

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME LIV NO. 7

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1936

5 CENTS A COPY

Proclaims "Go To Church Sunday"

Under the leadership of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America there is now in progress throughout the nation a preaching mission designed to stimulate greater interest in religion which is shared by people of all faiths.

With the desire that New Hampshire receive its share of the benefits, and with the hope for new spiritual life within our State borders, I suggest that during the first full week of the New Year, 1937, our people take special thought of the part religion plays in their lives; and I proclaim the third day of January, 1937, as Go To Church Sunday in New Hampshire, with the hope that services held on that day in all our churches and places of worship may be largely attended and may prove to be sources of the spiritual strength and the social progress which we so greatly need.

Given at the Council Chamber in Concord on this fifth day of December in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-six and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and sixty-first.

H. Styles Bridges
Governor

By His Excellency, the Governor, with the advice and consent of the Council,
Enoch D. Fuller
Secretary of State

Mrs. Henry George and Mrs. Wallace George very happily surprised Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. George December 27, with a luncheon, at the latter's home; the event being the 49th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. George. Besides the immediate families, Rev. and Mrs. H. L. Packard and Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Holt, of Franconia, and Mrs. Blanche Thompson and Mrs. Estelle Speed of Antrim were present.

The Deering Community Center Has Been Presented to Boston University by Dr. Eleanor A. Campbell



Boston University has received an unusual Christmas gift in the presentation of the Deering Community Center at Deering, N. H., it was announced this past week by President Daniel L. Marsh.

This community project, started eight years ago by Dr. Eleanor Campbell, New York City, has been an effort to cultivate in a countryside settlement some of the elements of happy living and well-being that do not thrive without cultivation.

The center will be a rural community and training center under the university's School of Religious and Social Work. According to President Daniel L. Marsh, Dr. Campbell has invested more than \$100,000 in it.

Dr. Campbell is a graduate of

Boston University School of Medicine, is a member of the B. U. board of trustees, and is famous as founder and director of the Judson Health Centers in the lower East Side, N. Y.

According to Dean Henry H. Meyer of the School of Religious and Social Work, there is no other project of the kind affiliated with an university. The present board of directors of the center will act as an advisory group and retain full control and responsibility until the formal transfer to B. U. on June 1.

The board of directors includes: Dr. A. W. Beaven, president of Rochester Theological Seminary, president of the center; President Marsh of Boston University, Bishop John T. Dallas, Episcopal bishop of N. H.; Dr. W. S. Abernethy, pastor of First Baptist church, Washington; Dean Meyer, Dr. Henry I. Baldwin, resident commissioner on the Fox Forest preserve, N. H.; Mrs. A. Ray Petty, resident director of the center; President E. C. Her-

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

Sunday we saw more cars in the ditch and with busted mudguards and fenders. It was one of the worst days on the highway that we have seen for years. Two cars came together near Zephyr Lake in Greenfield and the driver of the big car just slid into that Chevie. Telephone poles are handy things to bump into they are not so HOT. If you see a man who has left out several rows of corn in a field don't think the man is lazy. O no, he is a Conservationist and leaving out some corn for the birds. More and more are we finding men who are doing this little stunt for the birds.

Nine out of every ten trucks have a mirror that's about a foot too short and they cannot see behind their loads. One day last week I drove many miles behind a big truck which had no mirror. He had cotton in his ears or he did not want to hear the horns behind him. When we got to Peterborough there were a dozen cars behind this fellow. One Massachusetts man got by him and later told him a few things. This truck makes regular trips and since I see he has a mirror but much too short.

I have started my feeding stations and anyone who wants to donate some grain for them the favor will be appreciated. One day last week I got some sweeping from the Merrimac Exchange at Milford and have been promised more from some of the other grain stores. Sweepings make wonderful feed for the birds as everything is contained in it like the red flannel hash we use to eat when we were young.

At just this season of the year a visit to any greenhouse is sure worth the trip. One day last week I dropped in on Stanton, the florist at Peterborough and the show he had was worth the trip over the mountain on glare ice. If there is anything more beautiful than a greenhouse full of flowers it's two of them.

What are you going to do in a case like this? The last day of the deer hunting season just closed I ran across two men, both over six feet, over in Sharon. The oldest man produced an out of state hunting license and I turned to the other fellow and the first man said "That's my son and he is only 14 years of age." I guess I must have looked the doubt that I felt

school attended by some 300 children from surrounding towns. During the past four years, especially in the summer, students from B. U. have contributed time and training as active members of the staff.

D. D. Goodell Dies After Long Illness

Dura Dana Goodell, son of David H. and Hannah J. (Plumer) Goodell was born Sept. 6, 1858 and died Dec. 25, 1936. The deceased had always lived in town and was interested in all town affairs. He had been a faithful member of the Antrim Baptist Church more than sixty-two years and attended all the services regularly until failing health would not permit it. He served both as usher and librarian for thirty years. On Aug. 31, 1886 he married Miss Nellie L. Little and to them was born one son, Claire D., who has faithfully and patiently ministered to his father in his declining years. The funeral was held at 2 o'clock on Monday afternoon, Dec. 28, from the late home, Rev. R. H. Tibbals, pastor of the Baptist church, officiating, and interment was in Maplewood Cemetery in the family lot.

Mrs. Matilda Barrett

Mrs. Matilda A. Barrett died at her home on South Main St., Thursday December 24, after a long illness. She was born at Dorchester, Mass., daughter of Josiah and Mary (Tucker) Curtis.

She married Elwin O. Barrett, and to them was born one daughter, Mary, who survives her and tenderly cared for her during her illness. She has been a resident of Antrim for several years.

Besides her daughter, she is survived by a sister, Mrs. Mary E. Badger of Dorchester, Mass., a brother, Henry S. Curtis of Everett, Mass., and several nieces and nephews.

Continued on page four

Daniels' Black Emulsion

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Dr. E. A. Campbell, Donor

rick, Andover-Newton Seminary; William J. Doherty, ex-Commissioner of Health, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Harry N. Holmes, executive secretary American peace fund; Dr. Daniel L. Poling, pastor of Central Reform church, Philadelphia; Dr. Margaret Lewis, physician in charge of Deering clinic and in charge of Girl Scouts in Boston; Edward R. Lewis, former president U. of N. H.; Rev. James English, Henry Murlin, Rev. Russell J. Clinchy, Carleton N. Sherwood, Dr. W. S. K. Yeaple, Mrs. William B. Levett.

The grounds of the center include approximately 120 acres, six miles east of Hillsboro, and 25 miles northwest of Manchester. There are more than 30 buildings on the property.

Dr. Campbell who has been a summer resident of Deering many years established the center as a memorial to a daughter, and is known as the Elizabeth Millbank Anderson Memorial. One of the enterprises is a daily vacation

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REWARD

By WILLIAM BRUCKART

NATIONAL PRESS BLDG. WASHINGTON, D. C.

Washington—On the eve of the opening of a new congress, the seventy-fifth, there is great hullabaloo and clamor about social and economic legislation and particularly about the alleged necessity for constitutional amendments giving congress more power to deal with these problems. Much of the noise emanates from minorities, highly organized pressure groups, and it is difficult, therefore, to tell exactly what the attitude of the country, as a whole, may be.

There are those both in congress and out who contend that the overwhelming vote for President Roosevelt's re-election constituted a mandate for immediate action on a number of these highly delicate and difficult questions. There are others whose contention is that the great vote given President Roosevelt was, in fact, a tribute to his personal popularity and that it was in no way connected with the various problems that are now before the country in individual capacity. Whatever the answer to these contending forces, the fact remains that we are due to hear something of them on the floors of the house and senate in the next few months.

One of the things about which we are hearing many, many words at the moment is a proposal for an amendment to the Constitution prohibiting child labor. It is the argument that such an amendment should be annexed to the Constitution and that it should give congress additional authority to enact legislation setting forth the details of this new type of prohibition.

Yet, while all of this raving and raging is going on, how many people are there who are aware of the fact that a constitutional amendment doing this very thing has been pending before the states for a little more than twelve years? How many people are there who recall that this amendment has been ratified by twenty-four states? Whatever their recollection is, it is a fact and it remains a fact that to all intents and purposes, enough states have refused to ratify the amendment to kill it off.

William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, being alive to what he considers the meaning of the recent huge vote for President Roosevelt, has attempted to revive the fight for ratification of that child labor amendment above mentioned. He has written to the heads of the various state and local labor groups urging them to work for favorable action on the amendment in the states that have heretofore rejected it.

This brings up a new legal question. Stated succinctly, the question is whether a state legislature that has once rejected a proposition to amend the Constitution can reverse itself and approve the resolution after having once killed it. Mr. Green contends that this is possible. The American Bar association takes a contrary view.

So, we are confronted with a problem within a problem and one that is likely to be distorted and twisted and misrepresented by those interests that have sought for a long time to make the Constitution appear outmoded. To become attached to the Constitution, an amendment must be ratified under the terms of the Constitution itself, by three-fourths of the states. That is thirty-six. Since twelve more states must ratify, there is likely to be a hard drive to gain some of the remaining states and to bring about reversal of positions already taken. It nearly always happens in "drives" that there is much loose mouthings and many unwarranted and unjustified statements. It probably will be so in this instance and the country must be on guard to sift the truth from the propaganda and must be prepared to make up its mind whether it desires to place in the Constitution a hard and fast rule that no child under eighteen years of age may be allowed to work gainfully.

For the sake of the record, herewith is the language of the proposed amendment that is now pending:

"The congress shall have power to limit, regulate and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age. The power of the several states is unimpaired by this article except that the operation of state laws shall be suspended to the extent necessary to give effect to legislation enacted by the congress."

From these words, it will be seen that an attempt is made to give congress greater power over the rights of states to legislate for themselves. Such a purport brings up in my mind the old question of whether a state or the federal government shall be supreme. There certainly

are times, there are circumstances and there are conditions in which the federal government alone can deal with problems better than states can deal with them individually. But after all, conditions are not the same in any two states of the Union and it seems to me that the states ought to give careful thought to any proposition that takes away from them forever whatever rights are left to them under the Constitution. They ought to be free as far as they may be to handle their own problems on the basis of local requirements. And this is written, let me emphasize, not in opposition to any proposal that would abolish child labor.

The country cannot know definitely until President Roosevelt delivers his message to the new congress, dealing with the state of the Union, exactly what his position is going to be on the so-called social welfare problems of the country. This is a general category and involves such things as the so-called social security legislation and legislation giving the federal government greater control over private business. The two phases go hand in hand and as far as I have been able to discover, it will be impossible to deal with one without in some manner dealing with the other.

For example, the present social security statutes have a direct effect upon business through their taxation provisions. While basically they are designed to protect against the sufferings of unemployment and the destitution of the aged who are without resources, it can be readily seen that somebody must pay the bill. The Roosevelt administration's theory is that private employers, meaning business as a whole, shall be the logical source from which to draw the financial protection that is conceived to be necessary.

But in this theory there is involved very definitely the right of the federal government to enter into the fields that are now occupied or may be occupied by the states. It is largely a taxing proposition that the federal government must use if it is going to reach those classes able to pay. But the Constitution, federal laws and traditional practices of our people have built up certain lines of demarcation between federal and state rights. The question therefore becomes simply one that requires determination by the people whether they are going to allow the federal government to encroach further upon the fields that hitherto have been reserved for the states.

We hear much talk about a revival of NRA; a revival of it on a basis that will make it constitutional and one with provisions that will reach a greater percentage of business than was reached by the original NRA. Organized labor seems to be in favor of this proposition and naturally will exert considerable power in congress, but some lawyers among the representatives and senators tell me that they do not see how the purpose can be accomplished without a constitutional amendment.

On the basis of all of the information and opinion that I have been able to gather, my guess would be that before this session of congress is over something tangible in the way of a new constitutional amendment will be offered. It would seem, on the basis of the present trends, that it will be possible for the different schools of thought on this subject to get together only upon a constitutional resolution. My guess is, further, that it is utterly impossible for all of the groups and blocs to reach an understanding on legislation along these lines. Few of them are willing to compromise and without the attitude of compromise on highly controversial legislation, nothing except stalemates results. Some observers even now hold the belief that it will be impossible for any agreement to be reached within congress on any of these social welfare propositions simply because the range of views as to what is good for the country is so wide.

There are certain bits of evidence now to be seen that indicate a more determined position on the part of business itself. I think it could be said without equivocation that the business interests have been the target for political demagoguery in the last few years to a greater extent than ever in history. Of course, business has not come forth with clean hands. Yet, it is made to appear now that business has taken about all of the maltreatment to which it is entitled and it would seem, therefore, that the time has arrived for it to be given some consideration by the government which has supervision over it as well as us as individuals.

Western Newspaper Union.

SOME HINTS ON USE OF BROILER

Leave the Oven Door Open While Cooking Meat.

By EDITH M. BARBER.

HERE is a question from a business woman housekeeper, the answer to which may interest others. Like all the rest of us she dislikes to wash the broiling pan. She asks if a small pan may be used under the broiling flame when she is cooking just a few chops or a steak for two. If you have a rack which will fit into your pan you will have excellent results. If, however, the chops are broiled, swimming in their own fat as it melts, you will have fried chops instead of broiled chops. They will be less tender and less juicy.

As long as we are on the subject of broiling, let me remind you that you will get the best results if you leave the door of the broiling oven open, while you are cooking your meat. Heat the broiler in the first place with the door closed. Meat should be broiled as near the flame as possible in order to give that good crisp coating which we like so much. The more frequently you turn your meat, by the way, the better will be the results.

Another question which sometimes comes to me concerns seasoning before or after broiling. The salt should be reserved until the meat is done. The pepper may be used before or after. One of the finest cooks I know, Miss Bertha Shapleigh, who for so many years conducted courses in fine cookery at Teachers college at Columbia university, advises dredging steak liberally with pepper before beginning to broil it. The pepper forms a coating which keeps in the juices. At the same time the heat removes much of the piquant flavor of the pepper itself so that the meat will not be over seasoned. Extravagant? Perhaps, but just try it once.

Special Baked Potatoes.

Scrub potatoes and bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven, 500 degrees Fahrenheit. Reduce temperature to moderate, 350 degrees Fahrenheit, and bake until potatoes are tender, about half an hour. Break potatoes open, sprinkle with minced young onions and paprika. Add a pat of butter and serve immediately.

Maitre d'Hotel Butter.

1 cup butter
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon onion juice
Cream the butter, add the lemon juice and onion juice; mix well. Spread over steak after it has been broiled.

Orange Frosting.

Grated rind 1 orange
½ teaspoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon orange juice
1 egg yolk
Confectioner's sugar
Add rind to fruit juices and let stand fifteen minutes. Strain and add gradually to egg yolk. Stir in sugar until of right consistency to spread.

Braised Beef.

3 pounds rump steak
1½ teaspoons salt
Pepper
Flour
Fat for browning
4 medium onions, sliced
1 teaspoon celery seed
1 cup strained tomatoes
Rub meat well with salt and pepper and dredge with flour and brown it well in hot fat. Remove the meat, brown the sliced onions and add the other ingredients. Return the meat to the kettle, cover closely and simmer in the sauce three hours or more, turning the meat two or three times so that the whole will be well flavored with the sauce.

Bran Spoon Bread.

½ cup corn meal
2 cups milk
½ cup bran
3 eggs
1 tablespoon butter
3 teaspoons baking powder
3 teaspoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt
Stir corn meal into 1½ cups milk and bring to a boil. Remove from fire, add bran and cool. Add well-beaten eggs, milk, butter, baking powder, sugar and salt. Bake at 400 degrees Fahrenheit in earthenware pan (8 in. dia.) for 25 to 30 minutes.

Russian Crepes.

3 eggs, separated
½ cup sour cream
¼ cup milk
½ cup flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 jar cottage cheese
Strawberry jam
Beat egg yolks, add cream, milk, flour and salt. Fold in beaten egg whites. Bake one at a time on both sides in a greased 5-inch frying pan. Spread with cheese and roll. Serve with strawberry jam.

Spley Dressing.

½ cup sugar
½ cup vinegar
2 tablespoons salad oil
1 tablespoon minced onion
1 tablespoon minced celery
1 tablespoon minced pepper
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon paprika
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
Mix ingredients; add a small piece of ice and beat 1 minute until thick.

The Household

By LYDIA LE BARON WALKER

THERE is much dish washing attendant upon holiday dinners, so it may not be amiss to suggest easy ways and protective methods to use. The glassware, china, and crockery can be safeguarded, and this means a good deal when old family pieces are brought into use, and choice antique and modern tableware is used for serving the feast.

When dishes are put into a dish drainer after washing, see that a fresh dish towel or other piece of linen is laid in it first. This has two advantages. It dulls the sound of the work somewhat, and it prevents edges of glass and china-ware from chipping. It keeps the silver from rubbing the metal, and saves it from getting rubbed or scratched, while the towel also prevents the flatware from slipping through the interstices. In attempting to dislodge silver, there is a good chance it may get twisted, bent, dented and scratched, unless precautions are taken.

Avoid Faucet Hazards.

If any of you do not have the rubber protectors that fit about faucet spouts, a strip of wool or cotton flannel wound around a spout can be made to do as a substitute. In fact the textile strainers that are homemade of cloth tied about the faucet so that the water percolates through the material, act as protectors, too. If, by accident, a piece of glassware, china, or other breakable gets hit against a faucet, as will occasionally occur during dish washing, it is more than likely the edge of the ware will get nicked. By using the rubber protectors, or the improvised cloth ones, this danger is reduced to a minimum.

A rubber drain board is excellent in dulling the sound of dish washing processes, and it lessens the hazard of breaking dishes. The board is fine to put the silver on when it is rinsed with scalding hot water. Be sure to have a stack of fresh dish towels, as the work is speeded up by discarding damp ones and having dry ones at hand. Wet towels can be dried quickly over a radiator and be ready for further use.

Decorations.

Lights and flowers in combination make a marvelous decorative ensemble. This scheme has been developed so that the flowers do not suffer from the heat of the illuminating agent, which heretofore has proven the drawback. Tall non-drip candles are used, and these are distributed amongst the flowers so that the glow from their flames is caught and shimmers on the blossoms below.

From this it is noted that the candles are of the taper variety, high and slender. The matter of chief importance is that the candle or tapers actually are of the strictly non-drip sort. No drip from melted wax, then, can fall on floors or napery or reflecting mirror plaque on which the flower holder may rest. Any wire or perforated flower holder can be used, provided the holes are large enough for the candles to go through, and be upheld. The necessity for any special flower and candle combination holder is eliminated, although these simplify the work of fitting the tapers securely in the holes, and also regulate the distribution of the tapers in the most effective manner.

Arrangement.

Place the holder in a shallow bowl or dish of water after blossoms, greenery and tapers, have been arranged satisfactorily. Since the flower holder is low and the tapers are tall, there's quite a distance between the wicks of the tapers and the flowers below. Light the tapers just before the meal is announced when the arrangement is used as a centerpiece for the dining table.

There's no place where these light and flower arrangements are more beautiful than in the center of a dinner or refreshment table. A silver or glass container for the holder adds most to the charm, especially when on a glass reflector large enough for the glimmer of the taper to gleam back in twinkling radiance.

Revarnishing Old Floors

When a floor needs revarnishing, wash it thoroughly with soap and water, rinse well and dry. If the floor has been waxed, remember to clean it carefully with turpentine before varnishing to remove all traces of wax. Bare spots should be sandpapered smooth.

Painting Hilltop Houses

If a house is located at the top of a hill, with comparatively little foliage or very few, if any, big trees surrounding it, too light a color of paint will cause the house to "stand out" too noticeably. When painted a rich tone it will blend pleasingly into the landscape.



Pleasure Giving—

Talking to Advantage of Others and Joy to Ourselves in 1937

TALKING is the recognized medium of communication between persons who are together or who, being absent, use a telephone. It is unfortunate having such a marvelous medium at our command that we so often fail to put it to the use worthy of its value. It is possible to send a glow of happiness through the listener when we speak merited words of appreciation. It is possible to solace those in sorrow by words of comfort spoken from the heart. It is possible to make joy doubly glad some by expressing our happiness in the good fortune of others. Through talking to our children we can spur them on to do fine things, or encourage them in worthy resolves. In short the good we can do by talking in the right spirit is inestimable. By talking in the right way we bring good to others and joy to ourselves.

"Too Much Talk"

It is when we swerve from the best use of the spoken word that we drag it down and harm both ourselves and our hearers. There is an expression "too much talk" which is significant of this very thing. The words speak for themselves, declaring that it would be advisable to cease saying the things we are. It is never said of good words. Of them we could say let us have more talk of the same sort, it is needed.

Many Words

Have you ever considered how much is said when derogatory talk is going on? Words are spoken and reiterated over and over again, as if by repetition the unpleasant things would be increased. Unfortunately this is what happens. Unkind or unfriendly conversation, by some perverse twist of human nature, is sure

to be repeated, and usually with embellishments. Either the one who repeats it cannot believe her ears, and wonders if anyone else knows about the unfortunate circumstances, or else she finds a strange pleasure in repeating slander. It may be the derogatory words are against someone she dislikes. It may be they are about a total stranger. If the talk was commendatory repeating it would foster fine things. Good things should be given frequent repetition.

Pleasure Giving in 1937

We all could add so much to the pleasure and joy of living during the new year 1937, if we would set a watch on our talk, and by a wishful determination use this great means at our command to help others. It is one of the things that costs nothing and yet which can do such an endless amount of good. It is a way open to all alike.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Foreign Words and Phrases

- Arriere pensee. (F.) A mental reservation.
- Crescite et multiplicamini. (L.) Increase and multiply. (The motto of Maryland.)
- Faites vos jeux. (F.) Place your stakes (at roulette, etc.).
- Ipsa jure. (L.) By unquestioned right.
- Lusus naturae. (L.) A freak of nature.
- Vestigia nulla retrorsum. (L.) No backward steps.
- Tabula rasa. (L.) A blank tablet.
- Sartor resartus. (L.) The tailor retailed.
- Nemine contradicente (nem. con.) (L.) No one speaking in opposition.
- Pollice verso. (L.) With thumb turned down; the decree of death in the Roman gladiatorial contests.

OF INTEREST TO THE HOUSEWIFE

When making pastry, roll in one direction only if you want it to be light. Rolling first in one direction and then in another is almost sure to make it tough.

Parchment shades, if they are shellacked and varnished, may be washed with white soap and water. A little furniture polish applied after washing helps to brighten them.

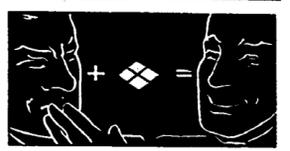
A little salt added to an egg before beating makes it light and easier to beat.

To clean the railing of bannisters, wash off all the dirt with soap and water, and when dry rub with two parts of linseed oil and one part turpentine. A good rubbing will bring up the polish as if the rails had been repolished.

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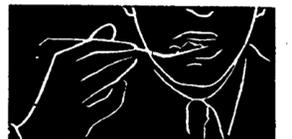
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Published Every Thursday
H. W. ELDREDGE
Editor and Publisher
Nov. 1, 1892 - July 9, 1936

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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 31, 1936

Antrim Locals

Mr. and Mrs. Alwin Young were in
Winchester over Christmas.

Arthur Merrill is staying a few days
with his grandmother, Mrs. Warren
Merrill.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Butcher were in
Boston for Christmas and then will
leave for Florida.

Mrs. Frank Anderson has closed her
home for the winter and is stopping
with her daughter.

Donald Madden and son of Washing-
ton, D. C., are spending a week with
Thomas Madden.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Locke are
visiting for a while with his parents Mr
and Mrs. Arthur Locke.

Miss Winfred Cochrane, teacher in
Reading, Mass., is spending a week
at her home here.

Mrs. Lucey Sanborn from Concord,
is working at the home of Mr. and
Mrs. William Ward.

The two children of Charles Rich
are ill with pneumonia and have been
removed to a hospital.

Howard Humphery, foreman of the
Public Service Co. at Antrim was in
Manchester on business recently.

Mrs. Elizabeth Rockwell partook of
a turkey dinner Christmas Day, with
Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Huntington.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Zabricki en-
tertained eleven at a Christmas dinner;
relatives from Clinton and Peterboro.

Clinton Davis and family from Keene
and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Poor and
sons from Milford, were recent visit-
ors of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Davis.

Miss Ruth Dunlap has returned to
Gordon College in Boston, after having
a week's vacation at the home of her
parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Dun-
lap.

Chester Messer called up his grand-
father, Willis Muzzey, from Chicago
on Christmas Day, wishing him greet-
ings. Mr. Messer worked with the
Paige Belting Co., of Concord and then
was transferred to Chicago a short
time ago.

Spotlight Dance!

Town Hall, Bennington
Saturday, January 2, 1937
Featuring Dick Sullivan
and his Rhythm
Happy Day
Master of Ceremonies
Dancing 8-12 - Admission 35c

Antrim Locals

Miss Frances Hawkins is spending
Christmas vacation with relatives in
Town.

The Neighborhood Sewing Club met
at the home of Mrs. Granville Ring
last week.

Raymond Mann of Hillsboro, Grand-
son of Mrs. Grace Minor, is ill with
pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. William Clark spent
Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Roy
Clark in Baldwinville, Mass.

Dr. and Mrs. Forrest Tenney of
Concord, spent part of Christmas Day
with Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Tenney.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McM. Kittredge
and small daughter, Nancy from Aga-
wan, Mass., returned Monday to their
home after a few days visit at the
Presbyterian manse.

Mrs. Warren Merrill has been vis-
iting over the holiday with her son and
wife, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Merrill
in Peterboro.

Mrs. Donald Card and daughter,
Donnae and Mrs. John Thorston were
in Medford, Mass., over Christmas
with Mrs. Thornton's son and wife.

Rev. and Mrs. Kittredge entertained
the young people of the Presbyterian
church at the vestry Tuesday evening.
Games were played and refreshments
served.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Robarge, Miss
Cora Watehouse spent Christmas with
relatives in Lynn, Mass.

Miss Harriet Wilkinson is nursing
in Hillsboro.

Miss Clementine Maso Elliott and
friends from New York City, were
visitors at Mrs. James Elliott's for a
few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Robinson and
sons spent Christmas with her rela-
tives in Arlington, Mass.

James Robinson has gone to Pitts-
burgh, Pa., where he has employment
with the Crucible Steel Co. of Amer-
ica.

The W. C. T. U. will meet Tues-
day afternoon, January 5, at three o'
clock at the home of Mrs. Estelle
Speed.

Miss Lora E. Craig, Hillsboro; Mrs.
Archie H. Nudd, West Hopkinton; the
Misses Gladys, Angie Craig, Nashua;
and Clark A. Craig, North Weymouth,
Mass. were holiday and week end
guests at the Craig Farm.

On Wednesday evening, December
23rd., the Christmas tree festival for
the Sunday School of the Presbyterian
Church was held in the vestry. A
short play entitled "Tell us, What is
Christmas?" in charge of Mrs. Ross
Roberts, was put on by the primary
children. Christmas carols were sung,
a story was told by Mr. Kittredge and
later Santa Claus entering through a
window at the back of the platform,
helped in distributing the gifts from
the tree. A good time was enjoyed
by all.

Mrs. Matilda Barrett

Continued from page one

Funeral services were held at the
home Sunday afternoon with Rev. R.
H. Tibbals and Rev. William McN.
Kittredge officiating. The members of
Hand in Hand Rebekah Lodge attend-
ed in a body. The bearers were Her-
bert Curtis, George Curtis, Frank
Gladding, Fred Eaton, John Munhall
and James Gould. Interment was in
Maplewood cemetery.

HAYDEN W. ALLEN

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

"OUR BEAUTY SHOPPE"

Telephone 66
Main Street - Antrim, New Hampshire

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

Here and There!

A Washington motorist has been
fined \$2.00 for putting on his 1937
auto tags too early, and shortly af-
ter New Year's Day there will be
many who will feel the grip of the
law for operating with expired
tags: all of which recalls an adage
from the school reader which ran
something like this: Be not the
first by which the new is tried,
nor yet the last to lay the old
aside.

There are thirty-three persons in
the United States who have a year-
ly income of at least a million dol-
lars, according to the Federal In-
ternal Revenue authorities. Fifteen
are in New York State, and the
others are spread over eight states.
If a man keeps away from New
York he has a fair chance of walk-
ing about freely without bumping
into someone who has a million
dollar income. Statistics thus con-
firm the conclusions which we had
already reached by sizing up our
own bank rolls and those of our
friends and acquaintances.

New Jersey comes forward with
the strange and tragic story of Jo-
seph Parucz, who was hit and in-
jured by an auto, which in itself
was had enough. They laid him on
a stretcher, a second car struck
the stretcher, and he was killed.
Away back in 1846, the ship Chero-
kee was burned near New Orleans.
The survivors were taken aboard
the vessel John Minturn, and the
Minturn was wrecked on the Jersey
Coast. Science has come to the con-
clusion that lightning may strike
twice in the same place, the adage
to the contrary notwithstanding.
The events referred to indicate
that New Jersey is a locality in
which disaster is peculiarly likely
to play a return engagement.

The papers note the strange case
of a Florida man who has talked
ten days without stopping. He is
under the spell of disease and is to
be pitied rather than made the
subject of jokes. In Virginia, where
Edith Maxwell was tried lately,
with wide publicity, for the alleged
killing of her father by knocking
him on the head with a shoe, the
closing arguments of the lawyers
were limited to six hours. It is hard
to understand what they found to
talk about after the first hour.
Times have not changed in all re-
spects during the past two thous-
and years. There still remains a
considerable class who, like the
men referred to in the Scripture,
"think that they shall be heard for
their much speaking," but perhaps
longwindedness is merely a disease
of which the unfortunate Florida
citizen is suffering an acute at-
tack.

There was considerable excite-
ment about the first of November
and it was reported that President
Roosevelt had been elected, which
was nothing more than a guess,
though a good one, as subsequent
events proved. The real election was
held in Washington a few days ago
when the presidential electors cast
their ballots, and it may now be
stated that the surmise of Novem-
ber was correct. The single instance
in which the outcome of a presi-
dential election was not settled so
easily was that of Mr. Hayes. The
votes of Louisiana, South Carolina
and Florida being in dispute, Con-
gress appointed an Electoral Com-
mission composed of five Senators,
five representatives and a like
number of Justices of the U. S.
Supreme Court who, by a vote of
8 to 7, allotted the ballots of the
contested states to Gen. Hayes, and
he was seated accordingly.

The affair of King Edward is
closed, to all intents and purposes,
but some whose only chance of be-
ing seen lies in the fact that a re-
flected light may shine upon them,
seek to keep the incident alive as
long as possible. To their number
may be added the large group
whose chief business is to knock
the public at large cannot grasp
all the details and far reaching re-
sults of the King's abdication.
Probably no one can. They will
have to work themselves out as
history is made. All however will
understand the poet Pope and
agree that he was right when he
wrote: "Uneasy lies the head that
wears the crown." Incidentally,
Edward is reported to have carried
on a half-hour phone conversation
between Austria and France. Al-
though no longer a King, he is not
bothered by that uncomfortable
feeling that most of us have as
the minutes pile up during a long
distance phone call.

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 admin-
istrator of the estate of said deceased,
has filed in the Probate Office for said
County, the account of his administra-
tion of said estate:

You are hereby cited to appear at a
Court of Probate to be holden at Man-
chester 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 An-
trim, in said County, the last publica-
tion 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,
6-3: Register.

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 in-
terested 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 Hills-
borough 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 Re-
porter, 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,
6-3: Register.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss.
Court of Probate

To the heirs at law of the estate of
James A. Elliott, late of Antrim, in
said County, deceased, intestate, and
to all others interested therein:

Whereas Addie E. Y. Elliott, ad-
ministratrix of the estate of said de-
ceased, has filed in the Probate Office
for said County, the final account of
her administration of said estate:

You are hereby cited to appear at a
Court of Probate to be holden at Hills-
borough Bridge, 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 administratrix is ordered to
serve this citation by causing the same
to be published once each week for
three successive weeks in the Antrim
Reporter, a newspaper printed at An-
trim, in said County, the last publica-
tion to be at least seven days before
said Court:

Given at Nashua in said County, this
21st day of December A. D. 1936:

By order of the Court,
WILFRED J. BOISCLAIR,
7-3: Register.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss.
Court of Probate

To Charles X. Cutter of Antrim, in
said County, under the guardianship
of Henry A. Hurlin and all others in-
terested therein:

Whereas said guardian has filed the
fifth account of his said guardianship
in the Probate Office for said County:

You are hereby cited to appear at a
Court of Probate to be holden at Hills-
borough, in said County, on the 29th
day of January, 1937, to show cause,
if any you have, why the same should
not be allowed.

Said guardian is ordered to serve this
citation by causing the same to be
published once each week for three
successive weeks in the Antrim Re-
porter, 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
17th day of November A. D. 1936.

By order of the Court,
WILFRED J. BOISCLAIR,
7 3: Register.

Bennington

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

The annual meeting of the Congregational Church will be held this Thursday evening, with supper at six o'clock.

After the business meeting Mr. and Mrs. Allan Garrard and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Parker will be honored; Mr. and Mrs. Gerrard on the fifty sixth anniv. of their marriage; Mr. and Mrs. Parker the sixteenth. All friends are invited to come in at nine o'clock and offer felicitations.

The second Union Service of the West Hillsboro District will be held in the Bennington Church on Sunday evening at 7.30. Reverend Fred Busch meyer, recently of the College Church of Durham, now Pastor of the First Congregational Church of Manchester will be the speaker. The soloist will be Mrs. Loyd Yeagle of Hancock.

The services include all the Protestant Church from Hillsboro to Peterboro, and are starting out with good interest. With Governor Bridges call for Jan. 3rd as "Go to Church Sunday" in New Hampshire we look for a good response to the call.

Chocolate Crispies

1 square unsweetened chocolate, melted
1/2 cup butter or other shortening
1/2 cup sugar
1 egg, unbeaten
1/4 cup sifted flour
1/4 teaspoon vanilla
1/4 cup nut meats, finely chopped
To melted chocolate, add butter, sugar, egg, flour and vanilla, and beat well. Spread mixture in thin layer in two greased pans, 8 x 8 inches. Sprinkle with nuts. Bake in hot oven (400 degrees F.) 12 to 15 minutes. While warm, mark into 2-inch squares. Cool and break into squares. Makes 2 dozen crispies.

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

Ruberoid Shingles

Roll Roofing, Roof Paint, Roof Cement, Roofing Nails, Common Nails. Estimates on any roofing job. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Arthur W. Proctor
Tel. 77 - Antrim

Cheshire Oil Company

Range and Fuel Oil

Call Frank Harlow
Peterboro
356

Church Notes

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Rev. Wm. McN. Kittredge, Pastor
Thursday, December 31
Prayer meeting at 7.30. Theme: "Making the New Year New"
Sunday, January 3
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock.
The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be observed. The pastor will give a meditation on "Christ's Challenge for the New Year."
Sunday School at 12 o'clock.

The Young People's Fellowship will meet at 6 o'clock in the vestry of this church. The topic will be "Light for the New Year". A candle-light service.

There will be no union service in the village but worshippers are asked to join in the second "Preaching Mission" service to be held in the Congregational church of Bennington at 7.30 p.m. Rev. F. S. Buschmeyer of the Congregational church of Manchester and formerly of Durham, will be the speaker.

Baptist
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, December 31
Prayer meeting at 7.30 p.m. Topic "My Hopes for the New Year," I Pet. 3: 10-16.
Sunday, January 3
Church School at 9.45 o'clock.
Morning worship at 11 o'clock. The pastor will preach on "The Wells of Our Fathers."
Crusaders at 4 o'clock.

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

WEEK OF PRAYER

The churches of Antrim will observe the Week of Prayer with simultaneous cottage meetings Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, and a union service in the Presbyterian church Friday evening. The public is invited.

The lady in Bennington tells us that raw hamburger with bread and cracker crumbs and cut up raisins will bring that robin in Franklin back to life. The hamburger and the raisin take the place of worms. (Almost).

Card of Thanks

I am taking this way to thank all those who so generously contributed to the gift of money presented to me at Christmas.

Evelyn M. Parker

Card of Thanks

I wish to thank the Grange and all my friends for the flowers, cards and messages sent me during my illness. Looking at them helped to pass away the time. Thanking you all sincerely.

Margaret J. Taylor

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our sincere appreciation for all the kind acts and words of sympathy expressed during our late bereavement; for the beautiful flowers; and to the bearers.

Claire D. Goodell
Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Goodell
Mrs. D. H. Goodell

Card of Thanks

We extend to our friends and dear neighbors our very sincere thanks for the sympathy and friendship shown in so many ways during the long illness of our dear one, and our recent bereavement.

To all who assisted in many ways at the time of the services we extend our grateful thanks.

Mrs. Arthur N. Harriman
Mary E. Sadger
Henry S. Curtis

Weekly Letter by Proctor, Fish and Game Conservation Officer

There is a great hue and cry about Tommy Guns and other weapons used by gangsters being sold in the Christmas trade. The cry goes up if you keep the guns (play and otherwise) out of the hands of the Youth of America it will stop war — 99 out of every 100 boys loves a gun and he is going to have one. Refuse a boy or girl anything and that's just what they want and it's what they are going to have. Let them have their guns but instruct them in the proper use of them. You can't keep the guns out of their hands so the next best thing is to give them proper instruction in their uses. That's why the National Rifleman's Association have this year formed all over the country Junior Rifle clubs. In my daily trips over the back roads we see small boys roaming around with guns as large as they are. If the boys are on their own property there is little we can do but when they come out on the highway that's another story. But why be so hard boiled over this gun situation. To disarm the United States is to put us all into the hands of the gangsters. Arm everyone who is responsible and you will soon see less crime. If a crook knows you are armed and know how to use that arm he will give you a wide berth. But if he knows it's against the law for you to carry a gun, and he does, where do you fit?

Have you seen the new N. H. Skiing booklets gotten out by the State Planning and Development Commission at Concord. It tells you all you want to know about this sport with a fine map of the state inside showing locations of Ski trails. Get your copy from Don D. Tuttle at Concord, N. H.

Face traffic this week and you will be right. Here is a chance for every sportsman to get in some work on his town Representative and Senator. The state grange in their last session at Concord went on record as wanting all damages done by wild birds and animals taken out of the general fund. This is as it should be and then we all stand the expense alike. Sound out your local representative on the subject.

Well the dog question comes up again. Who wants to give a good home to an adult female chow. A nice one. Must go out of this town to a good home where she will be appreciated. Who wants a couple of four months old pups, male's, the Heinz kind 57 Varieties? The owner wants to sell them for two dollars each, just enough to get his kid a pair of skis. Who wants 'em? Then here is a pure bred collie pup that wants a nice home with some boy on a farm.

All permits expire Dec. 31st so get busy if you want them for 1937. Your driving license also expires with the old year. Be sure when you apply for a license to drive that car or to fish and hunt for 1937 that your poll tax has been paid in full. A lot of fellows found out last year that it does not pay to fool with the town clerk or the Agents that issue licenses. Permits to keep wild game in captivity or breeders' permits all expire Dec. 31st.

Believe it or not but many of the city fire departments have been called out the past week to put out grass fires.

Last week two old friends of mine passed out, Arthur A. Moore of the home town. I served twenty years with him in the same company of the local Fire department and worked with him in social orders. Jake Proctor of Framingham, Mass., another pheasant fancier, was one of the died in the wool wild game cranks. We will miss these two old friends.

Mrs. Grace Trufant of Francis-town writes to tell us that she had a flock of ten evening grosbeaks call at her feeding station one day last week. It's the first time she ever saw them in her town.

Did you report that deer you killed within ten days to the Concord office? Very important that you should do this.

One night last week I went to Nashua with my friend "Hersom" and we sat in at a lecture well illustrated by moving pictures of a Brownie bear hunt in Alaska. It was a trip taken by Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Thompson of that city which lasted 33 days by boat, train, plane. The pictures of a bear and the salmon running up the streams were the best I ever saw. They were wonderful. If you ever have a chance to see these pictures don't pass up the chance for it's the biggest treat you ever had. There

were over five hundred others who enjoyed that two hours trip. This was put on under the auspices of the Nashua Fish and Game club.

The ice fishing of the past week has been the best for years and the boys had wonderful luck on all the ponds in my district. The heavy rains did not do much damage but covered most lakes with about three inches of water. It was all O. K. unless you fell down.

Here is a woman in Milford that wants to exchange bantem roosters with some one of a like mind.

The skating the last part of last week was ideal but the heavy rain of the week-end put a sudden end to the sport.

Just a little snow just now would mean thousands of dollars to New Hampshire. Many ski trails are just waiting for a good snow storm.

East Antrim

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. White and son, Caaroll were recent Boston visitors. On their return Mrs. Bertha Hill accompanied them.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Knapp, Mrs. M. S. French and Mr. and Mrs. M. E. French have all been affected with the prevailing colds.

Mr. and Mrs. Edson Tuttle spent Christmas day with Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Tuttle of Fairhaven, Mass.

Miss Enid Cochrane is employed at Goodell Company.

Mr. Robert Bradlee and son, Robert, of Portsmouth and Robert Boyd of Maine spent the holiday with Mrs. Anderson and Ralph Campbell.

Mrs. Myra Irack had quite an ill turn Christmas day, but is slightly improved at this writing.

Are you making a dahlia quilt, or have you got a pattern for one? If not, you're out of style.

Interest to be Charged on Overdue Remittances in Compensation Acts

A warning was issued Dec. 18 by Gordon P. Eager, Administrator of the N. H. Unemployment Compensation Division to all employers subject to the Unemployment Compensation Law that interest will be charged at the rate of one per cent per month on overdue reports and remittances during 1937.

Both quarterly and monthly reports are due on the fifteenth day following the end of the month or quarter being reported. If reports are not received on or before the due-date, the delinquent employer will be notified. If he then fails to comply within a grace period extending to the end of the current month, interest will be charged at one per cent from that time forth until his report is received, and retroactively to the due-date.

A report for the month of January, for example, becomes due on Feb. 15. If it is not received on or before that date the employer will be notified of his delinquency at once. If the report is not received on or before the 28th day of February, interest will be charged at one per cent per month from Feb. 15 until the day it is actually filed.

In reply to the suggestion that 15 days might not be sufficient time for large employers or employers whose reporting offices are located outside the state to file their reports, Mr. Eager pointed out that although reports are due on the 15th and interest is figured from that date, employers actually have a period of one month in which to comply with the requirements without incurring the interest penalty.

Recipes

By Betty Barclay

For five centuries kings and emperors have ordered mince pies as crowning triumphs for royal feasts. Even a few years ago mince meat was difficult and costly to prepare;

Post Office

Mail Schedule in Effect September 23, 1936

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

but nowadays modern packaged mince meat has made this celebrated royal delicacy a practical treat for everyday menus. Here are some easy-to-make variations of this royal favorite that will provide a luscious surprise for dinner tonight.

Fruited Apple Sauce Pie
1 (9 oz.) pkg. dry mince meat
1 1/2 cups water
2 cups fresh-cooked or canned apple sauce
Pie crust

Break mince meat into pieces. Add water. Place over heat and stir until all lumps are thoroughly broken up. Bring to brisk boil; continue boiling for one minute. Allow to cool. Line a 9-inch pie plate with pastry and fill with mince meat mixture. Spread apple sauce over top. Place upper crust on filled lower one and press edges firmly together. Trim off surplus pastry. Bake 35 minutes in a hot oven (400 degrees F.).

Date Mince Meat Pie
1 pkg. (9 oz.) dry mince meat
1 cup pitted dates, chopped
1 1/2 cups water
Pie crust

Break mince meat into pieces. Add chopped dates and water. Place over heat and stir until all lumps are thoroughly broken up. Bring to brisk boil; continue boiling for minute. Allow to cool. Line a 9-inch pie plate with pastry and fill with the mince meat and date mixture. Place upper crust on filled lower one and press edges firmly together. Trim off surplus pastry. Make several slits in the top pastry to allow steam to escape. Bake 35 minutes in a hot oven (400 degrees F.).

Prices Slashed

On Winter Ready-to-Wear

... NOW ... at a time when there are months of wear ahead!

DRESSES ...

Cereal Crepes and Rayons and Acetates featuring Princess styling and novelty trims.

\$3.95 Dresses reduced to \$2.98

\$2.95 Dresses reduced to \$2.29

WOMEN'S HAND BAGS

Novelty grain Keratol Bags with accessories 69c



Millinery ...

Velvets and felts. A wide variety including the new high hat styles.

\$1.95 Hats reduced to \$1.00
98c Hats reduced to 69c



DERBY'S

HILLSBORO AND PETERBORO



PATTERNS of WOLFPEN

By HARLAN HATCHER

Copyright by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

WNU Service

CHAPTER XII—Continued

"No. She looks pretty sick, Jesse." "Yes, she's kind of worn out. I reckon you're not going this morning." "I reckon not." "Sorry?" "Some, maybe, and because Mother is sick."

"Somebody could go over to Lucy's or Jen's and get one of them to come in."

"No, Jesse. They've got their own children and work to attend to, and—well, I wouldn't want them to anyway," Cynthia said. "When do you aim to go?"

"In about two weeks now. I calculate to get my share of the stuff in." "Have you read your book?" "I finished it up and read some of it over."

She felt suddenly unhappy inside and depression squeezed at her spirit. There were so many things she had wanted to talk about so she could carry them into the day, bright with the sunshine and Jesse's understanding.

And there was Reuben far away in some distant county, and the uncertainty of Julia's sudden illness, and confusion everywhere to be attacked, ordered and subdued. But she could not get it out between them at the kiln, whether because Jesse was farther away after these months, or because she hadn't touched the right notes to bring them together she didn't quite know.

"I thought I'd get some of the beans from the upper hollow," Jesse said. "Is Abrah getting up today?"

"He better not yet, Daddy says." He picked up the long, narrow bean sacks. "If I don't go, I won't get a thing done," he said, and started away. Then he halted, looked around at her again, and returned a step or two.

"Was there something you...?" he asked carefully.

"No. There wasn't anything, Jesse." "I'm sorry you can't go today, Cynthia. Maybe it won't be long. Don't you get sick?"

It was unexpected and clothed in a depth of genuine feeling which warmed the coldness she had felt creeping over her. She might even yet say the things in her heart. But he was going on now. She watched him away and then went back into the yard. "There's a sight of things to do without thinking about yourself, Cynthia Pattern, and making out to yourself that you're wanting somebody to sympathize with you."

It was in the second week of September that Julia Pattern died. She lay in the room which Sparrel had built for her when he brought her as a bride to Wolfpen. She lay on the sheets which she had made with her own hands by the fireplace as the children grew through the winters, on the bed where three generations of Pattern women had lain before her.

Sparrel was broken. He sat by Julia's side on the chair he had made for her when they were young. He spoke no word and no tear fell.

The boys in stunned and complete silence wandered out between the house and the barn.

Cynthia was deathstruck. For the first time she was seeing death invade her own family. She had never thought of her mother as a part of the mutabilities. She was as permanent and timeless as Wolfpen. Mothers and fathers did not suddenly die and leave the house, the garden and the family. Only grandfathers and grandmothers were carried up to Cranestead Shelf. There could be no Wolfpen, no Pattern household without Julia's gentle words and silent competence in all things.

Desolate, feeling so little and impotent before the assertion of such invisible strength, she turned from the bed to the window and looked up to the Pinnacle gleaming golden in the sun. She was surprised that the world continued as though nothing had happened, that the Pinnacle could take the sun and look over a bright land when her own heart was dark with grief and her world black with desolation. It was painful to hear the chickens clucking in the yard, to observe the common activities of life, seething about the house quite uninterrupted by the heartiness of death in its midst. There was Julia's garden, not to be thought of without Julia. The hollyhocks had had their proud days of color and now they were dry and brown; but they were bursting with seed. The larkspur had faded, the cosmos were falling to seed because there was no one to pinch them back. The tomato vines were turning brown and sprawling on the ground unable to bear the heavy red load. The beans were growing yellow and dry, the cabbage was bursting. It seemed to Cynthia, looking into the familiar plot through eyes heavy with grief, that the garden and the still rooms of the house knew that Julia was dead.

The news went up to the hollows over the hills and down the creeks with mysterious speed. The people came to Wolfpen; the old families on Gannon, the folk from the Big Sandy. The Caskie boys made and polished a casket for her at Sparrel's shop, using the knotted boards Sparrel had sawed from a fragrant cedar.

Amos Barnes came to conduct the funeral. There were so many people

that the service was held under and around the tan-bark shed where there was room for every one. She looked very beautiful in the brown cloth dress she had woven with her own hands. They carried her slowly through the yard and up the path to Cranestead Shelf, the people following. They laid her beside Grandmother Adah, Tivis's wife, just as the great shadow of the Pinnacle reached the stone by Saul's grave. They left her there in the silence and the peace. The people went away. The dark came again, the autumn dew dripped like rain in the orchard leaves, the fog settled in and shifted eerily about, erasing the stars.

Cynthia, in collapse on her bed: "I ought to feel. But I can't any more. I am not me. The weight pushes the me down. I don't know how to think about it, and it hurts to feel."

CHAPTER XIII

In the weeks that followed, the spiritual disruption in this house seemed complete. No one spoke of Julia in words; each one suffered in privacy his own particular degree and quality of grief. They fell to the accumulated work, easing their sorrow in excess of toil.

The plans Cynthia and Julia had made for the Institute now seemed as remote as though they belonged with other people. She could construct no vision of herself riding over the hills into town with the things she and Julia had packed in the telescope strapped to a mule. This was her place, where Julia had always been, directing the house for Sparrel.

Gradually the deadness grew customary as the days lengthened into a new routine. The work of the fall harvest filled up and spilled over the days into both ends of the night. Cynthia did all the woman's part with some aid from the boys. She and Jesse gathered the late beans from the garden. She pickled them in the brown earthen jars in the cellar, giving painstaking care to preserve the flavor which Julia developed in them. The sweet potatoes were carefully dug, put into open slatted crates and stacked in the cellar where they gave off a good earthen smell. The Irish potatoes were buried in the hole by the smoke-house. Sparrel and the boys made the sorghum—thick and brown and full flavored. The stone jars were filled with apple and pumpkin butter and tomato preserves, the great goose-necked and green-striped squash and burleshed copper-colored pumpkins were buried in the haymow. Jesse brought in the dark honey from the hives and filled the jars on the fruit shelf. Between times Cynthia labored to finish the shirts which Julia had already cut for the stitching. It was as if each one had put forth exceptional effort to make this autumn like the others but more intense. For the fall days on Wolfpen had always been good days.

Cynthia tried to cook meals like her mother for her menfolk, and to order all things with as little change as possible. She looked after Shellenberger and spread his two sheets as a matter of course and custom. She even had a better liking for him because of the way he spoke and left unspoken his shock and his sorrow at the death of Julia.

"She was a fine woman. I am very sorry." And so September gave way to October, and the poignant grief was, by repetition, a little older. There was even a melancholy beauty in the days. Cynthia watched the squirrels spring over the moss-tinted rocks and up the tree-trunks, their tails waving quickly and with an ultimate grace in rhythm as though they might be either propelling the nervous bodies forward and upward or merely making a trim and flowing gesture of wild joy in perfectly timed physical movement. The hills turned riotously from the long summer green into all the flamboyance of autumn, arranging in exotic patterns around the hillsides the flame-and-gold-en-hued maple leaves, the soft yellow of the poplars, the dull rich scarlet of the white oaks, the deep brown of the black oaks, with a few vivid gum trees screaming among the dark green pines. Nothing was left untouched.

Cynthia found herself in moments of complete abandon to the display around her, her heart gone out of her into the prodigal splashing of color. Then she would have that sudden vague awareness of tears in the heart from which she had escaped for an instant and to which she must return. They came with the first sight of the dark clouds gathering over the Pinnacle, presaging the coming of the cold rains and the violation and the annihilation of all the glowing beauty which supported the hours.

When the first sprinkles shattered the flaming maple near the smoke-house, she cried, "Oh, rain, leave the leaves alone! Give them one more day." But the rain did not hear the cry of one lonely girl deep in the Big Sandy hills. All night long she could hear the battering attack of each heavy bullet of rain tearing through the magic world of yesterday, and she knew that on the morrow the sun would disclose their wet and melancholy nakedness. The summer was over.

The death of Julia and the press of work had kept Jesse on at Wolfpen.

Cynthia was not sorry. But the work was nearly done now, and she knew that he was restless to go, and was waiting only for the drovers to come. The news that they were riding up the creek was less exciting than formerly. In past years the drovers, with their talk of politics and the growth of Mount Sterling and Maysville, had been an important link with the outside world. But this year Gannon Creek had already seen a steam-engine, a sawmill, and a lumbering enterprise; and Reuben Warren and Shellenberger had been there.

The drovers came up the creek from house to house performing the ceremony prescribed by custom. They were dressed in their tight trousers, tall boots, broad hats, and with red handkerchiefs around their necks. They went to the barnyard at each place and leaned over the rails, sizing up the cattle. They walked in among them to slap the rumps of the steers and feel their hide. They told a story or two, sending their big laughs infectionally over the group of men gathered around, and giving a holiday spirit to the bargaining. Then they made their final offer, the sale was closed, and the drovers and the neighbor men moved on behind the growing herd to the next house. Where they were at meal-time, there they all ate, taking turns at the table under the hospitable urgings of the womenfolk. And when evening came, the neighbors returned home and the drovers spent the night wherever they happened to be.

At Wolfpen, where they always managed to stay the night, Sparrel gave them the use of a fenced meadow for



He Sprang Upon the Porch and Swept Her Violently into His Arms.

their cattle and stalls and feed for their saddle mules. But when they talked about buying his steers, Sparrel said:

"I guess I won't be selling any this time." "Why not, Sparrel?" "I told Shellenberger I'd let him have all we could spare for his men this winter."

Then Jesse said, "I want to sell mine to you fellers." Sparrel looked at his son in silent surprise, but offered no interference.

"We'll be glad to look at it, Jesse," they said. Cynthia watched them go to the barn-lot where Jesse had driven in his fat steer. She could see them out there looking and feeling and bargaining. Then, after a proper time, they drove it out of the pen and down to the meadow with their herd.

Jesse came back to the house where Cynthia was. She knew from his look that he was content, and that it was the pleasure of a man in the quality of his product and in seeing others appreciate it, as well as satisfaction with the price it brought.

"Did they like your steer?" "They seemed to. It was a good beef."

"Did you get what you wanted for it?" "Yes. I got thirty-six dollars for it, and I bet that's more than Dad'll get out of Shellenberger for his."

"Why do you say that, Jesse?" "Well, he's been here all year nearly and nobody's seen any of his money yet for anything."

Cynthia thought of the paper on which she had entered the record of his board. But she was more concerned over Jesse's leaving.

"I reckon you'll be going soon now, Jesse?" "I aim to be there on Monday morning for the opening of court."

"That'll be might' nice. Have you told Daddy yet?" "Not, not yet. I'll tell him tonight, maybe."

"I don't think he'll mind, Jesse." She knew how it would proceed after supper. The menfolk sat by the fire while she cleared away the dishes. There was more silence than talk. Then Jasper spoke about the drovers and the cattle. Abrah talked about the men at the camp and the plans for the

spring rafts; he was going to float one. Sparrel said little, staring into the fire and looking at his sons. And Jesse twisted his mouth, glanced at his father, at the fire, at Cynthia, at Jasper, put his hands into his pockets and took them out.

"I guess the fall work's about done up now," Jesse said.

"We've done right well with it," Sparrel said.

"I reckon I'll go over to town now and read the law with Tandy Morgan." It came with nothing but a higher pitch and a brittle utterance to betray the nervous constraint behind it.

Sparrel said easily and very gently, "I allowed you had a mind to it. You'll need some money for that." He took from his pocket the long leather sack which he carried, and held it out to Jesse. "If you're going to be a lawyer, be a good one, son, and be clean about it. The law can dirty a man."

"It didn't dirty Blackstone or Lincoln any. I mean to be that kind. And I don't need the money," Jesse said, handing the purse back to Sparrel. "I got enough for the winter."

Cynthia knew the fervor of his voice and was moved.

Sparrel had got up from his chair, and stood looking down at Jesse. With unaccustomed demonstration he laid his hand on Jesse's shoulder and pushed away the leather sack. "Keep it, son. That's what I got it for. I'll just ride over with you tomorrow and see you settled, by your leave."

In the morning they rode down Wolfpen, Sparrel choosing the Finemare for the journey, and Jesse on his own mule with the small grip of clothes and the yellow Blackstone firmly strapped to the saddle.

Instead of waiting at the gate until they had passed from sight, Cynthia went to the upstairs window from which she could see over the barn and orchard to the path through the Long Bottom, and as the Finemare and the mule passed swiftly through the meadow and out of sight, she put her hands on the window-sill and bowed her head upon them and wept silently in her loneliness.

"Mother died in the month of September: last month, and it might have been all the time there ever was. But the dried stalks of her hollyhocks and sunflowers still stand in the garden. And now Jesse away for the winter to study the law. And Reuben has not come back. The end of July it was, another lifetime. 'T may be September, and it may be spring...'" But it is late October, Mother is dead, Jesse is gone away, Reuben has not come back. It is not Wolfpen any more, for Wolfpen is a good place and this is a place of sorrow and loneliness. In the space of one summer. If Reuben would come, Reuben, September is here and past and taken with it my mother, and you do not come. And your two letters..."

She went to the bureau drawer in her room and took them again, knowing full well each word in the thin precise writing with the perfection of print.

"... and my father has accepted the office of surveyor for the Eastern Iron Works and I am to do most of the field work. The company has bought several thousand acres of land around here because of the ore pockets and the charcoal timber. I am beginning the surveys this week and will be in the field most of the autumn but it will not stand in the way of my coming to Wolfpen as soon as I can..."

The other one she knew so well that she merely held it in her hands while she saw the carefully built sentences march through her mind.

"... I have been in the hills west of the river for two weeks and just came in this Saturday and my mother gave me your letter. I am sorry and I had to read several times before I could take in what it was saying. I liked her so very much. She was so quiet and so kind and it seemed to me while I was in her house that her life was self-contained and in order like her fine garden and her quilts. I can hardly think of Wolfpen nor of you or your father without your mother. It must be very hard for you. None of my family has ever died, but I remember how I liked your way of thinking of your people in the graveyard on the Shelf. I hope that in your grief now you can think of your mother in the same way. I wish I had known so I could have come. I don't know just when that will be now, but it will be..."

She thought it was a good letter. It was like something written in a book, but it was Reuben. The person who wrote was always different from the person who spoke to you, and you must grow used to the difference until you can see the same person in both. The morning was gone, and she realized with surprise that her reluctance to see Jesse go away for the winter and her tears for her mother were not separable from her secret thoughts of Reuben and that in the end they had been curiously submerged and forgotten in him.

In the afternoon Doug came up the hollow. Cynthia had lived so intensely in her day-dreams that the sight of him was a shock. He looked discouraged. His eyes were heavy and his mouth had the pulled appearance of one who had made hopes too confidently and had suffered by their defeat. She felt a sorrow for him akin to pity. She

wondered what had brought him to the house on this afternoon.

"How's your mother today, Doug?" "About as well as common. How are all your folks?"

"All well. Jesse went over to town today. He's going to read the law with Tandy Morgan this winter."

"He has a good turn for following something like that. I guess he ought to make about as good a one as Tandy. I didn't take to books much. Seems like I wasn't cut out for lawyering or doctoring or surveying, but just to be a Gannon Creek farmer, and not so good at that, 'pears like."

"Now, don't you go to making little of yourself," Cynthia said.

"A feller loses all heart, Cynthia. I've worked harder and done about as poorly this year as ever since I been trying to run the place."

"Didn't they buy your 'seng, Doug?" "I didn't have any, only about four pounds."

"Why, Doug?"

The mice chewed it up, Cynthia. They huddled purr' near every single root I had. It just about made me sick when I dug in and there they were eaten up."

"I'm awful sorry, Doug. How's your other stuff?"

"I got a right good crop of corn and beans."

"Ours did right well, too." There were pauses now between the bits of talk.

"I got the porch fixed up now, and it looks right nice."

"It will be a help to the place," Cynthia said.

"I'm going to work, cut timber with Shellenberger this winter. They're getting a sight of cutting done down there."

"I haven't been down there. I don't want to see it."

There was a silence, the small talk ended. The mention of the lumber camp had driven Cynthia's thought inward so that she forgot Doug for a time until she was pulled into it again by the sudden explosive shock of his words:

"Let's us get married, Cynthia. What do you say?"

She looked full at him for a minute, feeling sorry for him. She knew that she had never loved him, and that she could not marry and live with him. It was difficult to say it in words which would tell him without wounding him.

"I like you, Doug. I've always liked you since we were little. And we all like you. But I couldn't, you see, Doug. It's just that I don't love you that way."

She was afraid, even while she was speaking, that he wasn't understanding.

He had never touched her in his shy, indirect love-making, but now his emotions were too wrought on by her nearness and the sense of her withdrawing more than ever and irrevocably from him. He sprang upon the porch and swept her violently into his arms. His movements were so sudden and so unexpected that she was bewildered for a moment, and he held her so firmly that she could not move. He did not try to kiss her. He merely put his cheek against her head and brushed his lips against her hair. It lasted for only an instant, and she sprang away, freeing herself.

"Doug! You stop! What's come over you?"

"I want you for myself. You're aiming to marry that feller, ain't you? I know. He's a surveyor and has down-river manners, and I'm just a Gannon Creek farmer. Well, he won't get you. You hear me? He won't get you."

His outbreak was as much of a surprise to himself as to Cynthia.

"Don't you touch me again, Doug!" she cried.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Great Elm Is Regarded as Most Regal of Trees

The most regal of all trees perhaps is the elm. There is something aristocratic about the elm. It is tall and stately. It carries its head high. It has dignity but is also graceful. Its air is courtly, gracious, calm and strong. The elm is one of those trees that is different, that has a personality, an individuality of its own, observes a writer in the Rural New-Yorker.

Pines and maples and birches cluster in friendly groups. The elm is more aloof. By preference it stands alone by the roadside or out in the fields or on the side of the hill. It is not a mountain tree, more, perhaps, a low-land tree, liking the open places, even the banks of the streams and the lake shore. In some ways a distant tree, keeping by itself, it nevertheless has consented to come among men and lend its shade and beauty to the streets of the American village and city.

It is a strong tree, rearing its branching top on stout stem. The winds that whip across the rocky hills assail it in vain. Even its tough branches seldom yield. The lumberman finds its sinewy trunk of little value. Deep down into the scanty soil it thrusts its tenacious roots and asks but little nourishment to thrive. It is tall and rugged, reserved, able to endure winter cold and summer heat, independent by nature yet neighborly and helpful, growing sturdily out of a reluctant soil.

what
Irvin S. Cobb
thinks
about:

The Social Register.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF. . . Those who warm their aristocratic hands at the social register, take comfort from the latest issue of that priceless volume. It seems that, if a well-born lady weds a night club playboy with a head suitable for a handle on a dollar umbrella, she stays put.

But if she is married to a genuine gentleman, such as Gene Tunney is, or a gifted orchestra leader, such as Eddie Duchin, out she goes.

The charming granddaughter of a poor Irish immigrant qualifies as an entry, which is as it should be, in any language. But when she takes for a husband the son of a poor Jewish immigrant, whose blemish is that he's a professional song writer—and one of the greatest song writers alive—her name is scratched off the sacred scroll.

Yet what's an old family but a family that advertises that it's old? And what is society except a lot of people who keep proclaiming that they are society until the rest of us believe them?

Protecting Human Game.

FOR the preservation of the lessening wild fowl, the government stands pat by its ruling that ducks may no longer be lured to hunting grounds which have been baited for them and then bagged. But one shudders what would happen to Wall street if practically the same system now in vogue for garnering in the human game was ever abolished on the stock exchange.

Still, why not leave well enough alone? If there was no margin gambling available for cleaning the poor things, they'd bet their money on horse racing or the old Spanish prisoner game or something.

Liberty League Marriages.

THE rotogravure sections reveal that they've just opened a fresh crate of du Ponts, too late to qualify for membership in the Liberty League, because the Liberty League, alas, is dead of over-nourishment, but in ample time to fill up the background at the approaching marriage of the President's fine son, Franklin Delano, Jr., and a charming daughter of the royal family of Delaware.

That's one wedding where the ushers will do well to see that the families are seated in separate pews during the ceremony, because somebody might tactlessly be reminded of little things that came up during the heat of the late campaign.

Otherwise, in the customary regalia of shad-bellied coats and striped trousers, it will be difficult to distinguish a champion of the rights of the great common people from an entrenched wretch of the ruggedly individualistic group. High hats and neat spats make all men equal—and make some of them homelier-looking.

Playing the Ponies.

RACING starts soon out in Hollywood, and the stars and starines may have to make their pictures between events at Santa Anita because they'll have absolutely no time for fiddling around studios.

To risk my modest wagers on, I'm looking for a horse named Virginia Creeper or else Trailing Arbutus. Then when I lose, as I always do, I can't say my choice wasn't appropriately named.

If I had a bet on Paul Revere's nag, Paul never would have made that famous ride of his. Somewhere between Concord and Lexington, a constable would have pinched him for blocking the highway.

I often wonder where the foot-sore plugs I get tips on really hail from. It can't be a racing stable. Maybe—yes, I'm sure that's right—they're exhausted refugees from a bide-a-wee-home.

Future Inventions.

CELEBRATING the hundredth anniversary of the American patent system, the assembled research sharps declare that among the boons to mankind promised us in the near future by our native inventive geniuses are the following:

Clothes made out of glass (with curtains, I hope, for those of us who are more than six years old).

Whisky aged instantly by powerful sound waves. (But who has thought of suitable relief for those who also will be aged instantly by drinking said whisky?)

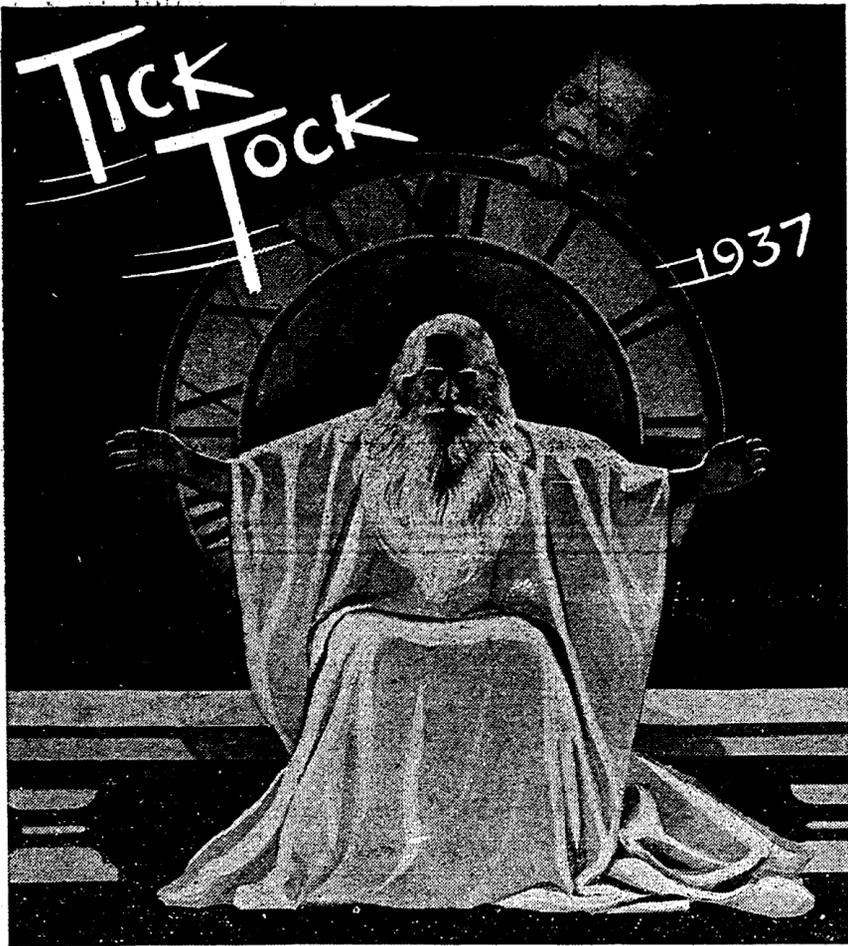
Rats grown as big as cows by powerful sound waves. (I can hardly wait for the happy day when we may afford a family rat the size of a Jersey cow.)

IRVIN S. COBB.

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Worse Than Termites

Lumber experts call termites a minor factor of deterioration in building materials, compared with such factors as rust, decay and other physical and chemical changes.



The New Year's Dance
by Marsha B. Thomas

"WINTER," said Dora gayly, "is very becoming to your good looks." The man beside her looked down with pleased amusement. They were skiing, these two, over snowy surfaces, and the man with his bright wide woolen sash and knitted cap to match, made a striking figure on the snow. "This was a grand idea skiing to the New Year's party," cried Paul. "Otherwise we would not have made it."

"Andy thinks we're crazy. Says we're sure to get stuck, and maybe freeze to death on the way. He's so optimistic," Dora laughed. "He would! Never saw such a darned cautious guy as Andy. He'll never get anywhere or do anything or have any fun."

"He is pretty solemn at times," admitted Dora a little soberly. They went on, easily, lightly; curved slopes slid under them; dark leafless trees slipped by. "A New Year's dance does not grow on every bush," remarked Paul. "Better take them in our stride."

The girl's cheeks glowed. Her fair hair tucked under her cap flew out behind in small ringlets. If the



Paul Came After Her; He Tried Valiantly to Help Her.

distance still seemed a long way, she did not speak of it. She was a little tired, too, but that would pass. Soon they would pause for rest, and for bites of hard chocolate.

"It takes a little imagination, sometimes," said Paul, "to think out ways of doing things. Andy is good, solid dependable stuff, but slightly," he smiled, "dull."

"I like him, though," said Dora stoutly, "and it usually happens he's right . . . worse luck!" "Not sorry you came with me?" "Heavens, no!"

They went on and on and on. Roads were blocked. No cars could get through. A horse team would take one day and part of another. Skiing across country was the only solution of reaching Dorset and the dance.

"You'll have trouble," Andy predicted, "mark my words." And it looked as if his prophecy were about to come true as they attempted the next hill. The wind grew colder. Dora was not as rested as she hoped she might be; not as quick or sure of balance. She struck a snag,

FATHER TIME
By PHILANDER JOHNSON
In Washington Star

WE ALL know a fellow called Old Father Time. He has taught us in prose; he has frivoleed in rhyme. One day he will give us a song or a laugh And the next he is writing a short epitaph. The way he jogs on is so quietly queer We seldom remember his presence so near. He measures our steps as we falter or climb. He keeps tab on us all, does this Old Father Time. But his hand is so gentle, although it is strong, That he helps us a lot as he leads us along. And the ruins that rise on the hills of the past He covers with ivy and roses at last. He teaches the smiles of the present to glow, While the sorrows are left to the long, long ago. And the knell turns to joy in its merriest chime. He's a pretty good fellow, is Old Father Time.

tripped and fell . . . not merely in the snow, but down and down into a surprise gully. A sharp pain shot up from one ankle to knee, and a cold and dreadful faintness crept over her. "Andy," she whispered involuntarily, as one speaks of a safe harbor in time of storm.

Paul came after her. Somehow his picturesque good looks did not count for much now, though he tried valiantly to help her. "I've twisted my ankle, I'm afraid," gasped Dora. "What shall we do? Can you put your imagination to work?" she added.

Just then, cold, truly fearful for what lay ahead, they heard a dim halloo in the distance. They waited and soon Andy's bulky and solid figure stood above the gully. He plunged down quickly and gave not a word of rebuke save "Thought you might have trouble, so I trailed you."

It was Andy who took Dora back to her home. He carried her all the way, first over one shoulder, then another. Paul feeling uncomfortable said he guessed he'd go on to the dance. "Happy New Year" was all Andy said.

An arduous, silent and painful experience. Dora could hear the breathing of the man who so bravely bore her over the weary miles. "Why don't you scold me?" she demanded.

She could not see his face, but she felt him smiling. At last Andrew deposited her on her own couch in her own home and telephoned for the doctor. The last bandage was patted into place on her plaster cast as midnight struck.

"You know, Andy," remarked Dora slowly, "I'd honestly rather be here with you and a broken ankle, than at the New Year's dance at Dorset. Quaint of me, isn't it?"

Big, solid, unpicturesque Andy stooped over and kissed her. "Happy New Year, dear! I'm afraid it will be a long time till you dance again."

"And Paul's colorful ideas aren't so much . . . after all. He looks well on a winter landscape. And you look well in a rescue act. I think I prefer the latter." "Which," grinned Andy, "is just as it should be."

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A New Year Opportunity
by Helen Gaisford Waterman

THE New Year's party at Southwood Country club was in full swing, with Fred Gordon, directing the dance orchestra of college boys, putting out sweet music. He was especially anxious to show off his particular variety of syncopated rhythms this evening, as there would be some men there who could, if they wanted to, "do him some good."



He brought the rhythm to a crashing climax, and signaled for an intermission. Then his eyes hunted out Beatrice, and he started toward her. He was delayed by an older man, who wanted to talk to him.

It was a better offer than Fred had dreamed of. What a New Year's opportunity! Pater would be sore, of course—

He nodded his acceptance, shook hands heartily, and dashed off toward the conservatory. Beatrice and her companion were just coming back to the dance floor.

"Say, Bee—I've just got to see you a minute. Excuse her, won't you?"

"Bee," he asked suddenly, "will you marry me?" "Why, Fred!" she exclaimed, amazed at his outburst. "I suppose so—some day, maybe."

"I mean now, right away." "How could we? You know we have to wait until you finish school and get your start."

"I've got my start. I'm going to lead a dance orchestra and be broadcast. We'll have plenty to live on and a good chance for more."

"I'd like to, Fred. I'd rather marry you than anybody. But if I married you now, your father would always feel that I had been the one to get you to quit school."

"I'd tell him—"

She shook her head. "That wouldn't help. Besides, he's right; you should finish."

One of the orchestra boys looked out. "Say, Fred, excuse me, but the crowd's getting restless." "In a minute. Please, Bee." "If they really want you, they'll wait. I really want you—and I'll wait."

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Bob Davis Reveals

The Dionne Quints Through the Eyes of My Old Guide
PERCY HAMILTON, the best guide and fisherman along the whole Gatineau chain, recently hid himself to Callender, Ontario for the single purpose of casting eyes upon the Dionne quints.

He disappeared upon the precise date when I needed him most. While this upset me to begin with, there was nothing to do but forgive him when I learned his motive.

"Couldn't you," I asked, "have had an eye-ful of those kids after the bass season closed?"

"I could that," replied Percy, stretching his suspenders from under his armpits, "and had just as good a look at 'em as anybody else leaning over the fence around Doctor Dafoe's hospital, where he has charge of the babies in the name of the king, but something said 'go to it, Perc.' It is only a few miles less than three hundred from my house to his, just a few hours across country in my timber-hopping gasoline tank, and worth two days of any man's time. I sure could have waited. But being the kind of a man I am, crazy about children, the father of four girls of my own, and with all my wife's womenfolks 'rarin' to get into my jitney for a round trip to Callender, what the hell was I to do but say, 'Come with me to the quintuplet show and have a look.'"

Becomes Conducted Tour.

Percy again pulled out his suspenders, which popped back with a loud crack like the beaver makes when slapping the water with his tail.

"You did exactly the right thing, Mr. Hamilton, and it is my pleasure to be among the first to congratulate you. How many ladies were in your party?"

"About five that I could see," answered my old guide, "and no less than a dozen that I could only hear. They seemed to swarm into the back seat at every crossroad along the way. You'd have thought that at least half of them were the mothers of the quints and wanted to slip the old Doc some new stuff on what was best to be done right away, or take the consequences. A tire blow-out anywhere along the route and I would have been massacred. Thanks to careful driving, keeping the front wheels on the road while negotiating corduroy bridges through overflow country, we bumped along at 30 miles an hour and about 4 p. m. made the front fence of what Dr. Dafoe calls the Dionne hospital."

"The two provincial police, who keep the line moving and see that the roads are kept open, saw right away that we had come to see the quints, and not the crowd. 'From which way, Jack?' asked one of them. 'Hamilton's Landing, Lake McGreggor, with Grand Lake just over the hill. Three hundred miles to the south, officer, the best bass water in Quebec. These ladies with me are my kinfolk,' says I. 'And can we see the quints?' 'Sure thing. Keep your eyes on the glass-fronted veranda, where they show up when the notion takes them. A good look free of charge if you have patience.'"

Pa Dionne Gets Fan Mail.

My old guide did another suspender stretch, firing both barrels in unison. "When you stop to think that the Canadian kids are the only ones out of 35 sets of quintuplets born during the last 500 years that came through r'arin' and are still alive," continued Mr. Hamilton, "why wouldn't I stick around to have an eye-ful?"

"Man alive!" exclaimed the guide from Lake MacGreggor, and Grand, just over the hill, "I saw them come out in ones, twos and—I was about to say threes, but you know what I mean, until the five of them were in sight. Mind you, the windows, some new-fangled patent, allows people outside to see in but the quints can't see out. Good idea, that. Five girls at any age couldn't take it without blowing up. I'm the father of four—born one at a time—and I know. I sure do know."

A forward gesture from the armpit out, a crack like a pistol shot and Mr. Hamilton continued, "It was good business for the government to take over the job of bringing those girls up under Dr. Dafoe, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Dionne time to raise the kids they have left. They have six other singlets living, a nine-pounder following the quints, who weighed, the whole five of them, less than ten pounds at birth."

More suspender artillery from Mr. Hamilton. "Not yet three years of age, they are now worth close to a million dollars. Old man Dionne gets a bigger fan mail than Clark Gable. At 50 cents a throw, he drags down \$700 a week for his signature, while Mrs. Dionne, the most-talked-about mother in the world, is in the money a dozen different ways. I'll say it's coming to her."

Results
"Why do you carry that rabbit's foot about with your money?" "For luck."

"Had any yet?" "Yes. My wife put her hand in my pocket last night and thought it was a mouse."

Too Good to Miss
"I say," cried the boy, dashing into the village store, "father is being chased by a bull."

"Good gracious!" gasped the assistant. "What can I do?" "Give me a roll film for my camera quick!" was the feverish retort.

Compensates
Visitor: "You don't mean to tell me that you have lived in this out-of-the-way place for over thirty years?"

Inhabitant: "I 'ave." "But, really, I can't see what you can find to keep you busy." "Neither can I—that's why I like it."

Better Than Gas
The boy and girl were out in the highway when the car broke down. He didn't seem to mind and wanted to make love. "My kisses will put new life in you," he said.

"Then for goodness sakes get out and kiss the car," she replied sweetly.—Florida Times-Union.

©—WNU Service.

Simple, Elegant, Practical



TIME and Sew-Your-Own fashions march on. Today's trio have the simplicity, elegance and practicality so vital to the up-to-the-minute well-groomed woman—and so within reach of the modern, progressive members of The Sewing Circle.

Pattern 1812—Little Miss Two-To-Five can manage her own dressing with the aid of this frock that buttons down the front. She will be the picture of daintiness too, with such clever aids as princess lines, puff sleeves and an intriguing little collar. The one piece step-in is the essence of practicality—a great boon to the youngster's comfort. This ensemble is available in sizes 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 3 requires 2 1/2 yards of 35 or 39 inch fabric and 1/2 yard contrasting.

Pattern 1998—This new dress "belongs" in almost any company. Its great simplicity will endear it to homemakers, and business women alike. It is a combination of charm, good lines and youthfulness. You'll want two versions of this style—one with short sleeves, the other with long. Pique, silk crepe or velveteen will serve nicely as the material. It is available in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35 inch material, with long sleeves 4 1/2 yards.

Pattern 1938—Daytime distinction takes on a new meaning in this super-styled frock. The squared shoulders, swing skirt and peplum fullness are the important details which give it such perfectly balanced finesse. Yet not one part of it is difficult to cut or

to sew. This is a dress which is adequate for every occasion—save the strictly formal.

Available for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39 inch material. The collar, jabot and belt in contrast take 1/2 yard.

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

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

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

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Alligator and Crocodile

The alligator is so closely allied to the crocodile that some naturalists have classed them together as one genus. It differs from the true crocodile principally in having the head broader and shorter, and the snout more obtuse, in having the fourth enlarged tooth of the under jaw receded, not into an external notch, but into a pit formed for it within the upper one; in wanting a jagged fringe which appears on the hind legs and feet of the crocodile and in having the toes of the hind feet webbed not more than one-half the way to the tips.

The names "alligator" and "crocodile" are often confused in popular speech, and the structure and habits of the two animals are so similar that both often are considered under the heading "crocodile."

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What Every Child Should Eat...



By BETTY BARCLAY

In the club car of an express train rushing from New York to Philadelphia the other day, I was introduced to Dr. R. E. Lee, Director of the Department of Applied Research of Standard Brands Incorporated, one of the leading food organizations of the world. As he spends a large part of his time studying diets, I asked him if he would recommend some diet for growing children to be sure they got everything in their food that they needed. This is what he said:

"Every child should have a quart of Vitamin D milk every day. Also the diet should include:

"Bread and cereal at breakfast. Bread at noon and night.

"Generous servings of two or more vegetables, at least three or four times a week.

"Fruit at least once a day, or tomato, orange or pineapple juice daily.

"Either an egg, meat, fish, dried beans, peas or lentils daily.

"A moderate amount of fat and not much sweets.

"Bread is good for whatever eating is permitted between meals, and may be eaten in abundance as a nourishing and low-cost food."

Every mother will be interested in that, to check up on what her youngsters are getting each day.

Sally Saves KITCHEN CLUB

Appetite Season

Dear Club Members: I hope you all enjoy the fall season as much as I do. To me it is the best of them all. Have you ever noticed that people seem more energetic in the fall? They seem to go at things with more vim and vigor. School is still fresh to the children, they are interested in their work and the good effects from their summer vacation mer



mer vacation have not yet had time to wear off. Even the baby seems to sense a delight in the fresh cool breezes of these fall days. His eyes sparkle and his cheeks glow and he is eating as if he had never been offered food before!

And that goes for the rest of us too. Don't you feel your appetite coming up? Good hot dinners are in order again. Sunday dinner takes its place again after a summer of light meals. And best of all are the Sunday night suppers. My favorite way of serving Sunday night supper is to serve it by the fireplace. Cream soups, crackers and a hot dessert make an ideal fireside supper.

Mrs. R. N. B. of Hartford, Conn. sends in a recipe for cream of onion soup, which I have found delicious.

3 onions
1 tall can evaporated milk

3 bouillon cubes
3 cups boiling water

Fry the onions in butter until they are a pale gold. Add water and transfer to pot. Add the bouillon cubes and simmer until onions are very soft. Add the can of milk, heat and serve.

A good dessert to go with this hot applesauce and gingerbread.

Sally Save

"THEY GAMBLLED WITH DEATH"



This picture of an automobile at the foot of a sea wall was taken after the tide went out. A few hours previously it had crashed through the iron fence and dropped 15 feet into the water at high tide, after turning a somersault in mid-air. During the plunge over the retaining wall, the doors flew open, and the aged woman passenger was hurled into the water.

The driver who caused this accident was also a woman, who had stopped to take her dog for a walk along the beach. Investigation revealed that she left her car on an incline at an intersection in violation of the rules of the Park Commission. She did not turn off the ignition so as to shut off the power, or pull up the emergency brake before she left the car. No sooner had she gone from the automobile than it started to roll

down the hill. It crashed through the iron fence and dived over the retaining wall into the water.

The passenger, who was rescued by some boys, received fractures of the vertebrae, numerous lacerations, and nervous shock. These injuries later caused her death.

A SAFE DRIVER NEVER LEAVES THE CAR WITHOUT TURNING OFF THE IGNITION AND SETTING THE EMERGENCY BRAKE SECURELY WHEN PARKING ON AN INCLINE. ONE WHEEL SHOULD BE TURNED AGAINST THE CURB SO THAT THE CAR CANNOT START BY GRAVITY.

This is one of a series of actual happenings from the accident files of the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company; it is published here in an effort to help prevent highway accidents.

Arthur Brisbane, Editor, Dies at 72

Work Known to Millions; Column Popular in This Newspaper.

New York, N. Y.—With the death of Arthur Brisbane Christmas morning, the world lost its most widely known and most widely read newspaper writer and editor. The veteran commentator, whose column "This Week" appeared regularly in this newspaper, died of heart disease while he slept. He was seventy-two.

True to the Brisbane tradition, he kept up the terrific pace of his work to the last. When he was stricken late in the afternoon of Christmas eve he had almost finished his column, "Today," which appeared in many large daily newspapers, principally those of William Randolph Hearst's string. He was forced to call upon his son, Seward, 22, to complete it. It was the first time in his life Arthur Brisbane had not finished what he had set out to write.

Millions of Readers.

It was only a few hours afterward Mr. Brisbane fell asleep in his Fifth avenue apartment. At his bedside were his physicians, Dr. Leopold Stieglitz and Dr. Frederick Zeman, and a nurse. In the apartment his entire family had gathered—his wife, Mrs. Phoebe Brisbane, whom he had married in 1912; his son, Seward, and his four daughters, Mrs.



ARTHUR BRISBANE

J. R. K. McCrary, 23; Emily, 18; Alice, 14, and Elinor, 12. The great editor never awakened.

Probably no one knows how many millions of persons read Mr. Brisbane's verse, analytical comments upon the news of the day. It is estimated that 25 millions read his daily column. Additional millions followed with satisfaction the weekly column syndicated by Western Newspaper Union to this and many other leading weekly newspapers.

Mr. Brisbane was wealthy. It is reported that his yearly salary at the time of his death was \$280,000. In addition, there was the return on his extensive real estate holdings.

Arthur Brisbane was born in Buffalo, N. Y., in 1884. He attended the public schools and then, forsaking a college education, he became a reporter on the old New York Sun at 19. Yet his rise to the position he held in the world of journalism at the last was not the Horatio Alger type of success story, with glory crowning the hero after countless tear-jerking tribulations. He was good and he was successful from the start.

It was not long before he was the Sun's London correspondent. After five years, there was a shake-up on the paper and the management cabled him to return. He said he would if they made him managing editor. Managing editor! He was just 23. They made him managing editor. And so well did he execute his job, Joseph Pulitzer took him over to the New York World, which, under the Brisbane directorship, soon became the most influential organ of public opinion in America. "Greatest Journalist of Day."

When William Randolph Hearst came from California and bought the New York Journal he hired Mr. Brisbane—at a reduction in salary of almost 50 per cent. But there was an agreement that as the circulation increased, so would his compensation. His earnings on the World were multiplied in almost no time. The association with Hearst became a life-long friendship, and Mr. Brisbane soon became regarded as next to Mr. Hearst in importance in the chain of newspapers. When he died, Mr. Hearst said: "I know that Arthur Brisbane was the greatest journalist of his day."

It was Arthur Brisbane who was credited with bringing the trend of newspaper style "down to earth." He believed that newspapers should be written for the ordinary man, not the intelligentsia. He wrote that way—and his columns appealed to college professors as well as to merchants and farmers.

He dictated his 1,000 to 1,200 crisp, unwasted words daily in half an hour to an hour. There was a dictaphone beside him wherever he went. He would even wake up in Pullman berths and begin dictation at two or three in the morning.

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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 trans-
act School District business and to
hear all parties.
MYRTIE K. BROOKS,
ARTHUR J. KELLEY,
ARCHIE M. SWETT,
Antrim School Board

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE
The Selectmen will meet at their
Rooms, in Town Hall block, on Tues-
day evening of each week, to trans-
act town business.
Meetings 7 to 8
ALFRED G. HOLT,
HUGH M. GRAHAM,
JAMES I. PATTERSON,
Selectmen of Antrim.

Advertising
It costs money to advertise in a
paper of circulation and influence
in the community. Every busi-
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vertising is a legitimate expense
It is not the cheapest advertising
that pays the best. Sometimes it
is the highest priced newspaper
that brings the largest net profit
to the advertiser.
Try the REPORTER.

Unusual Holiday Sandwiches

Looking for a novel sandwich for the sewing circle or bridge party? Why not see what you can do with the help of a can of those spears of pineapple that have recently appeared in our stores. Here are two suggestions for open-face sandwiches that are sure to make a big hit.

Pineapple-Anchovy-Cheese Sandwiches

Mash cream cheese, add anchovy paste until mixture is highly seasoned. Spread on buttered bread, cover with pineapple spears that have been cut in half and split lengthwise. Place a small amount of cheese and anchovy mixture at each end of pineapple, and top with thin strips of pimiento. If a pastry tube is available decorate edge of pineapple with mixture and place a cheese and anchovy rose at either end with a trip of pimiento through the center of pineapple.

Pineapple-Shrimp Sandwich

Cut pineapple spears in half and split lengthwise. Place pineapple

Two New Stamps in Memory of Army-Navy Heroes

Two new postage stamps were placed on sale at Washington, D. C., Tuesday, one of them carrying portraits of George Washington and Nathaniel Greene, Army heroes, and the other carrying portraits of Navy heroes John Paul Jones and John Barry.

Two new stamps of the 2-cent variety, each depicting two army-navy heroes, will go on public sale Jan. 16, the second lot produced in the army-navy commemorative series. One will bear portraits of Andrew Jackson and Winfield Scott, the other, commemorating naval heroes, will depict Stephen Decatur and Thomas MacDonough.

on buttered bread, top with 1/2 teaspoon of mayonnaise and 2 or 3 tiny shrimps. Sprinkle with a little salt, paprika and lemon juice just before serving.

What Do You Know About Health?

By FISHER BROWN and NAT FALK



WHO WAS NIELS R. FINSEN?



WHAT IS THE ORIGIN OF THE BARBER POLE?



IS MILK FATTENING?

Answers: 1. Nobel prize winner in 1903; used light rays for the treatment of disease, particularly for the treatment of lupus, or skin tuberculosis; founded the modern scientific study and use of light in control of disease.

2. Barbers were the earliest surgeons. The sign of their trade, which included, of course, blood-letting

cupping, etc., was the striped pole supposed to represent a bandage wound around the arm of a patient.

3. One of the most serious wrong impressions about food is the belief that milk is fattening. Milk is low in fattening power, but rich in vitamins, minerals and complete proteins—all essential for health whether you're fat or lean.

Do you sometimes feel oppressed by the seriousness of life... the gravity of the events that are transpiring all about you? Well, laugh it off with

IRVIN S. COBB

Famous as a humorist, novelist, dramatist, journalist, magazine writer and radio commentator, Cobb has won a great following throughout America. Now he is coming to this paper with a weekly column of comment on those things that he finds particularly interesting or amusing.

A shrewd interpretation of some important news development, a friendly arrow of wit, a chuckle-provoking observation—truly Cobb at his best. Watch this newspaper for the weekly comments of

IRVIN S. COBB



ROSALIND KEITH, petite new leading lady, who played the ingenue role in "Theodora Goes Wild" so successfully that she was awarded a long-term contract and the leading role in "A Slug For Cleopatra," opposite Charles Quigley. After several seasons in stock, Miss Keith received her start in pictures as the result of her outstanding performance in the stage play "Small Miracle."

KNOWS THE ROPES



In this corner is June Clayworth, James Dunn's leading lady in "Two-Fisted Gentleman." In the role of "Ginger," Miss Clayworth manages a stable of fighters, and also knows when to lead with the right. This talented young actress made her screen debut in 1934 in "Strange Wives" and is rapidly rising towards stardom.

Wife—The doctor pronounced it suicide.
Husband—Well, how would you pronounce it?