

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME LIV NO. 3

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1936

5 CENTS A COPY

Weekly Letter by George Proctor, Local Fish and Game Conservation Officer

The Humane Societies are about to make a big drive on stock of all kinds being housed out of doors and also to see that barns and out buildings are boarded in for the winter. Many complaints have come in to the Society hence the drive.

Who wants a corking good looking Irish Setter, female? Well bred dog and free to a good home.

The power of the press is beyond comprehension. Last week I asked if anyone wanted a good square piano. Before the ink was hardly dry on this paper I had seven calls and the piano was in its new home at 4 p. m., the same date of the issue of the paper. Quick work. Any one else who has a piano to give away let me know I have six more customers.

The state of Pennsylvania has got a class of 35 men enrolled in conservation work of Wild game raising. California has started a started a college of Game Protection.

Believe it or not but a doe deer on Capt Breton Island, N. S., gave birth to triplets, fawns, and all lived. Beat that one.

Many flock of wild geese have gone over the past week. They are protected now and there is a fine of \$500 if you shoot any kind of water fowl in this zone.

Try to do any business on a Saturday afternoon while some of the big football games are in session and on the air. Can't be done.

Last week we attended a meeting of the Bristol Fish and Game club at Bristol. Had supper with Mr. and Mrs. "Slim" Baker and later attended the meeting. This club has reorganized with 77 members. Mr. Murray of the main office at Concord showed moving pictures of N. H. Wild Life. Refreshments were served. It seemed good to get back to Bristol as I know a good many of the boys in that club.

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Best Pottery Made in America

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Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap Feted at Party

A surprise party was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Tenney to Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Dunlap Monday evening, Nov. 23, on the occasion of their fortieth wedding anniversary. Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap, with a few friends, were invited to supper, and after supper about thirty-five others walked in. Various games, brief remarks by several, a reading by Mrs. A. D. Perkins and singing by George G. Curtis, Mrs. Byron G. Butterfield and Mrs. Tenney filled the evening with pleasure for all. Light refreshments were served. A sum of money was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap, who responded with words of hearty appreciation.

Services Held for Mrs. Ellen A. Gokey

Funeral services for Mrs. Ellen A. Gokey, who died Tuesday, November 24, were held at the home on Elm St. Friday afternoon, with Rev. Ralph H.

Robert Wellington, N. H. Traveler, Writes About South American Trip

Leaving New York on the S. S. Van Rensselaer of the Royal Netherlands Line, on Friday, Oct. 23rd, the steamer proceeded directly south. Four interesting days at sea, long talks with the officers, they all have a full stock of tales about the sea, when they're off duty, leaning against the railing, feeling the sting of the wind as it whips past you, listening to the officers as they tell their interesting tales of the sea.

One finds plenty to do on a small ship, no matter what one's interest may be. You might wander into the galley and learn the fine points of cooking, or the captain may take you to the lofty bridge and explain navigation. Some of the passengers contented themselves with watching the schools of porpoises leap far out the water, or eagerly follow flying fish skimming speedily across the surface. You search the horizon for the first speck that signals an approaching ship, and you'll look eagerly for the masts, smokestacks, and decks to rise in the distance until the whole of the ship is seen. And when you enter port, whether it is mid-night or dawn or mid-day, you'll be out on deck, watching intently as fishermen in tiny boats, resembling small Chinese junks, toss wildly in the wake of your ship. How to spend your days on a cargo ship is never a problem. The problem is to find minutes for all there is to be done.

We arrived at Port-au-Prince, the capitol of Haiti, with the temperature at 105° on Wednesday. Haiti is a republic comprising the western part of the island of Santa Domingo (or Haiti). The primary education is free and compulsory, but instruction is in a very backward state, especially in the rural districts. The religion of the nation is Roman Catholicism, the clergy being French. We rode by car from Port-au-Prince to Mount Kenskoff, which is about 4500 feet above sea level, one sees many sugar cane plantations and sugar mills. The chief products of Haiti are coffee, cacao, and sugar and these with sides and skins, honey and mahogany are practically the entire export trade. The trend of their local business is largely determined by the yield and price of coffee.

On Mt. Kenskoff flowers grow wild in great abundance. There are hundreds of bushes of Poinsettias, from eight to twelve feet in height; Hibiscus, lilies and many other brilliantly colored flowers that make the mountain an artist's palette.

Leaving Port-au-Prince on Wednesday evening we were two days crossing the deep-blue Caribbean

Union Church Service at Hancock

On Sunday evening at 7:30 a union service of worship will be held in the Congregational church of Hancock under the auspices of the West Hillsboro County Ministers Association. The people of the nearby towns, including Antrim, are cordially invited. The speaker will be Rev. Vaughan Dab-

Tibbals officiating. Mrs. Benjamin F. Tenney sang one selection. Interment was in Maplewood cemetery. The bearers were Bradbury J. Wilkinson, Edwin D. Putnam, Harlan Sweet and Leander Patterson.

Ellen A. Gokey was born in Johnson, Vermont, daughter of Charles and Eliza (Myers) Gokey. She was 81 years of age. She lived in Manchester for several years before coming to Antrim. She has been a resident of Antrim for about fourteen years and joined the Antrim Baptist Church soon after coming here, coming by letter from Merrimack Street Baptist Church in Manchester.

She is survived by a sister, Mrs. Amanda F. Bowman, and several nieces and nephews.

Water From Gregg Lake Gives Work to Majority of the People of Antrim

Antrim, N. H. at its utmost beauty: which "the natives" also appreciate.

Yours very truly,
Rachel E. Conghey.



Make It Warm for HIM!

Give him something to wear that will insure comfort during the cold winter days.

Many Christmas suggestions here for you.

Tasker's
HILLSBORO

Xmas Notice!

To the first 25 little girls in Antrim and Bennington between ages 2 to 10 calling Saturday a.m., December 12, a present: a Green dropside Doll Bassinet and Mattress.

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A lifetime guarantee with each pen.

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THE NEW PLUNGER FILLER ZIP! Only One Pull and It's Full! You can write for Three Months on one filling! No Repair Bill! No Lever Filler! No Pressure Bar! GET YOURS NOW! THIS PEN IS GIVEN FREE.

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Pencils to match 26c
AT THE MAIN STREET SODA SHOP, Antrim, N. H.

Limit 3 Pens
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PATTERNS of WOLFPEN

By HARLAN HATCHER

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WNU Service

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

After a long time, they reached a fork of the ridge. "But the deed says nothing at all about a fork," Reuben said. "Which way do we go?" And the Patterns were embarrassed because no one had been there in many years. They tried the left fork. There was the big rock and a small clump of great walnut trees. There were no marks, but Abral was so sure that he seized an ax and cut through the bark into the tree, exposing a black scar where Barton had once sunk his ax.

"I guess we'll have to make you our reconnoiter, Abral," Reuben said.

"What's that?" demanded Abral. Reuben smiled at him. "The chap who goes ahead of the detachment to spy out the enemy and get shot first."

"I guess the Indians are all gone now."

"I hope the corner trees aren't."

Julia was riding up Wolfpen. They watched the Finemare pace the Long Bottom and disappear into the orchard.

"That will give us a start," Reuben said. "We'll get course and distance on this line tomorrow. It's a big job we have on our hands."

They went on to the head of Barn Hollow, and then made their way down the cool seclusion of its tiny branch toward the house. The sound of the dinner bell went up Wolfpen, portions of itself splitting off at each hollow and dying away among the leaves of the underbrush.

"I don't reckon we could have timed it any better than that," Sparrel said.

Sparrel introduced Reuben, and Julia spoke kindly to him.

"I'm right sorry I was gone just when you came. I don't very often leave the place."

She helped Cynthia with the dinner table.

The afternoon, Jasper went to get help for the surveying, and Jesse and Abral went to the fields. Reuben studied the deeds again, making notes in his brown book. Cynthia brought red scraps of cloth to tie into the marking pins so they could be easily seen by the chainmen, and a large red square to fasten on the flagpole. "I don't reckon I ought to tell him I wove them myself."

"Have you any idea how long it will take to run off this place?" Sparrel asked.

"It'll take a long time. Most of the summer. At least I hope so," Reuben added and laughed.

The days soon slipped into a quietly exciting routine, pushed forward by the activity of morning and evening and the pleasant talk of the men about the small details of their work. It was almost as if the old and customary adjustment of life on Wolfpen were upset not by destruction but by the creation of a new quality of enlargement. Cynthia knew that the joyous tension under which she carried the increasing burden of the housework had come from the presence of Reuben.

Their few words were outwardly the commonplace greetings at the wash rock before the meals, or a phrase at the table, or a polite word as he sat down before the drawing table arranged for him in one corner of the kitchen. But deep within each of them, where the life of a word begins before it is wrapped and delivered in sound, were being formed those mysterious rearrangements of the soul which adjust two people to the recognition of love.

Each evening after supper Reuben would sit for a time on the porch with Sparrel, watching the first evening stars take form above the valley, or he would walk to the barn with the boys. In that interval, Cynthia would finish the dishes and place the clean and polished lamp on the table neatly covered with Reuben's materials for plotting the lines he had surveyed on that day. Then he would come in with the brown leather note-book recording the day's journey through the underbrush, into the hollows and over the hills Sparrel and the boys would crowd about him to watch the curious process of reproducing in miniature on a piece of brown paper the boundaries of the place they had surveyed.

"There," Reuben said, pointing with the pencil, "is Cranesnest. Then we went straight to the walnut tree, and there is the hollow, and then up the hill to that first big poplar, and down that gully to the big stone in the creek right there . . ."

deeper than thought. It was one with the moist air stirring over the valley, gently cooler than her own flesh, laden with the mysterious life-throb of all the years, communicating to her the secret and the urgency of its way. She yielded herself to it eagerly and naturally with senses untouched by her thought or her will and she felt exalted by this strange and secret ache in the eternal mystery of the night and under the unhurried and timeless stars above Wolfpen.

"It's a soft night. You can feel the live wind come fresh out of the woods and rust softly over your face and delicately under your dress and around your body. And then you are not tired and more, and you seem more alive than you ever were before. Next to the curiosity of the way the chickens crow in the morning, like they thought it was time for the day and God had forgot to light up the sun and set it over Cranesnest, and then they wait a little while in quiet to give Him a chance to remember before they break out again; and suddenly when they do the dark begins to run down from the Pinnacle, slow, fast, and then faster until the sun pops up and takes the valley and all the chickens crow again a third time bigger than ever as though they had done the miracle—next to that in this place is the night-sounding quiet at the end of May and the way it goes inside of you and makes something happen to you and you tremble with it. The way it is now. It is not the tremble of seeing a snake swallowing a toad in the afternoon. It's the tremble of being born or released instead of devoured. It feels like the night were trying to say something to you and you can hear it speak. I know what it means even without the words. I reckon Rebekah heard it saying wordless things to her when she listened under the stars in the Holy Land and thought of Isaac in a far country: that she is a woman and that love can reach over a long way and touch her and take her even to another place; and that the life in her will go on in a new place far from her father's land. It begins the way the corn comes up, the fragile blades curled tight into a green gem, boring its way through the ground. You can't see how such a tiny blade can move away the dirt and climb out of the place where it was buried without breaking. If you just so much as touch it it goes to green water and scum on your fingers. But almost overnight the blades unwind in arched pairs from the stalk and when you hold the two points together they make the figure of a heart.

Does Reuben feel the living thing in the woods when he is all day among the timber, and do the sweet damp smells of the hollow and the intervals of silence in the midst of hill sounds show things inside of him he hadn't found there before? The way he looks up at me and the shine comes into his eyes, like he had been away and had just got back and was happy over it. Reuben's face keeps changing like he took each thing and placed it higher or lower than something else. He looks at me over the head of the others when they don't take up all there is in something he or Daddy says, and he smiles at me to say, "You see all the colors in a rainbow, not just the red." I don't, though. Things have been happening so fast and so strange I can't get them all straight and I just sit out here in the night possessed by them and wondering what's going to happen next. I could nearly wish it might stay just the way it is. But it doesn't ever stay the way it is. The night itself goes on. I reckon from the movement of the stars I ought to be back at the house. If you could just gather up an armful of an evening like this the way you do wild honeysuckles and put it away to feel and look at after the moment is gone . . ."

CHAPTER IX

It could not be gathered up, and there were the other men to be cared for now that the surveying was well under way. They made the table very large. There was York Burney whom Reuben had accepted and trained as chainman, and there was Spur Darton who had come as ax-man. And there was red-haired and toothless Ezra Ferguson from above Horseridge.

She knew how it would be but she did not dream of complaining or phrasing an inhospitable thought. She could hear his ax on the hill above the orchard clearing a sight through the trees for Reuben's compass, and then the voice of Reuben calling to Abral to move the rod a little to his left.

"I guess the corn and the sheep and the plums and Mother's poppies can grow all right this spring without me looking after them. God can see after these things by Himself without much help from anybody, but He leaves the kitchen and the beds to the women-folk, and if they don't do them, they don't get done."

Then Shellenberger came again near the first of June, riding down Wolfpen on Nelson's mule and bringing Mullens with him. Mullens was a hard black man of forty, who had spent his years among the timber-lands of Pennsylvania as field manager and boss of

the lumber camps. Shellenberger had brought him in to supervise the whole process of getting out the timber.

"Good evening, Mrs. Pattern. Back again."

"Howdy, Mr. Shellenberger."

"This is Luke Mullens, who manages the woods for me."

"You are right welcome," Julia said.

Mullens looked out from under his deep black eyebrows and did not say anything.

"Just sit down on the porch. The menfolks are still surveying. They ought to be in any minute now," Julia said.

Julia arranged the chairs a little closer together on each side and added two plates for the strangers.

"Five extra menfolks makes the work heavier," Cynthia said.

"It's nothing for womenfolk to excite themselves over," Julia said.

But the work was greater and harder, and its demands and the coming of the heat, the extra washing and ironing, cooking and dish-washing and the unusual excitement were tiring to Julia and Cynthia, and Julia was finding it hard to get time and strength to keep her garden neat. Neither were the fields so frequently and carefully worked this spring. Never had a Wolfpen bottom gone without adequate cultivation. But the survey must come first, and one of the boys working each day could keep ahead of the weeds. Julia saw these things and Sparrel saw them. But they had guests and they were selling land.

There was much talk among the menfolks in the yard after supper.

"How is the survey getting on?" Shellenberger asked.

"All right," Reuben said. "Some days we run a great deal when it's level, or not too grown up and the marks can be found. Other times we spend most



"Oh, No. He Doesn't Sleep With Me—I Sleep by Myself."

of a day trying to get one straight line up and down a hill to a corner, we can be certain of. But it gets on as well as common."

"When will you get around it?"

"I couldn't say about that. These deeds give no course and only an approximate distance, so we have to feel our way along. Maybe two or three months, more or less." Then he came into the kitchen, where Cynthia was washing dishes, to get his map to show Shellenberger.

It was the first time since he came to Wolfpen that he had been alone with her. Cynthia was acutely aware of his presence.

"I guess I can show him better than I can tell him," Reuben said, lifting the thumb-tacks with the blade of his knife.

"I guess you'll have plenty of help tomorrow."

"Yes, I reckon. Are those men going to stay here, too?"

"I guess Mother is fixing up another bed in your room for them. I don't reckon you mind them being there."

"Not at all. Only, I'm afraid we're making too much work for you, with all these extra people to cook for and look after. We don't want to overdo your hospitality."

"It isn't much more," she murmured simply. And then, when he was gone out to the men: "He's the poorest man that ever I saw in my life in his words. But that hard black man, I don't like him, and I'm glad Reuben Warren is one of the men, and not just that Shellenberger and his man who doesn't say anything." And she was less tired because of the gentle words of Reuben.

". . . and today we went over this ridge which you crossed farther north about there, and we ought to reach the watershed tomorrow and turn northwest and parallel Gannon creek into the territory you want to buy." Cynthia could see him in the last visible twilight, pointing with his pencil while Sparrel held the other end of the brown paper and Shellenberger and the dark man looked on.

"These are the creeks I have sketched in, just roughly indicating how they radiate into Wolfpen

As Reuben pointed and explained, Shellenberger twirled his cigar and said, "I see . . . I see."

"Looks good to me, Mr. Pattern," he said. "I'd like to go over the ground with my field man here and begin to get the lay-out planned a bit so we can get to work as soon as possible. I suppose you can put us up for a few days until we can see where we are? Of course I'll pay you for lodging."

People had come and gone in Wolfpen Bottoms through the century. They were still surveying. They ought to be in any minute now," Julia said.

Julia arranged the chairs a little closer together on each side and added two plates for the strangers.

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People had come and gone in Wolfpen Bottoms through the century. They had eaten at the Pattern house, they had slept in Pattern beds, and their mules had been stabled in the Pattern barn. But no man, not even peddler or a drover, had ever paid for a lodging, or given coin in exchange for a meal. Without hesitation, Sparrel spoke the only custom he knew for men to meet by.

"Stay here and welcome, but there isn't any charge when a man comes to your house."

"Then suppose we just give the money to the women," Shellenberger said.

Cynthia heard from the kitchen where she was hanging up the pan. The thought of pay for cooking for menfolks had never occurred to her before. But when Shellenberger mentioned it, the thought grew less strange and remote, and as he stayed with her there in the kitchen, the thought of having money of her own for her work became attractive. "It's only because it's no fun to mix bread and say to yourself, 'This is for that Shellenberger and his black-eyed helper,' as if they want to give money for it maybe they ought to give it. Only you don't think about it when you make the bed or dip a spoonful of honey for Reuben. Money for cooking for a man? I just reckon this spring everything is all reckoned around till a body can't recognize the way things are."

". . . for we'll be extra trouble, and I'd feel more like asking for what I want if I was paying for it," Shellenberger was saying.

Sparrel dropped it there. They sat on the porch listening while Shellenberger told of his return to Pittsburgh and of the business and the bustle of the great world beyond the hills.

"We're on the edge of great things in the Ohio valley," Shellenberger said.

"I reckon it all depends on just what a man wants in this world. Saul and Barton and Tivis Pattern found building a place like this a great thing. And it's been a good place to live."

Sparrel said.

"Sure," Shellenberger agreed. "But a thing can't just stay one way, you know. We have to go on with progress."

Julia came quietly to the porch, saying, "The beds are ready, and I've fixed one for the two men in with Jesse and Reuben."

"I'm ready to turn in," Shellenberger said.

"Where's this man to sleep?" Shellenberger asked.

"He can sleep with you," Sparrel said, simply and naturally as custom.

"Oh, no. He doesn't sleep with me. I sleep by myself."

Sparrel had never known a man to object to sharing a bed in another man's house. He looked at Shellenberger, and then at Mullens and then at Reuben. "I guess the beds are about all full now but yours," Sparrel said.

"He can sleep just anywhere," Shellenberger said. "Give him a blanket or something."

But the black man had got out of the room and did not answer Sparrel's call. Shellenberger went on with his undressing. He turned back the bright tulip-patterned quilt Julia had spread with care over the bed. He saw that there was only one sheet on the bed.

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"And I want another sheet, please, to sleep under and a single small pillow if you have one."

Sparrel stood looking at him, but Julia had heard him speak, and without revealing any of the hurt to her pride, she got them quietly from the linen closet and gave them to Sparrel. Reuben, lying on the bed and looking up at Sparrel, could feel him restraining speech before his sense of outrage.

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Uncle Phil Says:

That Is Perfection

Perfection does not consist in doing singular things; but it does consist in doing common things singularly well.

A man who knows that his hardships made the best part of his character may not want his son to have hardships.

Always be sure your friends can grant the favor before you ask it; then there won't be the pain and embarrassment of refusal.

Admitting our faults is half way to correcting them; but the laziest half.

Don't Live for Less

Never allow yourself to live for anything less than your highest ideal. If you do, you will deteriorate.

All friendships between men are based on the fact that the two are somehow happy in each other's company.

Everyone remembers what a great man says. So much the worse for his reputation for consistency.

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Development of Character
You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.—James Anthony Froude.

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Ambition keeps some men going, and revenge others.

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QUICKLY

IT'S BY RELIEVING BOTH THE IRRITATED TISSUES OF THE THROAT AND BRONCHIAL TUBES. ONE SET OF INGREDIENTS IN FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR QUICKELY RELIEVE BOTH THESE IRRITATED TISSUES TO KEEP YOU FROM COUGHING. ANOTHER SET ACTUALLY ENTERS THE BLOOD, REACHES THE IRRITATED BRONCHIAL TUBES, LOOSENS PHLEGM, HELPS BREAK UP EXCESS PHLEGM, SPEEDS RECOVERY. CHECK WITH YOUR DOCTOR. BEFORE OTHERS CATCH IT. CHECK IT WITH FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR. IT GIVES QUICK RELIEF AND SPEEDS UP RECOVERY.

WNU-2 49-31

Hugh Bradley Says:

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**Huddle Info Reveals
\$253 Is Necessary
for Big Ten Player**

IT COSTS \$253 to get each Big Ten football player ready for a game. This includes such items as equipment, coaches' salaries and stadium upkeep, but fails to include the prep school draft price, intercollegiate waiver price and incidental rewards, emoluments and bonuses . . . Bill Osmanski, Holy Cross's great sophomore fullback, wants everybody to know that his kid brother, Joe, is even better. Joe right now is achieving numerous touch-downs for Central High of Providence . . . Is there any truth to the repeated gossip that the flu epidemic which disabled Army's squad a week or so ago really was ptomaine poisoning?

The Four Horsemen, most celebrated backfield of all time, got their chance because of a scandal occurring while the boys were still freshmen. A nearby town, anxious to win a local game, hired some Notre Dame regulars. Next year these players were ruled ineligible, and so the four sophs had immediate opportunity to ride down into history . . . Tip to Bill Terry and Joe McCarthy—Watch Bill Booth, Ohio State back. Unless Columbus critics are greatly mistaken he will be a major league infilder within a season or two.

Can it be that the commercial aspect of football finally has dried up all the human juices of the customers? A few years ago a cheer for the visiting team always was the first act on the program. Now such salutes for honored guests are almost as rare as the cheers teams used to exchange after games . . . Gil Dobie has real cause for smiling.

The large and powerful Hank Wroncic, who enabled the Boston college frosh to beat Holy Cross yearlings, is as good as nine-tenths of the nation's varsity ends.

Minnesota's quarterback doesn't play favorites. Fourteen Gophers have shared in the scoring this season . . . Princeton players say that Danny Lewis of Williams is the best center they have opposed in two years of facing such other greats as Robertson of Navy, Ray of Dartmouth and Haufe of Penn . . . Another center not properly noted by the experts is Moose Stewart, L. S. U. soph.

Navy's football program, which peddles for four bits, should be the best money maker of all such aids to the athletic association. It is filled with fat ads from armament manufacturers and similar disciples of peace and prosperity . . . Although they agree he is the best referee now doing business, Red Friesell worries the officials who work with him. He is so alert following the ball that he dives into pilesups a split second after the whistle has sounded.

Kipke Is One of Game's
Most Nervous Coaches

Aside from the way Penn walloped his Michigan team, Franklin field also provided another severe strain on Harry Kipke's nerves. While watching a game he wavers up and down the sidelines, nervously picking and chewing blades of grass. But even a team as lucky as Yale would be hard pressed to discover a blade of grass on Franklin field . . . Ashel Day, center for Georgia Tech, was the first All-America player selected by Walter Camp from a Southern college . . . Veteran observers claim that the roughest, toughest game played this year was between Colgate and Holy Cross.

Skip Stahley, Harvard assistant coach, sighs whenever he thinks of his high school team he saw perform in his Lebanon home town several seasons ago. The backfield was composed of Dick and Jack White, now of Princeton; Ditt, North Carolina fullback, and Pete Smith of Temple . . . Bob Stewart, sub end who hails from Rochester, is destined to become one of the best basketball players in Syracuse history . . . Members of Penn's very capable frosh team are almost as good in their studies as they are on the gridiron . . . The proper evaluation of Hunk Anderson, almost as much of a storm center at North Carolina State as he was at Notre Dame, is that he is a truly great line coach, but no great buckus as the head gee.

DAN McGUGH was coach at Vanderbilt thirty years, during which time he had but one undefeated, untied season—his first. Six years his record was spoiled by a single loss; three years by a tie. In 1911 his single defeat, by a point, was administered by Michigan, coached by Fielding Yost.

NOT IN THE BOX SCORE: THE New York State Assembly this winter will be asked to investigate the conduct of the commissions supposed to regulate boxing and racing. . . . Red Wolfe has been adding to his World Series winners' share by betting on his Alma Mater, Dartmouth, to win football games. . . . Brooklyn fans are asking why, if the Dodger directors were so anxious to have a fighter to manage the team, they didn't select Joe Louis. The Bomber knows the game, likes it and can outplay nine-tenths of the gents that were so generously provided for Casey Stengel. . . . Golf ranks a close second to football in the sports affections of Coach Elmer Layden of Notre Dame. . . . Phil Reuter, trainer of the mighty Roman Soldier, once was a waiter in a Chicago restaurant. Bert Baroni, owner of the mightier Top Row, and Frank Erickson, the head bookie, also used to serve soup with their thumbs. Has the feeding of the Dodger directors so impressed the Van Lingle Mungos that they now are plotting a divorce?

It is time somebody noted that the nation's longest intercollegiate football winning streak extends back to 1931. Morgan college has won thirty-nine games since then. . . . The biggest single bet ever cashed at a pari-mutuel racetrack was when the old Mildred castoff, Bruns, won at Pimlico. Jack Richardson had a grand on the gee-gee, which paid 41 to 1. . . . Coleman Kopsak, star Carnegie Tech back, plans to emulate his brothers Arpad and Pete, and win his West Point letter two years from now. . . . The Giants must draw 750,000 paid admissions to break even on a baseball season. They have lost money only once in seventeen years. Then rain, which fell on a couple of late season weekends, washed them \$20,000 into the red. . . . Jake Slagle, much fatter but still wearing his old Princeton all-American helmet, now picks football winners as part of the advertising campaign of a Baltimore brewery.

Sixto Escobar Was Handy at Baseball

Sixto Escobar, bantamweight expert, was aces as a baseball and volley ball player during his school days at Barceloneta, in Puerto Rico . . . Carlos Indian Quintana claims to be the first Cholo Indian ever to become a prize fighter. . . . Hirsch Jacobs, the nation's leading horse trainer, is a movie fan. He seldom misses the after-dinner show. . . . Mathias L. Daiger, head man at Milicic, would win almost any turf racetrack official. . . . Lou Little, the noted football coach and broadcaster, is a teetotaler from way back. When he was playing at Penn he used to refuse even to taste the champagne served at the training table on Friday nights. . . . The owner of Kate Smith's Original Celtics feels that Colonel Jake Ruppert is a handicap to an ambitious girl. The reason is that Ruppert has Marius Russo signed to a baseball contract which bars the former L. I. U. star from playing pro basketball this winter. . . . Jim Jordan of the Dodgers stumbled on the front steps the other day and now is buying a new set of front teeth.

One of Manhattan's plays is a double shift which frequently catches an opposing lineman offside. Then, before he can get back into position, the Jaspers wall him in, snap the ball and get five yards for nothing. . . . Cecil Hart seems to be the Casey Stengel of hockey managers. At least New York's hockey writers used their own money for a testimonial dinner to the very popular Les Canadiens pilot recently. Bill Marks, Princeton frosh end coach, says the Tiger cub line is capable of playing varsity football right now.

If the New York State Athletic Commission would depart from its provincial attitude and invite young Joe McGuigan of Philadelphia to referee occasionally the New York State Athletic Commission would improve its staff of referees 100 per cent. . . . Paul Waner believes that he led the National League's 1936 hitters because he spent the winter playing golf. Says that constant practice in trying to locate the green so sharpened his touch that it became second nature for him to place his base hits accurately. . . . Regis Monahan, Detroit Lions guard, has used the same pair of football shoes for four years. Believes it would be bad luck to change them and besides, they feel good.

The foul most frequently overlooked by officials who like the hours and the pay is holding in the line. . . . Charles Francis (Socker) Coe, the celebrated writer and broadcaster, has lost so much weight that he now looks like only one man. . . . Jamaica and Aqueduct will use some of that \$3,000,000, contributed by bookmakers to metropolitan courses this year, to improve their tracks before spring.

Dan McGugh was coach at Vanderbilt thirty years, during which time he had but one undefeated, untied season—his first. Six years his record was spoiled by a single loss; three years by a tie. In 1911 his single defeat, by a point, was administered by Michigan, coached by Fielding Yost.

what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

This Changing World.
NEW YORK. — They say poker is dying out, its place being taken by bridge, a game played with 52 cards and frequently, as between partners, with fully 52 times that many harsh words. I look next for a revival of tit-tat-toe. You can quarrel over that, too.

And out on the dude-ranches, old cowhands, who once were almost rough with heifers and calves, are being schooled in discreet love-making and other romantic exercises to qualify them for celebrating Be Good to Debutantes week next summer.

And it no longer excites national interest when the plaintiff in a breach of promise suit, or even a suit for alimony, is a man. Or at least such is the impression which his lawyer, in addressing the jury, would create.

• • •

Soot-Laden Cities.

LOS ANGELES may have its drawbacks (loud cries of "no!" from all native sons, including the foreign-born ones), but she certainly spoils a fellow for the cinder-laden, smut-freighted atmosphere of many other cities.

Take Chicago, where the weather bureau, if so inclined, frequently might report a two-inch fall of soot. Or Pittsburgh, where a chap comes home for a week looking as though he'd been cleaning out a soft-coal stove. New York is nothing to brag on, either. Leave a snow-white pup out over night and he could pass for a Dalmatian.

Yet heating engineers say that proper smoke consumers would produce such saving in fuel cost as to pay for themselves in about one year. Can it be these big city folks would rather not save money, or just naturally don't care a darn? Or possibly the citizens fear they might collapse their lungs and choke to death did they start breathing something remotely resembling fresh air?

• • •

Cruelty to Wives.

MAYBE you'll remember — it was in all the papers — the lady who got a divorce in Chicago some time back by alleging that on the Fourth of July her husband assaulted her with firecrackers; on Thanksgiving day he threw a turkey at her, and on Christmas morning he beat her up with a Christmas tree.

But assume the union had lasted until now. You can imagine the poor woman's anguish if, through the last political campaign, her husband had made her read all the polls taken on the election by the inspired outfit that did take polls and through that period had compelled her to listen on the radio to the average professional broadcaster on football games, especially the rapid-fire descriptionist who talks all at once and gets so excited himself that the game, in comparison, seems but a tame and commonplace affair!

That would indeed be cruel sea-son suffering for any wife.

• • •

Outwitting the Laundry Man.

SEEING Pullman porter pry open a car window with one of those burglars' tools which Pullman porters carry for that purpose gave me an idea.

I'm going to buy one to use on dress shirts when they come back from the laundry with the little flaps on the collar band cemented down over the back button hole. The laundries may claim it's starch, but I know better—it's concrete and high-grade concrete at that. It acts like it and tastes like it, as you may have noticed on licking same.

With the aid of this happy device, I shall save my nervous system, my salivary juices, my fingernails and—if profanity be a grievous sin—probably my immortal soul as well.

But I don't suppose anything can be done about the eighteen or twenty pins with which every efficient laundry hand pins up a dress shirt before delivering. And perhaps we'd better not try—it would reduce the consumption of pins in this country by from one-half to two-thirds, and goodness knows the industrial balance is already upset.

IRVIN S. COBB.
© WNU Service.

Neglected by Germany

Dr. Paul Ehrlich, 1854-1915, famed Jewish-German bacteriologist, received more than 30 honorary degrees and decorations from foreign governments and foreign universities, but from his native Germany only the Order of the Red Eagle, third class.

Bell Sounds Mess Call
It is a nice idea to call the family to dinner or your guests to tea by ringing a musical bell. One particularly intriguing arrangement is in wrought iron with an old anchor fastened to a wood beam. From the end of the beam hangs the iron bell.

The Guilty Gift
Martha P. Thomas

SAM LINCOLN walked slowly along the street gazing into store windows. An icy wind caught him at the corners but he hurried across to the next curb intent on his mental shopping.

He was thinking hard of Cora, too. Though not a word had been spoken between them on the subject, it was quite understood that he should buy her warm gloves, a warm sweater and stockings for Christmas. He'd saved a fair amount for this very purpose.

When you gave up your city living for the country, you thought in terms of wool. Cora needed all these things. Her gloves were worn down to thin spots. Her sweater had been mended a good many times and her stockings well, Cora just laughed about them.

Cora would. She had made fun of every hard thing about changing their home, from the dreadful wheezy pump in the kitchen, to the way the floors slanted in the bedrooms, so that no pencil would stay on a table, and books continually slid off on the floor. Cora was a thoroughbred and a good sport.

Sam looked at a green sweater. That would be becoming to Cora's light curls. Or that cheerful red one. Nice on snowy winter mornings.

The very chickadees would sing with pleasure at sight of her in that sweater. He took a few steps toward the shop door when his eye fell on a black-and-yellow silk kimono.

Of course he would not get it; just inquire the price so that he might look at it.

The moment Sam touched a reverent hand to the exquisite silk he was lost. Thrifty, hard-working Sam! How could he have done such a thing? And so calmly, too.

"Please wrap it up," he had said. The price had been reduced in order to sell quickly. He walked out of the shop with the light bundle under his arm, and slunk by windows filled with warm woolen clothes . . . the kind Cora so sorely needed.

All the way home on the train his heart sank lower and lower. He

• • •

"You're So Lovely I Want to Kiss You Very Hard."

felt so chilled and miserable at the thought of his weak behavior, that Cora rushed at him as he opened the door, exclaiming, "My dear, what dreadful thing has happened to you?"

They had an excellent if frugal dinner. Cora chatted happily of this and that, looking unusually pretty and gay. Sam tried to meet her laughter, but actually shivered along his spine. Idiot! Fool!

Wretched unspeakable lunatic that he was! Would a yellow-and-black Chinese kimono keep Cora warm? It would not.

Justice demanded that he confess. Cora would be kind, and that would hurt more than anything. Cora would be kind . . . and keep right on feeling cold on the crisp mornings after Christmas. But he must do it . . . muddle through it somehow.

After dinner he came close to Cora muttering something about a gift, and how darned sorry he was . . . and please, please not to look at him so sweetly.

Cora unwrapped the bundle. Sam waited. The lovely shining thing fell to the floor with the lights gleaming on it.

"Oh . . . oh . . . ! I never in all my life saw anything so magnificent! For me? Surely, surely not for me, Sam? But how I'd adore it! I'm sure I wouldn't mind anything if I knew such a gorgeous garment were hanging in my closet. But of course you're teasing me"

"No," said Sam heavily, "it's your Christmas present. I feel like a cad. I know you need the warm things . . . don't be so darned sweet about it!" he commanded crossly.

Cora flung on the robe, and threw her arms around Sam's neck. "I don't know why you're acting this silly way . . . but if you're so dead set on warm things . . . a whole box came this afternoon from Uncle Horace."

Sam sank weakly into a chair. "You're so lovely I want to kiss you very hard."

"Why not?" inquired Cora, resplendent in the yellow-and-black kimono. "This is simply the most wonderful thing you ever did for me."

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Ask Me Another**A General Quiz**

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Toys! Toys!

Toys for Christmas

All American Made, High Grade Toys, at Very Reasonable Prices

Come in and look them over!

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Incorporated 1889

HILLSBORO, NEW HAMPSHIRE

A Representative of the Hillsboro Banks is in Antrim Wednesday 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 8; Saturday 8 to 12

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

\$2.00 a Year

Antrim Locals

Church Notes

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church

Rev. Wm. McN. Kittredge, Pastor
Sunday, December 6

Morning Worship at 10:45 o'clock.

The sermon theme: "The Changeless Christ in a Changing World."

Sunday School at 12 o'clock.

The Young People's Fellowship of Antrim will meet in the vestry of this church at six o'clock.

There will be no union service in Antrim Sunday evening, but the people are asked to join in attending the "Preaching Mission" at Hancock at 7:30. Dr. Dabney will address the meeting. Those who have cars are asked to use them or go in the bus at 15 cents for the round trip. Most of the surrounding churches are joining in this special service and our townspeople are urged to attend. This "Preaching Mission" has spread over practically all the United States.

Baptist

Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor

Thursday, December 3

Prayer Meeting at 7:30 p.m. The topic: "Christian Privileges," Rom. 8: 31-39.

Sunday, December 6

Church School at 9:45 o'clock.

Morning worship at 11 o'clock. The pastor will preach on: "Light for Those in Darkness."

Crusaders at 4 o'clock.

Union Service at 7:30 in Congregational church, Hancock. See notice elsewhere.

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.

Wood! Wood! Wood!

No. 1 quality Dry, Hard Wood for Sale: in 4 ft. and chunk lengths. Orders promptly filled.

Benjamin F. Tenney, Antrim.

KNITTING WOOLS

at attractive prices
Samples free with new Fall Hints.

Thomas Hodgson & Sons, Inc.

Concord Worsted Mills
Concord, New Hampshire

The Antrim Reporter ANTRIM NEW HAMPSHIRE

Published Every Thursday

H. W. ELDREDGE
Editor and Publisher
Nov. 1, 1892 — July 9, 1936

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Six months, in advance \$1.00

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NOTICES OF CONCERTS, PLAYS, OR ENTERTAINMENTS

To which an admission fee is charged, must be paid for at regular advertising rates, except when all of the printing is done at the Reporter office,

when a reasonable amount of free publicity will be given. This applies to surrounding towns as well as Antrim.

Obituary poetry and flowers charged at advertising rates.

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

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

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

Thursday, December 3, 1936

Antrim Locals

Marshall Smith is ill at his home in Clinton village.

Mrs. Matilda Barrett, who has been very ill with pneumonia, is slowly recovering.

George Barrett is working for Forrest Smith this week, making some repairs on his house.

Mr. and Mrs. Alwin Young spent Thanksgiving with Mr. Young's mother, in Winchester.

Mrs. Frank Gladden of Hillsboro, was a recent caller on Mrs. Matilda Barrett.

The fire department was called out Tuesday noon to extinguish a chimney fire at Maplehurst Inn.

Misses Dorothy Sawyer and Barbara Butterfield of Keene Normal School were home for the holiday.

Mrs. Jessie Rutherford and children spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer Tenney in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Edson Tuttle and Mr. and Mrs. George Hastings were visitors in Concord on Monday.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Fournier has been very ill, but is now somewhat improved.

Miss Frances Tibbals was at her home here from Mt. Holyoke College for the Thanksgiving vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. William Clark were Thanksgiving guests of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hall in Winchendon, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis and children have returned from New York, after spending Thanksgiving with his relatives.

Mrs. Edward C. Clark and children of Hyde Park, Mass., spent the week end with her sister, Mrs. Guy Hollis.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rokes and family ate Thanksgiving dinner with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Butcher.

Mrs. H. E. Wilson of New Boston, spent Thanksgiving with her sister, Mrs. Matilda Barrett, and niece, Mrs. Mary Harriman.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Cutter and Mr. and Mrs. Earl X. Cutter spent Thanksgiving Day with Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Astles in Contocook.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman H. Rogers of Marlboro and Mr. and Mrs. Oscar H. Robb were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Dunlap for Thanksgiving dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Colburn and family were guests of his parents in Weare for the holiday. Twenty-seven relatives were present for the family dinner.

Delmar Newhall, Sr., has returned to his home here after spending a few weeks at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Frederick Richardson, in Brattleboro, Vermont.

Mrs. H. W. Eldredge and Miss Mabelle Eldredge were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cranston Eldredge and Mr. and Mrs. H. Burr Eldredge in Winchendon, Mass., for Thanksgiving and the week end.

Rev. and Mrs. Harrison L. Packard of Francestown and Mrs. Frances W. Herrick of Hartford, Conn., spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. George and Mrs. Estelle Speed.

Mrs. Nellie Hills and Mrs. Junia Wilson attended the fifth wedding anniversary of their brother, Allen F. Barker, and wife, in Nashua, recently. Mr. and Mrs. Archie Swett and Mrs. Rachel Tuttle also attended. Mr. Barker is a former Antrim resident.

HAYDEN W. ALLEN

Chiropractor

Neurocalometer Service

Hours: 2-4 and 7-8 p.m.

The Felt House, HILLSBROOK

Telephone 84

Weekly Letter by Proctor, Fish

and Game Conservation Officer

To you fellows that are interested, otters have been taken in four of the trapping U. S. Govt has my towns.

Speaking of mounted birds. In of the Fur laws of all the States the Wellington workshop at East for 1936-37. Ask for Wildlife Re- Jaffrey are about a dozen beauti- search and Management Leaflet ful specimens of male Ringnecks numbered as above. Worth a sec- all in the natural pose. But what struck me the best was a male

and all the dogs.

The ice fishing season has started and we hope that you will keep taking off. Everything was so natural that nothing was missing but the squawk from his open mouth.

People living in the southern part of the state report very bad traveling over the week-end above.

"Buckskin" Ellsworth of Sharon has sold his Sharon farm and Plymouth. The roads were covered with ice and very dangerous trav-

eling. Rev. Roy S. Thompson and his crowd that went deer hunting for a week returned with a small bear. Mr. Thompson got the bear.

Believe it or not but over 400 deer have been shot in the North Country this season and it's the banner season for a long time. Last year it was 131, this year with a week yet to go the authorities think the number will reach the 500 mark.

One man shot a nice buck within two hours after he landed and after he shot that one he saw four more even better than the one he got.

Now is the time to pull those boats out of the ponds and lakes. To freeze them in for the winter don't do them any good.

I Vanni and Salvador Chrisfulli both of the home town shot a big female bobcat in the home town Sunday. She was a nice specimen.

Reports that homing pigeons have been found in all towns of my district the past week may mean that the birds were blown out of last week. Feed the bird and let it rest and then let it go on its way. Don't confine them unless they are injured.

Some of the Fish and Game clubs want the Fish and Game department to control the motor boats in the state and to get the revenue for same. Now it's operated by the Public Service Commission.

They feel that the Conservation Officers can control the situation better than a few men.

You trappers will be interested in the item on page four of the Hunting and Fishing for December. Some big firm has offered a new Plymouth car and \$1,000 in prizes for the best five or more pelts sent to them this season. Worth a second squint.

Was up to Concord the other day and brought home a beautiful otter to be mounted by George F. Wellington of East Jaffrey for the state. This otter was found by Warden Cole of Manchester in an unmarked trap. It was a beautiful pelt and much admired by all that saw it. Within a week four

boys, ages 10, 13, 16.

Do you know where there are any pine cones? Here is a man that's in the market for all you can get for him. He pays so much a bushel, all sizes and shapes.

Fur farming in Perspective Leaflet BS-69. Worth reading.

This Year, Give ...

Electrical

Gifts for Christmas



A gift for the home brings as much joy as a personal gift and more usefulness and pleasure for every member of the family.

Give gifts that will give constant aid; gifts that can be used repeatedly and that will give the double joy of modern efficiency and usefulness. Give electrical gifts, because they are the gifts that can be used, and re-used, year after year, renewing pleasure many Christmases after you give them. We show you the most popular electrical gifts—all popularly priced!

PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY
OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

"OUR BEAUTY SHOPPE"

Telephone 66

Main Street

Antrim, New Hampshire

"When Better Ways Are Given, We'll Give Them"

Bennington

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

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sheldon had sixteen sit down to their Thanksgiving dinner.

Annie Lindsay is helping in the Post Office. Miss Parker is still in the hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Miles entertained six guests from Woburn, Mass., for Thanksgiving.

Miss Evelyn Parker is at the Elliott hospital, Manchester, receiving treatment for asthma.

The Woman's Club will hold a silver tea and Christmas sale at the home of Mrs. Olive Perry, Wednesday afternoon, December 9, at 2:30.

The tool house on the east side of the river has been taken down and will be rebuilt further back to house the new snow-plow recently purchased by the town.

Henry Raleigh had the misfortune to injure a varicose vein leg by running a stub into it. He has been under the care of a doctor for the past two weeks.

The December meeting of the Woman's Club will be a Christmas party with no speaker, just everyone joining in the festive occasion. This meeting will be held the 15th at 2:30 o'clock p.m. at the Congregational church chapel.

It is reported the John Adams house on square will soon be moved onto the Charles Durgin land between his house and the new St. Patrick's Church Parish house, and the grounds will be graded and side-walks built on both sides of the new oil building which sets further back on the Adams lot.

A family where there was sickness found some one to cook their dinner and bring it in all hot in pint and half pint glasses, and cans, such as the gravy and vegetables, with the turkey in a double roaster, and the food was served from them with one platter for the turkey. It proved a novel way of serving, as well as a labor saver.

SCHOOL BOARD NOTICE

The School Board of Bennington meets regularly, in the School Building, on the third Friday evening of each month at 7:30, to transact school district business and to hear all parties.

Philip E. Knowles
Martha L. Weston
Doris M. Parker
Bennington School Board

Post Office

Mail Schedule in Effect September 28, 1936

Going North	7.20 a.m.
Mails Close	3.45 p.m.
- Going South	
Mails Close	11.40 a.m.
" "	3.50 p.m.
" "	6.20 p.m.

Office closes at 8.00 p.m.

Cheshire Oil Company

Range and Fuel Oil

Call

Frank Harlow

Peterboro

356

Antrim Locals

Mrs. Isadora Schultz spent the holiday with her son in Gilmanton.

Miss Nanabelle Buchanan is confined to her home with a severe cold.

Natt Manning of Hudson has been spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. Guy Hollis.

Cecil Ayer of Keene was home for Thanksgiving with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Ayer.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald B. Cram and children of Keene spent Thanksgiving with his mother, Mrs. Mary Cram.

Mrs. Elizabeth Robertson and daughter, Miss Dorothy, ate Thanksgiving dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robertson in Franklin.

Mrs. Mary Stevens, Miss Nellie F. McKay and Mrs. Mary Dole enjoyed Thanksgiving dinner with Mrs. Emma Goodell and Miss Jennie Abbott.

Mr. and Mrs. John Newhall and daughter, Mildred, and Loyal Sturtevant and daughter, Madeline, were in Concord over Thanksgiving with Mrs. Newhall's sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hopps.

Robert Wellington, N. H. Traveler, Writes About South American Trip

Continued from page one

we drove back over the winding road to La Guaira, and after a night's sailing we entered the picturesque harbor of Curacao, the "Holland" of the West Indies. Willemstad, on the Island, is the "Shopping Center of the West Indies." On walking through the narrow streets, one is surprised to find shops handling merchandise from many lands. French perfumes, liquors, Chinese and Japanese silks and numerous other articles may be purchased at unbelievably low prices. Curacao is one of the most central and well equipped oil refining stations in the world, and also one of the busiest seaports of the world. The island is generally flat except for hills in the southwest, and the climate is very warm. After two days and one night in Willemstad, we started homeward on the S. S. Oranje Nassau, stopping in Port-au-Prince for a few hours.

The ships of the Dutch line displaced approximately 7,000 tons and had an over-all length of some 360 feet. Very interesting groups were included among the sixty first class passengers who were aboard on the trip south and a score or more of these same individuals were on the return trip. The Dutch officers staffing the ship were extremely polite and entertaining individuals. An interesting highlight of the sea trip was a boat-drill. Since the Morro Castle disaster, great publicity has been given safety precautions aboard coastwise vessels. The Dutch Line leaves nothing to be desired in the way of realism at the time of a boat-drill. Every passenger was required to have his lifebelt strapped on and to be at his position at his particular lifeboat.

A sidelight of the return trip which created no little interest centered about a collection of tropical birds and monkeys which was being shipped to New York for a museum.

A party was given by the captain as the voyage neared its end. Individual gifts were presented the various passengers at a delightful dinner party which served as a fitting farewell gesture marking the finale of a grand cruise.

Antrim Centre

The Congregational church will hold its annual meeting and supper Friday evening, December 4.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Caughey and Mr. and Mrs. Ruben Caughey are on an automobile trip to the South.

The Senior Class of Antrim High School held a very successful social and dance at Grange hall last Friday evening.

Mrs. Hubley and Miss Maybelle Caughey are spending a few weeks at the home of Ruben Caughey in Wal-tham, Mass.

E. V. Dahl spent Thanksgiving with his parents in Winchendon, Mass.

Card of Thanks

I wish to express my sincere thanks to all the friends and neighbors for kind expressions of sympathy during the illness and death of my sister, Ellen A. Gokey, and to the bearers for their assistance.

Amanda F. Bowman

Antrim Locals

Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Smith are at their apartment in Hotel Westminster, Boston, for the winter.

The successful deer hunters in town reported to date are Kenneth Hilton, Dewey Elliott and Leon Hugron.

Gerald Sweet spent Thanksgiving with his mother Mrs. Helen R. Sweet, and brother, Donald Sweet, at Ashland, Mass.

Miss Jean Linton and room-mate, Miss Barbara Bass, of Simmons College, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Linton for Thanksgiving and the week end.

Mrs. Mary P. Derby entertained as guests for dinner Sunday, at Maplehurst Inn, Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Goodwin and son Ernest Goodwin, of Claremont, Mrs. Helen Burnham and Mr. and Mrs. John Burnham.

Mrs. G. G. Whitney recently accompanied Miss Josie Coughlan, chairman of Department Executive Board, for Inspection of the Nashua Woman's Relief Corps with Mrs. Mason and Mrs. Mortill of Hollis, Department Inspectors.

YOU WILL FIND THE
RIGHT GIFTS AT
YOUR CHRISTMAS STORE

For a Gay Christmas

House Slippers
For Every Member of the Family

**WRAPPING MATERIALS**

The old ones you're fond of and the very newest of the new are on our counters.

TISSUE PAPER

Big 20x30 inch sheets in white. 15 sheet in a roll.

5c

Big 20x30 inch sheets in smartly colored designs, of Christmas red, blue and green. 24 sheets in roll 10c

Tinsel Cord

Glistening cord in 150 foot balls

5c

Cellophane Ribbon 10c

Tags and Seals

5c and 10c

A marvelous selection of big and little seals, tags, etc.

**FOR HOME DECORATION
Tree Lights Sets**

8 Lights in these sets! Loop style, complete with lamps.

29c

Tree Light Bulbs

Replace worn out bulbs now. Bright colors, long life.

2 for

5c

Green Fiber Trees

9½ inches high of fluffy green fiber and snow tipped branches. So attractive.

10c

Electric Wreath

Carefully made of red hinoki with a bright spray and bow trim.

25c

VELVETS

Bright colors with a fluffy plush collar.

35c

DELICIOUS CANDY

for Christmas

Whatever your favorite may be, you'll find it here, fresh, pure and delicious. Young and old like a candy treat for Christmas.

CHINA FLOWERS

FLORENTINE BOXES

CHROMIUM SHIP

METAL ASH TRAY

POTTERY VASE

WASTE BASKET

10c

BRASS WARE

Many styles in this popular engraved Chinese brass.

25c

Chromium Ware

Handy and decorative pieces for serving. Here's a perfect gift.

25c

Greeting Cards FOR CHRISTMAS

Select your personal cards from our large and complete stock

Folders in gravure and the newest treatments. Lovely effects.

5 for 5c

Many styles at this popular price. French folders, some on parchment paper.

3 for 5c

Fancy and parchment paper in extra sizes! The smartest designs.

2 for 5c

Leave your garments at Derby's Store for cleansing and repairing.

Gate City Cleansing Co.

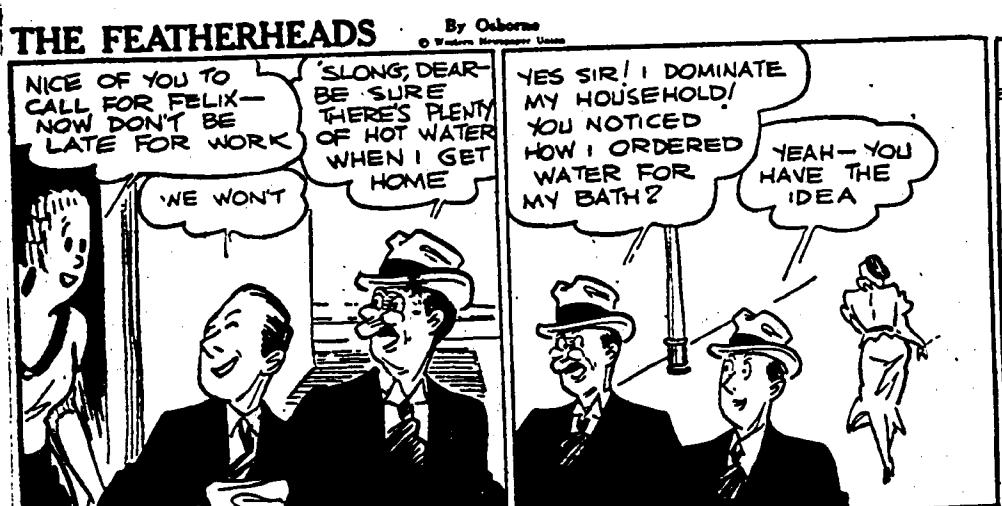
DERBY'S
HILLSBORO AND PETERBROUGH

A DOWN PAYMENT
Holds Your Selection Until
Christmas

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Clean Comics That Will Amuse Both Old and Young

THE FEATHERHEADS



Order Filled



US QUAKES
MANY MEN WHO CLAIM THEY ARE CLEANING UP ARE DOING IT AT HOME

S'MATTER POP—Ambrose the Gag-Man Is In



THAT EVENING—



By C. M. PAYNE

OF INTEREST TO THE HOUSEWIFE

To keep paint fresh in uncured cans fill them to the top with water, after stirring the paint thoroughly. When needed, pour off the water with care.

Chocolate stains may be removed from table linen by sprinkling the stain with borax, then pouring boiling water through the linen.

Cane-bottomed chair seats can be tightened up by washing them in a weak solution of salt water and then drying in the open air.

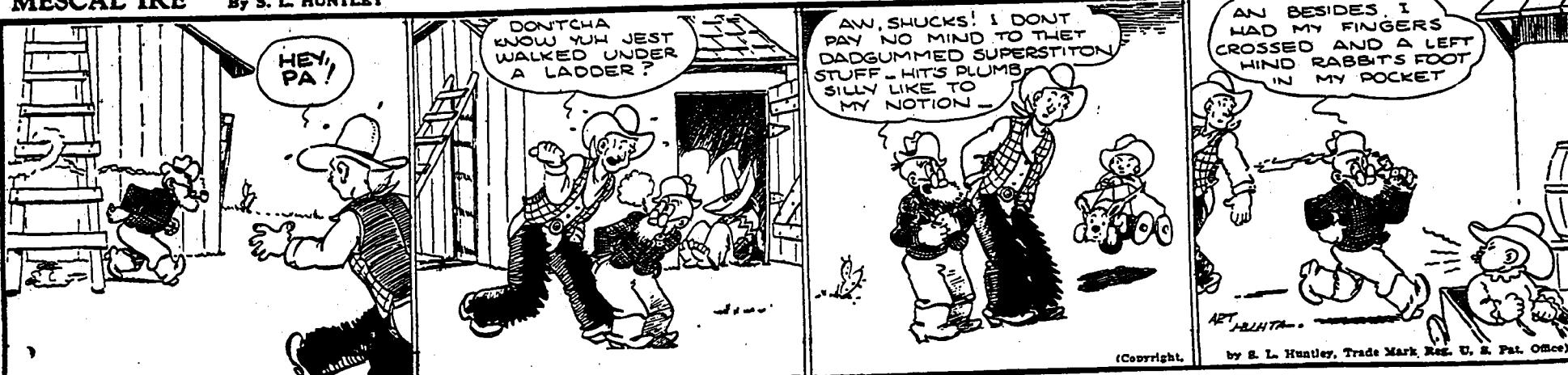
Always make it a point to keep your larder supplied with about a dozen cans of soups, meats and fruits. When an unexpected guest arrives for lunch you will then be able to serve a good meal.

Potatoes used in salad should be thoroughly chilled and with sharp knife cut into half-inch dice. Add rest of ingredients and mix with fork. This will aid in preventing salad from becoming "mushy."

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MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTER



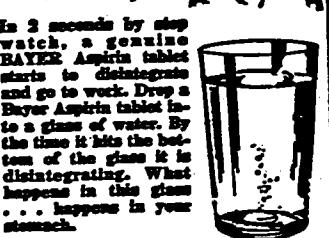
Pa's Not Superstitious



DO THIS when you wake up with a Headache

ENJOY RELIEF BEFORE YOU'VE FINISHED DRESSING

Bayer Tablets Dissolve Almost Instantly



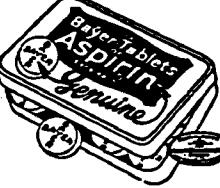
When you wake up with a headache, do this: Take two quick-acting, quick-dissolving BAYER ASPIRIN tablets with a little water.

By the time you're finished dressing, nine chances in ten, you'll feel relief coming.

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN provides this quick relief because it is rated among the quickest methods for relief science has yet discovered.

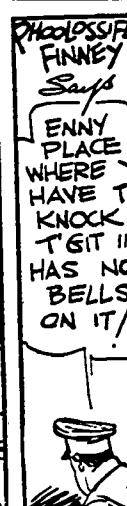
Try it this way, but ask for it by its full name, BAYER ASPIRIN; not by the name "aspirin" alone.

15¢ FOR A DOZEN
2 FULL DOZEN 25¢
Virtually 1 tablet



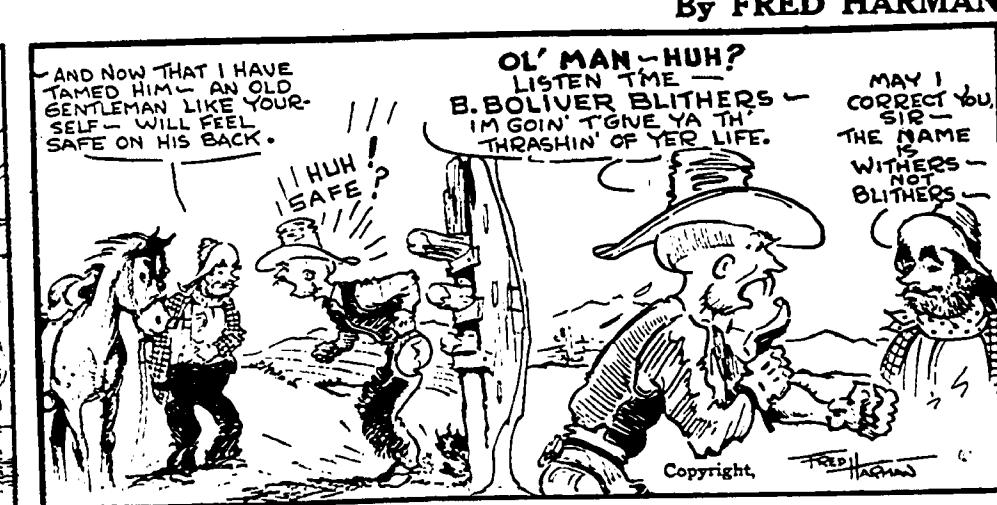
LOOK FOR THE BAYER CROSS

Open Sesame



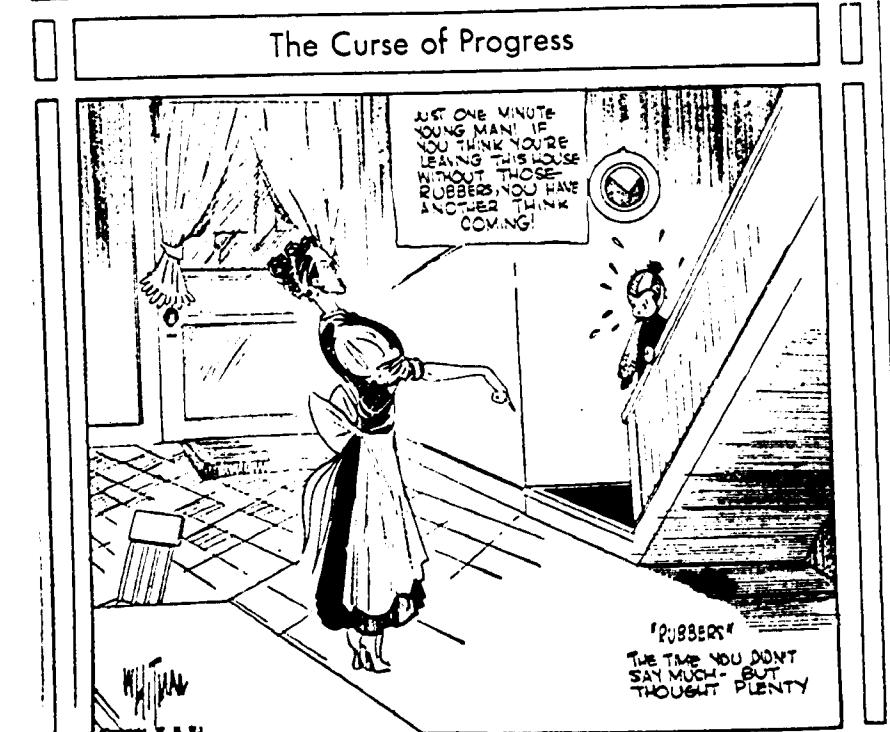
By FRED HARMAN

BRONC PEELER B. Oliver Withers Gets The Job



By FRED HARMAN

The Curse of Progress



Comparison
Fred's English cousin was curious about things American. "Is the Mississippi as large as our Thames?" he inquired.

"Haw, haw!" laughed Fred. "As large? Say, your Thames wouldn't make a gargle for our Mississippi's mouth!"

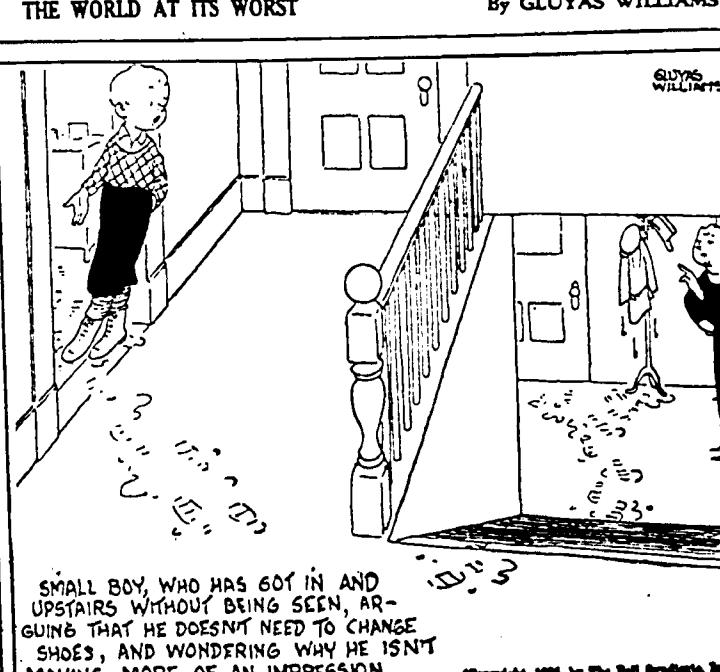
Song Birds
Guest—Only once in history has the personality of a great singer inspired a great chef in the naming of a masterpiece—when we got the peche Melba."

Flapper—Oh, but I'm sure you're wrong there. What about the oyster Patti?"

The Point of View
Two men occupying the same seat on a bus got into a conversation. "So you are a doctor, eh?" said one.

"Yes," replied the other. "Well," said one, "in a way our work is alike. I'm a window washer and work on panes, too."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST



By GUY'S WILLIAMS

SMALL BOY WHO HAS GOT IN AND UPSTAIRS WITHOUT BEING SEEN, ARGUING THAT HE DOESN'T NEED TO CHANGE SHOES, AND WONDERING WHY HE ISN'T MAKING MORE OF AN IMPRESSION

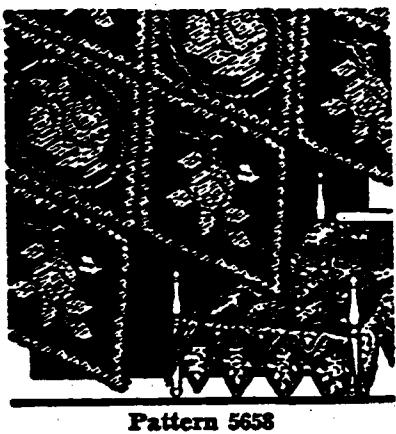
Perfume. Real Relief quickly by using our prescription salve. Sold on money back guarantee. Full information free. Marwood, P. O. Box 2110, Cleveland, Ohio.

HOTEL TUDOR
2 PER DAY
SINGLE ROOM • PRIVATE BATH

A new hotel on 42nd Street • 2 blocks east of Grand Central Station in NEW YORK CITY

These Advertisements Give You Values

Simple Crochet Can Be Family Heirloom



A bedspread, indeed, to call forth "Oh's" and "Ah's" is this one, crocheted from humble string. See not one, but two charming patterns, one a basket; the other floral, are included in pattern 5658. One is as easy to learn as the other; when combined they make any number of useful linens—tea cloth, scarf, buffet set or pillow. In pattern 5658 you will find complete instructions for making the square shown; an illustration of it, of the stitches needed; material requirements.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 West Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y.

Be sure to write plainly your name, address and pattern number.

Censure Forewarns

Censure and criticism never hurt anybody. If these cannot hurt you unless you are wanting in manly character, and, if true, they show a man his weak points and forewarn him against failure and trouble.—Gladstone.

DON'T WAIT FOR A COLD

1. Keep your head clear
 2. Protect your throat
 3. Help build up
- YOUR ALKALINE RESERVE

LUDEN'S DO ALL THREE!

Glorify Efficiency
You love your friend in spite of his weaknesses; but you glorify his efficiencies.



WHY WAIT for relief when you're troubled with heartburn, sour stomach, gas? Keep your relief right with you always, for unexpected emergencies. Carry Tums... like millions now do! Tums are pleasant-tasting... only 10¢... yet they give relief that is scientific, thorough. Contain no harsh alkalies... cannot over-acidify your stomach. Just enough antacid compound to correct your stomach acidity is released... remainder passing unreleased from your system. For quick relief carry Tums! 10¢ at any drug store, or the 3-roll ECONOMY PACK for 25¢.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY
TUMS ARE ANTACID... NOT A LAXATIVE

Influence of Reading
"As a child reads, so he thinks; as he thinks, so he acts."

PAIN IN BACK

NEARLY DROVE HER CRAZY
Get Quick RELIEF
By Rubbing

Muscles were so sore she could hardly touch them. Used Hamline Wizard Oil and found wonderful relief. Just rubbed it on and rubbed it in. Thousands say Hamline Wizard Oil works wonders for stiff, aching muscles. Why suffer? Get a bottle for speedy comfort. Pleasant odor. Will not stain clothes. At all druggists.

HAMLINE
WIZARD OIL
For MUSCULAR PAINS, RHEUMATISMS
Due to RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA,
LUMBAGO, CHEST COLDS

KILL THAT COLD

BEFORE IT STARTS
Keep house open. Don't overheat. Get plenty of rest. At first signs of catching cold take 2 Lanes' Cold Tablets. Pleasant to take. Be sure to get pink pills in the yellow box. 24 for 25¢.

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
by William Bruckart
National Press Building
Washington, D. C.

Washington. — Many observers around Washington lately have noticed something of a change in President Roosevelt's attitude since the election which so overwhelmingly returned him to office. From most any standpoint you assume, you will note, I believe, a more critical attitude on the part of the President concerning the schemes advanced by his advisers. He is apparently examining the suggestions, the proposals and programs laid before him much more cautiously and carefully than was his record during the past three years.

It is yet too early to catalog this attitude as a change on Mr. Roosevelt's part but surely it is noticeable. If he continues it, it is all to the good for the country. If he continues it, it cannot fail to mean better administration, better legislation, sounder national policies. It necessarily must mean as well, that there will be fewer of the half-baked ideas, plans which the President had not considered fully, programs he had not thought through.

One of the important indicators of this changed attitude on the part of Mr. Roosevelt comes in the form of an announcement in which Mr. Roosevelt named a committee of outstanding agricultural authorities and citizens whose job is to prepare a long-term program for alleviation of the farm tenant problem, if not its complete eradication. Secretary Wallace will head this committee which is to report early in February and the appointment of Mr. Wallace to this job incidentally seems to assure his retention as head of the Department of Agriculture—and there had been some question whether he would remain.

Of course, the farm tenant problem long has been a cancerous growth on American agriculture. It has been spreading. Previously, I have reported in these columns how official figures disclosed an increasing number of farms operated by tenants and owned by absentee landlords. It has been a problem for some years and seems to be growing more acute. Hence, the President's move would seem to mean that the federal government is going to put its hand to the ear and try, at least, to do something about it.

Now, it may mean that the federal government will create another billion dollar government-owned corporation or it may mean subsidies or any one of a number of other federal aids. I do not want to prejudge it, however, because certainly the President is to be commended in approaching the problem in a sensible way, namely, the creation of a committee to give the question a thoroughgoing analysis before legislation to alleviate the condition is proposed.

That is what makes it so significant. A year or two or three ago, some braintrusters sitting in a cobwebby office would have suddenly had a thought about the "renters" and other types of farm tenants; he would have felt very sorry for them and would have determined in his own mind that they must be made the beneficiaries of "the more abundant life" right quickly. He would have sought and obtained an appointment with the President; would have related the beautiful picture he had conceived in his own limited mentality and, in all probability, Mr. Roosevelt would have shouted, "fine, fine."

The next thing that would have happened would have been the drafting of a piece of legislation for submission to Congress. It would have gone to Capitol Hill with the stamp of administration approval and all of the automats of the House and Senate who owed their positions to Roosevelt blessings, would have voted for it. It would have become law without serious debate and, as in most cases, without most of the representatives and senators having understood what it was all about. The results of such legislation are beginning to show and it is going to be necessary to remake a great deal of it. The trouble was that these theorists and impractical men never were able to see more than one narrow phase of the problem with which they were dealing and Mr. Roosevelt did not take the time to find out for himself what all of the factors were.

It is quite evident, therefore, that one thing the New Deal sadly needs is more co-ordination among its own people.

I referred above to the necessity for co-ordination among governmental departments as to policies and that leads into the long-time need for actual reorganization of the physical structure known as the federal government. There are certain signs emerging from the seething now occurring, as is usual, in advance of a congressional session that indicate President Roosevelt may be making a definite move to

towards this much needed reorganization.

It is highly important that it be done. I think everyone agrees with that statement. Mr. Roosevelt is in a position to do it. He is one of the few Presidents of recent years who has been in a position to do it. He is in that position because of the tremendous majority his party possesses in house and senate and I think it can be said unequivocally, if Mr. Roosevelt cannot do it, it never will be done.

It goes without saying that there are scores of unnecessary agencies now in existence, most of them the children of the New Deal.

There is overlapping; there is conflict of jurisdiction and there is a superabundance of ideas from every source that affect or influence operations of other agencies.

It is a tangled skein and the untangling is going to be a difficult job.

The whole setup is shot through with politics and politicians and to decapitate political patronage is a man-sized job.

The job now may be made even worse in this regard by the fact that never in history have there been so many shades of opinion in congress.

The natural result of this sort of thing is that the various groups of blocs insist on carrying out particular pet schemes and those pet schemes nearly always mean a new governmental bureau, commission or what have you.

As far as present conditions have developed, none can foretell exactly what Mr. Roosevelt has in mind concerning the new government structure. It goes without saying, of course, that the major departments, each headed by a cabinet officer, will constitute the basic framework of whatever co-ordination or consolidation Mr. Roosevelt eventually proposes. But it is outside of this framework where the real co-ordination is needed. It is among the countless alphabetical soup agencies that the pruning knife and the axe must be wielded with utter abandon. A lot of needless and, in many cases, irresponsible government policies are worked out here. It is among these agencies as well where waste in the form of reckless spending and badly conceived programs has taken place to the greatest extent under the Roosevelt administration.

Such co-ordination and consolidation as the President attempts, therefore, can accomplish a very great deal in the way of budgetary

Relief for Taxpayers
reforms and relief for the taxpayers if the job is undertaken seriously. Indeed, as the situation now shapes up, elimination of about 50 per cent of these so-called emergency agencies and complete eradication of their parasitic policies constitute an important approach to a balancing of the Treasury budget.

Since this is a fact, it must be recognized that the proposed consolidation movement has obstacles outside of political patronage.

Politicians enjoy spending money and when they see various of their pet bureaus or commissions going the way of all flesh, they naturally will be frightened and it will take all of the strength Mr. Roosevelt possesses to keep them in line when they realize that money is being taken out from under their very noses.

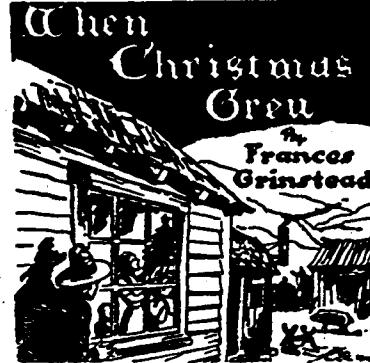
Nevertheless, Mr. Roosevelt can reorganize the government. He has 229 Democratic representatives in the House and 75 Democratic senators. Against this legislative strength of the party in power are 89 Republican representatives and 17 Republican senators, minus three or four senators who wear the Republican label but who are New Dealers at heart.

If Mr. Roosevelt is serious about this government reorganization and if he wants to force it through, I have no doubt at all that he can gain public support for his program. I have no doubt at all that if he were to go on the radio and deliver an address about the plan, there would be such a deluge of mail to representatives and senators from their constituents that they would not dare oppose the scheme. There would be more than one reason for support of the President in this activity. Next to the fact that people out through the country generally hate bureaucrats and red tape in their government, the important reason for the support which Mr. Roosevelt surely could have would come from the taxpayers who are beginning to realize what the federal government is costing them.

That is one job that the Republicans did in their campaign to elect Governor Landon of Kansas. They made the country tax conscious and it is an influence that is going to rise up and haunt the New Deal administration and members of Congress for some months to come.

As a conclusion, then, it seems to me that Mr. Roosevelt has prepared a test for himself whether he conceived it on that basis or otherwise. Unless he drives through a serious consolidation and elimination of needless agencies, many doubts are going to arise as to his sincerity.

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1949
Christmas Crew
Frances Grinstead

HE WAS a small boy named Tim who had never been more than ten miles from his home in the Ozark hills. His teacher said he couldn't even bound Arkansas, his own state, but what his teacher didn't know was how well he knew the mountain "creek" and the hill slopes circled with green-gold pine trees that bounded his father's tiny farm. He also knew what it took to keep a family of six children and that for as long as he could remember his father's farm had scarcely been able to produce enough to stretch over every need.

It was just before Christmas time that he heard his father tell his mother that if there was to be anything "extra" to give the day meaning for the children, he'd have to get the ax and hack out a few ties. Her face went white, for she knew what that meant. So often had they been forced to remain on the hacking of a few ties to be sold to the railroad for dire necessities that practically all their timber available for that purpose was gone.

And trees don't grow over night. She could tell by the look on her husband's face that he was taking a desperate and back-breaking chance of finding a few logs tough enough for the commission man to buy.

As she looked out of the window and saw the passing cars of winter "tourists" on the new scenic road the government had built through the hills, she wondered by what magic folks could come to own automobiles and take time off like that to go traveling. But she hadn't many moments to spare on such thoughts, for her husband had returned to say that the ax was gone. Could one of the children have taken it?

The father had borrowed an ax from a willing neighbor but on the day before Christmas he was silent as he unhitched his team in the wagon lot. Christmas tomorrow and he had been forced to bring back the load from town. The commission man had been truly sorry, for he did need ties; yet none of these were large enough.

He crept up to a window, lost in the sense of failure that made him ashamed to walk to his own door. There an odd sight straightened him. Inside were Tim and his mother joyously trimming a Christmas tree. Tim raced to the door to keep the younger children from bursting gleefully into the room and learning its great secret.

When the father entered the house, no one asked him about the ties. "Dad, dad!" Tim shouted. "Do you know those red berry trees that grow

way up the creek? Awful hard to get to, but when I found 'em I thought they were so purty I took some to school. The teacher said, 'that's holly' and then I read about holly and learned that folks will pay for it to have it for Christmas. So I gathered a lot of it and made me a holly stand up on the new road just hopin' they would. And dad, they did buy it! Stopped their cars and said,

"Why it's holly; who would have thought we'd find it here!" They wanted so much I had to work awful hard getting it, but gee, it was fun! I wanted to surprise mom and you, and now I'll tell you both that I made \$27.82. There's \$20 right now in that bureau drawer left after buying our Christmas. Gee dad, I love this old farm! It's got lots of surprises on it yet. This one ain't the last one."

The father brushed a tear from his eye and kissed his wife. Then he shook hands with Tim. "You're the kind of son a man can be right proud to own," he choked.

"But dad, will you forgive me?" the boy suddenly implored.

"Why Tim, forgive you what?" the father asked in surprise.

The boy led the way to the kitchen. "You see dad, I just had to have it!"

The father pretended to frown as Tim pointed and then he winked. "Well, being as it's just about Christmas for us, as well as the rest of the world, I guess I'll have to overlook it." For there in a far corner of the room stood the ax. It was Tim who had borrowed it.

© Western Newspaper Union.

Simple But Smart Models



Pattern 1944, is likewise utterly simple to make, yet as cunning as can be.

Good for party or for play, it is a pattern you can cut twice and save for future use in any of a wide range of fabrics. The tiny puff sleeves are cut in one with the shoulder with just two simple pieces for the front and back of the dress. The size range—six months, one, two and three years. The one year size requires 1 1/2 yards of 36 inch material, and if you wish you can make the pockets, cuffs and facings in contrast.

The comely morning frock which steals the center, Pattern 1973, is available in a wide range of sizes and takes top honors for comfort and versatility. Requiring just five simple pieces including the belt, it goes together like a charm, to fit perfectly and make your morning chores so much lighter. The pointed yoke is slimming, the set-in sleeves are free and open, and the skirt is dart fitted at the waist. As easy to make as to wear, this pattern is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, and 52. Send for it today. Size 38 requires just 3 1/2 yards of 35 inch fabric dimity or percale or gingham or seersucker.

The tempting model for tiny tots, The father had borrowed an ax from a willing neighbor but on the day before Christmas he was silent as he unhitched his team in the wagon lot. Christmas tomorrow and he had been forced to bring back the load from town. The commission man had been truly sorry, for he did need ties; yet none of these were large enough.

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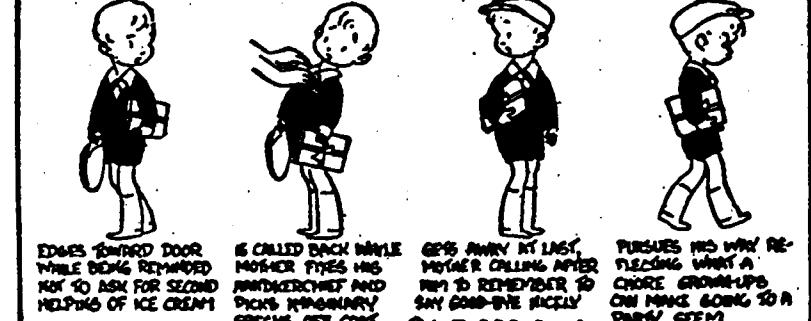
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© The Bob Soddy Co., Inc.

WHAT THE DIONNE QUINS EAT

Quaker Oats Daily Is Hard and Fast Rule

Everyone Needs Vitamin B for Keeping Fit* Stored so Richly in Quaker Oats

● No matter what your age, or your work, you can profit from the case of the Dionne Quins.

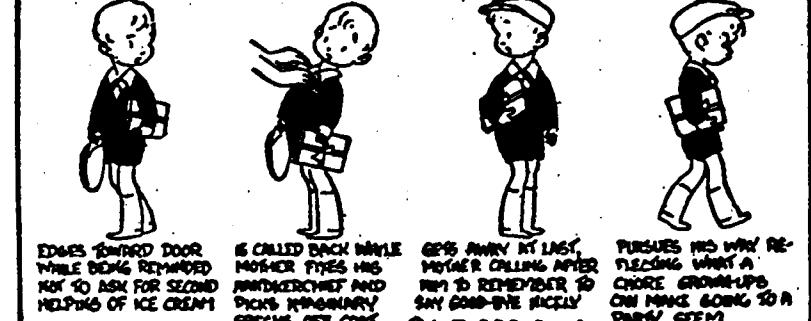
For doctors say that nervousness, constipation, poor appetite, which strike at young and old, often result when diets lack a sufficient amount of the precious Vitamin B.

Quaker Oats contains an abundance of this great protective food element. That's why a daily breakfast of Quaker Oats does us all a world of good.

So order by name from your grocer today.

*Where poor condition is due to lack of Vitamin B.

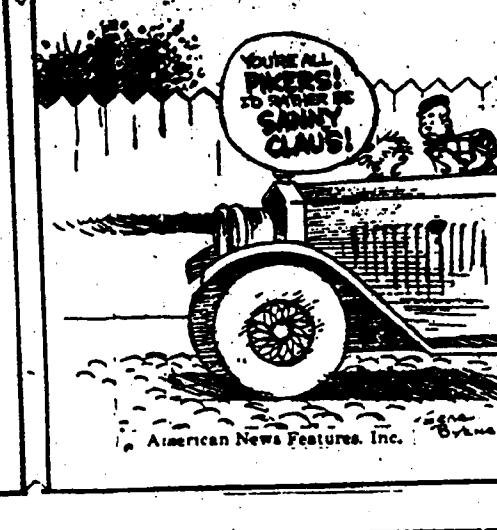
QUAKER OATS



REGULAR FELLERS

Bump Hudson Puts The Others To Shame

By GENE BYRNES



GAUGHEN & PRATT

ANTRIM, N. H.

General Contractors

Lumber

Land Surveying and Levels

Plans and Estimates

Telephone Antrim 1400

Junius T. Hatchett
Attorney at Law
Antrim Center, N. H.Weekly Letter by Proctor, Fish
and Game Conservation Officer

Timber wolves to the number of nine have been preying on deer in the state of Wisconsin. Hunters have reduced the number three and those three are Public Wild Life Enemy No. 1.

Last Sunday I met a party of Massachusetts hunters. They had just got out of the car when I came along. While talking with them we noticed two of the dogs, a setter and pointer, came to a beautiful "point." They flushed two woodcock. The law was on them so they went their way.

One western state is furnishing submarine houses for the rough fish to spawn in without danger of being eaten by the larger fish. Hundreds of old Christmas trees were planted in the lakes and ponds last year with wonderful success. This year another attempt will be made to provide places for the fish to spawn in safety.

A good story is being told of a fisherman who dropped in a state hatchery sometime ago. He could not resist the temptation to see how far a trout could jump. He took the wrong pool for the minute that fly appeared over the surface a big one jumped clear of the water took the fly and the leader off his pole. He then had to go to the Superintendent and tell him how it happened. Never again.

No more chained wild animals in the state of Pennsylvania. Must be a large clean airy cage for any kind of game birds or animals. Permits to keep must also be had.

Something new under the sun. "Rainy Day" is the name of a new colorless fluid to brush into the fabric and you are dry for several seasons. The retail trade have it.

Floating around the state at the present time are men from out of state buying furs. These men have no licenses to buy furs. In selling your furs to a stranger be sure to ask to see his permit. If he has none get the number of his car. We have a long list of men in the state who are playing the game right so sell your furs to none but a square shooter.

The past week half a dozen hunters have mislaid or lost their licenses. In that case go to the agent that issued the permit and get the number. Send a check of fifty cents to Concord office and they will issue you a duplicate license.

Who is interested in a Winchester rifle, .32 calibre, and a real good double barreled shot gun. Man in Antrim has them to sell.

E. C. Weeks of Sanbornton tells age they had done to trees in his

CHOCOLATE-FOOD OF THE GODS



By BETTY BARCLAY

A fanciful description you think But it's the literal translation of the name given by a great naturalist to the cacao tree, which produces chocolate beans.

What a help to you homemakers of modern cooking chocolate is—with each one-ounce square neatly divided for instant use! And what a gay deceiver is that rich, smooth chocolate flavor with its power to hide, gracefully, the economics of simple dishes and transform them into apparent extravagances!

Here are some familiar favorites over which chocolate weaves its magic spell—to the joy of any family:

Chocolate Macaroons

2 egg whites
1 cup sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1 1/2 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted

1 1/2 cups shredded coconut
Beat egg whites until foamy throughout; add sugar, 2 tablespoons at a time, beating after each addition until sugar is blended. Then continue beating until mixture will stand in peaks. Add salt and vanilla. Fold in chocolate; then coconut. Drop from teaspoon on ungreased heavy paper. Bake in slow oven (325 degrees F.) 20 minutes, or until done. Cool 5 minutes before removing from paper. Makes 2 dozen 1/2 inch macaroons.

Chocolate Dessert Waffles
1 1/2 cups sifted flour
1/2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup sugar
2 egg yolks, well beaten
1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup melted butter
2 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted

1/2 teaspoon vanilla
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten
Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and sugar, and

baking powder, salt and sugar, and sift together three times. Add butter. Combine egg, milk, and vanilla. Fold in chocolate; then coconut. Drop from teaspoon on ungreased heavy paper. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 50 minutes, or until done. Loosen cake from sides of pan with spatula. Turn upside down on dish with pineapple on top. Garnish with whipped cream, if desired. Serve warm.

Chocolate Pineapple Upside Down Cake may be made with 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed, instead of 1/2 cup white sugar, in butter-sugar mixture in pan.

section, also to livestock. We wish the other night and party was afraid to tell who it was. If you know of a firm or dealer selling horn pout or any fresh water fish, game fish it's up to you as a good citizen to tell us about it.

Sure it's against the law to sell horn pout or any fresh water fish. game fish it's up to you as a good citizen to tell us about it.

SCHOOL DAYS

Gelatin FOR CHILDREN



By BETTY BARCLAY

So good for us and that at the same time we like. Gelatin, and especially the prepared flavored gelatin, seems to be just this sort of food. With every member of the family, from the youngest child to the grown boy and girl and even the grand-parents, gelatin dishes are extremely popular.

For all occasions, gelatin, that very adaptable and nutritious food, comes to the rescue of the housewife, whose ever present problem—and a difficult one it is, too—is to please and satisfy the appetites of each member of her family.

Gelatin, it is pointed out by the Royal Institute, is a most valuable food, being a true protein. It contains a most important food element which is lacking considerably in certain common foods. For this reason, it is an important addition to the diet of growing children. Its richness in the growth-promoting amino-acid, lysine, supplements the deficiency of cereals in this food element. In addition, it happens to be one of the most easily digested foods known. Therefore, it is easily understood why gelatin is so often recommended for children as well as adults.

In the opinion of food experts, aside from the nutritional aspects of gelatin, its greatest value as a food is its unlimited possibilities for making other interesting and many uninteresting foods more attractive. This is a great boon to all whose duty it is to prepare meals for appetites that require coaxing.

In addition to the fruit-flavored desserts, there is now a prepared salad gelatin (aspic) on the market, with a meat-like flavor, unsweetened. It saves the housewife a lot of time in preparing salads or tomato aspic, and the finished dishes are a treat to the whole family.

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SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE

The School Board meets regularly in Town Clerk's Room, in Town Hall block, on the Last Friday Evening in each month, at 7:30 o'clock, to transact School District business and to hear all parties.

MYTIE K. BROOKS,

ARTHUR J. KELLEY,

ARCHIE M. SWETT,

Antrim School Board.

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE

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

Meetings 7 to 8

ALFRED G. HOLT,

HUGH M. GRAHAM,

JAMES I. PATTERSON,

Selectmen of Antrim.

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