

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME LVII, NO. 21

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1940

5 CENTS A COPY

Molly Aiken Chapter Holds April Meeting

The April meeting of Molly Aiken Chapter D. A. R. was held Friday afternoon April 5 at the home of Mrs. H. W. Johnson on Highland Avenue. Mrs. Leo Lowell and Mrs. A. M. Swett assisted as hostesses. Ten members of Captain Josiah Crosby Chapter of Milford, N. H. were guests.

The meeting was called to order by the Regent, Mrs. Rose Poor. The ritual ceremony was conducted by the Chaplain, Mrs. Kittredge, following which, members and guests pledged their allegiance to the American flag and sang America.

The program was under the direction of Mrs. Inez Sawyer. The members responded to the roll call by naming some American composer together with some interesting fact about each one.

One hundred years of music was the subject of the afternoon and the century was divided into groups, such as Pioneer days, Civil War period etc. A group of ladies composed of Mrs. Tenney, Mrs. Kittredge, Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Nay, Mrs. Butterfield and Mrs. Maude Robinson, sang one song representing each period. There were also solos and a duet by Mrs. Tenney and Mrs. Butterfield. Mrs. Muzzey was the accompanist.

Twenty-four daughters were present to enjoy the afternoon with our guests. During the social hour refreshments were served by the hostesses.

"Patience is a remedy for every sorrow." Maybe so, but let's not be patient with the tax problem.

Bennington Grange Host To Hillsboro

The Bennington Grange entertained members of the Hillsboro Grange on Tuesday night. The Worthy Master, Amos Harrington, was present and the program was presented by the Worthy Lecturer, Irene Parker of Hillsboro, as follows: "The Wreck of the Julia LaPlante" by Brother Henry Hoffman, overseer; roll call, quotations on April, by visitors and members; essay, "Historic April," by Sister Esther Colby; special feature, A quiz contest, presented by Sister Mildred Hilladay. This was won by Sister Esther Colby; reading, "The House at the end of the Street," Sister Doris Bigwood. Visitors were also present from Hancock and Peterboro. Mrs. Patrick McGrath, Mrs. Georgetta Bryer and Mrs. Laura Levesque were on the supper committee.

Antrim Locals

Mr. and Mrs. Milo Pratt entertained their cousin, H. Earl Roberts, and two sons, Harold and Donald, of Northfield, Vt., over the week-end.

The Sunday evening vesper service of the West Hillsboro County Association of Churches, held in Peterboro, was attended by a number of Antrim people.

Friends in Antrim of the former Miss Arlene Whitney will be interested in the news of the birth of a son on March 28th to Mr. and Mrs. Kermit Stevens in Portsmouth. Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, who formerly lived in Wellesley, Mass., have been residents of Portsmouth for some time.

Meeting of Hillsboro County Dairy Herd Improvement Association at Milford

Fifty dairymen attended the annual meeting of the Hillsborough County Dairy Herd Improvement Association which was held at the Congregational Parish House in Milford the first of this month.

Following supper, the dairymen present elected Tracy Eaton of Mason president of the Dairy Herd Improvement Association for the coming year; F. W. Garland of Pelham, vice president; E. W. Pierce of Wilton, secretary; William Niedner of Hillsboro, Jeffrey Smith, of Hollis, and William Megrath of Franconstown, directors.

Prof. H. C. Moore, of the University of New Hampshire reviewed the records made by the different herds in Hillsborough County during the past year. The purebred herd of Jersey cows owned by Ex Governor Robert P. Bass of Peterborough made the highest record of any herd milked three times daily with an average of 8636 pounds of milk and 469 pounds of butterfat per cow. The Holstein herd of the Hillsborough County Farm at Grasmere was the second highest producing herd milked three times daily with an average of 12,779 pounds of milk and 432 pounds of butterfat per cow. The purebred Guernsey herd owned by Ernest C. Smith of New Ipswich was the second highest producing herd milked twice daily with an average of 8636 pounds of milk and 411 pounds of butterfat per cow. The average production per cow of the 25 herds on test during the year ending March 1 was 7480 pounds of milk and 307 pounds of butterfat.

Mr. John C. Thompson, field representative of the American Jersey Cattle Club, spoke on the breeding and registration of cattle. Mr. Thompson said that beginning in 1912 Jersey animals must have certain production records in addition to being purebred in order to be registered. This means that Jersey herds will have to do some sort of testing such as dairy herd improvement association work in order to be eligible for registration.

Mr. Thompson showed motion pictures of outstanding Jersey cattle which were exhibited at the World's Fair in New York and San Francisco last summer.

Mr. Calvin Foss of Rochester and Everett Carlson of Farmington put on a demonstration on Building a Safety Bull Pen which they gave at the National Dairy Show at Treasure Island in San Francisco last summer. They had a miniature model of a bull pen and exhibited different materials and gave figures on the advantages and disadvantages for different materials for building bull pens. The demonstration which these 4-H club boys gave at Milford was the same one which won them each a \$100 college scholarship in the contest in San Francisco last summer.

WEEKLY LETTER BY PROCTOR FISH AND GAME WARDEN

If the lady from Barre, Mass., who runs a filling station will send her name and address again we will tell her where she can find a good watch dog. Address mislaid.

Our friend, Rines of Brookline, has got a fine position in a Navy Yard in Virginia and his wife is selling out his pheasants, quail and chukkers with all the coops and outfit for raising same. Here is your chance to go into the wild bird business at depression prices. Sorry to see Rines go as he had a wonderful start and was making good in the wild game bird business.

Believe it or not but over the week-end we found homes for quite a few small female dogs. We have requests for over 40 small short haired males.

A few weeks ago we mentioned the fact that old dogs which have been in the family for a number of years should not be put into new homes. They become homesick as well as human. A faithful old dog or cat should be taken to a Vet and have the needle which is the most humane way of putting them to their long sleep. Some years ago I found an old dog tied to one of the trees in my yard. The owners had left him with me to put away. The look in the eyes of that old fellow was enough to get anyone. It's O.K. to give a dog or cat up to a year but after that it's cruel to pass them along to some one else.

Several dogs were reported in as being lost over the week-end. Report in all found dogs to your nearest Police Chief. The two hound dogs we reported in last week were owned in New Boston.

The other morning we were routed out of bed by the fire alarm and a red bright light. This was the A. L. Curtis saw and elder mill on route 31 out of the home town towards Lyndeboro. We will say right now that the local fire department did a wonderful job in saving the adjoining property. A nicer piece of work I never saw in the fire fighting line.

Had this fire been a month later it would have been a far different story as millions of red hot sparks landed in the Whiting woods and on top of many houses and roofs which were covered with snow.

William Curtis of Hancock brings

Continued on page 8

An announcement was made at the meeting of the recent resignation of Richard E. Moulton who has been cow tester for the Association for the past three years. Mr. Moulton will work at the Hampshire Hills Farms at Wilton doing laboratory and general dairy work. Andrew Somero of New Ipswich, a graduate of the University of New Hampshire, has been employed as tester and commenced his work on March 25.

The Hillsborough County Association had more cows on test this past year than any other county in New Hampshire. Rev. John Wright of Merrimack announced that he would place his purebred Jersey herd on test commencing this month.

Presbyterian Church Annual Meeting

The Annual Meeting of the Antrim Presbyterian Church was held last Thursday at the close of a splendid Parish Supper served by Mrs. Ross Roberts and her able committee.

About 60 remained for the business meeting when reports were read from many organizations and officers elected. Mr. John Jameson and Mr. Charles Prentiss were re-elected to the Board of Trustees. A healthy condition was noted in organizations. The Bible School shows a growth of 11, church attendance has increased, the music has improved, 11 have been received to church membership, no losses by death. The Congregational current receipts are \$2862.00 and total benevolences \$545.00. The Trustees presented a budget for the coming year of \$2317. By a ballot of 21 to 13, it was voted to finish the basement of the church for social purposes.

John F. G. Gunther Designs Lettering and Arrangement For MacDowell Stamp

The lettering and arrangement of material on the cover to be used with the Edward MacDowell commemorative stamp were designed by John F. G. Gunther of Hancock, N. H.

The official copyrighted cachet for use in connection with the first-day sale of these stamps at Peterboro, May 13, has the approval of the widow of the famous composer and is sponsored by the MacDowell club of Peterboro, the Monadnock Region Association, Peterboro, Rotary club, Peterboro, Stamp club and the Keene Philatelic Society. These covers may be secured, autographed by Mrs. Edward MacDowell, at \$1.00. Proceeds from sales will go for the maintenance of MacDowell's grave on the Colony property in Peterboro.

The caption on the cachet is "Edward MacDowell, Art Musica, 1861-1908," then below the picture, "The Log Cabin, house of dreams, Peterborough, N. H., in the Monadnock Region." The etching is of MacDowell's log cabin at the MacDowell Colony in Peterboro where much of his music was written, and is by Grant Reynard, a former member of the colony.

Mr. Gunther is also an etcher and an architect, with an office in Peterboro, but his home is in Hancock where he lives with his wife, Elizabeth (Clark) Gunther, and their triplet daughters, Ann, Joan and Friscilla, who are nine years old.

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If Interested in— GUARANTEED NURSERY STOCK Call Antrim 17-12 A. J. WHEELER CONCORD ST. - ANTRIM, N. H.

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THE MOTHS AND THE FLAME



Card of Thanks

I wish to thank the friends neighbors and all who so kindly thought to help, cheer and comfort me and my loved ones during my sickness.

Mrs. Campbell Paige and Family

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE

The Board of Selectmen will be in the Town Office, Saturday, April 13th, from 2 until 4 o'clock p. m. and Monday, April 15th, from 7 until 9 p. m. to receive inventories and bear all parties regarding their liability to be taxed. Hugh M. Graham Dalton R. Brooks Alfred G. Holt 20-21 Selectmen of Antrim.

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Things to make

WE OFFER here two new cut-outs. Practical as well as decorative features are incorporated in the duck; decorative alone is the purpose of the sunbonnet girl. These designs, of course, are to be traced on wall-board, plywood or thin lumber. Jig, coping or keyhole saw may



be used to cut them out, and when painted they become attractive ornaments for your lawn.

Outlines for the 19-inch duck and his "Keep Off Grass" sign are on pattern Z9086, 15 cents. A "Use Walk" sign is also given. In about 24-inch size, the ever-popular sunbonnet girl and her sprinkling can are on pattern Z9088, 15 cents.

Select one or both of these clever cutout figures. General cutout directions, as well as specific painting suggestions come with each pattern. Send order to:

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Box 166-W Kansas City, Mo.
Enclose 15 cents for each pattern desired. Pattern No.
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Sinews of Virtue
Good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue.—Izaak Walton.

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Air-conditioned Restaurant & Bar. Luncheon from 50¢. Dinner from 70¢
HOTEL IN BEAUTIFUL TUDOR CITY
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Star Dust

By VIRGINIA VALE
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

THERE'S been a bit of knife-throwing going on in Hollywood, and it's been none too good for the nerves of the spectators who are scheduled to act as targets. Paulette Goddard is trying her hand at it, in preparation for her role in Cecil B. DeMille's "North West Mounted Police." She is scheduled to play "Louvette," whom Mr. DeMille described as "a combination of Circe, Desdemona, Carmen and a black panther." She always gets her man, and knife-throwing is part of her menace.

So she's been practicing around the studio. "It's hard work," she complained the other day. "I'm afraid I'll knock off a finger or chop off a toe before I'm through."

"Probably my toe," gloomily prophesied Bob Hope, who's working with her in "The Ghost Breakers."

And over at Warner Brothers' Steve Clemento is also hurling knives, in a corner of the set for "Torrid Zone." An expert, he



BETTE DAVIS

easily flips a knife into a wall 15 paces away.

James Cagney and Pat O'Brien, stopping to watch him, noticed that there were two chalk marks on the wall, less than six inches apart, and that the knife went whistling neatly between them.

"What do those marks mean?" asked O'Brien.

"Those," answered Clemento, "represent your head and Mr. Cagney's. They'll be that close together when I throw a knife between them for the picture."

Bette Davis owns her own home at last. She's been in Hollywood for nine years, and lived in a different home each year—she's never owned a house, a ranch or even a vacant lot. But before beginning "All This and Heaven Too" she bought what the salesman called "An American farm house"; she says it reminds her of her childhood home in New England. It's just five minutes from the studio. It's also just a little too near the Los Angeles river, which overflowed its banks a few years ago, washing away several homes in the vicinity.

Martha Scott and William Holden, two of the stars in Sol Lesser's "Our Town," consumed 32 strawberry ice cream sodas during the making of the love scenes for the picture, and at the moment wouldn't care if they never saw another one. But Frank Craven, who finished 10 cans of tobacco in his pipe during his scenes, just went out and bought more for his personal use.

There's an entire Hollywood novel in a press announcement that was sent out a while ago, before Linda Darnell started east. "Miss Darnell will be accompanied to New York by her mother, Mrs. Margaret Darnell," it stated, "but her father, who is a clerk in the Dallas post office, will remain on the job back in Texas." Apparently even the fame of his very beautiful daughter doesn't dazzle Mr. Darnell.

Priscilla and Rosemary Lane received a substantial offer to become platinum blondes—and turned it down! A representative of more than 5,000 hairdressers made it; he said that a scheme is being promoted to revive the platinum blonde craze introduced by the late Jean Harlow, and that several other stars are being approached with the same offer. It includes a royalty in addition to the flat advance sum.

Recently the students of Blue Ridge college, New Windsor, Md., selected Albert Dekker as the "Perfect Profile of 1940." Dekker won a narrow victory over Nelson Eddy; the girls selected him because his was the profile that impressed them most when they inspected the photographs of the contestants, which included every male star in Hollywood. What they didn't know was the man they chose as appears in his current picture, "Dr. Cyclops," with his head shaved and his nose obscured by a pair of glasses.

Household News



LAMB CHOPS EN CASSEROLE MAKE A "BUSY-DAY DINNER"

(See Recipes Below)

There's something about the first warm, sunny days of spring that makes a woman don her working clothes, roll up her sleeves and get started on house cleaning.

In spite of all the work involved, spring cleaning does give your spirits a lift. And it's very apt to spur you on to such heights that unless you've planned your cleaning campaign with all the finesse of an army general, the end of house cleaning is likely to find you with a shining, immaculate house, but an exceedingly weary body and a very disturbed family! But with a definite plan of action to guide you, even your meals can be served on schedule, and they can be good meals; a simple meal with a hot main dish that can be partly prepared the day before, is one solution to the problem of how to keep your family well fed and happy even at house cleaning time.

Plan a meal that requires little watching, one that is easy to serve and one that won't be spoiled if it isn't eaten on the stroke of 12:00. Serve the meal "help-yourself-style," using paper plates and napkins, because these are the things that make hot meals practical even in the thick clean-up by flying brooms and dust mops.

You'll find worthwhile suggestions for busy-day meals, below.

Spanish Roll.
Round steak, 2½ inches thick
1 No. 2 can tomatoes
1 small can mushrooms
1 medium onion (cut fine)
1 green pepper (cut fine)
¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper
4 whole cloves
Dash of allspice
½ teaspoon salt
Noodles

Dredge steak with flour and sear on both sides. Place in casserole, and add tomatoes, mushrooms, onion, green peppers and seasoning. Cover and bake about 2½ hours in a slow oven (300 degrees). Half an hour before serving, boil some noodles in salted water. Drain. Place steak on large platter, surround with noodles, and cover with the sauce.

Busy-Day Cake.
(Makes one 8-inch cake)
¼ cup butter
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
½ cup milk
1 teaspoon flavoring extract
1½ cups flour (cake flour preferred)
½ teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt

Soften the butter by creaming. Then add sugar, unbeaten eggs, milk, flavoring extract, and the dry ingredients which have been sifted together. With a rotary beater or electric mixer, beat for 2 or 3 minutes, or until the batter is light and very smooth. Pour into greased pan 8 by 8 by 2 inches deep, and cover evenly with the following mixture:

½ cup sweet chocolate (grated)
½ cup nut meats (cut fine)
Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for 35 to 40 minutes.

Lamb Chops en Casserole.
(Serves 6)
8 lamb chops
¼ teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper
15 small new potatoes
2 lbs. fresh peas, (2 cups shelled)
¼ cup water
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon butter

Cut fat from the chops, sprinkle them with ¼ teaspoon salt and few grains pepper and brown slightly on both sides. Arrange the chops

"The Name Is Familiar"

BY FELIX B. STREYCKMANS and ELMO SCOTT WATSON

A Garrison Finish
THEY said you couldn't possibly do it, that you hadn't a ghost of a chance to win. But in the last moment you "came through" and won—and that was a "garrison finish." It's called that because it's the way Edward H. ("Snapper") Garrison, one of the most famous jockeys in American turf history, won a race in 1886 when he came from nowhere with an outsider, to take the Great Eastern handicap at Sheepshead Bay, N. Y.

The term stuck to "Snapper," who never liked "front runners." He held 'em back until they reached the stretch where, as he was accustomed to remark, "the money is." Garrison's most famous race was his victory on Boundless in the World's Fair Derby in Chicago in 1893. On one pretext or another, such as fixing his straps and his saddle, he delayed the start for an hour and 42 minutes. He spent most of this time on the ground, thus keeping the weight off his horse, while the other jockeys fumed and their horses wore themselves down prancing and plunging.

"Snapper" was fined \$1,000 for delaying the race but he didn't care. He booted Boundless, a 15 to 1 shot, home in first place and that "garrison finish" was worth just \$60,000 to his owner!

Silhouette
THE silhouette got its name from Etienne de Silhouette, who was not an artist but the French minister of finance in 1759.

By sheer economy, he tried to remedy the evils of a war that had just ended, leaving the country financially exhausted. He enforced so many rules that only very plain living was possible for even those who had money. Clothes were made without folds or frills, snuff boxes were of plain wood and table plate had to be melted down to provide money. So it was that everything came to be a la Silhouette, which meant very plain and in its simplest form. And about this same time there originated the fad for having portraits done merely in outline—no colors, no details—in other words, just in their plainest and simplest form. They were known as pictures a la Silhouette.

Etienne de Silhouette's rules were too strict and the people rebelled. After only nine months Finance Minister Silhouette was forced to resign and the people went back to their customary ornate ways of life. But the outline pictures remained in vogue and they were called silhouettes in memory of the man who tried to take away all the color and glamour from the French people.

Morris Chair
THE next time you sink back into the comfort of that old morris chair, you might remember gratefully the man who made it possible for you. He was an Englishman named William Morris. Born in 1834, he was successively—and successfully—a poet, an architect and a painter. He built a house in which furniture, wall paper, drapes and household utensils were all specially designed.

That suggested a new occupation—interior decorator. With several others, Morris organized a firm which did all sorts of interior decorating. Out of the work of this firm, devoted to the "revival of sounder ideas of construction and workmanship" and to winning the English "back to the massive simplicity of plain oak furniture" came the chair which bears the name of this "painter, designer, scribe, illuminator, wood engraver, dyer, weaver and finally printer and papermaker."

Oh, yes! He was also interested in politics, first as a Liberal and then as a Socialist, for whom he wrote a rallying song, "Chants for Socialists." But when they drifted toward anarchism, he lost confidence in the movement and went back to his first love, the arts, to which he devoted himself until his death in 1896.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)
National Park Visitors
Travelers from 22 foreign countries, five United States possessions, the 48 states and the District of Columbia were among the 381,787 visitors to Mount Rainier National park last year. It was the second largest number of visitors in history.

Dr. Lucas Tonic Tablets
Stomach - Blood - Nerve
Prescribed by Wm. H. Lucas, M.D., N. Y. Practicing Physician since 1885.
For Tired, Run-down, Nervous Conditions and Frequent Colds.
Astounding Recovery of Energy, Strength, Appetite and General Health is claimed by Users of Dr. Lucas Tonic Tablets. At all Drug Stores.
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Helped Found Actors' Fund
Edwin Booth was one of the principal founders of the Actors' fund of America, June 8, 1882.

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USING this one clever pattern (1928-B), you can make a pretty complete play wardrobe for your young hopeful. It includes a scrap of a sun-suit, a sweet little frock, and a nice, scoopy, eye-shading bonnet, and every one of the three trifles takes practically no time to make. They're all just as comfortable to play in as they are cute to look at.

The sun-suit consists of straps and gathers in the back, and is



perfectly straight in the front. The yoke of the frock is extended into wings of kimono sleeves, and rows of braid trim every possible edge of both the frock and the bonnet. Simple as it is, the pattern includes a step-by-step sew chart as well as complete directions. Gingham, seersucker, percale and chambray all come in colors which are particularly nice for tots' play togs like this. Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1928-B is designed for sizes 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 years. Size 3 requires 3½ yards of 35-inch material without nap for the ensemble; 5½ yards ricrac braid. Send order to:

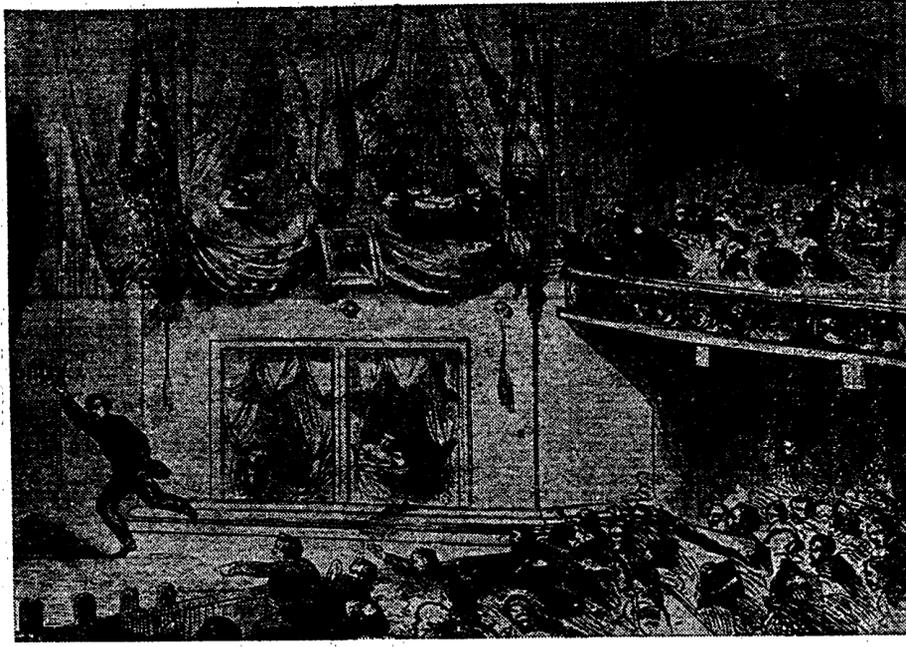
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Fruit of Patience
Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.—Rousseau.

CONSTIPATED?
Don't Let Gas, Nerve Pressure Keep You Miserable
When constipated two things may happen. FIRST: Accumulation wastes swell up the bowels and press on nerves in the digestive tract. This nerve pressure often causes headaches, a dull, lazy feeling, loss of appetite, and dizziness. SECOND: Partly digested food starts to decay forming GAS, bringing on sour stomach, acid indigestion, and heartburn, bloating you up until you sometimes gasp for breath. Then you can't eat. You can't sleep. Your stomach is sour. You feel tired, out, grouchy, and miserable. BALANCED Adierka containing three laxatives and five carminatives gives you DOUBLE ACTION. It relieves that awful GAS almost at once, and usually clears the bowels in less than two hours. No waiting for overnight relief. Sold at all drug stores.

Seventy-Five Years Ago This Month The Whole World Was in Mourning for America's First Martyred President



"STOP THAT MAN!"—John Wilkes Booth flees across the stage of Ford's theater in Washington after firing the shot which ended the life of Abraham Lincoln. (From a drawing in Harper's Weekly, April 29, 1865.)

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)
IT IS the evening of April 14, 1865—Good Friday.

On the stage of Ford's theater in Washington the famous actress, Laura Keane, is playing in a delightful comedy, "Our American Cousin." Joining in the laughter that sweeps through the audience from time to time is a gaunt, sad-faced man sitting at ease in a high-backed, satin-upholstered rocking chair in an upper stage box. Abraham Lincoln is forgetting for a few minutes the crushing responsibilities which he, as Chief Executive of a nation torn asunder in civil war, has been bearing for four long years.

The third act of the play begins. The President leans over to whisper something to Mrs. Lincoln who sits beside him. Neither the Lincolns nor Maj. Harry R. Rathbone and a Miss Harris, who accompanied them to the theater, notice that a dark-moustached young man has slipped through the door at the rear of the box and is now standing behind the President.

The next moment there is the muffled sound of a shot. It is unnoticed by the players on the stage or the audience, still chucking over the last funny line they have heard. But the President's head drops forward on his breast.

Startled, Major Rathbone looks around. Through the smoke he sees the dark young man with a pistol in his hand and hears him mutter something which sounds like "Freedom!" The major leaps to his feet and grapples with the intruder, who slashes at him with a knife, tears loose from the officer's grasp and springs to the front of the box.

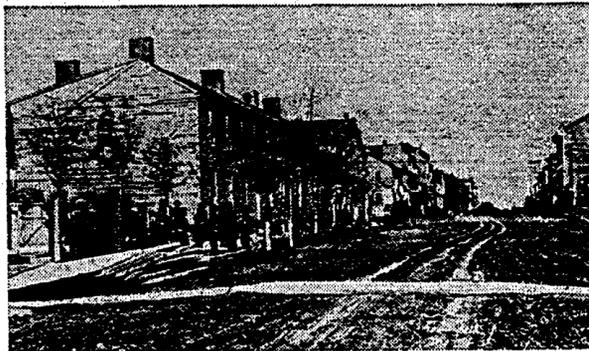
As he vaults over the railing, his spur catches in an American flag which drapes the front of the box. He drops heavily to the stage with one leg doubled under him, then scrambles to his feet. With blood streaming from his wounded arms, Rathbone rushes to the front of the box.

"Stop that man! Stop him!" he shouts. "The President has been shot!"

But everyone is too stunned to move for a moment. The young man, waving aloft the bloody knife, drags himself across the stage and disappears in the wings. But before he does so, the startled actors recognize in the white face and the black eyes blazing with fanatical hatred the familiar features of one of their own profession—John Wilkes Booth.

All this has taken place in less time than it takes to tell it. The next moment Ford's theater is a pandemonium of screaming women and shouting men, shoving, pushing, breaking chairs, crashing through railings and trampling upon each other as they surge toward the stage or try to climb up to the box where the moaning Mrs. Lincoln is supporting her stricken husband and Major Rathbone is trying vainly to open the door which the assassin had barred from the inside.

Now the soldiers of the President's guard come bursting into the theater and with fixed bayonets and drawn pistols they charge the milling crowd. Their hoarse shouts of "Clear out! Clear out, you sons of hell!" rise above the tumult as they



IN SPRINGFIELD—Outside the old Globe tavern, where Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd spent their honeymoon, members of the martyred President's cabinet and other dignitaries awaited the arrival of the funeral train in Lincoln's home town.

drive the half-crazed audience out of the theater.

Meanwhile Rathbone has succeeded in unbarring the door to the box and several people, among them a surgeon, rush in. They see the tall form of the President slumped forward in his chair, his sad eyes closed, never to open again. Someone brings a shutter, torn from a building near by, and they lay his gaunt form upon it. They carry him out of the theater to the house of Charles Peterson across the street.

Ford's theater is empty, deserted now. Its curtain has been rung down upon the comedy, "Our American Cousin"—and upon one of the greatest tragedies in American history.

Death at 7:22 A. M.

The next morning Washington newspapers carried this story:

"The body of President Lincoln, who died from an assassin's bullet at 7:22 o'clock this morning, was removed from the Peterson residence opposite Ford's theater to the executive mansion in a hearse and wrapped in the American flag. It was escorted by a small squad of cavalry and by Gen. Augur and other military officials on foot. A dense crowd accompanied the remains to the White House, where a military guard excluded the people, allowing none but persons of the household and personal friends of the deceased to enter. Gen. Grant arrived here at 2 o'clock in a special train from Philadelphia. His presence tends somewhat to allay the excitement. The last lines penned by Mr. Lincoln were written on a card about 8:15 p. m., while seated in his carriage in front of the White House just before he started for the theater. They were addressed to the Hon. George Ashmun and were as follows: 'Allow Mr. Sherman and friends to come to me at 9 a. m. tomorrow.'

"A. Lincoln."

Leaf through the pages of James G. Blaine's "Twenty Years in Congress," published in 1886, and read there this description of the events which followed:

"The remains of the late President lay in state at the executive mansion for four days. The entire city seemed as a house of mourning. The martial music which had been resounding in glad celebration of the national triumph had ceased; public edifice and private mansion were alike draped with the insignia of grief.

an imposing military and civic procession, was transferred to the rotunda of the Capitol.

"The day was observed throughout the Union as one of fasting and prayer. Services in the churches throughout the land were held in unison with the services at the executive mansion, and were everywhere attended with exhibition of profound personal grief.

The South in Sorrow.

"In all the cities of Canada business was suspended, public meetings of condolence with a kindred people were held, and prayers were read in the churches.

"Throughout the Confederate states, where war had ceased but peace had not yet come, the people joined in significant expressions of sorrow over the death of him whose very name they had been taught to execrate.

"Early in the morning of the 21st the body was removed from the capitol and placed on the funeral car which was to transport it to its final resting place in Illinois. The remains of a little son who had died three years before were taken from their burial place in Georgetown and borne with those of his father for final sepulture in the stately mausoleum which the public mind had already decreed to the illustrious martyr. The train which moved from the national capital was attended on its course by extraordinary manifestations of grief on the part of the people."

As for the story of that sorrowful journey westward, no one has ever told it better than Carl Sandburg, poet and Lincoln biographer. The closing words of his masterpiece "Abraham Lincoln: The War Years," (published this year by Harcourt, Brace and company)—words whose stark simplicity remind one of such writings as the Gettysburg Address—are these:

"There was a funeral.

"It took long to pass its many given points.

"Many millions of people saw it.

"The line of march ran seventeen hundred miles.

"Yes, there was a funeral.

"From his White House in Washington—where it began—they carried his coffin, and followed it nights and days for twelve days.

"Bells tolling, bells sobbing the requiem, the salute guns, cannon rumbling their inarticulate thunder.

"To Springfield, Illinois, the old home town, the Sangamon nearby, the New Salem hilltop nearby, for the final rest of the cherished dust.

"And the night came with great quiet.

"And there was rest.

"The prairie years, the war years, were over."



TAMPA, FLA.—A session with Clark Griffith, the Gray Fox of Washington, carries you back many a day and many a year. Outside of Connie Mack, Griff can take you deeper into the thrills of the past than anyone else in baseball.

My own first training camp thrill came in 1898 in Nashville. A tall, broad-shouldered, awkward-looking party came into the locker room, wearing a pale-blue suit with brass buttons. A short while later against Vanderbilt he showed us a buzzing medley of speed and curves that no one had ever seen before. And not so many have seen it since.

He was over six feet two, weighed 200 pounds, and he was lanky in looks. In addition to blazing speed he had the fastest-breaking curve ball I've ever seen.

His name was George Edward (Bube) Waddell.

Even when he was fading out with tuberculosis he still had enough left to strike out 18 of Connie Mack's Athletics.

Griff's Top Thrill

Griff's top training camp thrill arrived in Atlanta around 1904.

Griff was waiting that morning to meet a young first baseman, just heading in from California. He had no other first baseman on his Yankee roster, so the rookie had to be good.

"Suppose he's a flop, what'll you do?" I asked the Old Fox.

"A flop?" said Griff. "He's going to be the greatest first baseman that ever lived. You wait and see."

The kid arrived around noon or a trifle later. He was well built,



CLARK GRIFFITH

on the lean side, with a quick, friendly smile. The personality part was all there.

"How many days before you'll be ready to start?" Griffith asked him.

"I thought you played a game today," the rookie said.

"We do," Griff told him.

"That's when I'd like to start," his young first baseman countered. "I'm always in shape."

That afternoon he made at least three plays around first that left your scalp sizzling. They were plays no one but a great artist could make. With a runner on second someone laid a bunt along the first-base foul-line. The kid was on it like a bounding kangaroo in time to nail the runner at third. It took less than his first ball game to know that another star was on his way to the headlines.

The rookie's name was Hal Chase.

Another Fair Entry

There was the day back in Augusta around the same period when an 18-year-old strapping came along.

First time up he laid down a bunt, beat it out, stole second and then third. He finished out the day with a double, triple and home run.

The Hon. Oliver Babe Hardy was among those present. Not a bad afternoon for an 18-year-old kid. His name was Tyrus Raymond Cobb of Royston, Ga.

Later on he only made over 4,000 base hits and stole close to 1,000 bases before he took off the spikes after 24 years.

There were training camp days in the old Southern league, also. I recall two outfielders who caught and held the eye. They were great ball players the first time you saw them. Looking back a long, long way, this was around 1907 as I recall time, now shrouded in mists.

One played for Little Rock—the other for New Orleans. The first was the best looking outfielder I'd ever seen in action. And one of the best hitters. His name was Tris Speaker. The other was the best looking actor with a bat around the plate anyone had ever seen. His name was Shoeless Joe Jackson.

And there was the spring training season 21 years ago, back in 1919, when the Boston Red Sox decided to make a regular outfielder out of their crack left-handed pitcher. They had an idea he might turn out to be a first-class slugger.

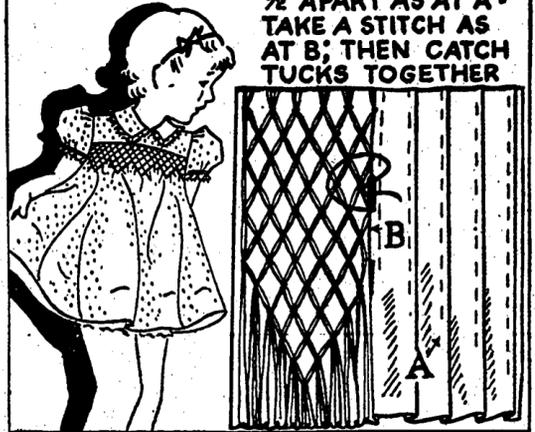
In one of the March games here in Florida he mauled one that carried over 500 feet into a pine thicket beyond the field—the longest blow the oldest inhabitant had ever seen, not even barring the top hurricane.

I was on that trip and I was looking at a fellow by the name of Babe Ruth.

HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears

HONEYCOMB SMOCKING BY THE TUCK METHOD—BASTE TUCKS 1/2" DEEP AND 1/2" APART AS AT A. TAKE A STITCH AS AT B; THEN CATCH TUCKS TOGETHER



A MOTHER writes: "I have enjoyed using the embroidery stitches in SEWING Book 2. I find a great deal of pleasure in handwork for the dresses of my little five-year-old, and am particularly interested in smocking."

Here is a trick that is useful for making honeycomb smocking in points without a special pattern. The fullness of any dress may be basted into tucks of graduated length, as at A. Even a little fullness in the center front or at the neckline may be smocked in one or two points. Always baste the center front tuck first and then work each way from it. The smocking starts at the left and is done with colored thread. Begin at the top of the second tuck. Catch it to the tuck at the left with three stitches. Work from the top down along each tuck as shown. The stitch at B is made by sliding the needle along inside the tuck.

NOTE: If you like to do handwork you will want a copy of Mrs. Spears' Book 2. It contains directions for making 42 embroidery stitches with their authentic names. Also illustrations of five processes of mending fabrics;

making doll clothes, and gift items. Books are 10 cents each—please order by number—No. 1, 2, 3 and 4. Each book contains an assortment of 32-pages of curtains; slip covers; rag rugs; toys; gifts and novelties for bazaars. With your order for four booklets you will receive a FREE set of three Quilt Block patterns of Mrs. Spears' Favorite Early American Quilts. Send orders to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Drawer 10
Bedford Hills New York
Enclose 10 cents for one book, or 40 cents for four books and set of quilt block patterns.
Name
Address

Kangaroo Court in Jail

About 1,700 of the 3,100 county and local jails in this country allow inmates to hold kangaroo courts, or mock trials presided over by the tougher prisoners, for the purpose of "maintaining discipline," which consists merely of delegating distasteful jobs to those they dislike and extorting money from others through ridiculous fines.—Collier's.

ASK ME ANOTHER ? A Quiz With Answers Offering Information on Various Subjects

- ### The Questions
1. What country has neither army nor navy?
 2. What is the difference between the rank and the file?
 3. At what point in the United States do four states join?
 4. The word dugout has what three common meanings?
 5. How many countries are there in South America?
 6. How long have false teeth been worn?
 7. An amanuensis is which: a dancer, a sculptor, or a scribe?
 8. What famous ancient Greek was known as the henpecked philosopher?
 9. Who was the first man reputed to have said that there is nothing new under the sun?
 10. When a vacuum electric light bulb is broken, what causes the report?

- ### The Answers
1. Iceland.
 2. To an officer facing his company the rank appears horizontal, and the file vertical.
 3. Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado.
 4. A low shelter for baseball players. A canoe made by hollowing a log. A cave made in a hill-side.
 5. Thirteen.
 6. The ancient Romans wore false teeth.
 7. Scribe.
 8. Socrates.
 9. Solomon.
 10. The outside air rushing into the vacuum.



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O-Cedar Polish
MOPS, WAX, DUSTERS, CLEANERS AND O-CEDAR FLY AND MOTH SPRAY

Apply the Rule
We have committed the Golden Rule to memory; now let us commit it to life.—Edwin Markham.

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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 Antrim Reporter
ANTRIM NEW HAMPSHIRE
Published Every Thursday

H. W. ELDREDGE
Editor and Publisher
Nov. 1, 1892—July 9, 1939
W. T. TUCKER
Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One year in advance \$2.00
Six months in advance \$1.00
Single copies 5 cents each

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

Display advertising rates on application.

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

Obituary poetry and flowers charged at advertising rates.

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

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

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

THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1940

REPORTERETTES

Too many experts will spoil anything.

Some people are as hard to mate up as odd stockin's.

Common sense is the ability to apply ordinary experience.

Women spoil every romance by trying to make it last forever.

Chiselers finally gouge themselves—usually in a vital spot or member.

Some medicos say there ain't no such animal as spring fever; some there is. Meanwhile, man suffers with spring fever.

Regarding music, some people are highbrows, some are lowbrows, and many, perhaps the great majority, are middlebrows.

Buyin' a new hat will help any woman get out of the dumps. I've often wondered what can a man do that's half as good for him.

I've worn my hair in an "updo" for thirty years. Last year it was right in style. Now I'm afraid it's soon going to be "quaint" again.

He that standeth in the light of his neighbor's prosperity maketh his own poverty.

Nature withholdeth no good things from those who serve her—and including happiness.

The gist of Senator Tobey's position now is that he was licked but not convinced.

Remember when you could tell a business woman or a college girl by the way she dressed?

Maine's election will be held September 9. As goes Maine so goes the nation's attention.

The only man I've ever met who didn't brighten up at flattery, turned out to be stone deaf.

Men marry because they are tired; women because they are curious. Both are disappointed.

Many good ideas become worthless because the courage to present them did not accompany them.

As a subject of conversation, the census leads. But not for long. Folks' soon will go back to the weather.

A man who won't let his own wife use make up will break his neck looking at somebody else's make-up wife.

Summer Welles is home from abroad. But did you hear any bands play, "Hail, the conquering hero comes?"

With an odd sense of timing, Massachusetts chose the first day of spring to select November 28 as Thanksgiving day.

Antrim Locals

Charles Codman has entered a Concord hospital for treatment.

Mrs. M. A. Poor and Mrs. Frank Seaver were in Manchester on Monday.

Mrs. Ellen Thayer has returned to her home here after spending several months in Boston.

Miss Olive Ashford of Chelsea was a week-end guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Ashford.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bass and daughter Barbara of Quincy, Mass., were guests of Mrs. Fred Roberts on Sunday.

A number of Antrim people attended the sacred movie, "Golgotha," in the Hillsboro Congregational church on Sunday afternoon.

The eclipse of the sun on Sunday afternoon attracted many observers, each with their piece of smoked glass or old negative, which gave a fine view of the phenomena.

Antrim Locals

Miss Mallory and Mrs. Ethel Sykes of Methuen, Mass., are visiting Miss Mallory at the Havarest.

Mr. and Mrs. William Goodrich of Beverly, Mass., spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Bean and family.

Miss Velma Babine of Margaret's Beauty School, Manchester, is spending a week's vacation with her aunt, Mrs. Clifford Bean.

Robert Nylander has sold his trucking business to Manchester parties, who will continue the business between Antrim and Manchester with headquarters in that city.

The Annual Spring Meeting of Newburyport Presbytery and the Presbyterial will be held in the German Presbyterian Church of Lawrence, Mass. at 10 A. M. Thursday, Apr. 18 closing the 19th.

Miss Janice Hartwell of Ashuelot is staying with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. David Bassett, while her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Hartwell, are taking a vacation trip to Washington, D. C. They are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Don Madden.

Hillsboro

Smith Memorial church was filled Sunday night for the famous talking picture, "Golgotha," the picture of the famous "Passion Play."

Mrs. Rosamond Herrick has concluded her duties as supervisor of the WPA sewing project, a position which she has held for the past three years.

Portia Chapter, O. E. S., will hold its regular meeting in Masonic hall on Monday evening, April 15th. Degrees will be worked on a number of candidates. All members are requested to be present.

The Hillsboro Fish and Game club served an oyster supper at Municipal hall on Saturday night to a very good crowd, who enjoyed oysters both raw and stewed.

After the supper Mr. Murray of the State Fish and Game department showed some very fine moving pictures of fishing and nature studies, which were greatly enjoyed by all present.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE Hillsborough, ss.

To the heirs at law of the estate of Watler E. Wilson late of Bennington in said County, deceased, intestate, and to all others interested therein:

Whereas Mary K. Wilson administratrix of the estate of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County, her petition for license to sell real estate belonging to the estate of said deceased, said real estate being fully described in her petition, and open for examination by all parties interested.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Manchester in said County, on the 21st day of May next, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

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

Given at Nashua in said County, this 6th day of April A. D. 1940.

By order of the Court, WILFRED J. BOISCLAIR, Register.

Administratrix' Notice

The Subscriber gives notice that she has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of Frank A. Taylor late of Bennington in the County of Hillsboro.

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

Dated - Bennington, N. H., March 26, 1940
19-21 Grace A. Taylor

"Time Works With Allies" In Matter of Airplanes

It has long been said that "Time works with the Allies." That is certainly true in one very vital matter—airplanes. It is generally believed that Allied plane production and purchasing has brought British and French air forces very close to those of Germany, and that by the end of the year the Reich will be well surpassed.

In another way, however, time works with Hitler. German technicians and scientists, always among the best in the world, have been sent to Russia to speed up Soviet production and to facilitate transport. The amazing inefficiency of the Russians in producing and delivering the goods the Reich needs has been one of Hitler's most serious problems. In another eight or ten months, the experts feel, the German engineers will have effected a great change and supplies will be flowing into Germany across conquered Poland in a steady and heavy stream.

England is obviously extremely worried by the apparent fact that Hitler is getting supplies from the Balkan countries which, being neutral, can purchase whatever they want from Italy, us, or anyone else. And she is worried too by the potentialities of Russia as a source of food, machines, oil and other necessary commodities. This, the observers say, explains Britain's recent violations of international law, and her refusal to make amends to Norway for the Altmark incident. The Allied high command is apparently convinced that technical rules cannot be permitted to stand in the way of their prosecution of the war.

Summer Welles, the President's "peace emissary," certainly reached Europe at a discouraging moment. Just about the time his boat was docking Chamberlain was making his most aggressive anti-Hitler speech, and Hitler in turn was raking England over the coals in his usual manner. It doesn't seem possible now to find any common ground for negotiation. England is definitely on record as being out to destroy the Nazi regime, and Hitler says he won't stop until Germany gets "living space" and her old colonies. It still looks like a long war.

Missed a Train

An unused portion of a Chicago-to-Boston railroad ticket, purchased 62 years ago, has been presented to the Central Vermont passenger department for refund.

Kansas Co-Eds Prefer Their Men Tall and Dark

LAWRENCE, KAN.—Coeds at the University of Kansas still prefer their men tall, dark and handsome, but they are not as particular as they used to be.

That at least is the consensus as revealed by a poll of university women in which they were asked to describe their "ideal man."

Several of the girls said that looks were not of primary importance and at least one coed said that a "short, fat man" would be all right with her "just so he was my man."

A number merely specified a "clean-looking boy" as their ideal. Most of the coeds preferred to marry professional men, but one said she was looking for a farmer.

Five-Year Egg Mark

TRENTON, N. J.—Her Majesty R. V. P. 318, has tied the national record of 1,000 eggs in five years. The imposing title is that of a hen on Daniel H. Mahar's poultry farm at Cranbury.

The Havarest

An unusual country home of refinement and distinction for the care of convalescents and rest cure and aged folks, located in the attractive village of Antrim, N. H. Registered nurse, choice food, hospital beds.

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Church Notes

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Baptist Church
Rev. Ralph H. Tibbals, Pastor

Thurs. April 11
Prayer Meeting 7:30 Topic: "Hope"

Rom. 5:1-11.
Sunday, April 14
Church School 9:45

Morning Worship 11. The pastor will preach on "Curiosity".

Crusaders 4
Young People's Fellowship 6 in the Presbyterian Church. Leader: Miss Norine E. Warren. Subject: "How Tolerant Should We Be?"

Union Service 7 in the Presbyterian Church.

Antrim Center
Congregational Church

John W. Logan, Minister
Service of Worship Sunday morning at 9:45

Presbyterian Church
Rev. Wm. McN. Kittredge, Pastor

Thurs. April 11
At 7:30 the Workers' Conference will be held in the vestry.

Sunday April 14
Morning Worship at 10:30 with sermon by the Pastor from theme: "Religion and Life"

Bible School meets at 11:45
At 6 the Young People's Fellowship will meet in the Presbyterian Vestry

Topic: "How Tolerant Should We Be?"
Leader, Miss Norine Warren.

At 7 o'clock the Union Service in the Presbyterian Church.

Head-Master and Mrs. Ramsden have kindly consented to talk on the Oxford Group Movement. The public is invited.

Executrix' Citation
STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE Hillsborough, ss.

Court of Probate
To the heirs at law of the estate of Hiram L. Allen, late of Antrim, in said County, deceased, testate, and to all others interested therein:

Whereas Wilma Allen Eldredge, executrix of the last will and testament of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County the account of her administration of said estate:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Nashua, in said County, on the 23rd day of April next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

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

Given at Nashua, in said County, the 20th day of March A. D. 1940.
By order of the Court, WILFRED J. BOISCLAIR, Register.

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.

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Junius T. Hanchett

Attorney at Law
Antrim Center, N. H.

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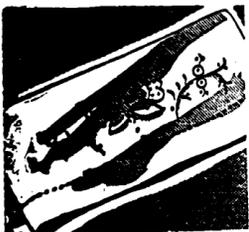
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SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE

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

HAND-MADE GIFTS



- Pillow Cases, beautifully embroidered
- End Table Covers
- Bureau Covers
- Luncheon Set including Tablecloth & 4 Napkins
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NATIONAL FARM LOAN
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HIRAM C. BRUCE, Secy-Treas.
Milford, N. H., Tel. 147

Bennington

Little Connie Call is sick.
Dwight and Vera Chamberlain have the mumps.
Mrs. John Logan is feeling a little better, it is reported.
Miss Vincena Drago was in Milford with her parents on Tuesday night.
Miss Hattie Parker will take a position this week as a secretary in Meredith.

Several of the children who have been suffering with mumps have returned to school.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Shields, of Ayer, Mass., were visitors with Miss E. L. Lawrence on Sunday.

George Church was taken to the Hillsboro General Hospital on Saturday suffering with a cardiac ailment.

The cancer drive is now on and the local chairman, Mrs. Walter Cleary, is asking for your cooperation and contributions.

Andrew Kay, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Kay, has returned to his studies in New York, having had a week's vacation.

Harriett Weston has returned to school after suffering with a cold for a week, and George Weston is now suffering with German measles.

Miss Ruth Wilson, who is working in Newton Center, was home with her mother, Mrs. M. K. Wilson for a short week-end.

Work has begun on what will be the new Texaco station situated on the corner near the bridge on the Hancock Road. Mrs. Emma Joslin formerly owned the buildings and land.

Miss Velma Newton entertained a few friends on Monday night. Games, music and various other forms of entertainment were enjoyed. The occasion was Miss Newton's birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Rhoneck and son, of Springfield, Vt., were visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Cody on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Cody and daughter returned to Vermont with Mr. and Mrs. Rhoneck.

Marie, small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pat Cashion returned to her home on Saturday from St. Joseph's hospital, but had to go back to the hospital again on Monday because of more trouble with her ear.

On April 16th the delayed program, Pageant of Wedding Gowns will take place at the Woman's Club meeting. The hostesses for the afternoon are, Mrs. Blanche Hass, Mrs. Marion Cleary, Mrs. Lena Seaver and Mrs. Cornelia Logan.

Anastasia Yakavakis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Steve Yakavakis, is in the Hillsboro General Hospital for observation. She has been suffering for a number of weeks with a pain in her left temple, and as the cause is unknown, was taken to the hospital a week ago.

East Deering

Rita Bissionette has been working at Mr. Bigwood's.

The pupils of the school here are enjoying a two weeks' vacation.

Sidney Kessler of Nashua was in this part of the town on business one day recently.

J. C. Boynton has finished cutting lumber here and has taken his horses back to Penacook.

Mrs. Frank Loveren visited Mr. and Mrs. Louis Haines at North Weare for a few days the past week.

Mr. Bissionette is employed on the McCann lot cutting cord wood for Robert McDougall of Goffstown.

GRANITE STATE GARDENER

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

Solon Barracough of Durham, N. H. has had bees for three or four years. He has tended them, fed them, put them into winter quarters and spent as much care on them as he would for a baby lamb or a flock of young chicks. The bees appreciated this kindness and have been doing really well for him lately. By requeening, by preventing swarming, by feeding lots of sugar syrup in the fall, and by protecting the bees from the cold winter winds, he has built up some fine hives capable of producing a great deal of honey. Imagine his dismay when he got to the apiary last week to find a skunk catching his beloved bees. The skunk scratched on the outside of the packing case and out came the bees to see what was wrong. Then the skunk caught them. He scratched some more and out came more bees until finally there was a cloud of them flying around and the skunk had a merry time. First he would take

his right paw and swish it through the air and catch a handful of the bees and then his left paw and catch some more. He had a wonderful feast. The stinging did not seem to worry the skunk at all.

The sight of the skunk destroying all these bees was too much for Solon's self control. He hurried into the house, got his gun and put an end to the thieving marauder. And Solon was absolutely right. It was either a case of feeding a skunk all the bees in a hive and having a worthless hive or getting rid of the skunk.

In my own apiary at various times I have had similar experiences. I have never been able to catch the skunk actually catching the bees. But I have seen where the skunk scratched at the hive, and have always noted that the hive was weakened afterwards. The skunk usually comes back to the same hive time after time. Like Solon I feel that the gun is the only sure cure.

Deering

Schools in town are enjoying a two weeks' vacation.

Leroy H. Locke has begun to take the census in town.

Residents in town enjoyed watching the eclipse on Sunday.

Harold G. Wells was in Peterboro last Friday calling on relatives.

Arthur McNally and family of Hillsboro were in town one day last week.

The Selectmen were around assessing the property in town last week.

Miss Jane Johnson is employed at the home of Mrs. E. A. Lundberg at Hillsboro.

Mrs. Irene Paine of Milford was a guest of Mrs. Leroy H. Locke and family the first of the week.

Mrs. Harold C. Taylor was confined to her home on the Franconstown road a few days last week by illness.

Mrs. Harold G. Wells spent several days the first of last week with her daughter, Mrs. Edgar J. Liberty, and family at Wilton.

Word received recently from Private Charles H. Taylor, who is stationed at Hawaii, states that he is enjoying the life there.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold G. Wells were in Peterboro on Tuesday to help Mrs. Wells' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Casimir Haefel, celebrate their fifty-second wedding anniversary.

Deputy Lester E. Connor, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Munsey, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Champagne and Harold Jameson of Henniker attended the regular meeting of Wolf Hill Grange, Monday evening.

Mrs. Harriet Follansbee who has been employed at the home of Mrs. F. A. Lundberg at Hillsboro has completed her labors there and will be employed at the home of Mrs. George Haslet for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold G. Wells attended the surprise birthday party given to Mrs. Edith Durrell of Goffstown at the home of Mrs. Alice Philbrick at South Weare, last Friday evening. Mrs. Durrell and Mr. Wells won the prizes at whist. Refreshments of sandwiches, cake and coffee were served by the hostess. A beautiful birthday cake and gifts were presented to Mrs. Durrell and the guests departed at a late hour, wishing her many happy returns of the day.

Wolf Hill Grange No. 41 held its regular meeting in Grange Hall Monday evening. Mrs. Louise L. Locke, Master, presided at the business meeting at which time the second and third degrees were conferred on Mrs. Irene Paine. The quarterly report of the secretary was given. The following literary program was presented: Required discussion opened by Deputy Lester E. Connor, followed by several other speakers; essay, "History of Deering," Leroy H. Locke; piano solo, Mrs. Irene Paine; and special feature in charge of Mrs. Mary Willard, prize was won by Harold Jameson, of Henniker. Deputy Connor has invited Wolf Hill Grange to exemplify balloting at the District Meeting to be held at Hillsboro May 7th. All officers are requested to be present.

Labeled Bottles

Never keep a bottle of medicine in the medicine closet without a label. It is very foolish to trust to one's memory in an important thing like this. Mark each bottle plainly and discard at once any unlabeled bottle before an accident occurs.

Hancock

Mrs. Agnes C. Weston has returned from Boston, where she spent two weeks.

Lawrence Thompson of Boston spoke on "Longfellow" at the meeting of the Historical Society last week.

Mrs. John A. Hill and Noralie Diamond have returned from the Peterboro hospital, as has also Fred A. Gleason.

Clarence Higgins is the only pupil of the 5th and 6th grade room who has a perfect record of attendance for the year thus far.

The wood-sawing machine of Edward Richardson was demolished when it caught fire Monday while on the road near the home of Miss Margaret Perry.

Rev. William Weston has returned from Colebrook, where he attended the Methodist conference. He is to preach at the Hancock Congregational church on Sunday at the regular service.

Mrs. Melvin Loomis was in Keene Tuesday to see her older son who is in the hospital because of a concussion received when he fell from a swing at school in Swanzey where he lives with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Coleman. He was slightly better.

Mr. and Mrs. William McGreal are occupying the house owned by

"HI-DIDDLE-BIDDLE, FILL UP YOUR MIDDLE,
WITH JUICY, FLAVORFUL CROPS;
FOR MEALS THAT ARE TASTY
AND COOKING THAT'S HASTY,
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WESTINGHOUSE
ELECTRIC RANGE**
Priced To Fit Your Purse

Fast as FIRE, WITHOUT THE FLAME • Clean and Cheap like ELECTRIC LIGHT
COME IN TODAY AND SEE OUR 1940 ELECTRIC RANGE REVUE

**PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY
OF NEW HAMPSHIRE**

Miss Patricia Holsaert, which was formerly the Charles Lee house and has been moved to the other side of the road and nearer the village. Mr. and Mrs. McGreal recently returned from England, where they had been several years.

West Deering

The selectmen paid their annual visit to this section on Thursday.

Mrs. Allen Ellis spent Tuesday at her home here. Mr. and Mrs. Ellis expect to return to their home about

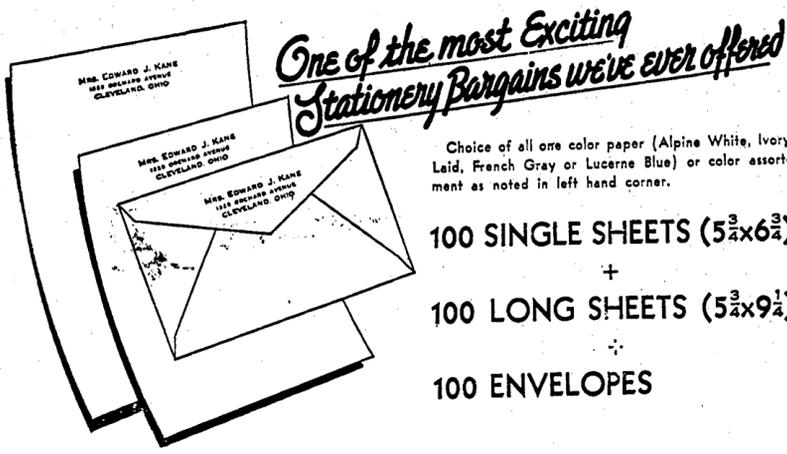
the middle of April after spending the winter in Nashua.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Normandin were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ulric Normandin in Gleasondale, Mass., on Sunday. Emile Normandin visited relatives in Leominster, Mass.

Luxury for Cheetahs
Cheetahs, or hunting leopards, owned by the princes and other wealthy men of India, spend their sleeping and other inactive hours on their own individual beds, which are exactly like those used by the natives, according to Collier's. In the palace of the Maharaja of Kolhapur is a large room that contains the beds of 35 of these animals.

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



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Thousands of women have bought our 300-piece Name-On ensemble before—and have been delighted with its texture (this folder is a sample) and the amazing low price. Even MORE amazing is our new 300-piece ensemble—because we've arranged to give you four assorted colors! You'll want a year's supply.

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THE ANTRIM REPORTER
ANTRIM, N. H.

GENERAL HUGH S. JOHNSON Says: 'DONALD DUCK' IN CALIFORNIA

Several letters have come in asking: "How about reports of Mr. Ickes' highly successful peace mission in California?"

I didn't know. It seems a marvel to me, but I have no leg-man who legs that far and later press reports have been scant and inconclusive.

"Your sparring partner, 'Donald Duck' Ickes has had little luck in playing the pigeon of peace in the Democratic dovecote in California.

"High in the fog, at the Mark Hopkins hotel on Nob hill, he gathered the lads together, the Olsonites and the McAdoodles. Much to everyone's surprise—it was announced that the waddling one had been suc-



SECRETARY ICKES—"Donald Duck" has had little luck in playing the pigeon of peace . . .

cessful, that the liberals and the conservatives had agreed to lie down together like Isaiah's lamb and lion.

"Ickes departed. The fog lifted. The fun began. Feathers began to fall from discontented doves.

Manchester Boddy, Los Angeles publisher, was the first to have himself included out. Too much Washington influence, declared the liberal Angeleno. J. Frank Burke, California radio station owner and political commentator, who was the governor's campaign manager, was the next to go.

"Popular Patterson is now heading a slate of his own and the ticket could not have been redder if the names were illuminated with crimson neon.

But Congressman Hamilton Fish and the hardshell isolationists were infuriated, asserting that where there is smoke, there is a fire or two. Fish demanded a thorough investigation, and others deigned the President to laugh it off, salt or no salt.

It was a bad thing to have happen in a presidential, maybe a third-term, year.

The allied war council met, somewhat bewildered by it all, in London. The French and English reaffirmed their unity, barred any separate peace by either, and announced that their financial, economic and imperialistic co-operation would continue after the present war was over.

In other words, the old quack-wack-ickie, has waddled himself into about the worst situation imaginable. He has left at the head of his Roosevelt-for-third-term-ticket a governor whom more than 200,000 registered voters have expressed a desire to yank out of office before his term expires.

"As if that were not enough, two million ham and egggers, seeing a chance for more nationwide attention, have entered their own slate to contest the nomination.

"When Horrendous Harold first came to California, there was a possibility of only two slates, the Garner delegation and the proposed Roosevelt ticket. Now there are four: Garner, Olson, Patterson and ham and eggs."

'LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE'

Unless the country becomes more alert, congress is going to cut the heart out of the appropriations to modernize the army. That could result in national tragedy, but the army is a sort of combination Cinderella and little Orphan Annie in our house.

On present plans, our navy will eventually be able to deal with any possible combination of naval enemy powers in either the Pacific or Atlantic, but not against any possible combination in both at the same time.

William Horlick Jr., 65, whose father started the multi-million dollar Horlick malted milk fortune, died at Racine, Wis.

William P. Buckner, who began serving a two-year term for mail fraud in the Philippine railway bonds scandal, was revealed to be the husband of Adelaide Moffet, night club singer and heiress to Standard Oil millions.

Henry Ford II, grandson of the great Henry, is preparing to become a Roman Catholic. His grandfather comes of Irish Protestant stock. The boy's father is Edsel Ford.

WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS

Release of Polish 'Documents' Creates Furore in Washington; Hull, Bullitt Deny Nazi Charge

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

HITLER SAY:

The Roosevelt administration indignantly denied spectacular charges by Germany. Herr Ribbentrop's aggressive Foreign Office charged that it had possession of 16 crucial documents, found in the Polish government archives at captured Warsaw.

President Roosevelt, Secretary Hull, and Bill Bullitt hastened to deny the accusations, as storm clouds gathered over America.



COUNT JERZY POTOCKI—Poland's ambassador to the U. S., whose alleged reports to Warsaw on conversations with William Bullitt, U. S. ambassador to France, were published in Berlin. Said Potocki: "I deny the allegations . . . I never had any (such) conversations . . ."

unison. But Congressman Hamilton Fish and the hardshell isolationists were infuriated, asserting that where there is smoke, there is a fire or two.

ANGLO-FRANCE:

The allied war council met, somewhat bewildered by it all, in London. The French and English reaffirmed their unity, barred any separate peace by either, and announced that their financial, economic and imperialistic co-operation would continue after the present war was over.

NAMES in the news

Congressman Hamilton Fish, who wanted Roosevelt's foreign activities investigated, himself led colored N. Y. troops in the last war. He fought with the French army, in the only American unit officially attached to the Gallic high command.

Dr. Thomas Parran, surgeon-general of the U. S. public health service, declared that cancer, which caused more than 140,000 deaths last year, is on the increase and ranks as second leading cause of death.

The Irish Republican army of wild men demonstrated against tall, calm Eamon De Valera, premier of Eire. "Val" was born in New York, with a Spanish father, and an Irish mother and sympathies.

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let it be known, to take a more active part in pushing the war, and there was a lot of gossip about Chamberlain going the way of Daladier—into the prime-ministerial discard. Due to British naval losses, there was also talk of the axe for Winston Churchill, first lord of the admiralty.

It appeared that the neutrals would suffer, as the result of an increased war endeavor by the allies. Germany must be shut off from oil and iron, and if Norwegian, or Rumanian, or Russian neutrality suffered in consequence, that could not be helped.

But the neutrals were not too afraid of the allies. The Dutch shot down a British bomber that had violated their neutrality, and Rumania appeared to be turning more and more to the German camp.

Meanwhile, the Germans and Norwegians scored off one another 1 to 1. A German U-boat wormed its sinister way into Kirkwall, British base in the faraway Orkney islands north of Scotland, and "singed Churchill's whiskers, if any" by sinking a Norwegian freighter, which was "safely" held there by the British navy.

FORODDS & FORENDS:

Tokyo, capital of the Japanese empire of Nippon, claimed a population of 7,000,000. This is said to make the Jap-cap the world's second city, with New York first, and London third.

With the Spanish civil war a year over, the grandees (noble families of rank No. 1) took stock. Dictator Franco recently restored them their estates, confiscated by the late lamented republic, but still they had paid a heavy toll. Records of the



DICTIONARY FRANCISCO FRANCO—A year after the Spanish war ended, his people took stock.

Council of Grandees indicated that 40 ermine-clad ducal ones had been killed in the civil war, and that no less than 116 more of them had been "assassinated."

It was further reported that Spain was slowly gathering momentum in reconstruction; that her people and her leaders were pro-German; but that her economic life now was closely integrated with the fortunes of the allies.

Pope Pius XII called for more Christianity in all nations, and for a rebirth of human decency in the face of hell on earth, ill will to men.

He deplored the bombing of civilians, the violation of treaties, and the whole conception of power-politics and super-tough Realpolitik. The Mohammedans, in India, usually the fast friends of John Bull as against Gandhi and his predominantly Hindu Congress party, denounced British treatment of the Mohammedan Arabs in Palestine, thus complicating both the Indian and Minor Asian toothaches.

Woman-of-the-Week



MRS. HJALMAR PROCOPE

Uncertain of his nation's fate, Finnish Minister to the U. S. Hjalmar J. Procope kept mum about his marriage plans until Finland came to terms with Russia. After that he lost no time. Bundled aboard a U. S.-bound steamer was Miss Margaret Shaw of Yorkshire, England. Minister Procope met her at the dock in New York. Next day they were married at the Fairfax, Va., home of R. Walton Moore, counselor of the U. S. state department, by the Rev. F. Y. Joki of the Brooklyn Finnish-Lutheran church. Ahead, before the Procoptes settled down in Washington, was a southern honeymoon.

MON-MON-MONEY:

The house slapped through a mere billion dollar Labor-Security appropriation, voted down about a quarter of a million for the ailing National Labor Relations board, which has been getting a panning on many fronts, and approved \$17,450,000 for the National Youth administration.

The President got back to his office desk after a lengthy and fevered cold. He talked to Sumner Welles, fresh in from Europe, and gave out indications of pessimism as to any early peace abroad.

But, despite Vandenberg and Taft and others, Secretary Hull succeeded in beating the Pittman amendment to the Trade Agreements resolution, which would restore to the senate the power to ratify all future reciprocal trade pacts.

SUPREME THE COURT:

Our top tribunal found guilty the Ethyl Gasoline corporation, in an anti-trust case. Ethyl, despite her attractive name, was accused of licensing jobbers in a way contrary to the public weal.

MURDER DE LUXE:

It is hoped that the English and Nazi newspapers do not go to town on tidings from Brooklyn, N. Y. There the mass-murder racket investigation continued under District Attorney O'Dwyer. It turned out that the mass-murdering outfit maintained branch offices in various cities, on a truly national scale.

UP ABOVE:

The American airplane transport system is fast becoming one of the nation's good boys. We point with pride: Once we viewed with alarm. A full year has just passed without a single death or serious injury to any passenger, pilot, steward, or innocent bystander on the U. S. airways.



FAIR-WEATHER FRIENDS

The congressional hullabaloo over the census questionnaire was a sad disillusionment to census bureau officials, many of them career Republicans.

When the questionnaire was being drafted last year, Secretary Hopkins called a conference of business, labor and statistical experts, including Dr. Louis Dublin of Metropolitan Life; Gen. Robert E. Wood of Sears, Roebuck; Noel Sargeant, secretary of the Manufacturers association; and Dr. Stacy May of the Rockefeller foundation.

Among the questions discussed were those regarding income, now the cause of congressional uproar, and the conference went on record as endorsing them. "Satisfaction was expressed, particularly with the inquiries relating to migration, employment, unemployment and economic status," the statement said.

But when the shooting started and the census bureau needed friends, the business leaders ran for cover.

Only man who spoke up was General Wood. All the others refused to say publicly what they had advocated privately. The Manufacturers association, which had officially urged its members to co-operate with the business census in January, requested that its letter be kept confidential.

Note—Because of its secrecy rules, the census bureau cannot make public the name of a Texas business man for whom its January census saved a large sum of money. Shortly after the census his establishment burned and all his records were destroyed.

There was a lot of hidden significance in that statement of John P. Coyne, head of the A. F. of L. building trades department, urging his unions to agree to a flat \$9 to \$10 a day wage on small home construction.

Behind the scenes the A. F. of L. is trying to make peace with the justice department on its anti-trust prosecutions of a number of big-shot A. F. of L. moguls.

Despite the blasts of some of the leaders, the inside fact is that the rank-and-file are strongly behind the justice department. It has received hundreds of letters from A. F. of L. unions and individual members voicing approval of the prosecutions, and some of the central labor councils have asked the department to come to their cities and launch grand jury proceedings against local A. F. of L. chiefs.

This undercover support extends right up into the A. F. of L. executive council. It's an A. F. of L. secret that an effort was made at the meeting of the council in Washington last December, and again in Miami in February, to pass resolutions denouncing the justice department, but both times they were turned down.

Chief obstacle to an agreement with the government is William Hutcheson, aged czar of the carpenters, who is under three indictments.

Hull on Hull.

Is Cordell Hull a candidate for President? Newsmen have asked the secretary of state this question so often that it has become a standing joke. Hull always has the same answer, something like the President's "Go put on the dunce cap."

Hull says, "I will ask Mr. Fitzmaurice to give you a statement on that." And he smiles a thin smile.

Walter Fitzmaurice is a newsman who first tried to smoke out Hull on his plans. Failing to get a direct answer, he got from a source close to Hull a statement that he was more interested in his trade agreements program than anything else in the world, and would give no encouragement to any movement to make him a candidate.

Fitzmaurice wrote the story and it has become the standard reference on the subject. Once a week, someone raises the question in Hull's press conference, but the old hands know what the answer will be.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

Few know that Civil Aeronautics Chairman Robert Hinckley, to promote interest in aviation among students, offered three prizes at the last annual meeting of the National Intercollegiate Flying club, \$300, \$150, and \$50, for the best essays on the subject of "The Cultural Value of Flying." Judges of the contest are a group of aviation experts. Trust-busting Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold is writing a book on the history of the Sherman Anti-Trust law.



ELMER SOUNDS A CALL

"I don't know no more than nobody else who will be the candidates for President this winter," declared Elmer Twitchell today, "but I would personally go for a sourpuss."

"A sourpuss?" the reporter asked, a little puzzled.

"Yes, sir," snapped Elmer, "a sourpuss. A deadpan candidate without a smile in his system. A fellow who can't photograph or screen well and who knows it. I am fed up with the old personality stuff in all public offices, and what is more I think a candidate with a severe mug and a what's-there-to-grin-over attitude might sweep the country."

"You don't mean that, Elmer," the reporter argued. "Everybody likes a radiant personality; everybody reacts to charm."

"Yeah," admitted Elmer, "and I'm for it, too, up to a point. But I think the personality theme has reached the point where the public is ripe for a swing the other way. This may be a sourpuss year."

Mr. Twitchell seemed quite serious about it.

"I like a genial, warm personality as well as the next man," he continued. "I am a sucker for charm, like the rest of the American public. Ordinarily I will vote for a man who screens well over a candidate who has nothing but efficiency to recommend him. Nine times out of ten I will go for the candidate with an appealing radio voice over the fellow for whom nothing can be said except that he would make a good President. But I now want a sourpuss. And for once I can be stampeded by a candidate whose voice on the air sounds like somebody fling a saw."

"It's a very strange argument you are making, Mr. Twitchell," the reporter put in. "A smile and a radio voice are generally considered important assets in any campaign."

"That's what you think," barked Elmer. "I think there's a reaction. And it gives me a pain in the blouse to observe all the candidates on all sides grinning from ear to ear, trying to look like personality-plus boys on the screen and trying to register as the Voice of the Year on the radio. I tell you that if I was a candidate for public office today I would have my picture taken only when I looked like I was having an argument with a taxicab driver, and I would open all my radio speeches with, 'Well, folks, I am a punk on the radio; I don't intend to bother acquiring a technique. All I expect to do is to quote facts and figures in a dull voice.' This alone would make me a sensation."

"You wouldn't get to first base as a candidate for inspector of manhole covers," the reporter insisted.

"Maybe not," said Elmer, "but I still think otherwise. And I hope I am right, because no country can stand government by personality and microphone charm indefinitely. Ultimately a sourpuss is necessary medicine. In fact, I am busy on the idea. I have already started organizing the Sourpuss for President Clubs. No candidate with charm can even get close to us."

She used to be in the pony ballet. Her stage life had that source; She now is a star in the talkies. . . . But she still is a little hoarse. Alma O'Neil.

Admiral Byrd says the South Pole has shifted. Maybe both the Republicans and Democrats can get something in their platforms promising to get it back.

UNCHANGED

Henry Ford has perfected a system for continuous metal pouring, making it possible to "pour" out Ford cars from hot metal. Flivvers will seemingly come out of spouts or faucets in great gushes. You open the plug and—presto!—out comes a sedan. May Henry pour a car that will have the battery in the same place it was last year.

Arthur Boran wants to know how about a movie of the world's most annoying dictators to be called "Ape's of Wrath"?

Prologue to Love

By
MARTHA OSTENSO

© MARTHA OSTENSO—WNU SERVICE

CHAPTER X —11—

It was only a ruse on the part of the Laird to despatch Autumn to town on business that he could have attended to as well himself on his next visit. He wanted the house to himself. He would have contrived some means of getting old Hannah out of the way as well, but there were limits, after all, beyond which a man of self-respect will refuse to go. For that matter, he would have permitted Autumn to remain at home had it not been that he feared the hurt to her feelings which the presence of young Landor in the house would occasion.

For the Laird had asked Bruce to come over and talk to him on matters that could not be discussed with any degree of satisfaction over the telephone. Jarvis, of course, might have gone to the Landor place and talked with Bruce, but some instinct, some sentiment, perhaps, forbade that. Besides, young Landor had not shown the slightest antipathy to the suggestion that he should visit the Laird in his own house.

And now as he sat and waited for the boy, he was strangely moved. In a few minutes he would be talking face to face with the son of Geoffrey Landor, talking as man to man, though it was difficult to think that young Bruce had really come to man's estate. In all these years he had never talked to Bruce more than to exchange a greeting when they met, or to make some polite enquiry regarding his mother's health. In that, he had often told himself, he had not been wholly to blame. The boy had been raised under the influence of Jane Landor, whose bitterness had lasted until the day of her death. Bruce had been quite as aloof as he had been. At Jane Landor's funeral, Jarvis had been deeply moved by the boy's bereavement, and had wished with all his heart that he might have been able to summon the courage to take him aside and speak to him. For in spite of all that had kept them apart, he had never been free of a desire to play the part of a father to Bruce Landor.

The sound of a car coming to a stop before the house brought Jarvis to his window. He saw Bruce step from his car and approach the door. He turned from his window and seated himself in his big chair before his desk. Presently he heard old Hannah's voice in the hall below and in a moment Bruce Landor presented himself in the library doorway.

Jarvis looked up as his visitor announced himself. It might have been Geoffrey Landor himself, he carried himself with such ease of manner and a bearing so erect and challenging. He was dressed in riding breeches and a soft gray shirt that was open at the throat.

"Good morning, Landor," Jarvis greeted him, without getting up. "Come in and sit down."

Bruce entered the room and remained standing before the Laird. "You wanted to talk to me," he prompted.

"Yes," Jarvis replied. "Sit down, sit down."

He waved a hand to a vacant chair and Bruce seated himself and glanced quickly about the room. There followed an awkward pause which Bruce sought to break at once.

"I hope you are well, Mr. Dean," he ventured with determined cordiality.

From beneath his shaggy brows, the Laird's severe eyes pierced Bruce with a look that would have brought discomfort to anyone with a less easy conscience.

"Well enough—well enough," Jarvis replied. "A man of my years doesn't find fault if he's taken with an ache or pain now and then."

"You're good for a long while yet, Mr. Dean," Bruce said.

"Quite possible, quite possible," the Laird said, taking a cigar from the box on his table and nipping the end with his teeth. "Better smoke, Landor," he said then. "We'll both talk better. I'd offer you a cigar, but you young fellows—"

"I have some cigarettes with me, thanks," Bruce told him as he took a package from his shirt pocket and selected one. He struck a match and held it to the Laird's cigar, oddly moved by this momentary intimacy with a man who had been a mysterious and forbidding figure to him as long as he could remember.

"You have lost some sheep," the Laird began as soon as Bruce had seated himself.

"Thirty-four," Bruce replied.

"Your prize Merinos, they were."

"Yes, sir," Bruce said.

"Too bad, too bad," Jarvis observed.

"Gilly tells me they were poisoned—strychnine in the salt trough. You're sure of that?"

"The vet's report was waiting for me when I got home."

"Aye—so I understand. He tells me, too, that you suspect this man, Belfort."

"We have no proof of it," Bruce said. "I have my own opinion, and it amounts to a conviction."

"You might be wrong, of course."

Bruce smiled. "Certainly, sir, but I don't think I am this time."

The Laird leaned forward and tapped the ash from his cigar. "I admit the man would do it—he's the kind that would, if he had any rea-

son for it. But even a bad man doesn't act without a motive."

"I supplied him with a motive, I'm afraid," Bruce replied directly.

"Aye—I was coming to that. You had some sort of a rumpus with him in town last week, I'm told."

"I had," Bruce admitted.

"It was over something that Belfort had to say about—my daughter—wasn't it?" the Laird asked.

"I should have done precisely what I did, sir, whether it had been your daughter or any other woman."

Jarvis dismissed the suggestion with a wave of his hand. "Certainly, my boy, certainly. But that has nothing whatever to do with the business."

He paused and drew a deep breath, then relaxed into his chair. "You are still a very young man, Landor," he went on, "—and I am an old man. My opinion may count very little to a man of your years. But if a young woman chooses to make a trollop of herself, I don't see how it improves matters to make it the cause of a public brawl."

"Your daughter has not made a trollop of herself, sir," Bruce protested.

"Besides, I did what I did because I had little choice in the matter."

"Would it not have been better if you had left well-enough alone, instead of making both my daughter and yourself the laughing stock of the countryside?"

"I'm afraid we can't agree on that, sir," Bruce replied. "I am, of course, sorry for any unpleasantness it may have caused either you or Autumn."

Jarvis Dean's face darkened. "Be that as it may, Landor," he said, "I'd prefer to look after such things myself, in the future, when they concern me or one of my own house."

"Very good, sir," Bruce returned, his lips tightening.

"In fact, my boy, I mean to do whatever I can to wipe out the unfortunate results of this affair. How much do you figure those Merinos of yours were worth to you?"

Bruce flushed. "I haven't figured that out, exactly, Mr. Dean," he replied.

"Put your own price on them, then, and let me know what it is. I want to make it good to you."

Bruce looked at Jarvis, aware of a quick surge of feeling within him. He was silent for a moment. There were times when a man might pardonably give way to anger, but this was not such a time, he told himself in a resolute effort at self-control. After all, the Laird was making what he undoubtedly felt to be a generous gesture.

"I understand what you mean, Mr. Dean," he said at last, "but my loss is my own. I brought it on myself and I'll foot the bill."

The great hands of Jarvis Dean came down heavily upon the arms of his chair as he leaned toward Bruce. "You don't mean—you are not refusing my offer?" he demanded harshly.

Bruce laughed outright. "You surely didn't expect me to accept it?" he replied. "I haven't come to that yet, sir."

A livid vein stood out upon Jarvis' forehead. He got to his feet with astonishing and fiery swiftness.

"That, Landor, is—is sheer impudence!" he gasped.

Bruce, who had risen promptly when Jarvis stood up, looked steadily into the older man's eyes.

"Are you not being a bit unreasonable, Mr. Dean?" he asked.

The Laird snorted. "That's enough, sir—and more than enough!" he replied. "I have made you a gentleman's offer—and you have refused it. Do I understand you aright, sir?"

"I couldn't think of accepting it, Mr. Dean."

"Very well, Landor—very well! You may have it your way, then. But from this day forward there will be no dealings between us, do you understand? You are a stranger to us—to me and my daughter—for the rest of our days." He stepped toward Bruce and thrust his great head forward. "Do you understand that?" he demanded.

"Perfectly, I think," Bruce replied, and fumbled in his breast pocket for another cigarette.

The hand that struck the match was not altogether steady, but he knew now that he had his feelings under control. When he turned toward Jarvis Dean again, he was startled quite off his guard at the shocking change that had come over the old man. The Laird was leaning heavily with one hand on the back of his chair, his head bowed forward, his other hand passing uncertainly across his eyes as though to brush from them something that obscured his vision. Bruce took an apprehensive step toward him, but immediately Jarvis drew himself erect. Although his face was drawn and white, he made a curt bow.

"Good day, Landor!" he said, and stood awaiting Bruce's withdrawal.

Bruce looked at him for one brief moment in frowning perplexity and with a feeling of some unfathomable uneasiness. Then he bade the Laird a quiet good-by and turned away. As he left the room, Jarvis Dean slumped heavily into his chair and sat listening to the sound of Bruce's footsteps descending the stairs.

The Laird was still in his library an hour or so later, when Autumn

returned from town. When he heard her mounting the stairway presently, he closed the large, leather-bound journal in which he was writing and laid it carefully away in the drawer of his table. He locked the drawer and returned the small key to its wonted place above the desk.

He turned as Autumn came into the room.

"You're back," he said. "It didn't take you long."

"I've been gone three hours," she remarked. "There wasn't much to do."

"Did you see Snyder?"

"I found him in his office. He'll be out to see you tomorrow afternoon."

Jarvis got up from his table and stood before the fireplace. "I had young Landor out to see me," he said abruptly.

"Hannah told me," Autumn replied. "Was there some—some trouble between you? Hannah says—"

"Hannah talks too much," the Laird interrupted. "Whatever trouble there was was of Landor's own making. He's turned out to be an impudent young whelp, that."

Autumn moved to the window and looked out toward the west where Bruce Landor's ranch lay. "Are you sure you are being quite fair, Da?" she asked quietly.

"He doesn't need you to defend him, my girl," Jarvis reproved her.

"I know that," Autumn replied, "and I don't mean to defend him,

either. After all, I know nothing of what passed between you."

"I offered to pay him for the Merinos he lost," Jarvis informed her.

Autumn turned from the window. "He didn't accept it, did he?"

"What? Why shouldn't he accept it?" the Laird demanded. "Whose fault was it that he lost them?"

Autumn regarded her father silently for a moment. "It was my fault, Da," she said at last. "I admit it. But the score between us could not be settled—like that."

"Perhaps you can suggest the proper form of settlement, then," Jarvis said scornfully.

"I'm not sure that it can ever be settled," she said.

"It's settled now, then," Jarvis replied. "From this day forth there will be nothing more between young Landor and the Deans."

Autumn looked quickly at her father. "Did he accept that?" she asked.

"I didn't ask him," the Laird said. "I told him it would be so—and I have a right to demand compliance with my wishes, my girl."

Autumn smiled patiently. "You have always had it, Da," she observed, then turned away and went to her room.

For the remainder of the day, Bruce was unable to shake from his mind the oppressive thought of the virulent and altogether disproportionate resentment which the old Laird bore toward him. He gave it as little thought as he could, however, and went furiously to work on the building improvements he had planned earlier in the season. With the help of his foreman, Andrew Gilly, he laid out the ground for his new dipping plant. While he helped to prepare the ground for excavating, however, or while he hauled cedar posts for the framework, his mind remained heavy with the knowledge of Jarvis Dean's violent bitterness toward him.

At the end of the day he found himself on edge with his men and his work and himself, and in an altogether unadmirable frame of mind. He hurried through his supper with scarcely a word to Gilly, who sat opposite him. The motionless heat of the evening droned in his senses; insects crawled up and down the window screens with tiny, unpleasant activity; against the violet-tinted rectangle of twilight beyond the screen door, he could already see the bats swooping down in black and noisome parabolas. When he had finished his meal, he got up abruptly and with a brief word or two to Gilly, left the table and went out of the house.

Half an hour later, he tied his horse to a birch tree near his herder's cabin in the ravine, rubbed the animal's muzzle affectionately, and gave him a lump of sugar in response to a peremptory whinny. Within the cabin, Bruce undressed quickly, threw about himself the old bathrobe he had brought along, and with a towel on his arm, emerged and walked down into the ravine and up the creek to where the mountain stream narrowed and deepened.

After a dip in the cool water and a brisk troweling, he tied his robe about him and stood for a moment listening to the mountain voices that drew from the steep above him, plaintive, spaced in piquant intervals, sometimes all but unheard: a hoot-owl's reproachful enquiry, the sleepy, last note of a bird dropped like a soft jewel into the twilight, the scurry of some small animal into the underbrush, the sigh of a dying wind in the tall pines. But the beauty and significance of the night conspired against him, tore down the defensive structure he had erected about his being. It had all converged suddenly into an intense desire for Autumn Dean.

In a rage at himself, he turned brusquely and made his way back to the cabin, where he dressed hurriedly in the half-darkness. He was gathering up the things he had brought with him when he heard his horse whinny, and a moment later a sound at the doorway caused him to glance up quickly.

Softly outlined against the deepening dusk, Autumn Dean stood, as she had stood one other night, in her black riding clothes, her manner half diffident, half audacious.

Bruce tossed the dressing-gown and towel down upon a chair and came with slow deliberateness to the door. He placed one hand against the door-frame and the other on his hip, and stood looking down at her, a contemptive half-smile about his mouth that drew his right cheek up into a quizzical long hollow—that hollow that she had pictured in all her tormenting thoughts of him. He was waiting for her to speak.

"Bruce—" she began, and knew how desolately her voice faltered—"Mr. Gilly told me I should find you here. I've been wanting to talk to you."

"You too?" Bruce remarked. "The Dean family has suddenly acquired a vivid interest in me, it seems."

She fumbled with her gloves. She raised her head and looked at him with blank eyes. "I should like to come in, if you please," she ventured.

Bruce laughed caustically as he opened the door for her and stood well to one side. "You are quite welcome," he said. "It happens I have no kerosene in the lamp. I wasn't expecting a guest."

He lighted a cigarette and offered the package to her. Autumn shook her head. "As you will," he said, and replaced the package in his shirt pocket.

Autumn seated herself in the dim light close to the door, while Bruce leaned against the table's edge with his feet crossed idly before him. She could see him looking at her reflectively through the dimness, and the half-smile did not leave his face.

"You were over to see father this morning," she began.

"At his invitation," Bruce replied. "He wished to reimburse me for some sheep I lost."

"He told me so."

"He should have told you, also, that we were to have nothing to say to each other in the future."

"He told me that, too."

"Is this visit, then, just another little gesture on your part?"

"A gesture—of what kind?"

"Disobedience to the Laird—and contempt for me," Bruce supplemented.

"Father has no suspicion that I have come to see you," Autumn explained. "And if I wanted to show contempt for you, I should have stayed away."

"As you have done all summer," he observed.

Autumn clenched her fists in her lap as she felt her anger rise. She had not come here to have him bait her. "I should hardly expect you to understand that," she said.

Bruce's smile was sardonic. "It isn't so difficult to understand," he replied. "You found people of your own kind. I am not blaming anyone for that. It was just my misfortune that you should have called on me here that night—before you found the others."

"That was a misfortune?" she asked him.

"Not a serious one," he admitted with a smile. "It was rather good, while it lasted."

She was on her feet at once, confronting him with eyes that burned in a face gone suddenly white. "Bruce Landor," she cried, "I came over here tonight to ask you if we couldn't be friends, in spite of what my father said to you this morning."

"Your pride must have suffered before you came to that decision," he returned coldly.

"That is my own affair," she retorted. "Why don't you tell me at once that I'm wasting my time?"

"I could have done so," Bruce said quietly, "if you had told me at once what had brought you over. I decided, long ago, that you and I cannot be friends, Autumn."

She threw back her head in a proud gesture. "I shall not ask you the reason," she said, and turned toward the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WHEN TO SPEAK



He—How and when do you think I'd better speak to your father, sweetheart?

She—By long distance phone, dear, after we elope.

UNBALANCED, OF COURSE



Wife—I do believe that grocery man's crazy—he's always giving short weight!

Hubby—Of course he's unbalanced, my dear.

WORKED IN REAL ESTATE

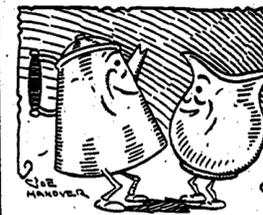


Mrs. Gabb—And what does your husband do, Mrs. Mumm?

Mrs. M.—He works in real estate, Mrs. Gabb.

Mrs. Gabb (aside)—Yea—digs ditches, I hear.

LOGICAL



Pitcher—I hear you're getting a divorce—on what grounds will you get it?

Coffee Pot—Why on coffee grounds, of course!

MIGHT GET BURNT



Dad—Do something! Get into something! Set the world on fire!

Son—Don't want to—might get burnt.

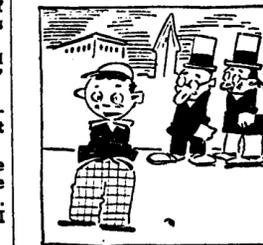
WOULD GO THE LIMIT



Mother (viewing plate of cake with alarm)—Johnnie, when are you going to get through eating cake?

Johnnie—When it's all gone.

HEROIC, PERHAPS



"Heroic man—he led them all out of the burning building?"

"Yes—he was the first one to dash for the door."

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

FARM SEED

Cornell Hybrid 29-3 Corn
Jerry Smith & Sons, Ludlowville, N. Y.

HAIR REMEDY

GRAY HAIR! Make your own preparation. Seven formulas, best authorities, 25¢ (coin). GRAYTONE, MANCHESTER, N. H.

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS



Never run the vacuum cleaner over loose tacks or other metal objects on the floor. They may puncture or cut the dust bag.

A whole egg beaten into fresh-squeezed orange juice and dusted with nutmeg makes a nourishing drink for convalescents.

After cooking carrots until tender put them through the ricer, and season and beat as one does mashed potatoes. Even those who refuse to like carrots cannot resist them thus prepared.

When preparing oranges for a dessert, pour boiling water over them and let them stand five minutes. This will make them much easier to peel.

Soaking dough-encrusted bowls and dishes in cold water before washing them in hot, soapy water makes the task easier.

Try this fruit sauce on your favorite ice cream. Melt a cupful of jam or jelly in a double boiler. Add a fourth of a cup of orange juice. Serve the sauce warm.

To prevent windows sticking two or three days after the frames are painted, each window should be opened and run up and down two or three times a day. Unless this is done, the windows are almost certain to stick.

Strange Facts

The "Soul Window"
Who's a Hog?

In Switzerland, the bedrooms of many houses still contain a "soul window," or a miniature window near the ceiling, which is supposed to serve as a special exit for the soul at the time of death.

Unlike such animals as dogs, monkeys and horses, hogs do not overeat when having access to large quantities of food.

When oysters are shucked, or removed from their shells, on a large scale, the opening operation is made easier by first dipping them in a harmless, anesthetizing solution, which relaxes their shell-closing muscles.

The largest number of persons ever carried on a ship were the 14,428 American army officers, men, nurses and crew members who arrived in New York from Brest on April 2, 1919, aboard the Leviathan. On the trip 320 cooks working in three eight-hour shifts managed to prepare only two meals a day.—Collier's.

OLD FOLKS

Here is Amazing Relief of Conditions Due to Stagnant Bowels
Doan's Backache Kidney Pills
If you think all laxatives act alike, just try this Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. It is a natural, all-vegetable laxative. So mild, thorough, and sure, it gives dependable relief from sick headaches, bilious spells, tired feeling when associated with constipation. Doan's Backache Kidney Pills get a 25¢ box of NR from your druggist. Make the test—then if not delighted, return the box to us. We will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Doan's Backache Kidney Pills are sold everywhere. Get NR Tablets today. **NR TO NIGHT**

WNU-2 15-40

Driving Force
Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm—Emerson.

Today's popularity of Doan's Pills, after many years of world-wide use, surely must be accepted as evidence of satisfactory use. And favorable public opinion supports that of the able physicians who test the value of Doan's under exacting laboratory conditions.

These physicians, too, approve every word of advertising you read, the objective of which is only to recommend Doan's Pills as a good diuretic treatment for disorder of the kidney function and for relief of the pain and worry it causes. If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove waste that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole body suffers when kidneys lag, and diuretic medication would be more often employed. Burning, scanty or too frequent urination sometimes warn of disturbed kidney function. You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, dizziness of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out. Use Doan's Pills. It is better to rely on a medicine that has won world-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

PROCTOR'S COLUMN

Continued from page 1
in a small bobcat shot near the Greenfield farm of Harry Atwood and the same day Aarne W. Aho of Fitchburg, Mass., brought in a big male shot on Kidder Mountain in New Ipswich near the Temple line.

One night last week I sat in at a meeting in Brookline of the Southern N. H. Council Fish and Game clubs. There was a good attendance and over a dozen clubs were represented. Roland Cadorette, the president of Nashua, presided and "Dug" Chapman pushed the pencil. Many important things were brought up for discussion. This Council is very much alive and is doing a wonderful work for southern N. H. clubs.

There was quite a crowd from this part of the state who attended the Revolver and Pistol shoot at the Old Armory at Manchester on Saturday and Sunday. This was a championship match and drew a large number of sharpshooters. Sunday afternoon on top of Peterboro mountain I held up traffic for a few minutes while a small black and white pussy crossed the road. The many out of state skiers got a big kick out of the holdup. And it didn't cost anyone a cent.

The Warpack Tow on Peterboro mountain was well patronized on Sunday and the mountain was in perfect condition. In the morning I was in Brookline and that mountain was as bare of snow as middle July. Just a few miles makes a lot of difference.

Mrs. Langille of Peterboro has lost a valuable hound puppy. Report to her or to me if you know where he is.

Was talking with a well known man in one of my towns to the west the other day and he said that the story of the cat with the long tail to his mind was a fairy tale but the other night he was driving on route 31 between Greenfield and Bennington and an animal crossed the road. He had a good chance to see it and said it had a long tail and was not a dog but some sort of a cat. Now this man is on the "wagon" and is not in the habit of seeing things. The long tail was about all he could describe about the animal.

The next day they looked up the tracks and they sure were big. Come all you cat hunters.

Here is a man that reported that grey squirrels were in his house and doing a lot of damage. He set a trap and caught not a grey but a red and still another red.

We have requests for outboard motors (second hand), also second hand boats. Can you tell us where we can help this man or men out. With all the nice rain and fog and warm spell over the week-end we still have plenty of snow in the woods.

Never saw so many crows as I saw last Sunday on my travels. What these fellows can find to eat now is a mystery. Many skunks and woodchucks are out, all wondering no doubt why the winter has been so long.

If you have one of my box traps that is not working will you please let me know and I will call for same. Very glad to help you out and very glad to get them back.

Up from Miami, Fla., comes a nice letter from Mrs. Hazel Goyette of Peterboro. She and the Major have visited this Kendall Zoo many times. They are in their way home but by a round about route and may not be home for weeks.

Heard a fellow some time ago tell of his experience in a nearby city. Every week this man and his family went to this city, did their shopping, took in the movies and left in that city over \$15 a week. One afternoon he parked wrong according to the cop and had to make a trip to the Police Station. The sergeant at the desk was out of sorts and was very short in his questions and answers. The local man was told they would excuse him this time but the next time. The local man replied, "There will be no next time." He trades in a place where the cops are not so hard boiled. Many local people are kept from trading in nearby cities for fear of parking rules which are changed from time to time. Moral: Trade at home.

It won't be long now. April 15th is the date that the brook trout season opens this year. You may need a snow shovel and an ice chisel but never the less the law is April 15th.

If you catch a trout that looks as if he was dirty don't mind them as

that's lice and the trout have not had a chance to scrape them off on the sandy bottom of the brook. They are good to eat. Last year I know of a fisherman who threw away a nice mess when some one told him they had lice on them. All trout in the early spring have lice and are full of mud.

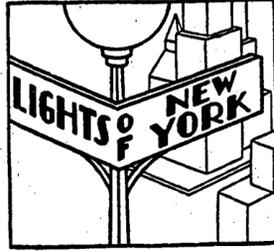
Someone one of these days is going to pay a nice big fine for throwing rubbish into a brook. This act is punishable by a fine and if your number is sent to Concord you are liable to hear from that source also. Let's keep the brooks and highways clean by not throwing rubbish onto the sides of the road.

It won't be long to the sucker and smelt run. There are but few places now where you can get smelt. As soon as the ice is out of the ponds and lakes the suckers and smelt start their run. In some places the run will be very late this year.

I have been asked to bring to the attention of the readers of this column that there is a fine of \$100 for tacking up any kind of a bill, sign or poster onto any pole or tree on any of the trunk lines. I have harped on this subject many times but still some one seems to disregard the tip. Some day Fred A. Gardner of Concord will catch you and then it's too bad for you. They tell me that Fred can be hard boiled at times and this may be the time.

MULTIPLICITY OF REPORTS RESULTS IN USUAL NIGHTMARE

In our wakeful moments in bed, and there have been plenty of them for those in business during the past seven years, we multiply the number of government reports we sign by the frequency with which we sign them, and multiply this total by the number of years we have been in business. Then we figure out the cubic content of a filing cabinet drawer and estimate how many of our reports can be put in a drawer. Finally we arrive at the approximate number of drawers reserved in Washington for our reports. The calculation is incomplete because we fall asleep before we get to the end and also immediately go into a nightmare



By L. L. STEVENSON
Coincidence: Up at Old Greenwich during the summer we became acquainted with a large, deep-voiced man who was resting after a long siege of pneumonia. After awhile we learned that he was a celebrated basso who had sung with the Metropolitan, Chicago and Boston opera companies and in the principal cities of the Old and New worlds. He hadn't recovered strength enough to sing, but evenings, when no one else was around, he would hum bits of grand opera for us along with old favorites such as "Annie Laurie." When we parted it was with an agreement to meet again during the winter. The other evening I recalled those summer evenings and made a note to give him a ring the next morning. While waiting for breakfast to be served, I picked up a newspaper which opened at the obituary page. And there I read that Edward Lankow, eminent basso, had died the night before.

Gotham Gadabout: A Radio City guide pointing out the structural features of the RCA building to a group of wide-eyed tourists Sammy Kaye in shirt sleeves, taking time out for a smoke during a rehearsal. Ted Straeter, with his two Scotties, Porgy and Bess, on a leash, stopping to chat with a Fifty-seventh street newsboy. Ben Grauer manipulating sound effects for diversion during a rehearsal period. Theater-goers outside a Forty-fifth street playhouse listening appreciatively to a blind accordionist before going inside for the last act. A Broadway well known giving his press agent a calling down because his name had been in the papers only once during the week.

One Little Pig: Felix Adler, circus clown, about a month ago gave Georgia Sothorn a suckling pig which sat on its haunches and drank beer. Miss Sothorn grew quite fond of the little animal, which she kept in her apartment, though it did escape in Central park one day and police had to find it. But she had to leave for Washington to start a theatrical tour so she gave her pet to Russ Morgan. He planned to send it to his farm at Lenhartsville, Pa., but the pig won his heart. So he kept it in his apartment until his wife and neighbors made complaints. Next he hired a room for the pig but there were more complaints. So he boarded it nights and kept it with him days, leading it around like a puppy. But his friends complained. Thus after a week, he had to send it to the farm. It departed in a private auto with the whole band playing a musical farewell. And now Morgan won't eat pork.

Enterprise: New York kids are quick on the trigger when it comes to earning change. Every rain storm brings them out as umbrella renters. They also open taxi doors, wipe windshields, etc. The latest source of income is waiting in line at the Capitol and Astor theaters where "Gone With the Wind" is playing. Would-be patrons, who turn away because of the length of the lines, are approached with a proposition to have their waiting done for them for a fee of from 25 cents up. Through experience some of the line waiters have learned to so estimate the time that their employers, on their return, walk right up to the box office.

Comment: Having once been a child prodigy himself, violinist Iso Briselli is sympathetic to sprouting geniuses. So when a dotting mother recently asked him to listen to her son, "positively a wonder," despite his better judgment, he consented. Bravely he endured the scratching and scraping but it was the last straw when the moppet's beaming parent turned to him and exclaimed proudly, "It's a very difficult piece, you know." "Difficult!" daggered Briselli. "I wish it had been impossible."

End Piece: During the demolition of a mid-town structure the foreman of the wrecking crew was no end annoyed by an ancient's criticisms of his methods. Finally he was worn down to the point where he asked his critic if he thought he knew more about tearing down that building than he did. "I should," was the calm reply. "I put it up." (Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

Sick Man Writes His Own Epitaph
LEESBURG, IDAHO.—Boasting a well-planned and executed career throughout his life, Orion E. Kirkpatrick feared that he would not recover from an illness. He supervised engraving of his own tombstone: "In memory of Orion E. Kirkpatrick, who gave 35 years of his prime years to winning in Lemhi county.—His motto: 'the golden rule.'—Kirkpatrick recovered"

Highlights & Sidelights
Illustration of a car and a globe. Text: TO AVOID ACCIDENTS WHILE SKATING AT NIGHT WHERE THERE ARE OPEN SPACES OF WATER, A NUMBER OF THESE FLARES WILL MARK OFF THE DANGER ZONES. THEY ARE SIMPLY AUTO-CUSHION SPRINGS HOLDING COTTON WASTE WHICH IS SATURATED WITH USED CRACKAGE OIL AND IGNITED. THERE IS A NOWHERE! IT IS EXACTLY AT THE SPOT WHERE THE PRIME MERIDIAN CROSSES THE EQUATOR, AT LATITUDE 0° LONGITUDE 0°.

Be Sure You Are Informed Regarding Danger of Cancer And Possibility of Control

Approximately 150,000 men, women and children die of cancer annually in America reports the American Society for the Control of Cancer, an organization founded in 1913 by a group of laymen, research workers, physicians, and representatives of medical societies.

Conservative authorities agree that between one-third and one-half of the 150,000 who die annually could and should be saved by early diagnosis and treatment. Individuals must themselves learn to recognize cancer danger signals, such as any persistent lump or thickening; any irregular discharge from any of the body openings; any sore that does not heal; persistent indigestion; sudden changes in the form or rate of growth of a mole or wart. Early cancer is curable. Delay may prove fatal.

The American Society has done much directly and indirectly through its field representatives and its state chairmen, through cooperation with the American Medical Association, the American College of Surgeons, and the State Medical Societies to arouse general interest in cancer and its treatment.

In 1931 the N. H. Cancer Commission was created by the legislature. Since 1934, there have been in operation 14 diagnostic clinics about the state so that few people live more than 50 miles from one. These clinics are established in general hospitals and are conducted by the staff of the hospital. Three of the larger general hospitals have been designated as Treatment Centers where all three methods of treatment can be obtained from physicians especially trained for the work.

New Hampshire is the only state in the Union which stands ready, in cooperation with town and county authorities, to provide hospitalization, treatment, and nursing care for indigent persons.

The lay educational program of the Society was crystallized in its Women's Field Army, organized in 1936 and now counting a membership of over 130,000.

It conducts an annual campaign of education and enlistments in 45 states. Supervised by state medical societies, the Army is pioneering the trail of cooperation between the public and organized medicine. Literature will be distributed in your community during the month of April. Be sure you are informed.

Farmers Should Study Tractor Operating Cost

Two factors are important in tractor costs. One is the number of hours used, the other, economical loading. The first entails a study of the machine's varied uses, and of the possibility of increasing these uses. The latter necessitates a study of the draft requirement of different implements, and the ways and means of devising tractor hook-ups.

An example will help to make this point clear. A 14-inch moldboard plow at a certain depth will have a draft of 600 pounds. A one-way plow 14 inches wide would require a pull of about 250 pounds, while that width of spike-tooth harrow has a draft of only slightly more than 50 pounds.

Such a variation is true of all field implements and to load a tractor of a certain size economically, the operator must know the approximate draft of each tool.

Tractor engineers and farm management experts agree that each tractor owner should make a study of his machine to determine what will be an economical load, and then eliminate as much as possible the application of hitches with lower draft requirements. Manufacturers of tractors can furnish approximate figures on draft for each machine.

ALL OF SUDDEN CONFUCIUS SAY PLENTY WISE CRACKS

Confucius say plenty these days. Among the remarks attributed to this sage are the following:

- He who slings soft soap, due for slip.
Man who sit on tack better off.
President of today just two-cent stamp of tomorrow.
Ounce of keeping one's mouth shut is worth pound of explanation.
Short life well spent better than long life.
Polite iceman need not get cold shoulder.
Worm may turn, but it is very nasty when not make signal.
The difference between happy and hippy is largely a matter of diet.
Flight of time probably hastened by spur of moment.
Unloaded gun like woman, never know when she explode.
He who is fed by another's hand, is never full.

THE SHOWER MONTH On The Farm and in The Home
April
Illustration of a man watering a plant. Text: When April rains began to fall And heavy clouds hung low all day. The Pigg tribe wasn't sore at all. In fact, all gave their glad Okay. Ma cleaned the house with care and then No pesky dust blew back again. Old Bollivar could almost hear The "Thank You" of the seeded grain; Polly felt blossom time draw near; Pete saw pie cherries in the rain. So all were tickled pink with reason To greet another rainy season.

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