

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME L NO. 5

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1932

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Christmas 1932

In memory of Perley E. Richardson, who as
 "Potter Spaulding," wrote these lines for The
 Reporter "Christmas 1931," they are being
 republished today. He passed on to the higher
 life December 25, 1931.

All through the night the wise men
 Followed the guiding star;
 Down through the misty morning
 The angels winged afar.
 Out from the Bethlehem manger
 Where the Christ child had his birth,
 The beautiful message of Christmas
 Was borne to a waiting earth.

To a waiting world and a people
 In need of joy and cheer,
 Peace and good will again ring out
 At the close of another year.
 The sound of angels singing,
 The star like a beacon light,
 And again the world at Christmas
 Is filled with a pure delight.

Let us listen then for the angels
 And look for the guiding star;
 Lay aside life's cares and struggles
 And pause where the wise men are.
 For there we will catch the message
 And a flood of light will fall,
 To fill our hearts with the Christmas joy
 That was meant to be shared by all.

Another Letter on the Prohibition Question Giving a "Dry's" Views

Editor of the Reporter:

I was much interested in the quotations
 of your Bennington contributor from the
 New Testament, but would like to assure
 him that he was not quoting the words
 of Timothy, and suggest that he give a
 little closer attention to his Bible reading.
 It was the Apostle Paul who was con-
 cerned about Timothy's stomach and not
 Timothy himself.

If I were to preach a sermon from
 "Use a little wine for thy stomach's
 sake," I would like to place the empha-
 sis on the word "little," for I am the
 last man on earth to deny any stomach
 a "little" wine when that stomach really
 needs it.

I find that "rabid" wets are prone to
 represent the dries as being very anxious
 to deny a man liquor without regard to
 circumstances, but I will call the atten-
 tion of your contributor to the fact that
 all or nearly all, prohibition laws make
 provision for needy stomachs, but they do
 not provide a way to procure liquor pro-
 miscuously.

There are people who take liquor to
 prevent disease, they take it for medi-
 cine during sickness, and they take it as
 a tonic until their next fit of sickness,
 and utterly ignore the counsel of Holy
 Writ concerning the word "little," and
 this accounts for the writing of liquor
 laws of all kinds.

Your contributor thinks England's meth-
 od "seems an ideal regulation," but
 there were evidently a lot of stomachs
 in Great Britain in 1929 and 1930 that
 got more than the scriptural "little" as
 this "ideally regulated" country spent
 more than \$2,500,000,000 for their "stom-
 ach's sakes," and then protest paying a
 paucity war debt payment of \$95,500,000
 in 1932.

I deny most emphatically that a man
 has a right to do what he pleases in his
 own home.

A man's wife and children have rights
 which he is bound by decency and com-
 mon sense to respect. It is absolutely
 wrong for a man to guzzle booze even
 "for his stomach's sake" when his wife
 and children need the very necessities of
 life. Let me give you a little more from
 the good book and also from Paul's words
 to Timothy: "But if any provide not for
 his own, and specially for those of his
 own house, he hath denied the faith, and
 is worse than an infidel."

A "little" wine may be good for the
 children's stomachs, but a whole lot of
 good nutritious food is a mighty sight
 better.

As evidence that the beer proposi-
 tion is designed to produce revenue, I
 call your attention to the fact that
 the beer bill has been considered by
 the ways and means committee of the
 House, and it has been heralded as a
 revenue-producing measure from Maine
 to California. This measure will re-
 lieve millionaires from taxation to a
 certain degree and load the burden on
 the shoulders of those who do
 "like beer," and incidentally encour-
 age working men to take money that
 should be spent for bread and chil-
 dren's clothes and spend it for that
 which is utterly useless, to gratify
 the brewers' "love of money."

I know what I am talking about
 when I say that Governor Winant's
 majority was much larger by the
 votes of dry Democrats.

Fred A. Dunlap

The Red Cross Does Great Work and Antrim Does Its Part to Help

Never since it was organized has
 the Red Cross done as much relief
 work as now, and never was the need
 greater; this fact is true everywhere,
 and is found to be true locally. The
 outlook now is that the need will con-
 tinue to be great.

During the recent annual drive for
 memberships, the people of Antrim

generally did well, but as many mem-
 berships as last year have not been
 turned in. In checking up, it seems
 there are some who have not been so-
 licited, or for some reason, have neg-
 lected to join this year. It is hoped
 they will realize the necessity of this
 urgent call, and pass their subscrip-
 tions to the local Chapter.

One of Antrim's Business Men is Mourned--Passes Without Illness

Again the death angel paid an un-
 welcome visit to our community, late
 last Friday afternoon, at about seven
 o'clock, and without any warning
 summoned one of our prominent busi-
 ness men, and in almost less time
 than it takes to tell it, Fred C.
 Thompson had breathed his last. He
 had been in his usual good health dur-
 ing the day, and was at his home, on
 Jameson avenue, when an unusually
 distressed feeling came upon him;
 medical assistance was called, but
 too late, the spirit had taken its de-
 parture and the body was at rest.

Mr. Thompson was a native of An-
 trim and here he had always lived.
 He was the son of Charles W. and
 Mary A. (Richardson) Thompson, for
 whom he tenderly cared in their de-
 cline years; they both died some
 time ago. In October, 1906, he mar-
 ried Blanche M. Bullard, by whom he
 is survived. A number of years ago
 they purchased their present home,
 and together they have been greatly
 interested in fixing things up to their
 liking and have thoroughly enjoyed
 these many improvements, thus mak-
 ing one of the prettiest and most
 pleasant homes in the village. They
 had everything about where they were
 satisfied with them, and Fred being a
 great home lover, was taking an un-
 usual amount of satisfaction in life and
 what it held for him. Those who
 knew him best were pleased for him
 that through hard work and close at-
 tention to business, his labors had
 been crowned with success. Just at
 the point of real enjoyment along
 these lines, he must obey the higher
 call, and in the prime of life leaves
 all on earth that was near and dear to
 him. His age was 54 years, in Oc-
 tober last.

After leaving school, he early be-
 came interested in electricity, and al-
 most the entire time since he had
 followed this line of work. First, he
 was employed by the late D. H.
 Goodell, at his power plants at Ben-

nington and North Branch, later be-
 coming local superintendent for the
 New Hampshire Power Company, a
 position he ably held for a number of
 years, with entire satisfaction to his
 employers and the patrons with whom
 he dealt. As a business man he was
 always fair and honorable, and one
 who could be easily approached. A
 few there are who will remember
 kindnesses that he had done them in
 times of need that he did not care to
 make public but will be missed. De-
 ceased was kind hearted and helpful,
 and his passing is a distinct loss, not
 only to the entire family but to all
 the community.

Deceased was a member of the Ma-
 sonic fraternity, belonging to the Blue
 Lodge and the Eastern Star, in Hills-
 boro, and was also a member of Wa-
 verley Lodge, I.O.O.F., of Antrim.
 Harmony Lodge, of Hillsboro, had the
 services in charge, and some thirty
 Masons attended. Members of Portia
 Chapter, O.E.S., were present in a
 body. A number of Odd Fellows also
 attended together.

Besides the widow, the departed is
 survived by one sister, Mrs. David
 Murray, of Antrim, and other more
 distant relatives. The immediate fam-
 ily have the sincere sympathy of the
 entire community in their sudden and
 deep affliction.

Funeral services were held from the
 home on Monday afternoon, at two
 o'clock, and were largely attended by
 relatives and friends. Rev. Ralph H.
 Tibbals spoke comforting words to the
 bereaved. The floral tributes were
 many and very beautiful, completely
 covering the casket that contained the
 sleeping form. The Master, Chaplain
 and leading officers of Harmony Lodge
 read their ritual, at the close of the
 regular service. The bearers were
 Harry Harvey, Howard Humphrey,
 Fred Hill, Maurice Barnes, David
 Hill, Earl Beard. Interment was in
 the family lot in Maplewood ceme-
 tery.

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 a lower price than ever before. You can get them
 as low as 29 cents a box. Last season the same box
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 meet the times. We invite your inspection whether
 you purchase or not.

M. E. Daniels, Regist'd Druggist
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A Christmas Potpourri



By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

IT WAS just 90 years ago that there was written a Christmas poem which has become world famous. On Christmas eve, 1822, Dr. Clement C. Moore, a professor of Hebrew in the General Theological seminary, in New York city, dashed off for his daughters some verses to which he gave the title of "A Visit From St. Nicholas," but which are better known to most people under the title of the first line—"Twas the Night before Christmas—"

Tradition has it that Doctor Moore got the idea of writing the poem while on the way on foot to New York—three miles distant from Chelsea village—to purchase an extra turkey for the Christmas dinner. As he trudged the lonely country road beneath the stars the lines were born and when he arrived at his house in what is now West Twenty-third street he shut himself into his study and wrote the immortal stanzas. The poem was read to his delighted children in the kitchen of the rambling house. Months later, a young girl visited the Moores. She had Professor Moore copy the poem in her album. Without telling the Moores of her action she showed the poem to the editor of a Troy (N. Y.) newspaper. The next Christmas the editor published the poem anonymously. It was immediately copied throughout the country, and to the great astonishment of the author he realized that he was famous.

It is related that this turn of fate irked the learned doctor for the most of his lifetime, and not until the tide of his death did he accept the imposed role of author of the most beloved Christmas poem in the English language. Doctor Moore wrote also a Hebrew grammar, considered by scholars the best of its day. Curiously this erudite work has long since vanished while "A Visit From St. Nicholas" lives on from year to year.

Santa Claus is such a familiar figure that everyone takes it for granted that he has always looked just as we know him now. But the fact is that the Santa Claus we know had his origin in the word picture, which Doctor Moore painted in his immortal poem, and from that resulted a development in which two famous American artists played an important part.

Doctor Moore's poem was written in 1822, but it was not until 1840 that the first "portrait" of Santa Claus was printed. In a volume, now very scarce, of "The Poets of America," edited by John Keese, Doctor Moore's "A Visit From St. Nicholas" was included and for the first time it was illustrated with a picture of good old St. Nick. It shows him as a genial, bow-legged old fellow wearing a cap in which is stuck a tall feather. What is perhaps a most remarkable fact about this portrait is that it shows him smoking a long slender pipe. But this is perfectly in keeping with Doctor Moore's original conception, for Moore once confessed that a certain portly, rubicund Dutchman living near his father's country seat, Chelsea, who was addicted to a pipe, was the original of his idea of the St. Nicholas in his poem. The name of the artist who drew this picture for Keese's volume is unknown so there is still a vacancy in the title of "first portrait painter of Santa Claus." But this unknown not only drew a portrait of the jolly old patron saint of Christmas, but he also showed him seated in his sled, driving his team of reindeer.

The world had to wait another 20 years, however, for another portrait of Santa Claus. In 1862 an edition of "A Visit From St. Nicholas" illustrated throughout by F. O. C. Darley, was published in New York. Darley gave us several views of the old fellow at work. One in particular was appropriate, for it showed Santa Claus placing his finger slyly to one side of his nose, just as his biographer, Doctor Moore, had described.

Darley's work was a step in advance. He probably was the foremost American illustrator at the time; but, after all, his version seemed to fall to satisfy completely, and another year passed before the real Santa Claus climbed into a chimney, just as readers of the ancient classic

1.—A queer version of Santa Claus and his reindeer—members of the United States Army engineer battalion, stationed in Grenada, Nicaragua, rehearse their parts for the Christmas festivities.

2.—"Merry Christmas!" from Mary Christmas. For that is her name and she lives in South Boston, Mass., with her husband and children and she is just as jolly as her name suggests.

3.—An essential part of the Christmas celebration in the Nation's Capital—President and Mrs. Hoover in front of the community Christmas tree which blazes with light when the Chief Executive presses the button to inaugurate this part of the impressive Christmas program.

At the right: A copy of a famous Christmas poem, "A Visit From St. Nicholas," in the handwriting of its author, Clement C. Moore.

had pictured him in their minds. Darley had given us the sly twinkle in the eye of the good-natured elf, and he had made the reindeer at least as tiny as the poet had described them, but something was lacking.

In 1863 a volume of favorite poems was published in which Doctor Moore's poem was included, this time illustrated by Thomas Nast, whom the American public remembers chiefly as a cartoonist for Harper's Weekly. In this compilation, however, Nast turned his attention to depicting the features of Santa Claus, and for the first time converted an illusive figure into visual reality. Nast may, therefore, be said to have created a Santa Claus which remains the model for all who succeeded him.

What is Christmas without Christmas hymns? And when were the first Christmas hymns sung? There is sound basis for the opinion that the first Christmas hymns were written by Ambrose, bishop of Milan, and by his contemporary, Prudentius. In the earliest days of the Christian era they wrote two hymns which still are widely sung. That by Ambrose is the "Redeemer of the Nations, Come," while Prudentius is the author of "Of the Father's Love Begotten."

Two other ancient hymns in celebration of the Nativity are "From Lands That See the Sun Arise," by Sedullus, and "Jesus, Redeemer of Us All," which is of unknown origin.

The earliest English pieces to which the characterization of Christmas hymns, as distinguished from carols, can be applied are those of Ben Jonson, "I Sing the Birth Was Born Tonight," and George Wither, "As On the Night Before the Blessed Morn."

The first verse of Jonson's hymn reads: "I sing the birth was born tonight. The author both of life and light; The angels so did sound it. And like the ravished shepherds said, Who saw the light, and were afraid. Yet searched, and true they found it."

John Milton wrote the swelling: "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity," a hymn of rare power which bears the stamp of the genius of the great Puritan poet. Many will recall these opening lines:

"It was in Winter wild, While the heaven-born child Above thy deep and dreamless sleep All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies; Nature, in awe to Him, Hath doff'd her gaudy trim, With her great Master so to sympathize."

The well-remembered lines, "Hark the herald angels sing, Glory to the new-born King," were written in the Eighteenth century by Charles Wesley, while the opening stanza of the following, by Nahum Tate, is equally well known: "While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around."

A modern hymn which carries on the ancient tradition of inspired poetry is that of the American, Phillips Brooks, who does not know:

"O little town of Bethlehem! How still we see thee lie; Above thy deep and dreamless sleep The silent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shineth The everlasting Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee tonight."

A Visit from St. Nicholas

Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her 'kitchen, and Papa in his seat,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
To open the shutters and throw up the pallisade.
Twas on this night, of old, that good St. Nicholas,
Came to see us—oh how he did laugh and jest,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Comet! On, Bonder and Blitzen!"
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!
As they near with an elastic, hoarse, hoarse cry,
So up to the house-top the course they flew,
With the sleigh full of Toys, and St. Nicholas too,
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof—
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur—his head to his feet,
And his clothes were all trimmed with astrakhan and ermine.
A bundle of Toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes were like stars, his smile like a cherry;
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it produced he puffed out like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a round little belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And fill'd all the stockings then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose,
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a white feather.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

Clement C. Moore.

In the formal, dignified cadence of the hymn, writers from the first have given expression to the loftiest of Christmas sentiments.

The Mary Christmas shown above is not the only one in the country. There's one in Austin, Texas, and there was one in Superior, Wis.—that is, until she married Herbert A. Ronn. And in Pittsburgh, there's a Mrs. Edward C. Claus who (believe it or not!) lives on Claus avenue and who has become quite accustomed to having children. In all parts of the city call her on the telephone and tell Mrs. Claus to tell "Mr. Santa Claus" what they want for Christmas.

"Peace on earth, good will to men"—that is the spirit of Christmas. But it hasn't always been. Back in the early days of New England, the observance of Christmas was severely frowned upon. Gov. William Bradford in his "History of the Plymouth Plantation" has this to say about it in 1621:

"On the day called Christmasday, the Govr caled them out to worke (as was used) but the most of this new company excused them selves and said it went against their consciences to work on that day. So the Govr told them that if they made it mater of conscience, he would spare them till they were better informed. So led away the rest and left them; but when they came home at noone from their worke, he found them in the streete at play, openly; some pitching the harr and some at stoole ball, and such like sports. So he went to them, and tooke way their implements, and told them that was against his conscience, that they should play and others worke. If they made the keeping of it mater of devotion, let them keep their houses, but they should be no gaming or revelling in the streets. Since which nothing hath been attempted that way, at least openly."

But that wasn't the worst of it, for the later settlers in Massachusetts, the Puritans, felt even more strongly about "such festivities as were superstitiously kept in other communities, to the great dishonor of God and offense of others." So on May 11, 1659, the general court in Boston passed a law against Christmas observance which said:

"It is therefore ordered by this court and the authority thereof that whosoever shall be found observing any such day as Christmas or the like, either by forbearing labor, feasting, or any other way, upon such account as aforesaid, every such person so offending shall pay for every such offense five shillings as a fine to the county."

Did the Bay Staters give up Christmas? They did not. At least this evidence from the diary of the famous Cotton Mather for the last week of December, 1711, seems to indicate that they didn't:

"I hear a number of people of both Sexes, belonging many of them to my Flock, have had on the Christmas night, this week, a Frolic, a revelling Feast, and a Ball, which discovers their corruption, and has a Tendency to corrupt them yett more, and provoke the Holy One to give them up into eternal Hardness of Heart."

(By Western Newspaper Union.)

ITALY'S LARGEST COLONY



A Bedouin Girl of Italian Libya.

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

ANCIENT places of worship with several hundred drawings engraved on rocks in the style of from 9000 to 4000 B. C. were uncovered recently by a German scientific expedition in the Fezzan district of Italian Libya.

Frequent reports of discovery of historic relics indicate that the Italian colony is becoming more and more a great archeological workshop. Early this year, the pages of history were turned back far into the pre-Christian era at Cirene.

Founded by Greek refugees from islands of the Aegean sea about 2,000 years ago, Cirene was born a humble settlement, unaware that in a century or two it was to rise to a city of power, the commands of whose rulers would be felt beyond the borders of Cirenaica.

Cirene once had a population of 100,000. From the ranks of its inhabitants came artists, poets, writers and philosophers who drew intellectual men from many parts of the civilized world of its time. Its medical school was famous; its buildings were architectural gems. It was called "The Athens of Libya."

Though culture saturated Cirene, the city never lacked men with an eye for business. Caravan merchants found Cirene a market for their goods; they also found the city a meeting place to exchange commodities with other "foreigners." Then sea trade beckoned to Cirene. A port town rose on the Mediterranean and a road was built to the city 17 miles inland.

Both land and sea trade flourished when the port was opened. With new revenues, Cirene, which was already a city of magnificence, continued its costly building. But progress was not to be perpetual. About two centuries after the first settlers arrived on the Cirene plateau, the dynasty that had led the city through an era of progress fell, and a republic was set up. The republic's path was strewn with tyrants, while nature added frequent severe earthquakes that threatened the city's foundations. In 96 B. C. Rome took over the government.

Cirene harked in glory among ancient cities nearly a thousand years, but nearly as quickly as it rose, a gem of ancient art, it fell into ruins. A dominant city became dominated. In the Fourth century A. D. it was left to the elements. By the Fifth century, Cirene was in ruins.

Italian Libya is the largest of Italy's colonies. Five Italian "boots" could be placed on its map and not cover it completely. It was once divided into three parts—Tripolitania, Cirenaica, and the portion of the Libyan desert.

Old Roman writers described Tripolitania as extremely fertile. Perhaps they exaggerated, and perhaps also the climate and physical conditions have changed markedly. At any rate most of the country is now desert with its fertile strips and oases scattered in the wastes of sand and stones. There is much evidence that the region once knew better days climatically. Great avenues of stones set on end and numerous circles of monoliths and trilithons, like the famous Stonehenge of England, testify to a Neolithic culture of importance in this section of North Africa, perhaps many thousands of years before Memphis and Babylon were thought of.

The Phoenicians began the recorded history of the country by establishing cities there, perhaps as early as 1500 B. C. The fact that these cities and their surrounding country, throve them, and that later Greek and Roman culture flourished there, indicates that the country was more favored than now.

Sand dunes have encroached through the centuries on much land in the fertile strip along the Mediterranean coast. But the relatively poor condition of Tripolitania today is largely due to sociological and governmental factors. The commercial Phoenicians and the colonizing Greeks and Romans were able to make the most of the country. Since the region was overrun by the Arabs in 644 A. D., and since it passed under Turkish control, however, it has been marked

to a considerable extent by economic and cultural stagnation.

In places along the 1,000-mile coast of Tripolitania the arid sands come down to the water's edge, but between are fertile areas on which palms, olives, figs, oranges and other fruits flourish. Farther inland among the highlands occur some rather large patches on which olives and fruits and grain are grown. Then come the vast desert stretches.

The city of Tripoli has been called "the gateway to the Sahara." Three historic desert caravan routes have converged there for ages; the trail from Timbuktu, that from Lake Chad, and a southeastern route from the region of the Egyptian Sudan. These routes were of great importance for the bringing from central Africa of ivory, ostrich feathers, gold dust, and perhaps most valuable of all in a primitive environment, "black gold"—negro slaves. This traffic was ostensibly abolished by Turkey only in recent years.

Cirenaica Has Promise.

Cirenaica, situated on a bold promontory protruding into the crystal clear waters of the Mediterranean, is a dry, parched land with scarcely a stream or creek. A shelf of limestone hills, resembling a gigantic backbone, but hardly justifying the Arab epithet "Green Mountains," stretches across the base of the forland. Between this ridge and the blue sea a fringe of fertile fields 60 to 70 miles wide, lying dormant for centuries, now teems with Italian colonists and migrating Arabs. With the help of modern irrigation methods it is hoped this region will merit its historical nickname, "bread basket of Rome."

Visitors to Cirenaica usually sail from Brindisi on steamers laden to capacity with Italian officers and their families bound for Bengasi, the principal seaport and capital. Because of a rocky bottom which prevents dredging in the mole-inclosed harbor, passengers disembark into small boats which bob precariously on the swell characteristic of these conatal waters.

First impression of Bengasi is of a bit of Europe transplanted. Since 1911 when Cirenaica was occupied by the Italians a new town on modern lines has been built alongside the old Arab section. Wide avenues, shaded by date palms and lined with neat houses patterned after Moorish architecture border a public park planted with imported tropical plants and shrubs. Donkeys carrying nondescript loads, from hooded Arabs to bundles of firewood larger than themselves and camels' "pad padding" along, vie with motorcycles and automobiles for right of way. Lovely, dark-skinned debutantes fresh from Rome and Paris and proud army officers resplendent in the white tropical uniforms of Italy stroll along wide sidewalks in striking contrast to slow-moving burmused Arabs, scurrying red-fezzed boys and veiled, Moslem women ornamented with gold coins.

Fine Sponges Found There.

From time immemorial sponge and tunny fishing have been the chief industries along the coast of Cirenaica. Greek divers swim down, holding a rock, pluck a sponge from the bottom and then upon releasing the weight, float to the surface. The Cirenaican variety being especially fine, it is sometimes transplanted to other parts of the Mediterranean. In ancient days, it is said, sponges were put in Greek helmets as "shock absorbers" for the warriors.

The principal agricultural and food crop is barley, quantities of which are exported to the motherland and Scotland. Kianna, olives, vegetables, fruit and grapes are raised in the more fertile regions while dates, figs and skins brought in by caravans from the South are shipped to Italy, the last to be made into gloves and shoes.

A map-intended person might describe the Libyan desert as "the largest blank area on the map of north Africa with a cartographer's smallest marks indicating a few oases." It is shant off from the Mediterranean by a narrow populated strip which itself sizzles in the hot African sun. On the east the fertile Nile valley lends the Libyan owners moral support by showing what might be done with their sand-swept land.

FRANCE WILL TAKE CONTROL OF THE PRINCIPALITY OF MONACO

Republic Will Absorb Famed "Kingdom of Chance."

Washington.—Plans for the transfer to France of virtual control of the principality of Monaco, glittering "Kingdom of Chance," on the Riviera, are being discussed in their capitals, Paris and Monte Carlo. The proposed change would affect chiefly the tax situation. Monaco citizens, heretofore untaxed because contributions from the famous gaming-casino were sufficient to meet the principality's needs, would pay the regular taxes of France.

"Eight square miles in area, and with more than two miles of coast line touching the bluest of seas, the principality of Monaco has been one of the most artificial of states," says a bulletin from the National Geographic society. "Chance give it its riches. Chance has reversed its fortunes. Bigger gaming activities elsewhere and other amusements have robbed Monte Carlo not only of its profits but also of its lure. Moving picture palaces, open to all in scores of big cities, are now more ornate than the gilded rooms of Monte Carlo's famous casino. Amusements are varied.

"Long before the depression broke the bank which no player had conquered, Monaco had come to offer such a variety of amusements that

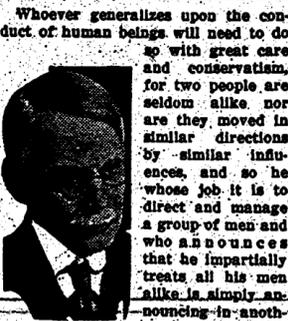
20 tennis courts, down between the mountains and the rock peninsula famous players stimulate an emulation which makes La Festa club a favorite rendezvous. Bathing is so lengthening the season that summer has many devotees. Into the Port of Hercules come the spotless yachts of many nations and, just outside, huge tourist steamers await the return of their guests before setting out once more on the path of the modern pilgrim of pleasure.

"Few visitors to Monte Carlo have known whether they were in the tiny principality or in France. France did nothing to emphasize the transition, and the law of competition triumphed over politics so far as the casual visitor was concerned. Monaco is today so full of tourist palaces, commercial hotels and pensions, that those who like the climate, the sports and the amusements of the place need not wait for the return of fortune to the gaming rooms she formerly favored.

Life Gay Under Any Flag.
 "Monte Carlo is a beautiful, clean, peaceful resort. Even in the old days the streets were often quiet by nine. Once the theater and ballet or opera crowds had entered the garish portals of the combination casino and theater, Monte Carlo was quiet until the brief hustle of taxis at the close of the performance.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK
 Late Dean of Men,
 University of Illinois.



Whoever generalizes upon the conduct of human beings will need to do so with great care and conservatism, for two people are seldom alike nor are they moved in similar directions by similar influences, and so he whose job it is to direct and manage a group of men and who announces that he impartially treats all his men alike is simply announcing in another way how little he knows about men and how very inefficient he is in his management.

Failure stimulates some men to greater effort; success in some others breeds still greater success. Scott and Lewis was each efficient and successful in his own way. Scott came away from a successful attempt with enthusiasm. He congratulated himself openly upon what he had done; he patted himself on the back; he glowed with pleasure as he recounted in detail the processes by which he had reached the conclusion of his efforts.

With Lewis it was quite different. Success made him thoughtful, more humble as it were, and keenly analytical of the processes which he had employed. When he accomplished anything well, he sat down calmly and reviewed the steps he had taken and the mistakes he had made.

He seemed to be most stimulated by dwelling not upon the cleverness of his previous efforts but upon the mistakes and blunders of which he had been guilty, and working out a system which would help him to avoid and correct these.

"I blundered pretty badly this time," he would admit to himself, "but you watch me in the future and you'll see

AIR PILOTS ARE TRAINED TO FLY BLINDFOLDED

Depend on Instruments and Directive Radio Beam.

Chicago.—A few miles to the west of the Chicago municipal airport an airplane appeared in the sky, the drone of its engine steadily increasing as it flew directly toward the field along the airway leading into the Windy City from the Pacific coast.

As the plane soared by the airport, a field attendant on top a hangar spoke into a radio phone: "Murray, you passed two hundred yards south of the field. Circle around." "O. K.," replied the pilot, who could see neither sky nor ground. The plane circled and once more headed for the airport. "You're coming straight toward the field now," the radio man advised, and in a moment the "blindfolded" pilot

had guided the plane over the center of the airport.

Pilot John Murray of United Air Lines had flown the plane from Iowa City to Chicago without seeing anything except the instruments in front of him, for the cockpit was effectively covered by a hood. In another cockpit without a hood rode Ralph Johnson, also a United pilot, but he didn't touch the controls during the entire flight.

All pilots are now trained in instrument flying and the latest inventions for air navigation have been installed on company planes. The air transport company has recently been making use of its radio telephone communication between planes and the ground to lead the "blindfolded" pilots directly to airports.

With the aid of his instruments and the directive radio beam, the latter a series of code signals identifying the course of the airway, Murray was able to fly from Iowa City to Chicago without deviating from his course. When he arrived at Chicago, the airport radio operator was able to lead him directly over the airport.

GABBY GERTIE



"A mechanic looking for broken propellers occasionally gets wind of one."

Pwllheli Is Welsh for "The Salt Pool"

London.—The spelling of the name of Pwllheli, Wales, should not deter any from visiting it. A near phonetic pronunciation would be "Pooihelly"; it means "the salt pool." It not only has golf links, bowls, sea and river fishing, but is in one of the most romantic and scenic sections of Wales.

There are fine views of the Harlech mountains and Cardigan bay, while the foothills of the Snowdon range are to its north. You may long have sung the glories of the men of Harlech; this will give you a chance to live right opposite to them, for Harlech is across the bay, which is always in view from Pwllheli's long, sandy beach.

Speedway King



Bob Carey, photographed while smeared with oil and dirt after the race at Oakland, Calif., which gave him the title of king of the speedway. He finished second to Bill Cummings, but accumulated enough points to win the championship.

Household Questions

A worn whisk broom trimmed down to its stiffest part makes a very good scrubbing brush for the sink.

Tinware will not rust if it is rubbed with fresh lard when it is new, and placed in a hot oven for an hour.

Bread dried crisp in oven is easily crushed when put in muslin bag and rolled with rolling pin, no crumbs litter the table or floor.

White sauce or cream sauce is the foundation for so many delicious, quickly prepared dishes every one should learn its secrets.

All ingredients used in making pastry should be cold. The colder the pastry is when put into the oven, the flakier it will be when cooked.

To renovate a soiled-couch hammock try painting it any desired color. The canvas will take the paint very well. Two coats are generally needed.

Potatoes bake more quickly if placed on the broiler instead of the floor of the gas oven and the flavor will be much improved by quick baking.



And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall see the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying:

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.—St. Luke 2:8-14.

THE hope of the world is that Christmas does not grow old-fashioned. The world may be cynical, life may be hard, hand may be raised against hand and breast opposed to breast in the bitter struggle of men for the goals that entice them. Looking on that struggle and the oppression and injustice that accompany it, it is easy to say that human love and charity have departed from the hearts of men.

But it is not so. All human relationships are founded on the qualities



Christmas Brings Home to Us Our Common Heritage.

that Christmas typifies in man. No human society could exist without them. Laws could not govern hearts that knew not love, nor force constrain the acts of men who knew not mercy. These qualities are inherent in man. He cannot divest himself of them. They are the heritage of his divine origin and nature. They distinguish him from the beasts.

Christmas is his recognition of his own divine attributes. He cannot ignore the worship that is in him for those same qualities that his baser nature may often seek to overcome, to deny, to banish from human relationships. But it is the history of man's conquest of life, which often has seemed ruthless and savage, that no triumph of materialism, no pursuit of wealth, no indulgence and greed have ever separated him finally from that first altar of his worship—from the love and mercy that have taken form in his observance of Christmas.

With kings and counsellors of the earth, with princes that had gold and filled their houses with silver, and with the lowliest in their huts of desolation it is ever the same; together they must worship what is in the nature of all that breathe, for without it one man would forever be a beast of burden and his brother a beast of prey.

Christmas, then, brings home to us our common heritage. We cannot escape it if we would. As the flower crushes up its chalice to the raindrops, so does man, obeying an impulse as instinctive turn to Christmas to receive the reviving forces that are in the human love it brings. Then does he lay aside all that is unworthy of him and partake anew of the spirit that alone can give purpose and dignity to his life on earth. As long as he turns in worship to this beauty that really is of himself, though often through his own failings removed from him and preserved only as an image or symbol, he is not lost to some sense of his own divine nature. He can still bring it back and receive it renewed and live by it.

Thus is Christmas never outworn, nor its reviving force exhausted. It cannot be while man has worship in him and gives it to that which he recognizes as the ultimate to which his nature aspires.

No, Christmas never can grow old-fashioned and in that is the hope of the world.—Kansas City Times.

Wellesley's Traffic Cop in Action



"Officer" Ruth Pau (left) of Oak Park, Ill., a student officer of the campus police at Wellesley college, Mass., handing out tickets to students Mary Agnew of River Forest, Ill., and Janet Pockock of Cleveland, who were caught violating campus laws by riding together on one bicycle.

prosperity will doubtless return. On the Mont Agel golf course players can alternately drive toward the snowy summits of the Alps Maritimes and the matchless blue of the Cote d'Azur. On

"Monaco still has its devotees, many of whom will be glad to linger on in a beauty spot where man helped nature to an unnatural charm, even if they have to pay taxes. If France should swallow up the principality it would mean that big nation will underwrite the finances of the tiniest of states. The invisible, and usually ignored boundary will slide down from Reausseil to include Monte Carlo and the Condamine. It has even been suggested that the high rock of Monaco, old Phoccean fortress, may be brought under a military tricolor.

"But these would be minor changes, of which the average visitor would remain ignorant. If the sun continues to brighten the world-famous terraces, if white-bodied yachts once more anchor in the Port of Hercules, if the tennis champions of the world meet on the courts of La Festa club, if warm benches attract their share of bathing beauties, if shiny motor cars come to halt between casino, and restaurant to win their beauty prizes, the principality of Monaco will continue its gay, artificial life of leisure and beauty."

Dog Deserts Happy Home for Life in City Pound

Evanston, Ill.—When a dog runs away from a happy home and applies for re-admittance to the city dog pound, it must prove something, William Erlanson, dog catcher, believes.

"It shows," he said, "that I treat them better than their owners."

To substantiate his statement he pointed to the case of Buttercup, a dog that returned to the pound the day after its owner had taken it home.

Baby of Congress



Joseph F. Monaghan of Butte, Mont., will have the distinction of being the youngest member of the next congress. He is only twenty-six years old, a Democrat, and an attorney. Once before Monaghan was a candidate for congress and was defeated, but this time he beat his Republican opponent by more than 15,000 votes.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode

THIS TOMBSTONE HAS NO NAME OF BECAUSE BENEATH LIES MILES BELOW.

EPITAPH IN SELBY CHURCHYARD, York, England

SIR WALTER RALEIGH DID NOT INTRODUCE TOBACCO INTO ENGLAND.. NEITHER DID HE BRIDGE A MUD PUDDLE WITH HIS CLOAK FOR QUEEN ELIZABETH...

HELENE MADISON BROKE 6 RECORDS IN A 500-YARD SWIM.... Jacksonville, Florida March, 1930

M. AUGUSTE PASQUIER OF Paris ENGRAVED HIS WILL ON THE LEG OF A CHAIR....

WNU Service.

that I have learned to side-step my old errors." You couldn't do Lewis a greater favor and help him more rapidly to success than to point out to him what a bonehead he had been.

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POTPOURRI

The Victoria Cross
 Intrinsically worth about ten cents, the Victoria cross is the most prized of British war awards. Originated in 1856 by Queen Victoria, it is awarded "to soldiers and sailors of any rank for notable deeds of valor in the presence of the enemy." Only 522 had been awarded up to the outbreak of the World war.

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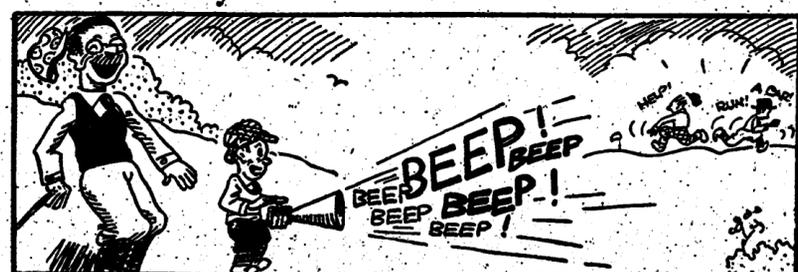
Advice
 Advice is like snow—the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon the mind, and the deeper it sinks.

New Fashion Note



The animal paws insure a slender line with the crossed silver fox collar.

SUCH IS LIFE—Help Yourself to the Idea, Boys!



By Charles Sughroe

UNDER THE MISTLETOE



The Antrim Reporter
Published Every Wednesday Afternoon
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Long Distance Telephone
Notices of Concerts, Lectures, Entertainments, etc., to which an admission fee is charged, or from which a revenue is derived, must be paid for as advertisements by the advertiser.
Cards of Thanks are inserted at 50c. each.
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An Interesting Historical Article Concerning Early Days in Antrim

This very interesting historical article was prepared by Mrs. Helen Swain Burnham and read before the October meeting of Molly Alken Chapter, D. A. R., when this Chapter entertained the members of Mercy Hathaway White Chapter, of Bradford, at the Antrim Center church. So many requests were made, that The Reporter has consented to publish the same; it will be published in two installments.

canny lot of men those Scotch-Irish settlers of Antrim! The ground was full in 1818, and in that year about half an acre was added on the west, being that part that is not so full of graves, the old part is literally packed with graves. In 1838 much needed repairs were made "at the old grave yard," and in 1872 there was a volunteer turnout of citizens to work in "righting slanting stones and bowing walls."

INSTALLMENT NO. ONE Meeting House Hill

Meeting House Hill, in Antrim, (on which was the first meeting house and burying ground) extends from the present Center northward about two miles, and can be seen from nearly all sections of the town. It is visited by many people yearly both for its beauty of situation and its associations with the past.

In 1914, Molly Alken Chapter rebuilt the stone wall, repaired the broken and reset the fallen stones, placed iron gates between cobble stone posts. On each post is a bronze marker, one of them bearing these words: "First burying ground in town laid out in 1777. These gates are erected in honor of the pioneer men and women and Revolutionary soldiers, by Molly Alken Chapter, D. A. R., Antrim, N. H., 1914." On the other tablet are these words: "SOMEWHERE OF 1776, who is buried in unknown graves." There are twenty-six names on the tablet, four of them names of men who died in the service. Forty graves of Revolutionary soldiers were located in town, at which bronze markers were placed, and six graves were marked with government stones. Eighteen Revolutionary soldiers and four soldiers of the war of 1812 are known to be buried on the hill; and probably many others whose graves cannot be found.

The First Church

At the meeting held in the thick woods on that August day in 1777, it was voted that the spot to build the meeting house "be between a Read Oak tree marked with the figur Eight and the Deat of the year 1777 and the burying place," but nothing was done about building the meeting-house until after the close of the Revolutionary War. During the war the legislature had imposed a tax of a penny an acre on all wild land for the support of the war. After the war this tax was allowed the town for three years towards building a meeting house, without which the settlers could not have built for several years, but on the strength of this money they determined to build at once. They decided to have the house 40x50 feet and a porch on either end, patterned after the church in Londonderry. At the town meeting held Sept. 2, 1784, it was voted to sell the building to the "Least bidder," and to have five gallons of rum for the "Vendue." At a later meeting Nov. 3, they voted "to have two Barrels of Rum for the Raising, and in April of the next year voted "to have a Committee Provide Bread and Cheese and Dry Fish for Breakfast for the Raising of the Meeting-house and Butter"; then voted "there be a Meat Diner Provided for the Raising and to Provide one Dozen of Wooden Kans each to hold Three Quarts." The pews to be sold to the highest bidders.

In June, 1785, William Gregg came here from Londonderry as master builder. The timber was standing when he came, but the people went to work with such enthusiasm, that it was cut, hewn and framed in less than three weeks. The pine timber was taken from the plain about where the Branch cemetery is; the hard wood was cut on the hill. The house was raised June 28, and so pleased were the people, that on the next Sabbath after the raising of the frame they met in it for worship. Nothing had been done to the house but to lay down a little loose flooring, to place a few boards on blocks for seats and a few on the beams for protection from the sun. Dr. Whiton writes that during the service there arose a violent thunder storm, and while the people were fleeing to Mr. Gregg's, at the foot of the hill, the rain poured down wetting them to their skins. The next year the body of the house was enclosed by rough boarding and the under floor laid. It was in June of this year that while shingling the roof, the staging broke and Samuel and James Dinsmore fell to the ground. Samuel was but little hurt; James fell across a rock and broke his back. He lived to be carried home but never spoke. He is buried in the old cemetery and the last lines on his stone read:

Continued next week

What Has Happened and Will Take Place Within Our Borders

Born in Antrim, December 16, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Fuglestad.

The Reporter wishes all its readers a very Merry Xmas!

Fred Howard was confined to his home on West street, by illness, several days the past week.

Schools closed on Friday last for the Christmas vacation of two weeks; they will reopen on Monday, January 2.

Road Agent Merrill and helpers did a good job sanding sidewalks on Monday of this week; the walks had become quite slippery.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Faulkner are in Arlington, Mass., where they will remain during the winter months with their son, Fred Faulkner and wife.

There will be no rural delivery service on Dec. 26, and the Postoffice will be closed from 9 a.m. until 6.30 p.m. Closes at 7.30 p.m., as usual.

Wanted—Work by the hour, at the usual price. Will also take care of children evenings. Further information may be had by calling at the Reporter office. Adv.

The Presbyterian Mission Circle will hold their regular monthly meeting and supper in their church on Wednesday, December 21; supper at 6 o'clock.

Picture Puzzle Circulating Library, 150 to 250 piece-puzzles, 1 to 3 days, 15 cents. Take one home for a weekend; also good for vacation days and for shut-ins. Puzzles sawed to order for Christmas. Mrs. Geo. A. Sawyer, Antrim, Tel. 36-13. Adv.

Quite a number of homes throughout the village have taken on holiday attire; some have decorated trees in window or on piazzas, while others have other forms of window decorations. They all look pretty enough when lighted after dark. The lighted Community tree, in the triangle, is as handsome as ever.

With the best wishes of the Antrim Reporter, H. W. Eldredge, publisher, has presented to every Boy Scout belonging to the Antrim Troop a chart with this inscription: "The Boy Scout Trail to Citizenship," showing there on the tests for advancement from Tenderfoot to First Class Rank. This chart is plainly and well printed on coated paper of good weight, and the Trail is clearly defined and well illustrated. They were presented to the Scouts at the regular meeting, on Tuesday evening, by Scout Master Eloy V. Dahl, an employe at the Reporter office.

On Saturday evening last, at the Old Fellows banquet hall, a baked bean supper was given the members of the Antrim band and the lady entertainers, who a few weeks ago accompanied a party of Old Fellows and Rebekahs to Concord, where an entertainment was given at the new Old Fellows Home, to the family of half a hundred residing there. The two committees were present and a goodly number of brothers. Here was enjoyed a pleasant hour and later, after the regular meeting of Waverley Lodge, the band played several selections, the same being much enjoyed by all who attended.

Gem Theatre PETERBORO, N. H.

Wed., Thurs., December 21 and 22 "Once In A Life Time" Jack Oakie, Sidney Fox, Louise Fazenda, Zasu Pitts

Fri. Sat., December 23 and 24 "Madison Square Garden" Thomas Meighan, William Boyd, Marion Nixon, Lew Cody, Zasu Pitts and Jack Oakie

Sun., Mon., December 25 and 26 "No More Orchids" Carol Lombard

"Flaming Guns" Tom Mix Christmas morning at 10 to 11.30 o'clock. Free Show.

Matinee 2.30, Eve'g 6.30 and 8.45 Tue., Wed., Thur., Dec 27, 28, 29 "Movie Crazy" Harold Loyd

They're My Own Folks!

By Anne Campbell

It doesn't matter what they say. My idols may be made of clay. I'm loyal to 'em anyway. They're my own folks, and I love 'em! I've heard sometimes that they're unkind. So many flaws in me they find. But somehow I don't seem to mind. They're my own folks, and I love 'em! And when we gather Sunday nights, And laugh and talk and put to rights Our petty quarrels, our fancied slights, They're my own folks, and I love 'em! Though other friends may find in me A greater value, still I see With love's true eyes my family! They're my own folks, and I love 'em!

Miss Harriet Wilkinson, who has been spending several weeks in Boston, is now at her home here, on North Main street.

Almost everyone heard from has let it be known that they have had all the winter weather they need during the present month.

Mrs. Howard Hawkins, of Waverley, Mass., has been spending a few days the past week with her sister, Mrs. William A. Nichols.

Hiram L. Allen and daughter, Miss Wilma Allen, motored to Whitefield one day recently to visit the former's daughter, Mrs. Murray Fuller and family.

Mrs. W. W. Brown has been spending a time with her mother, Mrs. Emma Hutchinson, in Fitchburg, Mass.; the latter has not been very well of late.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cutter, who have recently moved into a tenement in James Ashford's house, on Depot street, have been entertaining relatives from Bristol, this state.

FOR SALE—One copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary; of the latest issue; with index; splendid binding. Would make an excellent Christmas present. May be seen at The Reporter Office. Price will be made right. adv.

Mrs. Elizabeth Felker was in Cambridge, Mass., recently to attend the annual scholarship dinner for the sophomore class, at Radcliffe College; she attended with her daughter, Miss Ruth Felker, who is a freshman at Radcliffe.

Official Visitation

Hand in Hand Rebekah lodge, No. 29, I. O. O. F., entertained the warden of the Rebekah Assembly, Mrs. Essie B. Nutting, of Greenville, on Wednesday evening last, at their regular meeting, in Odd Fellows' hall. Previous to this meeting, at 6.30 o'clock, a supper was served in the banquet hall, and about fifty partook of a bountiful repast, prepared by an efficient committee. The menu consisted of chicken, mashed potato, rolls, liver pies, jelly and coffee.

The Rebekah degree was conferred so that the visiting officer might see the quality of work that Hand in Hand Lodge is capable of doing when candidates present themselves for such honors. Mrs. Nutting expressed herself in extended remarks as very well pleased with the degree as conferred at this time, and passed out several bouquets. Likewise the large company present of Rebekahs were pleased with the visiting officer and her complimentary remarks. It was the mind of all that this meeting was profitable and one long to be remembered.

Notice!

Starting this week, I am notifying all persons that I am covering this territory weekly, selling Range Oil, at eight cents per gallon. For quick service call 78-12, Hillsboro. JOSEPH VAILLANCOURT

For Sale

Fully Accredited COWS; can go in anybody's herd, in any state: Holsteins, Guernsey's, Jerseys and Ayrshires. Fresh and springers. Fred L. Proctor, Antrim, N. H.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year To You All

C. F. Butterfield

We Wish You A Merry Christmas

Let's forget, for the day at least, the discouragements and burdens of the year and let's be merry with our own circle. Particularly let's make the children happy: you and I have very precious memories of our early Christmases; let's provide the children of our day memories of Christmas that will be a pleasure to them through life.

Let's also take thought of others less fortunate than ourselves: just a bit of remembrance will go a long way this year, and will help to tide over hard places.

After all, helping others is the real Christmas spirit, and by helping others we shall provide both for them and for ourselves priceless memories

We are in position to help you with that belated shopping Try Us and See!

Open Every Evening Till Christmas If you cannot call write, or telephone 154-W We Are At Your Service

EMERSON & SON, Milford

The Manchester Union-Leader...

Nineteenth Annual Bargain Day Offer

For full particulars see The Manchester Union and Leader Daily. This Offer is for SIX DAYS ONLY, Dec. 26 to 31 inclusive. Positively no subscriptions accepted for this Offer before or after these dates.

37 MAGAZINES To Select From!

Arranged into 18 Big Offers Combined with your choice of The

MANCHESTER UNION OR LEADER

All for one year \$6.00 by mail except Special Request Offers.

MAKE YOUR SELECTION NOW

Topics of the Day Presented to Reporter Readers in Concise Form

After fourteen months of unpaid service as chairman of the State Unemployment Commission, during which he has given practically all his time to the work, Captain James M. Langley, editor and publisher of the Concord Daily Monitor, has handed in his resignation to Governor Winant, accompanied by a summary of the work of the commission to date and recommendations for the future based upon his "observations and convictions."

In New Hampshire than in any other state. If there is a practicable way to defer the agony until spring we hope the legislature will find it.

This is what an exchange says in commenting on a change from January to April for the beginning of the registration year.

Regarding the cost of registration, the above is only part of the story. In some states where the cost of registration is less, it costs toward a hundred dollars before the owner can get his car on the road. New Hampshire is not so bad!

It costs more to register an automobile

Bennington.

Congregational Church
Rev. J. W. Logan, Pastor
Sunday School 12.00 m
Preaching service at 11.00 a.m.
Christian Endeavor at 6 p.m.

On Thursday evening of this week, the usual church service will be held, as the annual meeting, at 7.30 p.m.

The annual canvas for the contributions for support of the church and its missions, was made on Sunday afternoon, and the 1933 envelopes distributed.

There was a near accident on Tuesday of last week, at the crossing turn near the railroad station, when a truck skidded into the corner of the fence. No damage was done, and now the street has been sanded.

The extremely cold weather has not dampened the Christmas spirit of the people here, with all the good things provided for everybody; not to forget the Community tree, which is beautiful, as it is lighted every evening.

On Tuesday afternoon, the 20th, Santa Claus visited the Woman's Club, when a Christmas party was held for members and their own or borrowed children. You will learn more of what happened next week.

On Monday afternoon, the 19th, the S. of U. V. Auxiliary held their regular meeting, initiating a new member; following this the children were served supper at 5 o'clock, adults being served at 6. Then came the tree loaded with gifts, for old and young, and a general good time for everybody. Santa Claus furnished all this.

On Friday evening of this week, the Sunday School gives a supper, at 5.30 o'clock, for every one, at Grange hall, with a tree and entertainment in the Chapel following. We expect Santa Claus has something to do with this. On Sunday morning there will be special music, both vocal and instrumental, at the 11 o'clock service, and in the evening another special Christmas service at 7 o'clock.

NEW OFFICERS OF GRANGE

The newly elected officers of Bennington Grange are as follows:

Master—John Robertson
Overseer—Mary Sargent
Lecturer—Grace Taylor
Steward—William Taylor
Asst. Steward—Alfred Chase
Secretary—Florence Newton
Chaplain—Isabelle Gerrard
Treasurer—Allan Gerrard
Gate Keeper—Frank Taylor
Ceres—Florence Edwards
Pomona—Laura Sylvester
Flora—Frieda Edwards
Lary Asst. Steward—Ruth Putnam
Chorister—Leonise Favor

Tax Collector's Notice

The Tax Collector will be at the Selectmen's Office, Bennington, every Tuesday evening, from 8 to 9 o'clock, for the purpose of receiving Taxes.
J. H. BALCH, Collector.

Water Rents

The Water Rent Collector will be at the Town Office, Bennington, on the First Tuesday of each Month, from 7.30 to 9.00 p.m., for the purpose of collecting Water Rents.
WALTER E. WILSON Sup.

New Hampshire Children's Aid and Protective Society

The laudable services which the New Hampshire Children's Aid and Protective Society perform daily for youngsters in the Granite State is being called to the attention of the public this month while officials of the organization are making a special appeal for funds. Hard pressed because of the falling off of contributions, the Society has made several cuts and will be forced to curtail its work still further if it fails to receive a generous response to its appeal.

Hundreds of youngsters during the past eighteen years have been taken from bad homes and placed in good homes and institutions through the efforts of the Society, whose prime concern has been the care of the neglected and abused, the crippled, blind, deaf, dumb, and otherwise unfortunate children.

At the present time there are about 245 children in foster homes under the Society's supervision. The organization provides clothing and medical care as well as supervision.

At this Christmas time a special effort is being made owing to the deficit which the Society faces and which it hopes to be able to meet. With the letters of appeals they red stockings with apertures into which a check may be tucked are being sent.

Antrim Locals

As Christmas this year will be observed on Monday as a holiday, the Reporter office will be closed for the day.

The Antrim students who are attending schools out of town, are at their respective homes here for the holiday vacation, which will last over New Year's.

At the next meeting of Hand in Hand Rebekah Lodge, Dec. 23, the committee is arranging a Christmas party. All who attend are asked to bring an article of small cost to be put on the tree.

Specials in Hairdressing

With every Shampoo and Finger Wave, a Free Manicure.

Specials on Hot Oil Shampoos and Manicures.

Inquire for Other Specials.

MRS. MARGUERITE HOWARD
Graduate of Wilfred Academy.
Telephone 108-2.

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church

Rev. William Patterson, Pastor
Friday, December 23

The Christmas tree and entertainment will be held on Friday evening, December 23, at 6.30 o'clock.

Sunday, December 25
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock.
Sermon by the pastor.

Bible school at 12 o'clock.

The annual service of Christmas music, by the Union choir, including a cantata, will be given in this church on Sunday evening, December 25, at 7 o'clock. The High school orchestra will play. Everybody is invited to this service of song.

Methodist Episcopal

Rev. John P. Brooks, Pastor
Friday, December 23

Christmas tree and program at the church, Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.

Sunday, December 25
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock.
Christmas service; special music by the choir. Sermon: "Watchers of the Sky."

Bible school at 12 o'clock.

Baptist

Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, December 22

Church prayer meeting, 7.30 p.m.
Topic: "Anticipating Christmas."
Mic 5:1-7.

Friday, December 23

The Christmas party of the Church school. Our people are invited to join in welcoming Santa Claus, at 6.30 o'clock p.m.

Sunday, December 25

Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock.
The pastor will preach on "God's Gifts to Men: a Savior."
Church school at 12 o'clock.

Little Stone Church on the Hill
Antrim Center
Rev. J. W. Logan, Pastor

Sunday, November 27
Sunday School at 9 a.m.
Sunday morning worship at 9.45.

The Antrim Woman's Club

Afternoon with the poet, John Kebleaf Whittier, was spent on Tuesday, December 13. After a brief business meeting, the program arranged by Mrs. Abbie F. Dunlap was given. A sketch of his life, containing many interesting incidents and letters, was read by Mrs. Dunlap. A selection was sung by Mrs. Roeder. Several poems were read by different members. A social hour followed, with Mrs. Hazel Tuttle as chairman of hostesses.

The name of our adopted ex-serviceman is James Orr, and his address is U. S. Veterans Hospital, Bedford, Mass., in care of Mrs. Davis, Recreation Aid.

Alice G. Nylander,
Press Com.

GREENFIELD

The Sunday school gave a supper Saturday night, Dec. 17. The proceeds will be used for the community Christmas tree.

Mrs. Nellie Mason and her sister, Mrs. Frank Stevens, of Hooksett, were in an automobile accident occurring in Wilbraham, Mass. Mrs. Mason's knee was broken and her face cut. Mrs. Stevens' knee was broken and rib ligaments pulled. Mrs. Mason was taken to the St. Joseph's hospital, Nashua, and Mrs. Stevens is in the Margaret Pillsbury hospital, Concord.

Doing Something to Stimulate Business

Wise Merchants Use Reporter Advertising Columns

Maplehurst Inn
Antrim
Arthur J. Kelley, Prop.
"A Home-like Hotel in a Friendly Community"
For Lunch or Banquet
Excellent Food—Reasonable Prices
May We Serve You?
Phone or Write
James A. Elliott

Coal Wood Fertilizer
General Trucking
The Superior Quality of Our Coal Makes Many Warm Friends
Place Your Order Now!
Phone 53 Antrim

Guy A. Hulett
Painting and Paper Hanging
Wall Paper and Brushes
For Sale
Hulett Orchards
Excel All Others in This Section
Antrim

Mayrand's Barber Shop
(Next to Cutter's)
John B. Mayrand, Prop.
APPEARANCE COUNTS!
It Pays To Always Look Your Best!
Hair Cutting—Shaving—Shampooing—Massaging
Ladies' and Children's Work
a Specialty

What's News to You?
THRIFTINESS is a state of mind that is nearly as valuable an asset as a bank account. For thriftiness can always get a bank account of its own.
And it's easy to tell thrifty people from the way in which they read the newspapers—just as you can usually spot the other kind.
The great majority of men and women never put a newspaper down until they have read the important news which is directed to them thru the advertisements.
The modern woman, especially, finds the advertisements indispensable. She spends more than five-sixths of the family income. And the prosperity, happiness and health of her household frequently depend on her reading of the advertisements and on the wisdom with which she chooses everything she buys.
The advertisements bring you complete information about accepted products and new ones. Thru them you can compare values, discover ways and means for greater household efficiency and enjoyment, and make sure that every dollar spent will bring its full return.

Contocook Valley Telephone Company
Serving Antrim and Bennington
Main Office, Hillsboro
Hillsboro Guaranty Savings Bank
First National Bank
Resources about \$1,900,000.00
Safe Deposit Boxes Checking Accounts
Branch in Antrim Open Thursday a.m.

The Antrim Reporter
Two Dollars a year—in advance
You may do Business without People Knowing it—but You Can Do More by Advertising in The Reporter
Commercial Printing by Reporter Press
The various kinds of Commercial Printing is as Cheap Now as it has ever been, for First Quality Work.
Telephone Antrim 31-3 when in Need of Printing

Antrim Fruit Company
K. E. Roeder, Prop.
Fresh Fruits and Vegetables in Season
Confectionery, Tonics,
Ice Cream
Where Service and Quality Rules
Antrim, Phone 54-8

Antrim Cash Market
J. M. Cutter, Prop.
Fresh Meats and Provisions, Fruits and Vegetables
"Price May Catch the Shopper but Quality Holds the Customer"
Service—Economy—Satisfaction
Telephone 31-11

Fred A. Knight
Bennington Phone 26-4
General Store
Groceries Provisions Dry Goods
The Store Where Quality Predominates

Bennington Garage
J. H. Lindsay, Prop.
Buick, Pontiac and Chevrolet Sales and Service
A Phone Call will Bring Us to Your Door for a Demonstration
General Auto Repairing on All Makes
Merrimac Oil Burners
Buy Your Spartan Radio Now
Bennington, Phone 16-23

Weekly News of Interest From a Few Towns Surrounding Antrim

FRANCESTOWN

Atlantic chapter, O. E. S., held its regular meeting on Monday evening.

The Benevolence society met at the home of Mrs. Henry T. Miller one day recently.

Harry Miller has returned from Nashua after attending the sessions of the state grange.

Rev. Mr. Lewis of New Boston preached at the Old church Sunday morning. At the close of the morning service Sunday school was held.

The Woman's Alliance held an enjoyable meeting at the Old church. Members made Christmas wreaths and sold fancy articles and aprons. Mrs. Eva Nichols and Mrs. Lee served refreshments.

Rev. Walter Brockway, who has already been heard from the pulpit of the Deering Center church, has taken up his regular work here.

A masquerade dance was held in the town hall Saturday evening, December 18, when prizes will be awarded for the cleverest costumes.

William Kimball, U. S. N., has returned from a cruise in Pacific waters and is passing a brief furlough at the home of his mother, Mrs. Wendell Putnam.

Friends in town have received word from Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Swift, who were recently married in the Deering Center church. They have returned from a honeymoon trip passed in Bermuda, and are now living at Orlando, Fla.

HANCOCK

Mrs. John E. Hadley, who has been ill with the grip, is recovering her usual good health.

Karl G. Upton has returned from several weeks' stay in Florida, to his home in this place.

C. H. Sloane, of New York City, is spending several weeks in this place, as is his annual custom.

A number of members of John Hancock grange attended the meetings of the N. H. State Grange, in Nashua, last week.

Miss Nellie M. Jackson, has closed her home here and gone to Canada, where she will spend some time in the family of a niece.

The number of deer shot by hunters in this vicinity this year is very small, in fact they may be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Arrangements are being made for a community Christmas tree at town hall on Christmas Eve, December 24. An excellent program of music and special exercises will be given.

Mrs. Mary R. Hills, a summer visitor here for many years, died at the home of her son, Clarence Hills, in Norwich, Vt., on December 3, at the age of 94 years. Funeral and interment were in Norwich.

where Mr. Swift is employed by the Florida Airways company.

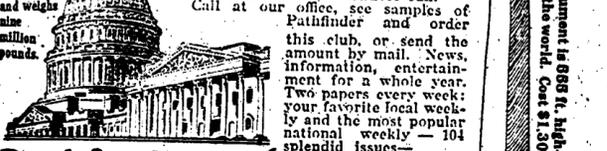
The community club will hold its Christmas celebration on this Wednesday evening, December 21, in the town hall. The party is planned for all club members and their families. There will be the usual Christmas tree, games and refreshments. It is also hoped to have a program appropriate to the spirit of the season. Dr. D. A. Poling has been invited to speak, and there will be the singing of Christmas carols.

Pathfinder The Time-Tested News Weekly

Right from Washington, D. C.

is now offered to you along with YOUR CHOSEN HOME PAPER

By a favorable arrangement we are able to send you that old reliable family weekly, The Pathfinder, in combination with this paper, at a price never before equaled. There is nothing like The Pathfinder anywhere—nothing equal to it at any price. Over a million people take it and swear by it. It takes the place of periodicals costing several times as much. News from all over the world, the inside of Washington affairs—the truth about politics and business, science, discovery, personalities, pictures, stories—and no end of fun. Call at our office, see samples of Pathfinder and order this club, or send the amount by mail. News, information, entertainment for a whole year. Two papers every week: your favorite local weekly and the most popular national weekly—104 splendid issues—



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Includes Household Magazine, Country Home, Farm Journal, The Pathfinder 52 issues, Antrim Reporter 52 issues

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Includes Better Homes & Gardens, Household Magazine, Woman's World, Country Home, Gentlewoman Magazine, The Pathfinder 52 issues, Antrim Reporter 52 issues

Club No. 65—Six Publications for \$2.70
Includes McCall's Magazine, Better Homes & Gardens, Household Magazine, Farm Journal, The Pathfinder 52 issues, Antrim Reporter 52 issues

Primarily, this offer is launched to induce new subscribers to become regular readers of The Antrim Reporter

If either of these Clubs is desired by our regular subscribers, in sending in renewals and \$2.00 in advance, add 30 cents to either Club price, and you continue your Reporter subscription one year and receive also for one year the other publications in such Club as you may desire.

Important!—Each subscription is for one year. All magazines must go to one address. Always Use The Club Numbers
Address all correspondence to

ANTRIM REPORTER, Antrim, N. H.

Lady Blanche Farm

A Romance of the Commonplace

By Frances Parkinson Keyes

WNU Service
Copyright by Frances Parkinson Keyes

SYNOPSIS

Motoring through Vermont near the village of Hamstead, Phillip Starr, young Boston architect, meets, in unconventional fashion, Blanche Manning, girl of seventeen, with whom he is immediately enamored. In conversation, he learns something of her family history. Starr is convalescing from a serious illness, and it being a long distance to Burlington, his destination, Blanche suggests the small village not boasting a hotel that he come, for the night, a guest of her cousin, Mary Manning.

CHAPTER II

Lady Blanche farm lay a mile or so south of Hamstead, stretching on one side of the road back to the foothills of the Green mountains, and on the other, in broad, sweeping meadows, straight down to the Connecticut river. Two big houses, one of brick, with a small, semi-detached brick building—the lawyer Moses' office—the other of wood, white-painted and white-pillared, with a large flower garden, stood on it. Across the road was a smaller house, brick with a wooden ell, less true to line, and decidedly less prosperous in appearance.

As they came in sight of all this Phillip Starr brought his motor to an abrupt stop, and turned to Blanche, who had unhesitatingly accepted his invitation to "help him find the farm," by riding back with him.

"Is that where you live?"
"Yes, the big brick house is ours. The big white one is Cousin Jane's. The one across the way is where Mary lives."

"Good Lord!"
"What's the matter?"

"Matter! It's the most beautiful place I ever saw in my life. I didn't tell you, did I—I'm an architect. I mean, that's my regular job. But on the side, I can't help dabbling in other things—sketching, modeling, carving—I was four years in Europe while I was growing up, and went back to Paris for a course at the Beaux Arts after I got through Harvard. And I've never—" his eyes turned from the landscape and swept over the face and figure of the girl beside him—"seen the Elysian fields and one of the nymphs before!"

"It's pretty, but I don't see why you should think it's so remarkable. And it's so deedly dull—Perhaps we had better hurry a little, or Mary may be through supper."

"They stopped beside the least pretentious of the three houses, and walked up the cobblestone path. Here, on the huge granite slab that formed the front doorstep, sat a small boy, who was engaged in eating an enormous piece of lemon pie with his fingers.

"Hello, Moses," said Blanche.

"Where's Mary?"

"She's putting Algernon to bed," replied the small boy.

"Algernon?" exclaimed Phillip, involuntarily.

"Yes," interposed Blanche, a trifle impatiently. "Cousin Laura—his mother, you know, that died—said she was so tired of the same old family names, that when he came along, she felt she'd simply got to have a change. She found that in a book called 'The Wicked Duke'; Algernon was the duke. It wasn't allowed in the Hamstead library, but it was a great story, just the same. Come in, Mr. Starr, and I'll call Mary. Mary—M-A-R-Y—"

"Yes," floated down a voice from the upper story. "Coming, honey. Did you have a good time?"

"Yes, lovely. Hurry up—we've got company."

A door opened and shut, quickly, there was the sound of swift footsteps coming across a hall, and a girl, with another golden-haired child—presumably the namesake of the wicked duke—in her arms, appeared at the head of the stairs. In a flash, Phillip remembered and understood the quick resentment Blanche had shown when he asked her if her cousin were plain. For if Blanche were lovely, Mary was certainly beautiful, with the tall, superbly formed, quiet beauty of a Greek statue. And yet, it was not of a Greek statue that he almost instantly thought. The blue cotton dress that she had on, dulled, and faded from frequent washing, had turned to the soft color in which the painters of the Middle Ages loved to clothe their Madonnas; the little boy, apparently snatched from his bath to answer Blanche's summons, was cuddled, pink and plump and sturdy against her shoulder. Mary! The coincidence of the name, too, seemed almost startling. What sort of a map could the indifferent Paul be, he wondered. The younger girl's explanation of his presence broke in upon his silent admiration.

"This is Mr. Phillip Starr of Boston, Mary. I met him by the brook. He's an architect. He's been sick with typhoid fever, and is on his way to Burlington in a motor to make a visit while he's getting strong, but he got lost. I told him I was sure you'd take him in for the night."
"I'm afraid I'm dreadfully intrusive," interrupted Phillip, smiling up at Mary, but she in turn interrupted him.

"Of course not. Father and I'll both be awfully glad to have you. Will you put your motor in the shed while I get Alg' tucked in? Blanche will take you. I'll be back in a minute, and show you where the guest-chamber and bathroom are."

She was already downstairs when they returned from the shed, bending over the guilty but contented Moses. "I'm afraid you won't have any dessert for supper," she said, laughing. "Moses seems to have cleaned out the pantry while I was busy with Alg'. But I can open a jar of preserves, and there are cookies. You go upstairs and turn on the water, Moses. I'll be there in just a minute—Hello, Paul!"

Her voice, soft already, softened perceptibly at the last words. Phillip, turning quickly, saw a boy who seemed to be simply a larger and masculine replica of Blanche—there was an almost astonishing family resemblance between all these Mannings—coming up the walk towards them.

"Hello," he said leisurely. "Hello, Blanche, you're going to catch it for running away. Hello—"

"This is Mr. Starr of Boston," put in Mary, quickly, repeating the somewhat scanty information which Blanche



"Then Say You Hope I'll Have It, Like a Good Girl."

had been able to give her about him. "My cousin Paul, Mr. Starr—Blanche's brother."

"How do you do?" said Paul, without much enthusiasm. "Glad to see you—Mother's gone to bed with a sick headache—all used up after cleaning the North parlor. So I thought I better come over here for supper."

"Of course," agreed Mary warmly. "Will you show Mr. Starr where to go while I get Moses settled? Come, Moses!"

She disappeared up the stairs again. Phillip picked up his bag, which Paul had made no effort to take from him, and followed. Little as he knew of the customs of New England farmers, he thought it unlikely that there were many who looked like this one, or who were at leisure to appear in white flannels at six o'clock on a May evening. He resented both the boy's beauty and his clothes. Paul stopped at the open door of a small room and motioned him to enter.

"I hope you'll find this fairly decent," he said, depreciatingly. "Mary's not much of a housekeeper—there's probably some dust about. That's the bathroom at the end of the hall—there's the only one."

"Thanks—have I time for a shave before supper?"
"I guess so—Mary'll wait for you anyway."

The family was waiting for him when he went downstairs again. Blanche had gone home and changed her dress for another white one, softer and flimsier than the one she had worn in the afternoon. Mary, apparently, had had no time to freshen up, and had simply tied a crisp apron of generous proportions over the faded blue gingham; while a tired-looking, elderly man, without a necktie and with a shabby coat slipped on over his khaki shirt and trousers, came forward to welcome Phillip.

"Pleased to meet you," he said with the same unquestioning cordiality that Mary had shown. "Blanche has been tellin' us how she happened to find you and that you've been sick. I'm real sorry, but I guess our good Vermont air'll fix you up. Come and set down to supper. It's all ready—such as 'tis. I understand Moses has et up a good share of it."

There was, however, no scarcity of supper. There was, on the contrary, a good deal of it—two big slices of ham, with a quantity of clear, golden-brown gravy, fried eggs, baked potatoes, dandelion greens. Phillip thought he had never been so hungry, that nothing had ever tasted so good—

"Want to smoke?" asked Paul at his elbow as they rose from the table. Phillip hesitated. He had not visited in many families where "they did their own work" but he had a vague feeling that he ought to offer to be useful.

"Don't we help with the dishes first?" he asked.

"Mercy, don't you think of such a thing!" Seth exclaimed. "Mary'll have 'em done in no time, while I finish milkin'. You and Blanche and Paul go and set on the front porch and take it easy."

"I'm going to Wallacetown, to a show," said Paul briefly.

"Oh, don't tonight!"

Paul turned on his cousin impatiently. "What are you so down on

Wallacetown for?" he asked crossly. "I've got all my plans made—I didn't know we were going to have company, did I? I'd have asked you to go with me, of course, only I knew you wouldn't care for it anyway, even if you weren't too busy—I'll be nine o'clock before you get the dishes done and the bread set." Then, seeing that Mary's face was still clouded, he added, more pleasantly and very persuasively, "Mary—you like me to have a good time, once in a while, don't you?"

"Of course I do. But—"
"Then say you hope I'll have it, like a good girl."

He slipped his arm around her, rubbing his head against hers, and kissing her cheek. She smiled and returned his kiss.

"All right, run along," she said cheerfully. "Blanche, you can keep Mr. Starr amused, can't you?"

"Of course she can," said Phillip hastily. But he stood still, looking at Mary with a slightly puzzled expression. Was it possible that Paul—engaged—he had the boy's sister's word for it—to this wonderful creature, was going to Wallacetown, wherever that might be, to a "show," his privilege to do so practically unquestioned, leaving her to wash dishes and make bread?

Customs of chaperonage in Hamstead are simple, not to say primitive. As a rule, however, they work out surprisingly well. Seth, coming in after dark from the barn, lighted the kitchen lamp, and read the Wallacetown Bigle and his farm paper. Then he took off his shoes, and tiptoed up the stairs to bed. Phillip, going up to bed about eleven, found Mary in his room, turning down his bed.

"I say, Miss Manning—may I speak to you for a minute?"

"Of course," answered Mary, turning to him with a smile. "What is it?"

"Your cousin Blanche—she isn't engaged, too, is she?"

Mary flushed. "What makes you say 'too'?" she asked quietly.

"Why—she told me about you and her brother. I hope you won't think I'm fresh if I tell you I consider him awfully lucky."

"It's I that am lucky," returned Mary slowly. "Paul's the dearest boy in all the world, after you get to know him. I feel much older than he is, though as a matter of fact, we're almost exactly the same age. But—we're not exactly engaged. We've a sort of an understanding—keeping company—it's called, here in Hamstead. But—Paul isn't bound at all."

"Well, I should think he'd want to be," said Phillip with visible admiration. "But now, about his sister? Has she got an understanding or anything awkward like that with anybody?"

"No," said Mary, smiling. "She's very young yet, you know—barely seventeen. Why?"

"Because," Phillip burst out, "I've fallen in love with her—head over heels. Of course I haven't told her so yet. But I think she's the loveliest—the most exquisite—oh, the—"

"Yes, I know," said Mary. "So you want—"

"I'm twenty-four years old, and I'm a fairly decent sort," went on Phillip, plunging as usual straight to his point. "I haven't any ancestral home like this—in fact, one of my ancestors was an Irish immigrant, and all of my family were very plain people—there weren't any town histories written about them! But we've always been honest, as far as I know, and we've prospered and risen in the world. I've lots of friends. I've inherited some money, and I'm earning more. I've got a pretty good job, for my age. I'm in Davis and Hamlin's office—"

"Gale Hamlin, the architect?"

"Why, yes? Do you know him?"

"I've met him. His niece, Hannah Adams, was one of my classmates at boarding school. I used to visit her, sometimes, in Boston. So you are in his office!"

"Yes," said Phillip excitedly. "What tremendous luck! He can tell you about me—Blanche's mother and brother, you know—and you, for that matter! And you will help me all you can with Blanche, won't you?"

Mary picked up her lamp. "I don't believe you'll need an awful lot of help with Blanche," she said, whimsically. "But I'll say a few things to Cousin Violet that might make a difference. Good night."

"You are good! And you don't think I'm an awful chump going at things this way?"

"I think you're rather nice," said Mary, still whimsically—"if you must know."

She was closing the door gently behind her, when Phillip pulled it open again.

"Mary," he said, "I may call you Mary, mayn't I—tell me the superstition about Lady Blanche—about all the Blanche Mannings."

"Well," said Mary, hesitating a little, "all the Blanches so far have fallen in love at first sight, and married strangers—and gone away from their own homes to live. Their husbands have adored them, and they've been rich and beautiful, and—"

"Is that all of the story?"

"Is there anything," asked Mary, suddenly, "that I could tell you that would make you want her any less? Anything that would make you—afraid to try and get her?"

"Anything in the way of an old superstition, you mean? Good Lord, no!"

"Then," said Mary, "I think that's enough for tonight. And good enough for any night, too, isn't it? Especially for a man who has just said he was in love with Blanche—it ought to make you feel as if the suit were half way already! Good night!"

Ultra Evening Modes Play Up Capes

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



THIS is a season when capes are high fashion. With all due respect to the handsome fur, cloth and velvet capes which distinguish current daytime modes, the real time and place to behold capes and near-capes and all their relations at the height of their glory is during the evening hours when formal array in all its splendor goes on dress parade. For it has been decreed that these graceful shoulder wraps shall play a role de luxe at theater, dance and dinner functions this winter.

Now that designers have turned to cape effects as a means of adding a brilliant and gorgeous note to the formal costume, the theme becomes one of fascinating and varied interpretation. One of the happiest gestures in connection with this movement is the cape which is made of the same material as that which fashions the gowns which it tops.

When the fabric happens to be sumptuous gold and silver lame as it is in the case of the magnificent costume pictured to the right in the picture, then the ensemble takes on a glamorous beauty such as befits an occasion of ultra formality. The detail which is most impressive in connection with the cape of self-fabric is the precociousness of the fur which almost without exception borders it. Sable is the chosen fur for the caped costume as here portrayed. Another fur in high favor for trimming the matched-to-the-dress cape is blue fox of the most costly kind.

The dress with a matching cape need not always be so extravagant in nature in order to qualify as an exponent of the most successful in the

style realm, for some of the most enchanting models are made of simple white crepe, their detachable capes of self-material being bordered with perhaps white marabou, or white lapin or, if your budget permits, snowy ermine. Speaking of ermine the black velvet gown with its black velvet cape which is bordered with white ermine is making history this season.

Not only are evening gowns caped but wraps of formal nature also are taking into themselves adorable little capes which add to their lure in that they are detachable and can be worn at will with any gown or topping the coat as illustrated to the left in the picture. Here we see a Russian ermine caped wrap trimmed with Russian sable. Wouldn't the little shoulder cape be stunning worn with a brown or black velvet frock? Thus these detachable capes serve a many-fold purpose, which is a true lesson in economy, eh?

In regard to the pretty cape shown in the inset, we thought you might be interested, for it is something very new. It is of white velvet and is referred to as the angel-wing evening cape, having two wings fastened on a fitted neckband. It is trimmed with silver fox. The frock which mildly wears with this cunning cape is of white crepe. Long black velvet evening gloves complete the ensemble.

WINTER COSTUMES MUST FIT SNUGLY

It is careful attention to the small points of style that make today's clothes smart. The fitting of dresses and coats is attaining the importance it had in the Victorian era.

It is becoming more and more of an art, and any woman buying new clothes will do well to see that they are properly fitted; for the dia phragm-bugging silhouette is an established fashion.

Good corseting is important, with the fitting of dresses and coats becoming tighter and tighter, smoother and smoother, regardless of the wearer's figure.

Designers Bring Black Back as Afternoon Color

The French designers are apparently pleased with the return of black—as a fashionable afternoon color. After all, it is their old favorite; they know it better than any bright color and are more aware of its possibilities and limitations than any other. This year they have shown their favoritism for black by producing some of the best of their designs in black materials of all types.

Many Scarfs Are Needed for New Color Contrasts

You can't have too many scarfs this year. For instance, a wool one, a smooty affair of soft chilton velvet, a hand-knitted trick that uses a thousand different colors, or an ascot of silk. Any other kind will be accepted by grateful scarf collectors as necessary color contrasts for suits, coats, and frocks.

Crystals With Evening Gowns Favored by Paris

All well-known French designers feature the lavish use of bracelets. Yvonne especially sponsors bracelets with evening gowns. They usually are of crystal in various transparent colors, harmonizing or contrasting the gown.

SILK CORDUROY

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



All silk velvet corduroy is worn for street by smart Parisiennes. Mirande uses collar and cuffs of otter with brown corduroy. Note with what intrigue the stripes are manipulated. This ingenious handling of stripes is characteristic of many of the season's models. Suzanne Lenglen wore a white silk-ribbed velvet frock at a Paris night club gathering recently.

Clanking Belts of Metal Featured This Season

Many belts this season are of metal combined with scraps of fabric or ribbon—noisy, clanking affairs of copper, chromium, silver, and gold that do all sorts of dress parade tricks for the best street and sports clothes. Rhinestone belts that match shoulder straps are glittering on a lot of new evening gowns.

British Build Sea Wall to End Ocean's Ravages

Not since the Romans built their great fortification from the Tyne to Solway Frith has such a wall been built in Britain as one under construction today.

The new wall has a very different purpose from the ancient one. It is a defense not against human foes, but against the sea. All along the east coast the sea is continually disturbing the contour of the land. Kings Lynn was at one time one of the busy ports of the country, and it has fallen from its high place because the sea has blocked the River Ouse with millions of tons of sand and has threatened to overflow its banks and transform the country into a marsh land. To remedy this already much engineering work has been done, and a wall is being constructed to carry the river four miles out to sea.

AT THE FIRST SNEEZE
MISTOL
FIGHT COLDS
Essence of Mistol
ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEF AND PILLOW
IT'S NEW

Hospital Treats 133,960
University of California's hospital and medical school treated 133,960 persons the last fiscal year.

LET US TAN YOUR HIDE
FUR DRESSERS and TAXIDERMISTS
THE CROSSY FURRIAN FUR COMPANY
565 Lyall Avenue Rochester, N. Y.

Eccentrics are always humored, up to a certain point. Then people go away.

ASTHMA
DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA REMEDY
for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask your druggist for it. 25 cents and one dollar. Write for FREE SAMPLE.
Northrop & Lyman Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.
DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S REMEDY

Better weep with the wise than laugh with fools.

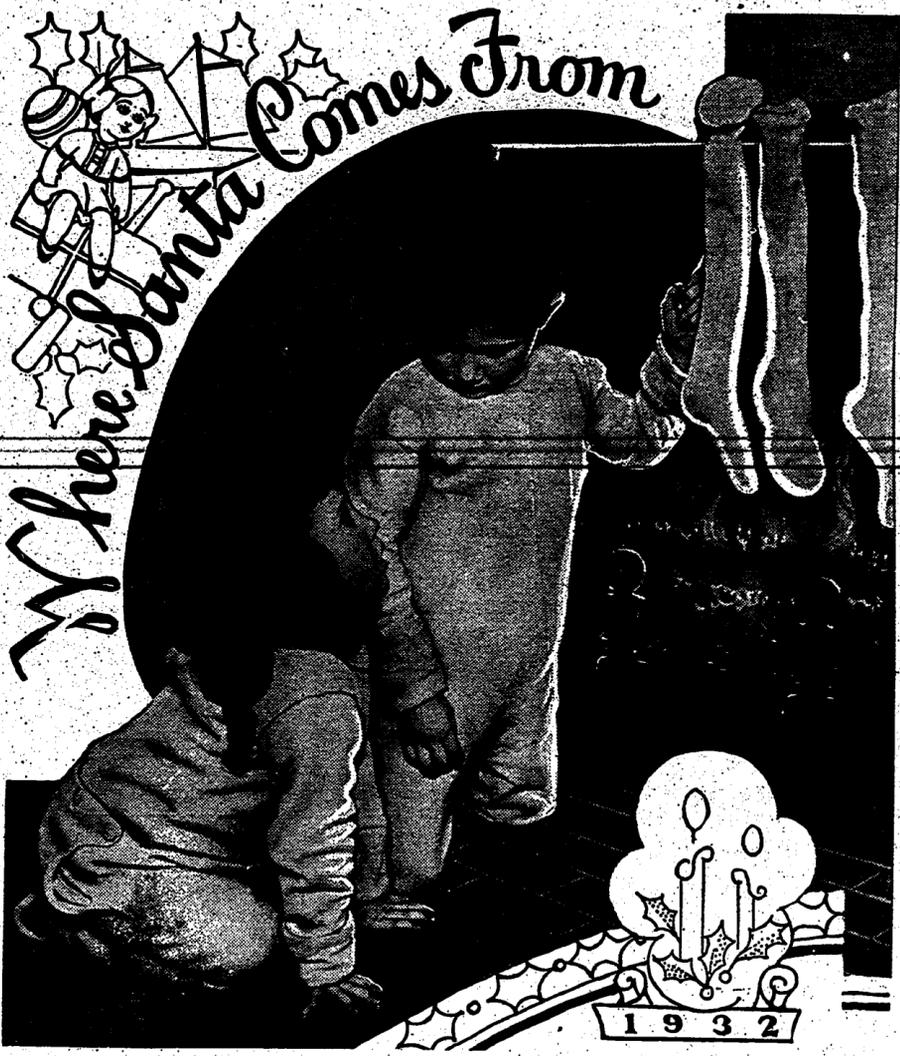
YOUNG at 60
A man less old as his organs; most men can be vigorous and healthy at 60 as well as at 35, if they will but take care of themselves properly. Invigorate your vital organs with Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules. It is one of the most reliable preparations known to medicine. It has been widely prescribed for 27 years, the best proof that it works. Insist on GOLD MEDAL. 35c & 75c.
GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

It may be safer in the jungle than in a crime-ridden city.

ALMOST FLAT ON HER BACK
Aching back! Will it never stop? She's nearly desperate. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has relieved "feminine troubles" for over 50 years.

Your friend will overlook your foolishness if you are loyal.

REDUCE QUICKLY
NEW EASY WAY
Lose Weight Safely! Reduce 10 Pounds! Reduce 25 Pounds! Reduce 50 Pounds! Reduce 100 Pounds! Reduce 150 Pounds! Reduce 200 Pounds! Reduce 250 Pounds! Reduce 300 Pounds! Reduce 350 Pounds! Reduce 400 Pounds! Reduce 450 Pounds! Reduce 500 Pounds! Reduce 550 Pounds! Reduce 600 Pounds! Reduce 650 Pounds! Reduce 700 Pounds! Reduce 750 Pounds! Reduce 800 Pounds! Reduce 850 Pounds! Reduce 900 Pounds! Reduce 950 Pounds! Reduce 1000 Pounds!



The Christmas Eve Burglar

Twenty years of conservatism and impeccable ethics in his dealings with men had finally succeeded in grinding into Thomas Mare's consciousness one bitter, outstanding conclusion.

Thomas Mare, rancor against his employer, against the little girl daughter of his employer, against the whole scheme of society that made his state of oppression possible, began to burn and rage and finally sweep through his being.

amounting to six thousand three hundred and fifty dollars. At eight o'clock of that Christmas Eve, Thomas Mare had reason to know that most of the household would be assembled in the great lower hall helping to prepare a great Christmas tree for little Miss Matilda Longman, age eleven.

American Heroines

By LOUISE M. COMSTOCK

Mary Jemison A WHITE woman, stolen from the feast celebrating her coming marriage to a white man only to become the willing bride of an Indian brave: that was Mary Jemison, the "White Squaw" of the Genesee.

When the baby she had carried with her from the Ohio was four, Mary married again, Hlokatoo, known as a "bad" chief, but apparently a kind husband.

Elizabeth Porter A TALL spire in the Union cemetery, Kansas City, boasts that city's romantic link with the distant alarms of the Revolutionary war.

There was a war going on, they knew, but the rich, newly cleared lands of their homestead were at that time "farthest west" and many miles of wilderness and irregular communication made Bunker Hill and Brandywine seem safely remote.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

The sun turned all the sky to gold And scattered sparkles on the sea. It made the whole world beautiful. And then it simply sun-burned me.



Tomb Living Quarters for Unemployed Worker

A man who had lived for nearly a year in a tomb and made his bed in a coffin, has been detained by the police of western Poland.



Gargled Constantly. Bad Breath Still HE couldn't understand why nothing helped—until a friend suggested...

TUMS Quick relief for acid indigestion, heartburn. Only 10c.

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can be both enjoyable and economical when you stop at the Forrest Hotel—one block from Roxy's and Rockefeller Radio Center.

\$2.50 Single \$3.50 Double Beautifully furnished suites \$6 up 300 large, sunlit rooms each with RADIO, private bath, shower, and circulating ice water.

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Hotel BRISTOL 129-135 West 48th Street New York City

Hotel LINCOLN 44th and 45th Streets at 8th Avenue NEW YORK

SPINNING WHEEL PASSING

The spinning wheel business is on the decline, according to the records of Frank Fell, who has been manufacturing them at Mayville, Wis., for the last 25 years.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Get an open and use as directed. Fine particles of wax fill the pores and prevent the skin from becoming dry and wrinkled.

FREE MAP NEW MEXICO OIL FIELDS

Learn about New Mexico's great oil wealth. For a few dollars secure an oil lease issued by the state.

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A Fortune Awaits You! Investigate Royal Dish Cleaner and Royal Gas Heater, heaters at cost less than coal.

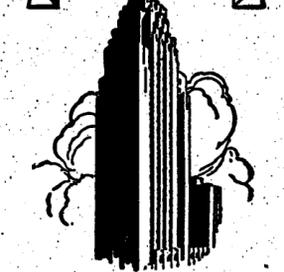
FREE-NEW MODEL RADIO for selling 144 needle threaders at ten cents each; write for goods.

TUBULAR JIFKY HOLDER for hot pan handles. Asbestos lined, safe, quick, attractive. Useful gift. 15c. two for 25c. Postpaid.

We Are Seeking Catchy Name for New Radio Magazine. Your suggestion may win \$50 prize.

WANTED—Old Gold, Crown, Bridge, Jewelry, False Teeth. We pay high as 11% for full sets.

To the woman who is coming to New York



WHERE to live in New York is a perplexing question to fastidious women who wish to combine comfort, convenience, economy and safety.

PANHELLENIC FEATURES Cool, clean, quiet location on the banks of the East River at 49th Street.

NEW LOW RATES DAILY... Single... \$2. \$3.50 Double \$4. \$5.00 WEEKLY... Single... from \$10 Double from \$15

Special reductions on monthly and yearly rentals. See the Panhellenic and discover why it has become so popular with women. Booklet on request.

PANHELLENIC 49th St. and First Ave., New York Telephone Eldorado 5-7300

W. N. U., BOSTON, NO. 51-1932.

Weekly Letter by George Proctor,
Deputy Fish and Game Warden

With a little snow to track, three bob cats were brought in to me within 24 hours. Two from James Hamlin of East Rindge and one from George Maki of New Ipswich. One of the cats brought in from Rindge was a small "kit" about five pounds. But it was worth just as much for the bounty.

Someone from Lyndeboro sends me down a tag taken from a Ring Neck pheasant. It was a plain envelope and nothing but the writing to tell who sent it. We would like a little more information on this tag.

By the way I must tell you of the fine time I had the other night when I sat down to a piping hot oyster stew at Greenfield, N. H. It was the annual meeting and banquet of the Greenfield Fish and Game club. The supper was fine.

I will have to tell friend Peck of Massachusetts that I have found a place where they have got him stopped in making oyster stews. President Gage was in the chair. They elected new officials and they put on a crackerjack entertainment.

Mr. Gage of Lowell, Mass., put on a real show with sleight of hand stunts and later motion pictures. This club is starting off the new year with a good membership and plenty of real interest in Fish and Game matters. I took along friend Hersom, the fish expert, and he got a big kick out of the evening.

One day last week we were planting 8000 lake trout in Granite lake in Munsonville and out in the lake was a big loon. Can anyone tell us why he is staying so long in this cold climate?

So many dogs are lost, strayed and stolen in Hollywood that the police have started to nose print all the dogs so that the owner will be sure of getting his own sky poodle.

Talk about your profits in the poultry business. Listen to this one. A bob white quail hen laid 137 eggs in one season. As the eggs were valued and sold at fifty cents each and the hen herself was worth \$2.75. Just see what a profit there was in that little bird. Value of eggs was \$68.50. Why not raise a few quail?

You can't keep a good man down.

Well, we hear from Arthur L. Clarke again superintendent of the Connecticut Fish and Game department. Arthur was for years Game editor of the National Sportsman of Boston. Well, Arthur has now declared war on the poor crow. They claim he is even blacker than his color. Well, they know the habits of the crow and the clubs in that state are to have a shoot every week. With live-decoy horned owls, they are to invade his dominion and are to make his numbers smaller. Down from Canada comes the report that crows are causing the loss of millions of ducks' eggs every spring. They watch an old duck and when she leaves the nest they get the eggs. I know this to be true as I lost hundreds of eggs from crows last spring.

That item about the Princess Pine has got them all stirred up. What I have been calling "Princess Pine" is called "Woods Spruce". Miss Etta J. Ward of Winchendon, Mass., writes and gives us a good idea of what it is. She agrees with friend Shepherd of Connecticut.

Dr. Grimes of Hillsborough responds to my S. O. S. for skulls and sends down a mouse skull that he dissected 17 years ago. Thanks, Doctor.

Every year about this time we take a trip up on the mountain and get a Community Tree. This under the auspices of the American Legion. Funny, but it's the same old bunch every year that go and pull out this tree and set it up on the oval. This year we had the help of several Scouts and high school boys. We get a good kick out of this yearly trip. The tree is furnished free by Maj. Goyette of Peterboro. We hope the children enjoy the tree as much as we did getting it.

We blew in the other day at the turkey farm of Prince Irakly C. Toumanoff of Hancock. It was a little past the dining hour but nevertheless the Prince had turkey and all the fixin's for dinner. Did we stay? I'll say we did. This man is one of the most interesting to talk with that we ever met. Talk about your dining with royalty. The Prince tells me that he is making quite a name for himself as

an after dinner speaker. He has just been to several Massachusetts cities and told of his experiences when he was Colonel of the Imperial Russian Guard under the Czar. The Prince has several hundred turkeys that he is saving for the Christmas and New Year's trade.

One thing that interested me at the home of the Prince was the fact that in April, 1932, he hatched out a lot of White Pekin ducks and now he has about thirty ducklings from the ones that he hatched out in April. Figure that one out.

Have another S. O. S. from my friend Wilcox of Chester, N. H. He wants very much to get the skulls of the following for his big exhibit at Boston at Sportsmen's show in February. Bob cat, mink, wolverine, mountain lion, bear, otter. We want this man to have a big exhibit at Boston so send in your skulls.

The sudden and tragic death of Charles S. Wheeler of New Ipswich is a great shock to all his friends. He was a well-known hunter and brought many bob cats in to me for the bounty. We will miss him.

We are always bumping into funny situations. One day last week I met a man and he was sure down in the mouth. He approached me something like this: "I say warden, I have done something that I am really ashamed of. I didn't mean to do it but I did not realize what I was shooting." He then led me out behind the barn and there on the barrel was the biggest quill pig I have seen for a long time. I was so surprised I said nothing and he went on raving he did not mean to do it and how much was it going to cost him, etc., etc. When I could get my face in condition I explained to him that he had not violated any law but that he had done a good thing to rid the woods of that pig. Well I never saw a man change so quick in my life. He is going to read the game laws in the future.

Ever see a sheep dog in full operation? Well, at the Hob and Nob farm in Frankestown, N. H., they have a little small black female dog and what she can't do with sheep ain't worth doing. I saw her in action one day last week. It's worth the trip to that sheep ranch to see her work. They have some Suffolk sheep imported from England that are about the last word in sheep. A ram weighs 345 lbs. At the late Chicago livestock show they made a name for themselves for their sheep. By the way, this little dog was imported from England several months ago and is worth a farm.

Not long to the Christmas holidays. Be sure that everyone on your street has a good Christmas. It's up to you to see that your neighbor is comfortable and happy at this season of the year.

We heard a man say the other day that the spruce trees were a thing of the past. I wish I had had him with me one day last week when I took a trip up in New Ipswich and Sharon. What I saw that day convinces me that there will be plenty of spruces for years to come.

There were several shooting accidents over the week-end; none in my district, however. You can't be too careful when hunting deer. Be sure what you are shooting at before you fire.

We have a letter on file from some woman in one of my towns and she wants to know what would happen if I found a party in the woods hunting with a powerful rifle under the influence of intoxicating liquor? Well, I would take his gun and then his license and I am afraid he would not hunt the remainder of the year. It might also be a court case. Conditions alter cases.

An army of hunters was over the week-end. The city of Nashua was well represented and one man from that city got a fine 8-point buck on Kimball hill. This party also saw many more the same day.

What would you say if I told you that up the road to Greenville and over Kimball hill I counted 42 hunters and nine cars. Three from Massachusetts. And not much of a day for deer hunters, either.

Any day of the week I can find more hunters within four miles of my home than in all the rest of my district. Strange as it may seem, that's the truth.

One day last week a big cock ruffed grouse tried to knock the "Chevie" off the road. We stopped and went back. Just as I was about to pick him up he flew over the wall, hit an apple tree, and went down for the count. I went over the wall and was surprised to have five more fly up. I picked up the bird, put him on the back seat and he rode 56 miles with me and when I got home I took him up back of the barn and he never even said "Thank you". But did he fly? I'll say he did.

This crust on the four inches of snow is just enough to stop some of the wild birds from getting anything to eat. Now is the time to start that winter feeding. Hay chaff on the snow will be appreciated. Corn left in the shock or beans left unpicked are a gold mine to the wild pheasants. Have you put up your feed box yet for

You and I

by CHARLES S. KINNISON

SMALL TOWN LIFE

In a big, dynamic city
There's a fascination—true!
There is much that's fine and pretty,
There is Life, of every hue!
There's a certain charm about it
That imparts to Life a zest—
And the small towns are without it—
Still, I like the small town best.

There is not the chance for riches
In a little town—I know—
But I'm not the kind that itches
For a life of pomp and show.
I'd exchange my chance for treasure
That a city might extend,
For the small-town kind of pleasure,
With my neighbor as my friend.



the wild birds?

Just a reminder to you fellows that have left your boats in the ponds and lakes. If you don't get away you won't be able to get them; but till next spring. It doesn't do a boat any good to lay-froze in the ice all winter.

Why is it when a neighborhood gets into a good hot feud they always try to get the Game Warden into it too? I have got into one or two of them the past few weeks and was glad to get out alive.

Here is a woman who writes me asking what sporting magazine I would pick out for a Christmas present for her husband who is a good sport. Well, I would not dare to print the name of the magazine here as I might be black balled by some other one. I told her by letter. Safety first.

As Will Rogers says, "All we know is what we read in papers" and get by knocking around the country roads. Well, we see that we have a new Fish and Game commissioner, John Finley of Colbrook, N. H. Well, I know Mr. Finley quite well. When he was Chief Game Warden a few years back I was sent up to Colbrook to help him clean out a screen at the second coon lake. We worked hard all day pulling out the earth and sticks the beaver had brought in from the shore. At night we viewed our work with satisfaction. I went home that night. Later I heard that the beaver had even a better dam built the next morning than the one we pulled to pieces.

We are sorry that Mr. Parker did not get the appointment as he has made a fine commissioner and is, as the sportsmen all say, a "square shooter".

A few years ago about this time we were picking up Grebes all over my district. We have not seen nor heard of any for a number of years now. It takes a big northern storm to bring them down here from the north. We have not seen any white owls here for a number of years.

In the next ten days Norman Conrad, Wilton's favorite son, is to acc some of the best men in the country. A big delegation will be on hand to see him face a man who now holds the light heavy-weight title of the U. S. A., at Boston.

This part of the country is bugs on basketball. The boys have formed a town team in Wilton and are out for games. The high school team is playing good ball, both boys and girls. All the towns in my district have good teams, both town and high school. Sure we have basketball served at all meals at our house. Two of the boys are playing on teams, so "we know all about it".

No matter what you are hunting it's a safe bet that when you see a sign which says SANCTUARY, you had better call it off. To cross a place marked Sanctuary with a loaded gun is quite a penalty and then you lose the license besides. If you kill a deer on such a place I hate to tell you what will happen to you. So take my advice and let such a place severely alone.

Beginning with the new year we are to make a new ruling. Anyone applying for a licensed guide permit must be recommended by the three officials of the Fish and Game club of that town and at least one member of the board of Selectmen. If the town has no

club the three members of the board of Selectmen will answer. I will not recommend anyone unless this rule is complied with.

To take a man off of an office tool and put him into the woods in a deer hunt when he is not used to such rough treatment is sport. But if he had to do it how he would yell. We know of one commercial salesman the other week-end who was all in. He was so lame he did not care if a drove of deer run down the road in front of him. No sir-ree. I would just say to them, "good luck" and go to it. Was he tired? No one had to rock him to sleep that night. Only a few days to Jan. 1st. Got your Xmas shopping done yet?

ANTRIM POST OFFICE

Mail Schedule in Effect September 26, 1932

Mails Close	Going South	Leave Station
6.39 a.m.		6.54 a.m.
9.58 a.m.		10.13 a.m.
4.00 p.m.		4.15 p.m.

Mails Close	Going North	Leave Station
7.20 a.m.		7.35 a.m.
3.38 p.m.		3.43 p.m.

Mail connecting with Keene train arriving at Elmwood railroad station at 6.27 p.m., leaves Antrim at 5.40 p.m., and arrives at about 6.45 p.m. Office closes at 7.30 p.m.

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About
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New England Telephone, 10-3, at South Antrim, Greenfield and Pleasant Street.
Antrim, N. H.

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.

ROSCOE M. LANE,
ALICE G. NYLANDER,
ARTHUR J. KELLEY,
Antrim School Board.

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE

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

Meetings 7 to 8
JOHN THORNTON,
ALFRED G. HOLT,
HUGH M. GRAHAM
Selectmen of Antrim.

BUILDING VALUE



The High Cost
of Not Knowing

ONE property owner in ten, satisfied to remain poorly informed about insurance, learns sooner or later, through his own unfortunate experience, about some particular form of protection he could have had.

That is an expensive way to find out what is needed—and then it is too late to be saved from loss.

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Camden, N. J.

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ANTRIM, N. H.