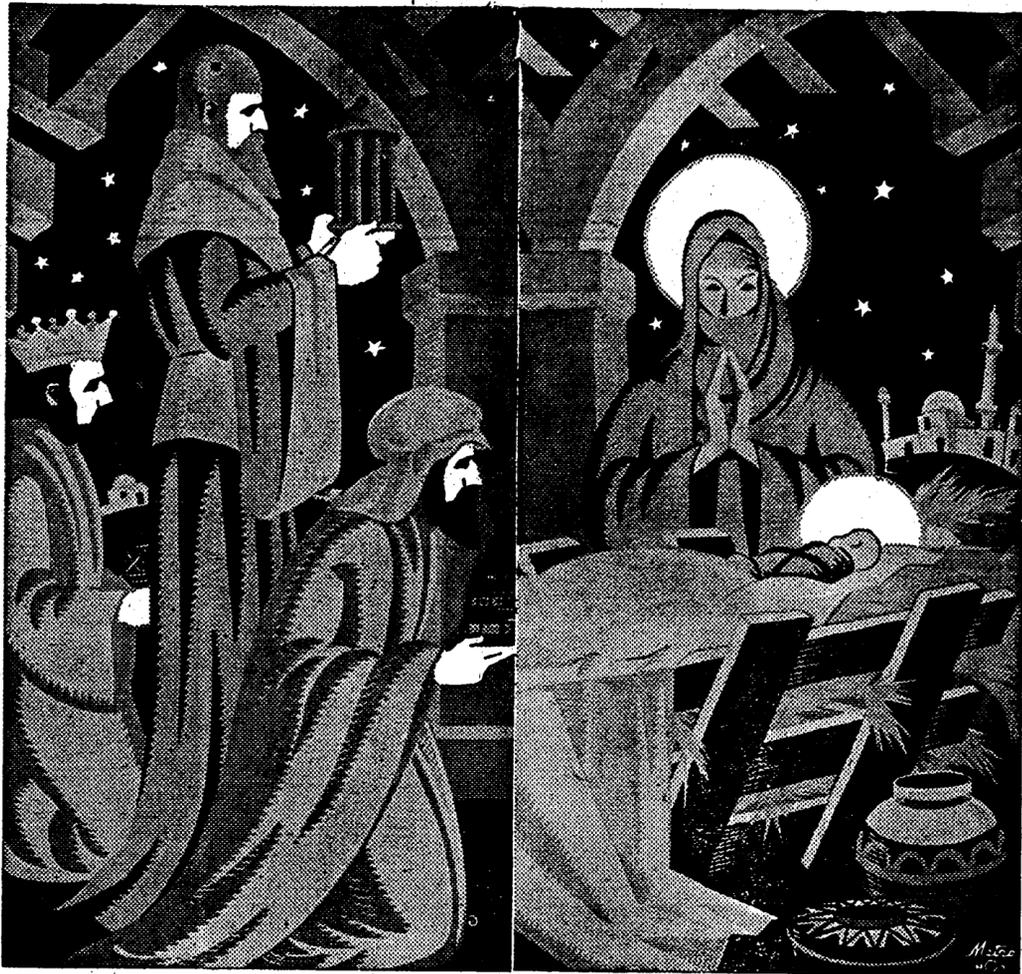


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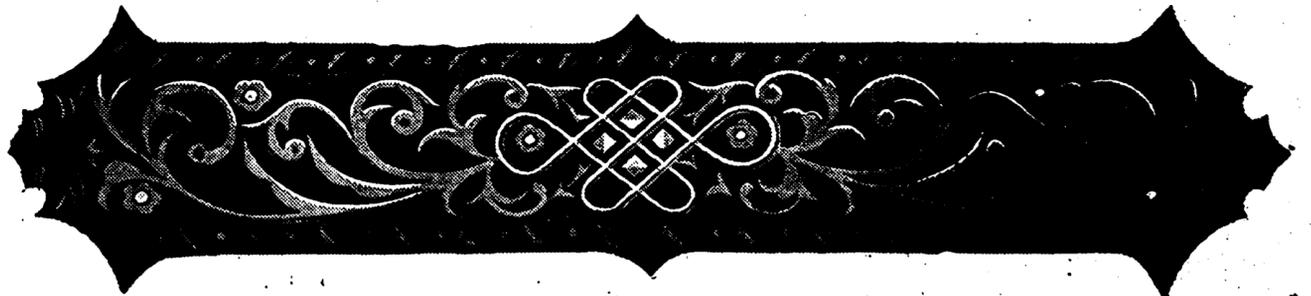
ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1936

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CHRISTMAS

The Christmas spirit hovers over all the world . . . filling the eyes of little children with wonderment and anticipation . . . filling the hearts of the old with thoughts of the first Christmas . . . when He was born, in the manger to which went the Three Wise Men . . . guided by the Star of Bethlehem. And these reverent believers think - - - that there have been many wise and good men to people the earth since the first Christmas: yet none so wise that he could be as great a teacher; as noble a leader; or as profound a philosopher as was Mary's Babe - - - Christ grown to manhood. For His was a life of love and service to his fellow men, each of whom he called "brother." And so it has been through all the ages more blessed to give than to receive. Let us pattern this Christmas after His teaching, by giving of our own love and spirit, that He again may know - - - Christmas is His day, the day of His nativity: surely the most blessed birth of all time . . .



PATTERNS OF WOLF PEN

By HARLAN HATCHER

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WNU Service

CHAPTER XI—Continued

—12—
These things gave her enough to think on. The work around the house offered more than she could do.

Slowly September was creeping into Wolfpen. Soon Cynthia would be going away and the thought was pleasant. She had finished the diverse colored cloth for the men's shirts and the blue twill cloth for her own dress, and now she was sewing them while Julia did the cutting.

"Next week will come in a hurry," Julia said.

"It's been such an odd summer," Cynthia answered.

"No two summers are the same, Cynthia."

"But this one is such an awful lot different the others seem alike."

"There have been others, Cynthia. The summer Jesse was sick, and the year Lucy got married, and the spring Jenny moved over on Horsepen; but you were little and didn't notice it like I did to see the two girls gone."

"And now with me about to go."

"But it's just over to town to the Institute, and not like marrying and going off for good and all."

"Sometimes I don't think I'd better go and leave you here with everything."

"It's not much, Cynthia, now that Mullens stays at the camp with the new men. I don't mind Shellenberger like you do, and I'll get Amy to come over on wash-days. I'll manage all right like I always have. I want you to go and you must. And what we don't get done can just wait. And there'll be a right smart of money when Mr. Shellenberger pays for the land. We've been putting more than enough stuff away each winter. You just set your mind at rest, and be thankful for your chances."

Cynthia sewed quietly in thought for a time. She looked at her mother, noting the unselfish look of her face in repose and conscious of the kindly strength of every faint line about her mouth and forehead. Her sense of withholding herself from intimate communication with Julia was suddenly and impulsively gone.

"Mother," she said.

"Yes, Cynthia."

"Do you think I ought to marry somebody?"

"Why, yes, Cynthia, some time you should marry."

"How old were you when you married Daddy?"

"Just about your age. A little younger."

"Is that too soon to marry or not?"

"It would be too soon for you, but it was right for me. I was big for my age. I knew how to manage a house and your father asked me to marry him. A girl should marry when the right time for her comes."

"Do you think I ought to marry—Doug, Mother?"

Julia controlled her surprise before she spoke again.

"Doug is a mighty good boy."

"But do you think a girl ought to marry just a boy who is good? Doug asked me to."

"And what did you say to him?"

"I said it wasn't time to think about things like that, and he asked me if . . . if . . ."

"Asked you what?"

"If . . . well, he wanted to know if I . . . if he . . ." She shifted the varicolored shirting on her lap, looking up and then down. "He said, 'Has that . . . have you gone to liking that surveyor?' It was uttered, and it seemed very strange to see it taken out of secret and put in the room between her and her mother—just a little phrase 'liking that surveyor.'"

It was such an odd world within to be folded up in three words and stood upon a sewing stand or a bench by the loom.

Julia let it stand there until it was no longer ill at ease, and then said without probing Cynthia's secrets.

"What did you tell Doug?"

"I told him a lie."

Its sudden stab was so unexpected that Julia exclaimed, "Why, Cynthia!"

"It seemed like a little tiny lie when I told it, but that was yesterday and today it looks as big as Cranest. . ."

"Mother."

"What, Cynthia?"

"Do you think Reuben was about the nicest boy you ever saw?"

"Well, I still remember your father, Cynthia."

"And how he saw you first on the chip pile. You always look the same when anybody mentions that. I'm glad you saw him first that way. . ."

"Mother."

"Yes, dear?"

"Do you know how I first saw Reuben?"

"No, you never said."

"I had burned my hand on the stove, and I was stirring the batter with my left hand, slopping it out against my old dress, and I was so hot and my hair was stringing down in my eyes and I was just about to cry. Then I heard the gate and thought it was Jesse and I went to the porch saying something to him and there he was tall and neat as a poplar, and I couldn't even run like you did when you first met Daddy, but I stood there and mumbled. And then I went back in the kitchen and cried. . ."

"Mother."

"Yes?"

"Don't things ever come out the way a body dreams them?"

"Hardly ever, dear. But sometimes they are better."

"I always thought I'd be looking neat and ladylike and standing by a pear tree, and I wasn't. But maybe it was more like you and Daddy."

They were both silent now, each running forward with her own thoughts and unaware for the instant that a unique moment had passed between them and that they had said things more intimately than ever before. After a time Julia came back, carefully preserving the fragile expansiveness which had confessed these things to her.

"Then, 'You liked him that much, Cynthia?'"

"Yes, Mother."

"Have you . . . talked anything about it?"

"Yes . . . well, no, not right plain out. It is something you just know about the way you know you are breathing or a laurel sprig bursts out pink in the sun up the Pinnacle—or is that just crazy talk Jasper always said about me saying Saul was prowling around the place?"

"It's real nice to be able to know anything that way. A body can't always know things for a certainty."

"He's going to be a county surveyor some day. What is a county surveyor?"

"I don't just know, but your Daddy would."

"I reckon it doesn't matter much. Don't you think he is different from Doug?"

"Yes. But he's lived different and worked different. Doug is nice folks."

"Mother. Do you think I ought to marry Reuben?"

"Well, Cynthia, you're going to school next week."

"Yes, and I wouldn't miss that for anything hardly. But there is next year."

"And," Julia continued, "he hasn't so much as asked you."

"He said he would come back, and Mother, it just screamed out that very first day: 'That's him.'"

"Yes, but he may have . . . interests down the river where he lives, and you mustn't . . . unless he has told you . . ."

"Can't you tell a body things in any way but words, Mother?"

"Why, yes, I reckon so, Cynthia, only a body could be mistaken, you know. Plenty folk mistake plain words. And it comes by nature for Reuben Warren to be nice to people."

"That afternoon we sat on the gray stone by the sycamore and he laid his hand over mine in the white-haired moss, and then he took it away again but it was still there, and that's how you know when it's true."

"You are a strange girl, my dear child, and I reckon you ought to know if it's that way with you. But I wouldn't have any blight spot your heart for this world."

"I guess I oughtn't of lied to Doug though."

"I reckon that was just the thing you ought to say to him," Julia said.

"I wouldn't want to make Doug feel bad. He works awful hard at the place and he is banking so much on his crop of 'seng. I did promise him I'd go look at his 'seng bed before I go."

"You ought to do that, and I must send Sarah some of the purple dahlias and some wheat loaf."

And on this they began to readjust their inner lives to the new intimacies born of Cynthia's confession.

CHAPTER XII

It was in the afternoon at the end of August that Cynthia went down to say good-by to Sarah Mason and Doug. It was the first time in many weeks that she had sat the Finemare and ridden out of Wolfpen. It was a joyous thing to feel horse muscle flow under her thighs and connect with her spirit, to hear the soft plopping of quick hoofs against the sand. It was tonic to efface the thought of what she would see when she peered into the hollow at Dry Creek filled with new men whom Sparrel called riffraff and was troubled about.

She waded to Jesse in the meadow where he had been furiously tossing hay and was sitting now under a bay-cock with the book opened on his knees. "I reckon Jesse sure means business whether he pitches hay or reads the law. I'm right glad he'll be over there too, even if he don't come for a week or two."

Sparrel was outside his shop, leaning against the shade by the door, looking to nowhere out of Wolfpen with puzzlement on his face. It slipped off as Cynthia came into the mill-yard, and he spoke kindly to her and patted the rump of the Finemare.

"You two make a fine-looking outfit, if I do say it myself."

Cynthia, seeing a remnant of her Daddy Sparrel in his eyes and voice, thought, "He ought to have more pleasure out of all this business than he's getting, but he lets other men's troubles be his own because they are on his land, when he ought to let Shellenberger and his black man run on to suit themselves, and be happy up Wolfpen with his own place."

She smiled to him, and waved back as she took the ford over Gannon.

And she smiled with her own sense of pleasure as she heard Abrael's voice pitched high saying, "No. It won't go that way. Here. Watch me."

She dreaded the thought of looking up the hollow where the trees had been cut. As she came into the road beyond the shadow of the Pinnacle where Dry Creek would burst into view, she played a game with herself and the Finemare. "We'll see if we can go by without either of us looking over there to the slaughter pens," she said aloud. It was a difficult game to play. She fixed her eyes on the Finemare's ears for many paces. Then she looked off to the bright, sun-tinted green on the timbered ridges to the north, and down into the cool dark pockets in the hollows where the shadows lay. The Finemare held her neck straight down the road between the patches of rank horse-weeds as high as her back. "It's not fair for me, Finemare, because you couldn't see over along here even if you wanted to. But I just naturally face that over there because I sit sideways, and I have to stretch my neck to look the other way. It's funny how you try not to look at something you don't want to see and all the time feel it pulling at your eyes so hard you can't hardly keep them off of it." She looked at a great white roll of cloud, trying to decide whether to have it be a dragon straining for its prey, or a fair host of angels draping a veil of luminous wings over the unmolested hills. Then she decided they were just ordinary clouds with nothing to do but go riding in the sky in the afternoon.

So she resisted Dry Creek while they passed the rank horse-weeds, and the cane-brake shooting pale yellow poles high above her, and came to the open meadow. There she suddenly felt the lure of ugliness rushing across the open space and reaching for her eyes, as though a barrier had fallen. She resisted with an effort. She heard the

The roof over the porch was still incomplete. There was a hen in Sarah's hickory-split rocker. Cynthia went on into the kitchen.

Sarah had her large bare feet propped on a cushion while she shelled beans from the sack by her side. She went to see Cynthia, dabbling at her eyes, and smiling and talking all the time about how long it had been since she had come to see her, of the progress of her afflictions, of the gifts Julia had sent, and of Doug. "He's gone over to his 'seng patch again. He goes over there purr' near every evening with his gun."

Cynthia told her about the news from Wolfpen and her plans for the Institute. Sarah made her usual exclamations and another of these visits was nearing an end.

"So you go off next week," Sarah said again, hobbling to the porch. "You'll be coming back to visit before long, I reckon."

"Yes, it's not so far."

"Doug is over by the 'seng bed, Cynthia. He'd never get over it if you went off without saying good-by," she said, dabbling at her eyes again.

"I'll go by the patch like I said. You take good care of yourself while I'm gone."

"I'll do the best I can, Cynthia. I wish you didn't have to hurry off."

Doug was crouched in a clump of sumac bushes looking down on the oblong glade. He was so intent that he did not see or hear her at once. She slipped down from the mare and stood watching him shoulder the gun, and trying to see what he could be shooting at. There was nothing to be seen but a few cardinals flitting about the red seed-pod berries on the 'seng. While she looked, he fired, and as she batted her eyes and calmed the startled mare she saw a puff of red feathers jerk sharply upward and then flutter to the ground.

"Oh!" she cried, as if she were hurt, and hid her eyes against the mare's neck.

"Why, howdy, Cynthia."

He came out of the bushes full of pleasure at the unexpected sight of her, and then looking puzzled as he sensed obscurely that she had turned away her spirit.

"How's the folks?" he said, touching the mare's mane.

"What in the world are you shooting, Doug?" she demanded.

"Birds."

"Was that a cardinal you just killed?"

"Yes. That makes nearly two hundred I got this week and I only missed three."

"Oh, shame on you, Doug! How could you do such a thing!"

"Why, they're heartin' every berry in my 'seng patch and eating the seed I wanted to save."

"But to shoot a cardinal—it's sinful, Doug."

"Not when they riddle my seeds."

"But, Doug! You don't kill cardinals just because . . ." She looked at him. Words were useless unless their meanings were already sensed before they were spoken, and here they were not and could never be.

"Do you want to let them eat up my seeds I want for next year?" he exclaimed.

She turned the mare slowly back into the way she had come, moving down the hollow again toward the road. Doug followed along close behind her, confused and perplexed. "I guess you'll be going away right soon now," he said at last.

"Yes. On Monday. Daddy is riding over with me."

"What's the use of your going off over there, Cynthia? You don't have no need for that kind of book learning."

"But I do, too."

"You're just going over there because of that surveyor, and you know it."

"Why, I'm not either; I've been counting on going there all year and a right smart before any of those men came to the creek."

"I saw you looking at him."

"That doesn't make any difference in it."

"You swear it?"

"I told you once when you were up to our house."

"You swear it then?"

"I don't feel any call to give account to you, Doug." It was sharper than he had ever heard her speak. Instead of advancing his rising temper, it baited it.

"I calculate I ought to get about a thousand dollars for my 'seng. I'm going to dig it soon now."

"That'll be nice and I'm right glad," she said. "I have to go back now. I just stopped to say good-by."

"Cynthia."

She waited, looking up the hollow. Reuben moving in and out of her thoughts.

"Don't go off over there. Let's . . . why can't we . . . let's us marry."

Cynthia screeched, seeing birds tumbling through the still air into death.

"I'm getting things in good shape now and I been thinking about you while I was doing it. Will you?"

"It's not time for me to think about that, Doug."

"When you get back, then?"

"We can see about it then. It's just not time yet and I hadn't thought to marry."

voices of men framing the curious, sharp, monosyllabic cries to the mules and oxen. She felt the smell of wood smoke in her nose and on her tongue. Still she did not look, and the mare was absorbed in the animated manipulation of her own legs. "I reckon maybe we can do what we make up our minds to. And if you won't look while I do it, I'll shut my eyes till we are clean across the meadow and get our backs to it." She closed her eyes, and gave her body in relaxation to the rhythm of each precise step of the mare.

Then she felt the muscles on the mare's shoulders contract with a snap, and tighten back to her rump, as she swerved and broke the rhythm of her gait. Cynthia involuntarily opened her eyes to see a young rabbit leap into a clump of berry vines.

As she followed its leap she heard men shouting, followed by the swish and the sharp explosive crack of a tree beginning its fall. The mare looked and Cynthia looked into the hollow at the heavy fall of a great tulip tree, lunging against all the efforts of the lumberman down-hill through space in a thunderous sighing swish, rebounding from the ground on resilient limbs and springing like a beheaded chicken a dozen yards from the stump on the steep hillside.

"I reckon a body just has to look sometimes when things get hurt and die. Does it make your stomach twist too? We both did it at the same time, and maybe you are not so different from other people just because your square mouth won't make any words."

And Cynthia looked into the smoking brush piles and ugly stumps where "possums used to crouch in the padded silence.

The Mason place was unaltered: the weathered paling fence where she left the mare, the chickens about the yard, the slight musty smell of the house compounded of wood-smoke, unaltered rooms, cooking and sickness. It dawned suddenly on Cynthia that it was this recollection of other people which had always made her vaguely unhappy at the Masons'.

"You'll Be Coming Back to Visit Before Long, I Reckon."



"You won't feel too stuck up after you've been over there?"

"Doug Mason, sometimes I get so mad at you I could die. You know better than that."

"It's just that . . . you know . . . sometimes it's right lonesome and I get to thinking about you going off to people not just like us, and . . . You won't change your mind about going?"

"Why, no, Doug. I've been planning on this all year."

She got easily into the saddle.

"Good-by, Doug."

"Good-by, Cynthia."

He went back to the 'seng patch, stopping to look at the pile of birds, and then, hearing again the peculiar liquid chirping of the redbirds biting into his 'seng berries, he added three more to the heap.

Cynthia booted the mare with her heel and hurried from Sarah and Doug, the birds and the fallen trees, back to Wolfpen through the ruins of the visit she had planned.

The final days were busy ones for Cynthia, but without visible evidence of her inward excitement at the thought of being away from home. Julia was always near her with kind words and suggestions for the packing. She would lay a garment on the bed, saying, "Do you suppose you might need this, Cynthia?"

"Maybe I'd better take it along. A body never knows."

They fingered the articles and looked affectionately at each other during the long lingers.

Then three days before the time for Cynthia to leave, Abrael came home early from the camp looking pale and weak, but declaring, he was all right when Cynthia and then Julia asked him if he felt sick.

"You look pale, son," Julia insisted. He ate little for supper, leaving the table before the others to lie in the cool on the porch. Sparrel went out to him.

"What's the trouble with you, son?"

"I guess I just got my stomach riled a little at the camp."

"When did it begin to hurt?"

"It's felt funny for a day or so."

Sparrel gave him some of his remedies and after a while Abrael went to bed. He lay there for two days very sick and refusing food.

Then Julia, who had looked tired for many weeks and had been up and down for two nights with Abrael, fell sick in the third night and had to lie in her bed very pale and without strength.

On Monday at the hour set for half a year for Cynthia to ride away from Wolfpen, she sat by Julia and was startled to see how large her eyes were under the pale skin of her forehead and how weak she had grown from her sickness.

"You must go, dear, as we planned. I'll be all right now," she said in a low voice. "I've never been sick to amount to anything."

But Cynthia sat by her bed, saying, "Abrael's some better. I wouldn't go off today and you sick. A few days won't make a sight of difference." Thinking: "I wonder how sick she is and why it came on so sudden right now. It must be the spread over the place of the sickness in the trees or it wouldn't begin down there in Dry Creek and fasten on Abrael and come on up here. It won't make a bit of difference if I'm a little splotchy. She looks so pale under her dark hair, tidy even when she lies in bed sick, and hardly any gray. It's been a hard summer. She looks tired. I'd rather see her lie a time and get well than go over to the Institute right at the start. I guess she's asleep now. Maybe she'll rest a while. I'll see Jesse."

She left Julia in a weak sleep, the long fingers of one hand lying delicately along the sheet. She found Jesse by the drying kiln spreading apples in the sun.

"How is she?" Jesse asked, whispering it.

"Asleep now."

"She didn't sleep any last night."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Canals, Box Trees Famed in Holland's Water Towns

No traveler knows Holland unless he has seen at least one water-village. One of the loveliest, Aalsmeer, consists of one long, straight village street; in fact, no more than a narrow towing path, with a canal on either side. Small swing bridges connect the houses with this towing path, and many of them are entirely encircled by water, each one solitary, picturesque and prosperous. The villagers propel their barges by means of a pole, to take to market the box trees for which Aalsmeer is famous.

The box tree nurseries are most curious, for here the industry has existed for 200 years. In the rich peaty soil, the box trees are trained into every conceivable shape, balls, men, dogs, lions, sofas, chairs, ships and birds. It all looks as if some enchanter had waved his wand over a menagerie and turned all living things into box trees.

Source of True Progress

The good of others is our own good also and that we develop our powers by such action is the nature and genesis of all true progress in the world.



Keeping Christmas
Katherine Edelman

MARIAN turned slowly from where she had been surveying herself for a critical moment, and looked across the room at her twin sister.

"I'm so tired of all this Christmas fuss," she said languidly; "it is all so old-fashioned, so outdated."

"Are you expressing my feelings?" Nadine's voice was even more languid; "but how in the world are we going to make our dear family feel as we do about the matter? You know they are already in the throes of Christmas preparations." She threw out her slender hands in a gesture of infinite boredom as she finished.

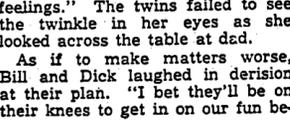
"We can let them know that we won't be a part of the silly business—we can serve notice on them that we are going to work against all the noise and fuss that is made about Christmas."

Forgetting their pose of boredom and sophistication for a moment, the seventeen-year-old twins jumped excitedly around the room.

"Just think of how they will be shocked!" Marian cried; "I can see mother and dad. It is all going to be so exciting—fighting the world, so to speak."

But they were taken back quite a little when they announced their big news . . . mother's voice was very serious. "If you really feel that way, I guess the rest of us will have to celebrate without you. We're going to miss you a lot, of course, but we must consider your feelings." The twins failed to see the twinkle in her eyes as she looked across the table at dad.

As if to make matters worse, Bill and Dick laughed in derision at their plan. "I bet they'll be on their knees to get in on our fun be-



"I'm Going to Do Like Everybody Else," She Said.

fore Christmas," Bill predicted. And as if that were not enough, he suggested that now there would be nothing to buy for the twins, maybe he could have the moving picture outfit he had wanted so long.

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
by William Bruckart

Washington — Senator O'Mahoney of Wyoming has prepared a bill for introduction early in the new congress that will set up, if it becomes law, a comprehensive mechanism to control and regulate some of the principal activities of business corporations. It is a far reaching proposition, as it now stands, and it cannot be passed off lightly. There is support for it in a number of quarters. While it undoubtedly will not become law in its present form, it must be regarded as the opening wedge.

The Wyoming senator's principal idea is to require businesses of an incorporated character to take out a federal license. If they do not comply, the proposed law would deny them the right to ship goods into retail trade between states.

While the main theme of the proposition does not seem anything about which one should get excited, it is the things that can be done behind such a general requirement that must and will be examined by congress and the country before it takes a step of the kind advocated by Senator O'Mahoney. For example, if the federal government is permitted to require businesses to obtain a license or charter from Washington, those businesses may be compelled to meet all manner of requirements before such a license or charter is granted. In the reverse, if after they have the license, they fail to observe the provisions laid down either by congress or bald-headed bureaucrats, revocation of the license is the penalty that may be exacted. It should be added that exaction of a penalty of this kind, once the license provision is established as a federal government right, becomes a powerful weapon and the limit to which that power may be exercised is scarcely to be forecast.

While, as I said, the O'Mahoney legislation may not be expected to become law in its present form, its terms and provisions give a hint of what can be expected of any legislation of a similar character.

Take this provision, for example: "Rates of pay shall be increased and hours of work shall be reduced in accordance with gains in the productive efficiency of the industry, arising from increased mechanization, improvements in technological methods, or from other causes, to the end that employees shall have an equitable participation in the output of industry, and that employment and mass purchasing power may keep pace with industry."

It seems quite obvious that under such a basic statement of principles, a business could easily be made to agree to collective bargaining among its employees, to establish minimum wages and to follow the dictates of some bureau or commission in Washington in actual management and promulgation of policies. Indeed, it is set forth in the O'Mahoney draft that the federal trade commission would be authorized to obtain all "relevant and detailed data as to production costs, prices and profits."

As I see this sort of thing and from the views of experts with whom I have consulted, I cannot escape the conclusion that such legislation simply extends to the federal government dictatorial powers over virtually all private business.

It means, moreover, that politics and politicians would be the guiding force and that if union labor leaders were in control of the agency having supervisory powers over business or if communists or conservatives or any other class were in control, business would be directed in accordance with the economic views of that school of thought. Since our nation frequently hands the responsibility of government control from one political party to the other, the implications of such legislation as this are tremendous, to say the least.

Constitutional questions enter into this legislation and it may be that the basic theory advanced by the Wyoming senator will not hold at all. As I understand it, Senator O'Mahoney is holding no pride of authorship as to the language of his bill but to the principles he strongly adheres to. So, it is made to appear at least, as I said above, that this proposal constitutes an entering wedge on an entirely new theory of government's relation to private business. For that reason, it is one of the most significant propositions to come forward in recent years, more significant, I believe, than the ill-fated NRA. It certainly is a proposition that should be watched closely by all citizens.

Affairs of the heart are all right privately, our American Department of State holds, but it reserves the right to horn into any love affair that involves an American foreign service officer. It is all perfectly open and above board. The

Department of State has put its conclusions into writing, into an official regulation, and hereafter no foreign service officer can marry an alien while he is in the foreign service unless he gets the consent of "father" State department.

It is immensely interesting but not significant in an international way that the State department's order concerning international marriages should have been promulgated during the heat of the British constitutional crisis over King Edward's determination to marry the American-born Wallis Warfield Simpson. It simply happened to come along at the same time, but since all the world loves a lover, in Washington one hears reference to the Simpson-Edward affair mentioned many times in the same breath with the State department decree. This obtains because nearly all of our foreign service people have relations or friends in the national capital and the decree forbidding international marriages set many tongues wagging.

But the State department ruling ought to be treated with utmost seriousness and sincerity. It is important. It is necessary to stretch the imagination a great way in order to assume that international marriages of the type banned by the State department would "shake an empire" after the manner of international marriages among royalty. On the other hand, it seems to me to be quite fair to say that international marriages among official representatives of a nation can very easily prove embarrassing to the government by which the foreign service officer receives credentials. In fact, there are instances on record where such marriages have proved to be serious obstacles in the settlement of disputes between governments.

Then, it must be considered that there is a genuine possibility of war in Europe in the next few years. A tremendous tragedy is being prepared there. While obviously any governmental decision that has the effect of keeping lovers apart arouses antagonism, a sympathetic feeling among all with tender hearts, in this circumstance, the rule seems well justified. In addition to following the lead of other nations on the point, our State department has banned these international marriages largely in order to keep our nation free from any possible entanglements in event of that European tragedy that looms like red fire on the horizon of the future. Marriages heretofore contracted, of course, will not be disturbed by the new ban, but elimination of that source of potential difficulty for the future is regarded as likely to be valuable.

I have heard criticism of the State department's order on the ground that affairs of the heart are private affairs—which indeed they are. But it must be remembered that where an individual accepts the rights, prerogatives and privileges of official position, he accepts at the same time certain definite responsibilities. In the case of a foreign service officer, his acceptance of the government title makes him at once and the same time a part of that government in a most peculiar way. Because foreigners do not understand our government any better than we understand foreign governments, when an American foreign service officer speaks, he speaks actually as the American government. One need not amplify this further than to say, therefore, one of that official's responsibilities is to carry out policy. National policy can be arranged only at its proper sources, namely, the President and the Department of State.

So, while budding romances may be blighted, heartaches may arise, soft lights in the eyes of men and maidens may be dimmed by the cruel and cold words of official regulations, it needs must be said that the welfare of a great nation must supersede the personal desires of a lonely man for a mate.

Thus, when any of our American diplomats or consular officers hereafter feel they cannot tread life's highway without the accompaniment of a foreign-born princess of their dreams, they simply will have to resign from their jobs and bring the lady home.

Enrico Caruso
The greatest of modern tenors, Caruso, was a bricklayer in his younger days. He was the 18th son of his parents. Every one of the first 17 children died in infancy. Caruso joined the Metropolitan Opera in 1903 and during the next 17 years sang over 607 times, for which he was paid over a million and a half dollars or an average rate of \$2,785 a performance. Offered \$4,000 a night at one time, he protested that \$2,500 would be quite enough. Caruso refused to sing in his home town—Naples—because he was once hissed there. One of his favorite stunts was that of breaking glasses by singing to them, his voice, at a certain note, causing a vibration that glass could not withstand.—New Biography.



FOR many years Marelu had not been exactly happy on Christmas; somehow she had never received the pretty things bestowed upon other girls. "If they all only knew how I have secretly longed for those soft, dainty luxuries," thought Marelu, as she sat before the fireplace, just three days before Christmas.

"There are those kitchen aprons, for instance, from dear old aunt Lucia. Every year, as far back as I can remember, it has always been aprons. I must have almost a dozen by now. Then there is cousin Marie, who has been sending the inevitable handkerchiefs right along, year after year. There must be quite a collection of them, too."

While she had been grateful and thankful for these kind remembrances, she had not been exactly thrilled.

A happy Christmas thought suggested itself to Marelu as she gazed out at the slender icicles shining like silver in the moonlight. "I know what I'll do. I'll start right now and wrap up all these things into pretty Christmas parcels and give them to someone who really needs them."

When Christmas day arrived Marelu started out with her basket brimming full of beautifully wrapped and tied Christmas gifts. Every step she took over the holiday carpet of snow represented a kindly thought of cheer.

"Merry Christmas," she cried, as she handed a bright colored parcel to dear old Linda Larsen.

"The very same to you," said she, with a questioning look of surprise. The next moment she was proudly unwrapping a pair of pretty bath towels. Marlene and Dolly, two little girls around the corner, danced up and down with joy when they saw the snowy handkerchiefs with colored borders. Marelu smiled happily as she left the little girls and proceeded to her next stop. Effie Lynn was overwhelmed with surprise when a gift was handed her. She explained that it had been years since she had received a Christmas present.

After several other interesting calls Marelu started for home. The street lights flashed on and the glimmering Christmas trees joined in the ceremony on all sides of her. As she drew near her own home she stood still a moment and admired the grandeur of the dark pines encircling the house under a white burden of snow. The variations of colors gleaming from the windows seemed to be stretching out to meet the pines.

Inside the house was warmth and joy and Christmas cheer as the family gathered about the Christmas tree, pointed with the star of Bethlehem. Marelu was just in time for the celebration. Bobby had been chosen to read off the names upon the gifts and all eyes were centered upon the huge basket containing them.

"First on the program," shouted Bobby, "is for mother." All wondered what it could be.

"A gorgeous lamp shade," cried mother, as she held it up for all to see.

While still admiring this thing of beauty, Bobby shouted louder than ever, "Something for the governor, himself. Get ready, pop, for your surprise."

"What can the strange package be, for goodness sake?" said father, his eyes popping with interest. "Well, I do declare, if it isn't a golf set. Just what I have wanted for a long time," as he started to examine it.

"Oh boy, hold out your hands and catch, Dot, a ducky package for you, all tied with silver cord. What is it? Open it quick!"

Dot removed the bright red tissue and disclosed a white wool skating outfit.

Marelu had been so absorbed in what the others were receiving that she had forgotten all about herself. For the first time in many years she had received the things she really adored. With a heart full of appreciation and joy, she suddenly shouted, "Merry Christmas!" The others did not quite comprehend the extent of Marelu's enthusiasm, but she, herself, felt, somehow, that this had been the very happiest, merriest Christmas she had ever had.



"GRANDFATHER, isn't that the most beautiful doll you ever saw?" The little hand tugged at the hand of the tall man. He looked down at the childish figure beside him. "I wish I had one like her," the child said in a low tone.

The man mused with a tender smile. "It is very beautiful, dear,—but I thought I heard you say that you had all of the dolls you could care for."

"Well—I did," came the faltering answer "but"—as though an inspiration had presented itself—"I could give some away I s'pose." The man's clasp tightened on the child's hand, and then he reminded her gently that they must hurry on if they were to be home in time for luncheon. Although there were many other interesting toys in the department of the great store, the child showed little interest in them, and managed to work their way back to the object of her affection, and stood enraptured before it until her grandfather again reminded her that they really must be on their way home.

As the child reluctantly followed, the man recalled another dark eyed Marcia standing before just such a doll and heard again almost the same words this Marcia had used today. "Isn't," she had said, "that doll in pink just beautiful? I wish I had one like it." And he heard the man beside her reply: "You have more dolls now than you know what to do with," and he had added, "That is too expensive anyway." "Oh is it?" the child had



asked in surprise. "Yes, everything in this store is." He hadn't known whether it was or not, but he had led the child away. Later he asked himself many times why he hadn't given the doll to the child, and he resolved that never again would he be the cause of a hurt look such as he had seen in the little one's eyes that day. From then on, he determined to grant her every wish that he possibly could and so atone for the unnecessary suffering he had caused.

Christmas night John Grant sat alone before the fire, his head against the back of the chair, his eyes closed and a smile of content upon his face. The door opened and a young woman's voice called softly—"Father."

"Yes, my dear," he answered as he turned toward her.

"Mother wants to know if you aren't coming to bed," the young woman said as she came into the room.

"Tell your mother I'll be there in just a minute," the man replied with a laugh.

"Do you know, father, I think that you have made Marcia the happiest little girl in the world tonight," Marcia Field said as she went and sat on the arm of her father's chair.

Her father put his arm around her. "I'm glad if I did," he told her.

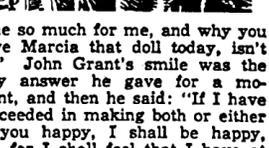
"Do you know that doll reminds me of one I wanted many years ago. I thought that I never would be happy if I didn't have that doll," Marcia laughed at the memory.

"And I wouldn't buy it for you," her father frowned.

"Why father, do you remember that?" the daughter asked in surprise.

"I have never forgotten it, and I resolved never to be the cause of hurting you or anyone as I had you that day."

"Why, you old dear," Marcia laughed as she hugged him. "I haven't thought of it for years." And then she said suddenly as a light of understanding broke upon her, "That is why you always have



done so much for me, and why you gave Marcia that doll today, isn't it?" John Grant's smile was the only answer he gave for a moment, and then he said: "If I have succeeded in making both of either of you happy, I shall be happy, too, for I shall feel that I have at least in part paid a Christmas debt long overdue."

"Dear, dear father," Marcia lovingly assured him, "you don't know how well you have succeeded."

"Then I am indeed content."
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Avoid Mailing Rush
By preparing each Christmas gift for mailing as it is bought or made, much time and hurry is saved at the last moment.

Showing Three New Styles



YOU who sew-your-own will be more enthusiastic than ever after making realities of these three new styles. Each is truly a delightful fashion and best of all there's something for every size in the family—from the "little bear" right on up.

Pattern 1997 is the smartly styled smock that probably has an option on a little portion of your heart right now. Fair enough, follow the dictates of your heart and you can't go wrong. This little wardrobe nicety will serve you becomingly and well. It will add to your comfort too. Make it of broadcloth, gingham, sateen or chintz for prettiness and easy maintenance. There is a choice of long or short sleeves and the shiny gold buttons offer just the sort of spic contrast one likes in informal apparel. Available for sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 34 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1204—This new day frock for sizes 36 to 52 is the final word in style and charm in any woman's language. To do this flattering fashion is to step blithely into the realm of high fashion. The soft feminine collar is most becoming and it serves as an excellent medium for contrast. The sleeve length is optional. Slender lines are the main feature of the skirt and a very pleasant effect results from the

wide and handsome flare. Satin or sheer wool would most assuredly win your friends' approval and perhaps just a little of their envy. This pattern is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 38 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39 inch material. Less with short sleeves. The collar in contrast requires 1/2 yard.

The adorable little number for Miss Two-To-Eight, Pattern 1994, is surely without competition in the way of downright intrigue. It's the essence of youthfulness with a lot of grown-up technique added to make it a crackjack. Why not do things up right and cut this model twice—panties too, naturally—using sheer wool for the "best" occasion frock and gingham or seersucker for school, play and all-purpose use? Pattern 1994 is available in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 2 1/2 yards of 39 inch material plus 1/4 yard of bias binding for trimming.

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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Uncle Phil Says:

Disregard Troubles
I love the man that can smile in trouble, that can gather strength from distress, and grow brave by reflection.

Happiness is like jam—you can't spread even a little without getting some on yourself.

A smart woman may be able to make a fool of any man but the smarter she is the more often she doesn't do it.

God's country is any region where nobody notices your funny accent.

Everyone who thinks you are a good listener is likely to be astonished to find you want to say something yourself.

Talking to one's self is interesting. Why ridicule it?

A pretty girl doesn't have to know how to cook to make traffic jam.

CHEST COLD
HAD HIM IN AGONY

Found Amazing RELIEF from PAIN

No need to suffer agony of muscular aches and pains! Thousands report wonderful soothing relief with Hamlin's Wizard Oil. Just rub it on—rub it in. Acts quick. Relieves that terrible soreness. Loosens up stiff, achy muscles. Has a 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

BUNDLE CARRIER By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

GOES SHOPPING WITH MOTHER
MOMMY SAYS SHE'S GOT THE BUNDLES FOR HER
MOTHER, WITH A SHARP REBUKE, TELLS HIM NOT TO LAG OR SHE'LL MESS THE BAG
DOES VERY WELL UNTIL HE TRIES TO GET THE BUNDLES OFF
POOKS UP HIS BUNDLES AND HURRIES TO CATCH UP
FINDS THAT BUNDLES ARE SPEEDY AND SHOUTS TO MOTHER TO WAIT
MOTHER WAITS AT CORNER, SEES BUNDLE-TYING DOWN, AND KNOWS TO BE SHOCK-STRUCK
ORDERS UP AT LAST AND TELLS HIM BUNDLES WERE LEFT BEHIND

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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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One year, in advance \$2.00
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.
Resolutions of ordinary length \$1.00.

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 24, 1936

Antrim Locals

The Goodell Company shop will be closed Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. Julia Hastings is recovering from pneumonia at Margaret Pillsbury hospital, Concord.

Ivan I. Felker of British Columbia, Canada, is visiting with his family here for the holiday season.

Miss Jean Linton is spending the holiday season, from Simmons College, with her parents.

Wood-choppers Wanted Good Pay. Guy A. Hulett, Antrim.

Thomas Madden is visiting friends and relatives in Newark, N. J., during the holiday season.

John Mayrand was called to Manchester last Sunday by the serious illness of his father.

Mrs. H. W. Eldredge and daughter, Miss Mabelle Eldredge, spent the week end in Winchendon, Mass.

Miss Frances Tibbals is with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. R. H. Tibbals during the holiday vacation from Mt. Holyoke College.

Albert Poor and Walter Raleigh, students at New Hampshire University, spent the week end at their homes here.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Baker of Worcester, Mass., spent Saturday with Mrs. Emma Goodell and Miss Jennie Abbott.

The Antrim Schools close Wednesday, December 23, for the Christmas vacation. They will re open Monday, January 4, 1937.

At the annual football banquet of Tilton Schools, James G. Cudihy was awarded Varsity insignia for the season of 1936. He played end on one of the best teams ever to represent the New Hampshire preparatory school and was a valuable addition to the squad throughout the season.

A correction: Mrs. George Robertson and relatives of Keene attended the 51st birthday party of Mrs. Cram in Franconstown, instead of Mrs. Elizabeth Robertson and daughter, as stated in last week's issue.

Spotlight Dance!

Town Hall, Bennington
Saturday, December 26, 1936
Featuring Dick Sullivan
and his Rhythm
Happy Day
Master of Ceremonies
Dancing 8-12 - Admission 35c

HAYDEN W. ALLEN
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"OUR BEAUTY SHOPPE"

Telephone 66
Main Street - Antrim, New Hampshire

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

Antrim Locals

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Wilson were on a recent business trip to Worcester, Mass.

The Antrim Post office will be open from 7 to 9 a. m. and 7.30 to 8 p. m. on Friday, Christmas Day.

Donald Sweet of Ashland, Mass., called on his brother, Gerald Sweet, on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Batchelor are closing their store and taking their annual winter vacation trip.

The young son of Mr. and Mrs. Alex MacFarlane is quite ill with pneumonia at Margaret Pillsbury hospital.

Mrs. Matilda Barrett is still quite ill at her home. Her daughter, Mrs. Mary Harriman, is caring for her.

Milton E. Daniels is recuperating at Maplehurst Inn from his recent appendicitis operation and fractured leg.

The Community Christmas Tree and the several small trees which are all lighted, add much to the holiday spirit in Antrim.

Mrs. Carl Carlson, Nels Carlson and Miss Louise Woodward of Norfolk, Mass., were Saturday visitors with Andrew Fuglestad and family.

Misses Betty and Margaret Felker are spending their Christmas vacation at their home here. Betty is attending Vesper George Art School, Boston, and Margaret, Radcliffe College at Cambridge.

The Paths of Life

Two paths stretch outward to the
From out the vast expanse of life,
One scatheless, one with all gifts endowed,
Each blazed those trails for you and me.

Before our feet the ways divide,
One path leads up to heights sublime,
The other downward leads where dwell
The wretches and the wrecks of time.

The upward path seems steep and long,
Its dizzy heights are hard to climb,
And weary toil awaits the feet,
That try to reach those heights sublime.

The downward path seems oh, so fair,
No rocky steep obstruct the way,
And tho' all know the heights are best,
Some still will choose the downward way.

The end of this trail is despair,
And weary travelers often gaze,
Back to that steep and rocky path,
That marked the parting of the ways.

So let us choose the upward trail,
And try to reach those heights sublime.
Let's struggle upward with a will,
And cheer the toilers as we climb.

Not falter tho' the way be rough,
But say as each day we begin,
My motto for this day shall be,
All those that strive are sure to win.

Tho' we have faltered in the past,
And sometimes failed those heights to see,
We now will strive to win the prize,
However rough our path may be.

A Chinese man going through a station was asked his name, and he replied: "Sneeze."

Questioner—Is it your native name?
Chinaman—I had it translated into English.

Questioner—What is your native name?
Chinaman—Ah Choo.

Your \$4,000,000,000 Over-confidence--the Motorist's Sin

Everyone is an employer. You and your neighbor contribute to the payroll of the largest group of workers in this country.

That group consists of government employees. Three million of them are on the payrolls of Federal state and local governments—payrolls that can be met only by taxes taken from your earnings. Their salaries total more than \$4,000,000,000 a year. And their number is constantly increasing.

Some of these employees of yours are necessary. They carry on governmental functions that perform legitimate services for you and all other citizens.

Many of them are unnecessary. They are not only a financial burden, but they circumscribe your liberties. They perform services for some small, special group at the expense of everyone else. They work in bureaus that have nothing whatever to do with the business of governing — bureaus that compete with and damage productive private business, and, while devouring tax money, stifle the sources of taxation.

It is a sad but true fact that once a new bureau is started, it is almost never abolished. That need that created it may pass — but the bureau remains. Usually it grows in size and cost and political power. Our political masters want as many officeholders as possible — that is the way they maintain their power.

It's about time we insisted that the worker in productive enterprise be given some consideration, as well as the worker for government. The public payroll is fast reaching the point where private payrolls cannot pay for it and have enough left over for those of us who aren't bureaucrats.

It is said there are 10,000,000 bridge players in the United States. If each one bought a dollar's worth of Christmas seals — ?

If a 1925 model car and a recent model were to start out on a drive, which would you think most likely to become involved in an accident?

Probably you will answer, "The old car, with out-moded brakes, relatively inefficient steering and general inferiority."

You're wrong. According to the National Safety Council, 24.79 per cent of the cars now in service were built from 1925 to 1928, inclusive, and they are involved in less than 12 per cent of all accidents reported.

Only 15 per cent of the cars in service were built in 1935 — yet these cars figured in almost 24 per cent of all accidents.

This apparent anomaly has an obvious explanation. Drivers of new cars are over-confident. They over-rate the safety factor of better brakes, bodies, steering, lights, etc. Because a car is in A-1 mechanical shape, and is more or less new, they take chances until the tragic day of reckoning arrives.

This is not a boost for old cars — many of which should be barred from the highways, because of mechanical dangers caused by obsolescence and neglect — but it is a plea for a different attitude on the part of owners of our modern gasoline chariots. It is a sad commentary on these drivers that better cars mean a higher accident record.

Regard your car, new or old, as a potentially lethal machine. It can spread death and destruction when mismanaged. Don't commit the great driving sin of over-confidence — its end is likely to be the cemetery.

Evidences of tuberculosis are found in Egyptian mummies, so the dread disease is as old as history. The Christmas Seal campaign against it is only 30 years old but the death rate is now but one-third of what it was in 1907. So you see, it pays to buy Christmas seals.

A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year
is extended to all
Gate City Cleansing Co.
Telephone Antrim 31-5

LAST MINUTE SUGGESTIONS
Durand Chocolates, Wrought Iron Ware, Hand Carved and Hand Painted Polish Novelties, Christmas Cards, Stationery, Gift Wrapping Paper, Tie Ribbons, Seals and Tags.
ANTRIM PHARMACY
M. E. Daniels, Reg. Druggist, Antrim, N. H.

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

A Very Merry Christmas and a most Happy & Prosperous New Year to You All is the only way we know of expressing our thanks and appreciation for the Business and Good Will you have given us in the past year
BUTTERFIELD'S
Store - Antrim
New Hampshire

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

Merry Christmas
To all the customers of this company we extend the season's Heartiest Greetings
PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY
of New Hampshire

ANTIQU
SECRETARY
FOR SALE
Known as a "Fall-Front Secretary." Empire period. Has a most interesting interior. Believed to be well over 100 years old.
IN EXCELLENT CONDITION
Apply at the home of
MRS. H. W. ELDRIDGE
GROVE STREET - ANTRIM

THE ANTRIM REPORTER
All the Local News
\$2.00 Per Year, in Advance

Bennington

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

Mrs. William Gordon is confined to her home by illness.

Miss Marion Diamond is at the home of her parents for the holiday season from her teaching duties at Woodsville.

A silver tea and Christmas sale was held recently by the Bennington Woman's Club at home of Mrs. Arthur Perry and netted the Club a good amount. Mrs. Perry was assisted by Mrs. Maurice Newton and Mrs. Charles Taylor.

The Bennington Woman's Club met Tuesday Afternoon in the vestry of the Congregational church. At the business meeting presided over by the President, Mrs. Frank Seaver, it was voted to donate five dollars to the Community Tree Fund. Several members were reported ill. Following the meeting a Christmas party was enjoyed by the members and guests. Refreshments were served by the hostesses: Mrs. Frank Seaver, Mrs. J. Prentiss Weston, Mrs. Robert Powers and Mrs. Robert Claffin.

The President's reception in South America was warm and cordial. Even stronger adjectives might be employed, since the papers state that about a million persons came to Buenos Aires to receive him and that he was greeted with "roars of wild acclaim." His peace address contains little with which fault can be found. Not only did he plead for peace on the North American continent, but for a world peace as well. His attitude in that respect is well reflected in a paragraph from his speech:

"Even though the Americans become involved in no war, we must suffer too. The madness of a great war in other parts of the world would effect us and threaten our good in a hundred ways. And the economic collapse of any nation or nations must of necessity harm our own prosperity."

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

The Clinton Studio

Photo Finishing
Through Butterfield's Store
or Theodore Caughey
Antrim, New Hampshire

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356

Church Notes

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church

Rev. Wm. McN. Kittredge, Pastor
Wednesday, December 23

At 7 o'clock the Christmas tree festival will be held in the vestry. A play will be given called "Tell Us, What is Christmas?"

Sunday, December 27

Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock. Sermon theme: "Exhortations for the Coming Year."

Sunday School at 12 o'clock.

Baptist

Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor

Wednesday, December 23

Christmas supper and party for the Junior Department at 6 p.m.

Thursday, December 24

Christmas party for Primary Department, 3 to 5 p.m.

The usual Mid-week meeting will be omitted.

Sunday, December 27

Church School at 9.45 o'clock.

Morning worship at 11 o'clock. The pastor will preach on "The Changeless God."

Crusaders at 4 o'clock.

The Young People's Fellowship will meet at 6 o'clock in the vestry of this church. College students' night. All young people invited.

Union Service at 7 o'clock in this church. The pastor will speak on "Resolutions One Should Break."

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.

Pageant Given at Presbyterian Church

A Christmas program was presented at the union evening service Sunday at the Presbyterian church.

Christmas selections were rendered by a union choir.

A feature of the service was a pageant under the direction of Rev. and Mrs. Kittredge, depicting the Wise Men, Kings and the Virgin Mary, with singing by a hidden choir.

The following is the program:

Organ Prelude—Mrs. Albert Thornton
Invocation
Anthem—"Joyous Song"
Responsive Selection 72
Anthem—"Song the Angels Sing"
Scripture—Isa. 9: 1-7
Hymn 690
Prayer—Rev. R. H. Tibbals
Choral Response—"O Little Town"
Trio
Anthem—"Christmas Gloria"
Christmas Pageant
Benediction with silent prayer
Organ Postlude

What is considered a noise-making device? The law reads that you cannot use horns, whistles or other noise-making devices. If you found a fellow in the woods singing at the top of his lungs would you pinch him or tell him to go home and forget it. A party of hunters in Sharon were on stand and this fellow with a voice like an 18 month old bull was coming down an old tote road and was he letting out the blasts. When he saw us he stopped. His explanation was that he had been chopping wood in the upper lot and was afraid that he might be shot so he sang his way out of danger. He had an axe instead of a gun so we believed him.

A French writer on world affairs, whose words carry weight to a company of readers so widely distributed that they may be called international without exaggeration, looks for a European war within a year. Now that the battle smoke of election has cleared somewhat, it is safe to refer to the President, regardless of whether or not we voted for him, and it may therefore be observed that Mr. Roosevelt has been in South America, in the interest of a peace on the American continent which will be an example to the rest of the world. Europe seems to have chips on its many shoulders and probably nothing can be done about avoiding conflict there. Setting a good example on this side of the Atlantic is enough, considered as an achievement. There is small excuse for attempting to act as peacemaker in a territory where war is condemned in words and justified by acts as an outdoor sport; and still less excuse for actually getting into the game.

Luke's Christmas Money

by Martha B. Thomas

LITTLE LUKE, watching his father splice rope, was suddenly struck with an idea. "It's just one strand after another, isn't it dad?" "Yes, just one strand after another that makes the rope that holds the ship. It's the way most things are accomplished, boy, when you come to think of it."

A cold wind blew around the fish shed back of the wharves. Other men were busy, too, tying snood-knots on trawls, hoping a good day would come for fishing tomorrow.

Luke walked away and up the hill. Christmas coming in a week! He knew his father and mother had been busy planning something for his happiness then. But what had he done? Nothing at all. He stood stock still, his thoughts all mixed up in a queer way, with the strands of rope that made the line, the hundreds of snood-knots the fishermen were tying. "Just one thing done, and then another to make the whole," he reflected.

Then, walking slowly again he seemed to see two one-dollar bills folded away in his pocket-book. And trailing back from the money a row of different pictures of himself, working hard to earn those two dollars. Planting seed potatoes in the spring, hoeing them, weeding in the hot sun, even watering his own plot when the weather was dry. Then, in the fall digging them up. Selling them . . . for two dollars. One bit of work after another. What next? He took more steps. Money was earned by the work of one person to buy something which was the work of another. Luke smiled. He knew "what next," very well indeed.

So, on Christmas morning, though Luke was delighted with his own gifts, he had an almost dizzy pleasure in watching his father and mother unwrap a pair of bedroom slippers and an apron he had given them. "My potato money!" he shrieked. "I got it by doing one thing after another . . . just the way the rope grows, strand after strand."

Luke's father looked puzzled, but his mother kissed him and said "Merry Christmas, dear!"
© Western Newspaper Union.

The
Mistletoe Hunt
By FRANCES GRINSTEAD

"Eye-O Baby Bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting!"

WHEN the mothers of young children in the east Oklahoma countryside sing this nursery song to their little ones they may out of loyalty to Mother Goose add the next two lines:

"For to find a rabbit skin,
To wrap the Baby Bunting in."

But that isn't exactly what daddy does down there. When it comes the time of year that the baby needs warmer covering, daddy takes his gun and goes out to shoot down mistletoe! This he sells for the Christmas trade and buys Baby Bunting a different kind of raiment. For mistletoe, with its well-known holiday meaning, grows in abundance there and is always found high among the bare winter branches of the native elm. Little boys climb for it, of course, but the quickest way to gather it for commercial use is to shoot it down.

"Open season" for mistletoe hunting begins about the last of November and the demand increases steadily until Christmas. Truck loads of the green sprigs with their wax-white berries are driven to the cities of the north for the holiday trade. As the mistletoe is not always uniformly ripe at the time it is wanted, much "hunting" is required to find sprigs whose berries are at a stage to suit the demands of the buyers. At such times the roadsides may be strewn with discarded mistletoe, for the condition of the berries cannot be seen until the sprig has been shot down. But such waste is not lamented, for mistletoe is a parasite that reappears in abundance each year, however ruthlessly it may be treated.

© Western Newspaper Union.

MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

THE first meaning of Christmas is that of generosity, inspired by the great gift of God to mankind. The selfish sway of the world is broken at least for a time, and the Christ spirit is born in our hearts. Sometimes the exchange of presents is carried too far and becomes a burden instead of a pleasure; but anything that makes the world unselfish is beautiful and good.

Blow in Christmas
In Denmark on Christmas morning they "blow in the Jul" at dawn from church towers, playing Christmas hymns to the four points of the compass.

Outside Illumination Is Growing from Year to Year

After one thousand, nine hundred and some odd Merry Christmases, it is only natural that holiday cheer — not to be longer confined indoors — brimmed over outside. Some kindly soul, who wanted to share the spirit of Christmas with his neighbors, strung a number of colored lights on the fir trees at his front doorstep, and within a few years little firs had sprung up at front doors everywhere, to bloom with light at Christmas time, as if by magic.

Today decorative lighting is the accepted vogue during the holiday season. All too often, however, attractive decorations outside have depended upon having a "handy man around the house." Now, stores everywhere offer an infinite variety of electric decorative equipment which may be combined in countless ways with holly, mistletoe and pine boughs to brighten the home inside and out. And there are new Christmas tree bulbs that remain lighted when one of their brothers on the string burns out. Think of the trouble that will save!

The wreath in the window will carry its message of cheer farther if it is illuminated, and if you have not the time to entwine a Christmas tree string of lights into the living wreath yourself, you may buy one already made up and save yourself the trouble. And of course it's a perennial — good next year and for many years after that.

Sentiment and tradition dictate that the light in the window be a Christmas candle. The latest models are electric ones that will not catch fire or drip wax on the window draperies. Where the architecture of the windows makes it possible to place these candles here, the atmosphere they create may be enhanced by lining the window sill or window seat with pine boughs and other greenery.

For the exterior of the home, doorway festoons, cardboard silhouettes and strings of colored lights outlining the windows of entrance doorway are always in good taste, and easy to install. Floodlights concealed in shrubbery may be used with excellent effect. And it is a simple matter to place a few strings of colored lights in small trees on the lawn. Weatherproof wire is, of course, essential to safety.

The best effect is achieved when some definite pattern or decorative scheme is planned and carefully followed, rather than a number of lights placed indiscriminately about the house and grounds. Then, regardless of the extent of your decorations, the effect will be tasteful and attractive to all beholders.

Post Office

Mail Schedule in Effect September 28, 1936

Going North	
Mails Close	7 20 a.m.
" " "	8 45 p.m.
Going South	
Mails Close	11 40 a.m.
" " "	3 50 p.m.
" " "	6 20 p.m.
Office closes at 8.00 p.m.	

Man—Talking of nerve, Brown is about the limit.
Friend—What has he done?
Man—He called yesterday morning to borrow my gun, saying he wanted to shoot a dog that kept him awake at night.
Friend—Well?
Man—My dog's been shot.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE Hillsborough, ss. Court of Probate

To Ellen A. Gokey of Antrim, in said County, under the conservatorship of Emma S. Goodell and all others interested therein:

Whereas said Conservator has filed the account of her said conservatorship in the Probate Office for said County:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Hillsborough in said County, on the 29th day of January next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

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

Given at Nashua in said County, this 18th day of December A.D. 1936.

By order of the Court,
WILFRED J. BOISCLAIR,
6-3t Register, 6-3t

Antrim Centre

Miss Gladys Holt is with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Holt, for the holiday season.

Mrs. Ines Sawyer and daughter, Dorothy, are home for the Christmas holiday season.

Miss Barbara Butterfield is spending her Christmas vacation from Keene Normal School with her mother.

Robert Caughey is at the home of his parents for the Christmas vacation from his teaching duties and studies at Massachusetts State College.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Caughey have returned home from their Southern trip. During their three weeks' trip they visited many interesting cities and vacation resorts in Florida.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE Hillsborough, ss. Court of Probate

To the heirs at law of the estate of Mary A. Williams late of Bennington in said County, deceased, intestate, and to all others interested therein:

Whereas Scott E. Williams administrator of the estate of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County, the account of his administration of said estate:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Manchester in said County, on the 19th day of January next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

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

Given at Nashua in said County, this 11th day of December, A.D. 1936.

By order of the Court,
WILFRED J. BOISCLAIR,
6-3t Register, 6-3t

LARGE SELECTION OF DOLLS

EVERY ONE A DARLING!

Cute dressed dolls . . . Cuddly baby dolls . . . Large life-like dolls . . . adorable tiny dolls . . . You'll find them all at this store, every one waiting to thrill a little girl on Christmas morning **5c to 98c**



She's A Darling!

Stands 15 1/2 Inches High
She stands alone and has real sleeping eyes. Composition with stuffed body that is soft and cuddly.

49c



To You
A Sincere Wish For A
Merry
Christmas

We deeply appreciate your patronage throughout the past year and during the Holiday Season. It has been a great pleasure to serve you and we trust our efforts have merited your approval. . . . May this Christmas, bring you every happiness and may the New Year hold a full measure of good fortune and well being.

She Cries and Sleeps

18 inches high with a real looking mohair wig. She's dressed in a dainty percale frock and wears socks and imitation leather shoes.

98c

A Life-Like Baby Doll

She's actually 23 inches high! An adorable doll with a soft body that you'll want to hug. Realistic composition arms, head and legs

98c

Composition Baby Doll

A big 9 1/2 inch doll of full composition with natural looking flesh finish.

25c

SLEDS
98c and \$1.98

DERBY'S

Main Street, HILLSBORO

FRESH CHRISTMAS CANDY

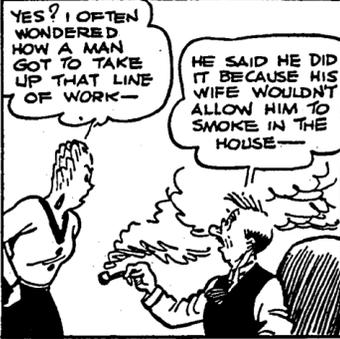
WORLD'S BEST COMICS

Lighter Side of Life as Depicted by Famous Cartoonists and Humorists



THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



No Comment



Forgotten Age
The Son—I've got to write a theme in English on the women of the Middle Ages. What do you know about 'em, dad?
Father—There aren't any. They're all girls, young matrons and dear old ladies.

Who's Looney?
A man in an insane asylum sat fishing over a flower-bed. A visitor wishing to be friendly walked up and said, "How many have you caught today?"
"You're the ninth," replied the nut.—The Bee-Hive.

GOOD OLD JOE



Letting Him Off Easy
Young Mr. Stayer—Er—excuse me, Mr. Goofy, I—I've courted your daughter for the past ten years and—I want to marry her.
Goofy—You surprise me, young man. I thought you were going to ask for a bonus or pension.

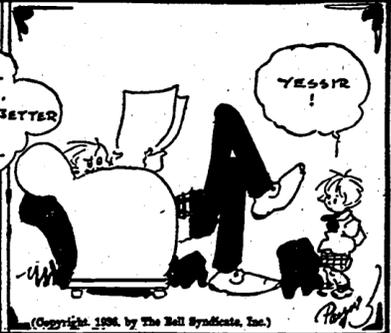
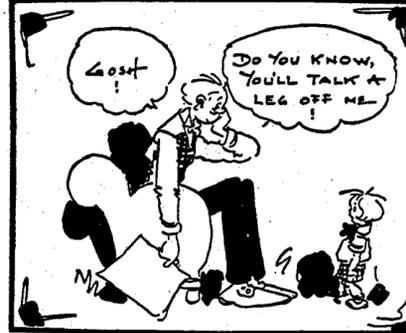
Reverse the Charges
Taxi Driver—That'll be one buck an' a half, young feller.
Young Feller—Gosh!—Say, you'd better back up to 75 cents. That's all I've got!

Something Else
Inquisitive Employer—Ella, what's become of old Simon?
Ella (the cook)—He done died wid lead poisonin'.
Employer—Lead poisoning? I didn't know Simon was a painter.
Ella—Nossuh, he was in de chicken business.—Pathfinder.

They Tell the Stars
By the Angle of Nose
One bunch of workers in Hollywood that "looks down" on the stars of Hollywood are the "cat workers," men who work in the rafters, manipulating lights, switches and microphones. They recognize the players by the tops of their heads and the angle at which their noses stick out. Their criterion of acting is the way a player manages his body. They shout down comments after "takes," and when a star goes temperamental, their comments are caustic. There's no comeback, for they are so high up they cannot be picked out.—Philadelphia Record.

SMATTER POP—Kids Will Nearly Always Listen to Reason

By C. M. PAYNE



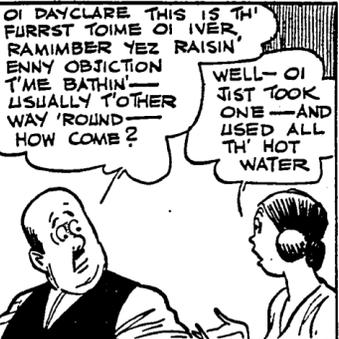
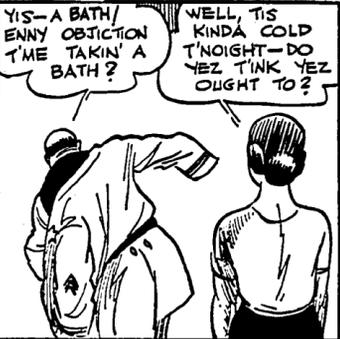
MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin



BRONC PEELER—Coyote Pete Makes Up His Mind

By FRED HARMAN



The Curse of Progress



His Logic

Sonny sat on the lower step, his face resting in two chubby hands. "What's the matter, Sonny?" asked a gentleman. "Nothin', just thinkin'," replied Sonny. "What about?" "Thinkin' how dumb trees are to take off their clothes in winter an' put 'em on in summer."—The Automobilist.

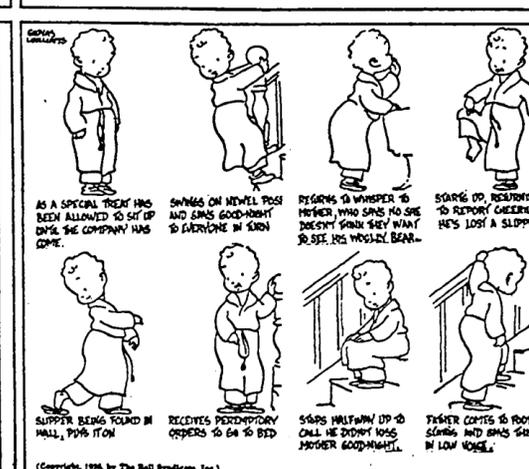
So Helpful

Mother (finding John, aged four, playing with her purse)—John, put that down. You know you mustn't play with Mummie's purse. John—O, Mummie, I wasn't playing—I was helping. I've licked all your stamps ready to go on your letters.

In the Hills of Kentuck;
Salesman—Say, your shoes are mixed; you've got the left shoe on the right foot.
Strawfoot—And here for twenty years I thought I was club footed.—The Annapolis Log.

COMPANY BEDTIME

By GUYAS WILLIAMS



Ask for GENUINE

Coleman Silk-Lite Mantles

MADE STRONGER • LAST LONGER

Coleman SILK-LITE Mantles, made especially for use on pressure mantle lamps and lanterns, give you more light and better light. Their triple lock weave makes them stronger—they last longer. Cost less to use.

They are made from high quality rayon fibre, specially treated with light-producing chemicals; correct in size, shape and weave to provide more and better light. Withstand severe shocks.

ASK YOUR DEALER for genuine Coleman SILK-LITE Mantles. If he cannot supply you, send 6¢ for six Mantles. Write for FREE Folder.

THE COLEMAN LAMP & STOVE CO. Dept. WU72, Wichita, Kans.; Chicago, Ill.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Los Angeles, Calif. (6173)

WNU-2 52-38

Rid Yourself of Kidney Poisons

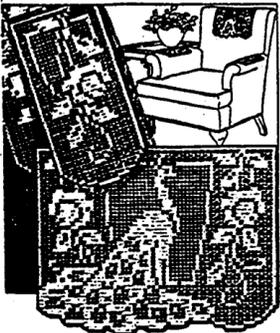
DO you suffer burning, scanty or too frequent urination; backache, headache, dizziness, loss of energy, leg pains, swellings and puffiness under the eyes? Are you tired, nervous—feel all wrong and don't know what is wrong?

Then give some thought to your kidneys. Be sure they function properly for functional kidney disorder permits excess waste to stay in the blood, and to poison and upset the whole system.

Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are for the kidneys only. They are recommended the world over. You can get the genuine, time-tested Doan's at any drug store.

DOAN'S PILLS

**It's Easy to Crochet
This Set of Lace Filet**



Pattern 5520

A bit of humble string—this gorgeous peacock pattern—and presto—you're the proud owner of dainty filet lace chair sets, scarf ends, or buffet sets! Fascinating needlework, the K stitch sets off the design effectively. Even beginners will find this pattern an easy way to add to their prestige as needlewomen. In pattern 5520 you will find instructions and charts for making the set shown; an illustration of it and of all the stitches needed; material requirements.

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

Write plainly your name, address and pattern number.

**OF INTEREST TO
THE HOUSEWIFE**

To remove a stopper from a glass jar pour warm water into a pan and invert jar in it, gradually add warmer water until it is quite hot, but not so hot as to break jar. Leave in water for some time, occasionally trying stopper to see if it is loose.

Place bacon, fried fish or fried potatoes on brown paper before placing on the serving platter to avoid that greasy appearance. The paper will soak up the grease.

Paste your doctor's telephone number on the door of the medicine cupboard.

Place mirrors in a position where the sun will not shine on them. Heat causes the quicksilver on the back of a mirror to crumble.

If you will fold your tablecloths lengthwise as you iron them, and in thirds rather than in halves, you will have a smooth section in the center which will help you in setting an attractive table and in arranging your table decorations.

If a tablespoon of flour is mixed with the sugar put in custards, the latter will not curdle so readily.

**DISCOVERED
Way to Relieve Coughs
QUICKLY**

IT'S BY relieving both the irritated tissues of the throat and bronchial tubes. One set of ingredients in FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR quickly relieves tickling, hacking, coughing, . . . coats and soothes irritated throat linings to keep you from coughing. Another set, actually enters the blood, reaches the affected bronchial tubes, loosens phlegm, helps break up cough and speeds recovery. Check a cough due to a cold before it gets worse, before others catch it. Check it with FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR. It gives quick relief and speeded-up recovery.

Necessary Ingredients
Gold can be made with sand.
You've got to have the sand.

CHILDREN SMILE

when taking this new
Cod Liver Oil
with nasty, fishy
taste and odor
removed



Have your child try Sunsol today. See how gleefully he welcomes this pure Norwegian cod liver oil with the nasty, fishy taste and odor removed.

Rich in Vitamins A and D. It provides all the benefits of cod liver oil without the old-fashioned taste and unpleasant fat tarts.

Try this modern, pure, easy-to-take cod liver oil in your home today. Children like it—there's no fat—improve with it. Ask your druggist for a bottle of Sunsol. If you are not completely satisfied, your money will be refunded.

Sunsol Products, Chattanooga, Tenn.

SUNSOL Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil—offensive taste and odor removed

HOTEL TUDOR
\$2 PER DAY
SINGLE ROOM - PRIVATE BATH

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

**BRISBANE
THIS WEEK**

From Old China
She Wore Boy's Clothes
The Long Farewell
Dangerous Gold, in Russia

A roar comes from the great Chinese dragon, the 400,000,000 that live, labor, die and are exploited. The Chinese Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek, attached to the ancient Chinese belief that right is so powerful that it does not "require to be supported or enforced by might," is arrested by his mutinous troops demanding "an immediate declaration of war against Japan; recovery of all Chinese territory, including Manchuria."

This outbreak worries Tokyo, and it might, if China had a few fighting leaders, with enough airplanes and good pilots. China now is like Niagara Falls before the turbines were put in, much power going to waste. What could military genius and modern weapons accomplish, backed by a nation of 400,000,000?

Helen Coberly said she "never liked girl's clothes, wanted to be a boy."

Millions of other girls have said that. Helen lived up to it, put on boy's clothes, went through the boys' high school to the senior class, earning her way "digging ditches, mending fences."

Known to be a girl, expelled from the class, she weeps. Some intelligent young man with blue eyes and a kind heart, marrying Helen Coberly, might some day be the father of a great American.

The former King Edward has bid farewell to England, and England and the rest of the world bid farewell to the young man, who told his people: "I have found it impossible to carry the heavy burden of responsibility without the help and support of the woman I love."

A good many men might say that who do not realize it.

Whoever wrote, or helped to write that broadcast, it was a sincere, touching farewell to the world's highest position, and well done. There is no doubt that the young King inspired it.

Russia's production of gold increases rapidly, with 144 gold fields active; the total production not less than \$200,000,000 a year, and according to some estimates nearly \$500,000,000.

Russia already surpasses Canada and the United States in gold production, and expects soon to surpass the British South African gold fields, and all the gold goes to the government. Prospectors and miners get "praise."

This gold production does not mean greater power for bolshevism. Quite the other way, it may be the worst thing that could happen to the Karl Marx-Lenin-Stalin theory.

As nations and individuals become rich they become conservative.

There is still reverence for English kings in "democratic America." In New York clubs of "aristocratic" membership all rose when the broadcast began, and not one sat down while the King was speaking. In England they sat down, they are used to kings there.

Mrs. C. H. Wilson of Columbia, S. C., went farther; her house was on fire, she told firemen, let me know if you think the roof will fall, and went on listening to Prince Edward, while the house burned.

It takes a long time to breed out of human beings that which is inbred into them through ages; hence the persistence of our various superstitions.

Intelligent Dr. Craster, health officer of Newark, N. J., starts a needed campaign against kissing babies, suggesting the use of bibs embroidered with these words:

"I don't want to be sick—do not kiss me."

He says: "A kiss can be more dangerous than a bomb." Consumption begins in infancy; babies usually get it from tubercular mothers who kiss them on the mouth.

Congress resumes work soon; what will it do, and try to do? How will it interpret the 46 to 2 vote, "all present" except Maine and Vermont; how will the unwieldy Democratic majority deal with its problems?

It will probably try to do whatever President Roosevelt tells it to do; that last election seemed to intimate that the President has the public's permission to do as he pleases.

And that makes the situation extremely difficult for the President. There is such a thing as TOO MUCH approval, too much POWER.

Woof Woof Merry Christmas



Their Christmas
GOOD DEED
by Jocile Webb Pearson

BILLIE JONES adored his big brother. Jim had been a boy scout before going to college and to be a scout like Jim was Billie's one ambition.

"If we're goin' to be scouts," he confided to his chum Joe Perkins, "we oughta begin practicin'."

"Yea, but how do we know how to begin?" inquired Joe.

"Huh," snorted Billie, "anyone can do a good deed every day."

"We can help our mothers," said Joe. "Sure," replied Billie, "but this must be somethin' special like helpin' old Miss Riley carry her basket when it was icy, or somethin'." An' bein' Christmas, we oughta give somethin'; mebbe a present, too. Say, I got an idee, Joe. Why can't we give her somethin' for our first good deed? She don't have a daddy or nobody to help her."

"But we ain't got money," objected Joe, "an' I bet she needs a lot of things—coal an' kindlin' an' everthin'."

"Leave it to me, Joe, I got an other idee, but it's to be a secret. 'Tain't a good deed if ya tell anybody. Now cross your heart an' say: 'I'll never tell till death us do part.' There, that's the bindinest words I know."

Anyone would know it was Christmas by the spicy fragrance in the air. Even before one saw the big lighted tree in the living room. And Jim was coming home.

There were many whispered conversations and signs and giggles between the two boys that Jim's keen eyes found amusing. Coming home one evening he surprised them in the act of smuggling a basket of coal out the back gate.

"Hey, fellows! Where you going with that?" It was Joe who blurted: "Billie says it ain't no good if ya tell." Billie hung his head.

"We're just practicin' to be scouts," he stammered, "an' this is our good deed. We been doin' it for two weeks—I mean takin' coal to Miss Riley. She's poor an' deaf an' ain't got no daddy to get her coal—half the time we take it from Joe's house"—Billie looked appealingly at Jim.

"An' she only had a teeny little bit," put in Joe, staunchly. "An' you're s'posed to give to folks Christmas, ain't you?"

"I salute two mighty fine scouts right now," said Jim. "But first we'll have to make clear the scout ideas of property rights. Deliver your coal, then come up to my room and we'll talk things over."

When old Mrs. Riley hobbled to her door in response to a loud knock Christmas eve, she did not see two little boys scamper behind the coal shed, but she did see a huge basket filled with a generous supply of food, and many bulgy packages piled high on the top, with a "Merry Christmas to you" tied to it.

The "Glorified Christmas Pudding"
By Alice B. Palmer

A SOFT carpet of fresh snow sparkled in the sun and the whole of Christmas was in the room as Lois opened her eyes, yawned contentedly and then suddenly remembered the great conquest of the day—"the Christmas Pudding!"

"Oh Em," she shouted, radiant with joy and keen with excitement. "Wake up! Wake up! It's Christmas!"

"What's that?" murmured Em, sleepily. "Oh yes, hurrah for the fun! Is the pudding done?"

Every year, as far back as Lois and Em could remember, they had looked forward with youthful anticipation to the Glorified Christmas Pudding.

'Twas a Swedish rice delicacy, in which an almond had always been concealed. Tradition had proclaimed that the lucky person who came upon the holiday nut in his Christmas pudding was to be the first one married.

What fun it had been through the years. "Well, girls," spoke mother, "beaming with the holiday spirit, 'who is to get the almond in the Christmas pudding?' This is leap year, you know."

Lois and Em giggled, knowingly, exchanging winks, as both were secretly engaged to be married.

Soon mother was busily engaged in the dishing up of this delicious pudding. It was being formed into cone-shaped mounds, resembling Christmas snow.

All eyes were now focused expectantly upon the rich creamy mountains of rice and they could scarcely wait until they dipped their spoons into its foamy depths. Lu was blinking at Em and carefully chewing each individual rice kernel, so as not to miss the almond. Em was slyly winking at mother and smiling confidently. Father was too pleased for words as he calmly viewed the whole situation with satisfied enthusiasm, secretly hoping that he would not come upon the almond.

Where on earth was the Christmas almond? All had quite finished with no sign of the coveted nut. A strange silence pervaded, coupled with a surprised sense of dismay and disappointment.

"Julia, called mother, to the girl in the kitchen, have you eaten your rice pudding yet?"

"Yes, Mrs. Allen," promptly responded Julia.

"What is the matter, my dear, you look so upset?"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Allen, but I almost broke my tooth on a strange nut I found in the pudding."

A louder roar of laughter than was ever heard before, permeated the holiday atmosphere as one by one they tried to explain the Christmas almond to Julia. As the laughter ended, the "Glorified Christmas Pudding" once more faded away into tradition.

**Making a Choice—
Independence and Loneliness or
Dependence With Ties of Affection**

TO MOST persons there comes sometime in their lives the opportunity for a choice between independence and loneliness or ties and affection. The wise mature person thinks long before choosing the former above the latter. There are many young people, however, who feel so sure of themselves and their ability to "get along all right" that they are irked by the least restraint. They throw it off, only to discover later in life that affection is worth the curtailing restraint and dependence entailed. Companionship has been their portion up to the time of their decision that dependence is what they must have, at any cost. They have no idea of what loneliness means.

Separation.
The adult who is separated from his family because of distance, domestic estrangement, or who has outlived the other members, realizes to the full what it means to be alone. It is when estrangement causes the separation that there are times when the loneliness is bearable or agreeable, but these times are interrupted by hours when the feeling of loneliness creeps over him (or her), and companionship, though with but a small degree of affection, is craved.

Human nature is so constituted that people cannot live in the same atmosphere and always see eye to eye. There is wisdom in this plan. Individuality would be quelled if what any person thought (however beloved) could always be accepted without dissent by those around him (or her). Nor can actions of even those dear to us, invariably meet with our approval, whether expressed or unexpressed.

It is when we learn to permit personal differences without censure that companionship, in the home or out of it, develops best. Even when children are young, they must be allowed a modicum of such freedom or when older they will long to break away, and if they do then there is loneliness

in store for the youth, and sadness left in the home.

Divorce.
Married couples, when they contemplate divorce, have the choice between independence plus loneliness, or dependence, each on the other with affection restored, or remaining less than could be desired. It may be there is incompatibility, but it should be remembered that no two persons, married or single, can live together under the same roof and always be congenial. However, this does not signify that at heart affection is gone. Separation means loneliness for one or both of them.

Within a family there is sure to be some dissension at times—young folk may quarrel and adults dispute. But when these times are over, the ties of affection, the associations that intertwine, and the fabric of their lives so closely woven together, should prove a firm foundation for continued companionship. The door to loneliness should remain barred.

To Understand
Thinking, not growth, makes manhood. Accustom yourself, therefore, to thinking. Set yourself to understand whatever you see or read. To join thinking with reading is one of the easiest operations.

**SOOTHING TO
TIRED EYES**

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Weekly Letter by Proctor, Fish and Game Conservation Officer

The deer season for 1936 is history. From the standpoint of the hunter it's been 15 days of fruitless hunting. Weather conditions have all been in favor of the deer. It's just like the season of 1935, a little snow and then rain, a noisy crust and every footstep in the woodlands like a small firecracker. Many of the clubs in this neck of the woods are in favor of the last 15 days and many also want the whole month of December. It's been my experience that a long open season is better for the deer. Take a short open season and they hunt every day. With a long season like a month the boys hunt the two first days and then they say, "Well we have the whole month to hunt" and the month goes fast and then the last two days they are all out. Just four days that they hunt and hunt hard. Every deer shot in the past ten days has just been pure bull luck.

Over at Pool Pond in Rindge we ran across two out of state men who had three nice fish. It's the first time I ever knew of men to cut a fish in two so that each had 1 1/2 fish.

We had to tip off quite a few last Sunday who had fires started in the woods. Without snow it is a very dangerous practice to start a fire on land that you do not own. There is plenty of fine for such an offense. If in doubt don't do it.

Have at hand a nice letter from John Peterson of Miami Beach, Fla. Peterson runs Hollywood lodge at Greenfield in the summer. He made the 2300 miles in just a week. Since last year 47 new hotels and 23 apartment houses have been built to accommodate the large number of northern people who want to dodge the cold months.

Here is a nice letter from a lady in Franklin who has a robin that's living with her and refuses to go back south with the rest of his tribe. She is at a loss to know what to feed him. Bread crumbs, beer scraps (poultry) grit, tack out a stale doughnut. Let's hear from the lady in Bennington who raised a robin that fell from its nest a year ago.

Here is a lady that wants to find some one with a big heart that will give her a phonograph. Hers has gone the way of hundreds of others, worn out. She has hundreds of records but no machine to play them on. Her mother is blind and this would give her a lot of enjoyment. This would make them happy over Christmas.

We know where there are a pair of 7 weeks old collie puppies that would make some kiddo happy. The price is right for a good home. Male and female. Like Teddy Bears.

We'll get another square piano and we still want two more to fill our orders. Fellow said the other day: "What do you get out of this business?" Well we get the experience and the satisfaction that some one will have some fun with the machines.

Here is a man from Boston that I never saw. He saw my plea for grain for the wild birds and he writes me a nice letter and sends a check for \$5.00 to buy grain. That's what I call cooperation. He is the head of the Gilman Bros. wholesale Druggists of Boston.

Saw an article in the papers the other day that the State Grange had hit upon a plan to make every one happy. They realize the great worth of our Wild Life as it brings in the state millions of dollars. They want a law passed that all damages against wild life be taken from the General funds of the state instead of out of the Fish and Game Dept. That's the best thing I have heard in years. Hope it becomes a law.

A fellow the other day was out hunting and he struck a place where some of those Miss. cotton-tails were planted. He said those animals had his dog buffaloed. They run nothing like the natives. But he had a lot of fun and did not fire a shot. Good sport.

Did you buy your Christmas Seals? And did you dig for the Salvation Army? Two worthy objects.

Here is another letter from a young fellow 14 years of age who wants a guitar. He saw by the paper that I could get pianos so he thought I might be able to fix him up. Here is a chance for some of you readers to do a good turn. Check your storage room and see if you have one for this young fellow.

Down in the Memorial hospital at Nashua holding down a cot is Ernest Durant of Milford recovering from a serious operation. Durant is a great lover of game birds

and has a fine display at his home in Milford. It would be nice for the boys to drop him a card right now. He is a member of Granite Fish and Game club of Milford. Let's go fellows.

Are we basketball minded? I'll say we are and then some. Last Sunday night we missed the first game but sat in on the Prof game. If there is anything we get a great kick out of it's those big fellows all well over six feet playing a kid's game and doing a good job at it. By the looks of the crowd that night I guess there are quite a few that are as crazy as I am.

Last Saturday morning I had to make a call at the local "gym" to see a man and was I surprised to find about sixty boys in that big gym going through their stunts under the direction of Coach Conrad. When sixty boys will go into a building on a Saturday and go through their stunts for several hours and like it. Well it shows we are sure basketball minded in this town. Was I surprised to see little fellows in that bunch shooting baskets. Well that's the time to start them in and when they get to High school they are good.

Got a great kick the other day. In a well known magazine with a million circulation was an article on wild turkeys and an illustration showing a man feeding them from his hand. The picture showed a man feeding Canadian geese and not turkeys. It was too good so I wrote to the magazine and asked them about the picture. Safe to say they never answered.

Well it won't be long now to Christmas and we hope that you have a very merry one. Be sure that your neighbor has one as good as you do.

Well Emil Koivista of Fitchburg, Mass., broke the spell and brought in a 37 pound male bob cat for the bounty. He shot it in Mason near the Wilton line. The other 8 brought in this year were all females.

Is there any harder work than walking several miles on the ice? If there is we would like to hear about it. Last Saturday and Sunday we put in a good many miles on the ice. No I never take a car on the ice. Since the two bad plunges I witnessed at Rindge a few years ago I park on dry land.

Speaking of tame pheasants you should see the male Ringneck owned by Harold Trow of Milford. This fellow with any exceptions is the tamest pheasant I ever saw and has the most gorgeous plumage.

The annual banquet of the Lone Pine Hunters' club, Inc., of Nashua is to be the 11th of January. This is one of the best clubs in southern N. H. and they have one of the best skeet fields in New England. They have two big Field Meets a year at the Terrill farm in Hollis Depot. Last winter they fed out tons of grain for the wild birds and their program for 1937 is worth looking over.

Here is a fellow in Massachusetts that has sent his order for snapping turtles for 1937. Just a bit premature brother but we will put your request on file and when we set our traps we will remember you.

There has been some fine skating the past few weeks but the fellow with the skills is out of luck. The big Ski run at Brookline is all ready for the snow and the new line on Temple mountain will be ready very soon. A force of eleven carpenters have been working over a week at this new run. This part of the state will be right in the line light if we ever have some snow without the rain.

No matter where you live if you have a high school you will have a basketball team, both girls' and boys'. Encourage them by attending the games. It's part of the regular school education and they should have your backing. There is a game in your town this week or next. Let's go and see the boys and girls play. If you go once you will be a regular fan if you have the red blood in you. If you can't enthuse you have gone by.

Last Sunday was horse day and we saw more people riding horses that day. In fact I had no idea there were so many horses in this neck of the woods. It's good exercise.

Here is a letter from a fellow who wants to know if he can trap hares and rabbits with a box trap. No, a rabbit or hare shall be taken only by a gun held at arms length. They are classed as a game animal and not a fur bearer. To trap rabbits you must have a special permit from the Director.

Holiday Cheer is New Emphasized by Artistic Outdoor Illumination

After one-thousand, nine hundred and some odd Merry Christmases, it is only natural that holiday cheer — not to be longer confined indoors — brimmed over outside. Some kindly soul, who wanted to share the spirit of Christmas with his neighbors, strung a number of colored lights on the fir trees at his front doorstep, and within a few years little fir trees had sprung up at front doors everywhere, to bloom with light at Christmas time, as if by magic.

Today decorative lighting is the accepted vogue during the holiday season. All too often, however, attractive decorations outside have depended upon having a "handy man around the house." Now, stores everywhere offer an infinite variety of electric decorative equipment which may be combined in countless ways with holly, mistletoe and pine boughs to brighten the home inside and out. And there are new Christmas tree bulbs that remain lighted when one of their brothers on the string burns out. Think of the trouble that will save!

The wreath in the window will carry its message of cheer farther if it is illuminated, and if you have not the time to entwine a Christmas tree string of lights into the living wreath yourself, you may buy one already made up and save yourself the trouble. And of course it's a perennial — as good next year and for many years after that.

Sentiment and tradition dictate that the light in the window be a Christmas candle. The latest models are electric ones that will not catch fire or drip wax on the window draperies. Where the architecture of the windows makes it possible to place these candles there, the atmosphere they create may be enhanced by lining the window sill or window seat with pine boughs or other greenery.

For the exterior of the house, doorway festoons, cardboard silhouettes and strings of colored lights outlining the windows or entrance doorway are always in good taste, and easy to install. Floodlights concealed in shrubbery may be used with excellent effect. And it is a simple matter to place a few strings of colored lights in small trees on the lawn. Weatherproof wire is, of course, essential to safety.

The best effect is achieved when some definite pattern or decorative scheme is planned and carefully followed, rather than a number of lights placed indiscriminately about the house and grounds. Then, regardless of the extent of your decorations, the effect will be tasteful and attractive to all beholders.

Saw a yellow perch last Sunday taken from the ice that would go nearly two pounds in weight. It's the biggest perch I have seen in years. In fact they caught a lot of perch last Sunday.

Here is a letter from a man who

Over One Million Dollars Already Contributed for Unemployment Insurance

On January 15, 1937 over a million dollars which has been paid on account of the un-employment compensation law will be turned over to the Un-employment Compensation Division by the banks of New Hampshire under provision of table IX of the Social Security Act.

The approval of a state unemployment compensation law is conditional upon the investment of the state fund in unemployment trust funds of the United States Government.

Beginning with reports on employment from Jan. 1, 1936 the trust deposit certificates of payment will be discontinued. All remittances must be made in the form of checks or money order payable to Un-employment Compensation Division.

Signed, Bureau of Labor Unemployment Compensation Div.

Christmas Health Seals Prove of Special Interest To Stamp Collectors

For the first time collectors of Christmas Health Seals will have a chance to collect se-tenant pairs. The alternate stamps in this year's issue are printed in green and red. There are also four corner stamps bearing advertising labels that are collectable in pairs with a stamp.

The secret mark used by the printers of these seals to distinguish their work is found on the 6th stamp. In the lower right corner is a tiny letter. The "U" stands for United States Printing and Lithographing Co. "E" is for Eureka Specialty Printing Co. "S" for Strobbridge Lithographing Co., and "D" for Edwards & Deutsch Co. For the seekers of plate varieties, stamp number 71 has a broken letter "I" in holiday — or is it a "lower case" i?

wants to know what would happen to him if he shot a deer in a Game Preserve. I hate to tell you brother. But you would lose your license to hunt and fish and it would all depend on how the Judge felt that day.

Do you know I think the old world is getting a little better. Why just a few years ago I know that the life of the Referee was not worth a nickel. Tonic bottle, over-ripe fruit and even eggs that had outlived their usefulness were resorted to. Then the booring was very common. Now all that is changed. Better sportsmanship is being exhibited by all sides.

Yes there is a shortage in good registered puppies for Christmas presents. Have had a big call for all sorts of small dogs for the children. The big breeders have had a big sale this year.

Heard a man say the other day

Extent of Warfare Against Tuberculosis Depends on Generosity of Public

The extent of the warfare against tuberculosis depends entirely upon the generosity of the public to the annual appeal for funds in the sale of Christmas seals.

Where tuberculosis is concerned there never was a truer saying than "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." When you buy Christmas seals you help to prevent tuberculosis.

Poor and rich alike join in the fight against their common enemy — tuberculosis — by the purchase of Christmas seals.

Not only do Christmas Seals decorate holiday mail, but also help to fight tuberculosis.

You protect your children when you purchase and use Christmas Seals.

P.M. Farley Says We "May" Have Return to 2c Postage in 1938

It looks as though we should have to wait until 1938 for the return of two-cent postage, for Postmaster General James A. Farley said Thursday on his return from a vacation trip to Ireland, that he should recommend continuance of three-cent postage for another year. However he believes the department can return to the two-cent rate in 1938.

A penny is a small item, but the one-cent increase in postage has brought in approximately \$75,000,000, and if repealed at this time might call for a new tax to make up the loss in revenue.

Next spring the United States will be operating a transatlantic air mail service by means of its own dirigible airships. Until that time comes, the German dirigible Hindenburg will be chartered or purchased for the purpose stated. Not so long ago, one citizen could insult another by calling him Hindenburg, the best use for Germans, according to the customs then in vogue, was as a stop for bullets, and the appearance of a German aircraft in American quarters would have been a signal to drag out the big guns. Now that we are not so bitter as formerly, it appears that Germans come in handy occasionally, after all.

that he would shoot every cat he saw two miles from a house but that snells were more valuable to him than the cats. So in that case the cats win out. But a good many cats this winter are being caught by the foxes which were never as plentiful as this year. The fox hunters have got a lot of them and most of the trappers have got their limit. To save a species of any wild life, give it a little protection. A closed season or a small bag limit is what helps any kind of wild life.

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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 E. BROOKS,
ARTHUR J. KELLEY,
ARCHIE M. SWETT,
Antrim School Board.

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE

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

Meetings 7 to 8
ALFRED G. HOLT,
HUGH M. GRAHAM,
JAMES I. PATTERSON,
Selectmen of Antrim.

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