you do. Come along, son, and I'll take you home," Bruce comforted him.

He caught up the lamb under one arm, and carrying the boy on the other, made his way quickly out of the birches and whistled to his horse. Almost at the same instant he heard a woman's voice call from the hilltop to the northward and looking up he saw Autumn Dean riding toward him. He halted and waited until she had come down to him and had dismounted beside him.

"Where did you find him?" she asked Bruce.

"Down there in the gully. He looked as if he was getting ready to put up for the night."

"Simmy, you little imp!" Autumn said, stretching her arms out for him. "Come to me, darling."

Bruce surrendered his charge and stood by, the lamb still in his arms, while Autumn wiped the boy's eyes and cheeks with her handkerchief and kissed him to still his crying.

"Don't cry, darling. Autumn will take you back home." She looked at Bruce. "Could anything be sillier?" she said and laughed. "That's Mo-mo you have in your arms. The men told Simmy that they were going to dock Mo-mo's tail this afternoon and Simmy just wouldn't stand for it. He ran off to hide Mo-mo in the hills. He must have been gone for hours before anyone missed him."

"How did you know where to look for him?" Bruce asked.

"We have young Dickie to thank for that. After all hands had made

a frantic search about the place, Dickie confessed he had seen Simmy go away in this direction and I rode out at once. The men are scouring the hills. I had no idea he would have come so far."

"It was sheer luck on my part," Bruce told her. "One of my men was over this way and told me he thought he had heard a child crying. I took a run over and—"

"Simmy, you little idiot!" Autumn scolded the boy. "We might never have found you. If it hadn't been for Bruce—"

She cuddled the youngster and smiled over her shoulder at Bruce who stood watching her.

"Send the reward to Ned, my herder," he said.

She set the boy on his feet and drew a sigh of relief as she looked down where the birches stood along the creek. Abruptly and disquietingly out of the obscure weave of the past, a pattern, a color, stood out vividly before her. This was the gully she had visited years ago against her father's desires.

"I used to come down here often," she said.

"I still do—sometimes," Bruce replied slowly.

She was sorry then that she had spoken. A wistfulness had come into Bruce's eyes that caused her to turn away.

"Come along, Simmy," she said quickly. "We've got to get you back home."

"I'll go along with you," Bruce suggested. "You won't be able to manage alone."

"Thanks, Bruce," she said, and got into her saddle at once.

When he had seated the boy before her, he lifted the lamb and mounted his horse, and in a moment they were riding slowly up the hillside on the way to the trail that led back to the Dean ranch-house.

"I hope you will try to forget what happened last night, Autumn," Bruce said when they had gone a little way in silence.

Autumn turned to him and smiled reassuringly. "One doesn't try to forget such things, Bruce," she replied. "One tries to understand them."

"That's better, of course," he said. "I am sorry it happened."

"It couldn't be helped. It was I who insisted on going down. Besides—I think I'm glad rather than sorry."

"I can't quite see that," Bruce protested.

Autumn was silent for a moment before she replied. Finally she turned and looked squarely into his eyes. "You and I, Bruce, have grown up together—without knowing much about ourselves. I lay awake last night wondering why your mother should have hated mine for twenty years or more. I think I have learned the reason. I spent an hour today with Hector Cardigan."

"Hector?"

"Yes. Has it ever occurred to you that your mother's bitterness comes of—"

She hesitated and Bruce spoke up. "Of jealousy?"

"Do you think it possible that the two—your father and my mother—may have been in love with each other?"

Bruce's eyes were straight before him as he replied, "I have never thought of either of them—without the other."

There seemed to be nothing to be said after that. They rode forward together, aware of a deep and silent understanding that was more than words. Once Autumn permitted her eyes to move quickly over his strong brown hands and along his arms to the powerful curves of his shoulders. And once he turned and saw that her rippling hair had come loose from its knot at the nape of her neck and had fallen deliciously about her rose-blown cheeks. Her hair must be a sort of auburn, he thought, but in the low sun it had tints of plum color. He found himself thinking that she had deep-sea eyes—mermaid's eyes, luminous gray-green. He wanted to tell her so, but forebore.

And just then a rider came racing toward them across the range. It was one of Jarvis Dean's men who had been searching for the lost Simmy.

CHAPTER IV

In his somber-toned study Jarvis Dean sat smoking his cigar. On a small, low table beside his chair a large book lay open, face downward, at the page where he had left off his reading nearly two hours ago. It was now five o'clock and the Sunday afternoon sunshine lay in long slanting beams across the dark green rug that covered the floor. He must have dozed off, he thought, as the clock on the mantel chimed the hour. He had no idea it was so late. Dinner would be on before he knew it. It was odd that Autumn had not yet come back. Florian Parr had come up from Kelowna for the day and the girl had gone motoring with him. They would be in any moment now, surely, drinking their abominable cocktails and shattering the Sunday quiet with their inconsequential chatter.

Well, the younger generation had come to claim its own. It was only natural, after all, he supposed. But the coming had irritated him. He had never given much thought to the younger generation until Autumn had returned unannounced and taken possession of the gloomy old house with no other thought, apparently, than that the place was hers. It was surprising, too, how immediate and complete the possession had been.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

The Questions

1. The United States-Canada boundary line is the longest unfortified boundary in the world. How long is it?
2. Is the name "Confucius" Chinese?
3. How long have advertising mediums been used?
4. How many gallons of maple sap have to be evaporated to produce one of sirup?
5. Which President made the shortest inaugural address?
6. What animals change their fur or plumage to white in winter?

The Answers

1. The boundary line is 3,893 miles.
2. "Confucius" is the Latinized form of K'ung Fu-tze, which means "the philosopher or master k'ung."
3. Egyptian picture advertising over 4,000 years old have been discovered. The earliest newspaper advertising is said to have been in Germany in 1591.
4. About 35 gallons.
5. Washington. His second inaugural address consisted of but 134 words.
6. Ermine, ptarmigan, Arctic fox, and polar hare.

**SPEED'S OKAY
IN FLYING—
BUT FOR THE
'EXTRAS'
IN CIGARETTE
PLEASURE,
GIVE ME
SLOW-BURNING
CAMELS.
THEY'RE EXTRA
MILD AND
EXTRA COOL!**



PAUL COLLINS,
President of
Boston-Maine Airways, Inc.

SCIENCE points the way and the experience of millions of smokers confirms it: For the important extras in smoking pleasure, stay on the slow-burning side. The slower-burning cigarette that gives you extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor—and extra smoking per cigarette...per pack—is Camel.

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them. That means, on the average, a smoking plus equal to

**5 EXTRA
SMOKES
PER PACK!**



**FOR EXTRA MILDNESS,
EXTRA COOLNESS,
EXTRA FLAVOR—**

CAMEL

*the Cigarette of
Costlier Tobaccos*

WEEKLY LETTER BY PROCTOR
FISH AND GAME WARDEN

Continued from page 1

from 18 to 24 inches thick. Well the ice on Pool Pond at Rindge is over 20 inches thick so report ice fishermen. It's not so much fun trying to ice fish now even if you could. You still can fish for pickerel on rivers like Contoocook, Souhegan and Stony Brook but all pond fishing is now history.

Ask any of the rabbit hunters and see what they say about the past season. It's been the biggest and best rabbit and hare season that they have enjoyed for many years. Never have the Jacks and Comes and Cotton tails been so plentiful as the past season. Many of the boys were in hopes to have the season extended for the month of February. No doubt the next legislature will grant this wish if enough pressure is brought to bear.

Well we see something in the near future. Letters have begun to come in asking for our support for some office that they want in the coming November election. Well it's a good thing to start early. Like the early bird gets the worm. But what about the poor worm?

Here is an example that had me stock. How would you solve it? I had 11 puppies to find homes for and I had applications from 38 people. How to divide 11 puppies by 38 people had me sunk. How about you?

Just a few more weeks and the fox open season will be history. March 1st drops the curtain on the fox season till fall. Yes N. H. protects its foxes from March 1st to Sept. 1st. Many states class them as vermin and they can be trapped and shot at any season of the year.

What makes foxes vermin? Well a short time ago a man took me for a ride and brought me back and that's something. Well during the ride he took me out on a cart road and soon we had to walk and he showed me at least 50 full grown hens that some one had carted out into the woods and dumped. The leg bands were on the hens so it was easy to check back and see who dumped them. Then this same man will yell his head off that the foxes are bothering

him. They won't bother him for a while as this lot of hens will furnish food for them and the skunks for some time. It was his own land and his own hens so I suppose he thought he had a right to dump.

Sometime ago I was talking with a well known man from the north country and he said it was the same up there with the sheep men. A lamb or sheep dies in the winter time and instead of burning or burying the animal they throw it over the fence and they yell bloody murder when a bear comes down and takes a lamb or full grown sheep. Who is to blame? The bear has been well baited and when he don't find one over the outside of the fence he goes over the fence. I believe that the bear is a wonderful game animal and should be protected. We have a great many hunters who buy an out of state license just to hunt bears. New Hampshire is one of the few states that offer a bounty on his head of five bucks. Let's be up to date.

The war over across is going to put the fur breeder in this country back on his feet if the war lasts much longer. Over 80% of the fur used in this country comes from the warring nations. If this supply is cut off the local breeders will look for higher prices for all furs and a good deal better market right here at home.

At the Winter Carnival last week in the home town you would think that a country wide boycott on Japan was in force. No Silk Stockings. One man said to me "How can those girls skate around with bare legs and not freeze?" He had on wool and plenty of it and was still shivering.

A beautiful big red fox was crossing the ice at the beaver pond one day this week. He did not seem to be at all afraid until a little yapping dog started to tune up.

It won't be long now to the time when you will be asked to dig down for \$1.00 for 116 wild life stamps. This year they furnish you with a nice album for the same price. It's worth it and the proceeds are to be used for Conservation work.

Believing that the hot weather and the drought killed a lot of our trout last summer the Southern N. H. Council of Fish and Game clubs are to ask the State Dept. for a liberal stocking of all the brooks in

the southern part of the state.

Have you noticed the ice in the Contoocook river between Peterboro and Jaffrey. In some places it looks higher than the road right now. What will happen if we have a February thaw with a nice warm rain. Glad I live on a hill.

If you like horse racing you should be at Contoocook lake at East Jaffrey next week-end. Last Sunday Chief O'Neill told me that he parked 375 cars on the ice at one time. The ice being 20 inches thick, they say the racing is good.

It's with a great deal of sadness that we record the passing of our old friend, Fred L. Frazer. He had an up to date work shop at Davisville in the local town and turned out all sorts of useful articles. His bird houses and feeders were known and in use all over the country. He was a good fisherman in his young days and was a great lover of the Outdoors. He is a man that I will greatly miss. But the world is better for his having lived in it.

Fred Kent on the side of Lyndeboro mountain has got out fallen timber and is making it into brooder houses and range shelters any size to suit you. He can do it right and the prices are right. This is the chance for you fellows who raise pheasants and chickens.

Deeply Religious Finns Ask
For Prayers of Americans

A letter received from a relative in Finland by a West Wareham resident recently appeared in The Wareham Courier. We feel that it is worthy of reprint because it shows the deep religious feeling of the people in Finland.

To those who have sent contributions for transfer to Finland we feel sure will come a feeling of deep satisfaction and pleasure at having had a part in bringing help to so fine a race of people. The outpouring of money and clothing by our citizens is proof indeed that God has heard the prayers of the gallant nation which is fighting desperately for the right to live. We feel sure that our readers will continue to lend whatever financial aid they can and will also heed the call of the

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

HOW TO TAKE BABY PICTURES



It's easy to take good baby shots indoors with any camera—and easier if you have a camera with fast lens. With photo bulbs, box-camera snaps can be taken at night.

GOOD baby pictures are easy to take indoors, with photo lights,—provided you follow a few simple rules.

Probably the chief difficulty, in indoor shots, is that your subject likes to crawl about—and thus gets away from the spot illuminated by your photo lights. There are two simple solutions for this. Either give the baby a toy to amuse him and help him "stay put," or else place him where his movements are restricted. For example, in the crib or play pen.

Here is a simple routine which will help you get better baby pictures indoors. First, load the camera with high speed film. Pick a suitable spot for the pictures, and arrange your photo lights for a soft, diffused lighting, with no harsh shadows. A No. 1 and a No. 2 "flood" bulb in cardboard reflectors, four feet from the subject, are correct for box-camera snapshots on high speed film.

Turn on the lights before you place the baby. Put him in position—give him a bright-colored toy or one that makes a noise—and start shooting. Wind the film immediately after each shot, so as to be ready for the next pose or change of expression. A whole series of good pictures can be

taken in a few minutes, and the best expressions will usually come within that time. Five minutes is long enough for the average session of baby pictures.

A fast camera is an advantage in taking these pictures. Use a shutter speed of 1/50 second, with f/8 lens opening, or 1/100 second at f/6.3—and you are more sure of a sharp picture, even if the baby moves slightly at the moment of exposure.

With a fast lens, you can also take indoor pictures by daylight or sunlight coming through a window. The baby picture above was taken in that manner. An f/6.3 or f/4.5 lens is fast enough, if you use high speed film and a 1/25 second shutter speed. In the picture above, the bedspread acts as a reflector, throwing light into the shadows. This is desirable, as there should be no harsh, black shadows in a baby picture.

Every parent should have a full album of baby pictures, tracing the child's growth. The more of these pictures you take, the easier it is to take them, because you gain a bit of experience with each shot. And a complete record of the baby's early life—especially that first year—is a precious thing... one that you will always treasure.

John van Guilder

writer of the following letter to "Remember us when you kneel in prayer."

Kyyjarvi, Dec. 6, 1939

Dear Uncle and Family:

I was requested by father and mother to write to you. Although they would have been willing to write themselves, they are unable to do so at the present time. As you perhaps realize they, as well as many others, are burdened with sorrow. The younger generation can bear the burdens much easier than the older folks.

You have probably heard, or read in the American and Finnish newspapers, what we are going through. This small Finnish population is facing days of hardship and suffering. God loves us, even if he punishes us as he did the children of Israel. This has all come upon us and we know not why.

At the age of three I saw father leave for war and now we have to face another. Father is too old to be called as yet. If he is needed he says he is ready.

We are all in darkness and have no joy to speak of. If all the water the Finnish people have shed in tears could have been saved it would take a huge container to hold it all.

Our boys are all doing their duty here and there through Finland. The women at home spin, weave and knit socks and mittens for the boys. You are fortunate in America because you can go to bed in peace, without fear. Whereas we are compelled to wonder if we can sleep the night peacefully, also wake up with the same thought as to what the day will bring forth. Pray for us so that we may be able to live from day to day without fear and to be brave amidst our daily troubles that confront us. Also don't forget our beloved boys who are fighting for our country and freedom.

Our refuge is in the Almighty God and in Him we wholeheartedly trust. He will not forsake us and some day our troubles will be over. If our enemy succeeds in winning our land and happiness, one thing they can't take from us, that is our everlasting home beyond where there is no war and tears.

Today is "Independence Day" but we are not allowed to raise our blue and white flag. We cannot gather at our churches. We can, however, kneel before our God in our humble homes and pray for peace and strength to help us understand any hardship that may be our share. We do not know what lies before us. Whatever it is, God will not fail us. He has helped before, he will help now. We have called him in our distress and he has heard our prayers in the years that have passed.

So I beg of you and others in America to remember us when you kneel in prayer. Our lives are dark and dreary but we look upon our God and he gives us hope, hope which nothing else can give.

So hear us, oh God, and help FINLAND.

Your niece,
AINO PELTOLA"SO YOU WANT TO BE
AN EDITOR, DO YOU?"

"So You Want to be an Editor?" The following article by W. P. Cameron, editor of the Mineral Wells, Texas, Index, throws considerable light on ye editor's multitudinous duties.

If he can listen with a smile to tiresome things he's heard oftentimes before; if he can refuse to do what three or four people ask him to do without making them mad; if he can write in a way to make people laugh when he feels like cussing, or in a way to make them weep when he feels like cracking his heels together and laughing out loud; if he can remain silent when he feels like he'll burst wide open if he does not talk; if he can argue without getting mad or making the other fellow mad; if he can refuse a woman's request for free publicity without making all the members of her set mad at the paper; if he can react to the loss of a good news story and catch a better one on the rebound; if he can explain a typographical error without using up more than 30 minutes' time; if he can concentrate and write intelligent copy while three different conversations are going on around him, several typewriters clicking away and the telephone ringing and the subdued hum of the presses in the next room drumming on his ears; if he can explain why Mrs. Jones' poem on "The Sylvan Depth of October Woods" did not appear in the paper without her husband stopping his advertisement; if he can take a four-line story and spread it to a half column, or take a two-column story and condense it to two paragraphs; if he can read proofs without overlooking an error and write headlines without murdering the king's English; if he has a nose for news, an itch for writing and an inclination to work 15 hours a day, then we'd advise him to get into the game.

To Enjoy Solitude

Every home should be spacious enough for any member of it to enjoy solitude when he or she wants to.

Skidding Worst
Driving HazardSafety Council Gives Rules
To Prevent Automobile
Accidents in Winter.

CHICAGO.—When winter comes, automobile crashes are not far behind, and it's not always fair weather when good fellows get together—unless they're prepared for safe winter-driving.

The National Safety council, whose committee on winter driving hazards has conducted comprehensive research and tests of all problems created by "Old Man Winter," has revealed practical prevention methods resulting from the study which will do much to cut down the 40 per cent increase of deaths and accidents during winter months in northern states.

The greatest winter hazard is skidding and inadequate traction, the committee's research proved. Stopping distances without tire chains or cinders are from five to eight times longer on sleet or ice than on dry pavement, and three to five times longer on packed snow than on dry pavement.

Reduced visibility was clearly shown as the second most important hazard. Snow storms, in addition to obscuring the highway, often hide vehicles stalled because of inadequate traction. There are also more hours of darkness in winter.

While decreased traction and visibility are the principal hazards, the following "logical eleven" set of rules cover all problems of winter motoring and a study of them now may save your life or prevent severe injuries and property damage later.

Some Safety Rules.

1. Check electrical and exhaust systems, windshield wipers and keep brakes equalized. Keep tire chains, defrosters, and other vital equipment in good condition for use when needed. Distribute the car's load evenly.

2. Maintain adequate vision through windshield and windows. Circulate fresh air by opening cowl ventilator, rather than side windows, which tend to suck exhaust gases through the floor boards.

3. On slippery surfaces, keep speed down and the car in gear. Avoid situations requiring quick stops and sudden changes of direction.

4. Speeds on ice should not be excessive even with abrasives on the ice or with tire chains. Chains or cinders provide a needed safety factor, making 20 miles an hour on ice reasonably safe. Without them the same speed is extremely hazardous and speeds lower than 15 miles an hour are imperative.

5. The common practices of lowering tire pressure or of increasing the load give only slightly more traction and not nearly sufficient for all-around safety. These practices also damage tires. Non-skid tread tires are definitely helpful on wet pavement and to a very limited extent on snow, but they give no more anti-skid protection on ice than smooth tires.

6. Tire chains are the best self-help for the passenger car motorist. They are recommended for driving on ice and, in most instances, on snow—especially on hard packed snow. Chains on the rear wheels alone will reduce stopping distances on ice 25 to 35 per cent, and on all four wheels 40 to 50 per cent over even new tires. On packed snow tire chains cut stopping 28 per cent when on rear wheels, and 51 per cent if used on all four wheels. However, these reductions do not warrant high speeds. Chains are particularly recommended on icy hills and for heavy vehicles. Trucks with trailer units should use chains on wheels of trailer as well as tractor.

Watch for Ice.

7. On wet and even dry pavement, always anticipate ice on bridges, in shaded spots, around curves and over hills, and when thawing temperatures are dropping.

8. Start by releasing the clutch slowly, with engine idling and the car in low gear, and accelerate cautiously to avoid spinning the rear wheels. Without chains on an icy road, it is unsafe to overtake vehicles in urban areas and hazardous in rural areas unless the road ahead is clear for at least a half mile.

9. Pump the brakes in stopping, even when using chains, to keep the wheels rolling. Slow down in gear to about 10 miles an hour, then release the clutch for the final stop.

10. Keep a steady foot on the accelerator to avoid spinning the rear wheels. If a skid starts, turn the front wheels in the direction the car is skidding.

11. When it is slippery try out the brakes occasionally to get the feel of the road.

She Gets the Bird

WEST HARTFORD, CONN.—Mrs. Carl G. Hall nursed an injured robin to health and the bird adopted her home as its own. The robin likes to fly around in the trees nearby, but when she whistles it dashes back into the house through an open window.

Draftsman Drafted

SAINT JOHN, N. B.—Ad in a local newspaper: "Wanted—Draftsman to replace man called for military service. Do not apply if likely to be called for duty."

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