

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME L NO. 14

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1933

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THE ANTRIM REPORTER

All the Local News
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Weekly News Letter Concerning the Happenings in the Legislature

The Senate passed without a roll-call a bill reducing the legal interest rate on loans of \$300 or less from 3 per cent per month to 2 per cent.

The members have passed a measure which will enable the Preachers' Aid society of the New England Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church to qualify as trustees under the will of Ella Sargent Allen.

The lower branch has passed a bill requiring reports to be made to the Selectmen of towns of all bodies brought from outside of the state for burial in cemeteries located in communities of the state.

A new bill submitted by the state prison committee would restrict the sale of any prison-made article to the state or any sub-divisions. It also provides that no article manufactured at the state prison shall be bought for the state or any of its departments from any other source except the prison.

The New Hampshire Legislature adopted a concurrent resolution Thursday morning "reverently thanking the almighty and merciful God for sparing the life of Franklin D. Roosevelt, President-elect of the United States." The resolve was unanimously passed by the House and then hurried into the upper chamber where the senators concurred without debate.

Topics of the Day Presented to Reporter Readers in Concise Form

And still the milk situation is unsettled. To an outsider it looks as if there were too much red tape and too many "middle men" between the cow owner and the cook.

With authority, news from Washington says that it is generally regretted that U. S. Senator George H. Moses is soon to retire from the Senate. Many there express the hope that after a few years he may return in a like position; the genial Senator smiles and says nothing.

The U. S. Senate has passed the Blaine resolution to repeal the 18th Amendment by 63 to 23. The House having passed it by 289 to 121, the resolution goes to the states. If three-fourths of the states should ratify by conventions the resolution would become law. The brief resolution carries no protection from the saloon, but provides federal protection for states which wish to remain dry. America is still a long way and a long vote from lawful liquor.

Canada shows its respect for law and its staunch friendship for the United States. A bill lifting the embargo against exporting liquor southward came to a second reading in the House of Commons, and numbered only five supporters. The House ignores the plea of large revenues, and Prime Minister Bennett and former Prime Minister W. L. Mackenzie King lead in condemning the unfriendly bill. They show more respect than many Americans do for the 18th Amendment.

The indignation of the entire world has been heaped upon Giuseppe Zangara, the man who tried to kill Franklin D. Roosevelt in Miami, but for the President-elect there were messages of congratulation and gratification from the ends of the earth.

The winter sports programs in Peterborough, Wilton and Hillsboro, as presented to large crowds the last of the past week, were interesting, entertaining and well carried out. Many were attracted to these exhibitions from this town and all report good programs, lots of people, and satisfaction in every way.

The hearings on the major bills in committees were continued and much interest was and is manifest. On almost all the bills there are prominent people taking sides.

A bill which would prevent selectmen and town road agents from spending in excess of the appropriations voted at a town meeting has been filed in the House. A person violating this act would be removed by the Superior Court on the petition signed by five property taxpayers.

The State Senate and House of Representatives in joint convention last Wednesday noon received from Gov. Winant, in person, the first budget message submitted by a Chief Executive under the new system of control of State finances. The principal recommendations made by the Governor were a reduction of 10 per cent in the wages of all persons receiving pay from the State of more than \$1000 a year.

An important road bill, designed to place the responsibility for the maintenance and reconstruction of trunk line and state aid highways in the hands of the state Highway Department, thereby relieving the towns of this burden, passed the House in a new draft, with the unanimous approval of the members. Under the provisions of the redrafted measure this financial responsibility will be borne by the state for two years.

The Fish and Game Department has announced that its Wardens will from now on be working on a half-time schedule, till such time when the receipts of the Department warrant going back on full time.

In a vain attempt to work a job-saw puzzle, Henry Palmer of Flint, Mich., sat up until 5 o'clock in the morning, then went to his bedroom and killed himself. Really, working at a puzzle of this kind is a most fascinating pastime.

The N. H. Foundation reports that it finds only seven abandoned farms in the entire state, and that in Antrim there was not found a single farm of this kind. Right off, one wonders what an abandoned farm is supposed to be.

Rev. Lester E. Alexander, for 2 1/2 years pastor of the Methodist church at Franklin, and for 25 years active in the Methodist Conference, has announced he should ask the Conference in April to allow him to retire for at least a year.

Senator-elect Fred H. Brown called off the banquet in his honor which would have been a great Democratic get-together even if no one but candidates for jobs attended, which would have been far from the case, says Pearson in his Concord letter. The newspapers have been naming the new Senator's staff for him, but he has made no announcements in that regard at this writing. Nor has Governor Winant let fall any hints as to his choice for a new public service commissioner. Commissioners Morse and Bridges hope it will be someone satisfactory to the executive council.

The New Hampshire legislature is all "het up" over the effort to pass a law which will permit gambling over horse racing at Salem race track. The friends of the bill are able to present a very strong argument in its favor in claiming that the state will benefit to the amount of \$400,000 if the bill is passed. These figures are all guess work and experts believe them much exaggerated, says the Milford Cabinet. Whether that is true or not is not material. The question is should the state take part in a game believed to be immoral, a game filled with temptation to try and win something for nothing, a form of gambling which is illusive and tempting like all other methods of gambling. It is no argument in its favor that betting is carried on illegally in the state over baseball, football and even golf. The main question is shall the state enter into partnership for profit in a gambling game of very questionable origin?

More Superintendents With Lower Wages Would Help Conditions

As is always the case the State Supervisory system of schools is a subject that can be and is discussed on any occasion. The great cost to the towns and state is the big noise whenever the matter is mentioned; and then the many trained instructors out of a teaching job come in for consideration. At a time like the present ideas are many that float through the thinking man's mind and he often tries to solve the problem satisfactory to himself—if no one else.

Under the chief executive's proposed provisions of the budget, it is probable that the salaries of the school superintendents come under the ten per cent cut, and even at that they will not receive as much of a reduction of income as the average business man has been compelled to take.

This is aside just a bit from what we had in mind to say, and it is this: Instead of cutting the salaries paid superintendents in this particular activity and in just this way, would it not be better to double the number of these educators and give them half of their present salary, dividing equally with the extra number employed; and all superintendents have half the number of schools in the different towns to supervise. This of

course wouldn't save much money, but would add greatly in efficiency and be very much more help to the rural schools where such assistance is always needed. And the further large thing that would be accomplished, is the number of trained instructors that such an arrangement would care for and place upon a self-supporting basis, thereby relieving the unemployment situation to quite an appreciable degree. The promotion system would be the plan used.

Some will be ready no doubt to say that no man can afford to have his salary cut in half—maybe not, but some are going through this very experience, and even more. If these supervisors were not more than well paid in this position, no such suggestion would be sensible to make; possibly our readers will be sufficiently interested now that we have mentioned this matter, to do a little research work and know what supervisory work is now costing the state and the towns. This brief article is calling to your attention a matter that may have to receive more attention than has already been given it, for these bills must all be met by taxpayers, and this being the case it is well to be ready with facts and figures to intelligently consider the matter.

Forming of Good Habits Needed For Growth of Prosperity Plant

Editor of the Reporter:

Habits are acquired very largely because we wish to do what other people do, whether it is sensible or not.

Very early in life children begin to do what their elders do: Watch the child at his play and you will see this.

The American people are great faddists. A good looking girl boss her hair and is still more attractive, but let the style change and she can hardly wait for her hair to grow again even if it subtracts 90 per cent from her beauty.

The boys will try to bluff you into thinking that they are not so susceptible to styles, but just watch the style of the mustache, or the hair cut, and you will find style prevails over good sense, at times.

We are faddists about what we eat and what we wear or where we go, even to the point of injuring our health.

A good lady told my wife that the toadstools on our lawn were mushrooms. She was very sure of it and discoursed most enthusiastically on their palatable qualities; but I was from Missouri; as I like to hear the singing when I am at a funeral and when I die I would prefer to have my obituary say that I died because I ate too many baked beans rather than that I made the mistake of eating toadstools. It pays to be on the safe side when in doubt about mushrooms, or the formation of habits.

One of our present fads is the depression plant, but someone has very aptly

said that it would be better to grow a prosperity plant. It doesn't take many brains to grow a depression plant and after it is grown we can throw it into the garbage can.

We shall pull out of this depression sometime, but as American history constantly repeats itself it will be surprising if such things do not reoccur; and the growing of a few prosperity plants will come in handy. Calvin Coolidge gives one of the best of all rules for growing prosperity plants. This is what he tells us: "We do not need more intellectual power; we need more spiritual power. We do not need more knowledge; we need more religion. We do not need more of the things that are seen; we need more of the things that are unseen," and when the truth of these words is realized by the American people they will begin to live an exemplary life before their children. Their children will listen to their advice, and the nation will come to a realization of that truth contained in the Good Book, "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord."

The American people have squandered billions of dollars on things that are worse than useless, and as a result millions of people have suffered for the ordinary necessities of life.

The young person who forms good habits during this present decade will start the growth of a prosperity plant that will be a source of comfort and help in the coming years.

Fred A. Dunlap.

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SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE

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

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

H. Carl Muzzey AUCTIONEER

ANTRIM, N. H.

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Junius T. Hanchett Attorney at Law

Antrim Center, N. H.

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Property of all kinds advertised
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Phone, Greenfield 12-6

Weekly Letter by George Proctor, Deputy Fish and Game Warden

Just a few days to the annual town meeting. This year it's to be economy year and everything will be cut to the core and in some cases there will be no core.

Have a note from a man in Nashua who would like to get a job on a farm. Will work where he can have a home more than wages. The depression has left him without a place.

In answer to an unsigned letter will say that you can get some Scottie pups at the Sylvester kennels near Ponemah.

Speaking of skating. Never have we seen such an interest in any sport such as skating at East Jaffrey. Any old day you will find not only the younger generation but a lot of the old timers doing the figure eight. On a good Sunday standing room only. At Harrisville, Dublin and Wilton it's just the same. At Osgood pond over in South Milford Mr. Foster has wired the pond and night skating is all the rage.

Attended a meeting of Troop 10, Boy Scouts, and got a great kick out of a lecture on lobsters by "Clem" Hersom. Clem had a real lobster and he told the boys an ear full. Clem knows his stuff.

A nice collie female raised a family of two nice puppies under a cottage of Henry W. Wellington at Manomack lake in Rindge. Dog Officer Lloyd went up and captured the pups and the mother dog disappeared. The puppies have good homes.

That big annual event, the Eastern Dog Show, will be held at Boston Feb. 21-22. Many New Hampshire dogs will be seen in the hot competition.

Arthur C. Clark, the director of fish and game for that state sends me up a blue print of a good trap to catch up stray cats. Anyone interested in making such a trap I will be glad to send the print.

An overseer or a caretaker cannot give you permits to trap on land of their owner. The bone fide owner of the property must sign the permits himself.

A cinnamon hedgehog or quill pig has been captured at Harrisville and is on exhibition at Chesham at the home of D. R. Louder. They are quite rare.

For the benefit of a party that wrote me a long letter a few days ago about rabbits doing damage to his fruit trees. It's not the jack rabbits or the snowshoe hare that does the damage. It's the little coney rabbit that is the mischief maker. This has been proven time and time again. These little fellows can be caught in box traps if you get a special permit from the commissioner to do so. Rabbits and hares cannot be trapped unless by special permit when they are doing damage. Never was a jack or a snowshoe hare caught in traps set for the damage makers. It's always the little coney.

This man was complaining about the state buying hares to liberate. Sometime ago I called the attention of all boat owners that they must get them out before they were frozen in. This little item caused a lot of trouble for some people we know of. One man, owning several boats in this neck of the woods saw this item and he wrote at once to his caretaker asking him if the boats had been removed and were on racks waiting for the paint. The caretaker had slipped up on the job and the five boats were in the ice. Not hearing at once the owner came up and now there is a new caretaker.

Norman Conrad, Wilton's favorite son, has had several chances to sign on the dotted line the past week to meet several good ones. He doesn't have to chase 'em now. They realize he is good now and they can use him.

A man up in Henniker will catch wild cattle for a five spot each. Will furnish a dog in the bargain. A few years ago up in New Hampshire was a man that did a wonderful job at catching wild cattle with a dog. It's more exciting than

deer hunting. And a good deal more dangerous.

This is a funny old world. One day recently I told about the wonderful rabbits that Morris of Peterboro was raising. A neighbor with a stone's throw read the item and was down there hot foot to see what he had never seen before.

Those four beautiful cups which are to be donated for the sled dog races on Feb. 18 and 19 at Wilton were donated by the merchants of Peterboro represented by Major A. Erland Goyette of that town. The race runs to Peterboro the first day. Johnnie Conrad and his fast hoopers are to appear soon in natty new uniforms. John is the coach, manager and plays himself. He sure did gauge 'em in that last big game at the "gym."

One day recently we bumped into a real pigeon crank. He is one of those dyed in the wool kind. He gave up horse racing, a sport he dearly loved, to take up the breeding of pigeons. It's W. E. Dunlap of Laconia, a big contractor and builder, and now his hobby is White and Silver Kings. At the recent Boston show he placed 12 firsts in 13 birds entered and there was a dispute on that award.

Open wells anywhere are dangerous. People owning property with open wells should check up as children prowling around through the pastures and fields are liable to stumble into one of them.

A new organization has been formed known as the Federated Sportsman's clubs of New Hampshire, Inc. Victor H. Norton of Laconia is president. This comprises three clubs of over 500 membership. It's the idea of the club to sign up all clubs in the state into one big organization. For the good of conservation. Success to you fellows.

A man from Harrisville during the open season on pickerel pulled out a 10-inch salmon in North pond in that town. Now that the boys know salmon are in here they are to ask the department to place a screen at the outlet to keep them in.

Bobbing for trout is great sport but when you bob for days and days and only get tired it's not so hot. At Granite and Silver lakes in Munsville and Harrisville they have bobbed for days without hardly a bite. Over 70 fishermen were checked on Silver lake on Sunday recently. No one seems to know why. There are plenty of fish in the lakes as they can be seen but they won't bite.

Someone sends us up a copy of the Sunday Republican printed in Waterbury, Conn. "Fish and Game Make Front Page" is the title of the article. I wish every sportsman could read that article. It's too long to copy. Worth reading.

That valuable rabbit hound lost by Edward Conrad several weeks ago was found drowned in an open well in a pasture in Wilton by other hunters. It was thought she was stolen.

Two large foxhounds with Lunenburg, Mass. tags on their collars have been lost. When last seen they were headed towards Milford from Brookline. Give us a ring if you know where they are.

The town of Wilton got a good thrill one day last week when Mr. Perry sailed over the town and did all sorts of stunts to the great enjoyment of the small boys. Mr. Perry is a war time ace and sure knows his stuff.

This past week was "Cat" week. Harold Foote of Milford got a 23-pound female, the biggest female ever brought in. She was got in Milford and then Charles E. Adams of the same town brings in a 10-pound "kit." Over in Troy, N. H., a man got four in one day and the next day got the fifth one. Who said they were not plentiful?

This goes to show that deer in this part of the country are still plentiful. Where you find plenty of bob cats you know there is plenty of deer. Of course the big cats do love the rabbit meat the best and will stay in a big swamp till they clean them out and then move on. Three were brought in to me for the bounty. Ernest E. Ross had a 27-pound male got in Lyndeboro. Just a few years ago Nat Quigley of Wilton shot the first one seen in the section for years. It weighed about 40 pounds and people came for miles around to see this wonderful animal. Now they are very common.

Arthur Tood, the truckman and general contractor, did his usual good turn showing him to be a good Scout by taking 36 Scouts from Troop 10, Wilton, to the Sportsmen's show at Boston last Saturday. Did the boys enjoy it—ask 'em!

Have a fine letter from Owen Shepherd, Jr., who is secretary of the Connecticut Game and Fur Breeders association. Owen was at one time in the game at Mont Vernon, N. H. Owen is some tickled, having won several blues on his Sikkes at the big show.

Twelve boys between the ages of 9 and 11 have signed up as "cubs" and their first meeting was with

the writer last Saturday morning. Talk about your life wires.

We got a tip the other day that pleased us a whole lot. It's to the effect that some of the "boys" over in Rindge are to form a Fish and Game club. This is a wonderful place for fishing and hunting and the boys realize that a club is badly needed in that town. Success to them.

One night last week I ran into a meeting of the East Jaffrey Fish and Game club. They are now meeting at "Pete" Duval's hall. I got there early and was much pleased to see the cooperation in that club. One man came with a morris chair another one brought a deer's head, some one else brought a bunch of wild animal pictures. It's a real sportsmen's den. The boys voted to buy 30 hares to liberate. They showed several reels of pictures and there was a good attendance. By the way, "Pete" is a good fireman and we all sat back when that stove began to percolate.

We have a letter from a party in Antrim calling our attention to the fact that it's Prince's pine and not Princess pine. Thanks for the correction.

Six more letters the past week from different places asking about Prince's pine. Five as usual were wrong.

Listen you rabbit hunters! A man from out of state called on me the other day. He is in the market for a real honest to goodness rabbit hound. He wants a young male and doesn't care about size as long as he will make a hare travel at 50 or like 60. The price doesn't bother him as long as he gets the goods. Wants trial.

The price on snowshoe rabbits is much less than last year. This year the price is from 1 to 15 pairs \$1.90 pair, 15 pairs and over \$1.70 a pair. Just a few years ago they were \$1.25 each.

W. H. Singer of Temple, the man referred to as the Sage of Temple. Well Singer wants me to change his title to that of the "Man with the Hoe." Well last summer the only hoe I ever saw him handle had a wheel on it.

Here is something that friend Singer sends down. "Of interest to fruit men. Place four foot poles 40 feet apart in each direction. On the top of the poles tie the tiny bags containing naphthalene from which moth balls are made. The deer gets one whiff of that and they flee as though peppered with bird shot." Singer says this has been tried by the fruit growers in the Big Sur country. He also adds that he thinks that several ounces of Amberger cheese would do the same trick.

On night last week we sat down to an old fashioned baked bean supper at Bennington. It was the annual meeting of the Bennington Sportsmen's club and those boys up the line sure know how to put on a real feed. After the supper they showed four reels of motion pictures. There was a lively meeting in which many of the bills before the legislature were cussed and discussed. The boys in that club are not at all bashful about expressing their views. The supper was under the personal direction of Fat Southwick. This Southwick is a truck driver for Todd's express and if he can drive as well as he can cater to a supper he is some driver!

Had a nice picture card from Petersen dated Miami, Fla. In the good old summer time they run Hollywood on Otter lake, Greenfield.

LOVED DEVOTEDLY



"And you say you love me?"
"Devotedly!"
"With the cost of living as high as it is?"
"Indeed I do. And when the cost of living is less I will prove my love by making you my wife."

Tree's Commercial Value

The Spanish cedar is one of the most highly esteemed lumber trees of the West Indies. Its most important commercial use is for the manufacture of cigar boxes. Planted as a protection on the coffee trails it grows rapidly but not so large as to completely shade out the coffee plants.

Many of the large coffee-shading trees of various species were blown down by hurricanes of recent years. Old cedro, trees 4 to 6 feet in diameter and 50 to 100 feet high were common in Porto Rico before the virgin forests of the island were cut.

Pity Is Akin

By JANE OSBORN

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
(WNU Service)

SOMETIMES Terry thought she was a good insurance solicitor—and sometimes she thought she wasn't. As she sat patiently in the reception room outside Mr. Bertram Carr's private office that January morning she was quite sure that she was not. She had sat there for an hour and twenty minutes. The day before she had sat there in precisely the same chair for an hour, and on several days before that she had sat there until she knew every angle and crevice of the well-furnished reception room by heart. She had been told that no one had ever been able to sell Mr. Bertram Carr life insurance—he didn't carry any life insurance whatever. He was thirty-five and a bachelor, and in Terry's notebook she had jotted down the information that he had an income of about twenty thousand dollars a year.

Terry had been unable to get any interview with him by telephone. She couldn't get him to consent to see her on any pretext she had been able to invent. So now she was simply waiting to see him. She would approach him when he left his office, the only door of which led through the reception room.

Other days when she had sat there she had simply had to give up before at length he came out, or else he had come out so quickly and brushed by her so abruptly that she had no opportunity to say a word. Today Terry was determined to get an interview. She had sat there for an hour and a half and had, it seemed to her, worn away almost an entire powder compact and a quarter of a lipstick, just keeping in constant readiness.

Terry was thinking of those things when Mr. Carr's office door was quickly opened and with two long steps he was in the reception room. Terry rushed forward. She knew she was too pretty to be brushed aside.

"I would like to see you—just a moment," she smiled her prettiest and tried to get his eye.

"I am sorry, madam," said Mr. Bertram Carr, looking appealingly toward the reception desk, "but I am rushing to an important engagement. If you'd be so good as to give your name, I think my secretary can see you." And then he was off and Terry was no nearer seeing Bertram Carr than ever.

"Oh, well, there is more than one way to sell insurance," said the more than middle-aged Miss Larson whom Terry encountered in one of the offices of the insurance company for which both worked. "Your line is good looks and prettiness, looking like Fifth Avenue and Cleopatra or something all the time. Now my approach is entirely different. Some days when I get the biggest hauls I go around the shabbiest. I could no more hope to get myself up like you than you could hope to place any policies if you didn't."

Surely the drab-looking Miss Larson had not intended to annoy Terry, but Terry was annoyed and felt all the more troubled every time she thought of what the older woman had said. It wouldn't have mattered so much if she had succeeded with Mr. Carr. But she hadn't even got an interview. He hadn't failed for her good looks one little bit. Perhaps Miss Larson was right; good looks were her line.

Terry went to bed that night with a fixed determination to show the world in general, and Miss Larson in particular, that she had more than one string to her line.

Two days later when a rather pale, decidedly shabby and somewhat scared, cold-looking young girl asked the reception clerk whether she might see Mr. Bertram Carr the clerk could have sworn that she had never seen the girl before. "I don't want to send in my name," said the apparently shy one, "because he might send out his secretary and she would frighten me to death, but maybe I could sit here and just wait." So the reception clerk let the girl wait.

She was still looking cold and scared not to say actually hungry an hour later when Mr. Carr came out of his room and she stepped timidly toward him.

The reception clerk was amazed when she saw Mr. Carr go back to his office with the shabby-looking young girl. She would have been considerably more surprised if ten minutes later she had heard Mr. Carr virtually giving his agreement to take out a life insurance of an amazingly large figure.

"I'll take this, of course," said Mr. Carr to the girl, "but there is no particular reason why I should. You see all my kindred are amply provided for and I'm not married."

"You may be some day," said the timid little life insurance agent.

After considerable maneuvering Terry contrived to meet Mr. Carr at a house party a month later. It was Terry on a holiday. Terry who had for the time being forgotten all about insurance—but a very pretty and well-dressed Terry nevertheless. It had taken considerable ingenuity to find a friend who also knew Bertram Carr who was in a mood to give a house party.

Bertram knew that he had seen her before but he could identify her neither with the insistent young woman who had tried to see him so often nor the timid girl who had sold him life insurance a little later. Even when he asked Terry to marry him and she had accepted, she had to tell him the story of her campaign that had aroused first his pity—then his love.



COULD you mind if we didn't celebrate Christmas this year, Bob?"

Bob looked up quickly from his bacon and eggs. "What's the idea, darling?" Ellen's lip trembled. "I just can't bear to think of Christmas without father. And it isn't as if the baby were old enough to know the difference."

Her husband seemed about to say something, then evidently thought better of it. "Where is your mother going to be?" he asked, presently.

"In Boston, with Lella and the children. Of course, with youngsters that age, one has to keep Christmas."

"Whatever you say, goes with me, Sweetness; you know that," said Bob. Of course, it was a hard time for Ellen, just now, remembering other Christmases. Why, last year, how she

had been flying around, joyously if hecticly busy with last minute shopping and packing to go home for the holidays. She and Bob and two-month-old little Jim, named for his grandfather. Would they ever forget that last happy celebration in the old home?

Ellen's father had loved Christmas, and what Bob had twice started to say had been something to the effect that he would not have approved of anyone's not celebrating it.

During the days which followed, Ellen carefully avoided any errands which would take her downtown into the thick of the bundle-laden throngs. She bought little Jim half a dozen toys on her way to market one morning.

Now it is asking a great deal of anybody to describe in detail the drab passage of a Christmas that is not treated as such. It proved the longest, dreariest, saddest day you can imagine. Even little Jim refused to be his usual good-humored self and fussed ridiculously and irritably.

Ellen went to bed early, leaving Bob reading. He had been patient himself. It was on the morning after Christmas that a strange thing happened.

Ellen had left little Jim with Nora, who came in to help mornings and had gone down to the post office for the letter from her mother, which would tell how Christmas passed for her.

She was back at her own steps, with the letter saved to read in the quiet and warmth within, young woman from next door ran out with a sweater thrown across her shoulders.

"Do excuse me," she said breathlessly. "But we're next door neighbors and, if I may ask, isn't your name Cunningham?"

"Why, yes," said Ellen. "It is." "I thought so," said the other, with a puzzled look. "You see, yesterday, I was passing with a piece of plum pudding for a shut-in old lady below, when a middle-aged man stopped me and asked me if I could tell him where the Cunninghams live."

Ellen felt the hurting little squeeze about her heart that always came with a sudden memory of her father. As if this woman had been speaking of him!

"And I told him," the other was saying, "that I thought you lived right here."

"Yes?" urged Ellen, with the strangest feeling of suspense. "Yes."

"He looked up at the house, and shook his head. 'Oh, no,' he said, very positively, 'get gently, too. That couldn't possibly be it. There would be a wreath on the door.' And he went on."

After a moment, Ellen found herself in her own room with her mother's letter open in her hand. She read it through, very carefully. Then read it again.

"Today has been a happy day with me, after all. Your father has seemed with me, even more than usual. Everything I did brought him back to me. Helping all the children's stockings reminded me of your first Christmas. You were such a tiny thing, but he insisted you were not too young to celebrate and we filled your little sock together. I even sang the old carols softly to myself as they came over the radio and it made him seem very near."

"Lella and Will are going out to mail this for me."

"Love to all."

"Everything I did, brought him back to me."

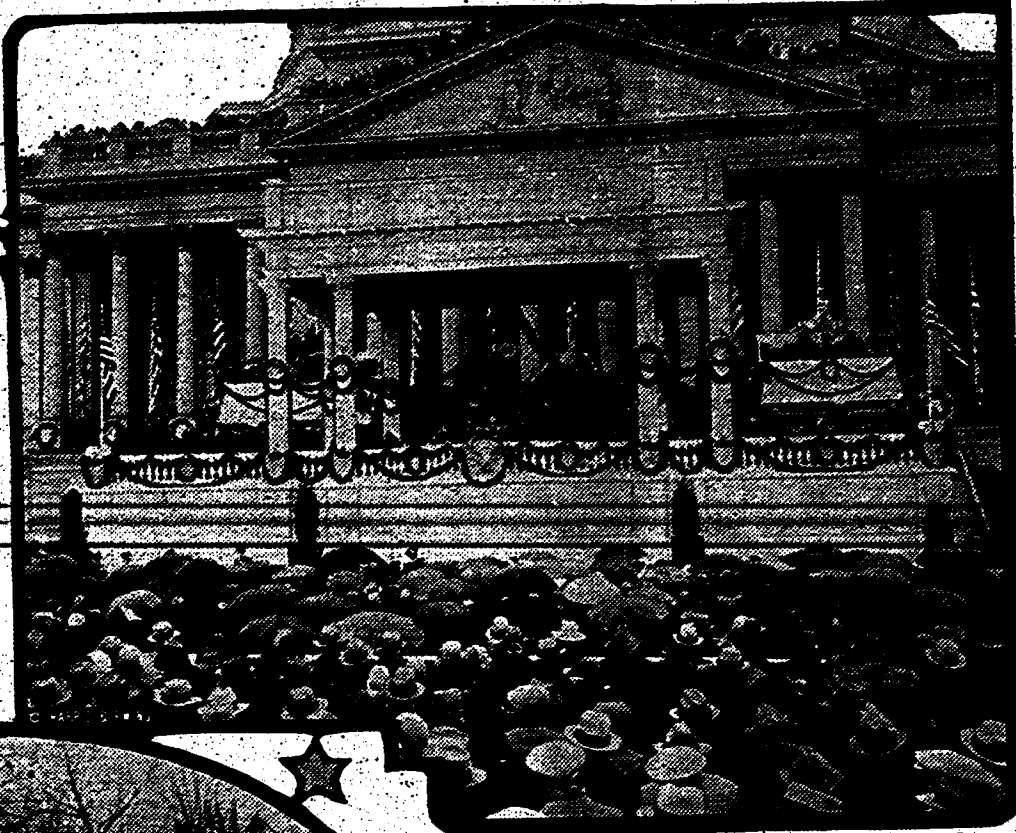
Ellen sat for a long, long time. Thinking.

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(WNU Service)

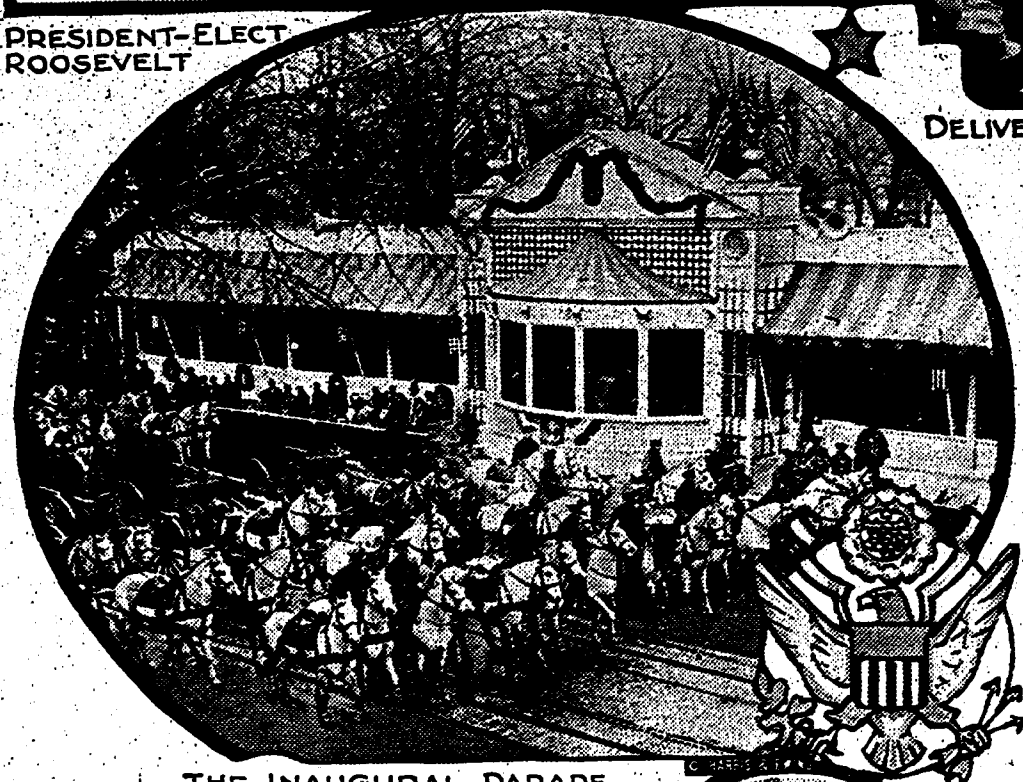
INAUGURATION DAY



PRESIDENT-ELECT
ROOSEVELT



DELIVERING THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS



THE INAUGURAL PARADE

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON



ALTHOUGH President-Elect Roosevelt has announced his desire for a simple inauguration ceremony on March 4, the fact remains that the capital of the nation on that day will be the scene of a celebration which is always impressive, no matter how many of the spectacular elements which have characterized past Presidential inaugurations may be discarded because of the demand of the present times for economy in all things.

For whether the ceremony is simple or elaborate and whether the weather is fair or stormy (and it has become almost a tradition that it's pretty likely to be stormy), inauguration day is a red-letter day for the nation and as many of our citizens who can go to the National Capitol to take part in it and usually do their best to make the most of that day.

There has been a eagerness to all inauguration day ceremonies and yet there has always been some new element to make each one different. Undoubtedly this year's ceremony will be different from the last three in that it will witness thousands of jubilant Democrats flocking to Washington to celebrate the fact that they are the "ins" after long years of being the "outs," just as they did when Grover Cleveland and Woodrow Wilson were inaugurated. But the outstanding fact about this year's inauguration, so far as it is possible to characterize it in advance, is that more Americans will hear the new President take the oath of office and deliver his inaugural address than have ever before listened to those spoken words in our 144 years of history.

The radio hook-ups which will carry the new President's words to every corner of the country, and perhaps even around the world, are responsible for that fact.

The first inauguration ceremony, that of George Washington, was held neither in the city of Washington (which did not then exist) nor on the traditional March 4. Instead it took place in New York city, which was then the capital of the nation, on April 30, 1789. In the case of the first President there was an "inaugural parade" which preceded the inauguration ceremony instead of following it, as became the custom from the time of Andrew Jackson on down through the years.

The actual inauguration took place on a stage which had been built on the steps of the federal building (where the present subtreasury building in Wall street now stands, and the Washington statue there is believed to stand upon the exact spot where Washington stood when he took oath of office). The first congress of the United States of America took its place on the stage. Escorted by Gen. Morgan Lewis, a distinguished figure ascended the steps—the man who had led the Continental armies to victory and who had been chosen the first leader in peace—Gen. George Washington. A great cheer went up from the people who were watching the scene.

Then took place one of those curious incidents which often happen to mar the impressiveness of historic occasions. Over the throng came a mighty stillness and heads were bared: Chancellor Livingston was about to rise to administer the oath. Instead he kept his seat. There followed a whispered conference with Gen. Jacob Morton, marshal of the day. At the conclusion, General Morton hurried out into the street to the old coffee house at Wall and Water streets, the meeting place of St. John's lodge of Masons, of which he was master.

The marshal was absent only a few seconds, but when he returned he was carrying an open Bible resting on a cushion of crimson velvet, from the altar of St. John's lodge. Then it was known to those on the platform at least that while the ceremony had been carried out, no



HOOVER AND COOLIDGE

Sacred Book had been provided for the oath. Washington's second inauguration, in Philadelphia, was less spectacular than the first. When John Adams was inaugurated in the same city in 1797 Washington was the dominant figure. He was retiring from public life, and the people had eyes only for him. Many of them cried, Adams, notoriously vain and jealous, was much embarrassed. And just as Adams' Presidential career began in disappointment, so it ended. He was so enraged by his defeat in the election that he refused to attend the inauguration of Jefferson, but left the White House and started for Massachusetts early on the morning of inauguration day.

Jefferson was the first President inaugurated at Washington. Despite the picturesque tradition of his horseback ride to the Capitol, critical research discloses that the author of the Declaration of Independence did not ride. He went afoot, which was Democratic enough.

The installation of James Madison in 1809 was attended by much more ceremony than attended the inauguration of Jefferson. The day was ushered in with salutes of cannon. Madison rode to the Capitol in a richly appointed carriage, escorted by troops of militia.

The first inauguration to be held outdoors was that of Monroe. Two reasons are assigned for the change: the enormous crowd that attended, from 5,000 to 8,000. (In contrast, 250,000 are thought to have attended Wilson's in 1913, which was the largest crowd at an inauguration), and the fact that the house and the senate could not agree over the distribution of seats in the house, where it had been customary to hold the ceremony.

John Quincy Adams refused to attend the inauguration of his successor, Andrew Jackson, the two men being on the worst possible terms: Jackson was in Washington for two weeks before his inauguration, but didn't go near Adams. Frontiersmen, Indian fighters and thousands of humble citizens crowded around the Capitol to see Jackson sworn in. Washington had never before held such a horde of visitors.

After Jackson's hectic day, Van Buren restored dignity to the inauguration and it is recorded that champagne flowed most bountifully at the reception. Jackson and Van Buren rode together from the White House to the Capitol in 1837 in a phaeton made from the timbers of the old frigate Constitution.

The first elaborate parade came with William Henry Harrison after the colorful and famous "Tippecanoe" campaign. He rode his white charger from the Capitol to the White House. He was preceded by captured flags; Tippecanoe clubs were everywhere; a large log cabin was carried on a float in the parade, and a Pennsylvania admirer presented the President with a 384 pound fatted calf.

Harrison read his inaugural address—the longest on record—from the eastern portico of the Capitol. Standing for an hour without hat or topcoat, he contracted a cold and died within a month after he became President. When John Tyler was sworn in a month later he had to borrow money to make the trip from his home in Williamsburg, where he was playing games with his children, when the news of his succession to the Presidency came.

Tyler refused to take any part in the inauguration of President Polk, but left Washington on the morning of March 4, 1845.

Polk had the distinction of being the first President to take the oath of office under an umbrella.

Franklin Pierce, the only President ever to deliver an inaugural address without the aid of notes, had a squad of fire engines in his parade. Buchanan's inauguration was unimposing, except for spectacular floats and a great dinner.

The most momentous and impressive inaugural parade that ever moved through the streets of Washington was when Lincoln first took office. Buchanan, an old man in swallow-tailed coat, hobbled along with Lincoln to the carriage. Lincoln was attired in a new black suit and a shining high hat. He carried a gold-headed cane.

Between double files of cavalry the Presidential carriage moved along Pennsylvania avenue while soldiers marched in front and behind. Riflemen were stationed on roofs commanding the thoroughfare and cavalry guarded every approach to the Capitol. The journey was made in safety. Stephen A. Douglas, Lincoln's life-long rival, held the hat of the new President as he read the inaugural.

At Lincoln's second inaugural procession there was shown a model of the Monitor, with its turret revolving and its guns firing at intervals. A battalion of negro soldiers had an honorable place in the long procession. It had been raining and the day was gloomy. As Lincoln was about to take the oath, however, the sun burst through the clouds, an omen which he said made his heart jump.

With the inauguration of Grant, the military display continued because the friends of Mrs. Surratt had threatened to attack him. His inauguration drew the biggest crowd that had yet gathered. Many had to walk the streets of Washington all night because they could obtain no lodging. Grant laid aside his cigar for the ceremony but disappointed the crowd by not wearing his uniform.

Hayes' inauguration was uneventful except for the failure to reach a final decision on who had been elected until March 2, but at Garfield's the crowd grew to the unheard of proportions of 50,000, many of whom brought their lunch baskets with them. A yellow dog that Garfield had once befriended and fed followed behind him in the parade and was given a home at the White House.

The Cleveland parade was memorable for the large number of Tammany hawks, fancifully dressed and carrying tomahawks, who marched in it.

Benjamin Harrison is the President who read his inaugural address to the glistening tops of red, white and blue umbrellas, but with the coming of Roosevelt glamour re-entered. Innumerable cowboys were in the parade and used their lariats freely in the crowd. There was also a corps of former Rough Riders and a group of Indian chiefs. Harvard students gave a long yell for Teddy. The ovation was one of the greatest and the parade one of the most spectacular in the history of this quadrennial political carnival.

The Taft and Wilson inaugurations are the most memorable ones in recent years, the one for the blizzard, the other for the atmosphere of tension, which had not been equaled since the first installation of Lincoln.

The Taft blizzard, as it is called, descended upon Washington without warning. The previous day had been warm and foggy and fair weather was promised for March 4. But in the morning Washington woke up to find a heavy blanket of snow and more falling with blinding force.

Wilson's first inaugural was little more than an outpouring of Democrats to celebrate their first victory since Cleveland, but was marked by the presence of suffragists in the parade. His second, however, taking place in the critical days just before the declaration of war upon Germany, was one of the most notable ever held.

Harding's inaugural was notable for the tragic passage of the shattered and broken figure of the retiring President, who came to the Capitol for the last time on that day and went from there to his S street home without even glancing at the White House as he passed it for the last time.

Coolidge's inauguration was more solemn and serious but also more devoid of glamour and pomp than any in recent years. The carefree carnival spirit of Harding's was missing except in the person of Vice President Dawes, who made his now-famous speech to the senate telling them their duties were all wrong.

(By Western Newspaper Union)

Howe About:

The Conservative Side
Waterloo
Idealism

By ED HOWE

I KNOW a widow who has long been poor, and very bitter and unfair in denunciations of the wrongs of the poor. At the last election a farmer candidate for a little office (but still big enough to provide a dishonest salary and appropriation for an assistant) promised her the deputyship. She at once plunged into the campaign and did her best to rob the poor because she expected to share in the robbery.

That is the trouble; even the poor, the women, the farmers, the working men, are willing to engage in the special robbery of the people against which we have most cause of complaint; if given a chance to share in it.

The farmer candidate was elected. The last time I saw the widow she said he had promised nine other people the deputyship, and that she would bring suit against him if he did not keep his word to her.

John D. Rockefeller should write and publish his own biography; no ghost writer can equal him in the truth and candor of this kind of requies.

Jean Jacques Rousseau gave such apology as there is for the radical; I should like to hear, with equal candor displayed, from the world's greatest business man and conservative.

The conservative side of the argument has never been adequately presented. It should be; we specially need such a book now, not only for our own use, but for the use of future generations.

The great Napoleon suffered intensely at Waterloo; ruin was never more humiliating or complete. But millions of less noted suffer the anguish of a Waterloo; I rarely pick up a newspaper without reading of a Waterloo for some poor devil.

Waterloo is a good word to remember; perhaps it is fortunate we so frequently see it in print.

I beg you to remember its significance—which is to avoid such a fate when you have lived only half your life and have equipment to win.

Everyone who believes in a Cause supports it fanatically; no one is exactly just in his advocacy of, or opposition to, the great controversies which make up life. I am a fanatic, too, but on the side of conservatism, of safety, of caution; of looking longer before we leap.

Writers are doing unusually bold things now; I note that one makes fun of that old sob about what a boy learns at his mother's knee. That is one of the sob stories I have always respected.

Most men, and all women, say Idealism is the first standard by which men may judge their action and enterprise. This is pleasant sounding, but actually foolish. Idealism means visionary; the opposite of realism. The worst mistakes of men have been due to neglecting the good that may be accomplished in attempting good far beyond their powers. Our first standard of endeavor should be intelligent realism; selection of the best of two evils, and training and harnessing it to do God's work.

I have lately had occasion to visit two neighboring towns. In both of them are being built school houses palatial and unnecessary. Both include theaters, restaurants, athletic fields, music departments, etc., that would be an outrage on common sense in good times, but are specially outrageous in the midst of the greatest depression in history. Have you not noted that lately indignation includes extravagant and unnecessary waste in education? England has never been half as wasteful in this respect as we are, but has called a halt.

People usually tell lies not because they are mistaken, but because they are overpraising an old watch, house, automobile or doctrine they are trying to trade or raffle. What we need is not more belief in Christ, but more appreciation of the simple truth, attested by long experience, that we should be more truthful, honorable, polite, economical and industrious for our own sakes. It happens every day that a man can go out and get a thing he needs and is entitled to while praying for it, or arguing he is entitled to it.

Some say that one who would acquire the art of writing should read Addison. I think Macaulay, a better teacher. Addison wrote of trifling things too much, whereas Macaulay wrote of the French revolution; of the trial of Lord Hastings—of events of first importance. In reading one should get education as well as entertainment out of it.

Everyone admires children who are respectful to parents. And it may be added that parents to whom such respect is shown have much to do with it; children are always impatient with weak parents.

People have so many natural troubles they cannot possibly get rid of that the greatest crime is a congress imposing troubles on them totally unnecessary.

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American Heroines

By

LOUISE M. COMSTOCK

Cynthia Ann Parker

WHEN her relatives finally found her, and restored her to the birthright which was hers as a white woman of good family, Cynthia Ann Parker looked like an Indian, her skin burned brown under the hot sun of the western plains, her clothing a dirty blanket and worn moccasins, and she acted like one, meeting every advance with the sullen silence characteristic of her adopted people. She was one of the few examples in our history of a white woman gone completely Indian.

Here was a strange story. The Parkers came pioneering into Texas between 1836 and 1840, when Texas had just wrested independence from Mexico, and bands of hostile Indians and marauding Mexicans still roamed the sparsely settled plains. They settled near the present site of Groesbeck. Only a little later, during an attack by the Comanche Indians, Cynthia Ann and her small brother were captured and carried away.

Years passed before the whites learned of the fate of the little girl. Then a band of hunters, visiting the camp of the Comanches, now turned friendly, saw her there, grown to young womanhood. They finally persuaded the red men to allow them to talk with her. But it was an unsatisfactory interview. The girl refused to speak, maintaining a sullen silence and an expressionless face.

More years went by. The white girl was married, after the Indian custom, to a brave named Peta Nocona, and bore him a son, destined to become known throughout the nation as Quanah Parker, chief of the Comanches, one of the most noble and famous of the red men.

When Texas achieved statehood, military force was organized to clear her borders of the menacing red men. During an expedition led against the Comanches by Capt. L. S. Ross, Peta Nocona was killed and Cynthia Ann captured, carried away from her son and her red friends and restored to the whites. Still her face was an impenetrable mask. She seemed to have no recollection of her own language or people. Finally Captain Ross resorted to the happy device of relating to her, detail by detail, but as if it had happened to someone else, the story of her own childhood. When he told of the Indian raid and kidnapping, her face at last lit with recognition. Pointing a grimy finger at herself she said, "Me Cynthia Ann!"

At Austin, Texas, she was placed in the home of a brother. But she was here as restless as if in actual captivity, and only a few years later she died.

Day Dawn

AN IDYLL of the American forests is the story of Thu-Ilen-Se-Ita, Day Dawn, a lovely Indian maiden who gave her life to save that of an unworthy and perfidious lover.

During the French and Indian wars the friendship of the American Indians was assiduously courted by both the French and the colonists. Colonel Schuyler with rare tact and judgment had succeeded in forming an alliance for the colonies with the most powerful Eastern tribes. The friendship between the white man and his red confederates had reached such success that the great chief of the Iroquois had accompanied the colonel on a trip to England, and there been highly honored and loaded by the ladies of the court with presents for his daughter, Day Dawn.

To undermine this alliance and secure for themselves the loyalty of the fighting red men, the French bent their efforts. Spies were dispatched in every direction from Quebec: Father LeMoine, a Jesuit priest, succeeded in winning over the Onondagas. And at length the French laid crafty plans to win also the powerful Iroquois.

Day Dawn was their victim; a dandy of Parisian court, M. DuValle by name, was their tool. DuValle contrived a meeting with Day Dawn in the forests, wooed her with gifts of game and wild flowers. And beautiful Day Dawn, slipping away from her tribe for secret meetings with him, lost her heart completely to this elegant Frenchman with the polished, foreign manners.

And then one night, when the moon was turning the Hudson to silver and the shadows along shore to black and silver bowers, a faithful friend came running down from the village to warn the lovers that Day Dawn's absence had been discovered and the braves of the tribe were almost upon them. DuValle jumped into his canoe, while Day Dawn unfurled it, and slipped away into the shadows under the river bank. From a covert near the shore the girl watched the pursuing braves arrive, heard them parley and then decided that DuValle had escaped and might be intercepted if they followed the bank up the river. If they did that, she knew, her lover was lost. Quickly she took up his cloak, still lying in the thicket, put on her head his discarded hat, and stepped out of her concealment, her figure black against the moonlight and a sure target. Her kinsmen let fly their arrows.

Thus Day Dawn unwittingly saved, not so much the life of a worthless lover, but an enemy of the American colonies.

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SUCH IS LIFE—Which Nobody Can Deny!



By Charles Sughroe

Playful Crab's Pinch
Got Owner in Trouble

There are drawbacks to buying live crabs and carrying them home with no more protection than a paper wrapping, as a Sofia business man recently learned to his sorrow.

This man, according to a New York Times correspondent, attempted to read a newspaper in a crowded street car with a paper-wrapped crab under his arm. Suddenly the woman sitting next to him, who happened to be wearing a short-sleeved dress, jumped up, tore the newspaper out of his hands and slapped him in the face. The crab had torn its way through the paper and pinched her arm and she thought the man had pinched her himself.

HIGHWAY LINKS U. S.
WITH MEXICO CITY

Opens Up Southern Neighbor to Tourist Travel.

Washington. — Mexico is pushing forward its greatest highway project—an improved road linking the United States border at Laredo, Texas, with its capital, Mexico City. The federal highway commission of Mexico states that this 770-mile section, opening up northeastern Mexico to tourist travel and trade, will probably be ready for through traffic in June, 1933.

A bulletin from the National Geographic society describes the chief cities and scenic features along this picturesque route, which will be a part of the proposed 10,000-mile Pan-American highway. Linking Washington, D. C., with Buenos Aires, Argentina, and other Latin American capitals.

"Motorists seeking new roads to conquer will find that this 'farthest south' for a continuous highway journey from the United States is a roadway of spectacular variety," says the bulletin. "The route traverses deserts, mile-high mountains, ranch country, lush tropical jungles, and, in places, runs through deep canyons where the highway is a mere scratch on the steep mountainside.

Ties Up With United States.

"From San Antonio, Texas, a paved road southward to the twin border cities of Laredo and Nuevo Laredo ties in the new Mexican highway with the improved road system of the United States. Nuevo Laredo, in the Mexican State of Tamaulipas, and the first city to be reached after crossing the Rio Grande, has developed amazingly in the last two years, since pavement was completed to Monterrey. This 151-mile section compares favorably with the best American highways. One stretch runs 45 miles across the desert without a curve.

"Monterrey, the capital of the State of Nuevo Leon, is surrounded by mile-high peaks, the most conspicuous being its famous Saddle mountain (Monte de la Silla).

"An improved gravel road leads from Monterrey over the mountains to the west to Saltillo, capital of Coahuila, a region of ranges where long-horned cattle graze. This eventually will be part of a through route to Mexico City via San Luis Potosi.

"The main highway today, however, strikes south to Ciudad Victoria. This 180-mile section is about a quarter paved and the rest is all-weather gravel. Here the road winds through one of the chief fruit-raising sections of Mexico.

Paradise for Hunters.

"From this point to the little town of Valles, in the State of San Luis Potosi, the road surface alternates between gravel and graded earth. This region is a paradise for hunters—wild boar, deer, raccoon, quail and turkey

Spanish Basketeer



In his native land he might have been a champion bullfighter, but Joseph (Peppy) Garcia, seventeen, who came to the United States only six years ago from Spain, is an adept at the American sport of basketball. Taking full advantage of his 6 feet 3 inches, coaches of the Fifth Avenue high school team of Pittsburgh, runner-up for the Pennsylvania state championship, have made Garcia an outstanding star in the court pastime. He can handle a basketball in the manner shown above with either hand.

being plentiful. Coffee, cotton, rice and vanilla beans are the principal crops.

"In the rugged mountain section between Valles and the village of Jacala, in the State of Hidalgo, construction work has been moving forward slowly since April, 1931. Here the road climbs from the dense tropical jungles and swamps along the Tamul river, where parrots fly overhead, and gorgeous flowers and banana groves border the highway, to the tableland.

"From Jacala southward an improved highway will carry the route through Pachuca, an important silver mining town, into Mexico City. Rapid progress has been made here in recent months, and what some travelers once characterized as the 'most dangerous road in the world' may soon be a modern boulevard, a monument to engineering skill. Near Pachuca are great basaltic formations sometimes called 'the Giant Causeway of America.'

"From Mexico City modern roads are branching out in all directions. The longest, of all-weather gravel construction, extends over the Old Spanish Trail to Acapulco. Another carries the Pan-American highway southward to the city of Puebla."

THE FINICAL
APPETITEBy THOMAS ARKLE CLARK
Late Dean of Men,
University of Illinois.

If it is true that most of us eat more than is good for us, it is equally true that we have too limited a variety in our diet. There are too many things for which we have no liking or imagine that we do not. "I never cared very much for vegetables," you hear some one say, or "I don't like fried chicken or angel food cake," or whatever it is that the individual has developed distaste for.

The story is told of James Russell Lowell or some other New England celebrity that he one day took a distinguished guest home to lunch unannounced—a proceeding which the wise and experienced husband seldom follows.

It was wash day, or the maid's day out, or something of the sort, and all that Mrs. Lowell had for luncheon was a dish of "picked" codfish, which she had taught her husband to enjoy.

"I will omit the fish course today," the guest announced when he was about to be served, and then something had to be done.

Britton never ate butter. Whenever the subject of butter came up, Britton had rather a depressed look come over his face. Nor would he eat anything which contained butter, if he was aware of the situation. Further than this, he refused to eat anything which you told him contained butter. If you passed him the mashed potatoes or a simple piece of sponge cake and intimated that butter formed part of the composition of either, it was thumbs down with Britton. His wasn't a matter of taste, it was a state of mind.

A varied diet is undoubtedly more healthful than a restricted one. A man who will eat and enjoy anything that is wholesome is far easier to get on with, far more easily satisfied with what is placed before him. One can teach himself to eat and to like almost anything that is safely edible. I know, for I have learned to eat carrots and beets and eggplant, and these vegetables, in my mind, approximate most nearly to nothing to eat of anything I know.

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POTPOURRI

Why the Yawn

A certain amount of oxygen is needed in our blood. If, through faulty ventilation, or because of bodily disorders, we are not taking sufficient oxygen from the air through our breathing process, nature provides a safety valve—the yawn. This sudden rush of air temporarily meets the requirements of the blood. The impulse for the yawn originates in the brain.

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The Household

By LYDIA LE BARON WALKER

Soups are welcome at winter meals, whether served at mid day or night. Sometimes a soup can be so hearty, that it can form the main course for a family luncheon or supper. Chowders are among these hearty soups. One could scarcely eat a full course dinner after a good serving of clam, fish, or even corn chowder. There are certain European soups which are of like hearty substance. One of this kind is given today. Francatelli gives directions for the making of sausages which are among the ingredients. However, as sausages are seldom home-made in America and are easily obtainable, this recipe will be omitted.

fore the soup is poured over fried sausages.

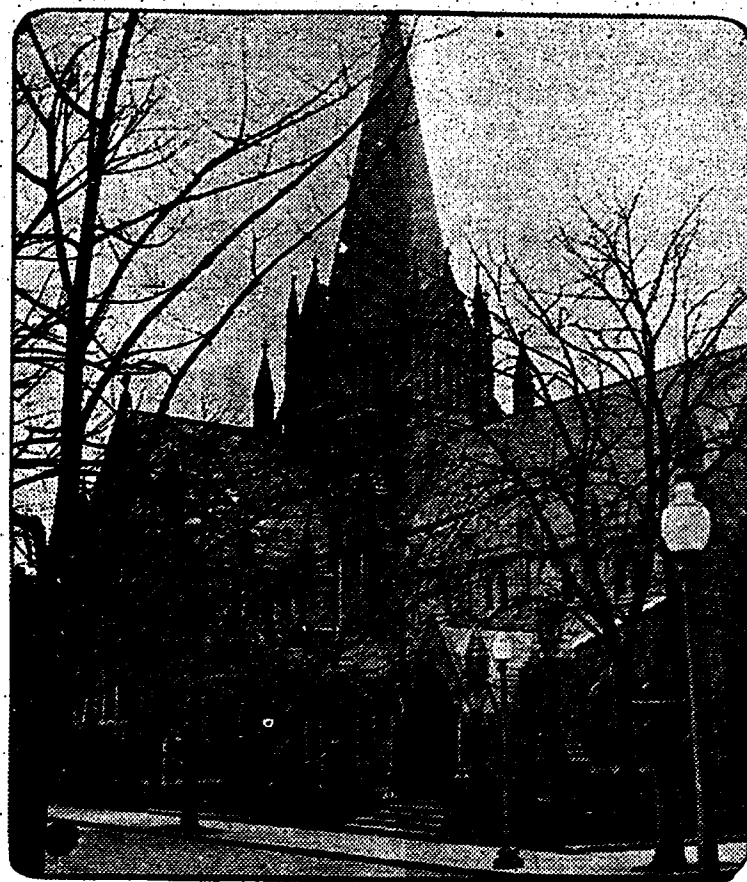
The above quantity of soup calls for 18 sausages "the size of a cob nut." This is a hazelnut. An ordinary sausage link would supply three or four of these nut-size pieces according to the size of the link. Or sausage meat can be shaped into little balls or ovals. If links are used, cut them after frying before pouring the soup over them. Either kind of sausages should be fried a delicate brown in a little butter. Put them in the soup tureen or divide them equally and put each group in its serving soup plate.

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Turkey to Admit Women
to Diplomatic Corps

Istanbul.—Turkey intends to admit women to the diplomatic service very soon. From being before the war one of

Where Roosevelts Will Worship



This is St. Thomas' Episcopal church in Washington where Mr. and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt will worship after the President-Elect takes office. The pastor of the church is Rev. Dr. C. Ernest Smith.

The sausages certainly sound tempting.

Russian Cabbage Soup.

2 onions, diced
½ cupful butter
1 small white-heart cabbage cut into shreds
1 tablespoonful flour
Dash of pepper, and also nutmeg
2 quarts consommé
A dash of minced tarragon leaves
A few drops of lemon juice

Melt the butter in a sauce pan and saute the onion until light brown. Add the shredded cabbage and saute this also very slowly so that it takes about 10 minutes. Stir in the flour, and add gradually the consommé, which may be any clear soup. It could be full flavored, not merely thin and watery. Stir all well together, shaking in the pepper and nutmeg. Simmer very gently for 1½ hours. Skim off the fat. Put in the tarragon and lemon just before

Texas Colonel



When "Ma" Ferguson took office as governor of Texas for the second time she appointed Mrs. J. E. King a colonel on her personal staff. Mrs. King, who resides in San Antonio, will wear an army uniform at all affairs of state.

the most backward nations in the world so far as the treatment of women was concerned, Turkey is becoming, under Mustapha Kemal, its soldier ruler, a land of real emancipation.

Girls who were born in the harem are now training for posts in the mercantile marine.

Next are to come the "attachettes" posted to the lending embassies and legations of the world.

Washington, London and Stockholm are among the capitals to which the women diplomats would be sent.

Paris and Rome owing to the lack of political significance of women in those countries, would be excluded.

Examinations for these diplomatic posts will at first be confined to girls

Early Spring Model



Smart young matrons are seeking the less fussy dress for afternoon occasions. The model shown here attracted considerable attention at the spring fashion show in New York. The dress is of heavy sheer crepe in navy blue, with navy and white crepe braid bands used on sleeves and collar.

City Man Termed
Best "Easy Mark"

Detroit.—The city dweller falls the hardest in the modernized version of the old "get-rich-quick" schemes, Fred G. Dewey, counsel for the Better Business bureau, stated in discussing endless chain selling.

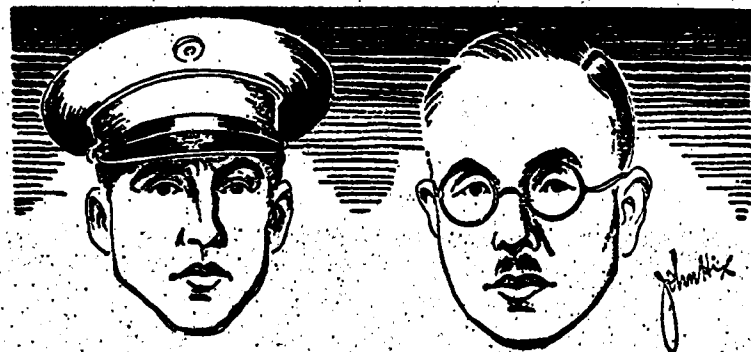
Detroit is reported to be headquarters for 14 separate chains, which give buyers of small articles of merchandise an opportunity to earn commissions on sales which they in turn can make by developing the chain scheme.

"In my opinion," stated Mr. Dewey, "the fever for endless chain, coupon schemes which are sweeping this community and other parts of the country as well, involves contracts which, without exception, so far as I have examined them, are gambling contracts. They are so designated by the Federal courts under United States statutes, and have been condemned in the strongest language by our Supreme court."

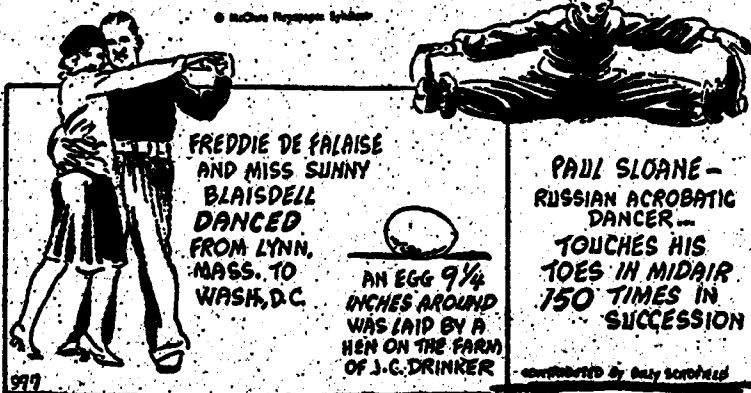
who have male friends serving Turkey abroad.

A bill to admit women to the service will be put before the Turkish national assembly, and it is expected to be passed with little opposition.

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lane Bode



F. J. AGUILAR AND S. WASHIZU
of Mexico of Japan
ARE BOTH THE SAME AGE ... BOTH HOLD THE RANK OF COLONEL ... BOTH ARE MILITARY ATTACHES IN WASHINGTON ... AND BOTH NAMES HAVE THE SAME MEANING "PLACE WHERE THE EAGLES RALLY"



FREDDIE DE PALAISE
AND MISS SUNNY
BLAISDELL
DANCED
FROM LYNN,
MASS., TO
WASH., D.C.

PAUL SLOANE—
RUSSIAN ACROBATIC
DANCER...
TOUCHES HIS
TOES IN MIDAIR
150 TIMES IN
SUCCESSION

WNU Service.

Their MEDICINE
CHEST

For 20 Years!

MORE than a million people will take an MR Tablet tonight and be healthier, happier, stronger because of it. Many of them are men and women past their prime and their family doctor tells them to take MR Tablets for 20 years or more. MR Tablets are as dependable as their family doctor during those trying years when age threatens to slow up vital organs. Thiamin, all vitamins, and corrective have kept them regular—will keep them well, vigorous and eager for more happy days to come. That's because MR Tablets bring strength, bowels to regularity—cleanse the liver and clear the intestinal tract of poisons that cause headaches, colds, biliousness, etc. Non-habit-forming. Get a 25c box at your druggist's.

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

APPROVED OIL BURNERS FOR HEATERS, ranges; guaranteed; complete installation instructions; \$13 to \$20; cash or C. O. D. plus postage; shipping weight 15 lbs. Information, Box 63, Seymour, Conn.

Become a Syndicate Writer

Gain money in spare time writing for newspapers. The "short route" to national recognition. All creative and human interest writing. Learn how and where to syndicate your manuscripts. Write for free booklet "Digging for Gold in the Writing Game." No obligation.

The Thos. E. Pickrell Service
Drawer 1498, Santa Ana, California

Our Super-Bred Guaranteed Chicks will solve your poultry problems this season; new low prices; all principal breeds; send for circular. Madison Heights Poultry Farm, Lumberton, N. J.

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THIS IS THE YEAR YOU NEED MY

ASTROLOGICAL FORECAST

Character Analysis and Daily Guide

Mail Birthdate, Name, Address and \$1.00

PIERRE JANETTE Rochester, N. Y.

Sweeten Breath by
Purifying Your System

Offensive breath—in many cases so very embarrassing—may not be a mouth condition but sometimes one deep down in the body. Cleanse and clear the intestinal tract promptly and safely by using

Dr. True's Elixir
The True Family Laxative

This pure herb medicine contains no harsh irritants—it is a safe aid to good health, which may be more quickly attained when constipation is not prevalent. Good for kiddies too. . . . Successfully used for 81 years.

Mr. H. Wolf, Cambridge, (Mass.) druggist, says: "I have used Dr. True's Elixir in my family for years and I am so pleased with the results that I offer it to my customers upon every opportunity with my personal conviction and confidence in its results."

DON'T
GET UP
At Night

If you are one of the millions who must get up several times a night, your trouble is probably due to an irritation of the bladder or excess acidity of the urine. Then just try

GOLD MEDAL
HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES
During 237 years this fine old preparation has helped millions. Insist on Gold Medal 35¢.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALM
Removes Dandruff, Cures Itchy Scalp, Keeps Hair Soft and Shiny, Promotes Hair Growth, and is a Perfect Hair Dressing. Get a 25c box at your druggist's.

You Can't Go Far Wrong for

49 cents

And They Are Really Good Shoes

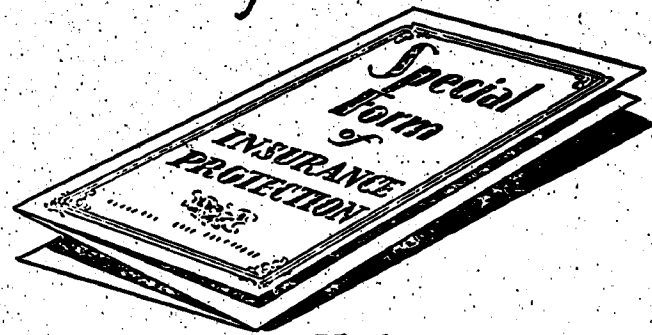
Shoes that sold for \$5 and \$6 — a little out of style, but what is style these days! Dependability and Service in Shoes are what count—So make your money go a long ways and Buy a Pair of

OUR SALE SHOES

C. F. Butterfield

Telephone 31-5 Antrim, New Hampshire

You may Need it



= and not Know it

MILLIONS of dollars are lost every year which could be protected under special forms of insurance.

Some of these special forms cover losses in rent or rental value, use and occupancy, flood, windstorm, rain, hail, explosion and sprinkler leakage.

Let us give you the details of complete protection.

Camden Fire Insurance Association

Camden, N. J.

Holyoke Mutual Fire Insurance Co.,

Salem, Mass.

H. W. Eldredge, Agent

ANTRIM, N. H.

A DOLLAR'S WORTH

Clip this coupon and mail it with \$1 for a six weeks' trial subscription to

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Published by THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PUBLISHING SOCIETY, Boston, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

In it you will find the daily good news of the world from its 750 special writers, as well as departments devoted to women's and children's interests, sports, music, drama, education, etc. You will be glad to welcome into your home so fearless an advocate of peace and prohibition. And don't miss Snubs, Our Dog, and the Sundial and the other features.

The CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR, Back Bay Station, Boston, Mass. Please send me a six weeks' trial subscription. I enclose one dollar (\$1).

(Name, please print)

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(State)

The Antrim Reporter
Published Every Wednesday AfternoonSubscription Price, \$2.00 per year
Advertising Rates on ApplicationH. W. ELDREDGE, PUBLISHER
E. B. ELDREDGE, ASSISTANT

Wednesday, Feb. 22, 1933

Entered at the Post-office at Antrim, N. H., as second-class matter.

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 line.

Cards of Thanks are inserted at 50c. each.

Resolutions of ordinary length \$1.00.



"It Stands Between Humanity and Oppression"

Obituary poetry and lists of flowers charged for at advertising rates; also list of presents at a wedding.

What Has Happened and Will Take Place Within Our Borders

AM A CANDIDATE FOR ROAD AGENT

And would like to have all the Town's people vote for me. My best service will be given you.

ROBERT M. NYLANDER.

Ernest Fuglestad has visited a few days this week with relatives in Franklin.

Mrs. D. P. Bassett substituted one day last week for Mrs. Crosby, in the North Branch school.

Born, at the Peterborough hospital, February 18, a daughter (Anna Louise) to Mr. and Mrs. Millard A. Edwards, of Antrim.

"Cutter's Market" is the wording on the new sign recently hung out over the market door; the handy-work of C. W. Prentiss.

Born, February 16, at the Melrose hospital, Melrose, Mass., a son (Robert Challenger), to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Drew, of Wakefield, Mass. Mrs. Drew was formerly Miss Ellen Nelson, of Antrim.

There will be a Box Supper at the Antrim Grange hall, Saturday, February 25, at 7.30 p.m. The proceeds will go to the Senior Class. There will be a 3-piece orchestra. Every lady must bring a box lunch for two. Admission 15 cents.

The Reporter Office has a few 1933 calendar pads for sale at 10 cents each, size 2 1/2 x 6 1/2 in. Calendars were a bit scarce this year and we had to send to the factory and buy pads to attach to last year's calendar backs; this is the reason we have a few to dispose of.

The Selectmen will meet on Thursday evening of this week, at their rooms, to draw up and prepare the Articles for the Town Warrant, and anyone having an Article they wish to insert will need to have it there at this time. The Warrant will be posted on Saturday, and Thursday evening is the latest date the Selectmen desire to receive such Articles.

Antrim Grange, No. 98

P. of H., was organized fifty years ago, and arrangements are being made to observe its anniversary, in charge of the Lecturer, Mrs. Minnie McIlvin.

All members of the Grange are requested to be present, especially the officers, at a Special Meeting, on Thursday evening, February 23, to work the third and fourth degrees on a class of candidates. Deputy William E. Merrill, of Grasmere, is to make his Spring inspection at this time.

M. H. Wood, Sec'y.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank our shop mates, and all other friends, who have been so generous with their gifts of money and many other things. May God bless you all.

Harry W. Codman and family.

Marguerite Howard's
BEAUTY SHOPPE

We Specialize in All Lines of Beauty Culture

WILFRED GRADUATE
Phone Antrim 108-2

WANTED—Second-hand blinds; inquire at Reporter office.

adv.

Mrs. Elizabeth Ellis is improving from her recent illness, when she was threatened with pneumonia.

Schools closed on Friday last for a one week's vacation; they will re-open Monday morning, February 27.

Mrs. Edith Richardson is spending a season at the Austin Sanatorium, in Webster, this state; her many friends hope her stay will be of short duration.

The new railroad station agent has removed his family and household goods from Lowell, Mass., and is occupying the north tenement in the Gibney house so-called, on West street.

Charles Cutter will occupy one tenement in G. A. Hulet's house, on West street, and has already removed his household goods thereto. Earl Cutter will occupy the other tenement in the same house.

Mrs. W. W. Brown has returned to her home here from Fitchburg, Mass., after having been caring for her mother, Mrs. Emma Hutchinson, who has been ill for several weeks, and is now considerably improved.

Miss Margaret Maxfield, of the High School faculty, attended the funeral on Friday of a friend, in Westminster, Vt. The deceased was a roommate of Miss Maxfield for three years while they attended Keene Normal school.

The Senior Class, A. H. S., gave an oyster stew supper at the Odd Fellows' banquet hall on Friday evening last, which was well patronized. They will also put on a Town Meeting dinner at the same place. The net proceeds will be used by the class for their Washington trip during the Spring vacation.

Reporter Compliments Faithful School Official

At the coming annual School Meeting the thirteenth day of March, a new member of the School Board will have to be elected to fill the place of Roscoe M. Lane, who refuses to be re-elected to the board, after serving one term of three years. Mr. Lane is a retired man, has been in a position to give much of his time to the duties of the office, and has made a most excellent official. Friends of Mr. Lane who also have the interests of the school at heart, had hoped that he would not think of retiring from this position at this time, but might decide to give another term at least of service to the School District in the interests of the schools in the town which he thinks a great deal of and where he has decided to always make his home. But he has definitely decided not to be a candidate, and this decision is final—he tells his friends.

The Reporter man could not let this opportunity go by without saying a few words in favor of a public official who has performed his work so faithfully and well. We are pleased to say these few words of commendation and all who have known of his work will agree with us most heartily.

To select a new member of the School Board is often a difficult task. Some think to make a good member in this capacity one must be a person with children in the schools, while just as many feel sure that a person without children in the schools makes a better member. There are good arguments on both sides, and above all this position demands a person with business ability. At this time it is not thought necessary to say more, than to remind the voters that in selecting a new member of the School Board there are many things that must be considered.

Why Send It Away?

Roger Brooks

CERTIFIED RADIOTRICIAN

Hancock, N. H.

All Makes of Radios Serviced
Satisfaction GuaranteedLeave orders with Mrs. Fred Thompson
At the N. H. Power Co. Office
or telephone Hancock 6

Weekly News of Interest From a Few Towns Surrounding Antrim

DEERING

J. H. Hart of Boston has been visiting his family the past week.

A valentine party was held at the Mansville school by Miss Janet Webster for her pupils.

The meeting of the Community club will be held in the town hall on this Wednesday evening, February 22.

Mrs. R. A. Wood who has been a patient in a Concord hospital, has sufficiently recovered to return home.

Dr. William J. Doherty, after a period of illness in New York City, has gone to St. Petersburg, Fla., for the remainder of the winter.

The Men's club is planning a minstrel show and a meeting to initiate the production was held on Thursday evening in the town hall.

Mrs. Alice Colburn, West Deering, and Miss Janet Webster attended the meeting of the Hillsborough Parent-Teacher association, when Mrs. Ruth Warwick was the speaker.

Reports from Mrs. Etta Smith, who is a patient at the Newton hospital, are that her condition is unimproved. Her little granddaughter, Virginia Cousins, has recently undergone a tonsil operation.

The big ash tree, which has stood by the roadside near the home of John Herick for more years than the oldest inhabitant can remember, has been cut down and is being cut up for firewood.

HANCOCK

Mrs. Fred C. Eaton has been spending a brief season with friends in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Duncan, of Lowell, Mass., were recent guests of relatives in this place.

Lloyd Cabot Briggs has returned to Boston, after spending a few weeks at his home here.

The Hancock group of the League of Arts and Crafts had a small exhibition of photographs on view at the library last week.

Robins are more plentiful in these parts this winter than in previous winters; quite a few have been seen in town the past week.

Hiram B. Marshall will again be chief this winter for the ice harvesters in Greenfield, a position he has held for several winters.

The very instructive talk given by Rev. Richard Carter, before the recent minister's meeting here, was highly spoken of and greatly appreciated.

A very pleasant and instructive afternoon was enjoyed at the Women's club last week Wednesday. Miss Berkley,

FRANCESTOWN

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Morse were in town a few days the past week.

Rev. Leinger of Cambridge, Mass., occupied the pulpit at the Unitarian church on Sunday, Feb. 12.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lord and Arthur Lord motored to Concord one day recently, returning the following day.

Miss Eunice E. Patch has been in Washington, D. C., where she passed several days. Miss Patch is on Governor Winant's Unemployment Committee.

Miss Nellie Nutting will broadcast from WFEA at 12.20 on February 25. She will speak about 4-H club work and about her trip to the convention in Chicago.

GREENFIELD

Funeral services were held Tuesday last at the home for Mrs. Ross Tilton, who died Saturday after a short illness. Rev. Richard Carter officiated; the bearers were Edward Brown, Jerry Watson, Walter Russell and John Russell. She leaves the widower and two daughters, Bernice and Gladys and three children by her first marriage, Mrs. James West of Medford, Mass., Harry Young of Deerfield and Mrs. Harry Goodwin of this town; six grandchildren; one sister, Mrs. Sadie Hurd.

Mrs. Tilton was born in Charlestown, Mass., 51 years ago, and came here from Deerfield nine years ago. She was an active member of Greenfield Grange. Committal service was held at Deerfield. Relatives from out of town present were Mrs. Sadie Hurd, Boston; Mrs. Sadie Simpson, Cyrus Tilton, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Young, Deerfield; Mr. and Mrs. James West, Medford, Mass.

Mrs. Louise Burke of Kendal Green, Mass., is the guest of Mrs. Charles Cragin.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Tiffin and children of West Newton, Mass., were in town over the week-end recently.

Dr. N. F. Cheever, who has been confined to the house with the grippe, is better. Mrs. Cheever is now reported to be ill.

The Woman's Club met Friday last with the president, Mrs. Perley Russell. Rev. Richard Carter spoke very interestingly on major current events, and Mrs. Carter contributed a pleasing piano solo. Refreshments were served by the hostesses, Mrs. Perley Russell, Mrs. Charles Hopkins and Mrs. Donald Hopkins.

daughter of the Rev. W. Berkley, gave several piano solos which were greatly enjoyed. Mrs. Foster Stearns, the president, gave a very interesting illustrated talk on Constantinople, where she resided for three years.

Anniversary Supper by Waverley Lodge and the Rebekahs

Waverley Lodge and Hand in Hand Rebekahs will give an Anniversary Supper at Odd Fellows banquet hall, on Friday evening, February 24, at 6.30 o'clock.



All Odd Fellows and Rebekahs who reside within this jurisdiction are invited, even if not members of the local lodges; each Odd Fellow is entitled to bring with him a boy, and every Rebekah may bring a girl; if not a boy or girl, this invitation extends to some other guest.

The Waverley Lodge committee is composed of Archie N. Nay, Maurice A. Poor, George E. Warren, Rebekahs, Hazel M. Sanborn, Emma W. Nay, Gertrude M. Thornton.

This is practically a large family party, as so many former occasions have been, and it is hoped as many as can will avail themselves of this opportunity to meet with their brothers and sisters, and renew pleasant acquaintances.

The Hillsboro County 4-H Club Leaders Meet

Friday evening, February 24, at 7.30 o'clock, there is to be a County meeting for all 4-H Club leaders in Hillsboro County, in Stanton's hall, Main Street, Wilton Village. This meeting will be called to order by Mrs. Annie K. Langdell, president of the County Leaders' Association.

A meeting of the County Council (older club members) will be held in connection with this meeting.

Fruit Meeting at Wilton on February 25

A county-wide fruit meeting will be held at the town hall, in Wilton, on Saturday, February 25. The program will be as follows:

10 a.m. "How 90% Clean Apple Club Members Control Railroad Worm," by C. C. Rawlings, extension horticulturist, University of New Hampshire.

11 a.m. "Some Results of Spraying Experiments for the Control of Apple Maggot at Wonalancet," by J. G. Conklin, assistant entomologist, University of N. H.

1.30 p.m. "Make the Pests in Your Orchard the Guide to Cutting Spray Costs," by E. J. Rasmussen, University of N. H.

2.15 p.m. "Emergency Economy Measures in Orchard," by Prof. G. F. Potter, University of N. H.

One hundred fruit growers attended the fruit meeting in Wilton on January 21, and even a larger crowd is expected for the meeting on February 25.

The Antrim Woman's Club

Met in Library hall, on Tuesday, February 14. At the regular business meeting, the Ways and Means committee explained its plan for raising needed funds. The Club voted to send our adopted ex-service man some socks.

Mrs. Ethel Roeder gave two vocal solos. Miss Williamson was the speaker, her subject being: "Right Living the Real Aim of Education."

Next meeting will be on Tuesday, March 28.

Alice G. Nylander,
Publicity Com.

ADVERTISE
In THE REPORTER
And Get Your Share of the Trade.

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.

This week schools are closed for a week's vacation.

Mrs. Alice Weeks is staying with Mrs. Annie Stevens for awhile.

The Benevolent Society meets at the home of Miss Lawrence, on Friday afternoon, at two o'clock.

Miss Mable Redner, of Boston, Mass., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Flagg, at their home on Hancock Road.

The school play, "The Arrival of Kitty," was well attended; all deserving praise for their excellent work.

The supper at the church did not call out a very big crowd on Friday night, although it is reported as a very good one.

Rev. E. C. Osborne, a former pastor of the local Congregational church, preached here on Sunday morning, reading from Luke 4, and taking as the subject, "Back Home."

On Monday evening, the S. of V. Auxiliary held a Colonial Party; the lunch served was Washington pie and coffee. This Wednesday, the 22nd, there will be a rehearsal at 2 o'clock for the degree team, and in the evening a jig-saw puzzle party.

Mrs. Mary L. Knight left on Saturday morning for Boston, where she stayed over night with Mrs. Helen Young, leaving on Sunday with the Colpitts Touring Company, for Mexico, sailing from New York on Monday, the 20th. The Touring Company was unable to complete its booking for California, hence the change to Mexico for a four weeks' trip. Mrs. Knight did not get word of the change until Tuesday night.

The Mt. Crochted 4-H girls will hold a meeting at the Auxiliary hall on Thursday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, at which time there will be a Judging Contest; at 6 o'clock there will be a supper for the mothers and girls, and a short program will be given at 7 o'clock, with Miss Peaslee here with us. All mothers who are interested are invited to the supper or program or both; we do want all the 4-H members and their mothers there for supper. There will be other Clubs here, also to take part in the Judging Contest. Please try to come. Any mother interested will be welcome.

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, Supt.

Painting and Paperhanging

General Building Maintenance
1933 Wall Paper Samples
Day or Job Work — Low Rates

HARRY W. BROWN
P.O. Box 24, Bennington, N. H.

A Rainbow in your garden!

Yes—and though the famous "Dreer's Rainbow" (opposite Page 48 of Dreer's 1933 Garden Book) lasts all summer, it, too, is "born of the shower and colored by the sun."
Send now for this "Book of the Year" for amateur gardeners. Take advantage of its background of authority when you plan your garden. The Garden Book is free on request to those interested in vegetable and flower seeds, roses, perennial plants, etc.

HENRY A. DREER
1205 Spring Garden St., Phila., Pa.

DREER'S

ANTRIM POST OFFICE

Mail Schedule in Effect September 26, 1932

Going South
Mails Close
6.39 a.m.
6.58 a.m.
4.00 p.m.
Leave Station
6.54 a.m.
10.18 a.m.
4.15 p.m.
Going North
7.20 a.m.
8.38 p.m.
7.35 a.m.
8.43 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.

CHURCH NOTES

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Rev. William Patterson, Pastor
Thursday, February 28
Prayer and praise service at 7.30 p.m. Topic: "Like Christ in His Love." John 15:12.
Friday, February 24
Mission Study Class meets at the Manse, at 8 p.m.
Sunday, February 26
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock, with sermon by the pastor
Bible school at 12 o'clock.
Y.P.S.C.E. at 6.00 o'clock in this church. Topic: "How Can We Make Christ Attractive to New Americans?"
Union evening service, at 7 o'clock, in this church.

Methodist Episcopal
Rev. John P. Brooks, Pastor
Sunday, February 26
10.45, Morning worship: Sermon by the pastor. Topic: "Jesus' Promise of Abundant Life."
12.00, Sunday school.
With sufficient classes and a good faculty. Everybody welcome!

Baptist
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, February 28
Church prayer meeting, 7.30 p.m. Topic: "Mountain-top and Valley." Mark 9:2-29.
Sunday, February 26
Morning worship at 10.45. The pastor will preach on "Hunger for Bread."
Church school at 12 o'clock.
Crusaders at 4.30 o'clock.

Little Stone Church on the Hill
Antrim Center
Rev. J. W. Logan, Pastor
Sunday School at 9 a.m.
Sunday morning worship at 9.45.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank our friends and neighbors for their help and sympathy during our recent bereavement.

Charles M. Glawson
Mr. and Mrs. Freeman H. Clark
Mr. and Mrs. Andrew S. Fuglestad and family

The Antrim Reporter, 52 weeks, for only \$2.00, in advance. Subscribe at any time; you don't have to wait till the first of the year.

Antrim Locals

The local postoffice is running on holiday schedule today.

Miss Evelyn Parker was confined to her home three days last week by illness.

The factories in town are not working today, as they are observing the holiday.

Miss Margaret Felker has been confined to her home the past week, suffering from tonsillitis.

Miss Lillian St. John is visiting her parents in Keene for a few days; this week during vacation from school.

Friends of Miss Olive Ashford are pleased to learn that she has accepted a position as dietitian at the Laconia hospital, Laconia, this state.

The Washington Birthday dinner, to be given by the Unity Guild, at the Presbyterian church, this Wednesday evening, will be served at six o'clock.

The family of Richard Cuddihy has presented to the Antrim Troop of Boy Scouts an enlarged framed photograph of Richard F. Cuddihy, their son, who before his death was a popular member of the Troop. This most excellent gift is greatly prized by the boys; it is hung on the walls of Scout headquarters.

Lester J. Putnam, of this place, is doing quite a business in jig-saw puzzles, sawing for rental and sale. They are all the rage. He has for rental: Inter Locking, Local Views; Semi- Locking of White Mountain Views. For sale, he can cut Inter-Locking, Semi Locking or Non Locking Puzzles, on 3-Ply Bass Wood. Adv.

Mrs. Ida E. Glawson

Mrs. Ida E. Glawson passed away Sunday, February 19, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Freeman H. Clark, after an illness of more than eight and one-half years.

She was born November 26, 1855, at Weare, daughter of Nathaniel and Janet (Gove) Peaslee. She is survived by her husband, Charles M. Glawson, a daughter, Mrs. Freeman H. Clark, a sister, Mrs. Stella F. Dickey, two brothers, Herbert J. and Herman A. Peaslee, a grand-daughter and six great grand-children.

Funeral services were held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Clark, Tuesday afternoon, February 21, at two o'clock, and were conducted by Rev. R. H. Tibbals. Mrs. Byron G. Butterfield offered vocal music. The bearers were Herbert J. Peaslee, Herman A. Peaslee, Freeman H. Clark, and Andrew S. Fuglestad. Interment was in Maplewood cemetery.

Among those present from out of town were: Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Peaslee and daughter, Mrs. Stella Dickey, Herman A. Peaslee, Mrs. Florence Sargent, Ina Ashby, Ethel Kidder, W. H. Clark, Maurice Barnes, Mrs. Carlton Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Barnes, Mrs. James White, Mrs. Mabel Marshall, Mrs. George Walsh, Mrs. Carl M. Carlson, Nels Carlson, Lawrence Robinson, and others.

Send \$1 for the next 5 months of

The Atlantic Monthly

Make the most of your reading hours. Enjoy the wit, the wisdom, the companionship, the charm that have made the ATLANTIC, for seventy-five years, America's most quoted and most cherished magazine.

Send \$1 (mentioning this ad)

to

The Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington St. Boston

Send \$1 for the next 5 months of

House Beautiful Magazine

Make sure of lovely results and long satisfaction from every dollar you put into your home by following HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, the loveliest of home magazines. Each month it offers you countless new ideas for your house, its rooms, and the garden that frames it.

Send \$1 (mentioning this ad)

to

House Beautiful, 8 Arlington St., Boston.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss.

Court of Probate.

Th the heirs at law of the estate of George Alfred Cochran, late of Antrim, in said County, deceased, testate, and to all others interested therein:

Whereas, Lulu B. Gaddas, administratrix d.b.n.w.a. of the estate of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County, the final account of her administration of said estate:

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

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

Given at Nashua, in said County, this 16th day of February; A. D. 1933.

By order of the Court,
S. J. DEARBORN
Register.

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He Put It Over

By H. IRVING KING

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) (WNU Service)

ALTHOUGH Roderick McKesson was guardian for his niece, Alice Randolph, and for Gerald, the son of his deceased friend, Simon Cuthbert, he had no idea of allowing his two wards to marry. He regarded Gerald as too lacking in business ability to ever really get on in the world. He was too light and airy in his talk and behavior to suit old Roderick, who was a ponderous person and liked solemnity and ponderosity in others. Roderick's idea of the proper sort of a husband for Alice was Gilbert Anderson. Anderson was a hustler, always in business up to his neck; full of schemes for making vast amounts of money. He had not made any yet, but there had always been a plausible reason why the particular scheme he had been trying to put over had not succeeded. Gilbert had marked Roderick as his own and deferred to him. Alice detested Gilbert and told her uncle she was going to marry Gerald. Her uncle said emphatically that she was not and she replied: "You just wait and see." When she had said "No" to Gerald upon his proposing, he had replied: "Say, old girl, you don't really mean that—do you?" To which she had answered: "Why, of course I don't, you silly." Only we have got to wait. Uncle is dead set against you and is touting for that Anderson person. But I'll be twenty-five in six months and my own mistress. Under the terms of father's will if I marry before I am twenty-five without uncle's consent, I forfeit my money, and I don't want to do that. In six months you come and ask me again.

This set Gerald to thinking. Six months was a long time to wait; but Alice was a level-headed girl and quite right to want to avoid sacrificing her fortune. When Gerald had turned twenty-one Roderick had called him into his office and shown him a lot of figures, of which he comprehended only enough to know that they represented a considerable fortune, and he had insisted that the old man go on managing his affairs.

The next day Gerald went to call upon Roderick McKesson. "Oh, you?" said Roderick. "What is it? Make it short, I am busy."

As a rule Gerald was a trifle loud in his dress; today he was attired soberly. His manner was generally a trifle frivolous; today he had an air of seriousness and suppressed energy. You would have spotted him, anywhere for a business man accustomed to deal with important questions. It was not for nothing that Gerald had been a star in amateur theatricals. "Sir," said he gravely, "I called to ask if you could not reconsider your objection to my marriage with your niece?"

"No," roared Roderick, "I never reconsider." Gerald saw a large envelope lying on Roderick's desk in the upper left-hand corner of which was printed in large type, "The Agawunk Finishing Company." "Have you—er—have you, if it is not an impertinent question, invested anything in that concern?" And he pointed to the envelope.

"I have," snapped Roderick, "what of it?"

"Well," replied Gerald, "I have been taking rather an interest in business matters of late; especially new enterprises, and the Agawunk company is a rather doubtful concern."

"Nonsense," cried Roderick, "they have contracts ahead for twenty years."

"Yes," said Gerald, "and they show these contracts to lure investors. The fact is they are losing two cents a yard on every yard of cloth they finish."

"I am too busy to talk further with you today," said Roderick. The old man got exceedingly busy after Gerald left, calling up credit concerns and financial men who kept well informed of all that was going on. Roderick himself had been rather "out of it" for some years, joggling along in old ruts. He had been lured into the Agawunk scheme by Gilbert Anderson—and he had invested ten thousand dollars of Gerald Cuthbert's money in the concern.

When the old man had finished his investigations he had a grim look. The first thing he did was to transfer the Agawunk bonds to his own account and deposit a certified check for ten thousand to the account of Gerald. "The young whippersnapper has business ability after all," he grudgingly thought.

As a matter of fact Gerald was so intensely jealous of Gilbert Anderson that he kept his ears open for anything concerning him. Having overheard two business men mention Gilbert's name at the club in a slighting manner he had taken one of them aside, demanding further information. And it had taken Lester Craddock an hour and a half to get through Gerald's head a full comprehension of the status of the Agawunk company.

"Alice," said Roderick to his niece that night, "young Cuthbert is getting to be quite a business man. I have changed my opinion of him."

"And he plays a rattling game of tennis," said Alice. Roderick frowned. "In spite of that," said he, "you might do worse than marry him."

They were married, and the Agawunk Finishing company blew up two months after their marriage.

Snookie Brought Them Together

By GENEVRA COOK

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) (WNU Service)

"OH, WAIT! Please wait for me!" As the guard, the heavy chain in his hand, waited, Fay Elton ran lithely down the ramp to the ferry. "Thank you," she said, smiling, and walked swiftly on the deck, not pausing to see the wistful face of the young blue-eyed guard who stood, still holding the chain, looking after her.

From her favorite corner of the upper deck, Fay could look far up the river and pick out her own particular bit of skyline, the setback office building where from eight-thirty to five she took the dictation and wrote the letters of Mr. Harvester Winthrop I. A faint glow suffused her cheeks. Perhaps it was only brought there by the whirling March wind, or perhaps it came because, as she thought of that name, she thought also of the tall well-groomed figure of Harvester Winthrop II. Almost every night now he came out on the six o'clock ferry, his shoulder close to hers as they watched the panorama of moving lights from the quiet dimness of the upper deck.

As the ferry swung around to face north, a sudden gust of wind swept down the river. It caught the new little horsehair hat from Fay's head, and sent it swirling down the deck. With a gasp of dismay, she watched it spin straight toward the rail. Suddenly a tall figure dashed after it down the deck, an arm stretched out just as the hat reached the rail, and in an instant the blue-eyed guard stood before her, his cheeks a becoming crimson, his eyes dancing, holding out the absurd and fragile bit of horsehair.

"Here, Mademoiselle the Queen of the Fairies, is your crown!"

Of course it was only natural after that, that Fay should stop and speak to him when she boarded the ferry in the morning. His name, she learned, was Chickering Burton—Chick—and he was studying to be an electrical engineer. He worked on the ferry mornings and went to Pratt afterwards and evenings. In his spare time he played baseball, in proof of which he appeared one day after a game in the April mud with a bandaged ankle and a very engaging limp.

All through the warm, sweet-scented mornings of spring, Fay rode over the river with Chick, who, shining-eyed, snatched eager moments from his work to talk to her; and through the breathless hush of dusk she rode back with Harvester Winthrop II looking into her eyes. Somehow it seemed difficult to decide whether the evenings of the mornings were more sweet.

Then one day in May Harvester Winthrop I asked Fay to come to work late the next morning, in order to stop it. Elizabeth to do an errand. His sister, who was leaving for Paris, wished to send in to him Snookie, her favorite dog. With the trepidation born of a long and detailed lecture on the immense value of the poodle, Fay boarded the ten o'clock ferry with the tousle-haired Snookie in her arms. She must stay on the lower deck, lest Snookie, unaccustomed to ferry boats, should be dazzled by the heights.

When, halfway across, she dared for the first time to raise her eyes from her charge, her heart gave a great leap, and turned over exactly twice. Chick Burton and Harvester Winthrop II were both on the boat. Harvester was with a girl; Fay could just see she was "Far Heights Country club" from the brim of her imported hat to the tip of her Parisian heel. With a deep breath, unmindful of the wiggling Snookie, she moved nearer to the rail.

There was a sudden commotion in her arms, a sliding of curly hair through her fingers, a splash! Snookie had jumped over the edge of the boat. Fay screamed. She pointed, white to the lips, to the struggling dog. "Oh," she cried, "I've got to get him!"

There was an answering splash. Chick Burton had gone over the rail. Thrilled spectators crowded at the edge of the boat to watch him swim toward the gasping dog, grasp him 'u one arm, and turn again toward the boat. Then something went wrong. Chick wasn't swimming any more.

"His ankle!" cried Fay. She rushed up to Harvester Winthrop II. "Hurry, hurry up!" she cried. "Quick! Chick—his ankle—he can't swim!"

She saw the plucked eyebrows of the girl go up. She saw Harvester Winthrop II look straight at her for a moment, then turn to the girl at his side. With a gasp, she rushed back to the rail. Her heart in her voice, she cried, "Chick, oh, Chick!"

Then all at once Chick was being dragged up to the deck by a rope some one had flung him, with Snookie, bedraggled and sputtering, in his arms, and Fay was kneeling at his side.

And that night on the home-going ferry, in the quiet hush of dusk, Fay and Chick stood together, hands and shoulders touching, at the upper rail. "Here," whispered Chick, "Mademoiselle the Queen of the Fairies, is a wishing-ring." And he slipped it, sparkling, on the third finger of her left hand.

"I'll wish on it," answered Fay softly. "I wish that I may always ride on my Fairy boat with you, Chick. Both going over . . . and coming back."

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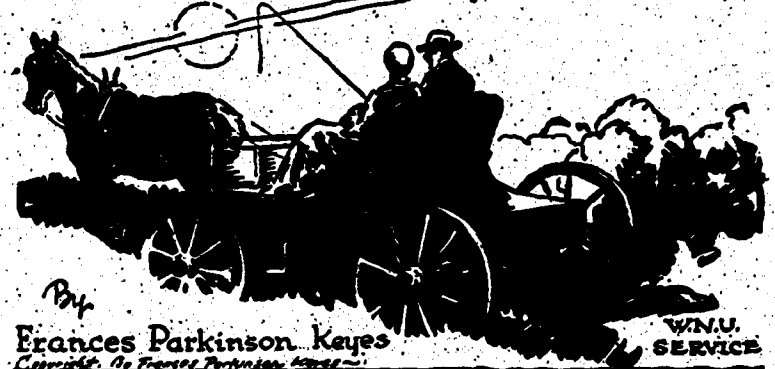
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ANTRIM, New Hampshire

Lady Blanche Farm

A Romance Of The Commonplace



By Frances Parkinson Keyes

CHAPTER X—Continued.

David's remark about the daily grind of housework gave Paul his first clue to helplessness. Mary began to find the kitchen fire built and the tea-kettle boiling when she came downstairs in the morning, the wood box filled, the furnace tended faithfully, day and night, the porches and paths kept free from snow. On Monday mornings he appeared to empty wash-tubs and hang out clothes. At his instigation, Myra agreed to do all the baking for both houses until "things got straightened out." Violet undertook the mending, and Jane actually gave up a meeting of the Foreign Missionary society to finish the weekly sweeping. And when, in spite of all this relief, Mary paid for her long strain and quietly crumpled up in a heap on the floor one afternoon when Algy was out of danger, and Sylvia's grave was hidden with snow, Paul picked her up and laid her on the bed, loosening her dress and taking off her shoes as he called for help. Jane, fortunately, was in the house and undressed her while he went downstairs to telephone for Doctor Wells and to get a hot-water bottle and a hot stimulant ready. And when he saw that it was her inability to care for the boys that was worrying her more than anything else, he turned his attention mainly to them. It would have been hard to discover anyone more stupid and awkward in dealing with a little child than Paul was, but he did what he could. He did better than he realized and his reward was greater than he expected. The first time that the children fell upon him, almost simultaneously, with hugs and kisses, was when he came in with two small wooden snow shovels—"to use when Algy was outdoors again, in no time now." As he hugged and kissed them in return, his embarrassment was equalled only by the inner glow of contentment that permeated his being. Mary, up again for the first time, came in to find them thus occupied. The inner glow of contentment changed to a leaping flame as Paul looked at her and saw the expression of surprise and gratitude on her pale face.

"You're awfully good to those children," she said softly. "They're great kids. I never knew before how much fun a kid is. I thought they were horrid little nuisances," returned Paul apologetically.

Mary sat down beside him. "Blanche and Philip are coming home for Christmas," she said. "Isn't that nice?" Cousin Violet has a letter saying they'll surely be here the twenty-fourth, and of course she's perfectly delighted.

"That is good news! Got any more?"

"I don't know whether you'll call it good or not—but Austin Gray is going to France. I think that's much the best thing he can do, really. He says it's only a matter of months now before the United States will be in the war, too. He's going over as an ambulance driver, but he says he can get transferred to the 'real job' later on if we do. He was just here to see you. I went downstairs for a minute just as he came in, but I didn't know you were here, so he didn't wait. He asked me to invite you to go to New York with him, after Christmas. He'll be there for a fortnight, at least, making final arrangements."

"Yes. Wouldn't you like to go? I thought you were crazy to get away from Hamstead."

"I'm not quite so crazy as I used to be."

"No, you're getting fairly sane!" said Mary with a little laugh that made his heart leap, "and—just as kind and thoughtful as you can be. But you ought to go. It'll be wonderful for you! And I'm sure you'd be a comfort to Austin, too. He must think so, or he wouldn't have asked you. You'll go, won't you, Paul?"

"Yes, of course. Especially if you think I'd better. Mary, wait a minute—"

After that, for the first time since they had "made up," Paul saw that she was avoiding him again. The fact gave him fresh food for thought. She was willing to be his cousin, his friend, his companion. She was grateful far beyond his deserving for the little he had been able to do to serve her. She had forgiven him freely for all he had done to hurt her. But more than that she could not and would not do and be.

Mary's eyes again. He must accept the bitter knowledge that she regarded his love as something to fear, as part of his punishment. When Blanche and Philip arrived, he took Blanche's statements of what she thought of him—it was the first time she had seen him since the engagement had been broken—so quietly that she was frightened.

Philip was less surprised than she had expected, when she told him about it. He had been watching his brother-in-law closely and had come to the conclusion that he had either misjudged the boy at first, or that the latter had improved somewhat during the last few months.

"Let Paul alone, honey," he said. "He looks to me like a man who is working out his own salvation."

Paul, with the rest of the village, was glad to have his sister and brother-in-law at home; glad not only because he was fond of them, but be-



And Blanche Curling Up in His Arms Like a Contented Kitten.

cause it was easier, in their presence to keep from saying the things he was longing to say to Mary—to keep, as he was longing still more, from touching her. Time, mercifully, softens everything—lovers' quarrels and children's sufferings and even the thought of the Valley of the Shadow. Austin was finding his solution. Algy, thin but thriving, was in his high chair at the table once more. Philip and Blanche, radiantly happy, were with them again. After Christmas day dinner, while the two little boys took their naps, Violet went to lie down, Seth to smoke his pipe, and Cousin Jane to help Myra, loaned for the occasion, with the dishes. The four young people were left alone together. And, as the door closed behind the last retreating elder, Philip suddenly snatched up Blanche and kissed her, announcing that he was so full of joy and dinner mixed, that he'd got to let off steam, some way, that very minute. And Blanche, curling up in his arms like a contented kitten, smiled and kissed him back. They settled down in the big winged chair before the fire together.

Over their unconscious heads, Paul looked at Mary. Then he crossed to where she stood, and the expression on his face was unmistakable. Before he could speak, she fled from the room.

Paul went after her. She had almost reached the stairs. He stepped in front of her.

"See here, Mary," he said. "I can stand almost anything you want to do or say and I know I deserve it. But please don't look at me that way. I can't stand it."

"Well, don't look at me the way you did then."

"I'll try not to. I'm trying not to, all the time. I only thought—Christmas day—that perhaps you could, just once—I won't ask you again for a long time. . . ."

It is unfortunately true that many naturally sweet-tempered women, if they are also clever, take refuge, when they are hurt or frightened, in flippancy or sarcasm. It is to be hoped that they do not know how deeply they can wound with these weapons. But whether they do or not, Mary was no exception to this rule.

"Why should you care about it so much?" she quoted scathingly, "a kiss doesn't mean anything."

Paul stepped to one side, leaving the passage upstairs clear for her. She went by him swiftly, her head up. Then, on the landing, she turned and came still more swiftly down.

"That wasn't fair," she said. "Please forgive me, Paul."

"No," he said slowly. "It wasn't fair, and it wasn't kind of you to remind me of it. But what I said was

true. There are some kisses that don't mean anything in almost every fellow's life. They drink too much sometimes, too. I'm sorry, but it's so. But that doesn't mean they're hopeless drunkards and degenerates. There hasn't been anything to drink, or any of that kind of kisses for me in a long time. You know that, and you know why, too. And you ought to know that it would mean more than anything in the world to me if I could kiss you again."

Paul had learned a good many valuable lessons in the last months. Mary learned one now. The boy was humble, but he was not abject. If he had a right to demand nothing else from her, he deserved and demanded, at least, fair play and respect.

"When you go to New York—" she began.

"You'll let me kiss you good-by?"

This was not at all what Mary had intended to say. She hesitated a minute, and then, in spite of herself, she nodded. Then she leaned forward and touched his cheek with her lips, so lightly that it seemed merely as if a flower had brushed it.

"The telephone is ringing," she said, over her shoulder and left him to answer it as she fled.

"I wonder if Mary and Paul are really going to make up, after all?" Philip asked Blanche, a few days later.

"Oh, I hope not—even if he is my brother! You wouldn't want her to marry him now that she's got such a splendid chance!"

"Splendid chance!"

"Yes. Of getting Mr. Hamlin. Why, if she took Paul, even if he was good enough for her, which of course he isn't, she'd be buried in Hamstead all the rest of her life!"

"Well, I shouldn't mind being buried in Hamstead, with someone I loved," Philip said. "What do you say about starting in to fix up the little law office for ourselves this spring after all? I know you didn't care much for the idea when I first suggested it. But I'd enjoy the work immensely, and I can probably get off for a month next summer."

"Oh, Philip, couldn't we go somewhere else? There's plenty of time for that! I'm crazy to see Bar Harbor or Newport."

"All right, honey, just as you prefer," he said quietly.

He left Hamstead with the growing certainty that Paul and Mary were "really making up." Violet shared this certainty and ran up several new bills on the strength of it. Mary came in and out of her house again as if nothing had ever happened. She helped with the preparations for Paul's departure for New York, with energy and interest. Austin had decided to go by way of Boston and they were therefore leaving on the morning train instead of the midnight. And when Paul came downstairs ready to start, he found Mary, and not Seth, waiting in the little old sleigh, to take him to the station.

She had, as Violet often remarked, "no style to her," and this morning she had even less than usual. It was bitterly cold, and she had on an old fur coat of her mother's, worn and shabby and out-of-date, a knitted hood of red wool, and red wool mittens. But Paul thought he had never seen her look half so lovely. She had seemed, since Christmas, so much less tired than for a long time, so much like his old playmate, his old sweetheart.

Mary drove, and they rode along, talking of trivial things, laughing often, until they had almost reached the village. Then Paul put his arm around her and laid his hand over hers.

"You promised me," he said softly.

Mary turned her face to his exactly as she might have done ten years before. Paul had meant above everything else, that this embrace should be gentle, reverent even, and he did not for one minute forget this. But he had not reckoned on its proving so utterly impossible to keep all traces of the passion that was surging through him from his lips, and when he felt the cold, soft cheek growing suddenly warm beneath them, involuntarily he sought her mouth. Instead of drawing away from him, as he instantly feared she might do, she returned his kiss. For one heavenly moment they clung to each other. Then he bent over and kissed the little red mittens holding the reins.

"You dear girl," he murmured. "My own dear Mary—" and suddenly, seeing tears in her eyes, he exclaimed, "I didn't hurt you, did I, darling? I wouldn't have, for the world!"

"No—Oh, no!"

"What is it then, sweetheart?"

"Hush! You mustn't call me that," she whispered. "I didn't realize, when I promised, that you wanted that kind of a kiss. I thought it was just for—"

"—for a proof that we were friends again—"

"—for always."

"We are friends again for always. And that's all I did expect. But of course this was the kind I wanted, even if—"

"It wasn't fair."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to, on my word of honor. But you kissed back!" he ended exultantly.

"I know I did. That's what wasn't fair. I—couldn't seem to help it. You were so—so—you meant it so!"

"I'm glad you see that now," he said quietly. But his heart was singing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Boston's Short Street

There are few shorter streets in the world than Franklin Avenue, in Boston. Some 35 feet long, it connects Brattle Street with Cornhill, in downtown Boston. Little more than a glorified alley, Franklin Avenue nevertheless is designated by a shiny name plate like the city's longer thoroughfares.

How I Broke Into The Movies

Copyright by Hal C. Herman

By CLARA BOW

WHEN I look back upon my experiences I feel that I cannot rightly say "I broke" into the movies.

I struggled and worried and fretted and received disappointments galore before I reached my goal.

My goal? You ask. Certainly, I always had one—a definite one.

Who hasn't in this life?

From my earliest girlhood I had a desire to become a motion picture actress. I could never see my way clear to that end. I thought about it a lot, and every time I went to a picture show I placed myself in front of the camera and studied over what I would have done had I been privileged to trade places with the star.

Then Brewster's magazines announced a national contest with a screen test and a contract as the first prize. This was in my junior year in the Girls' Bayridge high school, Brooklyn. I took my father into my confidence, and to humor me, he entered my photographs and the data requested.

That's all I had to do except to sit back and wait. Weeks and weeks went by. My picture was never printed among those of the other contestants, and I was on the verge of giving up hope.

One day there came a precious letter. It told me that the judges, Neysa McMein, Harrison Fisher and Howard Chandler Christy, desired to have a personal interview with me, and the time was set.

I was trembling when I entered that reception room and found 15 or 20 other girls there ahead of me. They called us before the judges, one by one, looked us over carefully and took down notes. Then they let us go.

What an anxious time that was! That afternoon the telephone rang and I was called back to the offices of the Brewster publications in New York. They wanted me to take a screen test.

An expert applied makeup, and I stepped before the cameras for the first time in my life.

Then followed another week of waiting, but finally the announcement that

I had been chosen as one of the winners. Pleased? I was so tickled I couldn't eat or sleep.

I thought that I was to become a star tomorrow sure. But I found that I was a long way from that coveted place.

They gave me a lovely gown, a fine silver trophy and a contract that I was to play in one picture, "Beyond the Rainbow," which was being produced by William Christy Cabanne for Metro, featuring Billie Dove. My part was a pitifully small one, so unimportant in fact that it was cut out of the picture entirely when it was finished.

This nearly broke my heart, for I had taken a party of friends to the theater on the night the show was announced. My! how it hurt me when they laughed. It cut so deep that I gave up all hope of becoming an actress and entered business college.

Three months later a strange thing happened. Why I do not know. But Elmer Clifton called me at home one evening and asked me to come to his studio. He was casting for "Down to the Sea in Ships," and he signed me to play a small bit as the stowaway.

I learned later that one of the sub-editors of the Brewster magazines had urged him to give me a chance.

I played that part as though I had been Bernhard in "Camille." I gave it everything I had. I must have been fairly good, for at least they left me in the completed picture.

That gave me my chance. Next I was signed to play opposite Glenn Hunter in "Grit," and then followed increasingly better roles following my coming to Hollywood.

B. P. Schulberg gave me my real chance when he signed me as a featured member of his independent company. When Mr. Schulberg became associate producer with Paramount-Famous-Lasky late in 1925, he brought me with him because of our unexpired contract, and I played in "Dancing Mothers," "The Runaway," "Mantrap" and "Kid Boots." Then they made "It," and "It" made me a star.

So you see, on top of it all, I have a lot to thank Elmer Clifton for.

Why Not a Temper?

The tomato is a new vegetable, a cross between a tomato and a pepper. But why didn't they call it a pomato?

Clara Bow.

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Good Health Rules for Girl in Teens

By AMELIA H. GRANT, M. A., R. N., Director, Bureau of Nursing, New York City Department of Health.

Fresh air and sunshine are the two most important elixirs in nature's cabinet of health. Every girl in her teens should be outdoors as much as possible throughout the year. During the warmer months she should expose as much of her skin to the air and sunshine as circumstances will permit.

However, you should avoid sunburn, sometimes a very serious condition. Acquire your coat of tan

gradually, exposing only part of your body each day and then only for a few minutes. You can increase the area and the time each successive exposure until the whole body is tanned. In this way you escape sunburn. Tanning of the skin results in the production of vitamin D, which is indispensable in the development of strong bones and sound teeth.

Always breathe through the nose, and breathe deeply, especially in the open, while walking, hiking, swimming or playing. Remember these two points—breathe through the nose and breathe deeply.

Sleep in well-ventilated rooms, summer and winter. Have all windows wide open. If you use plenty of bed clothes you need have no fear of cold.

NOW! EASE A SORE THROAT INSTANTLY

Feel Rawness, Irritation, Go At Once

These Pictures Tell You What To Do



Crush and Dissolve 3 Bayer Aspirin Tablets in Half a Glass of Water.



GARGLE Thoroughly—Throw Your Head Way Back, Allowing a Little to Trickle Down Your Throat.



Repeat Gargle and Do Not Rinse Mouth, Allow Gargle to Remain on Membranes of the Throat for Prolonged Effect.

Remember Only Medicine Helps A Sore Throat

Modern medical science now throws an entirely new light on sore throat. A way that eases the pain, rawness and irritation in as little as two or three minutes.

Results are among the most extraordinary in medical science. On doctors' advice, millions are following this way . . . discarding old-time "washes" and "antiseptics." For it has been found that only medicine can help a sore throat.

Simple To Do. All you do is crush and dissolve three BAYER Aspirin Tablets in half a glass of water. Gargle with it twice—as pictured above. If you have any indication of a cold—before gargling take 2 Bayer Aspirin Tablets with a full glass of water. This is to combat any signs of cold that have gone into your system. Keep on taking if cold has a "hold." For Genuine Bayer Aspirin will not harm you. Your doctor will tell you, it does not depress the heart. Get a box of 12 or a bottle of 24 or 100 at any drug store.

Reduces Infection, Eases Pain Instantly. Gargling with Bayer Aspirin will do three things: Relieve soreness at once. Alleviate inflammation. AND—reduce infection; which is the important thing in fighting a sore throat.

It requires medicine—like BAYER ASPIRIN—to do these things! That is why throat specialists throughout America are prescribing this BAYER gargle in place of old-time ways. Results are quick and amazing.

Be careful, however, that you get real BAYER Aspirin Tablets for this purpose. For they dissolve completely enough to gargle without leaving irritating particles. Watch this when you buy.



Ask your druggist about the recent price reduction on the 100 tablet size Bayer Aspirin.

NO TABLETS ARE GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN WITHOUT THIS CROSS



We Have Openings for Women Over 25, good education, to introduce new sanitary necessities for women: commission sales. Melrose Lab., Crescent Plaza Bldg., Long Island City, N. Y.

3 GLORIOUS DAYS IN NEW YORK \$10

Best Room Accommodations, Meals and Entertainment Features at the

HOTEL PLYMOUTH 49th St. near Broadway, N. Y.

Capacity 700. All rooms with bath, shower and radio.

Any 3 Days Including Week-Ends or Holidays

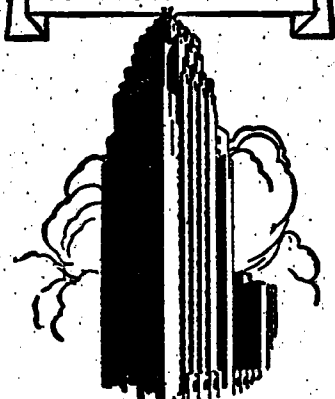
What Your \$10 Will Buy

Two nights lodging in choice room, five meals in hotel, dinner and dancing at the famous Hollywood Restaurant, sightseeing trip around city by R. O. R. bus, ticket to Chrysler Bldg., tower, admission to world famous RKO Theatre.

For Reservations Write A. J. Schaffer, Inc.

W. N. U., BOSTON, NO. 7-1933

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. The Panhellenic has answered the question for over 11,380 women since 1928. This new 26 story hotel is an ideal place for particular women to live.

PANHELLENIC FEATURES

Cool, clean, quiet location on the banks of the East River at 49th Street, ten minutes to Grand Central, fifteen to Broadway, cross-town bus at door, child care, day nurse, maid service, 400 rooms all outside; view from windows overlooking river; lovely lounge, social room, library, roof terrace, gymnasium; modern restaurant.

NEW LOW RATES

DAILY . . . Single . \$2.35.00 Double \$4.40.00

WEEKLY . . . Single . from \$10 Double from \$18

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

PANHELLENIC 49th St. and First Ave., New York Telephone Eldorado 9-7300

EXPEDITION UNEARTH'S VILLAGE OF STONE AGE

Persia Yields Two Most Remarkable Discoveries.

Chicago.—Two chapters in the epic of human advance over a span of nearly four thousand years from the remote Stone Age to the magnificence of Cyrus the Great have been dramatically revealed by discoveries of the Persian expedition of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, which have just been reported to Director James Henry Breasted by Dr. Ernst Herzfeld, field director of the expedition.

At Persepolis, the Versailles of ancient Persia, the institute expedition has discovered some of the most magnificent sculptures ever uncovered by archeology. Within two miles of the ruins of the ancient palaces to which Alexander the Great in 330 B. C. set the torch during a drunken debauch, Dr. Herzfeld has found a Stone Age village of approximately 4000 B. C. in a state of preservation surpassing any such discovery heretofore made.

"The discovery at Persepolis is one of the greatest and most important in the history of archeological research," Doctor Breasted said. "It not only far surpasses any archeological disclosure ever made in the history of such research in Persia, but there has never been any discovery like it anywhere in western Asia since archeological excavation began there almost a century ago."

Wall Sculptures. Doctor Herzfeld has uncovered a series of wall sculptures which, if set together, would form a vast panel of reliefs five or six feet in height, and almost a thousand feet in length. The carvings include a series of historical inscriptions of the greatest historical importance.

The walls of magnificent palaces which stood on the gigantic terrace of Persepolis, overlooking a mighty plain encircled by mountains, were of sun-dried brick. But the colonnaded halls, the windows, and the great doors were done in black stone which was polished like ebony.

The sculptures were done here and there on this black stone. Those discovered by Doctor Herzfeld depict a

magnificent durbar, or conclave, of a great group of Persian and Median officials standing with the brilliantly uniformed palace guards of the Persian emperor drawn up at one side, to receive the ambassadors of twenty-two subject nations who approach from the other side bearing their tribute to Persia.

The execution of the scenes, Doctor Herzfeld reports, displays unparalleled beauty and refinement of detail. It was the disintegration and fall of the great mud-brick walls that preserved the newly discovered sculptures, and protected them from the ravages of weather and vandalism through the nearly two thousand five hundred years since they were created. The carvings are as fresh as the day when the sculptors' chisels touched them for the last time. No other works of old Persian art have ever been found in such perfect preservation.

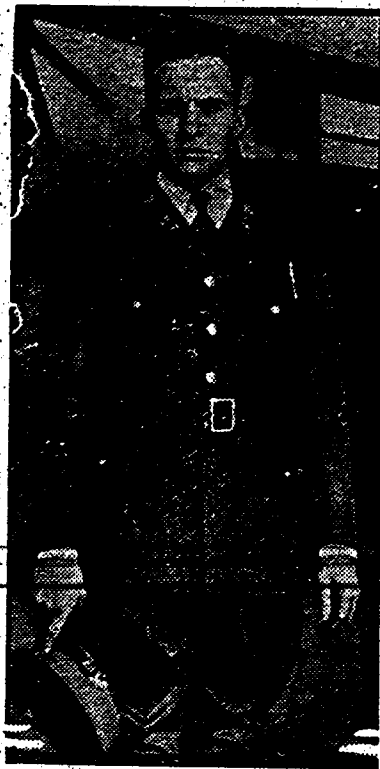
Stone Age Village. Doctor Herzfeld found the Stone Age village beneath a small mound, some three hundred by six hundred feet in area and only ten or twelve feet in height, within two miles of the ruins of the great palaces.

The walls of the adobe houses are preserved in places to a height of six or seven feet. There is a narrow street or alley extending the length of the little settlement, and a modern visitor walking along it can look over into the houses. Through the doors and the earliest known windows ever found, he can see mural decorations of red ochre wall color still discernible on the walls.

Standing about on the floors are household utensils of pottery, fireplaces with burned clay fire-dogs still in position, and pottery vessels still containing the remains of food, especially the bones of probably domesticated animals. In some of the dishes lay the flint knives with which the ancient people had last eaten some six thousand years ago.

"Such remains," Doctor Breasted said, "disclose to us the earliest prehistoric ancestry of the civilization which reached its culmination in the palaces of Persepolis. The evidences of the intervening evolution are plentifully preserved all-around Persepolis."

AIR CORPS HERO



Private First Class, Specialist Second Class Arden M. Farley of the Ninety-fourth pursuit squadron at Selfridge field, who has been designated the outstanding hero of army air corps activities for the year 1932, upon the recommendation of a board of air corps officers. He receives the Cheney award which is given annually for "the outstanding act or acts of valor, self-sacrifice or extreme fortitude in a humanitarian interest in connection with flying." The act of valor which has won Private Farley the coveted award consisted in dragging a comrade from a burning plane after extricating himself.

Offers Baby as Bail; Police Prefer Father

Duluth, Minn.—Arvid Peterson, thirty-one, did not have the necessary \$25 bail when brought to the police station on a reckless driving charge and was allowed to return home to get the money. He returned with his seven-month-old daughter, asking Sgt. David Perry to keep the infant as bail during the night. Perry ordered two patrolmen to return the baby to Peterson's home and locked the man up.

Gross Revenue of Panama Canal Declines in Year 1932

Waterway Tolls Smallest of Any Year Since 1923.

Balboa Heights, C. Z.—During the last financial year the Panama canal earned slightly over 2 per cent on the invested capital of \$553,000,000, after all expenses had been paid. During this period there was a decline of some \$4,000,000 in tolls and the net revenue was \$11,750,000 from canal operations alone, with an additional \$12,500,000 from the operations of the government-owned Panama railroads, which besides running the trans-isthmian railroad, operates a steamship line, the government commissaries, coaling stations, cattle industry, printing plant, and considerable real estate in the cities of Colon and Panama.

Canal gross revenue totaled over \$21,000,000, or \$4,000,000 less than the preceding year and the tolls collected were the lowest since 1923, and a decrease of \$6,000,000 from 1929. The total amount of work under-

taken by the army and navy during the last fiscal year was a record to date and was approximately 33 per cent of the total amount of marine work handled by the canal's mechanical division at Balboa and Cristobal. This was due in a large measure to extensive repairs and work on submarines based on the Panama canal. During the ensuing year the sum of \$2,400,000 has been asked for by the canal governor for construction work to be carried out on the canal zone, and in urging congress to approve of these measures, the governor draws attention to the serious situation caused by the depression, with young Americans born or raised on the canal zone facing unemployment, and the reduced wage scale and low prices of materials, intimating that the present is a most opportune time to carry out much needed work.

Repair Waterworks to Relieve Unemployment

Columbus, Ohio.—Citing the fact that from the standpoint of construction costs the present time is more favorable for waterworks improvement than at any time in the past 20 years, Dr. H. C. Southard, director of the state department of public health, is urging Ohio municipalities to undertake such improvements to aid in relieving unemployment, and to further protect their waterworks system.

Pointing out that the Reconstruction Finance corporation is ready to loan money for self-liquidating projects Doctor Southard mentions that such loans have already been made to two Ohio municipalities.

"Where bonds cannot be issued," says Doctor Southard, "and where the interest and sinking funds therefore cannot be obtained without embarrassment to other necessary municipal activities, the financing of improvements by 'waterworks bonds' should be considered. Such bonds are secured against water revenues and not against the tax duplicate."

Existing water rates, he believes, in a great many instances, would produce sufficient revenues to pay such loans.

10 Brothers and Sisters

Average 71 Years Each

Seattle, Wash.—Edward Walton of Seattle wants to claim some kind of a record for his three brothers and sisters, whose ages total 771 years. Walton said this is an average of 71 years to the person. Walton himself said he is planning to celebrate his seventy-ninth birthday next March. Next oldest is a brother seventy-seven, and the ages range down to Isaac Walton, the "baby" of the family who is only fifty-six.

All members of the family were born in London, Ontario. Brought up on a farm, the families are all abstainers, according to Walton.

Practical Way to Steam a Pudding

Combine Small Roaster and Oven of the Stove.

Several questions have come to me recently in regard to the problem of steaming puddings and fruit cakes, says an authority on this subject. In the small quarters which serve some of us as kitchens we do not always have room to store a utensil which is not used every day, and it is necessary to improvise a steamer.

Fortunately this is possible and often gives better results than a patent steamer like one we once had in our household which was supposed to whistle when it needed water. It was such a contrary utensil, however, that it usually did just the opposite and the consequence was that it spent most of its time at the tinmith's getting mended after boiling dry without warning.

Of course, there are some excellent steamers on the market—and most of them have been designed to have a number of different uses so that we may put them to good use daily. There are the steam-pressure cookers which cut down time of cooking immeasurably. There are the cookers which can be so tightly sealed that practically no water evaporates and which, therefore, need little watching.

One of the most practical ways to steam, however, is to use the oven of the stove, to set your molds or pans in large pans of hot water and to put over them a tightly fitting cover. A small roaster is the ideal pan to use for this purpose, although any two pans of the same size may be put together. If you keep the temperature of your oven moderately hot—about 400 degrees Fahrenheit, it will take just about the same length of time to steam in the oven as it does on top of the stove. If you keep the temperature low—275 degrees Fahrenheit, it will take about three times as long. It is not necessary to cover pudding and fruit cakes tightly with oiled paper, as it is when actually steaming. It is necessary, however, in finishing fruit cake to remove the pan of water for the final hour of cooking so as to dry the cake. Boston brown bread is steamed in tightly covered utensils whether it is cooked in the oven or on top of the stove.

A double boiler can also be used for steaming if you remember to replenish the water in the lower part.

I have used this satisfactorily for steamed puddings and brown bread. There are steamer tops which can be purchased to fit on top of one of the utensils you probably have on hand. Any of the heavy aluminum utensils which have covers which fit closely will also serve the purpose of a steamer if you have a rack on which to set your mold.

The winter months are the time when steamed puddings are most popular. There is nothing more delicious than a hot fruit or chocolate pudding served with a hard sauce flavor. The sherry and rum flavorings are especially good in sauces of this sort.

Hard sauce, which is merely creamed butter and sugar flavored, can be varied in any number of different ways. Brown sugar gives a very different flavor. The addition of browned almonds is another change. A crushed fruit beaten into the hard sauce makes it quite different. For a sauce there is nothing better than the one which I have printed several times—called Christmas sauce.

CRANBERRY PUDDING

1½ cups pastry flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup sugar
2 cups cranberries
1 egg
½ cup milk
3 tablespoons butter

Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Then add the cranberries, which have been washed. Beat the egg and add to the milk, then add this slowly to the dry ingredients. Add the melted butter and mix well. Pour into individual molds which have been buttered, and place in the oven in a pan with about 1½ inches of boiling water. Cover and let steam at 400 degrees Fahrenheit for one hour.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING

2 cups pastry flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1 egg
1 cup sugar
1 cup milk
2 ounces chocolate

Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together. Add the beaten egg and sugar. Add the milk and chocolate which has been melted over hot water. Pour into a well-greased mold, or into individual molds, until about two-thirds full. Do not cover the molds. Place them in a large pan containing one and one-half inches of boiling water and cover this. Large mold should steam one hour at 400 degrees Fahrenheit. Small molds should steam half an hour.

© 1932, Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

CIRCUIT RIDING REVIVED

Circuit riding is to be revived by the Salvation Army. Instructions have been sent to about 300 posts in eleven states in the eastern territory to develop the use of automobiles as an aid to rural evangelism. The states in which the work will be undertaken are those of New England, Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York, New Jersey and Delaware.

To make Children

EAT

Don't force children to eat! The girl or boy who has no appetite has *stomach*—which means the child is sluggish. But cathartics have caused more constipation than they ever cured! The "California treatment" is best—just pure syrup of figs. Try this for a few days, then see how eagerly your youngster will eat.

Stimulate the colon and that child with a finicky appetite will devour everything set before him. Here's the simple treatment that does more for babies or older children than all the diets, fad foods, or tonics.

Nature has provided the "medicine" you'll need to stir your child's colon muscles into proper action. California syrup of figs. Pure, delicious, harmless. It acts on the lower colon—where the trouble is. It has no ill effects on the intestines.

Begin tonight, with this marvelous "California treatment." Any druggist has California syrup of figs, all bottled with directions. Use enough the first time to cleanse the clogged colon of every bit of poison and hard waste. Then just a little twice a week until the child's appetite, color, weight and spirits tell you the stasis is gone. Whenever a cold or other upset clogs the system again, use this natural vegetable laxative instead of drastic drugs.

WARNING! There are dealers who practice substitution. Be sure to protect your child by looking for the name CALIFORNIA on the bottle.

Blemishes on Face and Shoulders Almost a Year

Cuticura Healed

"For almost a year I was troubled with blemishes that took the form of pimples and blackheads. My face and shoulders were the affected parts. The pimples were large and red and my shoulders became sore from the rubbing of my shoulder straps. The pimples itched and after scratching them they festered and were so sore that I could not sleep.

"People suggested many remedies; I tried all but to no avail. Cuticura Soap and Ointment were suggested and I was completely healed, after using three cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment." (Signed) Miss Helen Mann, 7515 Claridge St., Phila., Pa., July 21, 1932.

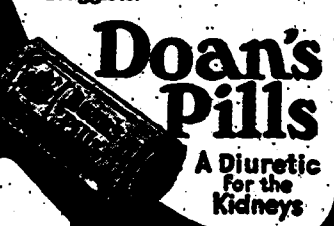
Cuticura Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 25c. Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Malden, Mass.—Adv.

Miserable with Backache?



It May Warn of Kidney or Bladder Irregularities

A persistent backache, with bladder irregularities and a tired, nervous, depressed feeling may warn of some disordering kidney or bladder condition. Users everywhere rely on Doan's Pills. Praised for more than 50 years by grateful users the country over. Sold by all druggists.



Constipation Sufferers

Pills, Drugs, Medicines, Salts and Chemicals—poisonous dope that injures the stomach, irritates and hinders possible cause of Nervousness, Irritations, Appendicitis, Flies, etc. Stop Drugging! EAT DELIGHTFUL LIFELIXER NATURAL FOOD! Guaranteed to break up the most stubborn constipation in a week—no matter how many years' standing—or money refunded! LIFELIXER contains no drugs yet its soundly digestive efficiency and curative reparative power is marvelous! For Adult or Child, Pleasant Taste! Special Half-Price Offer 5 Lbs. of LIFELIXER (2 months' supply) \$2.19 delivered. Four 10c tins \$1.00 delivered. NEW HEALTH FOLDER FREE. RITZ-WALTON COMPANY 2832 Atlantic Avenue—Brooklyn, New York

New Problem for

Tax Collectors

Wilson, Okla.—Two hundred houses was the game Carter county tax officials stalked recently, with the authority of Attorney General J. Berry King in their pockets.

The houses disappeared from their sites between tax assessment and collection time.

When 200 families moved from this once booming oil town, they took their houses with them.

The building sites remaining were not worth assessed taxes.

King held that the houses were part of the real estate and might be traced and levied upon, if found.

Many Oklahoma oil field workers live in small "shotgun" homes, light enough to be raised on skids, hooked on behind oil field trucks and dragged to new locations.

Others live in "ready-made" sectional homes that may be dismantled and re-erected by a couple of men in a few days.

All of which constitutes a problem for tax collectors in the oil counties where population centers shift with drilling activity.

Complying With the Law at Berea, Ohio



The town council of Berea, Ohio, a suburb of Cleveland, recently passed an ordinance requiring any animal, driven or ridden through the streets, to be equipped with tail lights. It applies equally to horses, mules, dogs, cats, monkeys, or any other animal that can be driven. Miss Marion Boehn is pictured here as she started on a late afternoon ride equipped in compliance with the latest edict of the town's solons.

Fifty and Fit



A MAN is as old—or as young—as his organs.

At fifty, you can be in your prime.

Why go along with "fairly good health" when you might be enjoying vigor you haven't felt for years?

There's a simple little thing anyone can do to keep the vital organs stimulated, and feel fit all the time. People don't realize how sluggish they've grown until they've tried it. The stimulant that will stir your system to new life is Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsin. It will make a most amazing difference in many ways.

This famous doctor's prescription is a delicious syrup made with fresh herbs, active senna, and pure pepsin. It starts its good work with the

first spoonful. That's all you need to drive away the dullness and headache of a bilious spell, and rid the system of that slow poison that saps your strength. It's better than a tonic for tired bowels, and unlike habit-forming laxatives you can take it freely or give it to any child. And it isn't expensive.

Get some syrup pepsin today, and take a little tonight. Don't wait until you're sick to give your system this wonderful help. You can avoid those spells of biliousness or constipation. A spoonful every now and then is better than constant worry about the condition of your bowels, or fear of auto-intoxication as you grow older. Dr. Caldwell's syrup pepsin protects the system. All druggists keep this preparation.

IN THE HEART OF New York!

TO STAY AT The LINCOLN IS A HAPPY REMEMBRANCE

An interesting cosmopolitan atmosphere... Cheerful rooms... Pleasant service... Fine restaurants... Moderately priced... Around the corner are theatres, clubs, and glamorous Times Square... A perfect hotel for the visitor...

ROOM with BATH, RADIO & SERVITOR from \$3 Single and \$4 Double

JOHN T. WEST, Manager
New Under New Management... "A Reliable Hotel"

HOTEL LINCOLN

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STEPHEN CHASE Plastering!

TILE SETTING
BRICK WORK

Satisfactory Work Guaranteed.

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House Wiring a Specialty

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First Class, Experienced Di-
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For Every Case.

Lady Assistant.

Full Line Funeral Supplies.
Caskets Furnished for All Occasions.
Call day or night promptly attended to.
New England Telephone, 12-2, at East
Main, Corner High and Pleasant Sts.,
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 trans-
act 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 Tues-
day evening of each week, to trans-
act town business.

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

H. Carl Muzzey AUCTIONEER

ANTRIM, N. H.

Prices Right. Drop me a
postal card

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Junius T. Hanchett Attorney at Law

Antrim Center, N. H.

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Funeral Home and all Modern
Equipment

No distance too far for our service
Where Quality Costs the Least.

Tel. Hillsboro 71-3

Day or Night

EZRA R. DUTTON, Greenfield Auctioneer

Property of all kinds advertised
and sold on easy terms

Phone, Greenfield 12-6

Weekly Letter by George Proctor, Deputy Fish and Game Warden

A little beagle hound came to a man on Elm street, Milford, one day this week and held up a front paw to show the man that a steel trap was holding him fast. With the aid of Dr. Loring, the little dog was relieved of his burden. No name on trap. Warden Barnard is hot on the scent and some boys had better pull up the rest of them before "Tim" comes up again. Just a tip.

Just a few more weeks of hare hunting and then the vermin will have to get all the hunting. What we mean by vermin is crows, hawks, owls, weasels and bob cats. Always an open season on the above.

There is no excuse this next spring for not owning a good row boat. The price of a good row boat is just half what it was a year ago. In answer to a dozen letters received last week, "Yes," all streams inhabited by trout can be fished at any time, any number, any quantity. This also includes the Contoocook river, at Peterboro and all the way down the line, the Souhegan river and Stony Brook at Wilton. This does not include ponds or lakes. Just streams.

We are in receipt of an honorary life membership card in the Wachusetts Hound club of Fitchburg, Mass. This organization is composed of several hundred members and takes in several cities and towns in that section. They have wonderful times. Their field day and dog show in the fall is the largest in New England.

Ed Lawrence of Hollis, N. H., had an exhibit at the late show in Boston. He had a few Ring Necked and Mutans. He reported that many people were interested in breeding pheasants and that he had a very successful sale at the show.

Was talking with a Maine Warden at the show and he told me that the shippers in his state paid boys thirty-five cents a pair for trapping hares and they in turn charge the Game Departments and the clubs \$1.90 a pair. A year ago the rate was \$1.25 each. A nice little racket, hey?

We bumped into Arthur L. Varney of Pittsburg, the owner of the famous Varney Log Camps, at the Boston show. He made our exhibit his headquarters during the show. He is a licensed guide of the north country and his description of that country is very interesting. Would like to spend a month with him.

Most of the clubs in my district are buying snowshoe hares to liberate. These, with the ones furnished them by the State Department will make a fine showing next fall. Some of the clubs are planning on raising their own. With Kansas shut off and Maine on the verge of stopping the shipment of hares, we have got to do something to keep up the supply.

Here is something that will interest us all. Mrs. Allie Mason of Lyndeboro mountain put out a few sap buckets on Feb. 8th and gathered enough sap to boil down to two quarts of real maple syrup. Mrs. Mason said it was the best she ever tasted. That is a mark for some of our Vermont friends to shoot at.

Run across Dr. Dube and his wife from the Gate city. Well, the Doctor just put me in right with the head man of the Canadian exhibit. I had many a fine talk with that man, the head of a big preserve owned by the government. They employ 60 wardens and have hundreds of dogs that are used to patrol that wild country.

One of the outstanding exhibits at the late Boston Sportsmen's show was the wonderful exhibit put on by the United States government. The one of the Biological Survey was in charge of Lisle Morrison of Washington, D. C., while the fish exhibit was in charge of Supt. James DeRocher of the Federal Hatchery at Nashua. This fish exhibit was very popular and you could not get anywhere near this owing to the huge crowds. The twins and triplets trout were a great attraction.

When In Need of FIRE INSURANCE

Liability or
Auto Insurance
Call on

W. C. Hills Agency
Antrim, N. H.

James A. Elliott, ANTRIM, N. H.

Tel. 53

COAL WOOD FERTILIZER

Coal is as Cheap Now as it probably will be this year, and this is the month to put your supply in the bin. Quantity of Fresh Fertilizer.

The old state of New Hampshire sure did show 'em a thing or two in that big hall. Lawrence of Hollis with his pheasant display; Wilcox of Chester with his shell and skul show, the only thing like it ever seen anywhere. Then there was "Buckskin" Ellsworth of Sharon who trains from the raw-wolves, bobcats, opos. Then "Dave", the lion tamer from Manchester with his big display of wild animals and birds. Take New Hampshire out of that show and well, they would miss us.

No matter where you go someone pops up from the Granite State. One day I went out with Ross to lunch and the cashier heard someone call us New Hampshire. She said what part of the state are you from. We told her, and then she said, I come from New Boston, N. H.

Yes, that late Sportsmen's show was a humdinger. Perley Terrill and Ross Blogett, two wardens from the last town in the state, were my sparring partners. Ross has been a warden for the past 19 years and is still going strong. I well remember the week I spent with Ross in the big woods. Ross admits he was lost part of the time while I was lost all the time. It seemed strange that they picked two men at one border, Pittsburg, and me at the other border. Well, we got along fine. We let Ross feed the deer as he knows more about deer than all the rest of us put together.

Well, I went down to the big show and stayed three days and as many nights. Had a whale of a time. Met hundreds of people that I have met on the brooks and lakes and ponds of my district. The biggest thrill I got was when a man and his wife rushed up to me and pumped my right fin and when I looked as if I never saw them before he pipes out "Don't you know me, Warden? Why, I am the one you pinched on Blood brook for fishing without a license two years ago. Sure." He wanted me to go to supper with him. Sorry I had just been.

Another big thrill was when I met Sibley, the best known authority on wild fowl in the U. S. A. He hails from the Nutmeg state. He has as many different kinds of water fowl and fancy pheasants as some dogs have fleas. And in some cases that's "some". It was with a great deal of sorrow that I heard my old friend, Orville H. Frye was in the hospital at Nashua following a serious operation. He is at the Memorial, and is holding his own. Olvie is a good sport and I hope all the members of the Souhegan Valley Rod and Gun club send him a card. He is a fisherman and a hunter and plays the game square. Don't forget, fellows, a card.

Allan Patterson of Yarmouth, N. S., is the name of a licensed guide of that region. I have met him every year at the big show. Several years ago I gave him a setter dog which he prized highly. This past week he presented me with a pair of real moose hide moccasins. They are whole, only a few stitches being taken in the toe to form the shoe. That's what I call a real present.

Dr. Loring of Milford has a feeding station and he has a great number of birds feeding all the time. What bothers the Doctor is the fact that the grey squirrels are so thick they drive the birds away and eat the food themselves.

F. J. Theriault of West Wilton sends us down some original pen and ink drawings showing the life of the poor game warden. Very cleverly done. Thanks.

Twenty-two sharp tailed grouse considered first cousins to the heath hen, now nearly extinct, have been shipped to Clinton, N. J., for experimenting. They are to be raised on wire and will be turned loose in the state.

M. J. Magee of Sault Marie, Cal., comes right out strong against the licensing of cats. He claims that the petted, well fed house cat is the one that does the most killing of song birds. He has a bird feeding station and he bands birds. When he found twenty banded birds dead he got hot and started trapping cats. He caught 48 and as he says, if those cats had been licensed I would have had to release them all. Not being protected, well, you know the answer.

Everybody up around Peterboro knows Percy Miller, now of Saint Andrews school, St. Andrews, Tenn. He sends us a corking letter telling me of the many birds he has seen at the Monastery there. He also encloses a clipping from some paper in the southland. And did that clipping rap the poor house cat. I'll say it did.

The Sportsmen's Clubs at Greenville and Bennington got ten pheasants each from the State Game Farm at Pembroke for the winter. They will be wintered and released as soon as the grass is green. This plan has worked out fine for the past few years.

W. E. Balcom, chief of police at South Merrimack, has found two

fox hounds. Owner can have same by going to that town.

One night last week I sat in with the Merrimack County Fish and Game club, Inc. They had a fine supper at some church hall at Contoocook. A big bus load of members from Concord were present, also a delegation from Dover and Laconia. They had pictures and a social time. This club is young, only being organized about six months, but they have a membership of over three hundred members. They have a rearing pool and are now interested in a sanctuary. I gave a little spiel on fish and game matters. The secretary, Herbert C. Wilcox of Concord introduced us by telling a story of how I pulled him out of the mud on Temple mountain several years ago. He got even with me that night.

Dr. Grimes of Hillsboro suggests that I get a picture of the Prince's pine and show it up to the world and show how wrong some of us have been. We have asked the Government for a print.

It is with genuine regret that we hear that Frederick Keewah of the Jaffrey Recorder has left that sheet and is now in Florida.

We have a long letter from a party who is bothered with dogs running across their property. Dogs are permitted to run at large this time of the year. If they are a nuisance you can apply to the Selectmen of the town. From April 1st to Oct. 1st self hunting dogs have to watch their step, also their owners. That's the time we tell 'em what's what.

On March 8th there will be a big time in Boston when a bill to repeal the steel trap law in Massachusetts will be heard in legislative hearings. This new bill wants the steel law to apply to cities only.

We have at hand a fine letter from George F. Weston of Patterson, California. A native of Hancock and now owns a fine summer home on Lake Rutanauit. He enters the Prince's pine discussion. He knows his stuff, however. He sends a fine picture of himself looking over the old gold fields of California. Just now over 15,000 men are working over these old fields for gold. And each man averages a dollar a day in gold nuggets. This is one way of finding work for the unemployed in that state.

In the little Troubadour issued every month by the New Hampshire State Publicity Department, the February number carries a fine picture of Carnival Hill at Wilton and the big crowd of last year. And the snow trains.

An effort to abolish the office of State director of Ornithology of Massachusetts brought out such a protest from bird lovers and sportsmen that the office will be retained for the time at least. It may be merged with the Fisheries and Game Department.

Why Mahogany Turns Blue

The bluish haze that is often noticed on a polished surface is nothing more than the accumulation left by moisture and dust from the atmosphere. This may be washed off with a damp cloth or soft material, wrung out of tepid water in which a little pure soap may be used if necessary, or a few drops of olive oil may be put on the cloth. Wipe off with a soft, dry cloth or clean chamols.

Women Collegians Have

Good Marital Records

"College graduates," said the president of one women's college, "may not marry so early and often, but they marry late and until they die." Divorce among this group is practically at the vanishing point.

In the United States at large in 1926 there was one divorce for every seven marriages and the percentage is steadily rising. Elizabeth Frazer tells us, in the Saturday Evening Post. But the statistical figure for college women is one divorce to forty-nine marriages, or around 2 per cent.

This is a proud record, and it would appear that a college education is an excellent first aid for maintaining the stability of marriage. One reason for this greater permanence is that college girls give the marital prospect a thorough once-over before and not after the wedding march, they enter the married state with a clearer understanding of the problems and responsibilities involved.

The records show that, in the past, college graduates have been slow at marrying, somewhat cautious in the uptake, not prone to midnight elopements under the double-distilled glamor of the hip flask and the moon. But on the other hand, they never know when to stop. They may remain steadfastly celibate until fifty and then suddenly pop off.

For them there is no closed season or dead line of frosty age. Nearly always they choose a companion of suitable years. Looking at the statistics of the more recent classes, one is struck by the significant fact that the college graduate has turned over a new leaf in the marrying business; she has pressed her foot on the accelerator and has put on more speed. She is now a close competitor of the Junior leaguers, who claim that 75 per cent of all their members wed.

Tom's Fourteenth Christmas

By Fannie Hurst

OWN around the Bowery, Christmas comes in murky, Even more so than in the old days when there was an air of lurid festivity to this down-at-the-heel section of the greatest metropolis of the world. All that has gone now. There are no more knee high swinging doors to invite the sordid reveler or the threadbare celebrant. All that remains of a picturesque yesterday are the rows of lean and lusterless buildings which house pretty shops and lunch-counter eating-places and men's hotels, where the wayfarer may obtain a cot for fifteen cents and a cruller for five.

Tom Mason, who had a three-days' growth of beard, a turned-up coat collar and a pulled-down cap visor, and who walked close to the sordid buildings, as if for their sordid protection, was one of hundreds who presented almost precisely his personal appearance as Christmas week descended sootily upon the Bowery.

Try as you would, however, it was impossible to keep out that permeating



Tom Paused Before the Window of a Telegraph Office.

sense of holiday. There was tinsel-fringe already dangling in the sooty window of a second-hand shoe store. On a level with the elevated railroad, rows of unwashed windows showed the dim outline of holly wreaths. Up in the sleeping ward of the men's hotel where Tom Mason was in the habit of hiring a cot for fifteen cents a night, some wag had pasted a red paper Santa Claus against the window pane. In spite of one's self, even when one had every reason to desire to forget or ignore, Christmas week elbowed its way into these murky recesses of the city.

Once Tom, lurking along as he was wont to do, pausing for a while in doorways, chatting with the dim outline of figures who joined him there and then ambling along again, picking up a window washing or a floor sweeping job here and there, paused before the plate glass window of a telegraph office.

The Christmas burbs displayed there sent a laugh along Tom's ironic slanting mouth. "Wire to Mother." "Let Mother hear from you this Christmas." "Wire happiness to that achy, waiting heart back there." "It's Christmas, remember the folks back home."

Cheap melodramatic appeal like this, Mason reasoned, had its place after all. More than one Bowery bum, reading these snide reminders, might quite conceivably blink back home to glad den some waiting heart.

Thus Tom Mason, ambling away his futile meaningless days, was apt up on occasion to reason or meditate. But most of the time it was just a case of apathy with him. One had to pass the days somehow, and one had to eat to live, so for the most part life with him consisted of working the few hours a day necessary to put food in his body and then to lay that body on a cot. A failure of a man if ever there was one; and a failure that had come about without any particular reason.

Indeed it was a failure that was inconceivable to those who had known him in his youth, when life had promised and even been fulfilled to the extent of marriage with a woman of his own excellent social sphere, subsequent success in business, and the establishment of a home and family. The decline, when it began, had been relentless and consistent.

The decline and fall of Tom Mason was the old soiled, repetitious one of appetites, the alienated affections of family and broken fortunes.

It had been fourteen years since Tom had encountered any members of that family, although from time to time he read in the newspapers, accounts and notices that kept him in touch with some of its doings. He knew that his three children had married out of the nest of the home he had created for them. Good, substantial marriages. He knew that the

house in Briarcliff Manor, that had been bought and paid for in the heyday of his well-being, was still occupied by the woman who was still legally bound to him as wife. He thought of her sometimes, as he thought of everything in his apathy, dimly and without affection. She had been a high-spirited girl, who rode a horse magnificently and who had won him with the quality of her vitality, good nature and good humor. Whatever had come subsequently, they had enjoyed the brief heyday of their well-being together. Their children had come healthily and in close succession; their founding of the family had at the time seemed well worth the doing. The changes began to come when the changes in Tom began to set in. Lurid, terrible, frightening changes. Children who shrank from him. A cold, hating, alienated wife. Debts. Decline. Catastrophe. Then Tom's disappearance.

It was bitter to the man who had spent fourteen years sinking close to the sinister buildings of the Bowery to look back upon the horror of the decline and fall of his empire. And there was no doubt about it, sner as he would inwardly at the second-rate appeal of the telegraph advertisements, some of his apathy seemed to fall away from him at Christmastide and an ache in his heart began to gnaw its way through.

More probably than not, there were white-haired mothers who would burn candlelights in windows on Christmas eve for recalcitrant sons, who instead of returning to them, would be lurking in Bowery dives on Christmas eve. Fourteen Christmases on that Bowery had brought a chronic chill to the heart of Tom Mason. After all, it was impossible, if you were human, not to recall happier Christmases.

There had been happy, glowing Christmases in Tom's life; as a child in the home of his parents; as a father and husband in the home he had created for his wife and children. At the home in Briarcliff Manor there had been one Christmas when his three babies, just for the fun and excitement of it, had been brought in to the laden Christmas table in an enormous wash basket that was all decorated in holly sprigs. There had been a Christmas eve in that same big house, when he and his wife had worked until past midnight, decorating three individual Christmas trees for the three babies.

Yes, Tom, even as the others who slunk through these Bowery Christmases, had his memories. This Christmas, for some reason or another, probably because his vitality was at lowest ebb, the memories lay damper and heavier on his spirit; than they had in all the fourteen years. It seemed to Tom that his life was like a gray procession marching like gray cowed figures, one by one, to his grave.

Time and again this Christmas, as the holly wreaths began to shine dimly through the dirty windows of his district, Tom found himself asking this sinister question. Was this cowed, gray, procession of his days worth the



She Had Been High-Spirited and Rode Magnificently.

living? More and more frequently, as these thoughts squinted upon him, Tom found his badly-shod feet wandering down toward Brooklyn bridge.

Countless men and women had jumped off it for surcease from the misery of failure. It seemed as good a way as any to avoid the one more meaningless Christmas. And yet somehow, there was not in Tom the courage, or the cowardice, call it what you will, to take this way out, although all the while there was boiling within him the consciousness that another of the Christmases similar to the fourteen behind it, would not be endurable.

And so, in spite of his sophisticated abhorrence of the second-rate sentimentality of the write-to-mother burbs on the plate glass window-front of the telegraph office, Tom found himself on Christmas eve, standing on the porch of the house he had built for his wife and family in Briarcliff Manor.

Either he had rung the bell, or some one inside had opened the door to the crunching of his footsteps along the gravel walk. The figure of his wife, smaller than he remembered it, was standing in the doorway with a lighted candle in her hand. It smote Tom as laughable, that lighted candle. All that was needed now was the blinding snow storm to give the picture the final melodramatic touch. "Come in, Tom," said his wife, almost in the manner of one who had been waiting an arrival and had opened the door to greet him.

On her words, the wind blew out the candle. All that Tom foolishly could find to say was, "Your candle's gone out, Pauline."

"It's all right," she said evenly. "Come in. It was only bumping for you."

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