

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME LII NO. 5

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1934

5 CENTS A COPY

Proctor & Hayward

Phone 28-11 - Antrim, New Hampshire

4 More Shopping Days

Useful Gifts Are Always Welcome

- Overalls \$1.29
- Frocks \$1.29
- Flannel Shirts 98c, \$1.89, \$1.98
- Winter Weight Underwear 98c
- Caps (Winter) 98c
- Shirts, Fancy 98c
- Suspenders 49c
- Garters 25c
- Heavy Wool Stockings (Men's Boys') .. 49c
- Boys' Pants \$1.39
- Sheepskin Coats \$6.50
- Ladies' Silk and Wool Hose 98c
- Snuggles (Part Wool) 35c, 50c
- Sweater Sets \$2.98
- Scarf Sets 98c, \$1.39

TURKEY

Place orders now - Ducks, Geese, Fancy Chicken
Christmas Candy

Morton Paige, Manufacturer and Prominent Resident, Passes Away

One of Antrim's manufacturers for some time and prominent citizens for a number of years, Morton Paige, was removed from among us late Monday afternoon, when the death angel took possession of the spirit and his suffering was at an end. He had been confined to his home for some months, gradually yet constantly failing in health, and everything that could be done for his comfort and care, but he had not the strength to combat the ravages of disease.

Morton Paige was the son of the late Enoch C. and Harriet (Parmeter) Paige, and born in Antrim, July 15, 1867. All during his early life and more mature years, he was employed by his father in the manufacture of cribs and cradles; and resided in Clinton Village all the while. A few years ago, he changed over his shop and added the necessary machinery for the making of wooden reels. In this line of work he did a large business, employed considerable help, and for a time distributed quite a sum of money among his employes. The condition of his failing health was doubtless the principle reason of his business not being quite as good, yet at times the factory is running and goods are being made on orders.

Deceased was a public spirited citizen, and had served his town as Selectman; and had held other offices and served on various committees. In 1927, he was a Representative from Antrim in the General Court. For a long time he was a member of the local Presbyterian church, and served several years as Moderator. He was connected with the Masonic branches, having membership in Harmony Lodge and the Eastern Star, in Hillsboro, and Woods Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, in Henniker. The surviving members of the family, beside the widow, are: two daughters, Mrs. Ruth Heath and Mrs. Arleen White, of Antrim, and two sons, Howard Paige, of Peterborough, and Campbell Paige, of Antrim; one brother, Burt Paige, of Antrim, survives, as does also a half-brother, Paul F. Paige, of Cleveland, Ohio. The sympathy of all goes out to the family in their affliction.

Funeral services will be held on Thursday afternoon, at two o'clock, from the Presbyterian church. Masonic rites will be observed.

Senior Class Play Successfully Presented by Class of 1935, A. H. S.

The annual Senior Play, put on by members of the graduating class of the Antrim High school, was given in the town hall, on Friday evening last, December 14, curtain going up at eight o'clock. A large audience greeted the players, who took their respective parts

very good. "Nobody But Nancy" was the name of the play, and its production showed that some effective work had been done in rehearsals. The members of the Senior class made up the cast, and together with the cast given below, are the scene, time and place:

- NANCY KING, just Nancy Elizabeth Felker
 - SARAH ANDREWS, who looks after Nancy Barbara Butterfield
 - SUE ANDREWS, Sarah's niece Eunice Newhall
 - ADELIN PERKINS, the town old maid Gertrude Clark
 - LUELLA CRAWFORD, the sweetest thing in Sweet Springs ... Ialeen Cregan
 - FANNY, the hired girl Myrtle Harriman
 - LARRY WILSON, an unexpected visitor in Sweet Springs. Alan Swett
 - TED PORTER, a much abused young man Herman Hill
 - ADAM KING, Nancy's peppery uncle Albert Poor
 - JIMMY McCABE, from the back alleys Philip Lang
- SCENE - Acts I, II and III - Living room in the home of Sarah Andrews. (During Act III, curtain drops for a minute to indicate lapse of half an hour.)
PLACE - Town of Sweet Springs. TIME - Spring. The Present.

Defoe's orchestra furnished music for the play and for the dance which followed; this latter number on the program was also well attended. Miss Louise Carlson, of the High school faculty, was the coach; the class presented her a handsome bouquet at the close of the play.

Our California New Hampshireite Writes to His Far-away Friends

Dear Friends: The Holiday season reminds me that I have neglected to accept the courteous invitation of the Editor to send another message to our many friends. One of the compensations for the separation (for a time) is the joy of making new acquaintances.

Some months ago Mrs. Goodell and I were invited, with a few others to a complimentary dinner given by Mexican friends here to some out of town guests. We ate tortillas and several other items of food which I can't name, in addition to common American viands, all of which were well cooked and properly served by courteous attendants.

Special music was provided by a quartet of young men who sang in the Spanish language. Messages of good will and encouragement were brought by Rev. G. H. Brock, who has spent many years in Asia and is known to a number of Antrim folks who have met him, and others.

These short talks were interpreted into Spanish for the benefit of the older people although many of the younger generation understand the English language.

As the years accumulate, the Holidays appear to follow one another closely and it seems only a short time since I had a very pleasant Easter experience. The local Mexican church put on a program in celebration of the resurrection of their Lord and Savior, to which I quietly slipped in to be, perhaps, the only white person present.

The place was crowded with from 200 to 300 people of all ages from infants (who were not entirely without voice in the proceedings) to old folks who had to be assisted.

The reverence, faith, joy and courage as expressed in song, responsive Bible reading and pageant by these families, many of whom were without work, was an

Continued on page five

At the Main St. Soda Shop

Our Stock of New and Attractive CHRISTMAS MERCHANDISE Has All Arrived and is now on display for your approval SHOP EARLY as our stock on some items is limited

Get one of our Calendars for 1935 free to adults

At the Main St. Soda Shop

Topics of the Day Presented to Reporter Readers in Concise Form

William Boylston Rotch, aged 75 years, for almost a lifetime editor and publisher of the Milford Cabinet, and a public man in town and state, died at his home on Monday of this week, after a long illness.

Carlton M. Sherwood, formerly editor of The Christian Endeavor World, has recently become connected with the Associated Boards for Christian Colleges in China, as executive director. Mr. Sherwood is known by many in this section, as he has a summer home in Deering.

Among the special Christmas editions of weekly papers that have come to our desk this season, are The Winchendon (Mass.) Courier, The Athol (Mass.) Chronicle and the Hillsboro Messenger. Other holiday weeklies to arrive are our regular exchanges which contain special announcements of the merchants in the several towns.

The North Country farmers will market Christmas trees this season which will total the sum of \$100,000. Eighty-five per cent of all Christmas trees sold out of New Hampshire come from the territory north of the White Mountains. The season is now at an end, as December 15 is the date of the close season. From our own locality in the southern section, as well as from other parts of the State, large number of spruces and firs are cut for this same purpose.

Formal request for an inspection of ballots cast for representative in the town of Deering on Nov. 6, has been received by Secretary of State Enoch D. Fuller from Rev. Daniel A. Poling, D. D., the defeated Republican candidate. On the face of the returns, Dr. Poling lost by two votes to Leroy H. Locke, the democratic candidate, and more than 100 citizens of Deering signed a petition that he ask for an inspection. The recount of votes will be on Thursday, Dec. 20. Rev. Dr. Poling, noted preacher, writer, editor and lecturer, long has maintained a country home in Deering and within a few years has made that town his place of permanent residence.

The two-cent tax on checks, which has added grievously to the worries of amateur accountants, passes out of existence, in accordance with the terms of the law, on December 31. Whether it will be restored by the new Congress is not known, though it would appear unlikely that any easily collected tax will be overlooked. In any case, there must come an interval between the expiration of the old tax and the incidence of the new. This may give a breathing spell to the banks; but it will be paid for, if the tax is resumed, by the necessity of explaining to puzzled depositors why they were taxed on checks in one statement and not in another. The tax yielded thirty-eight millions during the first year of operation.

New Hampshire, often referred

to as "the land of a thousand lakes," can live up to its title with 291 lakes and ponds to spare, an inventory recently made public showed. The New Hampshire State Planning Board, in its newly completed survey, reports there are 1291 lakes and ponds in the State, covering 190,862.18 acres. It discloses also that there are twenty-eight Mud ponds in the State, eight Bog ponds, six Half Moon ponds, fifteen Round ponds, seven Little ponds and sixteen Long ponds. While ninety-one names have been used at least twice in naming the ponds and lakes, there are some very individual names such as: Eitvity Pond, World End pond and Pea Porridge pond. The survey was undertaken by the board in connection with a determination of gross areas of the civil sub-divisions of the State in order to make available figures showing net land areas.

Fire Sunday Morning

About quarter past six o'clock, on Sunday morning, the quiet of our community was disturbed by an alarm of fire, which proved to be burning of the Brooks house, on Clinton Road, owned by D. A. Maxwell, of Henniker. The fire department promptly responded, but the fire had gained too much headway to be checked, and the house was a total loss, while the barn nearby was saved; and the buildings on the opposite side of the street and the Paige shop not far away received the close attention of the firemen. Their efforts were successful in preventing any other loss.

The burned house was unoccupied, so no one lost a home. It was one of the older cottage houses of the town, and will be missed as a landmark by many who have passed by it so many times in years past.

Some insurance was carried on the property it is reported, but the owner feels he has met with a substantial loss.

Opera House Hillsboro, N. H.

Popular Pictures - Popular Prices

Wed. and Thurs., Dec. 19 and 20

"Cleopatra"

with Claudette Colbert and Warren William

Friday, Saturday, Dec. 21 and 22

"Ladies Should Listen"

with Cary Grant, Frances Drake

"The Crime Doctor"

with Otto Kruger

Sunday and Monday, Dec. 23 and 24

"Caravan"

with Charles Boyer, Loretta Young and Jean Parker

SCHEDULE OF SHOWS
Evenings: One Show (except Sat. and Sun.) 7:30
Sundays: One Show 2:30 P.M.
Saturdays: Continues until 1:30 P.M.
Matinee: Mondays 1:30 P.M.

Marcel, Finger and Comb Waving
Shampooing, Scalp Treatments
Facials, Manicuring, Permanent Waving



Antrim Beauty Shoppe

Jameson Block
Antrim, New Hampshire

Marguerite C. Howard For Appointments
Wilfred Graduate Phone 103-2 and 3

HILLTOPS CLEAR

By EMILIE LORING

Copyright by The Penn Publishing Co.

WNU Service.

CHAPTER V—Continued

"Nothing can hurt him again, Milly. You—"

"So, I've run Milly Gooch to earth at last! Mademoiselle Millee! And with you, Gerard! She would be!"

With a smothered imprecation, Rodney wheeled to face Len Calloway who leaned against the side of the door. With difficulty he kept his voice low.

"Don't you see what has happened? If you can't keep your dirty mouth shut, get out."

The sound Calloway made was more a snarl than a laugh, though an expression of sardonic mirth doubtless had been his intention.

"I'm going."

He turned to Prudence who, white and still, knelt beside the couch on which Jean was stirring restlessly.

"Any ten-year-old child would get wise to what's been going on between those two, Miss Schuyler."

Rodney Gerard shut his teeth hard into his lip. Prue could deduce anything from Calloway's voice and implication. What would she think?

Milly Gooch caught his hand and with a choking sob laid her cheek against it.

"What shall I do, Roddy? Grandpop's gone and I have only you now."

Half of her appeal to him was genuine grief, half was staged to irritate Len Calloway who was glaring at her from the threshold, Gerard decided.

With a suggestive laugh Calloway departed. The physician touched Gerard's shoulder.

"You'd better get that youngster home—quick."

"I will."

Rodney bent over the girl crouched beside the crumpled body of the clown. He freed the hand she still clutched. "I'll see you tonight, Milly. Pull yourself together." He laid his hand on the bowed head before he turned away.

"Come, Jean. I'll carry you, dear."

The town behind them, Gerard sent the roadster forward along the smooth road between its gay borders of fall shrubs. Once he looked at Prudence. She had her face against Jean's hair; the child's long lashes lay like fringes on her pale cheeks. He said gruffly,

"What a mix-up! A town burns up. A circus is thrown off schedule. A clown sent scouting. He took a chance on your garden—he'd try anything once—and then—a man who hates me lays his hand on my shoulder—and this for Jean—and tragedy for Chicot. Chicot's daughter, her husband, and child lived in the red brick house when Milly Gooch was a little girl. He visited them. That was what he meant yesterday when he said that he had lived in this region."

"I suspected you had seen him before."

"And because of what Len Calloway implied, you have me tried and sentenced, I'll bet."

She did not answer, only pressed her cheek closer against Jean's hair. He kept both hands tight on the wheel. Why had he let her invade his life? Why had he allowed her to make him madly happy or so infernally miserable by a look? Rapture and agony. He knew what the words meant now.

"I'll drop you at your gate," he proposed curtly.

"No. I will go on to High Ledges. I won't leave Jean until I see her with her mother."

Jean opened her eyes and lifted her head from Prudence's shoulder.

"I'm not going home until Mother has gone. There's nothing the matter with me except that I feel kind of dizzy; it helps steady things to keep my eyes closed. You won't mind if I stay with Miss Prue for a while, will you, Uncle Rod?"

"You should be with your mother, dear."

"I'm not going to be with my mother, so that's that."

"Getting back to normal fast, aren't you, K. K.?"

"Course I am, Uncle Rod. Let me stay with Miss Prue today, that's a peach. I'll wait on Mr. David. I love him."

She began to cry.

"Let her stop with me," Prudence pleaded.

"No. She's going back to High Ledges and I hope I land her there before her mother gets away. I had persuaded her to leave Jean with me; it is only fair that she should know what happened, what a flop I am as a guardian."

Except for an occasional query as to Jean's comfort, Gerard said nothing more during the long ride home.

They reached the red brick house. Gerard looked down at Jean.

"Pull yourself together, K. K. If you and I are to be on our own, we've got to go forward like soldiers, not whimper when we have to do things we don't like. Get me?"

Jean straightened, wiped her eyes, gave him a watery smile.

"Sure I get you, Uncle Rod. I feel fine now, really I do." She slipped a hand under his arm. "Perhaps, perhaps Mother has gone already," she whispered hopefully.

In his mind Gerard echoed the hope as they approached the house of stone and oak which his grandfather had

built. He stopped the roadster at the front steps.

Judkins appeared as if by magic. Gerard sprang from the car, lifted Jean out.

"Where's Mrs. Walter, Judkins?"

"She went soon after you left, sir. She decided to motor to the city."

"Ask your sister to take a look at Miss Jean, will you? I want to phone."

"Yes, sir. Mr. Armstrong arrived soon after you left."

"Armstrong! So soon! Where is he?"

"He went for a walk. Mrs. Walter was just going, and things were in kind of a stir, so he—" He coughed discreetly behind his hand.

"So he stepped out. I get you. Go up and lie down, Jean, and if you are good and feel fine, you may dine with us. You'll like Jim Armstrong, K. K., he's a great old boy."

"I won't move from the couch all day, if only I may have dinner with you just as if I were grown up, Uncle Rod. Do you suppose Mr. Jim will like me? I wonder—I wonder if he will fall in love with Miss Prue—too."

Gerard felt his face warm with color.

"That last wisecrack has shown me that you are back to normal, K. K., quite back to normal. Now listen, one more like that and you'll spend the winter in the bosom of your family—in New York city."

After dinner Jean sat on a low stool beside the fire. Elbow on her knee, chin in one hand, her eyes were on Jim Armstrong, spectacled, snawy, with an out-of-door bigness.

"It's corking to have you here, Jim. You haven't changed, unless you've grown heavier," Gerard commented.

"It's grand to be here, Rod. I won't say that you haven't changed in the last two years though. Where's that lazy drawl which drew the female of the species after you in squads?"

"I chuckled that when I decided to become a lumber king, I'm in business now, as I wrote you. At least I'm making a stab at it. At present I've struck a snag. There's a guy here named Len Calloway, also in the lumber business, who threatens to boycott any man who works for me."

"What has stirred this Calloway up?"

"I beat him to it in persuading Miss Schuyler to engage me to cut the timber in a tract she owns."

"Who is Miss Schuyler? She doesn't belong by any chance to that family—"

Gerard glanced at Jean whose ears were fairly standing out in eagerness to hear.

"She is a sister of David Schuyler. Know him? He was a New York lawyer."

"I've heard of him. Poor—"

"Miss Schuyler inherited a tract of woodland, along with a house and other land. She came here to farm—her brother's health had broken down. Immediately the aforementioned Calloway—"

"Eate him pretty much, don't you, Rod?"

"It isn't a chuckling matter, Jim. Si Puffer, who worked for the new owner's uncle and is a sort of handy man for her, told her not to let Len cut for her. I decided that I would cut for her and myself—that's when I sent for you. Calloway was furious as well, we've had trouble over another matter."

"Is Miss Schuyler—young?" Armstrong quizzed, as he lighted his pipe.

"Yes, and so pretty," Jean chirped eagerly. "Mother Puffer says that her eyes are like brown pansies and that her voice would coax the birds off the bushes. When she laughs her eyes are all gold spangles."

"K. K., you've been so quiet I had forgotten you were here. It's time you went upstairs. Toddle along now like a good girl."

"All right, Uncle Rod." She kissed him, and with a little curtsy said good-night to Armstrong. The two men rose and waited until she had left the room. Then the forester dropped a question.

"Has this man Calloway by any chance a sentimental interest in your neighbor?"

"Had better not have."

"Why the growl?"

Rodney Gerard rose impetuously and stood back to the fire. "Here are my cards face up on the table. I'm mad about Prudence Schuyler. I will marry her if I have to move the world to do it. Get that straight?"

"I'll say I get it straight. I can read a 'No Trespassing' sign when I see one, believe me. Does the lady with the spangled eyes realize that she is posted, Roddy?"

"It's no joke to me, Jim. I guess the old song's right, 'Love has a mean-

ing all its own'—to different people. Mine is the one-woman brand. The first time I met Prue—I can't explain it to you, you will think I've gone goofy—I felt as if—as if the universe had been made over and I was reborn—with an ambition to grab the world by the tail and a determination to make the girl love me."

"Raring to go off the deep end, aren't you? Um. Pretty serious jam you're in, Roddy."

"It darn well is."

Armstrong laid his hand on Gerard's shoulder. His eyes were warm with affection.

"Buck up! I don't know how any girl could resist you. You generally get what you want. To return to our muttons. Contracts made to sell your lumber?"

"Not a contract. I have been so, what Si Puffer calls het up, with this fight with Calloway that I hadn't thought where I would dispose of it."

"You'd better get busy on that end. I'll give you a list of going concerns; then you'd better hustle after business. Do we start our investigation of the timber tracts tomorrow?"

"Yes," Gerard glanced at the clock. "You'll excuse me, Jim, if I break away? Something important I've got to take care of tonight. Si Puffer is engaging me to go along with us tomorrow to cut."

Puffer appeared in the doorway.

"Here he is now! Come in, Si. This is my old friend Jim Armstrong who has come to tell us what trees to take out."

"Pleased to make your acquaintance, Jim. Gorry-me, Rod, I'm plumb discouraged. Don't know's we're goin' to need a forester."

"Why not? What has happened?"

"Now don't fly off the handle like that just because I hint we're in for trouble. Whatta mean is, I've been all over the village tryin' to hire men to cut for us tomorrow. They all had some foot excuse. I cornered one of 'em an' jest squeezed it out of him that Len Calloway had let it be known that none of them would get more work from him—ever—if they hired out to you. He's got 'em scared. He pointed out that you might start out big, Rod, but you wouldn't stick; that this was just a fad of yours, an' where would they be when you quit?"

"I quit!" Gerard's blue eyes were black. "Go back and tell those men that there isn't room in this town for Len Calloway and me and that I am staying."

CHAPTER VI

His challenge to Calloway had been good theater, but could he back it up, Gerard asked himself, as a few moments later his car shot into the highway between the two great iron gates set in stone posts at High Ledges. He wanted to reach the show grounds before Milly went on for her act. Perhaps he couldn't help her, but if he didn't, she might turn to someone not so disinterested as he.

His thoughts turned back to the first time he had seen Milly Gooch. Her father and mother had hired the old, out-of-repair red brick house for almost nothing and had lived there one summer while out of a circus job. He, at High Ledges from prep school for vacation, had spent every available hour with the family listening to their stories of the Big Top.

After the Gooch family left the red brick house for the circus, Milly had come each year to visit the Puffers to get "fed up" and some red blood into her. Mother Puffer had told him. He had seen her rarely, but as she had grown into a stunning looking girl, her long, narrow eyes and her expert use of them had caught Len Calloway. Had it been just an exciting game with her? She had become engaged to him. Next he heard of her he had received a wire:

"ROD, MUST SEE YOU STOP SHOW IN YONKERS SATURDAY STOP DON'T FAIL ME"

"MILLY GOOCH"

He could recall even his amazement at the summons. Why had she sent for him? In that far away summer Walter had been more of a friend than he; he had been fascinated by her mother. Of course he would go.

He remembered the defiance in her big dark eyes, the whiteness of her face under its make-up, as she had whispered:

"I—I've walked out on Len, Rod."

He recalled that he had laughed at her—it was unbelievable that Calloway would release anything he once had held. She had retorted:

"Yeah, it isn't a joke. I—well, your brother Walter's been my boy friend. I just burn him up. I'm sick of riding, riding whether I'm feeling bum or not,

and having Grandpop out of a job half the time. I'm going to be a lady and be taken care of and take care of him."

"Walter!" Gerard felt again the shock that had brought him up standing. "Walter! Walter has a wife."

He remembered her laugh. "Say, Big Boy, where have you come from? Been asleep since the Puritans landed?"

He had caught her hands tight in his. "Look here, Milly, you can't do that. Walter isn't worth it. Milly! Milly! Promise that you—you won't—until I see you again."

Quite plainly now he could see her shining eyes as they had met his.

"Listen, if you care what I do, I promise, Roddy."

He sent the car ahead in a burst of speed. A string of wagons was leaving the show grounds as he entered. That meant that the audience was in the big tent. Gerard stopped before the tent on the wall of which "MADEMOISELLE MILLEE" was stamped in black letters. As if she had been waiting for him, Milly Gooch stepped from behind the curtain drawn across the front of it.

Never had he seen her look lovelier. Her dark hair was curled close to her head; the mascara on her lashes increased the brilliance of her narrow, sioe-black eyes; the crimson of her lips accentuated the ivory pallor of her skin. Her great dark eyes glittered with tears.

"You sure are a dependable guy, Roddy." She perched on the top of a pedestal. "Take that chair. Say, wasn't that a terrible deal Grandpop got this morning. And wasn't it like Len Calloway to put on his act at just that minute! That bozo's grown old."

"When did you talk with him last, Milly?"

"The day I gave him back his ring. Look out for him, he has it in for you, Roddy. Doesn't he know that it was Walter, not you, who made me break with him?"

"I came to see if I could help about your grandfather. Won't you need money?"

"Not from you. The management takes care of that. Who was the kid Grandpop saved?"

"Walter's little girl, Jean."

"Well, of all the breaks—Grandpop passing out for the kid of the man he hated." She laughed, laughed until the sound cracked in an hysterical sob.

"Milly! Milly! Stop! You won't be able to ride if you don't. Here, look up." He pulled a handkerchief from his pocket. "Let me wipe your eyes. Now smile as if I were a Johnnie in the front row."

She looked up with an attempt which twisted his heart.

"That-a-girl! All set now?"

She choked back a sob. Caught the handkerchief.

"All set, Roddy. May I have this?"

"Sure, but what the dickens will you do with it? Haven't any pockets concealed in that ritzy costume, have you?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Death Valley an Inferno in Summer, Winter Ideal

Although it lies below sea level for 78 miles of its total length of 118 miles, Death valley has gained the fame of being an inferno of heat in the summer, while the winter climate is considered ideal, observes a writer in the Los Angeles Times.

Death valley's greatest depth is 310 feet below sea level at Bad Water, 19 miles south of Furnace Creek Inn, yet only 16 miles in an air line across the valley from Bad Water majestic Telescope peak rears its crest to 11,045 feet above sea level, and 11,355 feet above the low point of the valley, the greatest rise in such short distance of any mountain in the United States. Even Mt. Whitney, premier peak of continental United States, which towers 14,496 feet above sea level, rises only 10,768 feet above the level of Owens valley at Lone Pine. The visitor at Bad Water, reached by a desert road south from Furnace Creek, actually views a higher mountain than Mt. Whitney when he gazes westward to the summit of Telescope peak.

Telescope peak, which is an outstanding landmark for many miles in every direction, either in or out of Death valley, was first scaled in 1890 by W. T. Henderson, who gave it the name it bears because of the magnificent view to be had from its summit.

For That Turtle Soup

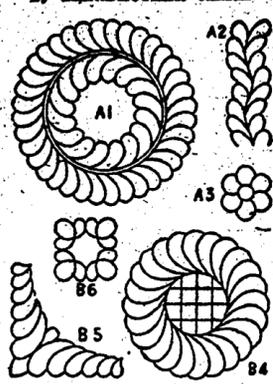
Of the three common kinds of sea turtles, the hawksbill is exploited for tortoise shell, and the green turtle for its flesh, says the American Nature association. The remaining one of the trio, the loggerhead, seems not to offer any special temptation to man, but like the others has its nest robbed to an extent that threatens its abundance.

A North American Spectacle

Columbia glacier, in Alaska, is the largest and most spectacular glacier in the world. The slow-moving motion of the glacier creates a noise like the rumbling of distant thunder or heavy cannonading. The roar of the sliding and falling masses, reverberating throughout the surrounding mountains, may be heard 12 miles out to sea.

PERFORATED DESIGN FOR QUILT MAKERS

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



Quilt makers realize the beauty of a finished quilt depends upon the patches used, the beauty in the patchwork design, and, most important, the quilting. If the quilting design is not accurately reproduced on the material it is impossible to quilt neatly and clearly. Many quilts are never finished, because the worker has no pattern or means to transfer all the quilting lines accurately. There are several ways of transferring quilting patterns to cloth, but the most approved and successful method is stamping the design through a perforated pattern, with stamping powder. This is the simplest and most economical way, and produces results that make quilting interesting. Each stamping is the same, and perfect. These patterns are already perforated on bond paper, and good for many stampings. Each stitch is indicated on the lines of the design, and the stamping can be brushed off when quilting is finished, leaving the work neat and clean.

Grandmother Clark's package No. 33A contains perforated patterns of the designs shown, also stamping powder and full directions how to use them. Sizes of patterns are as follows: A1 Feather Circle, 12 inch; A2 Feather Border, 8 inch; A3 Motif, 3 1/4 inch; B4 Feather Circle, 9 1/2 inch; B5 Feather Corner, 7 inch; B6 Feather Square, 4 inch.

If you want your quilting to look right, send 15 cents to our quilt department and receive all of these, Lot 33A six perforated patterns by mail postpaid.

Address—Home Craft Co.—Dept. "D"—Nineteenth and St. Louis Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Enclose a stamped envelope for reply when writing for any information.

Many Solder Formulas

There are several dozen formulas for solders available in Henley's Twentieth Century Book of Formulas. Common soft solder is made from various combinations of tin, lead and bismuth. Thirty-seven parts of lead and 63 parts of tin melted together make a good solder for average purposes.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Word Does Double Duty

In English, there is no equivalent to the French word "Hospice," so that the word hospital has been used in the double sense, viz., as a place for medical treatment and also as a retreat or almshouse for the poor, infirm, etc.

NIP THAT COLD

CLEANSE INTERNALLY

Doctors advise: "The moment a cold sets in, get springy CLEANSE INTERNALLY. A cup of Garfield Tea will relieve congestion, help break the cold's hold, incidentally cleans out the system, increases your resistance—At drug stores—25c & 50c."

GARFIELD TEA

DON'T NEGLECT YOUR KIDNEYS!

If your kidneys are not working right and you suffer backache, dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination, swollen feet and ankles; feel lame, stiff, "all tired out"—use Doan's Pills.

Thousands rely upon Doan's. They are praised the country over. Get Doan's Pills today. For sale by all druggists.

DOAN'S PILLS

Do You Need Xmas Money? See by nothing; buy from you. Details on J. Dunn, 234 Webster St., Phila., Pa.



To Relieve Burns and Itches

A paste made from sodium bicarbonate and water is a simple and satisfactory way of relieving a burn or a bite. Sodium bicarbonate (baking soda) is usually on every kitchen shelf.

THE HOUSEWIFE
Copyright by Public Ledger, Inc.
WNU Service.

Practical Idea

While the British road authorities have been road paving with cast iron, their neighbors across the channel have also been giving the subject serious attention. French engineers have seriously considered a proposal to build a cast-iron highway from Paris to Marseilles—500 miles away. They figure that about 3,000,000 tons of iron would be used—the total cost being 250,000,000 francs.

And herein lies one of the most unique yet sound arguments put up for this road, reports Mr. Davis. Those in favor say that in case of war, when the country is short of iron, these cast-iron block roads could be torn up and be converted into guns, trains, battleships and armament, while for a few years at least the concrete base alone would do for roads.—Milwaukee Journal.

Important Item

Chauffeur—Why, ma'am, the axel is sprung, the mud guards bent, and your husband's neck is broke!
Woman (a bit interested)—And how about those brand-new lamps?

CREOMULSION

Your own druggist is authorized to cheerfully refund your money on the spot if you are not relieved by Creomulsion.

COUGHS

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling—Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair—Grows and Thickens Hair—Keeps Hair Soft and Shiny. 50 cents by mail or at drug stores. Hileco Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balm. Makes the hair soft and shiny. 50 cents by mail or at drug stores. Hileco Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

ACCURATE

Please Remember!

WHEN you think of Visiting New York, think of the Hotel Victoria as your headquarters. You will like it.

Each of the 1000 ROOMS contains a RADIO, PRIVATE BATH and SHOWER, SERVIDOR, and circulating ICE water. The rates are LOW

Single Room from \$2.50 a day

ROY MOUTON
Executive Vice-President and
Managing Director

VICTORIA

7th AVENUE at 51st STREET
NEW YORK

FILE SUFFERERS—Hemo-Lene gives instant relief. No harmful drugs. Pay nothing until relieved. Write HEMO-LENE, 905 Court St., Syracuse, N. Y.

SPARE TIME WORK. Pay each week. No canvassing or manufacturing. Contract, details, 10c, and 5c stamp. R. W. ASB MORSE, 1009 Oak St., Elmira, N. Y.

WNU—2 50—84

THE STORY FROM THE BEGINNING

Prudence Schuyler comes to Prosperity Farm, inherited from her uncle, to make a new life for herself and her brother, David, his health broken by tragedy. The second day on her farm Prue falls from the barn loft into the arms of Rodney Gerard, rich young man, a neighbor. There is at once a mutual attraction, but Prudence decides to maintain a cool attitude toward him. She suspects men since her sister's husband ran away with her brother's wife, Len Calloway tries to buy Prue's timber, but she dislikes him and contracts with Rod to dispose of the tract. Prue is visited by Mrs. Walter Gerard and her thirteen-year-old daughter, Jean. They are hateful, curious persons and leave Prue rankled. David comes to the farm. A clown appears, advertising a circus in a nearby town. Prue accompanies Rod and Jean to the show. While they are watching the parade, Chicot, an old clown, is accidentally killed.

Prudence Schuyler comes to Prosperity Farm, inherited from her uncle, to make a new life for herself and her brother, David, his health broken by tragedy. The second day on her farm Prue falls from the barn loft into the arms of Rodney Gerard, rich young man, a neighbor. There is at once a mutual attraction, but Prudence decides to maintain a cool attitude toward him. She suspects men since her sister's husband ran away with her brother's wife, Len Calloway tries to buy Prue's timber, but she dislikes him and contracts with Rod to dispose of the tract. Prue is visited by Mrs. Walter Gerard and her thirteen-year-old daughter, Jean. They are hateful, curious persons and leave Prue rankled. David comes to the farm. A clown appears, advertising a circus in a nearby town. Prue accompanies Rod and Jean to the show. While they are watching the parade, Chicot, an old clown, is accidentally killed.

NEW YORK 200,000 New Englanders HAVE STOPPED AT THE

Prince George Hotel

Album M. Gifferson, Manager

JUST OFF FIFTH AVENUE AT 14 EAST 28th ST.

1000 Rooms with private bath. Near large department stores, Empire State Building, Grand Central Station.

Rooms with Private Bath **2** Special Weekly Rates



A Country Doctor's Wife
By Martha B. Thomas

CADDY lighted the fire in the fireplace. She switched on the Christmas lights for the tree. She pulled down the shades, and pushed an easy chair towards the fire. Halsy would be home any time now, cold and weary from his round of calls on sick people. This was their first Christmas eve together since they had been married.

Halsy had started out on his rounds at noon. At three he had telephoned to say he was obliged to abandon his



car. The snow was too deep. He had borrowed a pair of snowshoes and a fur cap, and with bag in hand, was about to walk a road leading through the woods to a small shack where a sick woman lay waiting his ministrations. At Caddy's worried inquiries, he said it would take him a couple of hours. Then he had a three-mile walk further on the main turnpike, to a child suffering with a quincy sore throat. After that, he would retrace his steps, get his car, and drive home.

Caddy gazed into the flames. This country practice covered miles and miles. Halsy was conscientious. He never failed to reach his patients somehow, but he was tired and worn out. And Caddy herself was often lonely. Her plans for fun, for little parties at home, usually ended in trying to get someone to fill Halsy's place. She knew it would be like this. Halsy had warned her. She was sensible and patient. Yet tonight... Christmas eve, and Halsy's birthday. She sighed... she simply couldn't bear to have anything go wrong.

The telephone rang. "That you, Caddy? I'm stuck again. The drifts are so deep I can't walk through. I'm out of the wood road all safe, and within two miles of that sick child. But none of the farmers near here has a team of horses. I really need oxen to pull me through. It's tough going."

"Oh," breathed Caddy, trying not to sound dismal. "Caddy, I wonder," he hesitated. She could tell he was tired by the drag in his voice. "If you could possibly get Lem Salter's team of oxen and drive here for me! I simply can't ask him to do it himself. He has his daughter home for the holidays and her family. It's Christmas."

Caddy could not speak. She knew what this meant. Hours of being out in the storm. Heaven alone knew when they would get home. She glanced about the friendly, inviting room.

"Won't you, darling... to help me out?"

Then she remembered something her father had said to her on her wedding day:

"You will never be allowed to forget you are the wife of a country doctor. But I think he's worth it... if you are!"

So now over the telephone she said, "All right. Stay where you are. Get warm and rested, and I'll be there by Shanghai Express!"

The tedious drive behind the oxen seemed endless. The snow sifted down inside her collar. It blinded her. She was not actually suffering, but she was pretty uncomfortable. On... and on... and on. The whirling curtains swept before her. The snow drifted across the broad backs of the patient beasts. They took their own

way in their own plodding time. Caddy sat on a box wrapped round with a bear rug.

On and on... and on. Creak... creak... the swaying of the beasts was like some grotesque, nightmarish rhythm. She almost fell asleep.

Then out of the whiteness ahead she heard a shout. "Hey... bless your heart, darling!" And Halsy jumped aboard.

The child was very sick. The throat had to be lanced. Caddy forgot her injured feelings. She helped capably. The mother, worn and harassed, thanked them both with tears in her eyes. And together they drank coffee beside a humble kitchen stove, and ate huge slices of thick, buttered bread. Not what Caddy had planned for Christmas eve, yet, curiously enough, it seemed better than the other. It had... she tried to think it out... more strength and sinew to it.

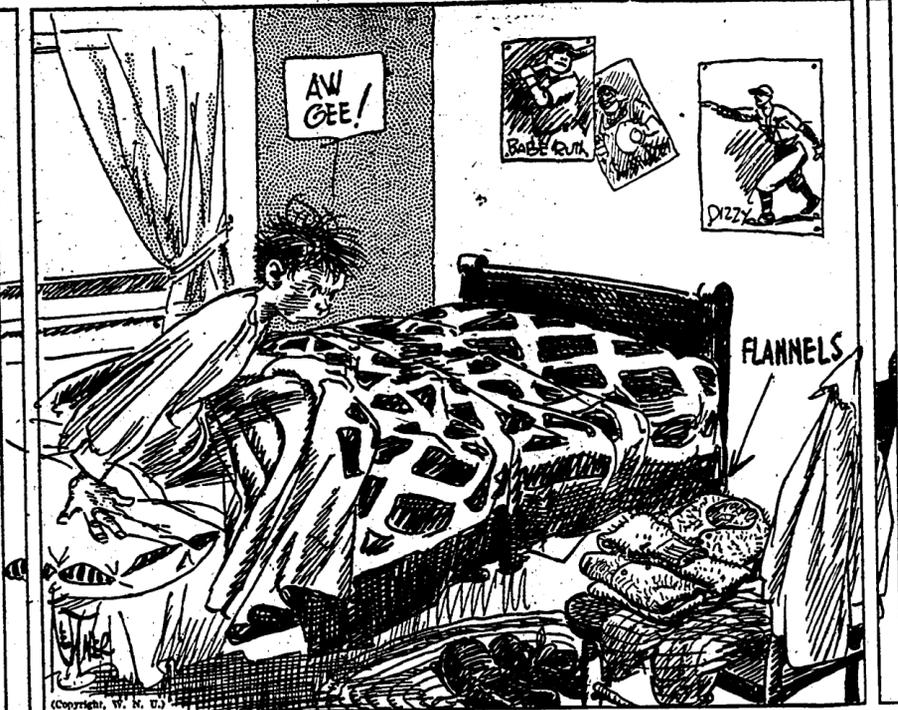
She smiled at Halsy. "This is positively the best Christmas eve I ever spent in my life!" she whispered.

Behind a large buttered slice of bread he kissed her. "You are the perfect pattern for a country doctor's wife!" he whispered back.

© Western Newspaper Union

OUR COMIC SECTION

Events in the Lives of Little Men



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin
© By Western Newspaper Union

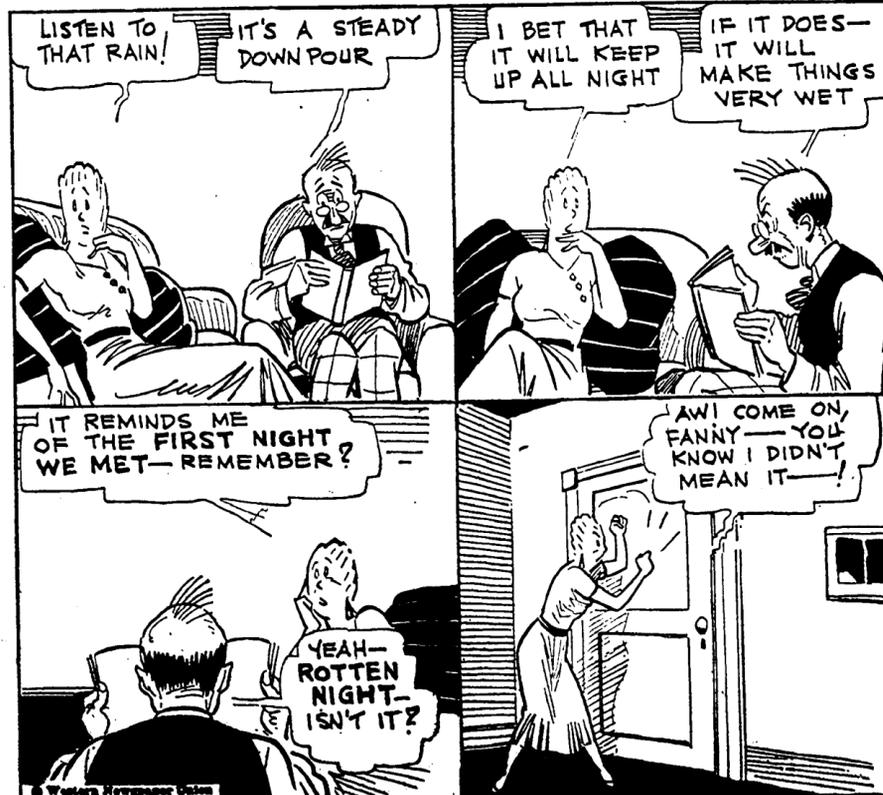
The Pay-Off



THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne
© Western Newspaper Union

All Wet



Just a Little Smile



JUST IN TIME

The aerodrome was crowded with spectators who had come to witness the finish of the big air race. Great was their astonishment when the winning aeroplane landed and an unknown airman stepped out.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" said an official, coming forward to greet him. "You've broken the record for the race. How did you do it?"

The airman wiped his perspiring brow.

"To tell you the truth," he modestly explained, "I think luck had a lot to do with it. I didn't find out until five minutes ago how to stop the engine.—Answers.

The Merry Minstrels

"You know Joe, the great base runner who went lame?"

"Yes, I know Joe, the great base runner who went lame. What about Joe, the great base runner who went lame?"

"He got a job as an ump."

"How is he now?"

"Now he's going blind."

A Respectful Skeptic

"Do you believe George Washington always told the uncompromising truth?"

"No, sir," answered Senator Sorghum, with emphasis. "To hold such an opinion would be to cast aspersions on his indisputable attainments as a statesman and a diplomat."

Proclivities

"We are told of the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

"Those are the very words," answered Senator Sorghum. "But they don't apply to persons who can't enjoy themselves unless they are playing rough with machine guns."

Evolution Two Ways

"Do you believe in evolution?" "Forward and backward," answered Senator Sorghum, "although I'll never believe it's as easy to make a man out of a monkey as it is for a man to make a monkey out of himself."

THAT'S DIFFERENT



She—Didn't I say I never wanted to set eyes on you again?

He—Yes, but I never said that about you.

Shipshape

"Are you going to assist in steering the ship of state?"

"I'll be ready to give a hand, if requested," said Senator Sorghum. "but all the ship of state seems to desire from me at present is to refrain from attempts at back-seat driving."

Reminder

"So you enjoy talking over the radio?"

"Very much," answered Senator Sorghum. "I have a positive affection for a microphone. It's appearance reminds me of earlier oratory, as it suggests the facial expression of some of my dumbest listeners."

Complete Replacement

Blinks—I'll soon have a new car.

Jinks—You're lucky.

Blinks—Hardly. You see I'm simply kept busy replacing the worn-out parts on the old one, and a couple more bumps and it will even have the streamline effect.

War Signal

Usher at wedding, to cold, dignified lady—Are you a friend of the groom?

The Lady—Indeed, no, I am the bride's mother.

TWO CHIC APREONS IN ONE PATTERN

Pattern 9171
The young housewife who is tired of her stock of aprons will certainly perk up at the sight of the novel aprons sketched here. See the cunning halter neck which ties in the back. It's certainly a new and becoming idea in aprons. Or if you feel a little more conservative, choose the well-tailored model below. Both come in the one pattern, have bodices coming down to a flattering point below the nicely molded waistline, and chic triangular skirts.



with conveniently large patch pockets. Both will give ample protection to your pretty house frocks.

Pattern 9171 may be ordered only in sizes small, medium and large. Apron A, small size, requires 1 1/4 yards 38 inch fabric; apron B, small size, requires 1 1/4 yards 38 inch fabric.

Complete, diagrammed sew chart included.

Send FIFTEEN CENTS in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Be sure to write plainly your NAME, ADDRESS, the STYLE NUMBER and SIZE.

Send your order to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 232 West Eighteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

HOMESICK

"Shut that door! Where were you brought up—in a barn?"

The man addressed complied meekly and silently. The first speaker observed that he was in tears, and going over to the man, he apologized.

"Oh, come," he said, soothingly. "you shouldn't take it to heart because I asked if you were raised in a barn."

"That's it, that's it," sobbed the other. "I was brought up in a barn, and it makes me homesick every time I hear an ass Bray."—Tit-Bits.

Quick Change

"Murphy got rich quick, didn't he?"

"He got rich so quick that he can't swing a golf club without spitting on his hands."—Chicago Daily News.

VERY LIKELY



Bug—I declare, I must be getting near Boston!

Continued Story

"What did your wife say when you stayed out late the other night?"

"She hasn't finished telling it all to me yet."

So Sorry

Traffic Officer—What's the matter with you?

Driver—I'm well, thanks; but my engine's dead.

WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
GUM
The Flavor Lasts

Weekly News of Interest From
a Few Towns Surrounding Antrim

DEERING

Robert Card trapped a coon quite recently, which weighed 20 pounds.

Mrs. Churchill Rodgers has closed her summer home, the Eagle's Nest, and with her daughter, Louise, will pass the winter in Cambridge, Mass.

Louis P. Nash, long a summer resident here, celebrated his 75th birthday on Saturday, December 8, at his home in Hingham, Mass. Mr. Nash was for many years until his retirement, master of the Hyde Park Grammar school.

The new electric light line has been completed, and at least one home is already served with the current. Others are having their wiring done, and will be using the new service shortly. The contract for electrifying the Deering Center church has been awarded, and work is going forward. It is some years since the effort was initiated to bring electricity into the Center, and the project has been carried with PWA funds.

GREENFIELD

The Woman's Club met last Friday at the home of Mrs. Charles Hopkins. Each member brought a gift for the Christmas tree.

The first basketball game of the season was played Thursday evening at the school hall, between the Millford and Greenfield town teams.

FRANCESTOWN

George Lemander, of Boston, spent the week-end with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Miller of Dublin, were at Arthur J. Miller's one day recently.

Cristy Pettee has left town by auto for Tennessee to attend the Farm Bureau meeting.

Mrs. Charles Nichols, Mrs. Forrest Nichols and Mrs. Walter Donnell were in Manchester recently.

David Cochrane, who is working in Bow, spent the week-end with his aunts, Mrs. Addie Follansbee and Miss Emily Cochrane.

ANNUAL VISITATION

By Warden of Rebekah Assembly to Local Lodge

The annual visitation of the Warden of the Rebekah Assembly, Mrs. Bessie Shaw, of Concord, was made to Hand in Hand Rebekah Lodge, No. 29, I. O. O. F., on Wednesday evening of last week, at the regular meeting. About sixty members were present.

A supper was served at six-thirty o'clock, consisting of cold roast pork, scalloped potatoes, rolls, pies and coffee, and the committee in charge was highly complimented on the good feed they gave.

At the hour of the regular meeting, after a social period following the supper, during which time all present enjoyed visiting and meeting those who had not before met in Odd Fellows' hall here, the Rebekah degree was conferred on a class of three candidates, one gentleman and two young ladies. The work was most creditably done in every way, the floor work, speaking parts, tableaux, business and all receiving words of praise from the visiting officers.

One matter of business transacted was to appoint a committee of five to act in conjunction with Waverley Lodge, No. 57, in properly observing the anniversary of these two branches of the Order, the date of both being the same — Friday evening, February 1.

52 weekly visits for \$2.00. Subscribe to The Reporter now!

For Sale

Fully Accredited COWS; can go in anybody's herd, in any state: Holsteins, Guernsey's, Jerseys and Ayrshires. Fresh and springers.

Fred L. Proctor, Antrim, N. H.



HOTEL BELLEVUE

BEACON STREET BOSTON

Ideal location on Beacon Hill, beside the State House, and overlooking Boston Common and Public Gardens.

RESTAURANT a la carte and table d'hote Club Breakfast Lunch Dinner

CAFETERIA Pleasant outside location facing Bowdoin and Beacon Streets. Modern and up-to-date. A variety of foods moderately priced.

EUROPEAN PLAN RATES Rooms without bath \$2.00 up Rooms with bath \$3.00 up

Special rates for permanent occupancy BOSTON

The Antrim Reporter

Published Every Wednesday Afternoon

Subscription Price, \$2.00 per year

Advertising Rates on Application

H. W. ELDRIDGE, PUBLISHER
H. B. & C. D. ELDRIDGE, ASSISTANTS

Wednesday, Dec. 12, 1934

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

Long Distance Telephone

Notices of Concerns, 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

G. Miles Nesmith is confined to his home, on Main street, by illness. His son, Arthur, visited him on Sunday.

For the past week, Mrs. Ellsworth Bennett has been restricted to her home, on Concord street, by illness.

Properly fitted glasses for eyes that need them. The Babbitt Co. Thursdays. Antrim Pharmacy. Adv.

The schools closed on Friday last for the Christmas vacation, and will reopen on Monday morning, December 31.

For Sale—Four cords of good dry hard wood, 4 ft. length, \$5 00 a cord. Craig Farm, Antrim. Adv.

Miss Mary A. Swain has closed her home, on Clinton Road, and gone to Waltham, Mass., to reside for the few coming months in the family of her brother, Eugene H. Swain.

The Ladies' Mission Circle of the Presbyterian church will serve supper at the vestry on Wednesday, December 19, at 6 p.m. Adv.

Miss Florence L. Brown has been at her home here a few days the past week; she has now returned to her employment in Portland, Maine, after spending a season visiting with friends in Epsom, this state.

The Community Christmas tree has been put in position at the junction of Main and Concord streets, in front of the Soldier's Monument, and is illuminated and burning each evening; it presents a handsome sight.

Anyone desiring hand-worked pillow cases, luncheon sets, pillow tops, and other fancy articles, making splendid Christmas gifts, will find a selection at the home of Miss Mabelle Eldredge, on Grove street. Adv.

On Saturday evening, December 29, at its regular meeting, Waverley Lodge, No. 59, I. O. O. F., will confer the Initiatory Degree on a class of candidates, in Odd Fellows hall. This is sufficient announcement, probably, to ensure a good attendance of members of the Order.

For Sale—Girls' Tubular Steel Shoe Skates, size 6; price \$3. Apply to Mrs. A. L. Poor, Antrim. Adv.

Saturday last was moving day for the families of Fred Shoults and Walter Rogers; they changed tenements. Mr. Shoults moved into his recently purchased home, corner of Main and West streets, and Mr. Rogers moved from this house he had been occupying for a few years to the tenement in the Barrett block vacated by Mr. Shoults.

For Sale—Man's Fur-lined Coat; caracul collar; like new. Pair Raccoon Gauntlet Gloves. Raccoon Cap. Frank E. Bass, Antrim. Adv.

As the anniversary of Hand in Hand Rebekah Lodge, No. 29, I. O. O. F., comes on the same date as Waverley Lodge, (only the former is ten years younger than the latter), the Sisters have voted to join with the Brothers in observing these anniversaries in some proper way. Committees have been appointed but arrangements have not yet been made; later, the Reporter will be able to announce the program for the evening. The date will be Friday, February 1.

Mrs. B. J. Wilkinson has recently spent two days in Concord and Manchester.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Noetzel, of Lebanon, were recent guests for a short time of the Noetzel sisters, at their home on Elm street.

Friends of Miss Nellie Jackson, of Hancock, for many years a resident of Antrim, regret to learn of her illness while on a visit in West Boylston, Mass.

Born in Dexter, Maine, December 13, a son (William Roy) to Rev. and Mrs. Fred Knox. Mrs. Knox was Miss Dorothy Richardson, formerly of Antrim.

Mrs. Harry Tenney, formerly of Antrim and now a resident of Laconia, has been a patient in the city hospital there, recovering from an appendicitis operation.

Mrs. Arthur M. Harriman of New Bedford, Mass., has been spending a few days with her mother here, Mrs. Matilda Barrett, who has been confined to her home by illness.

Mrs. Milan D. Cooper, who was for many years a resident of Antrim, and now resides in West Somerville, Mass., has been quite seriously ill of late; she is reported improving at this writing.

Miss Margaret Felker returned to her home here on Wednesday last from the hospital, after her operation for appendicitis. She will remain at her home here till after the Christmas vacation, when she will resume her studies at Radcliffe.

Erwin D. Putnam recently delivered his "Picturesque New Hampshire" lecture in Somerville, Mass. Mrs. Putnam accompanied him. He also showed his natural color plates before the Monadnock Region Association, in Bennington, last week Wednesday evening.

Owing to so much going on in this town and other towns in Connecticut Valley, as well, it was impossible to hold the meeting here in Odd Fellows' hall last Friday evening, to form a Past District Deputy association. The matter has been postponed to some future date.

Friends here of Rev. Charles Tilton, a former pastor of the Methodist church, have received the information that he has been out of health most of the time during the past year, from a nervous breakdown last Easter season, and has spent some of the time at the Deaconess hospital, Boston, and part time at his home in Derry. He is reported as making good recovery. The Reporter is pleased to state. His address at present is 187 Winchester St., Brookline, Mass.

Our people will be interested in the following two items of news taken from the last issue of the Peterborough Transcript. The Warner family resided in Antrim for a number of years:

Dr. F. G. Warner, who has been under observation at the New England Deaconess Hospital in Boston, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley G. Warner of Bar Harbor, Me., are visiting Mr. Warner's parents, Dr. and Mrs. F. G. Warner. Mr. Warner, who has been seriously ill for several weeks, has been granted a leave of absence from the Jackson Memorial Laboratory in Bar Harbor, where he has been engaged in cancer research.

"OUR BEAUTY SHOPPE"

Telephone 66

Cor. West St. and Jameson Ave. Antrim, N. H.

"When Better Wares are Given, We'll Give Them"

We Wish You All

A Very Merry Christmas

and a

Happy and Prosperous New Year

and we want to take this opportunity of thanking you - each one of you - for helping to make 1934 a more prosperous year.

BUTTERFIELD'S STORE

Telephone 31-5 - Antrim, N. H.

BANK BY MAIL

HILLSBORO GUARANTY SAVINGS BANK

Incorporated 1889

HILLSBORO, NEW HAMPSHIRE

A Representative of the Hillsboro Banks is in Antrim Thursday morning of each week

DEPOSITS made during the first three business days of the month draw interest from the first day of the month

HOURS: 9 to 12, 1 to 3. Saturday 8 to 12

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent \$2.00 a Year

A DOLLAR'S WORTH

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

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

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, finance, education, radio, 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 Sunday 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.)

(Address)

(Town)

(State)

Buy Your Bond

AND BE SECURE

Why

Run

The

Bazard

Of accepting personal security upon a bond, when corporate security is vastly superior? The personal security may be financially strong to day and insolvent tomorrow; or he may die, and his estate be immediately distributed. In any event, recovery is dilatory and uncertain.

The American Surety Company of New York, capitalized at \$2,500,000 is the strongest Surety Company in existence, and the only one whose sole business is to furnish Surety Bonds. Apply to

H. W. ELDRIDGE Agent.

Antrim.

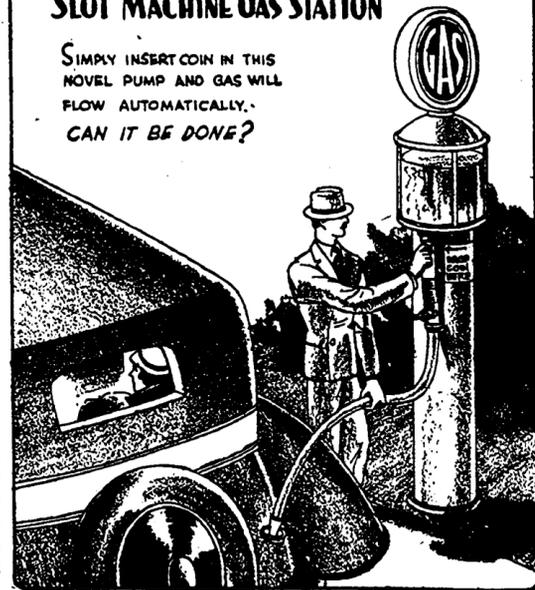


INTERNATIONAL CARTOON CO.

CAN IT BE DONE? — By Ray Gross

SLOT MACHINE GAS STATION

Simply insert coin in this novel pump and gas will flow automatically. CAN IT BE DONE?



Do you think this idea is practical? Write Ray Gross in care of this newspaper

The FIRESIDE PHILOSOPHER
By ALFRED BIGGS

If in doubt, don't do it.
You can't buy confidence.
Hate turns beauty sour.
Every religion teaches prayer.
Faith begins where reason ends.

It is much less trouble to tell the truth.
More beautiful than a diamond is a dewdrop.
Some people think Americans should be made to fit the Constitution.

Bennington.

Congregational Church
Rev. J. W. Logan, Pastor
Morning Service at 11 o'clock.

Members of the S. of U. V. Auxiliary are busy tying quilts.

Charles Durgin has returned from the south. Both Elmwood and Boston are south of us.

Mrs. M. E. Sargent has gone to New Jersey for an extended visit, with her son and wife.

Mrs. Frank Taylor is in Cambridge, Mass., with her sister, Mrs. Milan Cooper, who is ill in a hospital there.

Mr. and Mrs. Champney are parents of a son; Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler are parents of a daughter. Both born recently.

Carl Thurston, young son of Mrs. Eunice Thurston, is at home from the Margaret Pillsbury hospital, Concord, where he was operated on for appendicitis. He is reported as doing well.

The Community Christmas tree is in position in the Square and is well illuminated for the occasion. It looks fine and is an ornament to our village, as well as a most happy suggestion at the holiday season.

John Eaton was struck by an auto, which skidded on the icy roads, but no serious injury or damage resulted to him. The auto was put out of commission when it struck a sand bank beside the road.

Mrs. Gertrude Ross exchanged with Mrs. Burns awhile ago as chairman of the hospitality committee, so Mrs. Burns served this month in that capacity, for the Woman's Club, which met at the church vestry on Tuesday, at 2.30 p.m.

Miss Mollie Cody, who has been ill for a long time, is now in the Massachusetts General hospital, in Boston, where she has been through a major operation for brain tumor; she is very sick. Her nieces, Margaret Powers and Mrs. Fred Sheldon, are staying with relatives in Boston, to be near her. She has the sympathy of many friends here.

A meeting of the Girls 4-H Club was held last Saturday, at the home of the leader, Mrs. Cora Sheldon. Eight members were present. After the business meeting, a social time was had, including games, and refreshments of cookies and cocoa. The next meeting will be held at the home of Florence Perry, on January 5, 1935. Visitors are cordially welcomed. Inez Dodge, Sec'y.

The eight organizations in town are uniting in a Community Christmas, to be given in the town hall, on Friday evening of this week, at 7.30 o'clock. There will be a present for all the kiddies, from one month old to High school age. There will be a short entertainment before "the party" begins. Everyone in town is invited to see the little folks enjoy themselves, and to join in the welcome to Santa Claus.

Santa Claus

Will be at the Proctor & Hayward Store all day Saturday of this week. All will enjoy his presence at this holiday emporium.

The Open Hours

On Christmas Day at the Antrim post-office are from 7 to 9 in the forenoon, and from 6.30 to 7.30 in the afternoon.

Adam Zapple
OH I DIDN'T KNOW THAT.
By JACK ROMER

WHAT DID YOU SAY YOUR FATHER DIED FROM?
FIVE ACES.

I'LL TAKE TWO CARDS AND I'LL HAVE ONE CARD AN I RAISE YOU TWO.

WHICH I CAUGHT YOU CHEATING?
MADDER MEAN CHEATING.

I HAD THAT ACE LONG BEFORE THE GAME STARTED!

HELP!

Antrim Locals

For Sale—Dry Hard Wood; grown on high ground. Apply to John J. Muphall, Antrim. Adv.

Robert Warner has entered a hospital, where he will receive treatment and possibly an operation.

Lewis M. Keezer, Grand Patriarch of the Grand Encampment of New Hampshire, from Bristol, will officially visit Mt. Crooked Encampment, No. 89, I.O.O.F., of this place, on Monday evening, January 7. This occasion will be made of special interest by the committee in charge, and most likely the refreshments will be well looked after, and there may be other entertainment. All resident members, and as many others as can possibly so arrange, should be present on this occasion. The Grand Patriarch will be pleased to greet all members, and the members will have a pleasant evening together.

ANTRIM POST OFFICE

Mail Schedule in Effect October One, 1934

| | |
|---|-------------------------|
| Going North | |
| Mails Close 7.29 a.m. | Leave Station 7.44 a.m. |
| 3.28 p.m. | 3.43 p.m. |
| Going South | |
| 9.58 a.m. | 10.13 a.m. |
| 4.00 p.m. | 4.15 p.m. |
| Mail connecting with Keene train arriving at Elmwood railroad station at 6.10 p.m., leaves Postoffice 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
Wednesday, December 19
Woman's Mission Circle at 3 p.m.
Public supper at 6
Friday, December 21
Christmas tree and entertainment at 7 p.m.
Sunday, December 23
Morning worship at 10.45, with Christmas message by the pastor
Bible School meets at 12 o'clock.
The union choir will present a program of Christmas music at 7 p.m., in this church

Methodist Episcopal
Rev. John P. Brooks, Pastor
Friday, December 21
1.30 p.m. General rehearsal for Christmas program
7 p.m. Christmas tree and program
Sunday, December 23
10.45 a.m. Christmas service with appropriate music. Sermon topic: Love Never Fails
Sunday School at 12 o'clock noon.

Baptist
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, December 20
Mid-week meeting, at 7.30 p.m.
Topic: Monologues, Etc.
Saturday, December 22
2.30 to 4.30 p.m.—Christmas party for Cradle Roll, Beginners and Primary children. 6 to 8—Christmas party for Juniors
Sunday, December 23
Morning worship at 10.45. The pastor will preach on: Receiving God's Gift
Church School meets at 12 o'clock.
Crusaders at 4.00 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.

Our California New Hampshireite Writes to His Far-away Friends

Continued from page one

inspiration which I have not words to describe. In spite of the varied and interesting program, I did not keep my mind from the wandering, as I thought of what it means to these people to have the privilege of reading the Bible for themselves and what the result has been in their daily conduct. None of that crowd are a menace to the city or state and the many Drunk Emporiums in the city have little attraction for them. It is not good form to say saloon any more.

In August every year comes the three-day fiesta which draws crowds to see the street parade and evening out-door pageant, which is similar to the famous Sesqui-Centennial program put on by Antrim.

The Governor usually rides in the procession on one of the valuable horses owned by a wealthy man in the city, and other horses are often shipped here for the oc-

casional until several hundred may be seen.

The silver mounted saddles, bright regalia of the men and women riders and the trained trick horses add variety to the slow moving ox teams with wagons which were in some cases imported from Spain years ago.

The oxen in most cases have the yokes fastened to their horns by straps and have no bows and the drivers walk in front of the lead team with a long pole instead of a whip. The old "Concord" coaches, some of which show signs of hard use in the old days of hold-ups, are interesting to me and I supplied one stag horn whalebone whip stock, which was used by the late "Johnnie" Woodbury, to one of the drivers.

The expert riding of some of the cowboys show much skill and the intelligence of the horses is worth watching.

Elmer Merrill and Charles Brown, with others who saw the "up the hill" from our house, and world record trotter Uhlan trot at White River Junction a number of

years ago, will be sorry to learn that he will not parade again, as he died a few weeks ago and is buried, I suppose, near Lou Dillon.

It is easy to imagine Leander Patterson and Herbert Wilson indulging in laughter as they packed the ox-brows which were shipped here with our household goods, but listen please while I tell you that I sold them all to the manager of the Mitchell ranch to be used occasionally on some oxen imported from Scotland. I might add that bows are so rare here that they had tried to make some out of gas pipe.

To prove that the world is not very large after all, I will confess that we used some of the "profit" on the sale of bows to buy gas with which to give a sight-seeing ride to some friends from the Congo district in Africa.

Mrs. Mitchell is the former Lollita Armour, of Chicago, whom some of you may recall as being treated for a serious lameness by the famous Dr. Lorenz, of Vienna, a few years ago.

On Thanksgiving day, with the family of a neighbor, we went to a small park, about half a mile "up the hill" from our house, and broiled or as they say here "barbequed" beef steak over an open

fire and ate our lunch, after attending the Union service in the local Presbyterian church.

Not long ago, here, a man, who was making, as is his custom, quite a spectacle of himself and causing his friends to pity him by taking the name of the Lord in vain, said something like this; "There is no hope for the world except they follow the teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ." How little we know what is going on underneath the surface?

In spite of the turmoil in Russia, Central Europe, Asia, South America, the United States, and perhaps in your soul and mine, I still have faith to believe that at this Christmas season "Joy to the world the Lord has come" will be sung with greater appreciation by an increasing number of people in all lands than ever before.

I will close with the message which was sung for me by young friends over forty years ago just before I started for California: "God be with you till we meet again."

Will you accept this as your personal greeting this year?

From another Antrimite,
R. C. GOODSELL
Santa Barbara, Calif.,
Dec. 11, 1934.



and
The Antrim Reporter
wishes everybody a Merry Christmas!

Resolutions of Respect

Adopted by Waverley Lodge, No. 59, I.O.O.F., on Death of Bro. John E. Hadley

Whereas, Waverley Lodge of Odd Fellows has been called upon to part with one of its honored members, Brother John E. Hadley; and whereas, we are deeply grieved at our loss, for in many ways he was a valuable member, and a good man; therefore be it

Resolved, that in our submission to the Divine will, we cannot help feeling sad in so doing; but feel that his sufferings have ceased, and the all wise God knew when to remove him from our midst.

Resolved, that the sincere sympathy of everyone of our members goes out to the bereaved members of the family in their deep affliction.

Resolved, that these resolutions be spread upon the records of our Lodge, that a copy be sent to the family, and that they be published in the Antrim Reporter.

Respectfully submitted,
Leander Patterson
H. W. Eldredge
C. W. Prentiss
Committee

Social Dance

A Dance will be given at Grange Hall, in Hillsboro, on Friday evening, December 21. Don Weeks' Orchestra will furnish music. Admission, 25 cents. Adv.

Roger Brooks
CERTIFIED RADIOTRICIAN
HANCOCK, N. H.

Holiday Sale of Radio Tubes:
Single Tubes 15% off
Full Sets 25% off
Liberal Trade-in Allowance on all New Atwater-Kent, Grunow, Philco, Stewart-Warner, and Zenith Radios.
Tel. Hancock 6

Last Call on FURNITURE, RUGS, ETC.

AT AUCTION!

SALE ENDS SATURDAY EVENING OF THIS WEEK.

Last Chance to Buy Quality Rugs and Furniture at Your Own Price!

2 BIG AUCTIONS DAILY

EVERY AFTERNOON AT 2
Doors Open at 1

EVERY NIGHT AT 7.30
Doors Open at 6.30

Lenet - Kay Co., Inc., America's Foremost Furniture and Rug Auctioneers, In Charge

BLOOMER & HASELTON INCORPORATED
Keene, New Hampshire

CURRENT EVENTS PASS IN REVIEW

BALKAN CRISIS AROUSES THE POWERS TO PEACE ACTION— BUSINESS RECOVERY NEWS

By EDWARD W. PICKARD
© Western Newspaper Union

FOR a few days it seemed that Yugoslavia was determined to provoke another European war as an aftermath of the assassination of King Alexander.



Bogoljub Yefitch

Bogoljub Yefitch, Yugoslav foreign minister, appeared before the League of Nations council in Geneva and denounced the government of Hungary as responsible for the Marseilles murder, and his government pressed him to obtain concrete action in regard to the complaint.

At the same time Yugoslavia was deporting thousands of Hungarians from within its borders. Hungary, denying any responsibility for the killing of Alexander, protested bitterly against the deportations, and was supported by Italy in its position. France stood back of Yugoslavia, as did Czechoslovakia and Rumania.

Yefitch told leaders of the major European powers he preferred to withdraw the matter from the hands of the league and deal directly with Hungary rather than accept a mere "platonic" condemnation of terrorism.

"Our moderation has mistakenly been conceived to be weakness," he asserted.

The situation was genuinely threatening and the representatives of the great powers began to get busy. Pierre Laval, French foreign minister, told Baron Aloisi of Italy about the Serb threat, and a spokesman for the little entente admitted that the Belgrade government might be forced by public opinion to act unless the council's action was satisfactory.

Then Laval proposed to the league a plan involving an invitation to Hungary to conduct a careful inquiry into the murder of Alexander and to punish anyone found guilty of connection with the crime. This scheme was presented to Hungary and the little entente by Capt. Anthony Eden, British lord privy seal, and was accepted by them, to the great relief of the statesmen.

Meantime the tenseness of the situation was lessened by the sudden cessation of deportations of Hungarians from Yugoslavia, which action, it was said was due to the intercession of other powers, chiefly Great Britain and France. The Serb government probably realized that its cause at Geneva would be prejudiced by the continuation of the expulsions.

BOLIVIA, badly beaten by Paraguay, announced her acceptance of the League of Nations' plan for ending the war in the Chaco; and, although at the same time an order was issued for a general mobilization of all the country's available man power, it was believed the long struggle was near its ending.

The league plan provides for an armistice while a neutral international commission works out details of a settlement of grievances. Paraguay has not acted finally on the league's offer.

Secretary of State Hull notified the league that the United States would co-operate to bring about peace, promising that it would appoint a man for the neutral commission, and also that it would name delegates to a Pan-American peace conference at Buenos Aires to meet for the purpose of effecting a lasting settlement of the fifty-year-old border feud and insure future peace in South America.

HENRY FORD believes, as do many others, that recovery can be brought about by reviving industry and creating employment, and he is acting on his belief.

The motor magnate announces that he will spend an additional \$8,000,000 for further expansion and improvement of his company's thousand-acre plant at River Rouge, near Dearborn, Mich. This is in addition to the recent letting of contracts for nearly \$12,000,000 for two steel mills and power units for the plant, so the company will spend a total of about \$20,000,000 within a period of ten months for the development of the River Rouge plant.



Henry Ford

The new units now under construction and the cost of each are the steel finishing plant, \$3,100,000; the hot steel strip mill, \$6,111,000; the stripper building, for handling ingots, \$250,000; new steam and electrical units for the power house \$4,500,000; new blast furnaces and foundry equipment, \$2,120,400; and additional equipment of many kinds, costing \$3,144,250, made necessary by the shift from 24-hour to 10-hour daily production.

Evidently Mr. Ford has no fear for the future economic stability of the country.

IF a national program of grade-crossing elimination is adopted, employment for 750,000 men now on relief rolls can be provided for a period of six months and highway safety greatly promoted, according to a survey made

publy by the Security Owners' association. The program would involve 12,001 projects, and an expenditure of \$968,000,000 requiring 783,000,000 man hours of labor.

The association represents millions of depositors and insurance company policy holders, who own nearly half of the twelve billions in railroad bonds outstanding.

Each of the projects listed, the survey states, already has been passed upon by state commissions in public hearings and removal of the grade crossings recommended or ordered. The survey estimates that 85 per cent of the funds would go directly and indirectly into wages.

RESPONDING promptly to the President's invitation to co-operate with the government, the committees for business recovery recently appointed by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and the National Association of Manufacturers called a meeting for December 12 at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

Invitations have been sent to 100 leaders in the fields of commerce, industry, finance, and agriculture "to consider various suggestions for a constructive program to accelerate recovery from our existing economic condition."

The Chamber of Commerce of the United States, in its weekly Washington review, says the question of unemployment "continues as the one overshadowing problem confronting the government." The review adds that the new congress will be faced with arguments both for and against large public spending, but that there has been no indication of any final conclusion.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT returned from Warm Springs to his reconditioned executive offices in Washington with the greater part of his winter program completed. It will be presented to congress in his annual message on January 3. The major items have to do with expansion of the public works administration to provide work relief, revision of the NRA and the AAA, extension of power developments, social security insurance and low cost housing, and the paring down of the budget.

INTERESTING statements were made to the American Congress of Industry in New York by two of the President's closest advisers, Raymond Moley and Donald Richberg, director of the national emergency council. Professor Moley declared there is no workable substitute for the present capitalist economic system. "Basically," he said, "the New Deal was an effort to save capitalism and, by spreading the range of opportunity under it, to enable the average man to regain a measure of control over the conditions under which he lived. It seemed to me in 1933, as it seems to me now, that this effort to save capitalism was wise and just."



Donald Richberg

"By no stretch of the imagination could the vote of November, 1932, have been interpreted as a mandate for the abandonment of the capitalistic system. Finally, even had there been such a mandate, there was and is no workable substitute for our present system."

Moley expressed much optimism regarding business. He told the industrialists, in effect, that they need have no fear of any radical change in the present economic and social order, that industry was needed to stimulate trade, bring about recovery, and that in the last analysis it would be the business men who would distribute the wealth of the nation.

Mr. Richberg admitted the NRA had not achieved all its aims in its effort to bring about industrial self-government, but insisted that its fundamental principles must be preserved in permanent legislation for codes of fair competition.

He warned the manufacturers that the permanent law must be written in co-operation with labor and consumers, as well as private business and government, so that there should be neither work-consumer regimentation by business nor business regimentation by government.

Organized labor was soundly berated by C. L. Bardo, president of the National Association of Manufacturers. He said its contribution to national recovery had been "the most widespread inauguration of strikes, coercion, intimidation, and violence that the United States has ever seen, as evidenced by strikes in Minneapolis, Cleveland, textile industries, and the general strike at San Francisco."

Industry's platform for recovery, which was proposed at a meeting of the national industrial council, urging return to the gold standard, a balanced budget, and other orthodox economic measures, was adopted.

FOUR Americans, one Italian and two Englishmen were honored in the 1934 Nobel prize awards. Drs. George Minot, William P. Murphy and George H. Whipple were the joint winners of the award in medicine and were at Stockholm to receive the prize. Dr. Harold C. Urey of Columbia university, whose discovery of "heavy water," won him the chemistry prize, was represented by United States Minister Steinhardt. Luigi Pirandello of Italy received the literature prize. At the same time, Arthur Henderson of England, president of the world disarmament conference, received at Oslo, Norway, the peace prize for 1934 and Sir Norman Angell that for 1933.

NORMAN H. DAVIS, American ambassador-at-large and chief representative in the naval limitation conversations that have been going on in London, has given plain warning to Japan that if that nation insists on opposing the Washington naval treaty, security will be endangered, suspicion created and the world forced into a costly naval construction race. Mr. Davis was addressing the American Correspondents' association in London, but his words were meant for all the world to hear, and as his speech was the first comprehensive statement of the American position since the opening of the conversations, it was regarded as of the greatest importance. He also announced, for the first time, that President Roosevelt has proposed "a substantial all-around reduction in naval armaments."



N. H. Davis

Mr. Davis said that, since no agreement for armament reduction has been reached, the United States advocates the continuance of the Washington and London treaties with their assurance of "equality of security." Asserting that the Washington pact put an end to a ruinous naval race and established "a sound basis for peace in the Pacific and the Far East," he continued:

"Only by maintenance of the system of equality of security, with proportionate reductions downward of naval strength if possible, can there be maintained the substantial foundation for security and peace which has thus been laid. 'Abandonment now of the principles involved would lead to conditions of insecurity, of international suspicion, and of costly competition, with no real advantage to any nation.' Unofficially, it is said that when Japan gives formal notice that she is denouncing the Washington treaty, probably on December 20, the United States will immediately withdraw from the discussions in London.

PEACEFUL solution of the Saar plebiscite problem seemed assured when the council of the League of Nations unanimously and gladly adopted the report of the Saar committee embodying the Franco-German agreement for payment for the mines in case the region votes to return to the reich. Leading up to this settlement were two announcements of utmost importance. First, Foreign Minister Pierre Laval of France promised that French troops would make no attempt to enter the Saar territory before or during the vote on January 13. "I desire to announce," said he "that France will not participate in any international force which it may be found necessary to send into the Saar. We cannot participate in such a force because Germany cannot participate."

Then Capt. Anthony Eden, British lord privy seal, told the council that Great Britain would contribute troops to the proposed international force, provided Chancellor Hitler of Germany were willing that such an army should be sent into the territory. When Berlin was informed of this, a foreign office spokesman announced that Hitler's government would raise no objections to the plan.

Delegates of Italy and Czechoslovakia declared their countries would send troops, and Maxim Litvinov, Soviet foreign commissar, said he believed Russia would be willing to supply a part of the league force.

ATTORNEY GENERAL CUMMINGS held a four-day crime conference in Washington with some five hundred delegates, and President Roosevelt and Henry L. Stimson made speeches at the opening session. Criminologists, judges, lawyers and sociologists joined the government officials in devising a program to make the nation more law-abiding.

H. J. Anslinger, chief of the narcotic bureau, discussed the recent raids in many large cities in which his agents seized hundreds of dope peddlers, addicts and their equipment, and said the raids showed the need of more drastic laws against the dope evil. The matter of shady lawyers was taken up and Mayer C. Goldman of New York suggested that private counsel in criminal cases be abolished and a system of state defense lawyers be established. Treasury officials urged that their police authority against bootlegging should be broadened. These and many other topics were thoroughly discussed.

GUY T. HELVERING, commissioner of internal revenue, revealed in his annual report that forty-six Americans enjoyed net incomes of more than a million dollars last year, and one multimillionaire, richest man in 1933, netted more than five million dollars. In 1932 no one made more than five million dollars, and only twenty persons made a million or over.

Total net incomes for all persons in the country decreased slightly to ten billion eight hundred and forty-six million dollars in 1933, compared with eleven billions one hundred and eighty-five millions in 1932.

Corporation income showed a slight improvement last year, according to Helvering. He reported that 104,702 corporations showed net taxable incomes of two billion five hundred and six million dollars in 1933, compared with 78,775 corporations reporting net income of one billion eight hundred and fifty-two millions in 1932.

The great majority of corporations, however, still show no profit at all; 318,856 firms reported that instead of net income in 1933 they had net deficits aggregating four billion five hundred and eleven million dollars.



The Christmas Party by Martha Banning Thomas

"IF THIS isn't bad luck! Here I'm all packed and ready to go to Ridgefield . . . and I can't even get my car out of the garage!" Rudy gazed gloomily out of the window.

His mother gazed at Rudy. "I know, dear. I'm awfully sorry. But I don't think even trolley cars or trains will run after this blizzard. Perhaps none will go to the party."

"That doesn't help along my Christmas spirit any," replied her son. "It was to be a grand party. That Sallie Sims . . . you know, the girl with the hair I told you about . . . was to be there. It makes me boil!"

His mother waited a moment or so. "Why not work off steam shoveling the walk? You can help out the janitor. He's got more to do than he can handle."

"A fine substitute! Really, mother, sometimes it doesn't seem as if you appreciate how I feel. It's awful. Looked forward for weeks to this thing." He went on grumbling.

Without saying more, Rudy slammed out of the door. Soon his mother looked down from the third floor to see him half-buried in a drift by the entrance. He had borrowed a shovel from the janitor, and began working like a rotary plow. The snow fairly swirled away from him; he became a figure dimly seen in the midst of whirling flakes. "Good for him," smiled his mother; "I'm sorry he's disappointed, though."

She went about her usual preparations for Christmas, which was next day. Rudy and she lived alone in a small apartment and she sometimes felt smothered and lonely and disheartened. It was not the way in which she had lived before. Rudy's mother liked space; she hated crowded, city districts. However, she said nothing of this to her son. It was necessary, and she made the best of it.

After an hour or so she heard a scrambling up the stairs. The door burst open. Rudy stood there, red-cheeked, core red with snow, his eyes full of eager pleasure. Beside him was some one else. A slim figure with glorious hair like a cloud coming out from a small knitted cap. She was lovely with her high color and fresh outdoor beauty.

"Mother, this is Sallie Sims! Would you believe it, she's visiting an aunt in this same building! I'd never known it if I hadn't gone down to shovel. She saw me and came down to help. Isn't it wonderful? I've asked her to share our little tree with us . . . and tomorrow we're going sliding on the hill. It's simply grand . . . simply great!"

Sallie agreed. They were both heard to remark that evening that they didn't think that party would be so much. "It's never the party," laughed Rudy's mother. "It's the people who go to it—or stay away. What an awfully nice Christmas eve this has been." Rudy grinned at Sallie. Sallie tossed her lovely hair. "The best ever!" she said.

Dear Old Santa Claus By Earle Hooker Eaton

THERE'S lots of folks I'd like to know Who live in summer rain and snow; Who dwell as well, in cold and heat, And on earth's good old Easy Street, But here's the chap for loud applause, Our good old friend, dear Santa Claus.

Though men may come and men may go, Though kings speed fast and then go slow, There's one who gets here every year, On time with his old jingle deer, So hail this chap for loud applause, Our good old friend, dear Santa Claus.

The world is full of heroes great, On deck today, then out of date But where's the child who does not cheer For one famed Saint to men's' dear, Who does not give her loud applause For her good friend, old Santa Claus?

Grandpa Late to Christmas Feast by Charles Frederick Wadsworth

IT WAS past two when consternation seized the Christmas party at John Henry's.

The telegram read: Have had an accident. Do not wait dinner for me. JAMES H. ESTON.

"Goodness gracious." This from Grandma Eston, who had come on in advance to help Millie. "What do you s'pose has happened?"

John Henry grabbed the telephone and called Balltown. He got Doc Wilkins and asked if he had treated Jim Eston. No, Doc said, he "seen him in the mornin' drivin' around in his car."

Other sources of possible information were tried without success. The gay gathering of kin-folks settled down to apprehensive waiting.

Around three-thirty the youngsters complained of hunger. "Now children," Millie said, "we'll wait a while yet. Maybe Grandpa isn't hurt so bad he can't get here."

BRISBANE THIS WEEK

A Flying Vanderbilt— Communists and Tailors Was EPIC; Now It's EPIA In and Out of Who's Who

The original Commodore Vanderbilt, who ran a little boat from Staten Island to the mainland, then became the country's biggest railroad man and head of the New York Central, would be interested to know that his great-grandson, William K. Vanderbilt, according to Mr. Maury Paul, has built a big airplane for his personal travel. His branch of the Vanderbilt family will be independent of railroads, even of yachts, except for ocean crossings.

Mr. West of the Junior National Chamber of Commerce says one million five hundred thousand Communists are plotting to overthrow this government.

The famous "seven tailors of Tooley street," beginning their exordium, "We, the people of England," also planned to change things, but they did not. Mr. West's one million five hundred thousand Communists will not overthrow anything, either. Besides, there are not one million five hundred thousand. The number of real enrolled Communists in this country is under thirty thousand, and there are perhaps one hundred thousand pale-pink Communists.

If there were one million five hundred thousand there would still be about one hundred and twenty-two million Americans of a different color, determined to change this government in their way, if at all, and do it slowly.

Have you heard about "EPIA"? It is a new arrangement of letters invented by Harry L. Hopkins, administrator of federal emergency relief for President Roosevelt, and it means "End Poverty in America." Your mind hops back to Mr. Upton Sinclair's "EPIC," which meant "End Poverty in California," until the election ended "epic."

Mr. Hopkins is a powerful man, of strong will, great energy, and nobody will "pooch-pooch" his plan to abolish American poverty. He would spend public billions on "subistence homesteads" and rural rehabilitation programs, move families from poor lands to good lands, where they might prosper; lend government billions to buy tools, equip new homesteads, buy livestock, etc.

The new British "Who's Who" gives Hitler two lines. Frances Perkins is not in the book, although Greta Garbo is in, and Upton Sinclair, with a full account of his "EPIC."

Those left out must console themselves with the fact that Leonardo da Vinci, in all his writing, did not mention Christopher Columbus, and the duke of St. Simon, in his long memoirs, makes only one little mention of Voltaire, merely because "he was the son of my father's notary."

He was also the father of the French revolution, which put an end to the importance of French dukes. But St. Simon could not know that.

Washington says the President, in a financial imitation of Hamlet, asks himself just now: "To spend, or not to spend." If he proceeds with the full program of relief, supplying jobs and food, he must ask congress for more billions, perhaps nine of them, \$9,000,000,000.

If congress says yes, and the authorities foolishly decide to issue interest-bearing "inflation" bonds, that will mean paying not \$9,000,000,000, but \$18,000,000,000, the original plus interest.

Senator Huey Long, of Louisiana, says he has enrolled 1,400,000 Americans in his "share-the-wealth" plan. That seems a small figure for a plan to divide big fortunes. New York and Chicago had thriving "share-the-wealth" organizations before Senator Long started his. Some original gentlemen with share-the-wealth inclinations are in Atlanta penitentiary, some in a Colorado prison, some on Alcatraz Island, in the bay back of San Francisco.

At Tivoli, N. Y., the courtroom cheered when a jury acquitted a teacher, thirty-seven years old, for beating a thirteen-year-old boy with a rubber hose and allegedly hitting him with his fist. The man admitted using the rubber hose, but denied using his fist.

Had he admitted beating a young dog with a rubber hose, the courtroom would not have cheered.

Once, reporters tell you, Mrs. Edythe Townsend was rich, a wit, a beauty, and a lady, who visited at the White House, and had aristocratic ancestors. They found her dead, suicide by gas, in a small furnished room. She was fifty-eight years old, and, police said, "ill, lonely, impoverished, despondent." Those four words wipe out all past grandeur, fine ancestry, recollections of wealth.

Senator Borah, a sincere, independent American, wants the Republican party to reorganize itself, giving its "liberals" control. He would drive out the "reactionaries." If he did that, what and how many would he have left? Strip the blubber from a whale, humps from a two-hump camel, and you have little whale or camel remaining. "Grandpa," said John Henry, "please ask the blessing."

A Christmas Seal that Honors a Health Hero



Edward Livingston Trudeau



The "Little Red"



Memorial to Dr. Trudeau at Saranac Lake



The First Christmas Seal

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

SOME of our Christmas symbols date back for centuries and have been contributed to the lore of the Yuletide by many different countries. But there is one which is only 85 years old: Although it had its genesis in Denmark, America has been principally responsible for its rapidly increasing and widespread popularity. That is the Christmas seal, the symbol of health during the Christmas season.

The story of the origin of the Christmas seal is a familiar one—how Einar Holboell, a Danish postal clerk, in 1904 conceived the idea of decorating Christmas letters and packages with a penny seal to raise money for a much-needed hospital in Copenhagen; how his idea was approved by the Danish royal family and how the generous citizens of Denmark purchased enough seals to finance the building of the hospital and to provide a chance for health for many children.

The Christmas seal came to America in this way: Jacob Rills, the famous Danish-American author, found one of them on a letter from his homeland. Upon learning the reason for it, the possibility of using the same idea in this country immediately appealed to him. The result was an article in the Outlook magazine which attracted the attention of Miss Emily Bissell of Wilmington, Del., who was trying to raise money for a tuberculosis pavilion for children in her state and who saw in the sale of Christmas seals a solution to her problem.

That was in December, 1907, and \$3,000 was raised. The pavilion was built. As a result of this first successful sale, Miss Bissell was able to induce the authorities of the American Red Cross to undertake a nation-wide sale of tuberculosis Christmas stamps in 1908. Influenced by her leadership, women's clubs, religious groups, various publications, as well as local Red Cross chapters gave their support to the sale. By such united and enthusiastic effort more than \$135,000 was raised in the first national sale.

From 1907 to 1910, the National Tuberculosis association had been organizing a nationwide warfare against tuberculosis. These pioneers had the support of the foremost scientists, but very few funds for their work. To strengthen the organization's effort, the American Red Cross and the National Tuberculosis association joined forces to conduct the Christmas seal sale together. The Tuberculosis association became the general agent of the Red Cross and assumed the responsibility for the organization, conduct and methods of the seal sale; besides supervising the financial arrangements between national, state and local groups and determining the manner in which the funds were spent. The Red Cross gave the undertaking its moral and financial backing, its emblem and its name.

The partnership between the American Red Cross and the National Tuberculosis association lasted ten years. During that time the scarlet emblem of the American Red Cross appeared on the annual issues of Christmas seals. In 1919, however, the double-barred cross, international emblem of the anti-tuberculosis campaign and trade mark of the National Tuberculosis association, was also embodied in the design of the seal.

In 1920 the American Red Cross wished to concentrate its efforts on the annual Roll Call, begun during the World War. Because it did not wish to appeal to the public for funds twice a year, a new arrangement was made whereby the National Tuberculosis association conducted the seal sale alone and used as the sole emblem on the seals the double-barred cross. Since 1920, the seals have been "Tuberculosis Christmas seals."

This year, for the first time in the history of the Christmas seal, it depicts something other than one of the familiar Christmas symbols. Not only does it commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the tuberculosis sanatorium movement and the beginning of the first rational study of the disease in the United States but it also honors an American health hero, Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau.

For the picture on the 1934 Christmas seal, designed by Herman Glesen of New York, an Ohio boy who for a number of years has been drawing illustrations for children's books and magazines, is that of "Little Red," as it is familiarly called, a one-room cottage at Saranac Lake in the heart of the Adirondacks, which Doctor Trudeau built in 1894, just 50 years ago. There

he began his intensive observations resulting in the present methods of treatment of the disease. This little cottage was the nucleus from which sprang Trudeau sanatorium, a world-famous center for treatment and research and some 600 other sanatoria throughout the country.

Incidentally, Doctor Trudeau's first patient was himself. At the time the diagnosis of the disease was equivalent to a sentence of death. No cure was known, and the unfortunate individual contracting it could only mark time against the inevitable. But Edward Livingston Trudeau changed all that.

Trudeau was born in New York city on October 5, 1848, the son of a family of doctors, for both his own father and his mother's father were physicians. His father was also a lover of the outdoors, a friend of the great authority on birds, John James Audubon, whom he accompanied on some of the naturalist's scientific expeditions and for whom he often drew illustrations of birds and eggs. Young Trudeau inherited his father's love for the woods and this was to play an important part in his later life.

When Trudeau grew up he was not quite sure what he wanted to do. An older brother had gone into business, but this did not appeal to him. Finally he decided upon a career at sea and he was about to enter the United States Naval academy when something happened that was to change his whole life. His brother became very ill of tuberculosis and young Edward gave up his appointment to Annapolis and returned home to nurse his brother to whom he was greatly devoted.

In those days the infectious nature of tuberculosis was not fully understood and young Trudeau did not realize that his devotion to his brother would so seriously affect his own health. Of this Trudeau in his autobiography says: "We occupied the same room and sometimes the same bed. I bathed him and brought his meals to him, and when he felt well enough to go downstairs I carried him up and down on my back and I tried to amuse and cheer him through the long days of fever and sickness. . . . Not only did the doctor never advise any precautions to protect me against infection, but he told me repeatedly never to open the windows, as it would aggravate the cough; and I never did, until toward the end my brother was so short of breath that he asked for fresh air. . . . How strange that, after helping stifle my brother and infecting myself through such teaching as was then in vogue, I should have lived to save my own life, and that of many others, by the simple expedient of an abundance of fresh air!"

After his brother's death, Trudeau realized that he must start again on choosing a career, there being an added incentive in the fact that he had fallen in love with a New York girl, Charlotte Beare. He finally decided to become a doctor and in the fall of 1868 he entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York city.

Miss Beare allowed Trudeau to announce his engagement to her a year before he was graduated from medical school. The young couple went abroad after their marriage on June 29, 1871. On the return trip Trudeau began to show symptoms of tuberculosis, but they were not understood as symptoms at that time. He and his wife took a little cottage on Long Island and there spent a very happy year. But Trudeau felt that he would make more progress in his profession if he were in New York. He took a house in the city and two months later he was offered a partnership with a well-known physician. After Trudeau was settled in New York he began to feel tired all the time and was advised to have his lungs examined. The doctor who examined him told him that his left lung was actively tuberculous.

In those days consumption was considered absolutely fatal. Trudeau says:

"I pulled myself together, put as good a face on the matter as I could, and escaped from the office, after thanking the doctor for his examination. When I got outside, as I stood on Doctor Janeway's stoop, I felt stunned. It seemed to me the world had suddenly grown dark. The sun was shining, it is true, and the street was filled with the rush of noise and traffic, but to me the whole world had lost every vestige of brightness. I had consumption—that most fatal of diseases! Had I not seen it in all its horrors in my brother's case? It meant death and I had never thought of death before! Was I ready to die? How could I tell my wife, whom I had just left in unconscious happiness with the little baby in our new home? And my rose-colored dreams of

achievement and professional success in New York! They were all shattered now, and in their place only exile and the inevitable end remained!"

Trudeau thought that if he had only a short time to live he would like to spend it in the "peace of the great wilderness." He decided to go to the Adirondacks because of his love for the great forest and the wild life. In May, 1873, after a long, tiresome journey, he and a friend reached Paul Smith's, a famous hunting lodge in the Adirondacks. Mrs. Paul Smith's brother carried Trudeau upstairs, and put him down on the bed. Trudeau says he made the comforting remark: "Why, Doctor, you don't weigh no more than a dried lamb-skin!" But Trudeau didn't mind, for he was so happy to be in his beloved woods once more that he forgot the hardships of the trip.

Life in the mountain wilderness did wonders for him. In September he returned to the city with a gain of 15 pounds. But he soon lost ground again in his fight for health and again he went to the Adirondacks to spend the summer. Then he decided to spend the winter there, too, but it was with difficulty that he persuaded Paul Smith to permit him to stay, for so deep-rooted was the belief that a consumptive should seek a warm climate and avoid colds and storm that Smith did not want to be a party to the consequences if Trudeau subjected himself to the rigors of an Adirondack winter. Trudeau won the argument, however, and stayed. On his hunting trips during that winter the observations began which resulted in a complete revolution in the treatment of this disease.

"I found," said Doctor Trudeau, "that I could not walk far, enough to stand much chance of seeing any game or getting a shot without feeling sick and feverish next day, and this was the first intimation I had of the value of the rest cure. I walked very little after this, and my faith in the cure became more and more fully established."

From this time on Trudeau's health improved and it was not long before he began casting about for ways and means to let other sufferers share in the benefits he was deriving. He chanced to read of a Silesian sanatorium, Doctor Brehmer's, and he began working on the idea of one for the Adirondacks.

No information was available on the building of sanatoria, but Doctor Trudeau felt that close housing should be avoided and that segregation such as could be secured by the cottage plan was preferable, as by this means abundant fresh air supply could be secured and the irritation of constant close contact with strangers avoided.

Friends in New York began contributing funds and "Little Red" was the first cottage built. It consisted of a single room, 14 by 18, with a small porch. It was furnished with two beds and was heated by a wood-burning stove. This little cottage, now kept as a relic and a museum, was the first sanatorium in the United States where the modern treatment of tuberculosis was given.

As Doctor Trudeau's work became known he began receiving the co-operation of leaders in the medical profession, and his sanatorium became an assured success. His single-handed fight to regain his own health had resulted in so much good to others that he was looked upon as a leader in his field, and when the National Tuberculosis association was formed in 1904 he was unanimously chosen its first president.

In the years from 1893 to 1904, when the sanatorium was growing so rapidly, great sorrow came to Trudeau and his wife. In these years they lost their daughter, Chatta, a beautiful young girl, and their son, Ned, a young man of great promise, who had just started to practice medicine in New York. In speaking of his son's death, Trudeau says: "Through all these terrible dark days, the tender sympathy and love of our friends and his friends shone, and shines even now, like a soft light in the midst of impenetrable gloom."

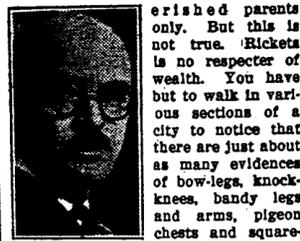
In spite of his sorrow and falling health, Trudeau kept his own light burning. It is burning still, although Trudeau died in 1915. The Trudeau sanatorium at Saranac Lake is the living symbol of Trudeau. The Trudeau spirit is still alive there and it will live as long as the personality of this man is remembered. It is like a lamp set in the wilderness for all those who need help and comfort in their battle against tuberculosis and the cheery colors of this year's Christmas seals are at once a tribute to Edward Livingston Trudeau and beacons of hope to those stricken by the white plague.

© by Western Newspaper Union.

Let Our Motto Be
GOOD HEALTH
BY DR. LLOYD ARNOLD
Professor of Bacteriology and Preventive
Medicine, University of Illinois,
College of Medicine.

RICKETS

Many persons have an idea that rickets is a disease affecting young children of impoverished parents only. But this is not true. Rickets is no respecter of wealth. You have but to walk in various sections of a city to notice that there are just about as many evidences of bow-legs, knock-knees, bandy legs and arms, pigeon chests and square-topped heads among the older persons in the well-to-do sections as there are in the poorer sections.



This is because when these persons were children, doctors did not know so much about rickets as we do today. And it is to be hoped that no child within the reach of modern medical knowledge will ever have to endure the physical handicap caused by this disease.

The only prevention and the only cure of rickets is an adequate supply of vitamin D. Sunshine is a great source of this important vitamin. It is for this reason that sun suits are ideal clothing for small children whenever the temperature permits, and why it is good even in zero weather for a child to have its nap on a sunny porch—the child of course to be kept warm, and its face protected from the direct glare of the sun. Ultra violet light, too, is a source of Vitamin D, but, except in a few instances, this is expensive and impractical.

The other great source of Vitamin D is in a very limited list of foods. The oil from fish liver leads—cod liver oil is the one with which we are most familiar; next comes egg yolk; and there is some Vitamin D in butter fat, and just a trace of it in mother's milk.

These foods also contain Vitamin A, a very important health promoting and general anti-infective vitamin.

Since we are not able to control the number of sunny days, our best hope of doing away with rickets is to see that the child gets the amount of vitamin D that he should have in the food he eats. This is what medical science is trying to do now. It might be interesting to note here that rickets first manifested itself in Europe in the Sixteenth century when people were more and more attracted to living in cities, with their dark houses and dark, narrow streets, and when people generally were living more of an indoor life, and babies were kept more and more in the house.

In this connection it might be interesting also to note an old folk remedy that is still used in England and Ireland. Dr. Langdon Porter, child specialist, tells of visiting the rural districts of England and Ireland and finding a concoction there that the grandmother in the family puts up every autumn for the grandchildren. She fills a jar with whole raw eggs and then covers it with sour wine. When the calcium in the shells is dissolved, she stirs the mixture vigorously, strains out the membrane of the egg, and then feeds a spoonful of the concoction to the children once or twice a day throughout the winter.

Modern science approves this remedy. There is calcium in the egg shell, vitamins in the egg yolk, and the acid of the wine acts as a preservative. Since milk is so generally a good food, health authorities in this country are now experimenting with four methods of increasing vitamin D in milk to the point where milk so treated will have a sufficient amount of this vitamin to prevent rickets. The first, is to treat yeast with ultra-violet light, which increases the amount of Vitamin D several hundred times. This activated yeast is fed to dairy cattle, and they in turn secrete in the milk enough vitamin D for it to be anti-rachitic.

Visitors to the 1934 Century of Progress saw a demonstration of this vitamin D milk in a dairy herd at the south end of the grounds. A second method is to expose the dairy cows themselves to ultra-violet light so that they build up their own vitamin D, and give milk with a higher percentage of this important vitamin. A third method is to treat the milk itself with ultra-violet light, and a fourth method is to add to the milk in concentrated form a tasteless cod-liver oil, so that the child gets both the milk and the valuable cod liver oil at the same time.

It is difficult to say as yet which of these methods will prove the best, and it will be interesting to watch their development. All of them, necessarily but unfortunately, add to the cost of the milk. But unless you can get this vitamin D milk, give your children a teaspoonful of cod liver oil and see that they are out every sunlight day. Older children may have the yolk of an egg. Children with rickets not only have softening of the bones but they are more liable to pneumonia and other diseases.

These measures should be for the dark months, beginning with October or November and through April. Rickets occur most frequently during the second half of the first year of life and the first half of the second year. Dark-skinned people, as negroes and Italians, are more prone to it than light-skinned people; their pigment acts as an armor against sunlight.

© Western Newspaper Union.



"WELL, if there isn't Jean Ellory!" Jean had been an old sweetheart of Salina's and she had not seen him for years; but she would know him in a million, for she had always loved him. He was busy cutting fancy figures on the ice. She stood watching him, her heart skipping beats as she did so.

The ice had been especially prepared for the Christmas holidays and Salina, in her pretty white wool sports outfit was gliding along, swan-like, still watching Jean Ellory out of the corner of her eye.

He must have felt the strong contact of her thought for suddenly he looked in her direction, but she quickly turned the other way. Then he skated more nimbly than ever, cutting a huge letter "S." She skated about pretending not to notice, but when he started off toward the far end of the lagoon she glided over to where he had cut the figures. There was the old-fashioned letter "S" and another and still another. There were "S's" all over. How she wondered if they represented the regular ice-cutter's "S" or if she really dared hope that they might by any chance stand for "Salina."

The snow was becoming heavier and more cumbersome and she noticed that most of the skaters had already left for home and celebrations.

All the way home she was thinking about Jean Ellory and stopping at intervals to trace his name in the snow. She must have written it a dozen times or more. The gifts she had been expecting for Christmas suddenly appeared insignificant and useless in comparison to the one vital gift—the love of Jean.

Only with a mighty struggle was Salina endeavoring to join in the Christmas celebrations, for her heart was nearly breaking.

"What is the matter, Salina?" questioned mother, as Salina almost choked with the lump in her throat.

"Nothing, Mother dear, only the Christmas spirit," answered Salina, bravely.

At this very moment Jean was hurrying home whistling merrily, his skates swinging over his shoulders. Suddenly he stopped short at seeing his own name displayed all over the snow, here, there and everywhere. "What on earth could that mean?" It was beautifully lettered and in a girl's handwriting!

Jean, stooping, carefully noted the letters in their every detail. He was determined to learn who the girl could be, who had so thought of him on Christmas eve that she had scrolled his name all over the snow.

Jean, quickening his pace, reached home, luckily before the celebrations had begun and skipped up the staircase two steps at a time to his own room. Most excitedly he dug through his belongings in search of a box of old valentines from school days. It was missing! Where could it be?

"Mother, have you seen my valentines?" shouted Jean.

"What on earth do you want with valentines on Christmas, Jean?"

"They are decorating the walls of my room and have been, for some time, my dear brother," taunted Clara-Bell.

The next moment Jean was tearing down the valentines regardless of his sister's protestations and began frantically examining their contents, still leaving mother and sister stupefied.

"Here it is! I knew it! This is the one!"

Crushed in the hand of Jean was a small red, lace-trimmed heart with the words, "To Jean, from Salina." 'Twas an exact duplicate of the letters in the snow. Now he knew! Dear old Salina! His childhood sweetheart!

The doorbell at Salina's rang with a loud peal right in the midst of the Christmas celebration.

"Who could be calling on Christmas eve?" they all wondered.

"You had better go, Salina," said Mother, sweetly.

Salina went, brushing aside a tear, as she did so. She opened the door, as if in a dream scene. She had apparently lost all sense of reality for the moment.

"Salina!" said Jean.

"Jean, dear," replied Salina. The "dear" just slipping out from her heart before she knew it.

"My name in the snow," said Jean.

"The letter 'S,'" whispered Salina.

"Merry Christmas!" shouted the whole family.

© Western Newspaper Union.

Makes Christmas Tree Last
Christmas trees hold their needles three or four weeks if their cut ends are placed in a vessel of water.



The Golden Rule
Currier & Woodbury
Morticians
 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

STEPHEN CHASE
Plastering!
 TILE SETTING
 BRICK WORK
 Satisfactory Work Guaranteed
 P. O. Box 204, Bennington, N. H.

George B. Colby
ELECTRICAL SERVICE
 Hillsboro, N. H.
 House Wiring a Specialty
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
 HUGH M. GRAHAM,
 JAMES I. PATTERSON,
 ALFRED G. HOLT,
 Selectmen of Antrim.

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.
 ARTHUR J. KELLEY,
 ROSCOE M. LANE,
 MYRTLE K. BROOKS,
 Antrim School Board.

James A. Elliott
Coal Company
 ANTRIM, N. H.
 Tel. 53

COAL
 at Market Prices
 Order Supply Now!
H. Carl Muzzey
AUCTIONEER
 ANTRIM, N. H.
 Prices Right. Drop me a postal card
 Telephone 37-3

Cousin Sarah's Visit
 by Katherine Edelman

ALL the times that Cousin Sarah could choose to come! Florence Gordon cried, as she crushed the telegram and threw it to the floor. "Could anything be more upsetting—more annoying?"

A few minutes before her heart had been aching with the joy of Christmas. She had been filled with satisfaction and pride as she looked around the "little bungalow." Her Christmas decorations had turned it into a place of beauty; it seemed to radiate the very spirit of the season.

But now everything was spoiled! Cousin Sarah, the most eccentric and utterly impossible of all her relatives was coming to spend the holidays with her and Ted.

At any other time Florence wouldn't have minded so much, for in spite of Cousin Sarah's peculiarities, she really had a feeling of affection for the little old lady.

But now she was overwhelmed by the thought of what the Andersons would think of her. Robert Anderson had charge of Ted's department, and was a big power in the company. During the past year, their only daughter had married and gone to live abroad—her husband had been given a three year appointment in Shanghai. Ted had made the suggestion that perhaps the couple were lonely and might enjoy spending Christmas with them. At first Florence would not agree; the thought of the rather pompous Mr. Anderson and his equally stiff-looking wife filled her with dismay.

Reluctantly she gave in to Ted's wishes. The invitation was extended, and to her surprise, readily accepted. Since, she had done everything possible to make the occasion a happy one. But now Cousin Sarah was coming to spoil all her plans!

As soon as Ted opened the door that evening, she rushed to him with the news.

"Well, what of it?" he answered carelessly. "One more won't make any difference."

"But—but, Ted, you know Cousin Sarah. There's no accounting for what she may say or do."

"I wouldn't let it worry me, honey. If the Andersons are the sensible peo-



She Might Break Loose With Some Freakish Stunt.

ple they ought to be, they surely won't mind an old lady acting up a little. But Florence continued worrying

IVY DESTROYS TREES, DISLIKED IN LONDON

The things the poet loves and writes about are not always counted blessings: Take the daisy, spoiler of lawns, or the buttercup, which usurps the place of good grass in the pasture. Americans come to England to see our "ivy-mantled towers," for they have none of their own, says London Tit-Bits Magazine. It is said that ivy has increased prodigiously in this country within the space of a century and is largely responsible for the ruinous condition of our ruins! That ivy kills trees is well known. One can see the process of strangulation going on all over the woodlands.

However, the office of works and the national trust, safeguarders of our buildings and beauty spots, are aware of their duty, and ivy-mantled towers and abbey ruins now are much fewer than formerly.

Ivy can be beautiful and decorative if properly controlled, pruned, and kept within bounds. Many a country cottage, and many an old mansion, is made lovely by its glossy leaves, and many people say that it saves walls from the weather, which would otherwise weaken and destroy them. Ivy, then, unintended and left to run amuck, is a curse, but ivy, trained and carefully restricted in its wanderings, may be a blessing.

Ted, being a man, couldn't understand, of course. He didn't stop to think that it might even hurt him in the office if something should happen.

Cousin Sarah arrived on Christmas eve, a queer looking figure, dressed in a rustling black silk gown of a cut and style long out of fashion. Florence's heart sank as she looked at her, but she tried to make her welcome sincerely.

The Christmas dinner threatened to be the stiff, unenjoyable affair that Florence had feared from the first. Ted had no right to invite such people as the Andersons. It seemed impossible to get them to unbend, to act in the natural, happy way that all people should act, especially at Christmas. Florence felt miserable, for there was also Cousin Sarah to worry about: at any moment she might break loose with some freakish stunt.

Cousin Sarah did. It seemed as if the stiffness and formality around the table was too much for her. Never had Florence seen her act so ridiculous. What would the Andersons think?

Florence was soon to know. She watched them become as delightfully human, as any folks could be. They were joining in Cousin Sarah's fun in a way that amazed her. And soon Grant Anderson was passing his plate for another helping of turkey, and Mrs. Anderson was praising everything in the most enthusiastic tones. . . . Cousin Sarah, whose visit Florence had dreaded so much, was turning a dull and uninteresting dinner into the very gayest kind of a party!

QUICK MEAL FOR CHILLY EVENING

Fried Pineapple With Boiled Ham Is Tempting.

By EDITH M. BARBER
 THE menu of the quick meal is especially good for a chilly evening when we are hungry. After a brisk walk, there is nothing like a good hot soup, especially if it is onion soup, because it is so filling within itself.

I have omitted the usual vegetable of the main course. Instead we will serve with the broiled ham pineapple fried in the fat which remains after pan-broiling ham. I am rather fond of cooking ham in a pan rather than in a broiler. Of course, you must pour off some of the fat as it cooks, but it seems to me that the meat is less likely to be dry when it is cooked this way, especially when you have the butcher cut it very thin.

Boiled rice will go very well with the ham. If you like you may stir in a little minced onion and the remaining bacon fat, or you may prefer it plain. Possibly you will like to make a gravy with the fat as a foundation and pour it around the rice when you serve it.

I am suggesting strawberry cake which you may prepare just before you serve it, or the night before, if you have time. If you want a still more elaborate dessert, you may serve it a la mode with vanilla ice cream. Instead of the fresh berries, canned fruit may be used for a dessert of this sort. Just be sure that the fruit is well washed before you pour it over the cake. You may reserve a few whole berries or slices for a garnish.

- Quick Meal.**
 Onion Soup
 Chilled Sliced Carrots
 Broiled Ham
 Sauté Pineapple Boiled Rice
 Strawberry Cake
 Onion Soup.
 3 slices bread
 6 medium-sized onions
 3 tablespoons butter
 1 quart soup stock, or
 5 bouillon cubes and 1 quart water
 ½ cup grated or strained cheese
 Slices onions and brown in butter.

Add soup stock and bring to boil. Put in casserole. Slice bread half inch thick, cut in halves, and toast lightly. Float on top of soup and sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in hot oven, 500 degrees Fahrenheit, ten minutes, or until cheese melts.

Sautéed Pineapple.
 Open can of pineapple rings and drain. Reserve juice for a beverage or for a flavor of a gelatin dessert. Fry pineapple rings in a little hot ham fat, adding more fat as you need it. Serve around the ham and fill centers with currant or cranberry jelly.

Strawberry Cake.
 Remove the crusts from a small loaf cake. Dry crusts in oven and roll. Crush one pint of berries with sugar to taste. Pour over the loaf cake and set in the refrigerator. Occasionally baste with the fruit juice. Garnish with whipped cream and sprinkle with the rolled crumbs and cut in slices for serving.

Syrian Rice.
 2 tablespoons butter
 1 cup rice
 1 teaspoon salt
 2 cups boiling water
 Melt the butter and cook the washed rice in it three minutes. Add water and salt. Cover and cook over low flame twenty minutes. Turn out heat and let rice steam fifteen minutes.
 © Bell Syndicate—WNE Service.

To Clean Vases
 Discolored flower vases may be cleaned easily by chopping a raw potato into small pieces.

Put them into the vase, add a little vinegar and shake well. Then wash the vase in soapy water and rinse in cold, clear water.

This is also a successful way of cleaning discolored bottles where one cannot get a rag inside. Be sure to chop the potato very small for bottles with narrow necks or otherwise use a spoonful of rice.

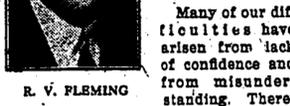
This with the vinegar will clean the sides of the bottles if shaken well. Turn out and rinse.

For Your
 Job and Book Printing
 Patronize the
 REPORTER PRESS
 Antrim, N. H.

ADJUSTING BANKING TO CHANGING NEEDS

By ROBERT V. FLEMING
 Vice President American Bankers Association

BANKERS recognize that changing conditions require new methods of doing business. However it is their responsibility to retain those essential and sound financial principles upon which this country was founded and has grown to be what is still the richest nation in the world.



R. V. FLEMING

Many of our difficulties have arisen from lack of confidence and from misunderstanding. Therefore it behooves the banker to bend every effort to create a better public understanding of sound banking and thereby bring about that united effort and cooperative spirit which will hasten the day of national recovery and restore to the banker the confidence of the public to which he is entitled.

As an approach to the realization of this ideal, bankers should carefully scrutinize every application for a loan to see if it is bankable and, if it is not in bankable form, then make further examination to see if the loan can be made so, in order that the uses of credit may be stimulated.

Explaining Loan Factors to Customers
 We must not expect our customers to be bankers and understand all the factors which we must consider before granting a loan. If we find that a loan is not, and cannot be made, bankable, then I think we should take pains to explain to the applicant the reasons why it cannot be granted.

There are other measures which I think it important for the banker to undertake in order to eliminate the misunderstandings which have arisen and overcome the sentiment which exists. Under present conditions we have to operate under many laws and regulations, and also watch what further legislation is being proposed which affects our methods of operation and may not be in the best interest of the communities we serve. Nowadays it seems at times we must sit with a law book in one hand and a book of regulations in the other in order to make certain we are discharging our daily duties and functioning strictly in accordance with the law. All of this is very trying, yet I think in the end we shall become better bankers.

I believe it is the duty of every banker today to endeavor to understand the public he serves. In addition to his daily duties, trying as they are, he should participate in the activities of his community, so that, with the fund of information available to him, he may be as helpful as possible in all public and civic matters.

COMPTROLLER COMMENTS INSTITUTE OF BANKING

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The American Institute of Banking, said to be the most successful project of its kind in the field of applied adult education, has performed a valuable function in training bank clerks for "sound public service as well as personal success," J. F. T. O'Connor, Comptroller of the Currency of the United States, said here in a recent radio address. The institute is a section of the American Bankers Association.

"While imparting useful knowledge, it has improved the morale of banking personnel and has stimulated in its members an intelligent interest in national and international monetary problems," Mr. O'Connor said. "Its courses cover a wide field in banking. Among the subjects, one finds Bank Organization and Operation, Commercial Law, Negotiable Instruments Law, and Economics, in the Pre-Standard Division; followed by such subjects as Money and Banking, Credit Management, Financial Statement Analysis and Bank Management, in the Standard Division."

"Each and every subject is one which is necessary to a knowledge of banking. However, the institute does not stop here, but encourages graduate study in Corporation Finance, Trust Service, Farm Credit Administration and Business Forecasting. Again it emphasizes in special courses the importance of the less technical but highly beneficial study of Constructive Customer Relations, Banking Fundamentals and Public Speaking. No comment is necessary on these courses; their value is at once apparent."

When In Need of
FIRE INSURANCE
 Liability or
 Auto Insurance

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

Junius T. Hanchett
Attorney at Law
 Antrim Center, N. H.

EZRA R. DUTTON, Greenfield
Auctioneer
 Property of all kinds advertised and sold on easy terms
 Phone, Greenfield 34 21

J. D. HUTCHINSON
Civil Engineer
 Land Surveying, Levels, etc.
 ANTRIM, N. H.
 Telephone Connection

John R. Putney Estate
Undertaker
 First Class, Experienced Director and Embalmer
 For Every Case.
 Lady Assistant.
 Full Line Funeral Supplies.
 Flowers Furnished for All Occasions.
 Calls day or night promptly attended to
 New England Telephone 19 2, at Residence, Corner High and Pleasant Sts.,
 Antrim, N. H.

Help Kidneys
 If poorly functioning Kidneys and Bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Itching, or Acidity try the guaranteed Doctor's Prescription Cystex (Sias-tax) —Must fit you up or money back. Only 75¢ at drugstore.
Cystex

"I Can Work Every Day Now"

If you must be on the job EVERY DAY, take Lydia E. Pinkham's Tablets. They relieve periodic pain and discomfort. If you take them regularly . . . and if yours is not a surgical case . . . you should be able to avoid periodic upsets, because this medicine helps to correct the CAUSE of your trouble.



"I am a factory worker. I was weak and nervous and my stomach and back pained me severely, but since I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Tablets the pains don't appear anymore." —Miss Helen Kolashi, 3906 N. Christiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S TABLETS
 Ask Your Druggist for the 50¢ size

"I took your Tablets for painful periods. My back ached and I had cramping pains. This medicine relieved the pain immediately. I am able to do my work now." —Mrs. C. C. Woodard, Route 3, Box 71, Montpelier, Vt.

Djer-Kiss
PARFUM
 Solves Christmas Problems

This famous French fragrance, beloved of every woman, makes possible most generous giving, yet so inexpensively. Enduringly popular, of matchless delicacy, long-lasting—you can give nothing more welcome.

Individually Boxed
 \$2.00

Genuine Djer-Kiss Parfums may also be had in a dainty purse-size vauette for only 25¢