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Yule-tide Spirit Expressed in Outdoor Decorations Throughout the Country

Time was when the pent-up Yuletide spirit found expression indoors only — around the family Christmas tree amid gifts, and up on the conventional greeting card. But now this feeling of good will towards men finds ready expression through the appropriate medium of colored lights adroitly strung here and there outdoors. Each Christmas season now sees hundreds of American homes transformed into huge illuminated greeting cards. Luminous gems of every hue glorify the shrubbery. Strings of festive lights form jewel-like coronets over doorways. Window candles radiate a welcome to pedestrians and motorists who pass in the night. Stars, wreaths, bells — outlined in lamp bulbs — add their bits of color to the joyous sight. No home is too small to afford the opportunity of installing an attractive outdoor Christmas display. Just so long as a few handy electrical outlets are available, an impressive display of outdoor Yuletide greetings can be readily arranged. Happily, these effects can be achieved without undue effort or expense on the part of the average householder. Stores everywhere are offering a wide array of electrical decorative equipment expressly to withstand the rigors of winter weather. Whatever the nature of the lighting decorations may be — whether applied to shrubbery, porch or the entire home — pleasing appearance will depend upon the arrangements of the various elements. If the idea is built around a particular Christmas sentiment, designed to express a specific thought

to the passerby, it is best to work out a definite plan beforehand. To this end it is recommended that a rough sketch of your home be made. A daytime snapshot of the house, about post card size, would be even better. Then use colored crayon or ink or a plain everyday pencil to indicate what areas you intend to decorate. Spot in the location of lamps, wreaths, candles and other decorations with due regard to harmony of color, balance and center of interest. Even the simplest kind of lighted outdoor decorations will lend a note of enchantment to your house. Just a few strings of Christmas tree lamps trailing gracefully over the evergreens in the front yard, over the doorway and along the window ledges will go a long way towards letting your "peace on earth" spirit take visible form. The spectacle of a street of homes each festooned with lights that radiate the season's greetings affords passersby a real thrill. Quite as thrilling is the satisfaction experienced by the individual homeowner who sees his own sentiments formed into a light-bejeweled display of his own making. Already mails are bearing the jolly face of old Santa on letters and packages, and the sale of Christmas seals goes merrily on. The people certainly are responding well, but it needs money, and a lot of it, to combat the dread disease of tuberculosis. The seals are on sale only for a month, but the work they represent "keeps on" throughout the year.

Postoffice Department Issues Rates and Time for Delivery to Distant Points

Postmaster Earl K. Cutter calls attention of the public to the following postal rules and regulations governing the mailing of Christmas cards, packages and other matter. The proper preparation of holiday mail is very important. All packages should be carefully wrapped and securely tied or fastened. Postage must be fully prepaid. Care should be taken not to enclose written messages (with certain exceptions) unless the sender is willing to pay first class postage rates. Postmaster Cutter also calls special attention to the regulation which absolutely prohibits the mailing of all intoxicating liquors. Not only will all intoxicating liquors found in the mails be subject to confiscation, but the mailers are subject to heavy penalties. The REPORTER gives space to the following postal information for the guidance of our readers: Show now and mail early for early delivery. There will be no mail delivery Christmas Day, Friday, Dec. 25. Post offices will make every effort to handle the Christmas mails without congestion and delay, but owing to the enormous volume this can be done only with the co-operation of the public. Compliance with the following suggestions will greatly aid the Post Office and insure the prompt handling of your mail. **Early Mailing** During the holiday time the volume of mail increases approximately 200 per cent. It is a physical impossibility to handle this great mass of mail matter efficiently and promptly within a few days. Therefore to assure delivery of their Christmas presents, cards, and letters by Christmas Day the public should SHOP AND MAIL EARLY. Do your Christmas shopping so that you can mail your gifts, greetings, and letters to relatives, friends and loved ones at least a week or 10 days before Christmas, according to the distance. This will not only make it certain that they are received before Christmas Day but will be a great aid to your postal service and to postal employees and enable them to spend the Christmas holiday with their families. **Wrapping and Packing** All parcels must be securely packed and wrapped. Use strong paper and heavy twine. **Special Packing** Umbrellas, canes, golf sticks, should be reinforced their full length by strong strips of wood tightly wrapped and tied or otherwise sufficiently wrapped to withstand transportation. When three or more are tied together, wrapped and tied, no reinforcement is necessary. **Hats:** Pack in strong corrugated or fiber-board boxes. Ordinary pasteboard hatboxes must be crated. Ladies' hats and stiff hats, easily damaged, should be marked "fragile." **Shoes:** Pack in strong boxes, preferably corrugated cardboard. Wrap with strong paper, securely tied with heavy twine. **Cut flowers:** Place in strong suitable boxes of wood, tin, or heavy corrugated cardboard. Wrap with tissue to retain moisture. **Candies:** Enclose in strong outside boxes or containers. **Drawings, paintings, unmounted maps, etc.:** Pack or wrap in strong material to avoid damage. When not flat, roll around a wooden core and then wrap and tie carefully or place in strong pasteboard tube. **Sharp-pointed or sharp-edged instruments or tools** must have points and edges fully guarded to prevent injury to clerks in handling or damage to other mail. Crate suitably or thoroughly wrap so that they cannot cut through the wrapping. **Books** must have the edges well protected with stiff material and packed in a wooden or strong double-faced corrugated fiber-board box, double lined with the same material. **Fragile Articles** Articles easily broken or crushed must be securely packed and crated or boxed. Use liberal quantities of excelsior or like material, in around, and between the articles and the outside container. **Glassware, fragile toys, or crockery** must be packed so as to prevent the escape of particles or pieces if broken in transit. **Cigars:** Ordinary boxes of cigars wrapped in paper only will not be accepted. Pack in a manner to prevent damage by shock or jar. Wrap in corrugated pasteboard or similar material. Cigars must be in good shipping condition. **All articles** easily broken or damaged must be plainly marked "Fragile."

Perishable Matter Parcels containing perishable articles shall be marked "Perishable" and packed in suitable container, according to contents. Articles likely to spoil within the time reasonably required for transportation and delivery will not be accepted for mailing. Use special-delivery stamps to expedite delivery. **Addresses** Addresses should be complete, with house number and name of street, post-office box, or rural-route number, and typed or plainly written in ink. A return card should be placed in the upper left corner of every piece of mail. If a tag is used, the address and return card should also be written on the wrapper for use if tag is lost, and a copy of the address should be enclosed inside the parcel. **DO NOT MAIL CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS IN RED, GREEN, OR OTHER DARK-COLORED ENVELOPES, OR IN VERY SMALL ENVELOPES.** **Postage** Postage must be fully prepaid on all mail. Affix the required amount of postage in the upper right corner. Full information concerning postage rates can be obtained at the parcel-post or stamp window. **Limit of Weight and Size** No parcel may be more than 100 inches in length and girth combined nor exceed 70 pounds in weight. **Air-Mail Service** **USE AIR MAIL FOR SPEED. FIRST IN ARRIVAL—FIRST DELIVERED—FIRST OPENED—FIRST ANSWERED.** The domestic air-mail rate of postage is 6 cents for each ounce or fraction thereof on the mainland of the United States. The pound rate is 95 cents a pound. Consult postmaster for rate to Hawaii, Canal Zone, Puerto Rico, and other island possessions. Rates to foreign countries are equally attractive. The new combined air-mail and special-delivery stamp provides immediate delivery at destination at all times and is particularly desirable for use on mail which will arrive at destination on Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays. Regular air-mail envelopes are preferred for air mail; plain envelopes with the proper amount of postage may be used but must be conspicuously endorsed near the address "VIA AIR MAIL," or "SPECIAL DELIVERY — AIR MAIL," as the case may be, the mere fact that the matter may bear airmail or special-delivery stamps not being sufficient. **Special-Delivery Service** The use of a SPECIAL-DELIVERY stamp will assure delivery on Christmas Day, if mailed at the proper time. SPECIAL-DELIVERY SERVICE means immediate delivery at office of address. It is obtained by affixing a SPECIAL-DELIVERY stamp of the proper denomination, or its equivalent in ordinary stamps, in addition to the regular postage. When ordinary stamps are used, the words "SPECIAL DELIVERY" must be written or printed on the envelope or wrapper immediately below but never on the stamps. It is urged that all mailers desiring immediate delivery of any matter mailed by them affix SPECIAL-DELIVERY stamps thereto. SPECIAL-DELIVERY is for speed and not for safety. **Special Handling — Fourth-Class Matter Only** Parcels of fourth-class matter endorsed "Special Handling" will be given the most expeditious handling, transportation and delivery practicable (but not special delivery) upon payment, in addition to the regular postage, of the proper charge. **Matter Not Mailable at Parcel Post Rates** Written matter in the nature of personal correspondence cannot be enclosed in parcels. Communications attached to parcels: A letter placed in an envelope, addressed to correspond with the address on the parcel and fully prepaid at the first-class rate, may be tied or otherwise securely attached to the outside of the parcel in such a manner as to prevent separation therefrom and not obscure the address on the parcel. **Insure or Register Valuable Mail** Valuable domestic third and fourth class mail should be insured. Insurance fees: Value not exceeding \$5, 5 cents; not exceeding \$25, 10 cents; not exceeding \$50, 15 cents; not exceeding \$100, 25 cents; not exceeding \$150, 30 cents; and not exceeding \$200, 35 cents. Coin, currency, jewelry, and articles of considerable value should be sent as SEALED FIRST-CLASS, REGISTERED MAIL. Indemnity up to not exceeding \$1,000 is now paid in connection with domestic registered mail and registered c. o. d. mail. (Consult postmaster as to fees, surcharges, and limits of indemnity for registered mail.)

Weekly Letter by George Proctor, the Local Fish-Game Conservation Officer

The Carnival Sub Committee of the New England Council is endeavoring in every way to co-operate with the various towns holding winter Carnivals. The committee would therefore like to receive all dates as soon as planned thus helping all organizations sponsoring carnivals to have fewer conflicts in dates. Members of this committee will be glad to offer suggestions or help organizations in any way to plan events, etc. The committee member for the section of southern N. H., south of Claremont and Newport is Miss Mildred B. Gage of Wilton. All data may be sent to her or to Carl E. Shumway, Chairman, 453 Washington street, Boston, Mass. In the past few weeks we have received in the mail several letters which were not signed. All such letters go into the stove without a second reading. Why anyone will sit down and write a letter and not sign their name is beyond me. If they are ashamed of what they wrote why bother to write it. Standing a fellow the other day ran across beside a big car on a back slippery road. We tried to make the long hill and having no chains slid back. This man had on his hat a bright gold Police badge. We went over to ask him what department he represented and he said he represented himself and the badge was on for fun. After explaining what it meant to impersonate an officer he took the badge off and put it in his pocket. Any neglect to animals or live stock, not properly sheltered for the winter, report to me and I will relay to the proper authorities. The Humane Societies want all stock properly cared for this winter. If you live near Keene report to the Sheriff at Marlborough. Near Nashua Mrs. M. Jennie Kendall or John E. Miller, Manchester, report to Animal Rescue League at Manchester.

When you hear a couple of birds discussing and cussing an enforcement officer you can make up your mind that something is wrong with that pair and that they are law breakers and will bear watching. I heard a couple of them going it one day in a Garage. They did not know me so I took in the whole show with a good deal of amusement. Later I asked the Chief of that town what that pair had done. He asked who it was and I told him as near as I could what they looked like. He replied, "Thanks for the tip I want one of those fellows bad. We went back and he got one of the pair. That day goes to show a man can talk himself into a lot of trouble. When a man is combing down an officer of the law (behind his back) you will know there is something wrong with that fellow. We doubt if there is a town in the state that has so many basketball teams as this town in which I reside. We have the Peewee's Midgets, High Schools, ex High Schools and the Profits. If you want a game any age or size we can accommodate you. Let's go. It won't be long to Christmas. Just check on the people on your street or in your section and see if there is a family that won't have a real holiday. If you know of such a family get in touch with the nearest Salvation Army post and report to them. Let's make this the best Christmas that we ever had. Several nice overcoats have been received the past week. To keep someone nice and warm this winter. More clothing and tinfoli have been coming in and we pass it along. If you are interested in the duck and waterfowl situation you should see Bulletin No. 14. Issued by Permanent Wild Life Protection Fund, Stamford, Conn. Write for your copy. The statements in this book will make you sit up and take notice.

Merry Christmas!
A Very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all our friends.
Mr. and Mrs. Norman J. Morse
21 Highland Avenue
Claremont, N. H.

Only Six More Shopping Days Before Xmas
Durand Chocolates, Wrought Iron Ware, Hand Carved and Hand Painted Polish Novelties, Christmas Cards, Stationery, Gift Wrapping Paper, Tie Ribbons, Seals and Tags.
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For Your Christmas Dinner!

Turkey	-	25c to 38c per lb.
Chicken	-	28c per lb.
Duck	-	25c per lb.
Geese	-	30c per lb.
Florida Oranges	-	doz. 35c
		Extra Large Size
Oranges	doz.	25c to 35c
		California Navels
Tangerines	doz.	15c
Grapes		10c per lb.
Lettuce		13c per head
Celery		13c per bunch
Squash		3c per lb.

Full Line of
Monarch Canned Goods
Patronize Your Home - Town Merchants!
Cutter's Market
J. M. Cutter, Prop., Antrim

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PATTERNS of WOLFPEN

By HARLAN HATCHER

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CHAPTER X—Continued

They both felt suddenly confused. He put down the pencil he had been playing with, and arose from the smooth-worn hickory chair. "It's a fine day," Reuben said. "Could we walk, or sit somewhere a while?" "Let's do," she said. They strolled across the yard to the path along Julia's garden fence. Julia was among her sweetpeas pulling off the faded blooms. "You certainly have a fine garden, Mrs. Pattern," Reuben said. "It's not quite so good this year," Julia replied. The soft part of the afternoon lay quiet over the valley. "We're going to sit a little while up there on the rock by the sycamore," Cynthia said. "Well, don't go far," Julia said, following them with her eyes to the shaded spot by the creek in full view of the house and garden. They felt strangely happy to be removed from all places where they had been in company with other people, and to be alone together in a new place whose only associations were those they were now making. "We found some nice spots back in the woods," Reuben said. "I like the way the hollows fork off on each side of Wolfpen, like ribs on a wahoo leaf." "Some parts of the place I have never been to," she said. "I like best the Pinnacle and Cranesnest and the hollows here by the house. I don't know whether they're best when the spicewood begins to bud and the white dogwood blooms, or in September when the wild touch-me-nots are waist high with yellow-and-red-spotted bags and two red ears on each one, and bumblebees crowding down into them and shouldering the yellow dust." "That sounds the best," Reuben said. "It's right pretty when the creek freezes over and the bushes are glazed with ice and the snow hangs on the pine trees. I guess it is always a good place to be." The white limbs of the sycamore tree caught in the light of the sun, and the ground and the creek were in movement with shadow splashes. "You'll be getting the survey done soon now, I guess?" "I won't be so very much longer now before it is finished, I'm afraid." "Then what will you do?" "I'll see if it closes on the map, and then I'll take it back home and my father will or maybe I will make the calculations and fix up the papers." "Does that take a long time?" "Not long like the field work." "You don't have to come back any more after you've finished running it?" "That depends. I might have to come back about the piece cut off for Shellenberger." There was a long pause. Then he added, "When do you go to Pikeville?" "In September. Jesse's going too, but he hasn't told Daddy yet. He's to read law with Tandy Morgan." "I think that will be fine." "Are you going to follow surveying?" "Yes. There's lots of work to do in this country. And the towns are growing, and the counties thinking about roads. I want to be the county surveyor some day." "Oh, that would be a fine job for a man. As good as the law." "I kind of hate to see a place like this go over to a man like Shellenberger to cut into. The Big Sandy slopes where the timber is cut off are awful-looking things." "It's just the part down the creek and you won't see it from here. But sometimes at night I can hear the trees talking about what's about to happen to them and it goes from one to another all over the hills and dies away in a sigh on our creek. Still, I reckon people need timber." "I reckon." They sat in silence, listening to the life all about them. "Isn't all this cooking and boarding so many too hard on just you and your mother?" It came so suddenly and without preparation that she was startled. She lifted her hand from the moss, and dropped it into her lap, clasping the other. "Why, no, Reuben. A body just don't think much about it." "Your mother looks a little worn out. Don't you think so?" "I guess I just hadn't thought of it." "It's after washing and ironing, or something, I've noticed. And she likes to be out in her garden." "She told Daddy she didn't need extra help." "Are Shellenberger and Mullens staying on here while they lumber?" "I don't know," Cynthia said. "I reckon so." He had surprised her again by this kind of observation which menfolk did not make. She turned and looked full at him. "You're different, Reuben." She smiled at her, a singularly rare and engaging smile. "Different how and from what?" "I don't know how to say it. But you are." "Well, so then are you." He felt the thrill of these advances which came unbidden into being, and then as curiously retreated.

"Is Doug Mason what you call different?" he asked. "No. Why him?" "Oh, I have seen him look at you and watched him when you are around. Do you . . . Are you old friends?" "He's a good boy and runs the place since his Daddy died. He's a . . . he's just a good neighbor and his mother's not well." That brought another silence, Reuben wondering just why he said anything about Doug Mason, who came sometimes in the evening to visit the Patterns but said very little and looked often at Reuben. Cynthia turned the name over in her mind and wondered what thing lay so powerfully in her heart that she had said he was just a good neighbor. "He has a big 'seng patch he's going to make a lot of money on." There was no way for Reuben to know that she was offering him the secret which Doug had laid with devotion before her. She glanced at him, her eyes turned down Wolfpen. They had been led far deeper than the surface of their talk since the half-confused moment by the drawing table. Cynthia began to realize that they had both dressed Doug in a word and set him before them as a symbol of their new relationship. Nothing else seemed to exist except this entranced moment of creating a new experience with another human being. Her open hand lay along the delicate green moss covering of the stone dividing it into cool points with her fingers. Reuben dropped his long brown and birch-scared hand gently upon it. It was warm and alive among the moss fronds. "I never even dreamed of finding anybody like you when I started up here. And I nearly didn't come, only another job came along that my Dad had to look after himself." "Would you have minded that so much?" Cynthia asked. "Yes," he answered. There seemed to be nothing more to say aloud. She withdrew her hand and let it lie in her lap. It seemed different from the other one and in communion with all the rest of her being. Julia was now at the gate of her garden. She stood looking at Cynthia and Reuben. "We'd better go back now," Cynthia said. The cows, heavy with the long day, were coming slowly in file around the hill toward the barn. Everything was stirring again into life for feeding-time. "I like to come down this valley this time of day," Reuben finally said as they neared the yard. "It seems like everything is doing just what it is intended to do." "If you look close you can see Saul climbing back to Cranesnest Shelf," Cynthia said. "I see him," Reuben answered. Abrial was already in the yard. He smiled boyishly, and when Cynthia had gone into the house, he said to Reuben, "Oh, you've been surveying." Reuben smiled at Abrial. He liked his spirit and his energy. "Yes, Abrial. There's a lot to be surveyed on this place."

CHAPTER XI

Near the end of an afternoon some days later into July Reuben Warren drove the iron spike of the Jacob's staff into the ground below the mill and brought to a close the uncertain line around the Pattern lands. Day after day from dawn to dusk they had pushed it through the ax-cleared way through the timber, climbing over the ridges that lay lifeless in the noonday heat, and down into cool damp hollows where the birds gathered in the afternoons. Then they had marked off the portion for Shellenberger, cutting across the place from the jutting point on the Big Sandy watershed overlooking the river where the long ridges rolled into form out of blue and indistinct space, to the rich earth at the foot of the Pinnacle on Gannon creek in view of Cranesnest. Reuben peeped through the slit in the sights to the yellow point still catching the sun above the shadows in Wolfpen. "Thence north eighty-three degrees thirty minutes east to the beginning," he said to Sparrel and the others and entered it in the note-book. "I guess that finishes it." It was like saying good-by to one of the family. Tomorrow Reuben would be leaving this place where he had lived through the days of spring and early summer. He would ride in silence behind Sparrel to Pikeville and then by boat down the Big Sandy, sitting on the prow to watch the Pattern lands he had surveyed come into view and recede and pass into the hands of Shellenberger. It was the first time he had ever been sorry to complete a job in the hills and return home. He had had enough experience in the changing world to foresee that the livelihood of Wolfpen could not survive the wave of development which would one day sweep over it. He was sorry. He stood by the kitchen window, smelling the scent of poplars and pine trees on the light breeze from the hollow. Cynthia found him there for a minute alone. The note-books and the deeds were tied in a bundle on the

table by the compass, ready for the journey. In the corner were the plans, the chain and the staff. "I guess it's all finished," he smiled. "I hate to see you go," she said. "I'm sorry I can't make the job last any longer. It just seemed to get done." "July seemed a long way off in April," Cynthia said. "And September seems a long way off from July." "It will be different tomorrow when you are gone," she said. "It's been a good place to be in, and it will be a good place to come back to," he said. "But I suppose you'll soon be busy over at the Institute." "I reckon so. Will you have any more to do here at our place?" "It doesn't look like it now." "Then you won't be coming back?" she said. "I'll be coming back," he answered. "It may be September and it may be spring and it may not be to survey. But I'll be coming back."

The spirit of the place changed abruptly after Reuben went away. Released from the survey, Jasper, Jesse and Abrial were deep in the neglected corn and the ill-tended crops heretofore unknown on Wolfpen. Cynthia found the day very long and the work irksome when it was done for Shellenberger and Mullens. "Those two seem to fill up the whole valley and take possession of the place now that Reuben is gone. And when I try to remember what we said before



"I Never Even Dreamed of Finding Anyone Like You When I Started Up Here."

he went it seems like we didn't say anything at all, but it didn't appear that way then. It may not be to survey, but I'll be coming back. I'll be so glad when September comes, only if it weren't for Mother. She does seem a little tired and peaked like Reuben said. Six weeks yet. It is a right long time."

Shellenberger filled up the valley with his presence and his lumbering operations. The old gristmill was converted into a sawmill. One change in a generation was well established by precedent, but two, and not only in a generation but in a single year, threatened the stability of a man's customs. Sparrel was too engrossed in the mechanical details of rigging up the saw and ripping out boards for the camp to be sensitive to it. But to Cynthia it was all new and disturbing. Sometimes she watched the smoke bill up through the laurel bushes on the Pinnacle and the bright whirling saw bite into the body of a yellow log which had lived in these hills longer than all her people. She would listen tensely to the saw making its first noisy attack and then settling into a steady raucous scream as it sliced off a piece from its side. A shiver would pass through her spine. The tree-trunk became a living thing suffering mutilation, and she wondered whether the screaming came from the exultation of the furious saw teeth, or from the hurt tree in its cry of pain.

At the beginning of this year she would have spoken her thoughts to Sparrel. Now she was silent about them while the operations went on at the mill and in Dry Creek. She followed the progress of the work by completing in her imagination the fragments of talk let fall by the menfolk at the table on the porch, and by the glimpses she had of it as she went about the place.

The mountain men were coming to Wolfpen and Dry Creek with axes on their shoulders looking for work. They came from the cabins in the squeezed hollows where farming was already growing precarious, hearing the rumor that there was cash to be had for chopping timber on Sparrel Pattern's place. They cleared away the flat at the mouth of Dry Creek and erected shacks for the men and sheds for the mules and a blacksmith shop. Then their axes and saws gnawed at the poles of the trees through the hollow and up the hillsides, spreading relentlessly like a

grim disease. A few sharp slaps of an ax, the thin swish-swash of a saw, then a shout from the men, a slow groan rising to an explosion in the final crash and dying away to a whisper in the limbs waving through the air to the ground. Over and over through the weeks: the attack, the cry of surrender, the crash and sigh of the fall, spreading up the hollow. The heavily timbered spot where Barton had caught 'possums, which always lay so silent and black in the mornings under the Pinnacle, became a thick group of men in a settlement to themselves. And yet not to themselves, for these aliens seemed to press in upon Wolfpen itself and to swarm in a multitude beyond their appointed place even though they kept to their hollow, and the sound of their axes could not be heard over the back of the ridge between. Cynthia could see them sometimes pilfering about everywhere, and every rustle of the leaves in the trees by the house became a cry of panic spread through all the timber.

Then there was always Shellenberger bringing back the disturbance from Dry Creek, for he still ate at the house and slept between his two sheets and made no mention of the money for his keep which Cynthia carefully recorded on a piece of paper. There was Sparrel losing imperceptibly his first pleasure in the steam-mill, the survey of his lands and the new saw. He gave more time to the blacksmith shop, fashioning shoes for the mules and half shoes for the oxen, sharpening tools and welding chains, neglecting his medicines and his books. Cynthia missed his tall figure from the hollows speaking in low tones to his mule and greeting her when she came to the field with cold water from his filtered well.

Abrial was now working for Shellenberger. Jasper was silent, Jesse was more than ever absorbed in his own plans, Julia was tired, Reuben was far off down the river in another world: it was no use making believe that the corn and sweet potatoes were the same as in other years, or that Julia's hollyhocks stood up in the same proud grandeur, or that the lumbering was isolated over the ridge. Dry Creek pressed ruthlessly in. It grew more emphatic with the difficulties at the camp. They had come on gradually, intensifying a little from day to day before they came to a crisis. They were reflected in Sparrel's taciturnity and the troubled mood which followed him into the house, for there had never before been any ill feeling between men on Gannon creek. The mountain men could not adapt themselves to the discipline of a supervised lumbering operation.

It was partly Shellenberger's air of detached authority which they found barely tolerable. Not that he kept his own counsel and ate only at Sparrel's, but that he went among them as though they were trees or mules, and acted so superior by virtue of his ownership of Sparrel Pattern's timber and not by right of character, one man to another, as it was among the Big Sandy men.

It was more especially Mullens. He had his own superiorities as boss of the work. He said little to the men beyond a few terse orders. Moreover he had his own methods for felling trees, determining log lengths, constructing the dam, for every single detail of the logging. He insisted on telling these men who had lived their lives in the hills and swung axes since they were striplings, how to fell a tree, how far above the ground they should cut, and where to stand when it began to lean. Sometimes they would do as they were told; more often they would do as they liked and meet the sour looks of Mullens with a passive and child-like silence.

They were difficult and individual as children, and Mullens did not know what to do about it. So he swore at them and marked on each tree the exact spot where he wanted it cut. If he then stood by and watched, they would cut low; but when he turned away they would straighten their backs and cut high.

They were not happy at the camp. When they got homesick or took a fancy for home-cooked victuals, or a notion to leave the camp for a few days, they quietly shouldered their axes and went. They returned when they got ready and they did not expect any unfavorable notice to be taken of their going out or their coming in.

Abrial said that the men were beginning to think it ought to be pay-day some time, but that neither Shellenberger nor Mullens had said anything about it yet.

And since they were not accustomed to hiring out for a wage, they did not know whether they should ask about the time of their pay or just wait until the job was finished up. Sparrel seemed to take it as being all right, so it must be, but a little ready money would come in handy. This general unrest culminated in the latter part of August. The occasion was the accident and first casualty on the job. They were chopping the greatest poplars in Dry Creek. Grover Sims was standing near by watching them bring down one of the finest of them all. Mullens happened to be there at the moment the tree began to lean. He

shouted sharply to Sims to jump up the hill out of the way. The boy was startled by the shouting of Mullens and the loud cracking of the giant bole breaking away from the stump and crashing through the smaller trees. In nervous confusion he sprang full into the path of the falling mass. It caught him squarely, knocking him down as though he were a reed, pinning him under the heavy trunk, and crushing in his lungs. Had he stayed where he was before Mullens shouted, he would have been safe. The moans had ceased by the time Sparrel got to him. It went quickly through Dry Creek that it was Mullens' fault, and if he had kept his mouth off of the boy it wouldn't have happened. And why, anyway, should they be down here in a lumber camp at the risk of their lives, working for a foreigner like Mullens when they might just as well be at home and their own bosses as they had always been? They quit. They were quiet about it. Some of them told Mullens they allowed they'd better be getting back home now, what with the corn about ready to cut and things about the place to be attended to, and they'd just have their time. Mullens said he couldn't pay them until Shellenberger got the money. And they said that they reckoned if it wasn't handy they'd just wait around for it, and it better not be too long. So while they were burying Grover Sims on Big Brushy, Shellenberger took one of Sparrel's mules for two days and when he came back there was money to pay them.

The work was at a standstill. "So now what?" Shellenberger said to Mullens. "Go down-river and get me some men who know how to be told what to do," Mullens said.

The month of August was going by on the rumor of these troubles at the camp. In other Augusts, the thought of disputes among men never came into Wolfpen or disturbed the head of Cynthia. The talk had always been of the growth the lambs had made, of the rams and ewes to be sold or slaughtered, of the thickness of the clover in Stack Bottom, of whether the time for the making of sorghum would be earlier or later this year than the one before, of the late corn in Julia's patch, of the steers for the drovers, of the progress of the bees, of the size of the potatoes where Julia had graveled, of the absence of sickness and the probable price of 'seng. And the words were framed at leisure a few at a time from day to day as one member or another of the family observed the course of life about them. These things were not mentioned this year because of Shellenberger and Dry Creek.

Cynthia felt the alteration in herself and noted it in the others and thought on it as she tried to finish the cloth that had been already too long in the loom. "I never in my life got such a little bit at a time done on a piece. Pears like a body's day is so tied up with other folks' doing I can't get any work done and out of the way. Part of it is the way nobody doesn't seem natural. Mother acts like she was tired all the time and she doesn't show off her flowers when Amy comes or offer her any seeds and she doesn't say much. I don't see when she's going to dry apples and make jelly and put things away. Daddy goes around like he had a trouble bound on his shoulders. He works down around the mill so much I don't know how he's ever going to get herbs for his medicine and the corn in and the hay made and the sorghum. Jasper works in the fields with a sorry look on his face, and I reckon he wants to marry. And Abrial is so excited about everything I can hear him flopping in his bed at night and ramming his knees with a bang into the wall. And there's Jesse working on through his big book and looking at his steer and I know he is right nervous about going off over to town with so much to do about the place before winter and all those strange men coming here from down-river, and the hard feelings about Grover Sims getting killed. And there's Cynthia. What about you? You think about him and his maps and papers he's working on, and about how you're to get over to the Institute for a winter and about silly things in the trees that you'd just better leave to old Mr. Stinky Shellenberger and his black man. But it's not nice to call even him bad names."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Clipping of Whiskers

On the most curious events that ever occurred in England's famous Westminster Abbey was the clipping of the whiskers on the bust of Thackeray, in the Poet's Corner. Thackeray's daughter, Lady Ritchie, had objected for years that the whiskers on each side of the face were too long, and at last asked the dean to let her have them shortened. The Dean consented reluctantly, and accompanied by a sculptor, Lady Ritchie arrived one morning for the work. The bust was taken to the crypt, where the whiskers were chiseled to their proper length. Then the sculptor flicked off the statue with a cloth, just as a barber would have after shaving someone, and it was returned to its niche.

BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

The Pope's Health
One Pillar Missing
Big London Fire
A Pretty Good Country

News, far more important than any English royal marriage controversy concerns the health of Pope Pius. The whole world, admiring the Pope's character and his loyal efforts for peace, hopes earnestly for his speedy recovery, while millions that follow the Pope's spiritual guidance pray for that recovery, with the cardinals kneeling at the Pope's bedside.

In spite of his advanced age, there is reason for hope, in his always temperate life and his early Alpine climbing expeditions.

Mr. Hull, secretary of state, offers "eight pillars of peace" upon which American peace and prosperity might rest.

With all respect for the secretary's earnestness, it must be said that the most important "pillar" for the United States is not found among the eight.

The interesting pillar is a protective force of airplanes and submarines so great as to make any attack upon this country unthinkable. When John L. Sullivan lived, no one hit him.

London's Crystal palace, covering 17 acres, went up in flames, visible for 50 miles. London has not seen so great a fire since "the" great fire of 1660. That fire started at one o'clock in the morning in a house in Pudding lane; you may read some interesting details in Peyp's diary. Burning four days, the fire caused great destruction, but did good in the end. It wiped out, for one thing, the great plague of London, that made the citizens mark their doors with a red cross and "Lord, have mercy upon us," and caused the grass to grow in London's streets. London was rebuilt of brick; after the fire no more wooden houses, and streets were made wider. Our misfortunes often improve us.

Former President Hoover, just now in New York, smiles at the sug-

gestion that he plans to leave this country and take up his residence in England. The former President, in spite of the "Maine-Vermont" incident, thinks this is a pretty good country and he is right; it made him President.

This is "the day of woman," as a well-known religious leader said. Hongkong tells of a lady, chief of pirates, looting a ship, taking \$10,000, displaying unusual ability and ferocity.

The airplane, in a better way, helps to establish woman's more-than-equality; Capt. Mollison starts through the air from England to Africa, trying to beat the record of his own wife, not that of some other man. Flying records depend upon the machine and the nerve of the pilot. Women have more nerve and physical courage than men have ever had, although men don't know it.

Washington reports that the President, using the discretion given him by congress, will order the construction of two battleships, to cost \$50,000,000 each. Many will hope that the statement is mistaken, especially as the President is said to be doing this to "match Britain's move."

If we should build those battleships, squandering \$100,000,000 of the public money on them, and then be foolish enough to send them out, in case of war, a couple of \$50,000 airplanes would sink them, or low-priced submarines would blow them up.

If you have imagined at any time that the United States has lost its interest in kings, titles and nobility, turning away from such things in its complete, simple-hearted democracy, look at your newspaper and see how many columns and pictures it prints about Britain's king and his proposed marriage at this time; and observe, if you dine out, the general subject of conversation.

It was truly a marvelous reception that Buenos Aires and the entire Argentine Republic, its President, cabinet and people, gave to the President of the United States. An enthusiastic crowd of a million and a half crowded every street in the great Argentine city, now in the spring season, and most pleasing were two words used by the Argentine president, Justo, "Mi amigo" ("my friend"), as he greeted the American President.

Those two words, mi amigo, extended in all sincerity from one end of the two American continents to the other, would solve the American peace problem, and this country need not worry about the two words popular in Europe and Asia— "MY ENEMY."

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Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
by William Bruckart

Washington.—Observers of affairs in the national capital frequently get a different slant on statements by "close advisers of the President" or activities of "those on the inside" than persons living at distances from Washington. They are less likely to be misled in their conclusions as to the meaning of such statements or actions, come as they may from "high sources," than others not closely in touch. But even this close contact by observers here does not always produce for them a definite finality on their conclusions because some things are simply impossible of proof.

The above statements are by way of directing attention to the inability of the corps of correspondents here to tell whether Dr. Stanley High was speaking with the approval or even the acquiescence of President Roosevelt when Dr. High voiced the opinions in Liberty Magazine recently to the effect that Mr. Roosevelt is in a mood to discipline the newspapers of the country. Dr. High, to summarize many words in his magazine article, rather forecast Mr. Roosevelt in his new term of office will not abandon his liberal policies but probably will chastise his enemies less than occurred during his first term—except the press. Certainly, Dr. High gave us all reason to believe that Mr. Roosevelt is pretty much disgusted with certain types of newspapers in this country and that he may be expected to "crack down" on them.

The consensus among the writing fraternity in Washington is that Dr. High has an opportunity at least to know the Presidential mind. He has virtually lived with it during the last six months and there can be no doubt that he had opportunities during that time of talking formally and informally with the Chief Executive in a manner not permitted more than a few persons. On this basis, if on no other, one would be led to believe that Dr. High was writing in a sense a reflection of Mr. Roosevelt's thoughts, yet, as I said at the beginning, none of us can be sure.

While Dr. High definitely is in a position as an adviser to the President to know the trend of Mr. Roosevelt's mind, he was delightfully general in the discussion of the President's future program except as to the press. Again, it may be much ado about nothing. So many of the Presidential advisers and insiders have been writing and talking and acting in the last three years that it is difficult to tell which is the real story. It may be, therefore,—and I believe this is the best answer—that Dr. High has turned loose a toy balloon. If this balloon is blown the wrong way by comments from the nation, you probably will hear no more about a discipline for the press. If the comments are friendly, another story may be expected and its nature is not now to be forecast.

Assuming now that Dr. High has faithfully presented the President's thoughts on the newspapers of the country, it seems entirely proper that the suggestion be examined from the viewpoint of national welfare.

Dr. High, to be sure, made clear in his article that the President's efforts to reform the press will be addressed only to those newspapers which engage in misrepresentation, color their news or are guilty of unfair journalism. I believe that the vast majority of our newspapers properly are jealous of the integrity of their policies. I believe that the vast majority of our editors regard the responsibility of leadership as something quite sacred and not to be tainted. In the same breath that we mention the President's purported thoughts and the attitude of most newspapers, one cannot help but recall that at least three-fourths of all newspaper circulation in the recent Presidential campaign was opposed to President Roosevelt's re-election.

Thus, and in view of these circumstances, it may be disconcerting to a good many people to read the strong language that Dr. High has used in reflecting the implications of the Presidential mind. To that school of thought, the Doctor's language, if it means anything, means that Mr. Roosevelt proposes to take steps, directly or indirectly, to make the entire press of America conform to his ideas of what constitutes "fair journalism." In other words, if their interpretation of the High article is correct, there can be intimidation of the press from the White House.

The intimidation could come from Presidential tongue lashing of newspapers or any one individual newspaper which the President believed was guilty of "unfair journalism." The net result of such a course, naturally, would be a fearful press and a fearful press obviously never has presented and never will present its impartial judgment; it will never answer back and it probably

will never fight out the issues in which it believes and to which it may have been committed theretofore.

I do not defend unfair newspapers and I do not believe anyone else can defend them. Newspapers, because of their position as leaders, must conform to the maximum of honesty. I think, however, that the number of unfair journals is declining because public sentiment gradually drives them out of business. If Mr. Roosevelt actually has in mind the things presented by Dr. High, then a wave of resentment is likely to arise and that wave of resentment in itself will not help in the movement to drive out unfair newspapers. At least, that is the conviction that seems to prevail among the several hundred capable observers here in Washington. Only a few, as far as I can discern, believe that the President can get away with the program which Dr. High outlined in his behalf.

Colonel Edwin A. Halsey, secretary of the senate, recently has compiled some facts and figures on proposals for constitutional amendments that are strikingly interesting. First, the fact that there have been 3,759 proposals for constitutional amendments in the nation's history, and only 21 of them succeeded and became a part of the Constitution, is to me most significant. It shows very definitely, I believe, that our people are slow to make changes in the fundamental law of our country and that they do not make these changes until there is something approximating unanimity of belief that they are necessary.

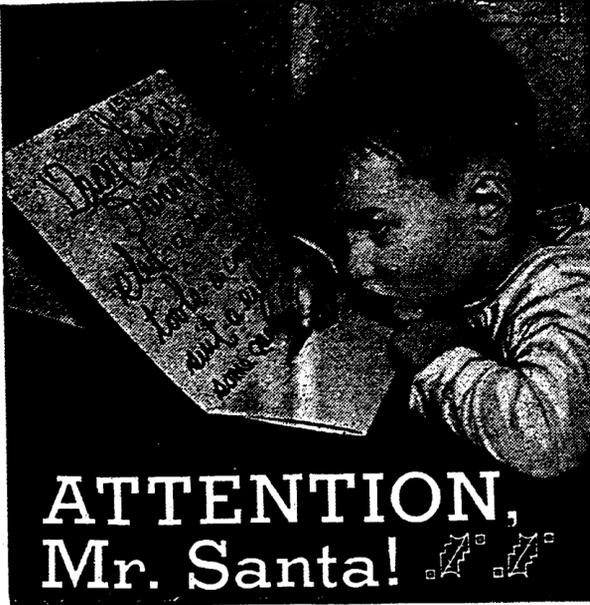
Colonel Halsey's compilation disclosed the further interesting fact that economic conditions have a direct link with and reflect rather accurately the desires of the people to alter or revise the Constitution. It seems that when there is plenty of work and plenty of profit and the nation is going along happily, even few of the demagogues have thought about amending the Constitution. But let hard times descend upon us, let there be millions of unemployed and hundreds of thousands of persons destitute and forward comes a perfect deluge of proposals to change the Constitution.

Very accurate proof of the above statement is given in the records for the last ten years, that is, from 1928 to 1936. The most important political question agitating the congress during the first part of this decade was the proposal to change the date upon which the President and Vice President and congress take office. Latterly, and after the prosperity bubble burst, the depression brought its own flock of proposals for changing the Constitution. Colonel Halsey disclosed that there had been 20 proposals which would authorize congress to deal with working hours and wages; 7 which would have given congress authority over agricultural production and 9 limiting the power and authority of the Supreme court to declare acts of congress unconstitutional or otherwise modify court jurisdiction. There were two suggested amendments that would have placed in the hands of congress virtual power to control the general welfare of the nation.

The Halsey document also reflects maneuvers of various blocs and schools of thought and likewise tells a very clear story of our nation's sashay into the field of national prohibition. National prohibition was a long time in coming and there are many who believe that it was forced upon the country too soon. That is to say it was made operative before a sufficiently large majority of the people were in favor of it. This seems to be substantiated by the figures which show that during the last decade, there were 135 proposals for repeal of the 18th amendment out of a total of 479 resolutions for constitutional amendment. In other words, had there been anything like the necessary popular majority in favor of prohibition, we would have seen very few attempts in congress to repeal the liquor control amendment.

Stools Before Chairs
Chairs, which we take for granted nowadays, were not in common use until the last part of the Seventeenth century. Before that time hard wooden stools were the only seating conveniences known. Museums preserve some of the first chairs of history, stiff, uncomfortable objects of puritan austerity. The backs were of solid wood, often in carved design, and the seats, too, were solid. They were known as "wainscott" chairs.

Children to Have Harbor
Khabarovsk, in Far East Russia, is constructing on the Amur river a harbor for children which will boast two lighthouses equipped with radio stations, repair shops, a steamer for 250 passengers, swimming pools and a large headquarters building.



A Holiday for Two

by Luella B. Lyons

"THIS being with the family on Christmas is the bunk so I won't mind parking myself down there in Martinville, Mr. Howard," Paul Boyd told his employer. That's how he found himself spending the holidays in a lonely little room in a boarding and rooming house. His landlady had gone out to church services, he knew, but he determined to pass the lonely hours by reading, having prepared himself with a flock of new detective fiction before leaving the city.

Before another half hour had passed, Paul tossed the book aside and began pacing the floor. Here he was alone at last on one Christmas eve, far from too-concerned relatives and friends.

As the crowning insult, without a moment's warning, the little light



Paul Tossed the Book Aside and Began Pacing the Floor.

that hung on a single cord from the ceiling, flickered and went out. "Great day, this is the end! I wonder what they do here when the lights go out—go to bed, I suppose!" he muttered disgustedly. But just the same he began scratching matches to hunt for a possible kerosene lamp he might have overlooked. Five matches later, he found a candle and lost no time lighting that. "At least I can find my way about while getting ready to retire," he grumbled.

But as he jerked at his tie, the unmistakable sound of a smothered sob came to him through the hot air register. Paul wanted to be alone, but sobs did things to him and it took him just three minutes to locate the door from behind which was darkness and those sobs.

All because a thoughtless landlady had failed to provide the lovely and lonely girl with an extra bit of lighting in case the rather unreliable power company service discontinued without notice, wasn't the only reason for the sobs.

"Being in a noisy city where folks are celebrating, asking all kinds of favors of you at the holiday time, doing the same old parties, family dinners and all that—I thought it would be nice to escape it for a change," she explained. Jean Hathaway, she said was her name.

"Jean, I said the same thing and maybe we were both right only that—that," and suddenly he became embarrassed but struggled on, "that it is all okeh if you don't have to escape alone. Just one for company and for celebrating is about the right number. What do you think, Jean?"

"Alone together! It doesn't make sense as for English, but it does Christmas-edly speaking!" and the light of the candle burned high and proud on that holiday for just two.

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THE CHRISTMAS CAROL

by Helen Waterman

THE Christmas Spirit, if such a sprite there be, must have fled in dismay from old Silas Wentworth, for a crustier, harder, less Christmas-spirited man would be hard to imagine.

Yet Sally Blaine, his clerk and bookkeeper, had the temerity to bring Christmas into the store, stringing lines of tinsel.

Old Silas, coming to work, stopped and stared at this unusual addition to the colored globes and patent medicines with which his windows were adorned.

Sally Blaine, rather frightened now, looked up. "Merry Christmas, Mr. Wentworth."

Silas surveyed the store grimly. "Take it down!"

But Sally hesitated. "I said take it down. More of your fool notions! What's this?" "Dickens' Christmas Carol, sir."

"He thrust the book on a back shelf. 'Humph! Don't let me catch you reading on the job.'"

"Yes, sir, I'm sorry about the decorations—"

At nine o'clock on Christmas eve Silas saw out his last customer, and began putting up the shutters. It was beastly cold, and his numb fingers were slow at their task. As he was about to lock up, he was confronted by two men, one carrying a revolver.

"Let us in and lock the door," said the man. Silas, his teeth chattering from more than cold, complied.

"Now if you're quiet you won't get hurt," said the spokesman. "My pal here has had an accident. I



Silas Surveyed the Store Grimly. "Take It Down!"

need some medicines. You'll be paid all right."

"Of course; of course," Silas answered, and brought out a stock of supplies.

The wounded man spoke up. "Sorry to keep you on Christmas eve, buddy."

Silas grunted. "Tommyrot." The other man had been rummaging about the store. "Here," he commanded. "I can't watch what you're doing. So you read aloud until I get through." And he handed Silas "Christmas Carol."

He was scarcely half way through when the men paid him and left. He threw the book down and started off, but at the door he turned, and sitting by the night light, read again. "So like me," he muttered, as he finished.

From the wastebasket he drew out the tinsel and strung it awkwardly around the store. He looked through his accounts marked "Overdue," and selected several bills which he marked "Paid in Full," and put in proper envelopes. Then he got his wraps.

"Merry Christmas, Silas," he exclaimed, and went out to the dawn of his first merry one in many years.

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It's Princess Lines Again



AGAIN princess lines are riding the crest of the fashion wave. Good news for members of The Sewing Circle, for princess lines have always been favored by those who sew at home. And for morning wear, the timeless shirt-maker, a perennial choice for busy housewives. Check your wardrobe. It's time to start sewing again, and here are three top-notch selections.

The smart shirtwaister (Pattern 1976) is a utility frock distinguished for its trim lines and as easy to make as it is to wear. Suitable in any of a wide range of fabrics for a wide variety of needs from sun-up to sun-down, this extremely wearable number is available in a wide range of sizes. The notched collar is pert and youthful, there is fullness at the yoke, and the set-in sleeves fit well and wear forever. Send for Pattern 1976 in size 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, and 50. Size 38 requires 4 3/4 yards of 35 inch gingham or percale or shantung.

The slick little princess model (Pattern 1828) needs little comment for the picture tells the story. An utterly simple little affair which buttons all the way down the front, it will make an instant hit with your growing daughter and you can slide it through your machine with the greatest of ease. Just seven pieces to the pattern, including the collar and sleeve band, it is available in sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Size 8 requires 2 1/2 yards of 35 inch fabric plus 1/4 yard contrast. The lovely daytime princess frock (Pattern 1983) is a model which can be made and worn successfully by 36's as well as 50's.

There is a choice of long or short sleeves and there is just enough contrast in the graceful collar to give the frock a smart touch of distinction. Likewise simple—just eight pieces including the collar and cuff—this pattern is designed for sizes 38, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, and 50. Make it in satin, silk, crepe, sheer wool, broadcloth, challis, or linen. Size 38 requires 5 1/2 yards of 39 inch or 3 3/4 yards of 54 inch fabric. Less with short sleeves.

Don't miss these grand numbers. A detailed sewing chart accompanies each pattern to guide you every step of the way.

Send for the Barbara Bell Fall and Winter Pattern Book containing 100 well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Exclusive fashions for children, young women, and matrons. Send fifteen cents in coins for your copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third St., New York, N. Y. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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YOU'RE SUCH A CLEVER HOSTESS, DEAR, I LOVE IT WHEN THE CLUB MEETS HERE! YOU SERVE A LOT OF FOOD THAT'S YUMMY, THEN FURNISH TUMS TO SAVE MY TUMMY!



TASTY TUMS SO QUICKLY RELIEVE ACID INDIGESTION

GAS, HEARTBURN, SOUR STOMACH

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 10c... yet they give relief that is scientific, thorough. Contain no harsh alkalies... cannot over-alkalize your stomach. Just enough antacid compound to correct your stomach acidity is released... remainder passing unabsorbed from your system. For quick relief carry Tums! 10c at any drug store, or the 3-roll ECONOMY PACK for 25c.



AT FIRST SNEEZE
LANE'S COLD TABLETS

HOTEL TUDOR
\$2 PER DAY
SINGLE ROOM • PRIVATE BATH
A new hotel on Grand Street • 2 blocks east of Grand Central Station in NEW YORK CITY

OF INTEREST TO THE HOUSEWIFE

If chicker, prepared for salad is allowed to stand in french dressing for an hour before serving, the flavor of the salad is much improved. Before adding mayonnaise at serving time, drain off french dressing.

Did you ever try dipping your fresh fish in milk before rolling them in corn meal or bread crumbs preparatory to frying.

To give a new flavor to your ham try pouring spiced pickle juice over it before baking.

Cut stale bread into strips one inch thick and one inch wide. Dip them into sweetened condensed milk mixed with water (two to one) and fry golden brown in butter; then roll them, while hot, in mixed sugar and cinnamon. Excellent for afternoon tea.

Cut some stale white bread in one-inch cubes, and roll them in sweetened condensed milk; then fry them in very hot, deep, clear lard for one minute, or until golden brown.

Keep an empty snap card on hand and when taking snaps off old garments snap them on the card. This will save time looking for them when they are needed.

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The Bestest Christmas of All!

Gifts for Everybody

Slippers Give her a pair or two of
Men's, Women's, Children's Holeproof Hosiery
 59c to \$1.35 in a beautiful gift box
 1 pr. \$1.00 - 2 pr. \$1.95
 3 pr. \$2.85
Chilton Pens Dorella Brand, 69c pr.
 \$2.50 - \$5.00
 Others 25c up
Whitney Shirts and Pajamas 55c - 2 for \$1., and \$1.
 All sizes, patterns, and colors \$1.50
Wool Scarfs \$1.00
Stationery 10c, 25c, 50c, \$1.00
Gloves
 Genuine Buckskin Unlined
 Men's - \$2.50, \$2.95
 Women's - \$2.95
 Others 20c up
Cards
 1c, 10 for 25c, 5c
Xmas Tree Lights

Men's and Women's Handkerchiefs

Men's Ski Boots — Women's Ski Boots
 Made by Bass
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Sleds
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 89c to \$7.00 Flexible Flyers \$4.25 - \$5.25
 \$1.25, \$1.60, \$2.25 \$2.50, \$3.50

Toys Toys Toys
 For all the Family
 25 cents to \$4.50

Ribbon Candy - 2 lb. box 35c
 Tom Thumb - 1 lb. box 29c
 5 lb. box of Chocolates - \$1.19
 Schrafft's Sugar Cuts - 39c per lb.
 Mixed Hard Candies - 19c per lb.

Cigars and Cigarettes Eveready Flashlight Special
 Xmas boxed 49c complete

Give Him, Her, or It a pair of
 Ball-Band Rubbers, Overshoes or Boots

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The Antrim Reporter ANTRIM NEW HAMPSHIRE Published Every Thursday

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

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 Six months, in advance \$1.00
 Single copies 5 cents each

ADVERTISING RATES
 Births, marriages and death notices inserted free.
 Card of Thanks 75c each.
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 Display advertising rates on application.

Notices of Concerts, Plays, or Entertainments to which an admission fee is charged, must be paid for at regular advertising rates, except when all of the printing is done at The Reporter office, when a reasonable amount of free publicity will be given. This applies to surrounding towns as well as Antrim.
 Obituary poetry and flowers charged at advertising rates.
 Not responsible for errors in advertisements but corrections will be made in subsequent issues.

The government now makes a charge of two cents for sending a Notice of Change of Address. We would appreciate it if you would Mail Us a Card at least a week before you wish your paper sent to a different address.
 Entered at the Postoffice at Antrim, N. H., as second-class matter, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Thursday, December 17, 1936

Antrim Locals

Christmas Trees For Sale. John Munhall, Antrim.

Wallace Cooley and son Richard, have been sick the past few days.

Merle Lowell brought a butterfly into the Office, which he found December 11.

Mrs. John Eurnham fell on the ice Wednesday, hurting her leg, but is much better now.

Dr. John S. Phelps of Lynn, Mass., was a recent visitor of Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe A. Whitney.

Mr. and Mrs. George Offutt from Goffstown were Sunday visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ayer.

Mr. and Mrs. William McCann have been visiting her father, Harvey Rogers, over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellerton Edwards and children visited his father in Bennington Sunday.

Mrs. Virginia LaFrance and friends Mr. Townsend and Mr. Florence of Claremont were Sunday visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Moule.

The Main St. Soda Shop will close next Thursday night, December 24th, for the winter. Final mark-downs on Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles, etc. start today. A good chance to stock up and save money at the Main St. Soda Shop.

Throughout the struggle for reform in the drinking habits of the country the National Education Association has been active in behalf of both temperance and law enforcement. Temperance education in the schools was endorsed in 1880 and again 4 years later the Association "approved the effort to create a strong public sentiment in favor of temperance" and endorsed "all proper individual and legislative action looking toward the healthfulness, happiness and purity of the people." A study of the teaching of physiology especially with regard to the effects of alcohol, was recommended in 1894 by the Association and six years later by its Department of Superintendence. State prohibition was re-endorsed in 1922. In 1918 ratification of the 18th Amendment was recommended by the Association, and in 1923 it went on record as favoring "impartial and fearless enforcement of the Volstead Act."

Turkeys for Sale

Over 16 lb. turkey 30c per lb.
 Under 16 lb. turkey 35c per lb.
 LEON F. HUGRON, Antrim

"OUR BEAUTY SHOPPE"

Telephone 66

Main Street - Antrim, New Hampshire

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

Antrim Locals

The Reporter will be published on Wednesday next week. The Office will be closed Friday and Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Miner visited relatives in Boston over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Brown spent the day with his mother in Francess-town, Sunday.

Harlan Sweet and son Carl, were in Stoneham, Mass., Sunday spending the day at the former's son's home.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Holt of Francess-town were callers on Mr. and Mrs. Edward George and Mr. and Mrs. A. W. George recently.

Mrs. H. W. Eldredge and Miss Mabelle Eldredge entertained a group of ladies from Winchendon, Mass., at a dinner party Monday. The guests were: Mrs. Cranston Eldredge, Mrs. Burr Eldredge, Mrs. Guy Staples and Mrs. Staples.

Mrs. Mary Cram and son, Donald and family, Mrs. Elizabeth Robertson and daughter, Dorothy, spent Sunday with the late William Cram's mother in Francess-town. Mrs. Cram observed her ninety first birthday.

A Christmas Vesper Candle-Light Service will be held at the Center Congregational Church Sunday afternoon, December 20, at five o'clock. The Girls' Choir from Bennington will sing.

Attention is called to a new postal regulation which requires the placing of Christmas seals on the opposite side of parcel post packages from which the address is written. This is done so that post office clerks will not confuse such stamps with the regular postage stamps. The clerks are directed to remove such labels and stamps should they appear on the address side of the package.

Church Notes

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
 Rev. Wm. McN. Kittredge, Pastor
 Sunday, December 20th, will be observed as Christmas Sunday with special music and sermon on "Notes from the Christmas Bells", at 10.45 o'clock a.m.
 Sunday School at 12 o'clock.
 The Young People's Fellowship of Antrim will meet in the vestry of this church at five o'clock. (note change in time) A play will be read, called, "The other Jesus."
 Union Service at 7 p.m. in this church with special Christmas music and pageant.
 Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock the annual Christmas tree festival will be held in the vestry. A short play called "Tell us, What is Christmas?" will be presented by the children.
 No mid-week service.

Baptist
 Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
 Thursday, December 17
 Prayer Meeting at 7.30 p.m. Topic: "Dreams Come True."
 Sunday, December 20
 Church School at 9.45 o'clock, with special Christmas program.
 Crusaders at 4 o'clock.

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

HAYDEN W. ALLEN Chiropractor

Neurocalometer Service
 Hours: 2-4 and 7-8 p.m.
 The Felt House, HILLSBORO
 Telephone 84

Hints to Help You Fight that Well-known "Shopping Fatigue"

1. Wear a good comfortable pair of shoes.
2. If you buy a new pair of shoes during the course of your shopping trip, do not wear them out of the store.
3. Walk correctly by having your heels touch the ground first, with your weight balanced on them.
4. When you carry bundles, don't try to put them all under one arm. Balance yourself by placing an equal weight in each arm.
5. When you "window shop," do not try to dash along the street and attempt to twist yourself into position to see window display. The proper thing to do is to come to a complete stop in front of the window and thus avoid the strain of twisting and turning.
6. Wear comfortable, loose clothing rather than anything tight-fitting and constricting.
7. Make your shopping trips alone. Forego the pleasure of company for your health's sake. If you are with a friend you probably will have to take many unnecessary steps in order to be socialable.
8. Make a complete list before you leave your home, so as not to have to make several trips where one would have been sufficient.
9. Know just where you are going. Don't wander aimlessly about and ask for information. In this way you can reach your destination quickly and without too many extra steps.
10. Don't plan too much for one day. Try to do a little bit each day.

Believe it or Not, the Oyster Says We are In For a Tough Winter

An oyster may not have much to say, but a Boston oysterman is authority for the statement that the present winter will be "terrific," and quite the "toughest" since 1918. Capt. Kwaak goes on to "cheer us up" with the prediction that it's going to be a horse and pug, red flannel, earmuff winter.

"When it comes to tellin' what kind of winter we're going to have, oysters don't have to guess. I have been watchin' the actions of these oysters off Blue Point for nigh on to sixty years."

"Judgin' the way these Blue Points have fattened up, and are snugglin' down deep into their beds, we'll have worse cold than we've felt in years, as much snow as we saw in '18."

"When everybody is wonderin' who's going to be President, oysters are no smarter than some other folks. But when it comes to tellin' what kind of winter we're goin' to have, oysters don't have to guess—they just know."

"G" Man Advises Against Giving Christmas Guns

J. Edgar Hoover, chief of the United States Department of Justice Bureau of Crime Prevention, has suggested that parents, instead of making gifts of guns and pistols outfits for Christmas gifts. Members of the Parent-Teachers' association of Greenfield have agreed that as far as their children are concerned no Christmas gifts of toy machine guns, pistols or other war-like weapons will be tolerated. The organization adopted this resolution: "To urge against parents purchasing or allowing their children to play with toy weapons, and to make a plea to local merchants to refrain from selling such toys." This is believed to be a forward step toward doing away with "tomorrow's gangsters." It is certainly a step in the much-talked of Peace movement, and will receive the cordial support of every right-thinking person.

A GRAND



FAMILY Gift FOR MOTHER



MODEL 156

WASHER

Here is a gift for Mother that pays for itself every week in the year. ABC Heavy Duty Washer 156. It's The World's Greatest Washer Value. "The Washer that has Everything." A Grand Family Gift for Mother. Ask about our new Christmas Budget Payment Plan.

HILLSBORO FURNITURE MART

A. G. FOUNIER, Prop.

Depot Street Hillsboro, N. H.

Christmas Lights SPREAD HOLIDAY CHEER



Year by Year

the pleasing custom of decorating the home with light has spread till, today, practically everybody is doing it. Here is a simple, yet effective message of good cheer, extended to your friends, neighbors—in fact, to everybody who passes your home during the Christmas period.

While it is, of course, possible to stage this lighting in a most elaborate way, it really is not necessary to do so. Some of the most artistic effects have been produced with a simplicity of means . . . and most economically, too. In fact when you look into it, you will be astonished to discover how inexpensive it is.

May We Give You
 Some Suggestions

PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY
 OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Bennington

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

Leonard Sargent is quite ill at his home here.

The little Ashford boy who was operated on for ruptured appendix is gaining at his home.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Vassar and sons have moved to Putney, Vt., where they have purchased a paper mill.

Richard Sargent is improving in his plaster cast at the hospital, but it will take a long time to mend his broken hip.

John L. Fleming and Nils A. Johnson of Tewksbury, Mass., and John H. Fleming of Sanford, Me., and Lowell Textile Institute, were recent visitors at the Balch Farm.

The Community Christmas Tree will be held in the town hall Wednesday evening, December 23, at 7.30. The entertainment will be furnished by a WPA Unit of Manchester. Everyone is cordially invited.

Mrs. Cornelia Allen of Worcester, Mass., who was born and lived here during her childhood, died at her home on Wednesday of pneumonia. She had many friends in this vicinity. She is survived by sons in Worcester, Belmont and Peterborough; sisters in the South and Worcester; cousins here and Antrim.

William B. Whitney

William Belcher Whitney, a lawyer specializing in patents, trademarks and copyright laws, died Tuesday, December 8, at Memorial hospital, in New York, at the age of 70 years.

Mr. Whitney was born at Claremont, son of the late Nathan and Charlotte (Belcher) Whitney, and a descendant of John Whitney and Jeremy Belcher, who settled in Massachusetts in 1635. He graduated from Amherst College in 1887 and from Harvard Law School in 1890, receiving his M. A. Degree. In 1905 he received his M. A. degree from Amherst and J. D. from New York University.

He began the practice of law in New York in 1890, continuing until shortly before he died. From 1902 to 1918 he taught patent law at New York University; he was also on the Harvard faculty.

Mr. Whitney was a student of Tibetan iconography and a collector of Tibetan-Lamaist images, temple banners and ritualistic objects. He recently presented his collection to the American Museum of Natural History.

He belonged to the Harvard and University Clubs. A brother, Edward S. Whitney, survives, also several nieces and nephews, including Mrs. Webster Tallmage, who has spent several summers in Bennington.

Funeral services were held Friday, December 11, in the Chapel of the Resurrection of St. Thomas Episcopal Church in New York. Burial will be in Bennington next Spring.

Sister Sue—Did you get any bad marks at school today?

Brother Joe—Yes, but they are where they don't show.

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	
Mails Close	7.20 a.m.
" "	3.45 p.m.
Going South	
Mails Close	11.40 a.m.
" "	8.50 p.m.
" "	6.20 p.m.

Office closes at 8.00 p.m.

FACTS ABOUT TUBERCULOSIS AND CHRISTMAS SEALS

In 1934 there were 71,809 deaths from tuberculosis in the United States.

In 1900 more than three times as many people died of tuberculosis as in 1934.

The reduction in the death rate from tuberculosis of 202 out of every 100,000 living in 1900 to 57 in 1934 is equivalent to nearly 200,000 lives saved this year and each year.

Tuberculosis is most deadly in these groups: young women between 20 and 30; working men between 25 and 50; Negroes at all ages.

More people between 15 and 45 die from tuberculosis than from any other cause in that age period.

Dr. Robert Koch of Berlin discovered the germ of tuberculosis (the tubercle bacillus) in 1882.

The first Christmas Seal sale was held in Denmark in 1904, the result of an inspiration of Einar Holboell, a postal clerk.

Miss Emily P. Bissell conducted the first Christmas Seal sale in the United States at Wilmington, Delaware, in 1907.

The tuberculosis Christmas Seals, sold by national, state and local tuberculosis associations are in no way connected with the American Red Cross.

The annual sale of Tuberculosis Christmas Seals is conducted by the forty-eight state tuberculosis associations, the 1,600 locals and the National Tuberculosis Association. Every seal carries the double-

U. S. MAIL TRUCK DRIVERS RECEIVE WARNING

Smith W. Purdum, fourth assistant postmaster general, has warned operators of U. S. motor vehicles to drive "with extraordinary caution" during the Winter months, when snow and ice make driving hazardous.

Purdum urges postal drivers to "yield the right-of-way to others rather than take chances which might jeopardize life and property, and to give due recognition to the rights of pedestrians and others."

Following Purdum's suggestion postmasters in the land of ice and snow will warn their drivers, in his words, that "prevalence of snow and ice places additional burdens upon the driver; it is his duty to take every possible precaution to cope with these conditions and that requires alertness and observation of traffic laws and regulations."

Man—Do you girls really like concealed men better than the other kind?

Girls (simultaneously) — What other kind?

barred cross — the world-wide emblem of the fight against tuberculosis.

There are 1,200 special and other hospitals in the United States providing 95,000 beds for the treatment of tuberculosis.

Vice Presidents go softly, and we are likely to forget that they exist, saving at election time. It may not be out of order, therefore, to note that Mr. Garner passed his sixty-seventh birthday on the 22nd of November. He has been a cow puncher, lawyer, newspaper man, canker, judge and member of congress, an array of callings suggesting a versatility and usefulness that might not be suspected when the man is considered superficially. All along that winding trail he has a host of friends who, regardless of politics, unite in wishing him length of years and happy days.

Election is over and, generally stated, the President is sure of his place for four years longer, but he ran a considerable risk as to the safety of his popularity at home when he departed from his native land at this particular season of the year, leaving the country in the hands of a powerful rival for popular favor. Even Presidents have to watch their step as the time for the arrival of Santa Claus approaches. Already thousands of letters addressed to that much beloved saint have accumulated in the dead letter office.

BANK BY MAIL

HILLSBORO GUARANTY SAVINGS BANK

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 3; Saturday 8 to 12

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent \$2.00 a Year

Cheshire Oil Company

Range and Fuel Oil

Call

Frank Harlow

Peterboro

356

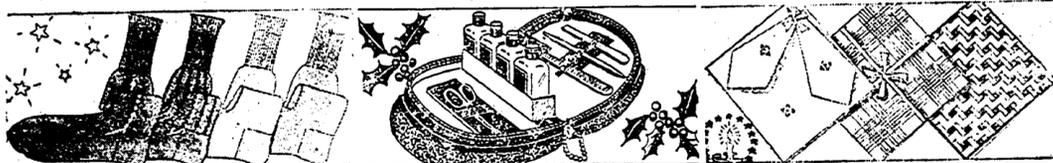
Man—Have you been a dentist very long?
Dentist—No, I was a riveter till I got too nervous to work up high.

ONLY A FEW MORE DAYS FOR SANTA TO TAKE YOUR ORDERS!

Complete your "Gift List" from these

Look over these and tell Santa what you want . . . and don't forget there are hundreds of gifts in our store from which you can choose. You are assured of the finest selection of gifts — but time, and Santa, will not wait! If you want to make sure that he visits your friends Christmas Eve, then give him your orders at "Your Christmas Store" today!

YOU WILL FIND THE RIGHT GIFT AT "YOUR CHRISTMAS STORE"



MEN'S SILK HOSE

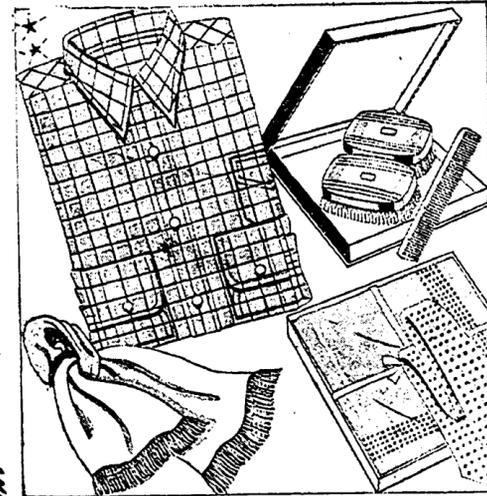
Clock patterns are especially popular with the men. Here's a practical gift. **25c**

Manicure Set in Case

A real leather case that closes with a zipper. Makes a real Christmas gift. **50c**

Men's Handkerchiefs

Select either the fine all white appenzel type initialed style or smartly colored borders for a gift that is sure to please him. Three in a box **25c, 49c**



Give Him a Patterned Shirt

He will like the deep tone plaids or chambray effect stripes. All smart new patterns in fast color percales. **98c**

Practical Gift Sets

Attractively put up to make pleasing gifts. Garters, Suspenders and Garter Sets, Bill Folds and Belts **25c to 79c**

Santa Claus wishes to announce that he will be at the Derby Store, Saturday, Dec. 19th at 2 o'clock. *Bring the Children!*

SANTA has equipped our Toy Dept. with the toys that will delight the hearts of all the youngsters!



Pure Dye Silk Princess Slips

A practical, and beautiful gift. One that will make her exclaim because of its loveliness. It's bias cut and comes in soft tea rose. **1.98**



Men's House Slippers

Men like these — they're made of Elk leather and so comfortable and warm with their lining. Spring heel style in either blue or brown. **98c**

Smart D'Orsay Slippers RED BLUE

Choose the color that she likes and this slipper will make a most successful gift. Made of kid grain leatherette with a patent cuff that adds a touch of distinction. **98c**

DELICIOUS
Ribbon Candy . . . lb. **15c**
Hard Candy . . . lb. **15c**
Boxed Chocolates . . lb. **25c**
5 lb. Box Chocolates **98c**

DERBY'S

HILLSBORO AND PETERBOROUGH

For the benefit of our patrons our store will be open evenings to 9:00 o'clock until Christmas

WORLD'S BEST COMICS

Lighter Side of Life as Depicted by Famous Cartoonists and Humorists

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



Best None Too Good

SMATTER POP— Therefore, Few People Play by Ear

By C. M. PAYNE



MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY

So That's What He Was Up to



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

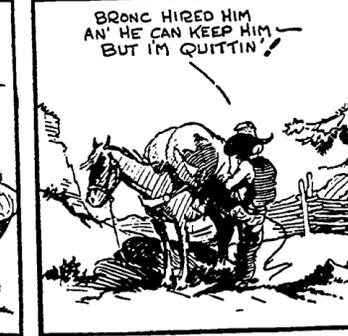
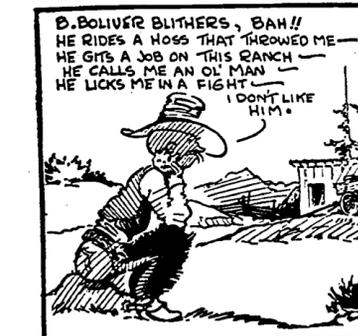
By Ted O'Loughlin

Figure It Out

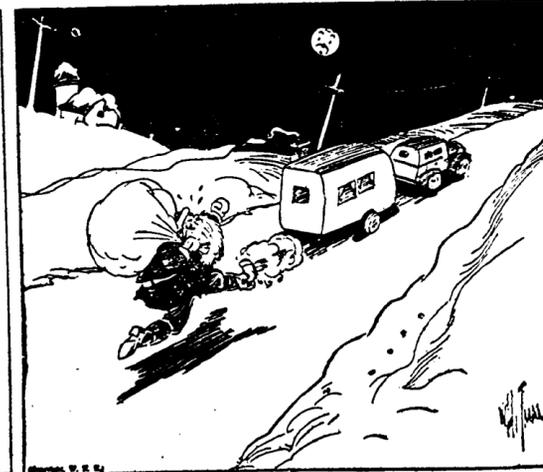


BRONC PEELER—The Leaves Taking

By FRED HARMAN



The Curse of Progress



The Business Getter

Elmer's Mother — Doctor, I suppose you will be getting a good fee for attending little James Robey—the family are so rich?
 Doctor—Why do you ask?
 Elmer's Mother — Well, I hope when you send us your next bill you'll bear in mind that it was our Elmer what throwed the brick that hit James.—Pathfinder Magazine.

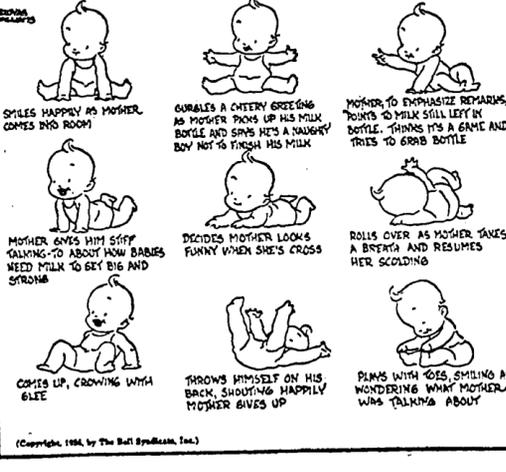
Force of Habit

Henry — What happened to you and the school teacher? You said you were going to marry her.
 Charles — Well, I got to thinking what a job it would be to write "I must be home by 10 o'clock" a hundred or so times every time I came home late.

Not Homesick
 Rastus was in the war. At every explosion he tried to get to the rear line.
 Colonel—You shouldn't be afraid, Rastus. What if you die? Heaven is your home.
 Rastus—Yes, suh, Ah knows. But Ah ain't homesick.

THE SCOLDING

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



Ask Me Another

A General Quiz
 Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

1. What is the difference between "prone" and "supine"?
2. Who were the Phoenicians?
3. What is a fishplate?
4. What is a weevil?
5. How many dry - me; quarts in a bushel?
6. Into what sea does the Nile flow?
7. About how far is the earth from the sun?
8. What is the figure head of a ship?
9. In Irish tradition, who were the Milesians?
10. What is a sumpter-mule?
11. Give the line following: "Blessings on thee, little man."
12. What mythological animal appears on the British coat-of-arms?

Answers

1. Prone means on the face; supine, lying on the back.
2. Inhabitants of a country near Palestine.
3. A device for joining rails.
4. A destructive larva.
5. Thirty-two.
6. The Mediterranean.
7. 83,000,000 miles.
8. A carved ornamental figure on her prow.
9. A race of invaders from Spain.
10. A pack-mule.
11. "Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!" From John Greenleaf Whittier's "The Barefoot Boy."
12. The Unicorn.

SORE MUSCLES

MADE HER ACHE ALL OVER
 Feels like a NEW WOMAN NOW

Why suffer with muscular pains of rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, or chest cold? Thousands say Hamlin's Wizard Oil brings quick relief to aching legs, arms, chest, neck, back. Just rub it on—rub it in. Makes the skin glow with warmth—muscles feel soothed—relief comes quick. Pleasant odor. Will not stain clothes. At all druggists.



HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL
 For MUSCULAR ACHEs AND PAINs
 Due to RHEUMATISM—NEURALGIA
 LUMBAGO—CHEST COLDS

Speech and Hearing
 Nature, which has given us one organ for speaking, has given us two for hearing, that we may learn that it is better to hear than to speak.—Nabia Effendi.

CHECK THAT COUGH BEFORE IT GETS WORSE

Check it before it gets you down. Check it before others, maybe the children, catch it. Check it with FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR. This double-acting compound gives quick relief and speedy recovery. Soothes raw, irritated tissues; quickly allays tickling, hacking. Spoonful on retiring makes for a cough-free sleep. No habit-forming, stomach-softening drugs. Ideal for children, too. Don't let that cough due to a cold hang on! For quick relief and speedy recovery insist on FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR.

MANGE

Mange in dogs is a serious skin disease and calls for prompt use of GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE. It relieves itching and irritation; kills the mites causing Sarcopic Mange; checks spread of the disease; stimulates hair growth on bare patches; destroys ticks and chiggers. Insist on GLOVER'S.

GLOVER'S WORM MEDICINES are safe, sure. In capsules and liquid form for Roundworms; capsules for Tapeworms and Hookworms. FREE VETERINARY ADVICE on any animal problem. Please mention animal's age, breed and sex. FREE GUIDE—Write for it today. Address

GLOVER'S
 Dept. D-47, 462 Fourth Avenue, New York City

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

OPPORTUNITY
 Own and Operate Business in National chain. \$195 starts you. Bissell Co., 3250 Archer Chicago, Ill. Distributors Wanted.

REMEDIES
 Stomach Troubles—Use Bldex, relief guaranteed. Indigestion, sour, acid stomach, heartburn, ulcers, etc. Samples, Lambert Chemical Co., Haddon Heights, N. J.

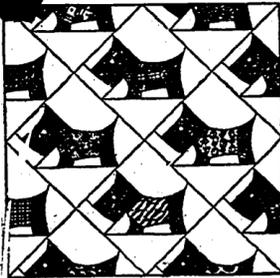
Miserable with backache?

WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer a nagging backache, with dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination and getting up at night when you feel tired, nervous, all upset... use Doan's Pills. Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended the country over. Ask your neighbor.

DOAN'S PILLS

Patchwork Quilt Puts on the Dog

Scotties to right of you, Scotties to left of you, and each one fun to piece for this amusing and colorful quilt. Here at last, your chance to use up scrap after scrap of gay cotton in the contrasting patterns, being sure to keep Scottish head and legs in a uniform color. It's a world



Pattern 5673

of fun to piece, and the pattern may also be used for a patchwork pillow. In pattern 5673 you will find the Block Chart, an illustration for cutting, sewing and finishing, together with yardage chart, diagram of quilt to help arrange the blocks for single and double bed size, and a diagram of block which serves as a guide for placing the patches and suggests contrasting materials.

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. Write plainly your name, address and pattern number.

Foreign Words and Phrases

- A cheval. (F.) On horseback.
- Cela va sans dire. (F.) That goes without saying; it is obvious.
- Erinnerung. (G.) A remembrance; a souvenir.
- Fortiter in re. (L.) With firmness in action.
- Ignis fatuus. (L.) Will-o'-the-wisp.
- Lupus in fabula. (L.) The wolf in the fable; long looked for, come at last.
- Tour de force. (F.) A feat of strength; a piece of sheer cleverness.
- De bon augure. (F.) Propitious.
- Sans peur et sans reproche. (F.) Without fear and without reproach.
- Non omnis moriar. (L.) I shall not wholly die.

Let LUDEN'S Menthol Cough Drops

1. Clear your head
 2. Soothe your throat
 3. Help build up
- YOUR ALKALINE RESERVE 5¢**

Character-Building
An absolute surrender to all that is better, purer, truer is the secret of character-building.

MOTHERS!

GET THIS Child's Growth Chart FREE!

JUST send us your name and address and we will send you this attractive growth chart without cost or obligation. You tack it on the wall and keep a permanent record of your child's progress in height and weight. It's 6 1/2" long, 2 1/4" wide. Made of durable vellum. May be used for several children. We make this absolutely free offer just to let you know about Sunsol—the purest, most potent cod liver oil, with the finest fishy taste and odor removed. Write for a free Child's Growth Chart today. We will also include a generous free sample of Sunsol.

SUNSOL PRODUCTS
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Crossroads of the WORLD

TIMES SQUARE-NEW YORK
A pleasant, quiet, refined hotel home, spacious rooms, good food

ROOM AND PRIVATE BATH \$2.50 SINGLE \$3.50 DOUBLE

Hotel WOODSTOCK
43rd St. East of Times Square
Under Knott Management



WEALTH AND HEALTH
Good health and success go together. Don't handicap yourself—get rid of a sluggish, acid condition with tasty Milnesia, the original milk of magnesia in wafer form. Each wafer equals 4 teaspoonfuls milk of magnesia. Neutralizes acids and gives you pleasant elimination. 20¢, 35¢ & 60¢ sizes.

The Figurine Christmas Story

by **Martha B. Thomas**

MARIE LA FARGE was the prettiest girl in Beaulaire. Her dark eyes sparkled; her black hair framed a lovely, vivid face. It was inevitable that many young men should fall in love with her. Which they did. But chief among them was tall handsome Jules Gareau, the son of a wood-carver.

Marie's mother was a small hard-working woman whose beauty differed from the girl's. Strong lines were graven on her face; and in her eyes shone clear fortitude. Madame La Farge's eyes looked steadily at everything, whether it was the snow which lay so many months about the small tight cabin, or at one of her children who had, perhaps been angry or selfish. So, while Marie's face was sweet and winning, her mother's expression was full of character.

It could hardly fail that Marie should grow a little arrogant under the circumstances. "You are unkind to me," said Jules one day. "I have loved you always, yet you act as if it did not matter. And now you tell me you are going away from here." He waved his arm.

"What is that to you?" Marie was dressed in bright jacket, full woolen skirt and high, laced boots. A red knitted cap was pulled jauntily over her curls.

"How can you ask such a question of me?" Jules reproved her. "A girl cannot stay in this simple village forever!"

"But Marie." He reached for her mitted hand. His eyes, looking down at her, were filled with beseeching love. "We had plans to-

gether, you and I. Already father has given me the land. Already I have cut the timbers for our house . . . have you forgotten?"

Marie laughed goodnaturedly. "You handsome stupid . . . I must see a bit of the world before settling down to . . ." she nodded towards her own house where her mother stood in the door, calling to one of the children. "You see?" said Marie, "she's worn out with work. She's old before her time. She wears old clothes and thinks old thoughts . . . It cannot be otherwise, here in Beaulaire."

"Your mother," replied Jules sternly, "has the most truly beautiful face in the village. My father says so."

Marie raised her long lashes in surprise, and shrugged her shoulders. A week before Christmas the girl left the village. "I have a position. During the holidays extra girls are needed in the stores. Soon I shall have money of my own. Soon I shall dance and go places with many fine people."

"So that is what you are thinking," said her mother. But she added no words of advice or reprimand. "Don't forget us, child. Think of us at Christmas with the white snow about us, and the green spruces on the hills. Think of your father in the woods, chopping. Think of me cooking, and mending and singing to the baby . . . and nothing shall go wrong with you. Come home when it seems best. We love you."

But Jules was silent and heart-broken. "You'll never be the same to me, Marie, again. Your head will be filled with idle notions. And to think you can go and leave us at Christmas!"

But Marie went. And if they missed her sadly in the village where she was born, she worked hard. And because of her energy and lovely face, she was kept on in her position after the holidays. She sent presents home but she did not go there. She liked her new life.

One year. Two years. For one reason or another she never found time to visit her people. She was doing well. She was thrifty. She went about with this or that admiring escort. And she smothered the occasional pangs of homesickness in her heart.

Five years away. Now and then she heard from Jules, short letters

which related how her father had cut his hand chopping wood. How her brother had fallen through the ice and was rescued. How her mother was just the same. "Everyone loves her," wrote Jules.

Then one day Marie happened to meet an artist named Tom Santos. "You are so very beautiful, I must paint you at once," declared this impulsive young man.

Marie laughed at him, but it soon happened that she posed regularly for this brilliant painter. She liked his queer, jerky way of talking while he worked. She felt that she was lucky to be admired by him. One day in the studio he asked about her home. Marie told him a little, rather grudgingly.

"You say you were born in Beaulaire?" cried the man. "How odd!"

He laid down his brushes and went to a shelf. "One of the finest wood-carvers in Quebec made this. A young man called Jules Gareau." He picked up a small figurine and held it in his hands.

Marie felt a quick trembling run all over her. "Oh," she breathed, "Jules never told me he had taken up his father's work!"

"You know him then . . . this artist Jules?"

"Yes," she answered stepping down from the dias where she posed. "Let me see, please."

Tom gave her the small figurine as if it were something precious.



"Oh," She Breathed, "Jules Never Told Me."

"Look at the pose," he said, "Look at the old woman's face. Isn't she wonderful . . . and beautiful in character? I'd like to meet her."

"You shall," murmured Marie in a low voice, and added, "I must stay away from home for years, before I discover from a stranger how fine my mother is. Come . . . we can catch the evening train."

Snow lay thick on Beaulaire that Christmas eve. Bright lights shone from the houses. The mountains were dark with purple shadows.

Two figures walked along the squeaking snow. "How could you have left all this for an ugly city, Marie?"

The girl answered nothing. She hurried faster and her heart beat furiously. "I cannot wait to get there," she thought.

"Over there," she said aloud, "is the Gareau home, and now, here we come to our house. Hurry, hurry!"

They pushed through the gate; they entered the house without knocking. A huge fire blazed on the hearth. Singing and dancing filled the low-ceilinged room. Marie pulled her friend towards a slight figure sitting in a chair. "This is my mother," she said.

At once the room was in an uproar. People flocked about the new guests, all talking together, kissing Marie, laughing and shouting.

But Tom Santos bent low over Madame La Farge's hand. "I'm proud and happy to know you. Yes—" looking at her critically, "Gareau is a genius."

Marie with a new light and radiance about her next pulled him to a tall young man standing by the fire. "And this is Jules," she explained simply. "Jules Gareau." The two men shook hands.

"Please, please, all of you," she cried, "be quiet!"

The room fell into silence. "I have been away a long while," began the girl, "But I am home again. I have neglected you all, but chiefly my family. But now, on Christmas eve, I come to my senses . . . and you!" Her lovely smile encircled them all.

"Mother, the figurine which Jules carved of you, brought me back. I could not wait, for then I knew how I'd missed you."

A murmur of pleasure ran about the room. "Jules," her voice faltered, blushed rose in her cheeks, "are you still . . .?" She could not finish.

The tall handsome young man, as if in a dream, strode close to her. "No, Marie, I'm not married. I've waited so long for you."

And then uproar rose again. They danced. They feasted. And Marie sat close to her mother, and looked and looked at that kind, strong, forgiving face.

And all the children fell asleep and were waked up again, and Marie's father roared with laughter. Thus Marie La Farge came back to the village of Beaulaire . . . and Jules.

© Western Newspaper Union.
Old Christmas Market
For the last 238 years, a Christ-child market for toys and Christmas gifts has been held in Nuremberg, the real old-fashioned Christmas city of Germany.

Decorating for Christmas—

Some Handsome Window and Room Ornaments That Are Inexpensive

WHILE windows may have been decorated for Christmas before now, the arrangements indoors seldom are made until the day before the holiday. The freshness of the beauty is wanted without any diminution. If the novelty has worn off, some of the zest of Christmas is lost. This is so true that many homemakers refuse to have windows trimmed more than a day or so prior to Christmas.

If you happen to be among this latter group, let me suggest that you take sprays of a tree that is misshapen and so very cheap and make a splashing bow of red crepe paper for each and hang one in every front window downstairs. Or have one in each downstairs window that is discernible from the street.

You can dot the spray with holly berries, or whatever you have in addition to the green. Or you can dip popped corn in red stain or dye, and touch the kernels with glue and secure them to the sprays. These notes of red, with their irregular shapes, are intriguing, sometimes being mistaken for berries and sometimes for flowers.

Bank the mantelpiece over the fireplace where the stockings are hung, using sprays of the green intermingled with holly, mistletoe, pine cones, bayberries, or silvered or other metal painted motifs such as acorns, fine twigs with many fronds, etc. When everything is fixed to your fancy twine a string of wee colored Christmas tree electric lights through the greens. These will look ornamental by day and have a glamor when lighted during the evening.

Christmas Greens Fill Baskets.
Baskets filled with greens and dotted with the novelty units lend notes of appropriate Christmas decoration. Any small baskets

will do for this purpose. There generally are some about a house, but if not, metal paint or green stain some of the little market baskets such as strawberries, brussels sprouts or tomatoes come in. Make a rope or lengths of paper braid for the handles, painted or stained to match the basket. If a length of picture wire has been wound with the strands of paper rope and braid, these handles will keep their shape when ends have been thrust inside the baskets close to their opposite sides. The handles can be wired or glued to the baskets.

Bouquets of Christmas greens in vases can be put in rooms other than the living room and dining room, and give their beauty of Christmas about the house. Be sure to use vases and bowls that have broad standards, lest the uneven weight of the greens tips them over.

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Royal Measles Would Gratify Gracious Mayor

A pendant to the historic incident of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh is this gem, surely—supplied by Arthur Croxton:

The courtly mayor of a small town in the Midlands had the honor of dancing at some public ceremonial with Queen Alexandra (then princess of Wales). She smilingly warned him that she had just had measles in her household, and that she hoped that she would not give him the disease. Bowing low before her, the mayor answered:

"Your royal highness, I should be most happy to take anything at all from so charming a source."



TRACTION MEANS GROUND GRIP!

GROUND GRIP MEANS "FIRESTONE"!

TRACTION on unimproved roads in bad weather is a problem which has long baffled tire engineers. Sure footing on a muddy football field is also a problem. But during the wet, slippery football season of 1936, thousands of players depended upon the cleats of their shoes to bring them through for the winning play.

During 1937 thousands of car, truck and bus owners will depend upon the rugged rubber cleats of Firestone Ground Grip Tires to pull them through snow, mud, sand, or over any unimproved roads.

The scientific tread of the Ground Grip Tire is so distinctive in design and so unusual in performance that it has become known as "the tire that makes its own road." It is almost unbelievable how these super-traction tires dig in, grip, and pull you through. They are self-cleaning. Chains are not necessary. Equip the rear wheels of your car, truck or bus with a pair of Ground Grip Tires and save time, money and trouble.

If you have not already equipped your tractor and farm implements with Ground Grip Tires do it now—they will save you 25% in time and fuel costs, reduce vibration, and provide greater comfort.

Call on your nearby Implement Dealer, Firestone Tire Dealer, or Firestone Auto Supply and Service Store today. Start now to reap the many advantages of the Firestone Ground Grip Tire—the greatest traction tire ever built!

Listen to the Voice of Firestone featuring Richard Crooks—with Margaret Speaks, Monday evenings over Nationwide N. B. C. Red Network



FOR CARS, TRUCKS, TRACTORS AND FARM IMPLEMENTS

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New Stamp Series Will Honor Army and Navy; On Sale December 15th

Issuance of two new stamp series has been announced by the Post Office Department. The stamps will commemorate the Army and the Navy and will be issued in five denominations in each series.

Big Demand for Coins From the U. S. Mint

Although dollar bills are not being used for shaving paper by those who are sober, coins are in demand to such an extent that the machinery of the United States Mint is stopped only for oiling or repair.

I Believe in Santa Claus

We are all on the lookout for Santa. For he comes at this time of the year. With his pack filled with toys and candy.

Dear Santa you must be a genius. To bring us the things we like best. I don't see how you can remember, The dollies, books, toys and the rest.

Perhaps it is thought that we do not know how to use money when we have it. There may be something in that, if the figures of J. Edgar Hoover of the Federal Bureau of Investigation are correct.

Weekly Letter by Proctor, Fish and Game Conservation Officer

Well we sat in at the first game of the newly organized Professional basketball team in the home town. This is under the management of the local High school coach John Conrad who is also one of the players.

Horn pout cannot be sold in this state legally unless brought from a local breeder of same. Then they must be properly marked with the name of the breeder and his address.

Woman's clubs and Garden clubs and other women organizations are to make a determined stand against the highway billboards at the coming session at Concord this winter.

Was talking with a fur buyer the other day and he said that he was paying good money for nice dark skunk.

There seems to be a big supply of Goshawks and Horned Owls within the past week. The north must be well incased in winter to drive such a horde of these feathered killers down so early in the season.

Arthur Doucette farm in Milford. Other breeders are requested to send in their names for future references.

ANTIQUAE SECRETARY FOR SALE

Known as a "Fall-Front Secretary." Empire period. Has a most interesting interior. Believed to be well over 100 years old.

MRS. H. W. ELDRIDGE GROVE STREET ANTRIM

INVESTMENT IN NORGE DISTINCTIVE HOME APPLIANCES PAYS RICH DIVIDENDS EVERY DAY. Includes images of a refrigerator and a stove.

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THE ROLLATOR COMPRESSOR... smooth, easy, rolling power instead of burr'd back-and-forth action. Result - no noise! for the current used. Only Norge has the Rollator.

HILLSBORO FURNITURE MART ARTHUR G. FOURNIER, Prop. Depot Street HILLSBORO, N. H.

FREE COUPON Given away at the Hillsboro Furniture Mart. This coupon given toward a Radio Bar which will be given away at the Capitol Theatre on Thursday Evening, January 7th.

Well the same old question comes up again and this time a lady in Greenfield wants to know if it's legal for a small boy to have an air rifle.

Lady down in Milford offers me a fine old fashioned square piano if I have the courage to go get it. It's very heavy she says.

Nice letter from a fisherman in Gardner, Mass. He does not hunt in this state but does a lot of trout fishing. He says we have better fishing than his own state.

Someone saw a beautiful black fox over in Perham Corner, Lyndeboro last Sunday. It seemed to be traveling with a big red male. Hunters got the male.

What would you think of a man that had kept a diary for the past thirty years and every day. Every so often he has them printed in book form.

Have noticed in the snow that someone has been hunting deer on this sanctuary. Plenty of footprints in the snow tell the story.

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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. MYRTIE 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.

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

Administrator's Notice

The Subscriber gives notice that she has been duly appointed Administratrix of the Estate of Samuel M. Thompson, late of Antrim, in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.

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