

The Antrim Reporter

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5 CENTS A COPY

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

How easy one can be mistaken. For the past two years Contocook lake at Rindge and East Jaffrey has been open to ice fishing and no one seemed to know about it. This lake has been closed off and on for the past 12 years and the last time for 6 years, the limit running to 1936. No one seemed to realize that the last legislature killed all rulings of the late Advisory Board and left the lake open to ice fishing. Last Sunday over two hundred men were fishing that lake with good results. We saw 6 four pounders and one 3 pound pickerel. Strange as it may seem this lake has been closed a long time and no mention was ever made of it in the law books.

Twice within a week we have sat down to a good old turkey dinner with all the fixin's. On Christmas day with the families to the number of 42 we sat down at the Congregational Chapel in the home town. Everything was as it should be. Nice dinner, better tree, and did we wipe dishes. On Saturday night we took the family and went to Otter lake, Greenfield, where we were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hayes. There were 24 at this party. If there was anything missing at this banquet we failed to see it. A wonderful supper and a very pleasant evening with a tree and all that goes with it. A huge fireplace with four foot logs helped to make the party a big success.

Don't forget the big Game supper at Greenville Jan. 11th. There will be bear, moose, deer, and all home cooked. This by the Greenville Sportsmen's club, Town hall, that city.

Several nights ago I sat in with a bunch of sportsmen to a venison and bear supper. This was at the home of Rev. and Mrs. Roy Thompson, one of my neighbors. The bear was the best I ever had and was

cooked just right. After the supper which was greatly enjoyed the boys told hunting stories and the best one was told by the sky pilot himself when he told how he killed the B-A-R. It's good, ask him about it.

Yes, we are to have a bunch of snowshoe hares some time about the middle of January. If you have a nice swamp that we have not on our list tell us about it.

Those cotton tails that we planted some time ago are still alive and many a hunter has reported back that they have run across them. Most of the boys have not shot into them.

We hear a lot of comment on planting cotton tails and hares when the law is still open. Well the idea is this you have to buy them when you can. There is only certain seasons of the year when they can be trapped up successfully. When our season is closed they can't be caught so we have to plant them when we can get them.

Besides the large catch of pickerel last Sunday I saw a nice big catch of yellow perch. Was surprised to find that many people did not know there was a limit on the amount of yellow perch you could take in a day — 40 per day per person.

We know of over a dozen old dogs checked in last week. Most of them were over a dozen years of age and one was just going on 17.

Fellow on one of my ponds got a big thrill the other day. The tip up sprung and when he went the hook was bare. This happened several times so he sat at the hole ready for the big one. It came and he gave a quick pull but the hook came up bare. He did not set at once as other tip ups were working. One of the other fellows glanced over to the hole just in time to see a big mink take one of the pickerel from the ice and dis-

A Fresh Start



An Afternoon with Rudyard Kipling

Molly Aiken Chapter, D.A.R., met New Year's afternoon at the home of our Past Regent, Mrs. Herbert Wilson; our Regent, Mrs. Helen Hills, and Past Regent, Mrs. Wilkinson, assisting.

Study Period — Jefferson's Administration, was given by Mrs. Wilkinson.

Roll Call — Quotations from Kipling. Sketch of Kipling's Life, by Mrs. Helen Robinson.

Group of Readings — Mrs. Vera M. Butterfield

Vocal Solo — Mrs. Elizabeth Tenney. Kipling's Later Life — Mrs. Rose Poor.

All these features made up a most pleasing program.

Ethel B. Nichols, Publicity.

The Inconsistent Politician

The election is over, people have calmed down and maybe I can write this article without offending anyone.

Political advertisements of the Republicans called our attention to the fact that the national debt had nearly doubled during President Roosevelt's administration and I thought I would read some Democratic literature and see how they met this statement and they said "When the last Democratic Governor left his office there was a \$600,000 surplus in our State treasury" and now after a few Republican Governors had been running things for awhile we had a debt that indicated a far greater proportional increase, which was all true, but both sets of politicians left out other facts which would prove that neither a Democratic President nor Republican Governors were to blame for this increase of debts because the depression had created conditions that made a debt increase inevitable, but none of these statesmen, in either party, had the courage to tell the people it would be well to exercise thrift and pay up these debts. They did not dare to tell the people that if they would refrain from spending their money for liquor, tobacco, gambling, narcotics, cosmetics, prostitution, gasoline for joy rides, prize fighting, Sunday sports, extravagant dress and other foolishness, the national debt could be wiped out in the four short years of any kind of an administration, and our little State could soon accumulate a surplus that would make \$600,000 look like thirty cents.

No, instead of all that, our politicians prefer to throw mud at one another and to deliberately try to deceive and to pass laws that encourage extravagance on the part of the people, and if there are any of my readers who feel inclined to dispute this, they should dig into economic facts a little, and brush up on history.

We were told that we hired our officials by our votes and they counseled in the next breath, to "Vote the straight ticket" and thereby "to hire" officials to lacking in character and efficiency that not even a railroad would think for a moment of taking them on their pay roll.

Now the politicians expect the dear people to swallow whole all they tell them, but many of the dear people have too much respect for their digestion to even undertake the job, in witness whereof please peruse the returns of the last election and notice that "straight ticket" voting is growing more and more unpopular.

Fred A. Dunlap.

West Claremont Church Given Organ in Memory of Former Antrim Businessman

The impressiveness of the annual Christmas Eve candlelight service at historic Union church at West Claremont, held December 24 in the pres-

ence of a congregation of worshippers which filled this ancient religious edifice to its doors, was enhanced this Yuletide by the presentation and dedication at that time of a new Estey pipe organ, the gift of Mrs. E. Charles Goodwin and Miss Josephine Bailey.

The brief but impressive dedication ceremonies came immediately after the evening prayer and singing of a Christmas carol when the rector, Rev. Louis C. Reed, announced the gift to the church. The acolyte then bore the cross to the organ, which was blessed by the rector, and a prayer was then offered for E. Charles Goodwin, in whose memory this fine musical instrument was presented.

The following letter, addressed to the Rev. Mr. Reed and the wardens of the church, was also read at this time:

"As Christian citizens, feeling that the truest and most appreciative manner by which we may remember our indebtedness to the past for its many blessings, conferred upon us through labor and sacrifice, and likewise remembering the great and loving God, through His perfect-law we would remember the duty to each other and a legacy to His church, we willingly and cheerfully donate this organ:

"In loving memory to E. Charles Goodwin, who was a member of this parish for many years.

Yours most sincerely,
Mary A. Goodwin,
Josephine M. Bailey."

This much appreciated gift by Mr. Goodwin's widow and her sister, Miss Bailey, commemorates extended and harmonious relations existing between Mr. Goodwin and Union parish, begun prior to his residence here when he and Mary A. Bailey were united in marriage at Union church on September 30, 1891, and terminating with his death in March, 1936.

The late Mr. Goodwin, one of Claremont's most successful business men, was born in Newport December 16, 1867, graduated from Tufts Academy at Washington at the age of 17, and immediately entered into business

for himself, his first store being in Lempeter. He removed to Antrim on May 1, 1888, where he conducted a store for ten years.

Coming to Claremont in 1899, he first operated a grocery store in the Dole block, and three years later purchased the A. P. Rein store, renamed it the Goodwin Department Store, and built this business into one of the town's largest retail establishments.

Compelled by poor health to relinquish this, he sold to F. D. Sperry on December 16, 1912, and from that date until the time of his death was engaged successfully in the real estate business here.

The new church organ, given in his memory, replaces the old hand-blown instrument installed by Mr. Nutting of Bellows Falls, Vt., in 1866 and in use continuously since that time. The old organ case has been retained in harmony with the antiquity of the church interior, but the organ itself is entirely new.

Installed by William Fisch, a veteran employe of the Estey Organ Corporation of Brattleboro, Vt., the new organ is a two-manual, three-stop instrument. It contains a total of 243 pipes of wood and metal, ranging from eight feet in length down to less than the size of a lead pencil, and contains 13 different kinds of wood and lumber. The action between the console and the organ is electric, and wind is furnished by a fan blower operated by an electric motor of three-fourths horsepower. Incidentally, this is the 3075th organ built by the Estey organ company.

A bronze plaque upon the case bears the following inscription:

In loving memory of
E. Charles Goodwin
This organ is given by
Mary A. Goodwin
Josephine M. Bailey
A. D. 1936.

At the conclusion of the regular Christmas eve service, the capabilities of the new organ were strikingly displayed in an enjoyable recital by James Stearns of Brattleboro, a feature adding greatly to the interest of the evening's program.

(From a Claremont Paper)

Daniels' Black Emulsion

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appear down the hole. They moved from there.

Since the deer season closed many deer have come back into their old stamping grounds. They know when the open season starts and ends. A large buck, three does and two fawns seen most every day before the open season has now reappeared and all present and accounted for.

Please — if you have a complaint to make make it while it's hot. Don't wait a week. It's too cold to work up in good shape. This also pertains to Motor Vehicle complaints. Many people wait a week before they think about handing it in to the proper authorities.

It's your life or his. If you meet a drunken driver it's your duty as a good citizen to get in touch with proper authorities at once. Never mind who the person is. There is no excuse for a man to get into his car and drive while in that condition.

Last winter I took a gun away from a fellow in that condition. I still have the gun and dollars to doughnuts he don't even know where the gun is or who took it.

Years ago it was a crime to squeal on a fellow who did this or that. Today it's no longer considered that. It's the duty of everyone seeing a violation of any laws whether it's Fish or Game or Motor Vehicle to report it at once. If you don't you are as bad as the party breaking the laws.

The Winchendon, Mass., Fish and Game club are to have whoopee on the night of Jan. 26th at their rooms in that town. It's been my good fortune to meet this club several times but I never was able to connect with one of these big times.

Several nice boats are frozen in to the ice at a number of ponds I visited last Sunday. Too bad as that don't do them any good.

Well it's time to wind up the dog (we have no cat) and put out the clock. Walk towards traffic.

35th Wedding Anniversary

Mr. and Mrs. Erwin D. Putnam observed their thirty fifth wedding anniversary on January 1st. They were at home to relatives, friends and neighbors in the afternoon and evening. Many useful gifts, and flowers were received. Guests were present from South Lyndeboro, Manchester, Peterboro, Hollis, Wilton, Deering and Bennington.

On this occasion the engagement of their only daughter, Ella Ismae, to Mr. Alfred William George of Geneva, N. Y., was announced. Plans are being made for an Easter wedding.

Engagement is Announced at Tea

On Saturday, January second, Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Wheeler of Prospect Street, announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Frances Eleanor Wheeler, to Mr. Winslow Allen Sawyer of Hartford, Connecticut, son of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Sawyer of Antrim.

An informal tea was served at four o'clock to friends of Miss Wheeler. Pourers were Mrs. Edith Sizemore and Mrs. Milton Hall. Miss Dorothy Sawyer and Mrs. Austin Paige assisted in serving.

No date has been set for the wedding.

Scholarships Given At Tufts College

Antrim High School students preparing for college will be interested in a competitive examination for the tuition scholarships of \$1200 open to them at Tufts College. The awards are based on the results of the examinations, set and scored by the college but administered by the local school authorities. There are several students from New Hampshire already enjoying scholarship awards, for which many New Hampshire high school students have already registered.

Murray C. Johnson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Johnson, is a Junior at Tufts College. Students at Tufts have the choice of many extra-curricular activities. Mr. Johnson is a member of the Kappa chapter of Zeta Psi, one of the nine national fraternities having chapters on the Tufts campus. Mr. Johnson is also prominent in the field of athletics, having been a member of both the cross country and track teams. Tufts is probably best known in New Hampshire for the prominence of its alumni from the professional schools. Tufts dentists and physicians, nearly two hundred of them, are among the outstanding practitioners in New Hampshire.

— Tufts College News.

The Antrim Reporter, \$2.00 a year

PATTERNS OF WOLF PEN

By HARLAN HATCHER

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WNU Service

CHAPTER XIII—Continued

He paused, breaking the passion engendered by his hot words, and the heat went out of him before her. "I ought not have done that. I reckon it just kind of did itself. But I meant my words."

He stepped down from the porch and walked with long fast strides across the yard to the paling fence where his mule was tied. He mounted in one long rhythmic leap, and loped down the creek out of sight while Cynthia stood with her stupefaction by the kitchen door whether she had retreated. Then she felt weak in an unfamiliar world, and she ran into the weaving-room and threw herself upon a pile of raw wool and for the second time in the same day she wept.

"Why did he have to come today?" When Sparrel came in late from the trip to town he found Cynthia waiting his supper as Julia had always done. He also observed that she looked weary and sad and that her eyes were red. He talked more than usual to her, complimenting her cooking, telling her of the journey, of Jesse's room. Then he went to his desk by the big fireplace, and took from his pocket a large envelope and began to study it. "Reuben's father sent the deeds and the calculations," he said.

CHAPTER XIV

Cynthia had often in these months contrasted her father with Suellenberger. She never got it formulated into a neat and satisfactory proposition that could be tied up in a packet and laid away. It was illusive as human personality and subtle as the involuntary response of pleasure or distaste to another human being. Sparrel, honest in himself and generous in assuming the same qualities in other people, inspired instantly a sense of security and faith in the rightness of things; like the jutting Pinnacle on his place. Shellenberger, with all his good speech and manners, left an impression of uncertainty and suggested that things which should be assumed as ordered and fixed were precarious and sinister; like a pair of fox eyes discovered focused upon you in a clump of bushes.

So it was with a quickened sense that she heard Sparrel saying to Shellenberger that the surveyors had got the land mapped and calculated and the deeds made out ready to sign.

"So they're all done, are they? That's good."

"All complete they are, except the place where the terms of sale are put down, it's left blank for us to fill in."

"All right. How much was there of it?"

"They figured the whole place has six thousand two hundred and ten acres, more or less."

"How much in my part?" Shellenberger asked.

"I haven't looked at that part yet," Sparrel said.

"Well, you give me the papers and I'll go over them today and we'll sign them up."

Sparrel handed him the documents. In the evening after supper he sat with Sparrel in the big kitchen by the smoldering logs.

"They did a good piece of work, and clear and all there. He figures there are four thousand two hundred and fifty-one acres in the strip I bought," Shellenberger said.

"I calculated there'd be around four thousand acres more or less," Sparrel said. "It takes a sight of ground to fill up the space between Gannon, Wolfpen Ridge, and the Big Sandy, just on a surveyor's level measurement, and I reckon it'd about double if you measured the ground itself."

"You couldn't measure that way, and anyway the trees I am buying are perpendicular and you can't have any more of them on a hillside than in a flat, if as many."

"Yes, that's what Reuben Warren tried to explain. I don't see it, but it is a way of selling and it's all right."

"Warren has left blank a space for writing in the contract, so I suppose we might as well begin to talk details of settlement," Shellenberger said.

"Yes," Sparrel said.

"Four thousand two hundred and fifty-one acres at five dollars an acre would be, let's see, five ones are five, five fives are twenty-five . . . twenty thousand two hundred and fifty-five dollars, I make it."

"Twenty-one thousand two hundred and fifty-five dollars," Sparrel said, "one to carry."

"So it is. Twenty-one thousand two hundred and fifty-five dollars, but it's about four thousand too much. The surveyor's bill is five hundred and thirty dollars."

Sparrel offered no comment.

"Now about the terms of the contract," Shellenberger said. "On sales like this it is customary to pay so much down and agree on a way of carrying the balance. I take it that is all right with you?"

"I reckon that's all right," Sparrel said.

"Suppose then that we agree on this: I'll arrange to pay you, say, forty-five hundred dollars now, twenty-five hundred about the first of the year, and

the balance when I get the logs down the river to the mills?"

"I reckon if that's the way you do in big deals like this, it will be all right. We'll just write in that agreement," Sparrel said.

"I'll have to go down the river in a few days," Shellenberger said, "and if we could go over to Pikeville together we could have it witnessed and notarized, and I'll draw a check on the Catlettsburg bank for the amount. I'll pay Warren while I'm down there."

Cynthia had finished her work, and she stole quietly out of the kitchen and into Julia's room and sat down in Julia's chair by the window to look down the hollow in the dark as Julia had so often done, thinking, "So the sale ends and all the months since April have gone by and the menfolk write what they're supposed to write to make it on paper. They're always putting things down on paper as if that made it any different, and then they forget about what it really is."

"And Mother lies there on the Shelf with Saul and Barton and the rest where the stars are dim tonight, and across the ridge are all the men for cutting down the trees to float away when spring comes, the way Reuben floated away that morning. Pears like Wolfpen has just become a place for a body to float away from and not live in. Reuben and Jesse and Mother and the land and the trees, maybe me, I could float away now and not miss things so much."

At the end of the week, Sparrel rode with Shellenberger over to town to sign the papers and file them with the county recorder. He brought back word from Jesse. He was proud of his son in the law for he was doing well, his heart was in his work, and he was aglow with his young enthusiasm and there was an inspired look in his eyes.

Tandy Morgan, large, jovial, easy-going Tandy had praised Jesse to Sparrel. "That boy of yours has got a head on him, Sparrel. He beats all I ever saw the way he takes to the law. I'm going to take him into court to help me with cases, come next term."

Sparrel liked that, and told it to Cynthia when he returned.

"I always knew Jesse would do well at whatever he was minded to follow," Cynthia said.

"They say the school is doing right well this term under the new principal. I was just thinking," Sparrel said, "you might just as well as not go over and get in the second term."

"No, I can't this year now," Cynthia said.

"We could get a woman to come in now," Sparrel said.

"I don't fancy a strange person taking over the house. There's always been a Pattern woman to do the woman's part of the house. I don't think Mother would want Amy Wootton or somebody messing around her closets and beds and kitchen and smoke-house and fruit shelves and milk cellar. It's too soon, yet. Maybe next year with Jasper getting married and all."

"You're the doctor," he said.

"I read the books on the shelf and the papers that come. And, anyway, I am about of the mind that to run a house like this the way Mother did it is just as good as the book learning over at town."

"Unless you have a real turn for books."

"It takes a real turn for a house, too."

Sparrel left it there, glad of her pride in the house. He took the bank book from his pocket and held it near the light for a long time.

"That looks pretty good, I reckon," Cynthia examined the single entry of \$4,500 in the neat banker's hand.

"Is that all there is to it?" she exclaimed.

"That's all."

She could not somehow get used to it. Through the days it moved in and out of her thought.

"Four figures in a little thin scrap of a book. That's all there is to it. Four figures in ink. It don't seem right. The Pattern land sold, a bunch of strange men from down the river in here chopping down the place, everything changed right around until a body don't know whether she is living on Wolfpen or in a lumber camp, and all it matters to the menfolk is some scratches on a thin little scrap of a book with a brown back to it."

Sparrel was not so busy at the mill after early November. He went less often to the logging camp and found more content in being near the house. He seemed to her more like the Sparrel of a year ago when the new mill was being planned, only he was graver now. He was doing things that gave a satisfaction deeper than the physical act of doing. He spent an entire day going over the loom, replacing and tightening loose threads, and greasing the threads. He pegged the boards in the floor which had come loose. He brought sawed lumber from the mill and built the new row of shelves in the smoke-house. A little shyly he gathered up the seeds from Julia's flowers and put them in labeled jars as she had always done, saying to Cynthia:

"I reckon we'd better put these away for seed. It wouldn't seem natural not to have the flowers around the place."

Then he gave the garden its coat of cow dung and its fall plowing, turning it carefully in deep narrow furrows and harrowing it until it lay soft, mellow and without clods. And so he worked about the place for many days until Cynthia thought for a moment that past days of peace had returned to Wolfpen.

It was only for a moment. Then Abrai came at the end of a wet and misty afternoon, out of breath with running, bearing the news about Doug Sparrel was in the medicine-room behind the chimney. Cynthia was in the kitchen listening.

The lumbering had moved relentlessly up the Dry Creek Hollow. As the great trees fell, they were collected and dragged down to the creek by the mules and the yoked oxen. Now, at the end of November, they were far up into the narrow portion of the hollow and beyond the floating capacity of the creek. Mullens constructed a narrow tram road around the rim of the hollow to carry the logs to the dam at Gannon Creek. They were snaked down from the hill to the ride platform and there rolled onto the log trucks. The track sloped rather sharply down the hollow, giving to the trucks considerable speed under their own momentum. At the last bend opening into the mouth of the hollow at Gannon, the tracks curved abruptly and plunged down the slope to the dam. One-man rode at the end of each truck to apply the brakes and bring the load of three logs to a halt at the collecting point. The men grew reckless and increased the speed. They drank. They laid bets against a record speed over the course. They boasted against one another of going around the curve and down the long last slope without touching the brakes.

Doug had grown rash in their company. He talked more and bolder. He drank with them from the jug behind the bushes. That afternoon he pushed the wood blocks from their place under the wheels of the loaded truck and gave it a sharp urge with the crowbar. Standing on the narrow platform by the brake, he waved his hat at the lumbermen, and as the load of logs gathered speed he shouted, "This'll be a record." The two logs on the bottom were thick and very heavy, the third and top one was thin, not straight and of little value. Doug held to it, letting the truck go its way untouched by the brake.

Abrai and the men at the dam heard the uncommon rumble of the truck.

Doug came furiously into sight around the bend, preceded by the roar of the wheels on the infernal tracks.

"It's Doug Mason. He's gone plumb crazy," Abrai said.

While he was yet speaking, the heavy load struck a weak joint in the wooden rails in the middle of the curve and plunged down the foot of the hill to the creek bank.

They rolled the worthless log from his torn body and carried him bleeding to the camp. Sparrel must hurry.

There was nothing much Sparrel could do for the left hand, flattened and punctured, with the white broken bones, hanging by a single string of skin at the wrist. The left eye was struck too hard by the heavy links of the log chain, and was no longer an eye.

Sparrel did well by him with his turpentine and salve and castile soap. When the worst of pain had passed, they carried him out of the bunk in the lumber camp to his own house. A moan came sometimes from his lips out of his control. He would twitch the handless stump of his arm, his teeth grinding, and stare at the blank wall with a bitter eye.

His mother, hobbling along on her poor legs, and his sister Hesselie did the weeping.

Cynthia, preparing things to bear to the Mascons, riding down Wolfpen and Gannon Creek with them on the Finemare, kept thinking over and over, "Worrying and regretting are what you can't help and they don't make things a bit different. But a body can't help see why things in the world can be the way they sometimes are. Seems like there has been a plague on this year that just hangs around Dry Creek Hollow waiting to reach out and do everybody an ill turn. Like the hills couldn't have all the fine trees cut down without cutting down people, too. Only why need it be poor Doug; if it had to be somebody, it might have been . . . but a body oughtn't to say that. I don't reckon, it being the Lord's business, and not any mortal's. But a body can't hardly help thinking, I'm downright sorry about Doug. The selfish thoughts that keep bobbing up; being glad I told Doug I didn't love him to marry him or anything before this happened to him. I couldn't ever have him and he sure would have had it in his own mind that I wouldn't just because he was maimed so bad. But that's not so because if I would have had him before it wouldn't make a difference now. That's a selfish way to be thinking to be finding something to be glad for yourself for. It's an awful pity. It's that man and the lumbering and the bad reaching in. Like the trees were a family avenging itself for a hurt done to it."

She lifted her eyes from the road for one instant to see the dam at Dry Creek and the growing mountain of

logs in the barren hollow waiting for the rains.

December was dreary and full of heaviness. It was as if the sorrow for Doug Mason had taken visible form over the house. Day after day the thick clouds lay on the hills.

The bodies of the trees were cold and black with the damp, the upper branches absorbed in the low clouds. The wood-smoke from the chimney was pushed back into the yard with the smell of the wet wood-lot and the rotting leaves. At the barn the corn-crib smelled of damp cobs and the mice, and the ammoniac odor from the stable dung was bitter in the nose.

All day long the house was as quiet as death. Shellenberger was still away down the river somewhere getting ready for the rafts in the spring. Jasper was busy in the hollows and at the barn. Abrai went each day to Dry Creek. Sparrel was at the mill grinding the cornmeal for the winter for himself and the families on the creek. Cynthia found herself sometimes tiptoeing lest she break the absolute stillness. Then she would become conscious of it and let her heels fall solidly against the floor, move the beds with a screech, and say in a loud voice, "There's nobody asleep here now that I should be sneaking around the place like a ghost. Nobody at least that I can wake with a noise."

She looked out over the barren apple trees watching the mist collect into large drops on the slender twigs and slide down in a slow procession to their tips and then in silver globules to the ground. "They are pretty that way," she thought. "But in December the snow would be better. Snow isn't sad like mist drops. You can hold your face up to the big flakes and watch them slide bumping each other down the sky. They are happy and wondering where after all their journey they will light. They might fall right on the warm nose of a fox sticking his head out of a hole under a rock in the woods. I would float down into the plume of a pine-cone on the hill where the clean smell is. It's not snow, it's nearly a rain, the sun hasn't been out for days and days, and I never saw the place so dreary. And Mother no place where I can see her, and Jesse over at town, and poor Doug! He talked about it being lonesome down there. It never was lonesome here before. The sorry troubles take hold of you like a bur and when I think of him getting mangled that way under that man's old log truck I have to shudder for it hurts so. It cuts a body to the heart not to be able to do hardly anything for him and Serah, and it's so dark and dreary in December. I can't even remember hardly how it was in the spring. And Daddy nearly every day down to see about him, and when I ask him how Doug is, always saying, 'Poorly, Cynthia, he's getting well, but he's in bad shape. And he's that proud he won't let anybody see him only me.' Maybe if I went down to the loom and wove a while instead of looking at the drip, drip, drip in the orchard I could get my mind on something else. I'll think about the look of Reuben when he went away, the shine in his eyes, the . . ."

They were trying days, and they trailed one another through the gloom. Then Jesse came one warm week-end when the wind blew into the hollows and pressed the rain from the clouds, driving them from before the sun. The darkness lifted for a moment, the grass looked up wondering and the birds sang. Jesse was happy. He filled the house with his enthusiasm and good-will. He talked about the law and the lawsuits pending next term of court, of the people and the activity of Pikeville, feeling himself no longer a spectator but a part of it. He described the new brick jail to be built on the lower corner of the courthouse square, the general store the George Brothers were putting up, the stone sidewalks being laid all through the town and the talk about even lighting up the streets at night. He could see all this progress from Tandy Morgan's office.

It was good to have Jesse come back, but it was somehow different from the way she had imagined it. He was changed and all this talk sounded strange from him. He was already more of the Pikeville lawyer, Cynthia thought, than the boy who set out the plants in the spring and read Blackstone haltingly under the haycock. She realized with heartache that even the Jesse of those days existed no longer except in her memory, and would return no more to Wolfpen. It was idle to think of it being otherwise, and yet the thought of placing Jesse in the vault along with all the other treasured things that had died in that year was full of grief. And the days after he was gone were less happy than before.

Shellenberger and Dry Creek seemed to have conquered and possessed Wolfpen. Shellenberger returned from his journey down the river. He was still talking about the progress of business-minded men who were developing the country—for a profit. For themselves Everything was going to come along big very soon now. Just at the moment things were a little tight because it required a steady outlay of capital to get an operation going and a long time to get returns on it. Vison, ex-

operation, enterprise were the necessary qualities. A few days later he came up from Dry Creek to the mill where Sparrel was grinding.

"I was wondering whether you couldn't help me out for a few weeks," Shellenberger said in his pleasantest manner.

"What could I do to help you out, Mr. Shellenberger?"

"Those fellows are grumbling for their pay again, and the God's truth of it is, Mr. Pattern, that I'm just a little short of cash right at this minute. I was wondering if I couldn't borrow a thousand dollars from you for a short time. I'll give you my personal note for it, and at the end of the month when I go down I'll have Judge Wade of the Catlettsburg bank endorse it if you wish."

"I don't hardly see . . ."

"You ought to have interest at six per cent. Say fifteen dollars for the loan. That's the way men make money, by making it work. You let it idle in the bank and the bank lends it out and gets the interest. Just for ninety days and you'll do me a great favor and help my work along."

Sparrel thought it over; the end of May, a thousand dollars, fifteen dollars interest, enough cash for Jasper, a real favor to Shellenberger.

"I guess I could spare that to help you out," he said. "And I don't see any cause to bother Judge Wade with it."

"I'm certainly much obliged to you, Mr. Pattern."

Dry Creek kept pushing in like its new owner. Abrai was much engrossed in the technique of lumbering and the prospect of driving a raft in the spring. He could even bring a fleeting moment of cheer into the house when he stood in the middle of the kitchen floor in Cynthia's way, with a broom locked in the back of a chair, swinging it like an oar-blade and shouting to his imaginary helper on the raft to shove on the pole and keep the headlogs away from the bank. Then, the stiff crowd cleared, he would relax while the raft rode safely on the current, and turn to Cynthia and say, "That's the way to take her around a sharp bend."

"I bet you run right into a sand-bar, Abrai."

"All right, I bet you. What'll you bet?"

"Well, how many rafts have you ever run?" Cynthia asked.

"I can take one around any bend in Gannon Creek or the Big Sandy. I learned all about it from Mullens."

Cynthia would carry it on, or she would drop it and be happy for a time in the presence of his energy and his confidence. She lived in the rich world of her imagination, for the most part, above the routine of the house where Julia was not. Soft white fluffs of snow, small hard pellets of ice, the sun and the thaws carried away the colorless days of January. The wind and the rain, the sleet freezing enamel on the pear tree, the sun cracking it and dropping it to the ground, brought in February.

In Dry Creek more and ever more logs were piling up, and the rough men were getting more restive in the loins and irritable with one another in the long isolation from a town with good drink and women.

Cynthia could know little about them, but Sparrel was concerned. He mentioned it to Shellenberger who dismissed it with a word. Sparrel said no more, except to himself. "A body hates to see that kind of life in here but it's just the men he brought up from down the river. I don't reckon a little drinking will hurt any man, except it's encouraging some pretty bad characters to make it. I'd hate like anything to see Gannon Creek get a bad name from it. Things are bad enough down below where they come from, killings and then more killings if somebody witnesses against them in court. These feuds already give a black name to a lot bigger country than has title to it. I wouldn't want any of that around here even on Shellenberger's land. Maybe it'll be all right and I'm just touchy about things."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Jewels Become Ill; Must Be Sent to a Gem Doctor

Jewels can become ill like people, but states a writer in Pearson's Weekly. Jewels that have lost their lustre or are otherwise "sick" are seldom discarded. They are sent to a gem doctor.

Emeralds, onyx, diamonds and mineral stones in general suffer chiefly from slight surface wounds due to carelessness on the part of their owners. A repolishing is necessary. The doctor files the patient in a metal holder called a "dop." He then applies it gently to a rapidly rotating iron wheel or "lap," chared with diamond dust and the stone returns to its former radiance.

No jewels come oftener to the surgeon's than pearls. Lock a pearl away in a safe or deprive it of legitimate exercise, and it becomes sickly looking in no time. But the severest pearl casualties are, curiously enough, caused by diamonds. The Arabs have a legend that the diamond is an angry stone, not to be trusted with other stones, lest it scratch them.

What S. Cobb Thinks about

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—

Out here the new Authors' club is functioning nicely and abounds in surprises. For instance, at one of our luncheons, the following types were observed:

An Armenian, he being the only Armenian I ever met that didn't try to sell me a rug.

A visitor from Aberdeen who not only bought for himself but wanted to buy copiously for others.

A native writer who declined to talk about his own works.

A British writer in the same admirable fix.

A radio comedian who did not discuss his nationally important feud with some other radio comedian—probably saving that stuff for his regular broadcasts.

A house committee chairman who neither bragged nor apologized.

If we can only maintain this average, the Authors' club will become the most unusual organization on earth.

"Made in Japan."

A highly patriotic function there was a tiny American flag at each place, and on mine I found, in very small print, "Made in Japan."

And it is officially stated that at least three out of four of the totem poles sold to tourists in Alaska are authentic relics of the aborigines come also from the orient.

If, as and when we get to heaven, I wonder how many of the angels we're going to find running around wearing the label, "Made in Japan?"

Collegiate Cosmeticians.

THE students' newspaper of the University of Wisconsin has made a scientific study of the subject and announces that the average coed (female type) uses enough lipstick in nine year to paint four barns. That sounds like an exaggeration, or maybe mouths are running longer and barns are running smaller. But the barns do look better for being painted.

Movie Family Parties.

MONTHS after a moving picture studio has changed hands or undergone an upheaval—such earthquakes being quite frequent—the new bosses sometimes are still finding, tucked snugly away in the payroll, relatives by blood or marriage of the ousted bosses. To you, reader, a new production may be either an epic or a flop, but out here it's often just a pleasant family party, extending even into the third generation.

In other words, Hollywood has added a new line to the old spiritual, as follows:

"All Gawd's chillen got kinfolks!"

An Anti-War Prescription.

IF SENATOR HIRAM JOHNSON of California had never done any other statesmanlike thing—and he's done many a one during his long service in Washington—this country would owe him a debt of gratitude for that act which he put through congress providing that America can lend no more moneys to any foreign government still in default for sums previously borrowed from us.

Can any sane man doubt that certain European powers, now heavily in debt to us, would now be at one another's throats if they were assured of financial backing by Uncle Sam for their fighting. In other words, they'd love to enjoy another world war so long as they didn't have to pay for it. But once in awhile, even a born sucker takes the cure, provided there's a Hiram Johnson to write the prescription.

IRVIN S. COBB.

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Teacher's-Treat

As schools all over the world break up on St. Thomas' day, it is a great occasion for children. In Denmark it is customary to allow children to do almost as they like, and near Antwerp they rise early, run to school, and lock the master out till he promises to treat them. In other parts of Belgium, parents, servants, and schoolmasters are locked out, the teacher being chaired to the nearest inn where he is forced to pay for cakes and punch. In Germany, St. Thomas' day is a great day for forecasting the future. Thousands of young women visit astrologers, palmists, and clairvoyants, to learn what the coming year has in store. In Westphalia they eat and drink to capacity as a sign that they hope to escape scarcity within the next twelve months.—Tit-Bits Magazine.

Not All Have Mouths

Not all animals have mouths, for certain parasitic forms, notably the tapeworm, lack a system for digesting food. In such cases, the food is absorbed through the surface of the animal.

Crochet Tot Snug and Warm Three-Piece Set



Pattern 1097

Miss Five-to-Twelve will be snug, warm and proud in a hand-crocheted "cap, scarf, and mitt-set of plain crochet, with picot-stitch trim." Pattern 1097 contains directions for making the set in 5 through 12 year size (all given in one pattern); illustrations of it and of all stitches used; material requirements.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Write plainly your name, address and pattern number.



OF INTEREST TO THE HOUSEWIFE

Don't whisper in a sick person's presence, and don't look gloomy after the doctor's visit. Imagination runs riot when one is ill and sick people miss nothing.

Instead of sewing ribbon belt to a buckle to be worn on wash dresses, use a snap fastener. Buckle may then be easily removed when washing.

If the range is wiped carefully with brown paper, after cooking greasy food it can be kept bright with little difficulty.

A clove of garlic rubbed around the salad bowl will season the salad, but will not give it too strong a flavor.

If mayonnaise curdles while it is being made, put another yolk of egg into an empty basin, add the curdled sauce gradually to it, stirring all the time, and it will become right again.

Crumbled dried bacon is delicious when added to egg omelet. Left-over bacon can be used this way.

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MUSCLES FELT STIFF AND SORE

Got Quick RELIEF From Pain



If muscles in your legs, arms, chest, back or shoulders feel stiff and sore, get a bottle of Hamlin's Wizard Oil and get quick relief. Rub it on—rub it in. Warm—soothes—gives wonderful comfort. Will not stain. At all druggists.

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL For MUSCULAR ACHES AND PAINS Due to RHEUMATISM NEURALGIA LUMBAGO CHEST COLDS

Covetousness The Covetous Person lives as if the world were made altogether for him, and not he for the world; to take in everything, and part with nothing.—South.

CHECK THAT COUGH BEFORE IT GETS WORSE

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

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REMEDIES

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Remember When Sloan Got \$40,000 Without Ridin' Nag

DO YOU remember 'way back when—

A jockey received \$40,000 because of a race in which he did not ride, own, officially train, or bet on the winner?

That was in 1902 when the French filly, Rose di Mal, won the Prix de Diane at Chantilly. Tod Sloane, perhaps the greatest jockey of all time, had been barred for two years by the English Jockey club because he had committed the heinous offense of betting on his own mounts. So he had come to Paris and it was charged that he had worked the filly in trials for the stake.

This annoyed the French Jockey club, which then had a tight working agreement with the British lords of the turf. The stewards contended that Tod had been refused a jockey's license and consequently was not in good standing. So, as punishment for his reported appearance as an exercise boy, they expelled him from the French turf.

Tod sued and the case excited comment over all the racing world while it dragged on into the highest court of appeals. Finally when the high-stepping jockey, who had arrived in Europe several years previously with a \$250,000 bankroll, was down to his last pound the verdict arrived.

It created a legal precedent for the turf but probably Tod never concerned himself about that. Starting with the \$40,000 received in damages he soon was happily engaged in winning (and losing) a new fortune almost as large as the one he previously had accumulated.

A group of American Olympic athletes were forced to replace their drinking water with light wines? That was when the U. S. team was on the way to Athens for the 1906 games. A stop was made at an Italian port and customs inspectors noted the huge jars of mineral water.

Such a new-fangled aid to the well-conditioned athletes was beyond the comprehension of the inspectors. Visitors always were trying to work new smuggling tricks on them and they thought they knew gin when they saw it. So they confiscated this contraband "gin."

But even though they were weak on Yankee notions, the Italians were as strong on international gallantry as they were on red tape. Even now there are members of that team who smack their lips as they recall the gallons of vino which replaced, at the inspectors' expense, each drop of "gin" water.

Bill Tilden turned down a \$60,000 offer to turn pro?

That wasn't so terribly long ago at that—a matter of about a dozen years. But since the lion of the tennis courts did make the switch he has harvested a crop of dollars that is not to be sneezed at. And his example has been followed by other lights of the racket game from Vinny Richards down to Fred Perry.

The odds, though, are that Tilden's earnings are a good deal ahead of any of his fellow tennis pros.

A player, dusting himself off at third base, received the greatest surprise ever to come the way of a hitter of a game-winning triple? That was years ago when Moose McCormick had been with the giants only a few days. He had been told to bunt—but a ball came across the plate to his liking and he swung with full force.

He was met at third base by a red-faced, highly excited little fellow. A season or two later Moose came to bat as a pinch-hitter six times in a six-game series while winning five of the games and tying the other with his hits. But such fame was in the future.

He slapped the dust from his clothes with one hand while he extended the other for the expected congratulations. Then he listened in awe. The red-faced little fellow was not in a congratulatory mood. Instead Manager John J. McGraw was fuming Moose \$50 for disobeying the order to bunt.

Bob Fitzsimmons was preparing to win the heavyweight championship of the world from Jim Corbett at Carson City? A visitor one day discovered Ruby Robert standing just outside the Fitzsimmons bedroom door listening intently. Inside the room Mrs. Fitzsimmons could be heard lifting her voice in prayer for victory.

NOT IN THE BOX SCORE: BIG-TIME baseball men who for years have conducted their business with scant regard for the rights of customers probably will behave for a while now. The reason is they have been tipped off that continued mismanagement will result in a governmental bureau taking charge of the national game—in order to preserve it from the fate of the buffalo. . . . The thirteen-year-old national diving queen, Marjorie Gestring, is an accomplished pianist. . . . Contrary to reports, there is a stone on Tex Rickard's lot at Woodlawn. There is, however, no marker on the great fight promoter's grave and no provision for upkeep.

That pass interference rule will not be changed in spite of the clamor of the losers and the siller reporters. So far only one sane remedy has been proposed although dozens were discussed and laughed down during a meeting of the Eastern Association of Football Officials. This was Bill Crowley's suggestion that only one pass should be permitted during each series of downs in the last five minutes of each half. It would minimize one of the two real causes of the trouble, the number of desperate heaves that are made when scant scoring time remains. Big league clubs would do well to consider Smokey Joe Martin, sent to Baltimore by the Giants last summer. Since receiving a chance to play regularly Martin has become the best third baseman in the minors. . . . Bill Powers, secretary of the New York Hokey Writers association and one of the game's best informed reporters, was born in Florida.

The Giants are planning to put Larry McPhail—who provided the Reds with night baseball and other circus features before departing suddenly from Cincinnati—in charge of their new farm system. . . . Lee Handley, the young infielder the Dodgers tried so hard to get, has a weak arm. . . . The strident objections of one of the powers about the throne prevents the Dodgers from making a deal for Joe Stripp. . . . If Eddie Mayo, recently transferred to Boston by the Giants, can hit .260 next season the Bees believe they are first division bound. . . . Mayo, by the way, should hit 20 points better than that when played regularly. The slump which caused Heinie Manush to fall into possession of the Dodgers was due not so much to falling eyes as a persistently ailing charleyhorse. . . . The forwards for Pittsburgh in the Eastern Amateur Hockey league are Crossley Sherwood and Collin Sherwood. They are twins.

Lawrenceville coaches speak with awe concerning the end play of fifteen-year-old Puffy Bigler, son of Princeton's very good 1919 tackle. He is six feet one inch tall and weighs 175 pounds. . . . Tony Justice, Gonzaga's 195-pound end, is another player who will bear watching in 1937. Big Brother Eddie, of the Boston Redskins, claims the kid is due to be one of the nation's best. . . . Aside from the fact side-armers always did worry him there was another reason why Wally Berger had hitting trouble last year. Pitchers found they could keep the big Bees' outfielder under control if they threw at him. . . . Ralph Guidahl, leading pro golf money winner, is not superstitious about it but his two Pekinese dogs are named "In" and "Out."

Giants to Put McPhail in Charge of Farms

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Larry McPhail

Ted Kid Lewis has found a use for yesterday's newspaper. He uses it for wallpaper in his London cafe. Lewis's son, Morton, is one of the more eminent British movie camera men and soon will visit Hollywood to observe American film methods. . . . The Stadium club in London, where Georges Carpentier and Joe Beckett once drew \$175,000, is no bigger than New York's St. Nicholas Palace. . . . Jimmy Walsh, the hard-hitting lightweight champion, is England's best fighter. . . . Benny Lynch, claimant to the world's flyweight title, is a crowd pleaser while Johnny King, bantamweight, is fast and clever.

Comment on the legalistic legerdemain by which baseball's high commissioner insured the extinction of all independent minor league owners and enabled the rich Cleveland club to retain the sensational Bob Feller. . . . The Supreme court follows the elections. Judge Landis follows his \$50,000-a-year salary. . . . Art Chapman, probably the best playmaker in the National Hockey league; comes by his skating ability naturally; his mother having been one of the best figure skaters in the Winnipeg neighborhood. Incidentally he met his wife, who has won numerous trophies for speed skating, when the two of them were appointed instructors at a Winnipeg playground.

Walter Brown, the Bostonian who coached the United States Olympic hockey team, has discontinued his five-year-old practice of touring Europe with American amateur sextets each winter. Can't get any fun out of it any more. Feels that European "amateur" teams have so many Canadian ringers these days that it would take a pro outfit to beat any of them.



Bob Davis Reveals Influence of Wagging Tongues Upon the Public at Large

IN THE present era, with every man, woman and child elbowing their neighbors in an effort to get up in front, there to attract the wavering eyes of the world, publicity of one sort or another, is considered the essential factor in human progress.

To be talked about, to appear in the public prints, to have one's name on the national lip is considered a flying start toward the hall of fame.

Unfortunately, many applicants for recognition are unable to distinguish the difference between fame and notoriety.

Publicity, gossip, rumor, all one and the same thing, born of the whispering chorus, is strong medicine to take; dope to some, stimulant to others.

But there are authentic instances where publicity of the right sort, the outgrowth of spontaneous and merited acclaim, has turned the edge of a dark cloud into silver, luminous and a joy to behold. The marvel is that in most cases the wagging of a few tongues was responsible for the ensuing transformation.

Actors, dramatists, artists, novelists, inventors unsung, unknown and shunned of fame, suddenly, by virtue of a small group, have gone over with the public and been acclaimed. Failures have been revived to make fortunes; forgotten books brought again to life; music that once palled, flung back into the public ear, to bring fame to composers, dead or forgotten.

Career of "David Harum"

Edward Westcott, who wrote "David Harum," declined by nine publishers, died in the spring of 1898. In the autumn of the same year his book found its way to a printing press. More than 400,000 copies went into circulation.

Walter Browne's "Everyman," a morality play, reached the stage after the author had, 'twas said, died of a broken heart. His family had the satisfaction of knowing that he had written a masterpiece.

Charley Klein's "The Lion and the Mouse" was a "flop" first, afterward to become, without changing a single line, one of the great money makers of the American theater.

Felix Graux, a French youth, who as a schoolboy received from his uncle the story of how the Bastille fell in Paris, wrote "The Reds of the Midi," which made no impression whatever until Gladstone, then Premier of England, finding the book in a second-hand shop, wrote a letter to the publishers, stating that Graux had achieved the almost impossible in bringing the greatest event in French history to life through the eyes of a dead man. Nearly 2,000,000 copies were sold as a consequence.

Davis Admires Butler.

In 1910, returning to New York from a Yellowstone trip with Samuel G. Blythe, I found discarded in a vacant Pullman seat a copy of Samuel Butler's "The Way of All Flesh," which both of us read with satisfaction and, before reaching New York.

A year later, during a luncheon given in honor of Arnold Bennett at the University club, New York, I said jokingly to the Englishman: "Aren't you fortunate to sit at this table consuming terrapin worth one pound the plate, drinking vintage champagne and mingling with the intellectual elite of the Twentieth century, while underneath the shrubbery of the garden, at the Woking crematorium, forgotten and with nothing to mark the spot, lies the ashes of your peer, dead those nine years?"

"To-o-o-o-w-whom do you refer?" replied the novelist, who not infrequently spoke with a slight stutter.

"Samuel Butler, who wrote 'The Way of All Flesh.'"

Arnold Bennett Concur.

Rising from his seat, the Briton made a profound bow and extended his hand. "You are quite right; he stood alone among English authors, but it will be a long time before he is forgotten."

This brief dialogue, overheard by a reporter present, appeared the next day on the front page of the New York Herald. John Macrae, head of the house of E. P. Dutton & Co., publishers of "The Way of All Flesh," a copy of which Blythe and I had read the year before, immediately brought out another edition contained in a jacket carrying in full the colloquy between myself and Arnold Bennett at the University club luncheon.

Revitalized by Bennett's high endorsement "The Way of All Flesh," which had sold less than 2,000 jumped into a best seller and so effectively established Butler in the United States that twelve years later, 1923, his collected works in twenty volumes, in a limited edition of 750 numbered sets at \$140, were brought out for the United States and Great Britain.

It's Harder to Lose Pounds Than It Is to Gain More of Them

Overweight Generally Has But One Cause and That Is Overeating.

"The slim, the irritable, the hungry woman takes on the proportion of one of our minor menaces," says Fannie Hurst in her amusing little book, "No Food With My Meals." Miss Hurst is writing frankly from her own experience in attempting successfully to lose pounds. She admits herself that although she undertook her reduction program under the direction of the doctor, she was not content with the comparatively slow results and cut still further the low calorie diet which the physician gave her.

It is one of the mysteries of life that it is much harder to lose added pounds than it is to gain them. The bathroom scales, which are now so general a part of equipment, enable us to keep a check on weight. It is not so easy for those extra pounds which creep upon us unaware as it was once upon a time. A few days of dieting in time will save the slender figure. Remember, however, that, in general, the addition of a few extra pounds with the years is an asset. They are usually needed to balance those lines which the years write.

Unless there is some glandular deficiency, overweight has but one cause, namely, overeating. The avoidance of more calories than are needed for use by the body for its own processes and for the activity of our lives may usually be a simple matter if there are no between meal sweets and no over-indulgence in bread, butter, other fats and rich desserts with meals. Not complete avoidance! It is only the second helpings that are usually responsible for undue weight gain. Looking out for that pound in time will actually save nine. Just one word of warning,

however, don't advertise publicly your diet program.

Coffee Jelly.
2 tablespoons granulated gelatin
1/2 cup cold water
2 1/2 cups hot strong coffee
1/4 cup sugar

Soak gelatin in cold water, add fresh hot coffee and the sugar. Stir until dissolved and pour into molds to set.

Mineral Oil Mayonnaise.
1/2 teaspoon mustard
1 egg yolk
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup mineral oil
Cayenne
Lemon juice
1/2 teaspoon sugar
Vinegar

Mix dry ingredients and add yolk of egg. Mix well and add one-half teaspoon vinegar. Add mineral oil gradually, drop by drop at first, then more quickly, beating with egg beater. As mixture thickens thin with lemon juice or vinegar and continue adding oil. When finished mixture should be very stiff. Keep covered in the ice box.

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Bunyan Created Lakes

Elk and Torch lakes, the beautiful finger lakes that stretch parallel for miles along the shore of Lake Michigan near Elk Rapids, date back to the days of Paul Bunyan, according to the old lumberjacks.

Lake Michigan, they say, was scooped out by the mighty Paul, to be used as a log pond. Instead of skidding the logs into a stream and floating them down to his pond Paul would hitch onto a section of land and drag it over to the lake, log off the timber, and then haul the section back.

One day Paul hooked onto a particularly heavy timbered section near the Boardman and started Babe, the blue ox, out to haul it over to the lake. There had been a heavy rain, the ground was greasy, and Babe's feet slipped.

Torch and Elk lakes remain, an eternal testimonial to the blue ox and the time his feet slipped.—Detroit Free Press.

Here's Simple Way to Ease a Cold



Two Quick-Acting, Quick-Dissolving Bayer Aspirin Tablets with a Glass of Water

The modern way to ease a cold is this: Two Bayer Aspirin tablets the moment you feel a cold coming on. Then repeat, if necessary, according to instructions in the box.

Try this way. Your doctor, we know, will endorse it. For it is a quick, effective means of combating a cold. Ask for Bayer Aspirin by the full name at your druggist's— not for "aspirin" alone.

At the same time, if you have a sore throat, crush and dissolve three BAYER tablets in one-third glass of water. And gargle with this mixture twice.

15c FOR A DOZEN
2 FULL DOZEN FOR 25c
VIRTUALLY 1c A TABLET

The Bayer Aspirin you take internally will act to combat fever and the pains which usually accompany colds. The gargle will act as a medicinal gargle to provide almost instant relief from rawness and pain. It is really marvelous; for it acts like a local anesthetic on the irritated membrane of your throat.



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The things you want to buy . . . at the time you want to buy them . . . at the price you want to pay. You can find these right in the paper. Your newspaper advertisements make it possible to do your "looking around" right at home . . . and then go downtown to do your buying . . . saving you time and energy.

Ball-Band

Rubbers, Overshoes,
for all the family —

Ball-Band

Knit Gaiters - the warmest
rig for winter —

Ball-Band

all rubber lace boots, leath-
er Tops & Heavy Stockings

All help to make this a more
comfortable winter

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over 100 years old.

IN EXCELLENT CONDITION

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**Perfect Vision now...BUT
will he be an eye-
cripple at 12?**



Almost invariably the eyes of the new-
born babe are perfect. But whether they
stay perfect depends on the parents.
How neglectful many parents have been
about this can be realized when we con-
sider that two out of every ten children
in grade school have impaired vision.
With such a bad start, it is not to be
wondered at that four out of every ten
in college, and six out of every ten
people over forty, likewise have impaired
vision. And most of this is avoidable.

The remedy is simple. A Light Meter is
a scientific device for measuring the
amount of light your present lamps are
giving you in every room of the house.
Have your home measured for light.
Costs you nothing, and involves no ob-
ligation. It will show you whether your
present lamps are giving you adequate
light where you need it. Telephone for
a demonstration.

**Public Service Company
of New Hampshire**

The Antrim Reporter
ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE
Published Every Thursday

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One year, in advance \$2.00
Six months, in advance \$1.00
Single copies 5 cents each

ADVERTISING RATES
Births, marriages and death no-
tices inserted free.
Card of Thanks 75c each.
Resolutions of ordinary length
\$1.00.

Display advertising rates on ap-
plication.
Notices of Concerts, Plays, or
Entertainments to which an ad-
mission fee is charged, must be
paid for at regular advertising
rates, except when all of the print-
ing is done at The Reporter office,
when a reasonable amount of free
publicity will be given. This ap-
plies to surrounding towns as well
as Antrim.

Obituary poetry and flowers
charged at advertising rates.
Not responsible for errors in ad-
vertisements 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 be-
fore you wish your paper sent to
a different address.

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

Thursday, January 7, 1937

Antrim Locals

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Johnson spent
the week end in Boston.

Wallace Nylander is employed as
clerk at the First National Store.

Benjamin Tenney and Alfred Bezio
called on Edward Muzzey at Wash-
ington last Friday.

Miss Helen Richardson of Woburn,
Mass., was the guest of friends in
town over the week end.

Erwin D. Putnam was in Concord
Tuesday attending the opening session
of the State Legislature.

Robert Nylander has purchased the
Express business of Happy Day. He
took possession January 1.

The Antrim Chamber of Commerce
will meet at Maplehurst Inn, Tuesday
evening, January 12, at 7.30.

The College students have returned
to their studies after spending the
holiday vacation at their homes here.

For Sale: Second hand Hector Heat-
er, in first-class condition. May be
seen at Clark's store. Mrs. B. F.
Tenney, Antrim.

Albert Bryer shot a bob-cat last
week weighing thirty-four pounds. It
was one of the largest ever shot in
this part of the State.

Donald Madden and son have re-
turned to their home in Washington,
D.C., after spending a week with his
father, Thomas Madden.

A letter from Mr. and Mrs. Walter
E. Butcher states that they had a fine
trip to Florida and are happily situated
at Lakeland for their vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Burgess of Char-
ley, Mass., were visitors in town on
Saturday. On their return her mo-
ther, who has been spending a few
weeks with Mrs. Lura Chesnutt, re-
turned with them.

Mrs. Oscar Robb recently observed
her 79th birthday and her grand-son,
Waldo, Jr., his fifth birthday with
a dinner party. Mr. and Mrs. Waldo
Robb and children of McKeesport,
Penn., and Miss Bernice Robb of
East Orange, N. J., have been visit-
ing with Mr. and Mrs. Robb.

The Clinton Studio

Photo Finishing

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

"OUR BEAUTY SHOPPE"

Telephone 66

Main Street Antrim, New Hampshire

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

Antrim Locals

Mrs. Madge Andrews has returned
to her duties at the home of William
Austin.

Mr. and Mrs. John Shea of Hancock
were guests of relatives in town one
day this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Newhall and
son of Pepprell, Mass., were recent
visitors with her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Miner and
family have moved to Warner, where
he has employment.

Arthur J. Gilbert of Walpole was a
guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Johnson
one day the past week.

Miss Agnes Hamilton of Sidney,
Nova Scotia, has been visiting her
cousin, Mrs. William Prescott.

Charles N. Robertson and wife of
Franklin spent the holiday with Miss
Dorothy Robertson and her mother.

A group of Antrim fishermen went
ice fishing on Deering reservoir New
Year's Day and report a good catch.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tenney and
family of Lakeport were recent guests
of his sister, Mrs. Jessie Rutherford.

Arthur Harriman of New Bedford,
Mass., is spending a few days with
Mrs. Harriman at her late mother's
home.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lundberg of
Yonkers, N. Y., were recent guests
of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George
Nylander.

Mrs. Maude Dufraime and Mrs. Mild-
red Dufraime of Hancock were callers
on their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert
Brown last Tuesday.

A group of young people enjoyed a
skating party at Gregg Lake Saturday
afternoon. Several remained for sup-
per at the Scout Camp.

William Linton resigned as Super-
intendent of the Presbyterian Church
School and Ross Roberts has been
elected to fill the position.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cutter were
visitors with her sister and husband,
Mr. and Mrs. Leo Desrosia, in St.
Johnsbury, Vt. last week.

Mrs. Julia Hastings has returned to
her home after spending several weeks
at Margaret Pillsbury hospital with a
fractured hip and pneumonia.

Thelma, the young daughter of Mr.
and Mrs. Addison Southwick, painfully
injured her hand and arm last week
when she got caught in a wringer.
She is recovering satisfactorily.

The bridges on Depot St. that were
damaged during the flood last March
have been repaired and rebuilt, the
last one being completed the past
week. Elmer Merrill was in charge
of the work.

The Woman's Club

There will be a regular meeting of
the Antrim Woman's Club Tuesday,
January 12, at 3 o'clock in Library
hall. A good attendance is requested.
Louise G. Auger, Publicity.

Graphite Motor Oil

Highest grade motor oil made. One
change of oil guaranteed for 3000
miles. 55 gallon lots at 62c per gal.;
5-gallon lots at 85c per gal.

Storm-Seal Asbestos Roof Coating
for Iron or Tin Roof, Felt or Compo-
sition Roof, Gravel or Concrete Roof.
Write Graphite Agent,
Bennington, N. H.

HAYDEN W. ALLEN

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

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 adminis-
tration 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,
6-3t Register.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss.
Court of Probate.

To Ellen A. Gokoy 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,
6-3t 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,
7-3t 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,
7-3t Register.

CAUGHEY & PRATT

ANTRIM, N. H.

General Contractors
Lumber
Land Surveying and Levels
Plans and Estimates
Telephone Antrim 100

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

James A. Elliott
Coal Company

ANTRIM, N. H.

Tel. 58

COAL

at Market Prices
Order Supply Now!

When In Need of
FIRE INSURANCE
Liability or
Auto Insurance

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

H. Carl Muzzey
AUCTIONEER

ANTRIM, N. H.
Prices Right. Drop me a
postal card
Telephone 37-3

OUR MOTTO:
The Golden Rule

WOODBURY
Funeral Home
AND
Mortuary

Up-to-date Equipment and Ambulance
Our Services from the first call
extend to any New England State
Where Quality and Costs meet your
own figure.
Tel. Hillsboro 71-3
Day or Night

EZRA R. DUTTON, Greenfield
Auctioneer

Property of all kinds advertise-
d and sold on easy terms
Phone, Greenfield 34-21

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-
ness man who seeks to enlarge his
trade, recognizes the fact that ad-
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.

Bennington

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

Mr. and Mrs. George Sargent were here over the week end.

The Sportsman's Club have a turkey supper on Thursday night.

The Sons of Union Veterans Auxiliary installed its officers on Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Phelps and son, Harold of Goffstown were in town to attend the funeral of Mrs. Elliott J. Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kent and son, Edward of Bellows Falls, Vt., were callers on relatives in town on last Saturday.

Mrs. M. A. Hartley of Lowell, Mass., spent Christmas and the week end with the Seaver family. On Sunday there was a Poor family gathering with eighteen present.

Leonard Sargent is somewhat improved from his recent serious illness. The youngest son, Delmar, is ill with scarlet fever; he is under school age. The oldest son, Richard, is still in the hospital where his broken hip is healing as well as can be expected. This is trouble enough for one family!

MRS. ELLIOTT J. WILSON

Ella Maria (Phelps) Wilson died in Bennington December 26, 1936. She was the daughter of William Ames and Frances (Ross) Phelps, born in Deering April 12, 1852.

When she had attained the age of twenty-one years, she married Orlando D. Wilson of Shelburne, Vt., at a quiet home wedding in Bennington; Rev. William Holmes was the officiating clergyman. Five children were born to them, four of whom survive: Mrs. Fred Silkey of Hillsboro; Mrs. Ernest Niel of Shelburne, Vt.; Harry A. Wilson of Marlboro; Herbert E. Wilson of Bennington; also two sisters: Mrs. A. L. Stevens of Bennington and Mrs. C. E. Robertson of Antrim.

After residing for a time on a farm in Shelburne, they built a home in Rutland, later coming to Antrim, where Herbert, the youngest, was born, and Mr. Wilson passed on. He was night watchman at Goodell Co., and janitor of the Baptist church.

Mrs. Wilson worked as a seamstress for a long time, supporting her four children. She later married her late husband's brother, Elliott J. Wilson, who died April 24, 1927.

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our sincere thanks to our friends for the kind acts of sympathy during our late bereavement.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Silkey
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Niel
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wilson
Mr. Herbert Wilson

Card of Thanks

May we take this way of thanking the members of the Congregational church and friends who so pleasantly surprised us on our anniversaries, also for the lovely flowers and contents.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Gerrard
Mr. and Mrs. Laurence J. Parker

Card of Thanks

Will all those who have sent kindly greetings, gifts and cheery messages during my illness, please accept my grateful thanks. They brightened the holidays for me.

Minnie Gordon

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

Church Notes

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church

Rev. Wm. McN. Kittredge, Pastor
Thursday, January 7
The closing service of the Week of Prayer will be held in the vestry of the Presbyterian church at 7.30. Rev. E. B. Tibbals bringing the message on "Service." Be present and bring a friend.

Sunday, January 10
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock. The pastor will speak on "The Thing That Matters Most."

Sunday School at 12 o'clock.
The Annual Roll Call of this church will be held in the vestry next week Thursday evening. A free supper will be served at six o'clock and the roll called soon after. All members and friends of the church are urged to be present.

Baptist

Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, January 7
Union Prayer Service in vestry of Presbyterian church; topic "Service."
Sunday, January 10
Church School at 9.45 o'clock.
Morning worship at 11 o'clock. The pastor will preach on "Good Courage."
Crusaders at 4 o'clock.

The Young People's Fellowship will meet at 6 o'clock in the vestry of the Presbyterian church.
Union Service at 7 o'clock in the Presbyterian church.

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.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss.
Court of Probate

To the heirs at law of the estate of Katie S. Warden, late of Antrim, in said County, deceased, testate, and to all others interested therein:

Whereas Ellen Gardner Drew, executrix of the last will and testament of said deceased, 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 Hillsborough in said County, on the 29th day of January, inst. to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

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

Given at Nashua in said County, the 2nd day of January, A. D. 1937.

By order of the Court,
WILFRED J. BOISCLAIR,
Register.

Cheshire Oil Company

Range and Fuel Oil

Call
Frank Harlow
Peterboro
356

Travelogue For Life



By MARTHA E. THOMAS

"I've just had a thought," said Marcia, "and it's a grand one."

They were tucked cozily beneath a bear rug in an old-fashioned sleigh, gliding along under the stars to the silvery jangle of bells. "Tell me at once," commanded Jerry, "I collect grand thoughts as a hobby."

Marcia laughed. "Tonight is New Year's eve, and if," she sat up straighter in her eagerness, "the sun were shining, and we were going with it, just as fast, I mean, we could yell down Happy New Year to the whole world as we rolled along!"

Jerry was amused and indulgent. "Don't you see," continued the girl, "we're all so used to thinking of events happening just where we are, and not following them on and on."

The idea rather gets you." "Around the world in 24 hours at New Year's. A zippy travelogue?"

But she was serious. "See here, Jerry, you and I are going to be married, soon, and I sort of hope we can, well, keep our thoughts up and off the ground."

"What an odd idea. Usually coming brides are chattering of linen and silver."

She pressed her hand on his arm. "Stop the horse a minute, please. There—let's both lean back and look up at the sky, and fill our eyes with stars, and space, and time-going-on. Maybe, if we drink deep enough," her voice was husky with feeling, "we won't get all tangled up with trifles. I'm a little afraid sometimes, of our days ahead, Jerry."

"Afraid?" The man's voice sounded hurt. "Only that I'll get a habit of low-visibility."

"You mean," Jerry leaned over to take her hands "you want always to remember that new happiness, new ways of thought, and New Years, go ringing around the world with the sun; that time does not circle around one small set of people or circumstances?"

"Yes, yes, Jerry! Let's make a pact together, now. Not to think little thoughts about little events that happen to our little selves."

"Fine. I'm with you!" "And to remind each another now and then, to stop, and get the true sense of time and space and world-bigness going on and on."

"Done, darling! New Year's resolution for a happy life: KEEP THE SUN, MOON AND STARS IN YOUR THOUGHTS . . . and you'll never be narrow-minded!"

Jerry kissed her. "Hear the bells ringing in town? Aren't they far and sweet?" whispered Marcia. "Midnight circling the world. New Year's in a minute!"

NEW YEAR'S BELLS

FROM the earliest times the ringing of bells has been employed as a method of announcing death, and the use of bells at New Year's eve symbolizes the death of the old year. In England it was formerly customary to ring muffled bells just before twelve, and at twelve to remove the wrappings and to allow the bells to ring loudly.

Candy Recipe

Creamy Chocolate Fudge
2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1/2 cup water
1 cup evaporated milk
1 cup granulated sugar
1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
Dash of salt
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup broken nut meats
Add chocolate to water and milk and place over low flame. Cook until mixture is smooth and blended, stirring constantly. Add sugars and salt, and stir until sugars are dissolved and mixture boils. Continue boiling without stirring until a small amount of mixture forms a very soft ball in cold water (232 degrees F.) Remove from fire; add butter and vanilla. Cool to lukewarm (110 degrees F.); then beat until mixture begins to thicken and loses its gloss. Add nuts. Turn at once into greased pan, 8 x 4 inches. When firm, cut in squares. Makes 18 large pieces.

Post Office

Mail Schedule in Effect September 28, 1936

Going North
Mails Close 7.20 a.m.
3.45 p.m.
Going South
Mails Close 11.40 a.m.
3.50 p.m.
6.20 p.m.
Office closes at 8.00 p.m.

Alaska Not Always in Zero Cold
On the southeastern coast of Alaska some winters go by without any zero temperatures, except at inland stations. Zero marks are scored less than twice a year at Juneau, on the average, and less than once a year at Sitka.—Gas Logic.

Invisible Taxes

"We cannot buy a stitch of clothing without the government's taking in taxes a part of the money we pay out. We cannot buy an ounce of food at our grocery store without being taxed to support the government. We cannot go to a movie, or to a baseball game, or ride in an automobile without this invisible tax arm of government reaching out and taking a part of the money we spend."—Alf M. Landon at Buffalo, N. Y., August 26, 1936.

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

Antrim Locals

Charles Fowler is ill at his home on Prospect street.

Miss Mary Swain has been ill at the home of her brother in Waltham, Mass.

William Vose and friends of Watertown, Mass., spent the week end at Gregg Lake.

Mrs. Virginia LaFrance visited over the week end with her sister, Mrs. Edward Moul.

Miss Eunice Newhall is seriously ill at Margaret Pillsbury hospital, where she is in training.

What about those New Year's resolutions? What the use bothering to make any to be broken the first week-end.

CAUTION!

Owing to the out-break of a contagious disease in a neighboring town, the schools of that town have been closed. The members of the Board of Education of Antrim implores the parents of Antrim to keep their children in this town to avoid exposure.

Myrtle K. Brooks
Arthur J. Kelley
Archie M. Swett

Ann Boleyn's Home
In St. Michael's square, Southampton, England, stands the red-tiled house in which Ann Boleyn lived with her royal lord, King Henry VIII, in 1518.

Perry's Naval Experience
By the time he was twenty-eight years old, Oliver H. Perry, immortalized for his victory on Lake Erie, not only had fourteen years of naval service to his credit but had been with Commodore Stephen Decatur in the fierce campaign of 1815 that ended the pirate terrorism along the Barbary coast.

Proctor Says:

Arthur Reynolds of South Lyndeboro brings in a small ten pound female bobcat for the bounty. He had a trap set for a fox and this cat got in. Cat was worth more than the fox.

Have you got your 1937 plates? They are out on the road. You can use your old ones till April but you can't drive on your old driving license.

It might be of interest to you all to know that I have located one of the pair of beavers that I planted in the town of Greenfield several months ago. They have gone about two miles from where I let them out and are well heeled in for the winter. We see popular trees cut in four foot length and about six inches through that they were taking down to their home. They have a small dam built but large enough for this winter. The second pair we have not located but the four may be all together.

Lee Russell of Tilton writes me a fine letter giving me many suggestions for winter feeding of birds and sends me a circular of ice creepers so I can make better progress on my ice walking trips. He said he used up over 50 pounds of suet last winter in what he calls suet logs. Take a round stick six inches in diameter and two feet long. All around the sides bore half inch holes an inch deep or more. Hang by a staple from a branch of a tree. Then watch the woodpeckers, nuthatches enjoy themselves. As a result of this feeding he has many pairs of birds making their summer homes with them.

The warm weather has brought out the raccoon, skunks, quill pigs and we might see a woodchuck if we hunted long enough.

St. I got a barrel of cards and was well socked and tied over the holidays. It's a wonderful thing to have a lot of nice grandchildren. On the other hand it's not so hot to have three boys that wear the same sized shirt that you do. It's a case of first come first served.

9¢ SALE

Starts SATURDAY ENDS WEEK FROM SATURDAY

<p>BRASSIERES Pure Silk and Satin 9c Plain or lace trimmed</p>	<p>20 oz. PITCHER 7 3/4 in. BOWL New Powder Blue 9c each piece</p>	<p>Felt Base Rugs 18 x 36 inch. Serviceable. 9c</p>
<p>PANTIES Novelty Weave Rayon 9c Several styles</p>	<p>Bonbon Dish Hand Painted China Useful 7 1/2 in. size 9c</p>	<p>Turkish Towels Choice of colors. 9c</p>
<p>Sanitary Napkins 12 in Box 9c Regulation napkin</p>	<p>WINDOW SHADES 9c Fiber, 3 x 6 feet ELECTRIC CORD SET 9c Fits standard appliances</p>	<p>Two-Cell Flashlight 9c Throws 200 foot beam. Batteries extra. 2 for 9c</p>
<p>Cleansing Tissue 250 Sheets in box 9c</p>	<p>RUBBER APRON 9c Saves clothes</p>	<p>Plate Glass Shelf 9c Brackets extra. 9c</p>
<p>TOILETRIES WAVE SET 9c Kitchen Hand Lotion 9c 4 POWDER PUFFS 9c</p>	<p>ENAMELWARE 9c 2 1/2 Qt. Sauce Pan 4 Qt. Utility Pan 4 Qt. Pudding Pan 11 in. Basin Trade sizes</p>	

Watch for our Big 4-page Circular!

DERBY'S

FRESH Chocolate Drops 9c Lb. FRESH JELLY BEANS 9c Lb.
HILLSBORO AND PETERBORO

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

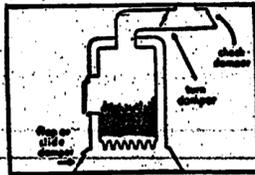
Clean Comics That Will Amuse Both Old and Young

Home Heating Hints

By John Barclay
Heating Expert

Getting Fire to Burn Briskly to Produce Quick Heat on Cold Mornings

WHAT a joy and comfort it is to get your home heated quickly on cold mornings! And how easily it can be done! Shake the grates gently. When a red glow appears in the ashpit, stop shaking. Next, open the ashpit damper and close the check damper until the fire burns briskly. Should fresh fuel be necessary, feed it on the fire in a thin layer. Give it time to burn well and heat the house, then add a full charge of coal. When the gases have burned off, reset the dampers for normal burning. This same rule applies should the fire get very low and almost burn itself out at any time. Be careful not to smother it with too much coal. Open the ashpit damper and close the check damper. When the fire again is burning brightly, shake the grates gently until the first red glow appears in the ashpit, add a full charge of fuel, allow the gases to burn off, reverse the dampers—close the ashpit damper and open the check damper. That's the way to save fuel and cut down trips to the cellar.



essary, feed it on the fire in a thin layer. Give it time to burn well and heat the house, then add a full charge of coal. When the gases have burned off, reset the dampers for normal burning.

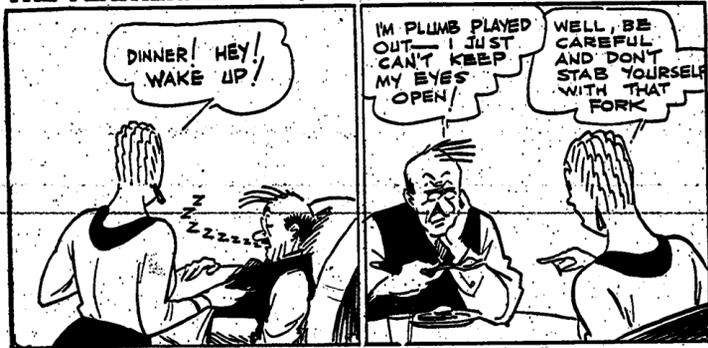
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In Nature's Refrigerator

Thousands of years ago, retreating northward with the ice, the mammoths of Europe, and Asia made a last stand in Siberia. Countless numbers bogged down in the soft, icy marshes, were frozen in the unthawing soil. They are occasionally discovered now, perfectly preserved for more than 10,000 years in nature's refrigerator; the hide, hair, flesh, even the remains of undigested meals in their stomachs; bunches of moss, grass, sedges and wild thyme unchewed in their mouths. Siberian farmers cut off chunks of the red flesh to feed their dogs. —Literary Digest.

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne
© Western Newspaper Union



The Sleuth - Never Sleeps

3 HOURS LATER

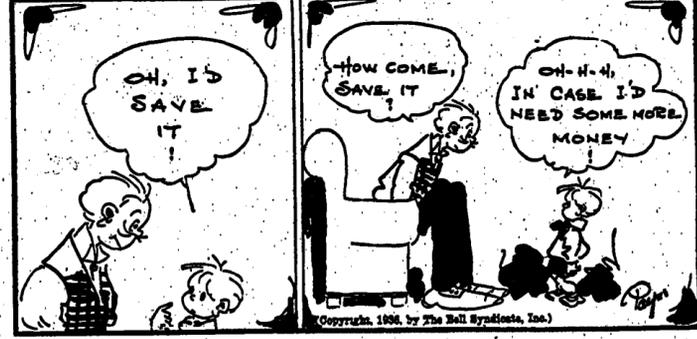


OS QUACK



SMATTER POP—Sure! Even Millionaires Have Rainy Days

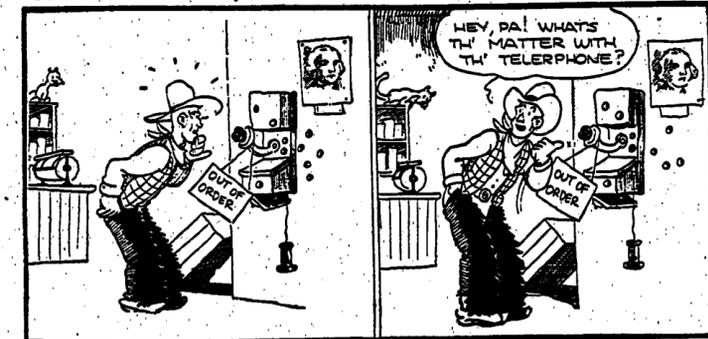
By C. M. PAYNE



MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY

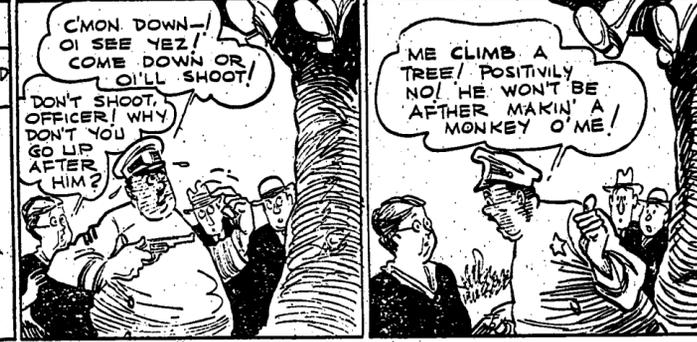
And the Line Was Busy



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin
© Western Newspaper Union

Branching Out

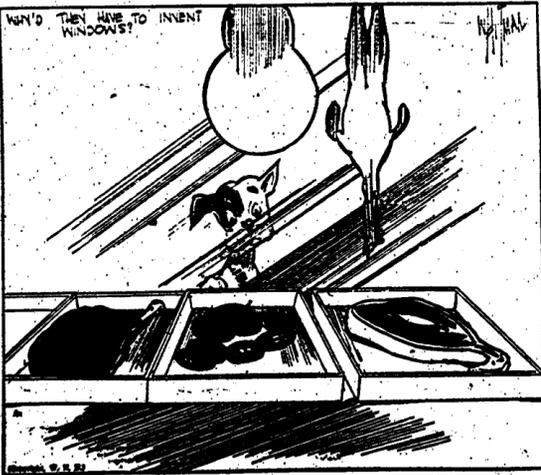


BRONC PEELER—B. Oliver Withers Disappears

By FRED HARMAN



The Curse of Progress



"Les Miserables" "That was a mournful picture they had on at the Picture House last night," said Gertie to her friend.

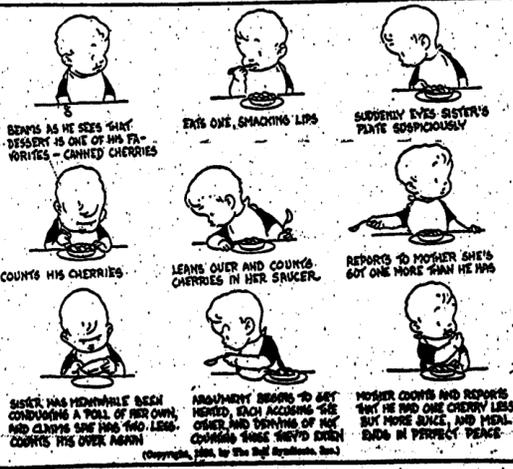
"Oh, was it?" "Yes, but I'm going to see a brighter one next time." "How do you know that for certain?" "Well, look! It says: 'Less Miserable.' " Birmingham Post.

Justice: Irate Visitor to Crofter — Look here, my man, one of your bees has stung me. What are you going to do about it? Crofter (calmly) — Well, if you could just p'int out the bee that did it I wad see that it was well punished.—Lewiston Journal.

Never Heard of It: Visitor — Is Miss Smallwood at home? Maid—Well, er, you see, she's in negligee now. Visitor—Can you give me her address there? I must get a letter to her right away.—Chelsea Record.

EVEN DIVISION

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



ONLY LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

will do these 3 things... and all for . . . 5¢

- 1 Clear your head
- 2 Soothe your throat
- 3 Help build up your ALKALINE RESERVE WHEN A COLD STRIKES!

Comfort of Friends. This is the comfort of friends, that though they may be said to die, yet their friendship and society are, in the best sense, ever present, because immortal.—William Penn.

REAL LIFE STORY



TIED ALL THE TIME SHE TOLD HIM WHAT TO DO

FEELS LIKE NEW! THANKS TO CLEVER WIFE..

HE wasn't himself. Had too many restless nights, too many tired days. Seemed to lose his ambition. But his clever wife was too smart to let this go on. She insisted that he try Nature's Remedy (N.R. Tablets) and he found out what a surprising difference it made to use a laxative of entirely vegetable origin. He didn't mind taking N.R.s at all, they were so gentle, and got-habit forming. They simply made him feel like a new man. Get a 25¢ box at any drugstore today.

HOTEL TUDOR

\$2 PER DAY

SINGLE ROOM - PRIVATE BATH

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

MORNING DISTRESS

is due to acid, upset stomach. Milnesia waters (the original) quickly relieve acid stomach and give necessary elimination. Each water equals 4 teaspoonfuls of milk of magnesia. 20¢, 35¢ & 60¢.

My Favorite Recipe

By Mrs. Thomas A. Edison

Cheese Souffle in Ramekins
 4 rounded tablespoonfuls of cheese, cut up.
 1 heaping cupful of fine bread-crumbs
 Full half cupful of milk.
 2 rounded tablespoonfuls of butter.
 1/2 teaspoonful of dry mustard.
 1/2 teaspoonful of salt.
 Sprinkle of cayenne.
 2-eggs.
 Boil the breadcrumbs in the milk, and then add the cheese, then the butter, already seasoned with the salt, mustard and cayenne, then the well-beaten yolks, then the whites beaten to a stiff froth. Bake in a buttered dish for twenty minutes in a moderate oven.
 Copyright.—WNU Service.

If You're Told to "Alkalize"

Try This Remarkable "Phillips" Way
 Thousands are Adopting



On every side today people are being urged to alkalize their stomach. And thus ease symptoms of "acid indigestion," nausea and stomach upsets.
 To gain quick alkalization, just do this: Take two teaspoonfuls of PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA 30 minutes after eating. OR—take two Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets, which have the same antacid effect.
 Relief comes almost at once—usually in a few minutes. Nausea, "gas"—fullness after eating and "acid indigestion" pains leave. You feel like a new person.
 Try this way. You'll be surprised at results. Get either the liquid "Phillips" or the remarkable, new Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets. Delightful to take and easy to carry with you. Only 25¢ a box at all drug stores.

ALSO IN TABLET FORM:
 Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

The Open Minded
 People should be taught that if they keep their minds open when they are young they will always keep them open, and that old age is only a summer holiday.—Miss Maude Royden.

CHILDREN SMILE

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

Have your child try Sunsol today. See how cheerfully he welcomes this pure Norwegian cod liver oil with the nasty, fishy taste and odor removed.
 Rich in Vitamins A and D. It provides all the benefits of cod liver oil without the old-fashioned fuss and unpleasant features.
 Try this modern, pure, easy-to-take cod liver oil in your home today. Children like it—write on it—impress with it. Ask your druggist for a bottle of Sunsol. If you are not completely satisfied, your money will be refunded.
 Sunsol Products, Chattanooga, Tenn.

SUNSOL

Watch Your Kidneys!

Be Sure They Properly Cleanse the Blood
YOUR kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as nature intended—fail to remove impurities that poison the system when retained.
 Then you may suffer nagging backache, dizziness, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, puffiness under the eyes, feel nervous, miserable—all upset.
 Don't delay! Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are especially for poorly functioning kidneys. They are recommended by careful users of the country over. Get them from any druggist.
DOAN'S PILLS

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
 By WILLIAM BRUCKART

Washington.—The Capital city has returned to normalcy. It is not the normalcy of January, 1935, or the years immediately preceding, but the normalcy of the year in which that quadrennial spectacle, an inauguration of a President, takes place. But Washington's normalcy is a condition that comes in cycles and it matters not how the wheel of life turns, those who are resident here get used to it and of necessity they take the condition in regular stride.
 That sounds like Washington residents are blasé. And they are to a greater extent than residents of most cities. But paradoxical as it may seem, native Washingtonians and a certain percentage of those in the political field become so excited that they lose all sense of proportion on occasions such as an inauguration ceremony. The answer seems to be personal vanity—a desire to be "out in front" and to "show off" by having important places in parades and having their names and pictures in the newspapers.
 But there is another side of this Washington normalcy. It is the side of the political powers who have little concern about the District of Columbia as such or what goes on therein unless those affairs strengthen the position these political powers hold among their constituencies "back home."

Hence, under the dome of the great Capitol building, there is all the activity of a bee hive. The old timers among the legislators have learned to proceed with caution and to develop their plans slowly, but the newer members of the house and senate are all agog, each one with his own pet idea for saving the nation; each one with a varying conviction about his own importance as a member of the national legislature, and each one determined not to overlook a single opportunity to show the folks back home that their representative or their senator has become a national figure.
 Then through the corridors, the halls, committee rooms and offices there are the hurrying feet of newspaper correspondents, representatives of this interest or that, messengers, and lowly members of the Capitol's vast staff of carpenters, cleaners and chow workers. They are, of course, important only as they make the Capitol habitable but they are an inescapable part of the picture of Washington normalcy.

"Downtown" Washington has another picture. In the executive departments, in the bureaus, commissions and agencies of which scores have come into being under the Roosevelt New Deal, there is intense activity. Policy makers of these various units make plans, study, confer, propose or reject ideas for consideration of the new congress and the administration heads. These fellows are less concerned about the folks back home than are the legislators. Their chief concern usually is perpetuation of their jobs, development of their units or agencies into places of such importance that the country cannot do without them. There is a personal interest hardly less to be condemned than that of the self-seeking politician.

On top of all of these—the governmental activities of the government—there is still another normalcy in Washington. It is the social side. Of course, all Washington society springs and has its being in White House reflection. From the great mansion at 1600 Pennsylvania avenue, there radiates every kind and condition of a social engagement. Outstanding—a man—these obviously after the inauguration of a President is the Chief Executive's dinner to his cabinet. A reception to the Supreme Court of the United States and the other members of the judiciary follows. In rapid order come receptions to the legislators, to the army, navy and marine corps, to the foreign diplomats resident here and all of these are interspersed with smaller official dinners in the great state dining room at the White House.
 In various sections of the city and in the hotels dinners, receptions, cocktail parties continue in ceaseless chains. And if the brutal statement must be made, the truth is that nearly every one of them has a purpose above and beyond personal enjoyment, but the selfish interest is quite frequently so deeply concealed that those who are being "cultivated" may not realize what the objective is.

These random observations have been presented chiefly to show the gloss and the glamor that is self-imposed upon the hundreds of persons who combine to make up what we know as government. They play, as they have a right to play,

They must have diversion. Frequently this diversion serves useful purposes for the country as a whole because through personal contact those charged with responsibility many times gain information, understanding, of the problems with which they must deal in official positions.
 And so it is that, as Washington returns to normalcy, we have a congress—the seventy-fifth—beginning its labors with perhaps a confusion as great as any in recent years with the exception of that which opened the first term of the Roosevelt administration. In my own mind, I doubt that the confusion of 1933 was as great as it is now because in that period of emergency, the important wheelhorses of government were concerned with only one thing, namely, quick enactment of policies that would help in bringing order out of the economic chaos in which we found ourselves.

The current congress gets down to work, however, in a different atmosphere. Agencies of the government time after time have held lately that the emergency is over; that policies considered now must be considered on a permanent basis and that if there is to be a new order, the make-up, the consistency, of that new order must be examined with the idea of fitting the various pieces into a compact and workable whole.

Time to Take Stock

It is in this atmosphere, therefore, and under the circumstances of an overwhelming landslide of votes by which President Roosevelt was returned to office that the administration must take stock of what has happened in the last four years and must analyze the prospects as far as the future discloses them.
 Probably the most serious long range problem confronting the country involves the relationship of government and business. For weeks, I have sought information and views of individuals concerning the real crux of this problem because it has so many different phases. From all of this research I am inclined to the opinion that the fundamental question to be answered is that peril that faces the portion of our people that have passed the age of forty-five.
 It may seem like a broad statement to pin down the relationship of government to business to that one question of what to do with workers above forty-five but I verily believe that is the crux.

It will have to be treated, briefly in these columns but nevertheless it seems to me that all of the growing howl about "social security" centers on this one point. It centers there because politicians and starry-eyed wishers have made so much noise about the government looking after the aged that a natural reaction has taken place in industry and, in consequence, there is a growing disinclination among employers to take on workers past forty-five.
 Under the whip of competition and in an effort to offset the costs of the present social security program, manufacturers everywhere have been looking for methods by which they can substitute machines for human workers. Where that was impossible, they have turned to younger workers so that the increase in protection per worker, according to the best calculations, is not all due to the use of machinery. Greater efficiency has come from the employment of people able to go at high speed throughout the working period.
 This development has been in progress in the manufacturing industries for at least 20 years but it has received its greatest impetus in the last three or four years since it became evident that the federal government was going to force upon commerce and industry protection for the older employees.

Federal Reserve board figures reveal that 16 years ago, nearly 70 per cent of all gainfully employed workers were in the basic industries while 30 per cent were employed in the professions and service groups mentioned above. Five years ago, 80 per cent were in the basic industries and 40 per cent in the professions and service industries while, at the beginning of 1936, about 57 per cent were in basic industries and the professions and service groups embraced about 43 per cent.
 From this it will be seen that an enormous transformation has been taking place in the type of work that people do. It represents, of course, changes in our national life, practices and traditions but who is there to say when and where this trend will half. Equally, what government authority can be able to say that social security laws enacted now will be applicable and workable by the time the Roosevelt administration ends?
 © Western Newspaper Union.

A Trio for the Younger Set



THREE more intriguing numbers than these would be hard to imagine—even in this day of rampant fashion and scintillating style! It's a trio that the younger set in The Sewing Circle will be enthusiastic about too, for first consideration is given them in—
Pattern 1936—This excellently styled jumper dress is one the tot of six and the lass of fourteen will sing long and loud over. It is a guaranteed delight for both mother and daughter because it's the simplest thing to sew and the most intriguing frock a child ever had. The puff of the sleeves and the flare of the skirt place a pretty accent on youth. Available for sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 1/4 yards of 35 inch material for the jumper and 1 1/2 yards for the blouse.
Pattern 1202—There's subtle loveliness about this new dress for all occasions. It makes a grand thing of simplicity—a brilliant success of the new silhouette. Buttons, bold shiny ones, add classic chic to the back. And in the matter of sleeves there's an opportunity to choose for oneself. Sheer wool, challis, taffeta or silk crepe will be a likely material for this dress. Designed for sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 2 1/4 yards of 54 inch fabric. With long sleeves 2 1/2 yards.
Pattern 1936—This is the season for smocks, although not the 'hunting season,' thanks to today's

new model, pictured here. This ideal smock obviates any further search, for indeed, in simple words it is the McCoy! Imagine the fun of having a smock that reflects one's own taste in its every detail—yes, even to the size and color of the scarf and buttons. Designed in sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 34 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39 inch material. The bow requires 1 1/2 yards of ribbon.
 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. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.
 © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Foreign Words and Phrases

Peu de chose. (F.) A small matter.
 Quid pro quo. (L.) One thing for another; an equivalent; tit for tat.
 Zeit ist geld. (Ger.) Time is money.
 Tout-a-fait. (F.) Entirely; altogether.
 Unter vier augen. (Ger.) Between four eyes; i.e., tete-a-tete.
 Si quaeris peninsulam amoenam, circumspice. (L.) If thou seekest a beautiful peninsula, behold it here; motto of Michigan.

Uncle Phil Says:

Today and Tomorrow
 Tomorrow is not yours, and it is yet uncertain whether it ever will be. Today is the only time which you can with the least shadow of propriety call your own.
 Of course we are all tintured more or less with pessimism, but it is as bad form to talk about it as it is to be a whooping optimist.
 One may manage difficult executive work perfectly, but if his disposition is fretful the work will kill him.
 One is not born with a conscience. It comes with the years.
Understanding and Knowledge
 Knowledge, without understanding, is as ineffective as steam before Watts discovered how it could be applied.
 Your friend is not the one who tells the truth about you, but conceals some of it. Bless his loyal heart!
 People perpetually pursuing thrills give you the impression of being hystericky or worse still—unbalanced.
 If men didn't have to think and worry over making a living, they would be handsomer.

ONLY 1¢ A NIGHT
 for eye-saving
LIGHT
 with
Coleman
 AIR-PRESSURE
Mantle LAMPS
 Protect your sight with this eye-saving Coleman light. No one can afford to be without it. Buy it from your local Coleman dealer. FREE Folder—Send Postcard Now!
 THE COLEMAN LAMP AND STOVE CO.
 Dept. W-17, Wichita, Kansas, Chicago, Ill., Philadelphia, Pa., Los Angeles, Calif.

A Purpose in Life
 We are escorted on every hand through life by spiritual agents, and a beneficent purpose lies in wait for us.—Emerson.

DON'T RUB YOUR EYES

Rubbing your eyes grinds invisible particles of dust and dirt right into the delicate tissues, making the irritation just that much worse. A much better way, as thousands have discovered, is to use a little Murine in each eye—night and morning. Murine may be depended on to relieve eye irritation because it is a reliable eye preparation containing 7 active ingredients of known value in caring for the eyes. In use for 60 years. Ask for Murine at your drug store.

QUIT
 The pleasant and quick way to make coughs quit is a Smith Brothers Cough Drop. (Two kinds—Black or Menthol—5¢.)
 Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A
 This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

IN THE HEART OF TIMES SQUARE
HOTEL SOMERSET
 150 West 47th St. • NEW YORK
 ONE BLOCK FROM RADIO CITY
Single Room with Bath \$2.00 UP
Double Room with Bath \$2.50 UP
 Just a Step from All Theatres, Shops and Business Activities

WINNING AMERICA!
 these delicious *Southern* soups

Altogether 17 Delicious Kinds
 VEGETABLE TOMATO
 PEA & BEAN
 CELERY & ONION
 ASPARAGUS
 BEEF SOUP
 MUSHROOM
 MULLIGATAWNY
 VEGETABLE BEEF
 CLAM CHOWDER
 PEPPER POT
 CHICKEN
 CHICKEN GUMBO
 WITH NOODLES

PHILLIPS DELICIOUS SOUPS

Delicious Southern SOUPS

