

# The Antrim Reporter

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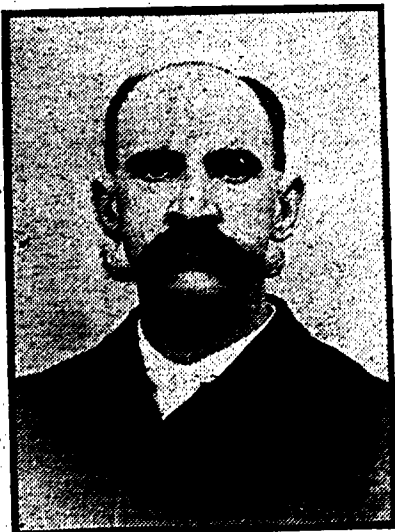
ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1937

5 CENTS A COPY

## "DO YOU REMEMBER?"

NO. 18

If some interested member of Waverley lodge, I. O. O. F., or Hand in Hand Rebekah lodge, in future years should write a history of these two organizations, the name of John R. Putney would occupy a prominent place. For many years



JOHN R. PUTNEY

Mr. Putney was an active worker in these organizations, holding office and being on many important committees. Mr. Putney conducted an undertaking business in Antrim for many years, enjoying the confidence and respect of his fellow townsmen.

### REPORTERETTES

One thing you can say about war: No soldier has dyspepsia.

The New York stock exchange seems to have lost the Roosevelt smile.

Roosevelt prosperity will last as long as the government doesn't run out of pump-priming.

It seems that the war we fought to end warfare and make the world safe for democracy has back-fired.

Maybe if the Japs grab off the western half of Siberia they will forget about us for the next century.

It is said that \$25,000,000,000 has vanished from the value of American securities during the past two months and somebody wants to know where it is. Perhaps it has gone into the "kitty" of the New Deal.

Secretary Hull is quoted as stating that any nation which elects a policy of isolation will pay an inexorable price for it. Yet it is likely that the price won't be as great as would be that of a policy of international buttinsky.

Is a citizen who "goes into politics" entitled to an office year after year for no other reason than that he is apparently unable to live comfortably out of office? Do the voters never desire a public officer who can do something successfully beside getting votes?

## Mr. and Mrs. John Burnham Given Farewell Reception By Townspeople

Last Monday evening, November 29th, over one hundred people gathered in the vestry of the Presbyterian Church for a farewell reception to Mr. and Mrs. John M. Burnham who leave town very soon to reside in the Hunt Home at Nashua.

Mr. and Mrs. Burnham were married just forty-two years ago last Sunday, November 28th, — which was Thanksgiving Day — and came to Antrim soon after, occupying the same house on Concord Street all these years. They have been well and favorably known throughout the town.

Rev. and Mrs. William McN. Kirtledge stood up with Mr. and Mrs. Burnham as they shook hands with the long line of friends as it wound through the parlor into the vestry proper, where all were seated and a program carried out. The male double quartet opened with two selections which were well received. Rev. William Weston, a former pastor, followed with pleasing remarks, after which he presented

each of the Burnhams with a gift of money on behalf of the members of the Methodist Church. Two numbers on the accordion by Miss Annie Lindsay of Bennington followed, and Rev. Ralph H. Tibbals spoke briefly of the high character of the couple. Charles Prentiss then spoke very appropriately and presented Mr. and Mrs. Burnham a purse of money on behalf of the townspeople; to this they responded most feelingly. The double quartet sang another selection, after which a few remarks were made by Mr. Kirtledge, and two more accordion selections ended the program, with the announcement that refreshments would be served. Mrs. Hunt and Mrs. Eldredge poured at the table where coffee, tea and wafers were served.

The presence of so many townspeople at the reception showed the high esteem in which these people are held. The best wishes of the community go with them to their new home.

### CLOUD JUICE

Very juicy and very leaky clouds passed over Antrim last month, and when the weather had shaken loose everything from up above that would let go, it moved off leaving behind a or a mess of statistics.

Some of the latter I found in a tin can which sits on my back stoop, a can which in moments of grandeur I call my rain gauge. This truthful tin can informs me that November leads the months with a rainfall of 7.69 inches, a yield three times what the books say is right. And the other months weren't so easy to beat, for from the first of May to the end of November Antrim caught it to the tune of 32.72 inches, nearly enough for a whole year as years run.

Here is what the voracious tin can says happened. Statistics are reputed to be dry but these aren't. No sir. They are as wet as a hole in the roof, and some of us have just found out how very wet that can be.

Rainfall in inches:	
May	4.92
June	6.73
July	2.76
August	3.09
September	3.73
October	3.80
November	7.69

Junius T. Hanchett.

### LOOK OUT FOR INFLATION

From official sources in Washington comes the familiar warning that private business will have to take up the slack caused by the proposed "tendency to curtail government by deficit financing through banks." That viewpoint comes from the Agricultural Department. In other quarters there is concern over the condition of the currency. A good many observers in the National Capital fear of inflation.

## Weekly Letter by George Proctor Fish and Game Conservation Officer

Listen to this raccoon story. One night this past week Roy Tuttle and Erland "Pete" Fry, local hunters, captured a raccoon that tipped the scales at 37 pounds. If that ain't a record, well I'll miss my guess.

And this one is even better. Alfred Bryer of Antrim was out the same night and got a raccoon with a bob tail and soon after a 26-lb. bobcat. All that in the wilds of his home town. He has a combination coon-cat dog.

That big bull moose seen at Conrad's ice house last Thursday afternoon has gone to Hell, that is he has gone to Purgatory which is situated in the town of Mt. Vernon. Fox hunters report that his signs are everywhere in that section.

A big buck deer with nine points and which when in his prime would weigh 250 lbs. was found dead in a well owned by L. M. Langdell, the well known auctioneer at Wilton Sunday. He had broken the plank and met his death.

Well Alfred Bryer of Antrim starts off the bobcat season with a nice big one but the cat was full of quills.

Boats stolen several months ago are beginning to show up. Got tired of using them and lets the owner paint and store them for the winter. Better pull your boat out onto dry land before it freezes in.

The first fall of snow and every one was out with skis. A whole line of cars with skis and skiers were much in evidence at Greenfield and Peterborough on Sunday last.

Talk about your Christmas presents, Mrs. Mary Keegan of Jaffrey Center has got a half dozen beautiful St. Bernard puppies. Just the right age to go. The mother had 16 in all and two years ago she had 22 in one litter. Nearly a record.

I have on hand a few bulletins for trappers pertaining to the setting of traps, where and when.

That last heavy rain bothered the beavers quite a bit in many of the places I planted them. It did not, however, injure any of the dams as they still are holding well.

A bunch of redhead ducks were seen at Otter Lake one day last week.

Is it going to be a hard, cold winter? According to a fellow I met in Milford Saturday I guess it's going to be. He had a full set of whistles and I asked him if he was going to join the House of David. No, he said he was going to Dublin for a visit and was getting prepared. Boy that set of spinach would be worth a million in Alaska.

There is a strict law now with teeth in it that you cannot run your trap line after dark.

Talk about your good disposition I picked up a big doubled pawed male cat the other day. Put him into a bag and carted him about 20 miles. When he walked out of the bag he was singing at the top of his voice and did not seem to mind the bagging he got. He has a good home.

Last week some one in Hancock thought they saw that Puma or Mountain Lion which was seen in Stoddard the week before. It might have been a big cat however.

We know of one man who has been blaming the hunters and trappers for catching his cats but one day last week he saw what's becoming of his cat population. Hearing a piercing yell behind his barn he looked out a rear window just in time to see a big fox carrying off another young cat. Foxes do love kittens and will go into a barn or shed to get one if he knows there is no dog around.

We know of one fellow who is glad to see the cold weather. He is very much afraid of snakes and

skunks and he knows he won't meet them with snow on the ground.

It's a good idea to have your name and address stamped on the brass on the dogs collar. Many of the towns in this section have adopted a tag that slips over the strap and cannot be lost unless you lose the strap.

Never take in a dog and harbor it unless you advertise it in the nearest newspaper at least three times. Also notify the local police that you have the dog and the nearest Game Warden. Failure to do all this may result in a good stiff fine.

## THE REPORTER'S RECIPE COLUMN

by HELEN RICHARDSON

### HERMITS

1 cup shortening  
1 1/2 cups sugar  
3 eggs  
1 tsp. soda  
3 tsp. water  
3 cups flour  
1 1/2 ts. salt  
1 tsp. each of cinnamon, clove, nutmeg  
1 1/2 cup raisins (cut)  
1 cup nut meats (broken)  
vanilla  
Mix all together and drop from spoon on to cookie sheet. Bake about 15 mins. in moderate oven.

### LIMA BEAN ESCALLOP

1 1/2 cup lima beans (dry) soaked over night  
1 tsp. salt  
2 tbs. chopped green pepper  
1 cup water  
1 small onion chopped  
1 cup celery chopped  
1 can tomato soup  
1 cup bread crumbs  
Cover beans with boiling water, cook until tender. Combine all in ingredients and bake in casserole. Cover with bread crumbs and strips of bacon before putting in oven.

### COFFEE SOUFFLE

1 1/2 cups coffee (cold)  
1/2 cup milk  
1/2 cup sugar  
1 tbs. gelatine  
1 tsp. salt  
3 eggs  
1 tsp. vanilla  
Mix coffee, milk and half of sugar, add gelatine and heat. Stir constantly, add remaining sugar to beaten egg yolks. Add to first mixture and cook until it thickens. Take from stove, add egg whites beaten stiff and vanilla. Pour into molds and chill. Serve with whipped cream.

### ANTRIM LOCAL ITEMS

Mrs. Mary Temple is staying with Mrs. Annie Smith this winter.

The Senior Class of Antrim high school will sell home baked beans every Saturday. 35c delivered, 30c if called for. Orders must be in by Friday night. Call 21-2 or 22-2.

The Antrim Basket Ball team opened the season last Friday evening by defeating the Greenfield Town Team by a score of 34 to 14, and Tuesday evening defeated Hancock 20 to 16.

## THE ANNUAL ELECTION OF OFFICERS OF THE W.C.T.U.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union held their annual election of officers for the ensuing year on Tuesday afternoon. The officers are as follows: President, Mrs. B. J. Wilkinson; Vice Presidents, Mrs. Herbert E. Wilson and Mrs. Estelle Speed; Treasurer, Mrs. Fred A. Dunlap; Secretary, Mrs. Cora B. Hunt; Assistant Secretary, Mrs. Rose Poor.

The Union will send comfort bags to the inmates of the Naval Hospital and Naval prison at Portsmouth as usual and would be glad of gifts or money to help fill these bags. twenty-five were sent last year. Hand gifts to Mrs. Goodell or Mrs. Wilkinson.

The Union will also send gifts to the inmates of the County Farm and Hospital at Grasmere; aprons and handkerchiefs, etc., for the women, and handkerchiefs, neckties, garters, etc., for the men. Any gift will be welcome that will make Christmas brighter for these who have so little. Magazines are solicited for Portsmouth and for Grasmere; these may be left with Mrs. Emma S. Goodell or will be called for if notified. Gifts for the comfort bags or for the Grasmere Christmas tree must be sent early, December 18th.

Thanking every one who has helped make it possible in previous years to make these people happier. We trust you will again assist in making this a Merry Christmas.

### LET DOWN IN BUSINESS

Recent business financial charts have shown a downward trend in trade and commerce. Now the Government surveys state that the national income will probably be less than the estimated \$69,000,000,000 for 1937. Prices and buying power of farm products have declined, says the Department of Agriculture.

The Government admits that there is a "recession" but the official economists think it is "temporary." Whenever the Government slumps it usually lays its shortcomings on the major movements in private industry.

At the present time the national situation shows what the Government calls "hesitant buying" by consumers. Of course this means that stocks will pile up in wholesale and retail places and in factories.

## CARLL & FLOOD

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### Heaters Installed

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1. A generous assortment of "He-Man" practical gifts to choose from.
2. Packed as you wish in an attractive box....at no extra charge.
3. An opportunity to shop wisely, at leisure—without the tiring crush of the city crowds.
4. The privilege of easy exchange after Christmas, should it be necessary.
5. Prices within reason for gifts of quality.

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HILLSBORO, N. H.

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ANTRIM, New Hampshire

## GRANITE STATE GARDENER

By J. R. Hepler, Associate Horticulturist, New Hampshire University

### Cauliflower

Perhaps the most difficult to grow of all the different members of the cabbage tribe is cauliflower, a id yet when it grows right, it is so beautiful that few people can resist buying it. Its beauty on the fruit stand and its high food value make cauliflower the queen of the cabbage family. Cauliflower has many culinary uses. The housewife likes cauliflower particularly for relishes and pickling purposes. It is also used raw in salads, and it is cooked in a number of ways. Creamed cauliflower is a very popular dish. There is, therefore, a year around call for cauliflower, but the biggest demand is in the canning season.

Cauliflower is far more particular as to its temperature and soil requirements than any other of the cabbage group. It will not stand any hot weather at all, and during the season of 1937 the supply of September cauliflower was exceptionally scarce because of a hot July and August. The cauliflower just quit growing and waited until the weather got cool before it started

making heads. Early in November, I picked the most beautiful cauliflower, heads of medium size and nice and white, really a delight to look at. Cauliflower apparently stands as much frost as cabbage.

Pure white cauliflower is absolutely necessary for best market use and in the summer the cauliflower grower ties the leaves over the head to shield it from the sun's rays. If the head is allowed to open it will turn greenish or purple and be unfit for use. A curious thing is that when the weather gets cold the center leaves hug the cauliflower head very tightly and seem to try to protect it from freezing. Cauliflower maturing after the first of October need not be tied up to develop white heads.

The Snowball and Dwarf Erfurt are among the varieties of cauliflower that are best suited to culture in New Hampshire. Probably the success of your cauliflower will be due more to the cultural conditions, rich soil, and right temperature, than it will to the variety or strain you select, provided an early standard variety is chosen.



# What S. Cobb Thinks about

Sports Broadcasters.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—Somebody said that there were always two big sporting events—the one Graham McNamee saw and the one that actually took place.

But, alongside the present sports broadcasters, Graham's wildest flight would sound like the dulcet twitters of a timid love bird as compared with the last ravings of John McCullough.

Coaches brag of the lowered percentage of serious football accidents this fall. But oh, think of the radio descriptionists who'll wind up the season suffering from nervous exhaustion, wrecked vocal chords, violent rush of loud words to the mouth, complete collapse, even madness.

You'll be passing the rest cure sanitarium, and, as the windows burst outward, you'll hear pouring forth something like this:

"Oh boy, boy! with one tremendous burst, Irish Goldberg is jamming his way from the red back line right through the black interference! Nothing can stop him!"

But don't get worked up. What you hear is merely a convalescent microphone orator mentioning a checker game between two fellow-inmates and reverting to form.



Irvin S. Cobb

## Virtues in Snakes.

SOMETHING I said recently about the folly of killing every snake on sight, without investigating the snake's character, brought a flock of letters from readers who don't like snakes.

Even a so-called venomous snake may have his better side. In Kansas, in the old local option days, you could get a drink only on a doctor's prescription, excepting in case of dire emergency, such as a snake bite. So every properly run drug store kept a rattlesnake on the premises to serve the citizenry. And the only time a drug store rattler ever refused to bite a thirsty stranger was when he was all worn out from accommodating the regular local trade.

And what though it was a snake that led Eve astray in the garden of Eden? He may have brought sin into the world, but wouldn't we have missed a lot of spicy reading matter in newspapers if he hadn't?

Yep, I plead guilty to thinking an occasional charitable thought for any decimated and vanishing group. I feel that way about old line Republicans and mustache cups and red woolen pulse-warmers.

## Political Predictions.

WE TAKE the opportunity to announce that the Literary Digest, or rather its literary successor, will not conduct a poll on next year's congressional and state elections. The burnt child dreads the poll.

Let others go around taking straw votes, but, the way the Digest folks feel now and, in fact, have felt ever since last November, they wouldn't start a canvass to prove that two and two make four. Because, look here—what if it should turn out that two and two merely make some more Marx brothers or a double set of Siamese twins?

Anyhow, the business of basing cocksure predictions on half-cocked estimates doesn't seem to be flourishing these days. Figures don't lie, but the citizens who furnish the figures may do so, either unintentionally or just for the sake of a laugh. The rise of candid camerazoning—say, we just thought up that word—proves that a photograph of things as they are is mightier than a lot of loose statistics predicated on what the voters may or may not do—and probably won't, when the time comes.

## Forgotten Stars.

ONCE interviewers clamored for a hearing and her face was on half the magazine covers and her name in letters of flaming light above all the marquee. Once impressive tycoons catered to her temperamental whims; press agents waited upon her, courtiers attending a queen. Autograph seekers besieged her then, while now only bill collectors desire her signature—and they'd like to have it on a check. Speak of her to the newer generation, and somebody will say, "Who? Spell it, please."

She is all through, all washed up. But, like the deaf husband whose wife has slipped, will be the last person in town to hear the news. Having traveled a road which issues mighty few round-trip tickets, she still dreams of a come-back. She is the most tragic and the most pitiable figure—and one of the most common—to be found in this place called Hollywood. She is one of the host, men and women, who, ten years ago, or even five, were glittering stars in movieland.

IRVIN S. COBB.

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# Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted  
By WILLIAM BRUCKART  
NATIONAL PRESS BLDG. WASHINGTON D. C.

Washington.—"The best laid plans of mice and men" will go off at a tangent, it seems, even when one political party is numerically in supreme control of the national government.

President Roosevelt called congress into extra session with very definite objectives outlined, and he repeated them in his regular message on the state of the Union. He wanted crop control legislation for relief of agriculture and he wanted wages and hours controlled by federal statute for the relief of labor. But congress, or a part of it, has turned out to be a balky mule. It has one foot out of the traces already and the driver is having a lot of trouble to keep the animal hitched.

The above is by way of saying that scores of Democratic members of the house and many senators with seats on the majority side have come back from a summer on the hustings quite convinced that it is not popular with the voters to be a rubber stamp. I do not mean by that statement that the President, has lost control of his party machinery, or that he can not crack the whip and get things done; I mean that instead of having a few recalcitrants within his own party to deal with, he now has many, and members of congress are about like coyotes—their courage increases as their number increases.

It might be mentioned in passing that at least half a dozen Democratic members of the house have come back from home with plans to run for their party's nomination to the senate next year. The reason given by those with whom I have talked is almost the same in each instance. The incumbent senator who is up for re-election has been too much of a New Dealer. "Our people are calling for something besides rubber stamps." These potential senatorial candidates have records showing opposition to the President in some vitally important New Deal policies while supporting him wholeheartedly in other phases of his program.

No one can say how far this movement will get, but anyone who has observed congresses perform in other cases where the President was in his second term can not dismiss the circumstance as without significance. It is the usual practice for sitting members of the house and senate to stick close to the President, as party leader, in his first term—because they must seek re-election with his support. But now many of them regard President Roosevelt as through and they are starting early to make their record look good to the voters whom they will canvass next year.

These few paragraphs above must serve to introduce evidence of a much deeper fact. In many important places and in many powerful or influential men in congress one hears frequent references and observations to this effect: If Mr. Roosevelt is going to retain his control of the party and carry through on the propositions which he will make from time to time, he must cast aside a part, at least, of his radical advisers and the schemes they concoct.

As I related, the President outlined his objectives for the special session. Two or three years ago, they would have been received by the representatives and senators with loud acclaim, with ballyhoo. But in the first few weeks of the extra session, there has been just as much condemnation as there has been approval.

Nor can we overlook another phase of the situation. Not only have many of the men at the capital declined to affirm the President's propositions; they have gone in the other direction. They have offered programs of their own. They are prepared to battle for them. In politics, that sort of a thing often has proved fatal to the plans of the man who then occupied the White House. It may not turn out that way this time but there are many observers are sure the President is going to be forced into accepting some things he did not want or does not want just now.

Take the question of taxes, for instance. Rightly or wrongly, the President is being blamed for the current business depression and criticism of this sort is rolling up like a snowball going down hill. It is being said that two tax levies are being forced through congress are largely responsible. The tax on undivided profits of corporations and the capital gains tax are used as horrible examples of these unsound policies fostered by Mr. Roosevelt. Well, the President is responsible to the extent that he approved of them. They were the product, however, of some of the dozen or so peck-a-boo artists to whom the President frequently has listened as advisors.

I think it has been generally demonstrated that the two taxes in question have been ruinous, especially to the small business. It is equally true, I believe, that business must be given some consideration if it ever is to get on a sound basis again and that it ought to share attention of legislators with labor leaders even though business has fewer votes. In any event, the burdens which the New Deal admittedly has placed on business are serving as the springboard for a part of the Democratic majority. They can properly fight for these things—and easily be too busy to push the President's program through.

So the President's plans have gone astray. They may remain that way, or they may go even further, depending upon how long the backward slide of business continues. Of one thing, you may be sure. Partly through his own fault and partly through the fault of the type of advisors with which he has surrounded himself, Mr. Roosevelt does not have the confidence of as many members of the legislative branch as he formerly held.

It is a little early to attempt a report on prospects for the regular session of congress that convenes in January.

Yet, since it is quite evident there will be nothing in the current extra session beyond crop control legislation—if even that—I believe we might look forward a bit. One of the things now evident is the position congress will take on relief for destitute and unemployed. I believe I see a battle coming in that direction.

It has been apparent during the last two years that congress was dissatisfied with the relief system built up by Secretary Ickes and the professional reliever, Harry Hopkins, works progress administrator. The requirements, especially for the Hopkins machine, have been met with what has come to be called "blank check" appropriations. That is, congress has passed a bill appropriating two billions or three billions or whatever was thought necessary by Mr. Hopkins. It was just as simple as that. Congress had no strings on the money, seldom was told a great deal of the details. It was money to feed and clothe the destitute.

Now, however, some observers think they detect a change. They believe they see signs that congress will put an end to the "blank check" method of handling relief. As far as anyone knows now, the President again will ask for a huge sum to be distributed for relief through Mr. Hopkins—and that is when the battle lines will form.

Congress, therefore, will be faced again with appropriation demands to provide food and clothing and likely the request for the funds will come from Mr. Roosevelt as heretofore—for a lump sum. If the number favoring the dolé grows to any considerable extent, there may be a reversal of policy whether the President wants it that way or not. You see, in an election year (and all house members and 30-odd senators face election canvasses again next year) it is nice to be able to say to the voters that they are receiving something at the hands of their representative or their senator.

The candidates can justify a break with the President easily, and with business sliding backward as is the case now, there will be plenty of relief needed for unemployed again. The voters can be told that they are being given charge of these relief expenditures and that they no longer will have to watch Washington bureaucrats waste the taxpayers' money. On the horizon, therefore, it is possible to see the line of cleavage between the New Deal and the old line Democrats leading to elimination of the dangerous lump-sum appropriation and a restoration of local administration into the hands of local authorities.

There is one further consideration in the general relief situation that attracts attention. I think it is reasonable to assume that the far-flung relief machine which Mr. Hopkins has built up is permeated to the core with political appointments. It is only the usual political procedure and is not confined to the present national administration. Assuming, therefore, that there is such a political machine, it is hardly open to question that it is a Roosevelt machine. The picture then becomes clear: since numerous members of the house and senate want to control their own political destinies, they want control of the organizations for relief in their own jurisdictions. Further, if Mr. Roosevelt should want to seek a third term nomination, those Democrats who want to oppose him would be quite powerless if they had to sit idly by and witness Roosevelt delegates picked from their own stronghold.

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"AREN'T the dolls beautiful?" exclaimed Joan to her mother, as she gazed upon the finished product of the "Two Little Dolls in Blue" which Dorothy May had ordered from Santa Claus. "They are quite the loveliest I have ever seen," spoke mother. "I do believe that you have put your very heart and soul into their fashioning."

Joan had spent many days and nights, too, stitching a loving holiday thought into each tiny garment. The dainty materials had been transformed into things of beauty. The dresses of pale blue silk with bonnets and slippers to match, had proclaimed them the "Two Little Dolls in Blue!"

"Oh, won't Dot love them!" beamed Joan, as she again eyed the dolls from head to foot with a happy smile of complete satisfaction.

"I dare say this will be her happiest Christmas, one that she will never forget," said mother.

Christmas eve, with its bright lights and cheer, was in full progress, and the two little dolls in blue were being fondled by one of the happiest little girls in the world.

Rocking in her own tiny chair Dorothy May began singing a lullaby to the dollies, wholly oblivious of the attendant surroundings. It was such an adorable sight that the others had stopped their celebrations and were beaming upon her with transformed emotion.

The spell was broken when Dorothy May suddenly stopped singing and called out, "What shall I name the 'two little dolls in blue'?"

"Well," said Joan, smiling thoughtfully, "since they are dressed in blue and are two very important little ladies, why not call one Alice Blue and the other Eleanor Blue?" And so the dolls were named.

On Christmas morning in another house around the corner, Bonny Jean awoke with the joy of the holiday and shouted, "Mother, did Santa come and did he bring me a big baby doll with curls and eyes that open and shut?"

"Yes, dearie, Santa came and brought you a very pretty doll."

Then spying it, seated beneath the tree dressed in scarlet finery, Bonny Jean clasped it to her breast. Upon close inspection she soon learned that it was the same sort of doll she had always received, only with new features.

Just as she was about to burst into protest at her bitter disappointment there came a rap upon the door and a kindly neighbor was saying, "Merry Christmas." Then with a happy smile—

"What is the matter, little girl? Hasn't Santa Claus come yet?"

"Oh, yes, he came, but he brought me the same old rag doll again. I thought sure it would be a real one this year, because I'm nine, you see."

"Oh, I am so sorry," said Dorothy May, with true feeling and thinking of the two beautiful dolls which Santa had left for her. Then with a happy Christmas thought, she whispered something very lovely to her mother.

They all went right over to the big house on the hill nestled under its burden of Christmas snow. Bonny Jean forgot all about the rag doll when she glimpsed the great tree through the holly wreaths in the window. But when she saw the two little dolls in blue sitting beneath it her joy was unbounded. She clasped her hands and danced with glee. "Such darling dolls!" she gasped, breathlessly.

"Their names are Alice Blue and Eleanor Blue," said their little mistress, proudly.

"I want to give you one of them, Bonny Jean; which do you like?"

With unbelievable surprise, her eyes fairly dancing with joy, she clasped the beautiful doll in her arms and asked, "Is it—really—mine—for—keeps?"

"Really and truly for keeps," said Dot.

Dorothy May explained it all to her mother after the happy little girl had left, that somehow she just did not miss Eleanor Blue very much when she saw how happy she had made Bonny Jean.

In her heart she felt that it was truly "more blessed to give than to receive," and hugging the one little doll closely, she whispered, "Merry Christmas, Alice Blue."

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# In Step With Santa Claus



KEEPING up with the Joneses is easy—it's keeping up with Santa Claus that has Sew-Your-Own in stitches currently. We got a peek at his wares, though, and frankly we copied some of his artistry. (You can see for yourself there's a "Christmasy look" about today's trio of fashions.) And happily you can do more than look and wish—you can make them realities the easy way: just sew, sew, Sew-Your-Own!

Cute and Cozy. Look your prettiest in leisure or on the job in the lusciously feminine house jacket (young sister to the house coat) above, left. Santa Claus has ordered thousands of these for feminine friends in his good graces and you know S. C. usually shows impeccable taste in gifts. In handsome silk crepe or very lightweight corduroy it is as cozy as a love seat before an open fire. Make it either in the short length (see inset) or regular dress length.

Feminine Flattery. Polish yourself off in a brilliantly styled new frock for the holidays just ahead. Sew-Your-Own's newest success (above center) will be your success once you wear it in the public eye. It is most gifted in its distinctive design, below-waist slimmness, and all-of-a-piece simplicity. Make your version the very essence of chic in sheer wool or satin, in your most flattering color.

A Blouse or Two. Tops in the fashion picture just now is that friendly little item—the blouse. A completely engaging one is shown here for women who sew. Wear it tucked in or peplum style. And here's a practical idea: you have a choice in sleeve lengths. For variety's sake, why not make the long sleeved model in silk crepe for dress; the short sleeved one in jersey for sports and all occasion wear?

The Patterns. Pattern 1412 is designed for sizes 32 to 42. Size 34 requires 4½ yards of 39-inch material and ½ yard for contrast. Short length requires 4½ yards. Pattern 1394 is designed for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch fabric. Pattern 1417 is designed for

## CONSTIPATED?

What a difference good bowel habits can make! To keep food wastes soft and moving, many doctors recommend Nujol.



INSIST ON GENUINE NUJOL

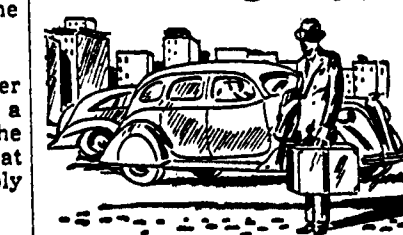
Keats' Epitaph  
Keats asked that the following inscription be placed on his grave: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

## FOR THAT COUGH KEMP'S BALSAM

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Buy Direct from Manufacturer at  
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FOR EVERY TYPE OF YARN  
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WNU-2 48-37

## Were you ever alone in a strange city?



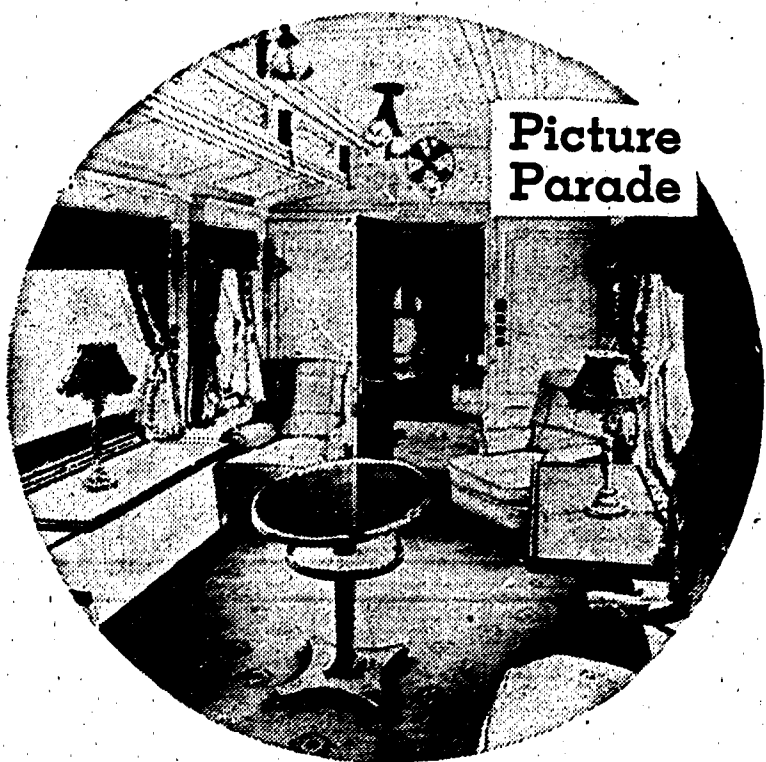
If you were you know the true value of this newspaper. Alone in a strange city. It is pretty dull. Even the newspapers don't seem to print many of the things that interest you. Headline stories are all right, but there is something lacking. That something is local news.

For—all good newspapers are news especially for their local readers. News of your friends and neighbors is needed along with that of far off places. That is why a newspaper in a strange city is so uninteresting. And that is why this newspaper is so important to you. NOW is a good time to get to...

KNOW YOUR NEWSPAPER



## Royalty Rolls on the Rails



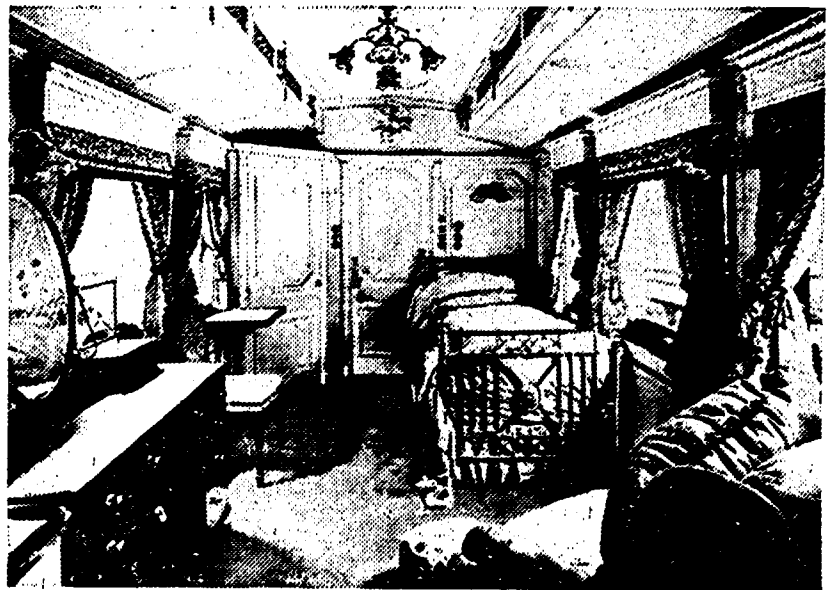
King George VI of England need sacrifice none of the comforts of home aboard the royal train, as indicated by his own compartment, shown above. Part of the equipment consists of two folding wall-tables set beside the unusually wide windows in the center of the room, which occupies the car's full width.



LITERALLY a rolling Buckingham Palace is the royal train of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth ride. These pictures, the first ever taken of the State train, show the various suites occupied by the royal couple. All the compartments are beautifully paneled in mahogany with inlays of rosewood and satinwood, and each is luxuriously fitted. The furnishings are in Chippendale style.

The queen's quarters are as dainty as she might wish. Her day compartment is shown above. At the right is her dressing room and bath; the tub lid, which folds down when not in use, provides a streamlined touch to the compartment.

In the circle at the right is shown the king's dressing room and bath. The tub occupies the covered section to the left. Beyond the open door is his bedroom.



Queen Elizabeth sleeps peacefully and comfortably in the above compartment as she travels aboard the royal train. The entrance door is in the center background, beside the bed which occupies a corner of the room. Note the charm of the Chippendale furnishings.



In these two coaches the royal couple journeyed to Scotland.

## Sharing Christmas



by  
Jocile Webb Pearson

I AM a happy little tree. I stand beside the front entrance of a white cottage on a quiet street. Each Christmas time I bloom out in beautiful colored lights, and all who pass share my beauty and catch something of the joy of Christmas.

But I was not always happy like this. Once I lived in a great forest, surrounded by trees so tall I could only catch a glimpse of the blue sky above me, and I felt very small and lonely. I, too, wanted to be tall; to look out on the big world like the others and feel the sun shining through my branches. I would stretch out my limbs as far as I could, and send my roots deeper into the earth, but my progress was so slow I grew discouraged.

One day I saw a man and a boy coming through the forest. The man carried something over his shoulder and they seemed to be looking for something. Then the boy saw me and cried: "Look, father, there is just the tree we want." He ran over to me and fairly hugged me in his eagerness. The man looked me over. "Fine," he said. But when he began digging with the thing he had carried on his shoulder I began to tremble. I felt my roots snap one by one and soon I lay a tumbled heap on the ground. Life seemed over for me.

Next I was tied to a funny looking thing on wheels, that sputtered and growled when the man and boy climbed in and we started off down a twisty little road that wound through the forest, then out on a big shining highway until we came to a wide driveway that led through a sloping lawn to a white cottage.

Here I was untied and put into a large earthen jar filled with sand and carried into the house, and set in a corner of a big room beside a sunny window. Oh, the joy of having the sun on my branches. I began to feel less scared and to look about me.

In a big mirror opposite I could watch the man as he fastened me upright. Then he put a string of



Two Little Faces Pressed Against the Window Pane.

lights from my top to my toe, whistling softly as he worked. Then I heard a door open and a rush of feet—a little boy and a girl dashed into the room crying: "Mamma, come quick, and see our Christmas tree." They clapped their hands and danced about me. Soon the mother came with a box filled with shining lovely things and my plain green dress was covered with sparkling jewels. I hardly dared look in the mirror for I remembered I was only a humble tree after all, and what I saw could not be me at all; but the great silver star on my topmost branch made me feel very happy. I seemed to draw courage from just looking at it.

After a time I was left to myself. I was glad, as I needed to rest up a bit and get used to my strange surroundings. It grew dark outside and snow was falling; but inside my star shone and a quiet peace came over me.

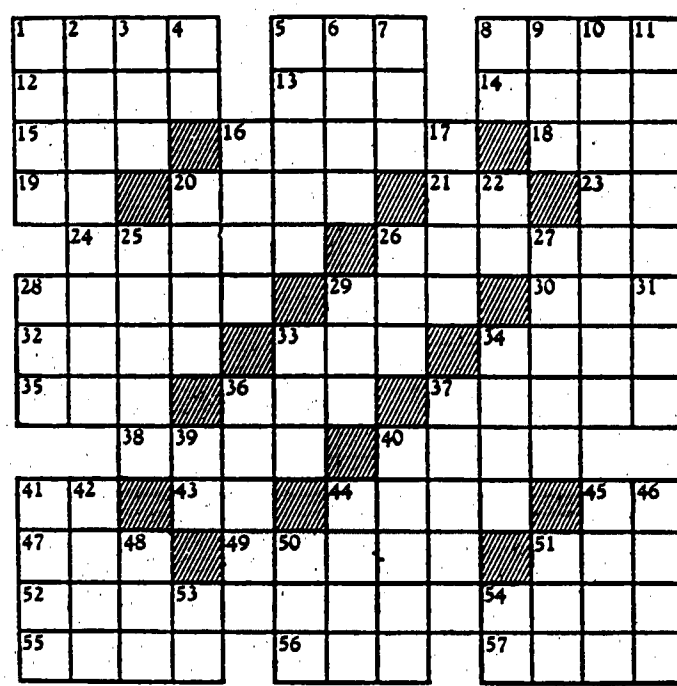
Then once more the doors opened and a merry group of people came in. This time there were Father and Grandfather and Grandmother, too; and Mother leading the little boy and girl. Everyone was saying how lovely I was; but I did not want them to look at me. I wanted them to see two little faces outside pressed against the window pane. The boy saw them first. "Look, Daddy, Mamma!" he shouted and pointed to the window. "There are two children out there. Bring them in, Daddy; give them some of our Christmas." And the little girl clapped her hands and cried: "Oh, do, Daddy, it's cold out there!"

When they were brought in looking rather scared, but glad, I was so happy I almost shook my baubles off. Then Mother made music on a big box with shining keys and everyone sang Christmas carols. Then Father told the old story of the Shepherds and the Star that led to the Christ Child. Then a jolly man with a red coat and a pack on his back gave everyone presents, including the little strangers. There were candies and nuts, plenty for all, and such a babble of happy voices. I felt the thrill of it myself and the big star glowed in sympathy.

© Western Newspaper Union.

## CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

No. 34



(Solution in Next Issue)

## HORIZONTAL

- 1—To mock
- 2—Chart
- 3—Coy
- 4—Dye plant
- 5—Sheep
- 6—Ripped
- 7—Poetic; frequently
- 8—Extent of variation
- 9—Napkin
- 10—French article
- 11—Mines
- 12—Preposition
- 13—Exist
- 14—Marked by showers
- 15—To clean thoroughly
- 16—Suffered
- 17—Exclamation of disgust
- 18—To seize
- 19—Empty
- 20—Passing fancy
- 21—Latvian port
- 22—Before
- 23—To seize
- 24—Gems
- 25—Sailor
- 26—Chair coverings
- 27—Dress
- 28—Through or by
- 29—To make eyes

## VERTICAL

- 1—Prison (British spelling)
- 2—Minor
- 3—Small piece
- 4—Spanish article
- 5—Pithy
- 6—Grain beads
- 7—Wooden pin
- 8—By

## 9—To plunder

- 10—Card game
- 11—Goddess of youth
- 12—Fruit skin
- 13—To engrave
- 14—Varied in color
- 15—Conjunction
- 16—Foreign
- 17—Mournful
- 18—Concord
- 19—Hall
- 20—Drinking place
- 21—Evil
- 22—Suitable
- 23—To bring up
- 24—Self-evident truth
- 25—Fluffy silk
- 26—Type unit
- 27—Arctic
- 28—Elliptical
- 29—Elegant
- 30—Rate of speed
- 31—Earthy deposit
- 32—Gaelic
- 33—Consumed
- 34—Soft food
- 35—Child's game
- 36—Exist
- 37—Thus

## Puzzle No. 33 Solved:

MASS	ABOVE	CAUSE
ABOVE	PICTURE	CAUSE
REIN	BATED	AVANT
CALORIE	ARMED	AVANT
EDUCATION	ADDRESS	
NET	STERN	SABOT
INTER	STATION	YORE
SALAD	MASTER	YORE
EPICUREAN	STAFF	YORE
SALAD	STAFF	YORE
NET	STERN	SABOT
INTER	STATION	YORE
SALAD	MASTER	YORE
EPICUREAN	STAFF	YORE
SALAD	STAFF	YORE
NET	STERN	SABOT
INTER	STATION	YORE
SALAD	MASTER	YORE
EPICUREAN	STAFF	YORE
SALAD	STAFF	YORE

## Solomon Island Natives

## Vigorous and Fighters

The Solomons are a group of seven large and a great number of smaller islands, stretching over about 800 miles in the Pacific ocean east of New Guinea. Most of them are rough and mountainous, and covered with dense tropical forests, writes Albert B. Lewis in Field Museum News.

The natives form a part of the Melanesian group of peoples, all of whom speak languages also known as Melanesian. These are fundamentally related in a grammatical sense, but differ greatly in vocabulary.

The Solomon Islanders are vigorous and warlike, but are compelled to keep the peace except in the interior of one or two of the larger islands. Many of them were formerly head-hunters and cannibals, and often made raids on their neighbors, using large high-built war canoes 40 to 50 feet long, capable of carrying 25 or more men. Clubs and spears were the principal weapons, but bows and arrows were used in some places.

The natives are of medium height, but vary considerably. In the western end of the group they are rather tall, somewhat negroid in appearance, with kinky, black hair and a very dark or sooty-black skin. The eastern islanders are somewhat smaller, of a lighter, chocolate-brown color, with curly or wavy hair. It is evident that in the Solomons, as in all other Melanesian islands, there is an underlying Oceanic negroid or Papuan type, mixed to a greater or lesser degree with Indonesian or Malayan immigrants.

For food the natives are largely dependent on their gardens, taro being the most important foodstuff. Other vegetables are used to some extent, but taro is the basis of nearly every meal, with fish, shrimp or meat (chiefly pork) being added when obtainable. The natives are very fond of the milk and meat of the unripe coconut, to obtain which they must climb the coconut palms.

## Boiled Linseed Oil

Boiled linseed oil is prepared by heating the raw oil, either alone or with driers; it is thicker and darker than raw oil. Raw oil is more suited for delicate work than boiled oil but it takes two or three times as long for it to dry as the latter; it is used mainly in paints for interior work, while the boiled oil is used for exterior work.

## Soy Beans Chief Food

For centuries the soy bean has been the chief food for countless millions of Orientals. Milk from it is the only milk Chinese babies have ever tasted.

## "Easterling" Word Used

## to Denote Real Quality

After the Romans left Britain, coinage was in chaos for several centuries, writes Alice H. Coutant in the American Collector. Coins were of all shapes and sizes. Quality and weight of silver varied greatly and the practice of clipping coins, although punishable by death, was common. Toward the middle of the Thirteenth century, a number of north German merchants came to England and formed a guild in London. They made their own coins which soon became notable for honesty of weight and fine quality.

Called "Easterlings," probably because of the geographical position of the country where they originated the term soon applied to their coins as well. Then, by the end of the century, it had been shortened to sterling and this, derived from the name given to the honest product of honest men, became the accepted term for the alloy which has been of such a high standard in England for more than 600 years.

Sterling silver is an alloy of 925 parts pure silver in 1,000. This standard, decreed by King Edward I in the year 1300, has been adhered to ever since, except for a few years when an even higher standard prevailed. No other country holds such a record.

## Yellow-Bellied Sea Snake

Though the yellow-bellied sea snake may not be ferocious-looking, it is nothing to get gay with, according to a writer in the Washington Post. A member of the dreaded cobra clan, it is among the most deadly of poisonous reptiles. In captivity it is particularly dangerous, becoming sullen and striking at everyone. It is the only poisonous sea snake found in the waters around America, although there are 49 other species just as deadly, elsewhere. As the name indicates, this slender snake is a brilliant yellow underneath, though its top side is black. It has no gills, must come to the surface to breathe. It is sometimes caught in fishing nets.

## Reversing Falls

The Reversing Falls at Saint John, on the bay of Fundy, are formed by the bay's tides, which rise from 20 to 40 feet. At the crest the ocean pours through a narrow channel into the Saint John river, only to reverse itself when Fundy recedes.

Earthworm Uses Its Bristles Rows of tiny stiff bristles on the body of an earthworm are the means by which it travels. The attempt of a robin to pull an earthworm from its burrow is made difficult by the extending of these bristles into the walls of the burrow.

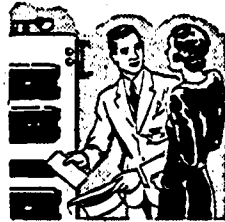


## Home Heating Hints

By John Barclay  
Heating Expert

IT DOESN'T pay to neglect your heating plant when you know you have a good fire but the heat is below par. You run up fuel bills and make for yourself a lot of trouble and worry which could be avoided.

There are literally dozens of things that make a "sick" furnace refuse to deliver sufficient heat, and unless you are familiar with heating plants, it will pay you to



call in a competent furnace man. For instance, the check damper may be placed wrong; the turn damper may be out of position; the regulator may need adjustment; there may be caked soot in the smoke-pipe or on the heating surfaces; radiators may be wrongly pitched; draft may be partially choked; a loose bolt or a rusty joint may be wasting heat.

Those are just a few of the common things that can keep a furnace from delivering enough heat. If you cannot locate the cause quickly and easily, don't take a chance on wasting fuel money. A service man will "spot" the trouble promptly and soon put your heating plant in comfortable, healthful, economical working order. Send for him immediately. WNU Service.

## YOU CAN THROW CARDS IN HIS FACE ONCE TOO OFTEN

WHEN you have those awful cramps, when your nerves are all on edge—don't take it out on the man you love.

Your husband can't possibly know how you feel for the simple reason that he is a man.

A three-quarter wife may be no wife at all if she nags her husband seven days out of every month. For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three ordeals of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age."

Don't be a three-quarter wife, take LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND and Go "Smiling Through."

## Costly Riches

It is better to go without riches than to have them at too great a cost.—Emerson.

## TO PREVENT COLDS

WATCH YOUR  
ALKALINE  
BALANCE

**LUDEX'S**  
Menthol Cough Drops 5¢  
contain an added  
ALKALINE FACTOR

## GET RID OF PIMPLES

New Remedy Uses Magnesia to Clear Skin. Firms and Smooths Complexion—Makes Skin Look Years Younger.

Get rid of ugly, pimply skin with this extraordinary new remedy, Denton's Facial Magnesia works miracles in clearing up a spotty, roughened complexion. Even the first few treatments make a noticeable difference. The ugly spots gradually wipe away, big pores grow smaller, the texture of the skin itself becomes firmer. Before you know it friends are complimenting you on your complexion.

## SPECIAL OFFER

—for a few weeks only

Here is your chance to try out Denton's Facial Magnesia at a liberal saving. We will send you a full 6 oz. bottle of Denton's, plus a regular size box of famous Milnesia Wafers (the original Milk of Magnesia tablets)... both for only 60¢! Cash in on this remarkable offer. Send 60¢ in cash or stamps today.

## DENTON'S Facial Magnesia

SELECT PRODUCTS, Inc.  
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Enclosed find 60¢ (cash or stamps) for which send me your special introductory combination.

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City ..... State .....

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There are BALL-BAND Gaiters, boots or rubbers for those busy little feet that travel so many places in a day. Through puddles, mud, snow or slush BALL-BAND gives proper protection against wet and cold. For more than two generations parents have found that RED BALL Footwear gives their children More Days Wear. For greater satisfaction try our

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HILLSBORO, NEW HAMPSHIRE

A Representative of the Hillsboro Banks is in Antrim Wednesday morning of each week

DEPOSITS made during the first three business days of the month draw interest from the first day of the month

HOURS: 9 to 12, 1 to 3; Saturday 8 to 12

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent \$2.00 a Year

## Post Office

The Mail Schedule in Effect September 27, 1937

Going North  
Mails Close 7.20 a.m.  
3.55 p.m.  
Going South  
Mails Close 11.40 a.m.  
3.40 p.m.  
6.10 p.m.  
Office Closes at 8 p.m.

## Fresh Eggs and Poultry DELIVERED

Eggs doz. 35c and 39c  
Roasters 5 to 7 lbs. lb. 33c  
Young Fowl 5 to 6 lbs. 33c  
**ROBERT HERRICK** Phone 41-4

## North Branch

Mrs. M. B. Cate and son are at their winter home at Lawrence, Mass.

Mrs. David Brown is at a hospital for observation.

G. W. Symes is visiting his sister at North Arlington, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest McClure were at their home Sunday.

Mrs. McIlvin and Mrs. Wheeler visited at Hillsboro Saturday.

We are glad to say that the cases of scarlet fever and measles are comfortable.

Mrs. C. B. Miller and Miss B. M. Miller, Mrs. Myrtle Monroe, Miss Lottie Prescott of Hillsboro and Mrs. Myrtle Rogers of Antrim were Thanksgiving guests of the McIlvins.

Word has been received from Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Simonds of their safe arrival at Beaumont, Texas in ten and a half days, a distance of 2065 miles.

The Red Cross Roll Call is on and all are asked to join, as the need is very great. Mrs. McIlvin has the Branch and East. If you wish to join please call her or Marjorie Grant at once.

## Antrim Centre

E. M. Knapp had the misfortune to lose his horse last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gtis Tuttle of Fairhaven, Mass., spent the holiday season with Mr. and Mrs. Edson Tuttle.

Harry Hardy is in the northern part of the State hunting.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Knapp entertained six guests from Hackensack, N. J., for Thanksgiving and the week end.

C. D. White and family have moved into their home which has been under repair since the fire of several weeks ago.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Wheeler spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest W. Roberts of Nashua visited at M. S. French's last week.

East Antrim friends wish Mr. and Mrs. John Burnham much happiness together with good health in their new home. We shall miss them, especially John, he having served the public so long.

Carroll White was confined to his home a portion of last week.

Mrs. E. M. Knapp was a patient at Margaret Pillsbury hospital last week where she underwent an operation. She has returned home and is doing nicely.

Fred Knapp, son of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Knapp, (former East Antrim residents) and wife of Cornish, visited relatives and friends in the neighborhood the past week. This couple was married last week and made their honeymoon trip.

Harry Knapp of Rutland, Vt., spent the week end at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Knapp.

Miss Dorothy Knapp spent a portion of last week at her home, and on Thanksgiving Day she and her father dined with Mr. and Mrs. Philip Knapp.

## The Antrim Reporter ANTRIM NEW HAMPSHIRE Published Every Thursday

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

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**  
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Six months in advance ..... \$1.00  
Single copies ..... 5 cents each

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Notices of Concerts, Plays, or Entertainments to which an admission fee is charged, must be paid for at regular advertising rates, except when all of the printing is done at The Reporter office, when a reasonable amount of free publicity will be given. This applies to surrounding towns as well as Antrim.

Obituary poetry and flowers charged at advertising rates.  
Not responsible for errors in advertisements but corrections will be made in subsequent issues.

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

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

NOVEMBER 25, 1937

## Antrim Locals

Miss Margaret Scott was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Smith at a Thanksgiving dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Proctor and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Thornton were Swampscott, Mass., on Thursday of last week.

Mr. and Mr. William F. Clark entertained thirteen relatives at Thanksgiving dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Smith have gone to their winter apartment at Hotel Westminster, Boston.

Miss Clementine Elliott and Miss Patricia Haughton of New York spent a portion of last week with Mrs. James Elliott.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Wheeler have closed their summer home and are residing in Brookline, Mass.

Mrs. G. W. Hunt spent the past week with her daughter, Mrs. Robert Folsom and family at Springvale, Me.

Mrs. Rachel Clark of Athol, Mass., visited with friends in town on Friday.

Lawrence Carll and Wallace Flood enjoyed a vacation on Thanksgiving Day from their work at their Texaco Service Station.

Mr. and Mrs. Winslow Sawyer of Atlantic, Mass., spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Wheeler.

Miss Bernice Robb and Mrs. Ella Putnam George of East Orange, N.J., spent the holiday season at their homes here.

Alan Swett was at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Swett, from New Hampshire University for the Thanksgiving vacation.

Miss Frances Tibbals, a student at Mt. Holyoke College, spent Thanksgiving vacation with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. Ralph H. Tibbals, at the Baptist parsonage.

Mrs. H. W. Eldredge entertained for Thanksgiving dinner Mr. and Mrs. H. Burr Eldredge and Mr. and Mrs. Cranston D. Eldredge and son James, of Winchendon, Mass. Mrs. Eldredge and daughter, Miss Mabelle, returned with them and spent the week end with them.

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## Radio Service

Wallace Nylander, Antrim, N. H.  
Member National Radio Institute  
Guaranteed Tubes and Parts  
Call anytime for an appointment

## Antrim Locals

The Antrim schools were closed from Wednesday to Monday for the Annual Thanksgiving vacation.

Fred Colby spent a few days the past week visiting with friends and relatives in town.

Miss Nellie McKay and Mrs. Frank Dole enjoyed Thanksgiving dinner with Mrs. Emma Goodell and Miss Mary Abbott.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Muzzey entertained their daughter and grandson from Campton Thanksgiving Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Butler and son Leo of Waterbury, Conn., were Thanksgiving guests of Mrs. Alice Graves.

Dr. and Mrs. Forrest Tenney and Benjamin Tenney were guests of Miss Amy Tenney of Keene Thanksgiving Day.

George H. Rogers and Mrs. Grace Miner spent Thanksgiving Day with Mr. and Mrs. Earl Richardson at Hillsboro.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Brown of Depot St. entertained a family party of fourteen for Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. Karl Hansli and two children of Woodsville visited his mother over the holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Brown were in New Boston last Saturday to visit her sister, Mrs. George Clement.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bezio and children were in Wilton Thanksgiving Day with her sister, Mrs. Rachel Tuttle and family.

Misses Margaret, Ruth and Judith spent Thanksgiving with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Pratt.

Jerome, Jane and Jacqueline Ruthford were holiday guests of relatives in Arlington, Mass.

Mrs. Frances Herrick of Hartford, Conn., spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. Estelle Speed and Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. George.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Marshall of East Weare were holiday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Guy G. Hollis.

Mrs. Minnie White will stay at Contoocook Manor and Mrs. Julia Hastings at South Ashburnham, Mass. for the winter.

At the next meeting of Mt. Crooked Encampment, Monday evening, George U. L. Leavitt, G. H. P. of the Grand Encampment of New Hampshire will be the official visitor. Every member should make a special effort to attend.

Don't forget the Rebekah Sale and Entertainment next week Friday, December 10, at the Town hall. A fine program consisting of a play, specialty dances and other attractions has been arranged, followed by dancing with music by Stewartson's Orchestra of Concord.

## MRS. MARY E. BURNHAM

Mrs. Mary E. Burnham, 80, widow of Morris Burnham and a resident of Manchester for the past 15 years, died at her home Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Burnham resided in Antrim several years and was a member of the Methodist Church and Hand in Hand Rebekah Lodge.

Funeral services were held at the home with services at the grave in Maplewood Cemetery in Antrim.

She is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Hazel Clough and Miss Fannie Burnham, and one son, Rayworth, two grand-daughters and several nieces and nephews.

## KNITTING WOOLS

A New England Product at attractive prices. Send for free samples with the new fall hints. Visit our yarn shop, open daily.  
Thomas Hodgson & Sons, Inc., Concord, W. H. Hills, Concord, N. H.

## "OUR BEAUTY SHOPPE"

Telephone 66

Main Street

Antrim, New Hampshire

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

## Church Notes

### Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church  
Rev. Wm. McN. Kittredge, Pastor  
Sunday, December 5  
Morning worship at 10.45 with sermon by the pastor from the theme: "The End Of The Quest".

Sunday School at 12 o'clock.  
Young People's Fellowship meets at six o'clock in the Baptist Church.

Baptist  
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor  
Thursday, December 2  
Prayer Meeting 7.30 p.m. Topic: "Preparing the Way of the Lord".

Sunday, December 5  
Church School 9.45 o'clock.  
Morning Worship 11. The pastor will preach on "The Simple Gospel".

Cruaders at 4 o'clock.  
Young People's Fellowship meets at six o'clock in this Church.

Union Vesper Service at 7.30 in the Congregational Church, Deering Center. Rev. Allan I. Lorimer, pastor of the Franklin Street Congregational Church, Manchester, will be the speaker. The Choir of that Church will furnish music. Bus will leave Antrim at 6.45 o'clock. The public is invited.

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.

## East Antrim

Mrs. Matilda Hubley has gone to Waltham, Mass., for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sawyer were Boston visitors last Friday.

Robert Caughey has gone to Durham where he has accepted a position as chemist in the Engineering Experiment Station at New Hampshire University.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Caughey with Mr. and Mrs. John Caughey of Waltham, Mass., recently took a five day trip to Washington, D. C.

Miss Barbara Butterfield from Keene Normal School, Miss Dorothy Sawyer from East Rindge and Miss Gladys Holt from Freedom were at their homes over the holiday and week end.

Lester Rich was struck by an automobile Saturday night near the Center Church. He was taken to the hospital at Gramere and it was found his leg was broken in two places, besides other injuries.

Mrs. Jennie Gove entertained Mrs. Lester Brown and daughter, Marion, from Fitchburg, Mass., for Thanksgiving. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Friend of Concord were guests at Byron Butterfield's. Martin Haefeli and family of Peterborough and Harold Warner of Melrose, Mass., were at Alfred Holt's. B. G. Barnes of Quincy, Mass., and Mrs. Ina Fisher and daughter, Barbara, of West Medford, Mass. were at George Sawyer's.

## WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS

The regular meeting of Ephraim Weston Relief Corps, No. 85, will be held Tuesday, December 21, instead of December 7, at the home of Mrs. George Warren on Concord street.

Election of officers will be held, so as many members as can please plan to attend. There will be a Christmas party and tree.

Members will meet at the home of Mrs. W. L. Auger on Main street, Wednesday afternoon at 2 p. m. for the purpose of making Christmas baskets.

## Card of Thanks

We wish to offer our sincere thanks to all who in any way assisted us in our time of sorrow. To all the friends and neighbors we are truly grateful.

Mrs. John Thornton  
Mr. and Mrs. John W. Thornton  
Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Mosley  
Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. Thornton  
Mr. and Mrs. Caleb J. Marston  
Mr. and Mrs. Maurice J. Tucker  
Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred A. Sullivan

## Hillsboro

Mrs. Maude Kimball of Depot street is visiting friends in Manchester.

Mrs. Louise M. Casey spent Thanksgiving with friends in Plymouth, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Woodbury and family spent Thanksgiving in Malden, Mass.

Mrs. George S. Hall spent the holiday with her daughter, Mrs. Lloyd Buttrick, and family at Portland, Me.

The Misses Helen and Mildred Peasley of Plymouth Normal school were guests of their parents this past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Welcome and son Allan were week-end guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Tucker.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Vigue and two children, Joan and Charlotte, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Smith for Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Nellie M. Bruce is reported as being seriously ill at a hospital at Nashua.

Miss Phyllis Romanos spent the holiday as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Walter Sterling, and family.

Mrs. Howard Colburn and four children are sick in bed with measles. Mrs. Mildred Elgar is caring for them.

Numerous flocks of wild geese flying over the hills of this vicinity on their way south have been noted during the past few days.

On Sunday night the Hillsboro Red Devils played the Bennington five at the town hall in Bennington, winning by a score of 39 to 21.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fowle and son Harold and Barbara, Fred, Jr. and Catherine Hill attended a Thanksgiving family party at Pittsfield.

Mary Beatrice Dodge is confined to her home with the measles.

Mrs. Frank Mosley of Antrim was in town one day last week.

—Of importance to Christmas Shoppers is a 5 point ad on page 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Piper have rented the former Pillsbury house on Jackson street.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice A. Parker and son, Maurice, Jr., were in Lebanon on Sunday.

Charles A. Hurd of Concord has remodeled his place of business and taken on the Ford agency.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Tucker spent Thanksgiving with their son, John M. Tucker, and family at Manchester.

Franklin Sterling, student at New Hampshire University, spent the holiday and week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Weldon Sterling.

Stewart Thompson, teacher at the grammar school, has recovered from his recent illness and has resumed his duties. Mrs. Murrice Parker substituted for him during his absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy E. Walker have returned to their home in Schenectady, N. Y., following a visit at the home of Mr. Walker's aunt, Mrs. Cora L. Scruton of Henniker street.

The condition of Fred Hill, who has been seriously ill, remains about the same. Maurice Barnes, who has also been ill with pneumonia, is convalescent. Both men are linemen for the Contoocook Valley Telephone Co.

The Contoocook Valley Telephone company, Frederick A. Lundberg, manager, has just issued its new directories, which cover service in Antrim, Bennington, Deering, Francestown and Henniker, as well as in Hillsboro.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Willgeroth entertained over the holiday at their home, Ripple Rock Cottage. Mr. and Mrs. Carl Morse and Mr. and Mrs. John Brewer of Penacook, Mr. and Mrs. Newell D. MacWilliams of Concord and Mr. and Mrs. David MacWilliams of Briar Hill, New York, and Mrs. Emma Patten.

A WPA project under the direction of Frank L. Glading started last week at the so-called dump lot on The Flat with about twenty certified workers engaged in cutting brush and clearing the land so that pine trees may be set out. The WPA project at Grimes Athletic Field, although not completed will not be resumed until next spring.

## Cause of Static

Static is a natural atmospheric interference. It is caused by stray, natural electrical discharges, traveling through the same medium. It is more prevalent by day than by night and far more troublesome in summer than in winter.

## Bennington

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

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Pierce have returned from their European trip.

The annual Red Cross drive netted a total of 44 members, which is 16 above the quota. Last year the Red Cross spent more in town than was sent to the National Chapter.

The union service will be held at 7.30 in the Congregational church of Deering Center. Rev. Allen I. Lorimer of the Franklin St. Church of Manchester will preach. His large choir will sing.

### Card of Thanks

We wish to thank all the neighbors and friends for their expressions of sympathy and helpfulness during our recent bereavement.

Mrs. Frank Traxler  
Paul Traxler  
Mrs. Louise Martell

### Card of Thanks

We sincerely thank the many friends and neighbors who, by their kind expressions of sympathy, tributes of lovely flowers and many kind acts, made the sorrow of losing our loved one a little easier to bear.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. L. Gerrard  
Barbara K. Gerrard  
Margaret L. Gerrard

**Where Sapphires Are Produced**  
Sapphires are gems of essentially the same mineral as the ruby. They differ chiefly in color, the sapphire varying from pale blue to deep indigo. On exposure to high temperatures the sapphire loses its color but does not regain its luster upon cooling as does the ruby. Principal sapphire deposits are found in: Ceylon, Siam, Madagascar and Australia. They have been found in small quantities in the United States—Patfinder Magazine.

## Deering

Mrs. Gladys Ellsworth visited her friend, Miss Phoebe Shirley, of Topsfield, Mass., on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Ellsworth were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Shepard Thanksgiving evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Ellsworth were guests several days last week of Mr. and Mrs. August Atwood of Dorchester, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Churchill Rodgers and children were on from New York to pass the holiday and week-end at the Eagle's Nest, their summer home.

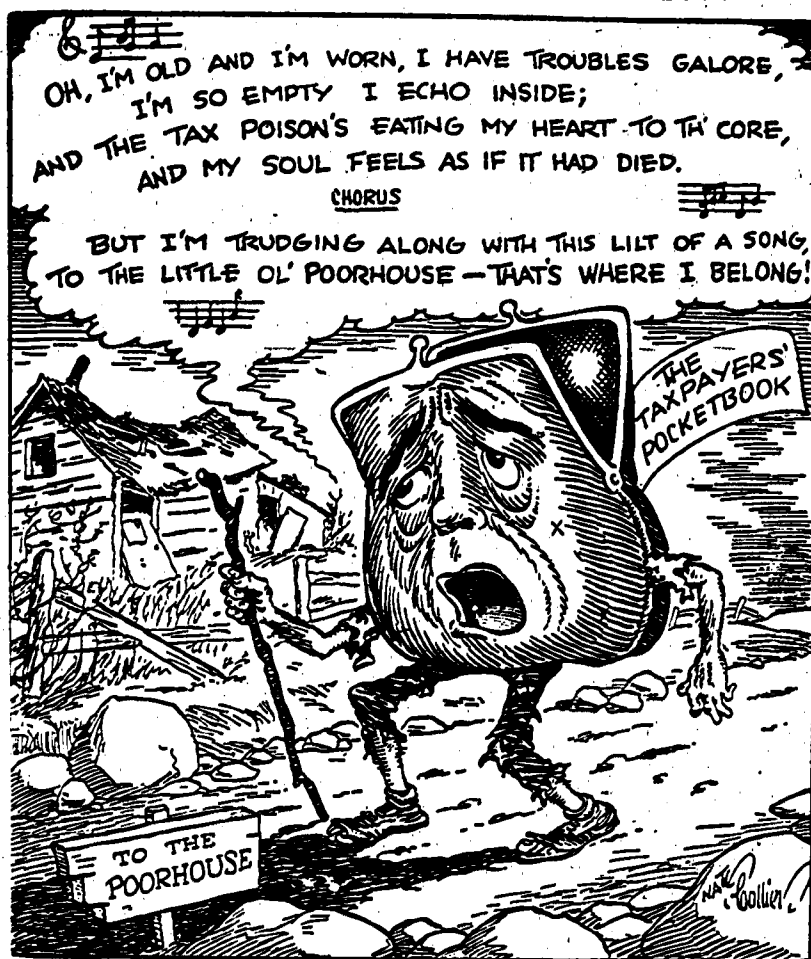
Mr. and Mrs. Jason Sawyer and children of East Jaffrey were guests of Mrs. Sawyer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Herrick, on Thanksgiving day.

Rev. Allan I. Lorimer of Manchester will be the speaker at the meeting at the Deering Community Church at Deering Center of the West Hillsboro Association of Churches on December 5th at 7:30 p. m. Mr. Lorimer will bring his choir with him.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Parker entertained a large family party at their home on the East Deering road on Thanksgiving Day. Included in the gathering were Mr. and Mrs. Albert Johnson and children of Massachusetts, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Johnson and child, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Follansbee of Hudson, in addition to the members of the family who reside at home. Albert Holden of North Chelmsford, Mass., was at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Holden, for the holiday.

**Red Coral Always Prized**  
It is red coral that is and always has been prized, not solely for jewelry and buttons, but as a charm to bring safety, health and secrets not revealed to the ordinary person. As ancient Gauls rushed headlong into battle, they trusted their safety to their swords, strength and the "magic" coral imbedded in their shields or helmets. Many Italians and Indians regard coral as protection against the "evil eye." The world's red coral comes from the reefs off the Mediterranean coast of Africa, says the Washington Post, and is obtained chiefly by Italians.

## THE POCKETBOOK'S LAMENT



### TOO MANY TAXES

In discussing proposals by which the forthcoming Congress might revise the undistributed profits tax law downwards the fact must not be overlooked that this measure was rejected by the Senate after it had bagged down under the weight of common-sense and logic in the debates. Afterwards it crawled through the two branches of Congress as part of a series of experimental compromises.

The principle represents a seed of sense that has grown a harmful crop of higher living costs. The increases have fallen hardest on the common people. Living costs have advanced 20 per cent, and more, in the past three years. Rents have gone even higher. You could buy a ten-cent package of cigarettes for a nickel but for the tax, 15 cents worth of gas for your car for a dime; 50 cents worth of choice meat for two-thirds the price, and your luxuries and necessities would be far below the present market prices except for hidden taxes. Increases in prices occur with every fresh tax spree. Thus the complications and problems of life have become more complicated by more taxes.

national industries is due to technological advancement, which means mechanical and scientific progress—called "Yankee inventions" by Europe a half century ago. The Yankee syllogism used to run: "The farmer pays the tax." Now, its "my friends and fellow citizens," one and all. When your tears flow and your heart aches for the "ill-nourished, ill-clad and ill-housed" don't lose your head and be carried away with sob-stuff to prove that remedies for national ills exist in class legislation. The poorer you are the more every tax boost affects your interests. Only the rich man can ward off the blows.

### MORE ADVERTISING TO SELL MORE CARS

The automobile New Year is resplendent with beautiful colored cars that indicate the collapse of all-blacks. Once upon a time a manufacturer said: "I don't care what color you paint your cars just so long as they are black." The optimists who look forward to 1938 figure that with strikes and labor troubles out of the way that there will be continuous stability in employment and production. Everything so far as possible has been stabilized in America's number one industry. So the mark is set for five million new cars for the coming year. One of the factors depended upon to reach that goal is more advertising in the newspapers. Buick, for instance, announced at the New York show, that it would "reach its peak in lineage during the coming months." The 1938 advertisements will stress the increased value in automotive transportation," says the company in its observations about "straws in the wind that prove rather conclusively that business is and has been able to take care of itself and that the American business man is making fighting comebacks from depression lows and will hold the ground he has won and push onward." Brave words that will likely be proved, and the estimate of 250,000 new Buicks seems sure to be realized inasmuch as its cars have literally "stolen the show" with engineering and style improvements. Kings, queens, presidents, duchesses, and the average family have favored this car in past years and helped raise its position from a bare scratch in the beginning to distinctive leadership in the entire field.

### Reminded Her of "Mudder"

Jane was spending the day with Mrs. W. while her mother attended to some business in a neighboring city. Jane was given many playthings, but Mrs. W., coming into the room, found her gazing sadly out of the window. "Why don't you play with these pretty things, Jane?" Mrs. W. asked. "Everything I play with makes me think of my mudder," Jane answered disconsolately.—Boston Herald

## ATTENTION HOME OWNERS!!

## CHIMNEYS

Patented and Guaranteed Device

Eliminates Running Creosote Permanently.  
Corrects Poor Draft.  
Eliminates Chimney Fires, Combustions, Cleaning.  
Does Away with Stained Wall Paper and Ceilings.  
Saves Fuel and Gives More Heat.

FREE INSPECTION

Dealer for Creosote Eliminator

**CLARENCE ROCKWELL**

Tel. 19-2 'Chimneys Cleaned ANTRIM, N. H.

### REPORTERETTES

A man falls in love doubtfully and slowly—but he falls out of it with a swift and sudden jolt.—Like falling out of bed in the midst of a sound sleep.

Mussolini has agreed to a census of foreign soldiers in Spain, relative to their withdrawal, evidently on the theory that before the official figures are in the war will be over.

The government has spent \$10,000,000,000 more than it has taken in since 1933 to buy an industrial recovery and judging from recent activities our recovery doesn't seem to appreciate it.

James W. Gerrard has been designated to promote more friendly feeling for America abroad. By proceeding tactfully, he may even help Europe to forget that we remember the war debt.

A man's favorite method of spoiling his life seems to be to marry something beautiful—but dumb, and then spend the rest of his days playing around with women who "understand" him.

It used to be that a liberal was a fellow who didn't believe in centralizing all control at Washington but the New Deal liberal is a fellow who believes in just being liberal with the taxpayers' money.

Mrs. Hattie McClure is very ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Byron Butterfield.

## The SNAPSHOT GUILD

TRAVEL INTO FAIRYLAND



Have a heart-to-heart talk with yourself! Double exposure, accurately planned, will let you.

DO you remember the wonder tales you read when a child, the forbidding castles filled with ogres, the huge jinn of the Arabian Nights, the trolls that lived under bridges and the fairies that haunted mysterious woodlands?

You can use your camera to recreate those childhood memories. You can make giants walk through your pictures. You can hold yourself, or a tiny version of yourself, in the hollow of your own hand. You can pose in intimate conversation with the Irish "wee people," the elves and fairies and the cobbling leprechaun.

It's not hard. The method is to use our old friend, the double exposure—two shots on the same film. All that is necessary is accurate posing and careful control of the light. A black background is necessary or you can pose your subject before the door of a dark room.

Note the picture above. Although it was made with a camera having a ground glass for focusing, which simplifies making such pictures, you can get the same effect with your own small camera. First, pose the subject fairly close to the camera, with his empty hand extended. Snap the picture and mark the position of the hand on the glass view finder, very carefully, with a tiny dot of ink.

Now, without winding the film, move the camera back several feet, so the subject appears small in the view finder. Let him stand, facing his former position, so that his feet appear right on the ink dot in the

finder. Arrange the light so the feet are not too brightly illuminated. This will help eliminate evidence of slight errors in the position of the subject. Snap the shutter a second time and the final picture is made. When the picture is developed, presto!—there are the little man and the big one, facing each other on the same film.

You will probably make mistakes in placement on your first tries, because the view finder is small, but this is part of the fun of trying trick photography—and some of your errors may give a funnier picture than the one you carefully planned. It is well to remember that only the figures in these shots can be lighted—if surrounding objects show up, they will spoil the picture.

If your camera has an "open" direct view finder, without glass, it is best not to try this sort of work. If, however, you have a camera with ground glass back, you can place figures with greater accuracy.

With this technique, you can make a fairy dance on the table in front of you—the fairy being your small daughter in her ballet dress. If you want to make the little figures transparent, shorten exposure a little. You can, if you like, do costume work, illustrating the fairy tales you enjoyed as a child. Try Jack and the Beanstalk, with an intrepid small boy eluding the grasp of a fierce ogre. Or get an old hiking brogan and a copy of Mother Goose and picture the Old Lady Who Lived in a Shoe.

John van Guilder

### MAKE IT TRULY A

## MERRY CHRISTMAS



## WITH GIFTS THAT KEEP ON GIVING FOR DAYS AND YEARS TO COME



You pick real joy-bringers when you select any of these lovely electric labor-savers for Christmas giving.

**MIXERS**—Food mixers do all the tiring arm-work of cooking and baking. Some priced AS LOW AS \$16.95.

**AUTOMATIC TOASTERS**—One, and two slice toaster Hostess Sets are ideal gifts for those who entertain.

**COFFEE MAKERS**—Our display contains many makes of glass coffee makers—priced FROM \$3.95 UP.

COME SEE OUR LARGE STOCK OF ELECTRIC  
APPLIANCES TODAY WHILE IT IS COMPLETE

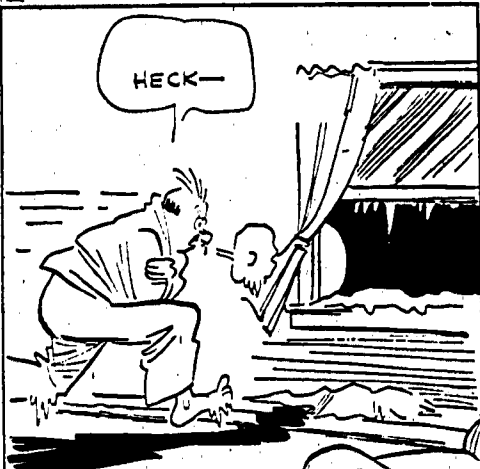
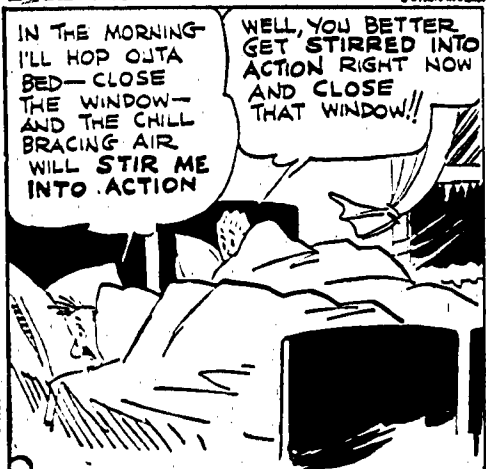
**PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY**  
OF NEW HAMPSHIRE



# Fun for the Whole Family

## THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



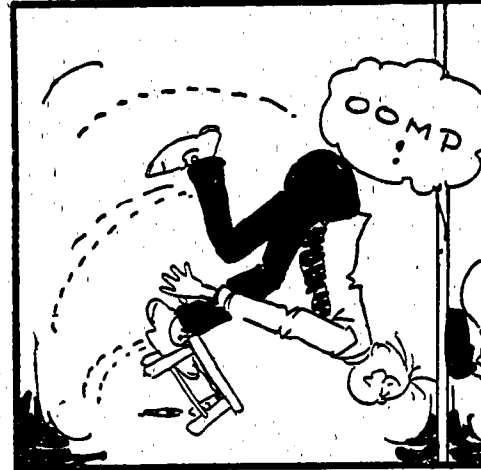
## A Man of Action



FRESH AIR IS WONDERFUL 'TIL IT GETS TOO FRESH

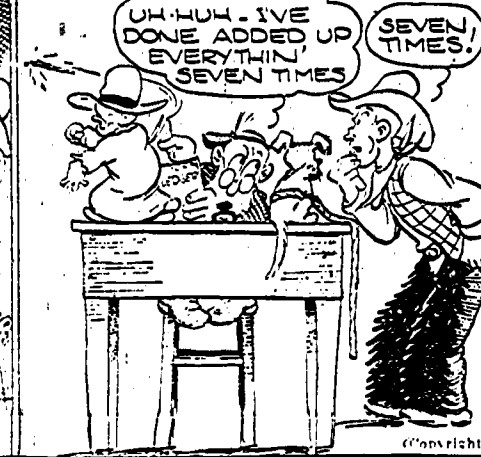
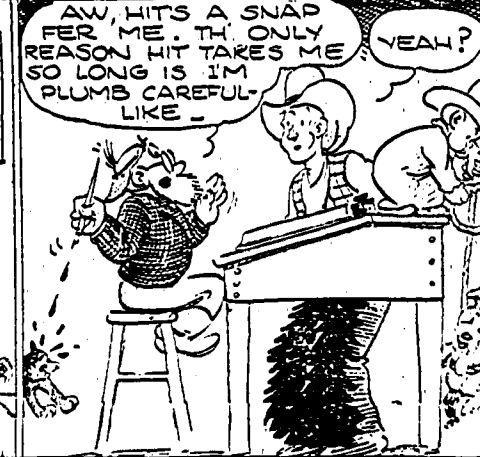
## S'MATTER POP— Saved!

By C. M. PAYNE



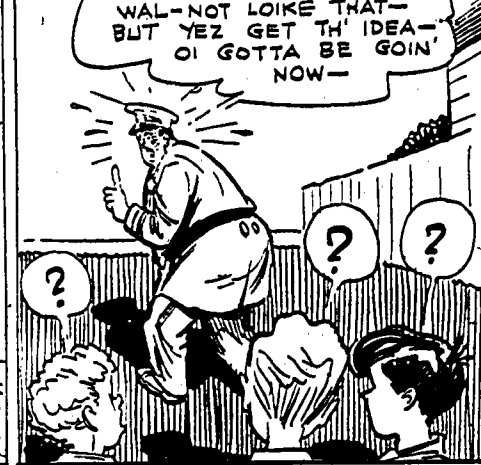
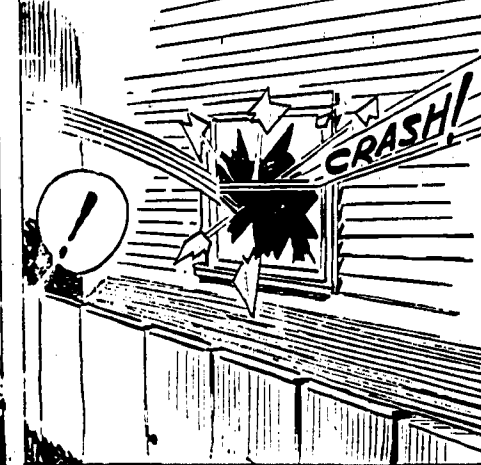
## MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY



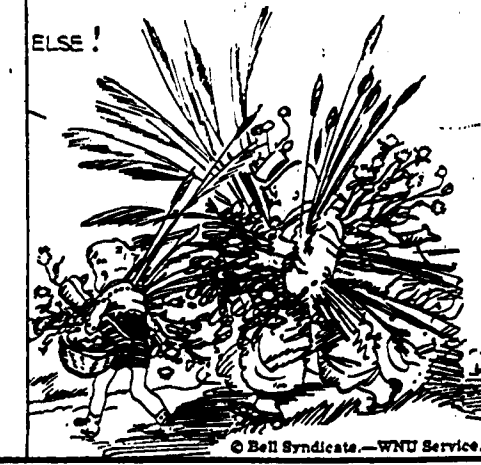
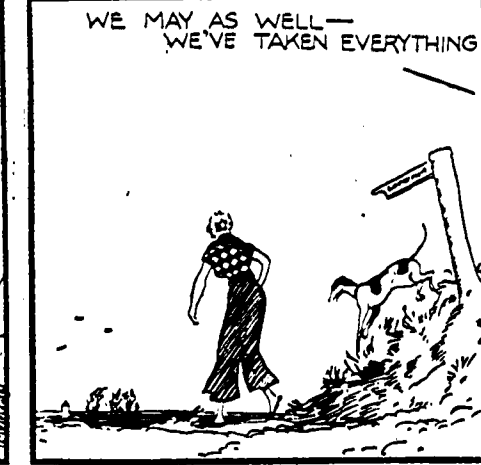
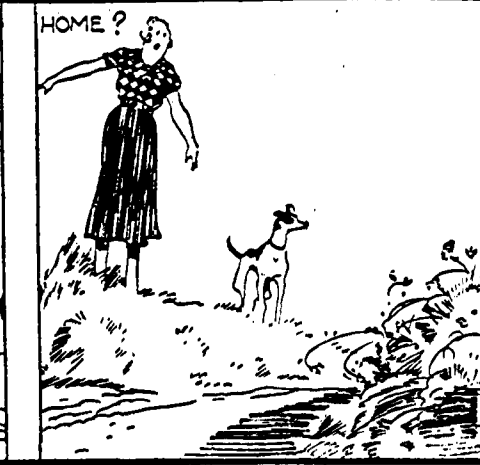
## FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin

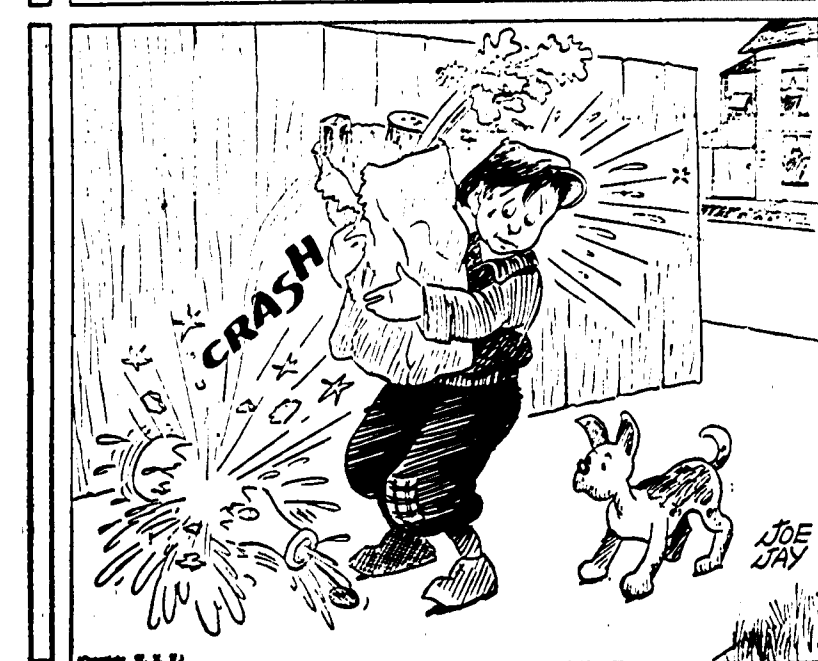


## POP— The Hikers

By J. MILLAR WATT



## Events in the Lives of Little Men



Out of Tune  
"Good morning, have you had a nice rest?" the landlady asked her new lodger.  
"No," was the reply, "your cat kept me awake."  
"Oh," said the landlady. "I hope you are not going to ask me to have the poor thing destroyed?"  
"Not exactly," said the mild little man, "but would you very much mind having it tuned?"—Tit-Bits Magazine.

Good Way to Start One  
Teacher (calling suddenly on Wee Willie)—What's the shape of the earth?  
Wee Willie—Round.  
Teacher—How do you know it's round?  
Wee Willie—Well, it's square then. I don't want any argument about it.

Cutting Criticism  
Customer—Listen, barber, I'll never make the train at the speed you're shaving me. You hold the razor still and I'll waggle my face.

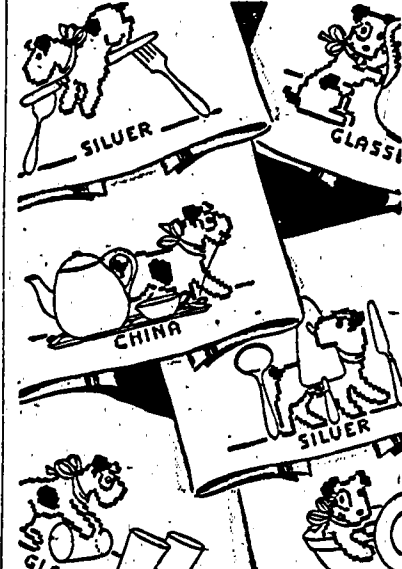
## THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



## Foxy Little Terrier For Tea Towels

Terry, the Terrier, will dry your dishes with the same "punch" he displays when rolling glasses and hurdling silver. It will make your dish-drying a joy just to see his jolly self on the towels you use. These motifs require so few stitches, so little floss, they're economical and ideal pick-up work.



Pattern 5746.

Single, outline and cross stitch make this splendid embroidery for a gift. In pattern 5746 you will find a transfer pattern of six motifs averaging 5 by 8 1/2 inches; material requirements; color suggestions; illustrations of all stitches used.  
To obtain this pattern, send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to the Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y. Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

## Increased by Advertising

In 1889 the per unit of population value of manufactured products in America amounted to \$89.60. For the year 1929 the per unit of population value of manufactured products had increased to a total of \$579.70. Advertising created the demand that called for the employment of three to four times the number of workers and reduced the cost of products to consumers.



Right Has Preference  
A good and faithful judge prefers what is right to what is expedient.—Horace.



WEBSTER & CO.  
MONTICELLO, N. Y.



●Hudson's Bay "Point" Blankets  
Famous Since 1779  
Insist on the GENUINE

●Free Fur Market Reports and Best prices on North American Continent for your

RAW FURS  
Write Today





# There's Only One

By SOPHIE KERR

© Sophie Kerr Underwood.  
WNU Service.

## SYNOPSIS

Preparing to close her summer home and spend the winter in France with a great-aunt, Anne Vincent, a middle-aged widow, accedes to the pleas of her adopted daughter Rachel, twenty and pretty, that she tell about her real mother. Anne, an unselfish, understanding soul, finds the task difficult, since she feels Rachel is putting a barrier between them. Rachel learns that her real mother was beautiful eighteen-year-old Elinor Malloy, deserted by her young husband, before Rachel's birth. He was killed in the World war.

## CHAPTER I—Continued

"Who wasn't wanted," put in Rachel.

"Who couldn't be cared for, he, I mean Dr. Ayres, talked to Harry—and then one day they brought you in and put you in my arms and you—you went into my heart, too, my darling, you were my own. You've been my own ever since. Harry loved you, too, in the same way. We asked about adopting you, there wasn't any great difficulty, and so we did it, legally of course, and in the other way too—I mean we adopted you into our thoughts, and—hopes and plans and, most of all, into our love.

"Now one more thing, Rachel. I've never brought you to the attention of your mother in any way. I've never even seen her except for our one talk when I left the hospital. I know that she married Peter Cayne, I saw that in the papers, and I know her mother, Mrs. Rhodes, died a little later. Dr. Ayres told me when we were arranging the adoption that Mrs. Rhodes was incurably sick and couldn't live long. So there was one reason why she was so insistent that Elinor give up the child."

"But, mother, didn't Elinor herself mind? Didn't she want to keep me?"

"Rachel, you seem to have a sentimental streak I never noticed before. Darling, physical motherhood is a normal process of nature but it doesn't inevitably carry affection and solicitude with it. Elinor married when she was nothing but a child, her mother drilled and hammered into her all the disadvantages of her marriage and had made you seem a frightful care and handicap. Don't you see? Under other circumstances she might have clung to you through everything."

"How soon did she marry again?"

"That same year, in September."

"Has she any children by that marriage?"

"I believe there's a son."

"She's never asked to see me or tried to—to get in touch with you—to know about me, mother? Never once?"

There was a shake of fear in Anne's voice though she tried to keep it calm and even. "No, Rachel. I think she must have accepted the adoption as final, just as Harry and I did. She may have seen you secretly, I don't know. But once you were mine, you were mine, and I no more would have brought you to her attention than I would if you had been born to me. Our ways don't cross. Mr. Cayne has a great deal of money and they figure more or less in the kind of society that newspapers feature, I mean she's always a patroness for some of the big balls and they go to the Riviera or Egypt or Palm Beach in winter, and have a country place in Connecticut, they're not the top, as you young ones call it, but I'd call them fairly prominent. Mr. Cayne's in some sort of machinery business."

Anne suppressed a tremulous sigh, it had been so different, so much harder than she had ever imagined. The way Rachel had listened, the questions she had asked and their implications—all these stirred Anne with apprehension. What was behind all this? What was going on in Rachel's mind? How far away and strange the girl seemed. It wasn't much more than a week ago that Rachel had suddenly begun to inquire about her parents, the people of her own blood, and had insisted on knowing the truth about them, not much more than a week, and at the very time when their usual easy summer round had been broken into by preparations for leaving the cottage and for Anne's journey to France and the separation it entailed from her daughter.

"It seems to me I've told you all I know, Rachel," she said, dully. "I've tried not to impute motives or make guesses appear as facts."

"I wish you'd tell me again how she looked when you saw her. And I'd like to know what she said, and what you said—exactly."

"I don't know if I can remember exactly what we said, but I'll try. They put me in a wheeled chair because I was still weak, and the nurse wheeled me into the ward. She was sitting up in bed, she had on the high-necked common hospital gown and a blue dressing gown over it, cheap woolly stuff but a lovely color, like her eyes. Her hair was loose, very dark against the pillow. She—she looked at me with a good bit of curiosity and she smiled. She

looked like a child! But what we said was so trivial—"

"Can't you recall any of it?"

"Anne hesitated, because she must tell Rachel a lie. "I believe she said you were healthy and I—well—I said something about wanting you very much and that I'd take care of you. I told her that I wanted to leave the hospital within the week and hoped that everything could be arranged before I went, and she said her mother would know about that. All the time I was there I was thinking of her beauty, it was so arresting and so—complete. We shook hands when I left and her hand was soft and delicate, yet very alive."

Rachel was gazing down at her own hands, long and strong and brown. "I don't want to know anything more right now," she said. "Mother, darling, you were sweet to be so patient. I didn't realize it would be so hard for you."

"She knows more of what's going on in me than I do about her," thought Anne. Then, aloud: "It wasn't so very hard, Rachel. You had to hear it some day, I suppose."

She rose and brushed the sand from her skirt. "I'm going back and finish up the bills and tell Mr. Kreel he can use the radio this winter. Coming along?"

"Not right yet. If Bob comes back we might go out and fish a little before dinnertime."

Anne walked back alone over the dunes remembering what Rachel's mother had said that she would not tell Rachel. The little creature had been self-possessed and callous. "It's odd," she had said, "that your baby died and mine didn't. It ought to have been the other way round."

Even now Anne could not recall that cool smiling speech without a stab of angry loathing.

## CHAPTER II

Rachel sat still after Anne had left her, she was stirred and excited, she hoped that Anne did not know how much nor how strangely.

A faraway hall brought her back to the day and the hour. A little one-lunged boat was put-putting into



"She's Never Shown the Slightest Interest in Me."

the bay and Bob Eddis's red sweater identified it. "Hey," he called, "hey, Rachel, over here—"

waving his arm toward the side of the beach where landing was easiest. Rachel leaped up and ran to meet him, her white scarf flying behind her like a banner, then, as he steered in close, she snatched off her shoes, waded barelegged through the shoal water and climbed expertly over the side.

"You looked comic running along," said Bob, swinging the boat around. "Your legs are as brown as the sand so your white shoes seemed to be going all by themselves."

"And so what? You need a shave and your sweater's foul and your pants are a disgrace to the whole pant world. Are we going fishing?"

"If you want. I've got bait and tackle."

"How's the engine doing?"

"Terrible, but I guess she'll last the trip."

"Don't let's go out too far. Mother and I have to finish packing this evening."

Bob frowned at this. "Wish you weren't going."

"Wish you'd show some sense and give up your idea of wintering here, like a woodchuck. You could get a job in New York."

"I've got a job here. New York's jammed to the gunnels with bright young men hunting for jobs. I did three months of that last winter and never again, so help me. Set the lines out, we can troll right off the lighthouse and if the engine goes dead they'll see us."

With Rachel intent on the lines and bait Bob could watch her openly and his too-thin, too-old face took

on a young and telltale softness. "She's gorgeous like that," he thought, "one long curving line as clear and clean as marble." Aloud he asked, "What's on your alleged mind?"

"Nothing," said Rachel, twitching at a hook.

"Go on, I know better. What's it all about?"

"Mother and I were talking."

"Your mother's swell, she's grand, plus ultra. If she was bawling you out I'm with her, a hundred per cent."

"Bob, listen. I wouldn't tell anybody else in the world about this, but I know you won't spill it around. Mother was telling me about my real mother. She's always said she would when I was twenty-one, but a little while ago I got thinking about her going over to France and if anything happened to her I might never know. So I've been trying to get her to tell me and finally she gave in. I can't tell you how it makes me feel, I'm not quite sure myself. I seem to be someone else. Maybe it'll wear off, but right now—"

—you see I keep on puzzling about them, my real father and mother in relation to myself. What did they give me that was in their natures, what did they have to give? How much am I theirs and how much am I—"

"Why do you think about it at all? You've known all the time you were adopted, everyone's known it. You used to brag about it disgustingly the first summers you came here and make all of us kids feel as jealous as the devil because we'd merely been born. What's all the sudden uproar about? She hasn't written to you or anything, has she, your real mother?"

"No. She's never shown the slightest interest in me, apparently doesn't care whether I'm dead or alive."

"That's what's burning you up, you always did hate being ignored."

Rachel tilted her head cockily. "I never am ignored," she said.

"You rose to that one like a bluefish. Go on, get those lines over and stop beefing. How do you get this way? Look out, that one's twisted."

Rachel applied herself to paying out the lines with perfect calm. "What's burning you up is that we're talking about me and not about you," she said amiably. It had eased her tension to tell Bob, some of the strange bitterness she'd felt was gone. Proportion was coming back to her life.

They stayed silent, absorbed in their catch. At the tenth fish Bob dropped the lines. "That's enough; two for you and one for me and two for the Kreels and five for Mrs. Duffy's boarding-house. Look, Rachel, you steer around the lighthouse into the lower bay and I'll get out my-trough and clean these fish right now. How's about it, wench?"

"All right. You can come along up and eat with mother and me; there won't be much, for Ada's brother is sick and she hadn't been working for us for three days, just when we needed her most, of course, with all the packing. But there'll be enough, with the fish."

"I'll have to stop in my house and wash and put on clean clothes. Your mother would throw me out if I showed up in these stinking rags."

"Bob, I do think it's dumb of you to stay on here running a town library and doing carpentry and woodwork on the side," said Rachel after a pause.

"That's your theme song, isn't it? Nevertheless I'm going to stay. There's only one bad spot in the program, Rachel, you won't be here. I wish you'd stay with me."

"Oh, Bob, are you going to begin on that again?"

"I certainly am and I shall keep right on till you give in. You think it's dumb for me to stay here in this perfectly grand place and keep on with my work and be independent and not worry about money, but you're the dumb one, going back to New York and racketing round with that crazy crowd, gin and hot jazz

and wisecracks and a lot of cheap foolishness."

"My heavens, you're full of purity and virtue all of a jump. Don't be one of those tiresome people who find something odd to do and then try to convert everybody else to doing it. It only shows they know it's no good and want to bolster themselves up."

"That's not fair."

Rachel smiled. They had almost reached the pier, first of a row of half a dozen that made the mooring place of Rockboro's fleet. "It's as fair as saying my friends are gin and jazz babies. They're not and you know it. Anyway, I'm going to get a job. And mother thinks it's all right." The boat slid alongside the pier and Rachel climbed out.

"Going to tie up?"

"Yes, catch. He threw the rope and turned to put a tarpaulin over the engine, then set the basket of cleaned fish on the pier and leaped out beside Rachel. "Six o'clock," he said. "Heaps of time."

They sauntered the length of the pier and up from the water front through a short street of small houses and stores to Rockboro's main thoroughfare.

At length they came to a shabby mansard house. "Here's Duffy's. Take out the fish you want to give her and I'll go on with the rest."

"Come into the shed a minute and look at my drawing for a mantel swag. I've got some new wood, too, best pine I've had this year. I'll go through the kitchen and meet you round there." He picked out five fish and disappeared down the side path.

Just beyond Mrs. Duffy's and set well back in her yard was a building which had once been a woodshed and was now Bob Eddis's living quarters and workshop. He had put in windows and painted the outside white with a red roof and red trim, but its original purpose was still obvious. Rachel always felt a tingle of curiosity when she entered the place, it made her see a man who was not in the least like the one who ragged and joked with her, fished with her, danced with her and took her to the movies. This was an austere and ascetic man with his ideas and philosophy organized to his satisfaction. The living room was as bare as a room could be, with white walls and a black floor, two splint chairs, a black oak table and chest and small bed, this last covered with an exquisite white quilt, the plumed design and fine stitching a marvel of ancient taste and skill. One entire wall was a cupboard in part of which he hung his clothes; in the other the cooking stove and sink, his few pans and dishes were kept compact and hidden. As Rachel looked round it she had an instant's vision of herself living there with Bob, serene, contented, a life without stress, leisurely, thoughtful, tender. "No," she thought, "it's too—adult for me. This isn't any place for youth."

Bob came bursting in from the outside door. "Now look!" he said and pulled down a long elaborately drawn design of a swag in fruit and leaves. "How's that?"

"It's grand. But it'll be awfully hard to carve."

"That was the idea. Anybody can do easy bits." He smiled at her. "You think I'm just a nut, don't you, Rachel? You don't see how I can get such a kick out of a piece of wood and a bunch of tools?"

"If you want to hear it again I'm pleased to oblige. I think you're practically everything. Now I'm going home and you skin into clean clothes and come right along."

She saw Anne sitting on the terrace and waved her hand and called to her from the road: "Bob's coming up for dinner and I've brought some fish. I'm going to take a couple over to the Kreels."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Forest Fire Danger Now More Easily Prevented Through Aid of Instruments

Methods employed in determining when high forest fire hazards exist, the detection of fires when they start and their control after breaking out have shown great changes for the better in recent years.

No longer is it necessary to rely on the fire warden's judgment as to high or low hazards, for science has created instruments that do this detecting with a far greater degree of accuracy.

According to the national forest service, the equipment to be used in determining the degree of fire danger will consist of a rain gauge, wind velocity gauge, duff hygrometer, hazard indicator sticks, hazard indicator scale, wind vane and psychrometer.

The rain gauge will be used to

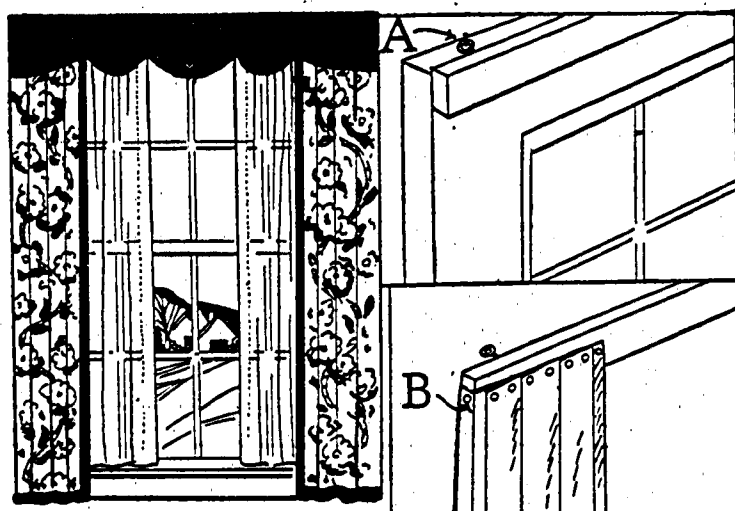


measure the daily precipitation, the wind gauge to determine the rate at which the wind is blowing, the duff hygrometer to determine the inflammability of the surface fuel, the hazard indicator stick to determine the same thing on the heavy slashings, dead trees and large branches; the hazard indicator scale will tell the per cent of moisture content in the slashings by weight, the wind vane the direction of the wind and the psychrometer determines the relative humidity. "The relative humidity," says the foresters, "is one of the most important factors in the control of forest fires."

This new technique will be employed in all national forests throughout the Lake states beginning this year.

# HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



Thumbtack Your Draperies to a Board.

TO GIVE draperies the smartly tailored effect obtained by the professional decorator, a valance board must be used. A straight one by two inch board will be needed. A small finishing nail in the top of the window casing near each end and screw eyes placed near the top of the back of the valance board will hold it in place as shown at A. Both side drapes and valance may be thumbtacked to the board and then be quickly hung all at once by hooking the screw eyes over the finishing nails. Think of the advantage on cleaning day! Just lift board and all off the nails and take outside for dusting.

Tack the side drapes to the board first as at B, arranging fullness in flat pleats. In making the valance, allow enough material to fold around the ends of the board as at C; then tack it along the top, stretching it just enough so that it is perfectly smooth.

The valance shown here is made of glazed chintz and matches the glazed chintz border that faces the edges of the side drapes. The glass curtains may be hung just inside the window frame or to the bottom of the valance board.

Every Homemaker should have a copy of Mrs. Spears' new book, SEWING. Forty-eight pages of

step-by-step directions for making slipcovers and dressing tables; restoring and upholstering chairs, couches; making curtains for every type of room and purpose. Making lampshades, rugs, ottomans and other useful articles for the home. Readers wishing a copy should send name and address, enclosing 25 cents, to Mrs. Spears, 210 South Desplaines St., Chicago, Illinois.

## On the Heels of Effort

The great high-road of human welfare lies along the old highway of steadfast well-doing; and they who are the most persistent, and work in the truest spirit, will invariably be the most successful; success treads on the heels of every right effort.—S. Smiles.

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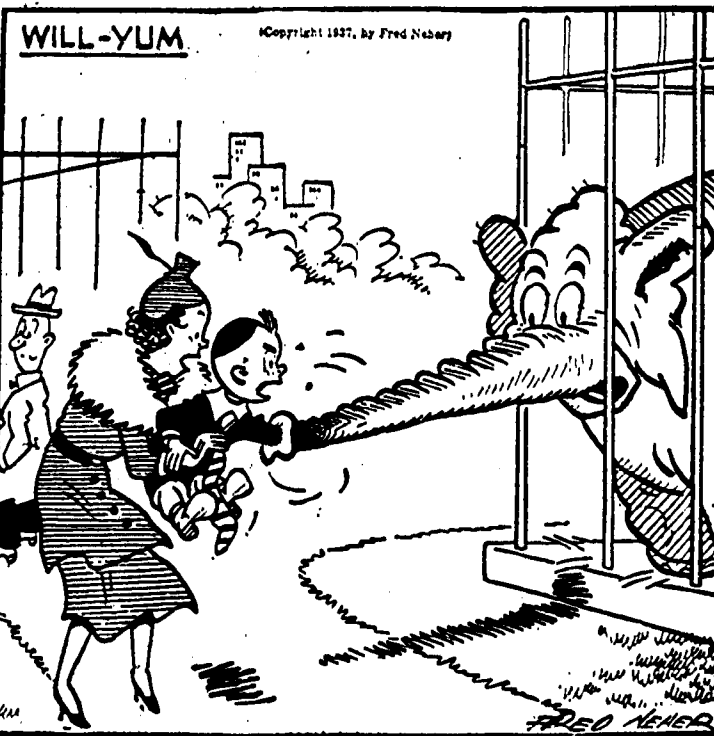
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## LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By Fred Neher



"Let go, dear . . . he saw the peanut first!"



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## Hillsboro Woman Busy Making Much-Prized Tinsel Pictures

By Irene M. Shook in Concord Monitor

An old Oriental art, the making of tinsel pictures, has for years been carried on here by Mrs. Alice Knight who will celebrate her 77th birthday March 6, 1938. This despite very much impaired eyesight and "nerves."

It was said recently by officials of the League of New Hampshire Arts and Crafts that very few people in New Hampshire know how to make the pictures and that in all probability, Mrs. Knight is the only person extensively engaged in the field.

Mrs. Knight's pictures adorn many New Hampshire homes and tourists from all quarters are reckoned among her customers. Some of her work has been sent as far away as London. She said that an old English professor at a nearby camp frequently bought her pictures to send to relatives in the homeland.

The State Library has in its possession a copy of "Art Recreations, Being a Complete Guide to Ornamental Work," published in Boston by J. E. Tilton and Company in 1860. Of tinsel pictures it says: "Lay the glass, cut to the form you require, on a smooth table, with the design underneath, usually flowers and birds. Then take a fine hair pencil, and with the color you would have the ground when done, trace the outline of each figure not joined by another color. After this has been traced as perfectly as possible, shade the design by laying thicker coats when you would have it darker. A little practice will show you where effect can best be obtained. Now put on your ground, white or black, and after this thoroughly dry, lay on and confine with

tin foil or tinsel, either smooth or crimped."

This is exactly the method employed by Mrs. Knight. Because her eyesight is poor she now engages several local girls to draw her designs on glass with pen and ink, but the rest she does herself.

Designs are taken from old prints, old magazines, such as Godey's Lady Book and Peterson's, Currier and Ives prints, in fact from any place she can get them. She says her friends help her a lot in finding suitable designs to copy.

Tinsel she buys, or has given to her by interested acquaintances.

Mrs. Knight took her first painting lesson when she was fifty-five years old and her tinsel picture work began when she was asked to repair a very old one for a friend. In this she was successful and gradually a metropolitan clientele was built up. With the coming of the depression most of this trade was lost and it was not until this summer, according to Mrs. Knight, that business has been good. "There seems to be more money running around now," said Mrs. Knight, "people are going to auctions buying things which I can repair."

The "things" include old chairs on which she restores the original stencils; mirrors with painted glass tops; clocks with painted glass doors; and the antique painted tray. But it's hard on the nerves, she said. Mrs. Knight doesn't count the hours in her working day.

She is very proud of the landscapes which her late husband, Charles Knight, used to paint. These decorate walls and doors of her home and shop in Hillsboro

Square. Most of them are of New Hampshire scenes but one depicts Ludlow Castle in Shropshire, England, near which Mrs. Knight was born. He painted it to please her, she said.

She lives in a single room at the rear of her shop, her windows looking out over the Contoocook river. Here she works and cooks her solitary meals and tends her shop. She has a radio, just now out of commission, but says she doesn't care much for radio programs. Good old fashioned singing and lectures are all right, she thinks, but "torch singers and crooners are awful."

Mrs. Knight loves plants and in her shop windows has a sturdy English ivy, a big begonia and a Japanese rubber plant of which she immediately offered "slips" when they were admired. Also she "loves" the "movies" and has many favorite film stars, with Shirley Temple, Jane Withers and Don Ameche high on the list. Her only other recreation is occasionally having a few friends in for tea.

Modest and excessively shy, it was only after several flutters of "nerves" that she consented to talk about herself. Dainty and frail she keeps shop and home going winter and summer.

Coming to America in 1889, she went to Cleveland, O., later living all about New York state, finally coming to Claremont in 1913. She moved here in 1923. She and Mr. Knight were married at Claremont in July 1917.

Before taking up painting she was a dressmaker, table girl and house-to-house canvasser.

**Young Antelope Not Smelly**  
An interesting thing noted about very young antelope is that they are lacking in the pungent odor characteristic of the adult animals. This is thought to be a provision of nature for the protection of the young antelope during periods when their mother leaves them lying hidden in the grass.

## SEASON IS HERE FOR MINCE PIES

Pumpkin Pie Also Really  
Belongs to This Time.

By EDITH M. BARBER

EVEN the most modern of us have a few old-fashioned prejudices, and I admit to mine! Glad as I am to have most foods ignore local seasons, there are certain dishes that I, for one, am glad are usually reserved for certain months of the year. Mince pie is an outstanding example of a dessert which belongs with cold weather. While pumpkin pie might well be served at any time of year, it still belongs among our cold weather desserts by custom whether it is of the old-fashioned custard type or that even more delicate chiffon pie.

In a bygone day the making of mince meat in the early fall was just as common as fall pickling and preserving. Today, most of us are content to buy one of the ready-to-use mixes which, however, we may like to make individual through the addition of candied cherries, nuts, bits of left-over canned fruit, with brandy or some other liquor for special flavor accent. It is a good idea to keep a covered jar in the refrigerator which may be gradually filled with any fruit or juice which remains after cherries, apricots, pineapple or other fruits have been served for dessert. This jar can be called upon to add additional flavor when the mince pie is in the making.

Pastry for mince pie should be good and rich. By the way, have you seen the gorgeous chromium rolling pins which can be filled with ice? The metal and the ice between them make it possible to roll rich pastry easily.

By the way, I had a pie which was new to me not long ago at a dinner party. Have you tasted egg nog pie, flavored as the name shows with rum?

### Mince Meat.

- 1 pound lean beef
- 1/2 pound suet
- 3 large tart apples
- 1 1/2 ounces citron
- 2 pounds raisins
- 1 pound currants
- 1/2 tablespoon cinnamon
- 1/4 teaspoon mace
- 1/4 teaspoon cloves
- 1/4 teaspoon allspice
- 1/2 tablespoon salt
- 1 pound brown sugar
- 1 quart cider

Cover meat with boiling water and simmer until tender. Cut suet in small pieces and let stand in cold water 1 hour. Drain. Grind meat suet, apples and citron in the meat chopper. Add raisins, currants and spices mixed with the sugar. Add cider and cook slowly 2 hours, stirring frequently to prevent burning. Seal in hot, air-tight jars. When ready to make pies, add more chopped apples, water, cider or brandy.

This recipe makes seven pints mince meat.

### Pumpkin Chiffon Pie.

- 3 egg yolks
  - 1/2 cup sugar
  - 1 1/4 cups canned pumpkins
  - 1/2 cup milk
  - 1/2 teaspoon salt
  - 1/2 teaspoon ginger
  - 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
  - 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
  - 1 tablespoon granulated gelatin
  - 1/4 cup cold water
  - 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten
  - 1/2 cup sugar
- Mix egg yolks, sugar, pumpkin, milk, salt and spices and cook over hot water until of custard consistency, stirring constantly. Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes. Add to the hot pumpkin mixture and stir until dissolved. Cool and when mixture starts to congeal, fold in beaten egg whites and sugar. Pour into baked pastry shell and chill in the refrigerator until set. Garnish with whipped cream before serving.

### Chess Tarts.

- 1 cup brown sugar
  - 2 eggs
  - 1 tablespoon melted butter
  - 1/4 cup milk
  - 1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract
  - 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
  - 1/2 teaspoon cloves
  - 1/4 cup walnut meats
  - 1/2 cup currants
- Pastry  
Beat sugar and eggs together and add the melted butter. Mix thoroughly. Add remaining ingredients and fill small tart pans which have been lined with pastry. Bake in a moderate oven, 347 degrees Fahrenheit, for half an hour.

### Egg Nog Pie.

- 1 tablespoon granulated gelatin
  - 1/4 cup cold water
  - 4 egg yolks
  - 1/2 cup sugar
  - 1/2 teaspoon salt
  - 1/4 cup hot water
  - 3 tablespoons rum
  - 4 egg whites, beaten stiff
  - 1/2 cup sugar
- Whipped cream  
Nutmeg  
Soak gelatin in cold water. Cook egg yolks, sugar, salt and hot water in top part of double boiler until of custard consistency, stirring constantly. Stir in softened gelatin and when dissolved add rum and beat well. Allow mixture to cool and when it starts to congeal fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and sugar. Pour into baked pie shell and chill in refrigerator. When ready to serve spread with a thin layer of whipped cream and nutmeg.

## Household Hints

By BETTY WELLS

"OH YES," the real estate agent added, "and there's a lavatory on the first floor, too!" But he failed to tell the prospect that it was small, cold and rather bleak and that if she had any ideas about a powder room she'd better forget them immediately. But, you see, his client took the house—and because she's forthright and clever, that downstairs lavatory which seemed pretty hopeless has become a charming little corner of her home.

There wasn't much there to work with. The room was merely a closet with a tiny window. There wasn't room for an attractively gay dressing table and the plumbing fixtures were not of the latest design. The walls had tan trouble and the woodwork was dark and forbidding. It was, in short, a convenience but an eyesore.

First an evening or two was spent sandpapering the dark woodwork. Then woodwork and walls and the inside of the door were painted a



It Sounded Very Glowing.

deep, rich blue. Red and blue linoleum was placed on the floor. A red chenille cover was placed on the bowl seat. Red cording was tacked in loops around the molding with red tassels hanging down from every second loop. A red and white child's drum was used as shade for the ceiling light and the small window was curtained gaily with red-and-white striped percale.

Since lack of space prohibited any sort of dressing table, a mirror no longer in use was stripped of its frame, recut and screwed to the one available wall. Under the mirror a small glass shelf, its brackets painted red, served to hold powder, individual puffs and the like. A glass rack was attached to the back of the door for gay red and blue guest towels.

Of course, the obvious reason for the dark walls can be seen by any homemaker with small children. A downstairs powder room is apt to get a great deal of wear and tear from the younger members of the family. No smudged finger marks can show very much on dark blue walls, yet the entire effect of this powder room is one of smartness and chic. And the cost was infinitesimal!

### Help, Please.

"I'm a dud at arithmetic," said a woman golf champion who lives up the street from us. "So please help me spend some money."

Spending money isn't the trouble most of us have! However, everybody knows how it is to get enchanted with one piece of beauty and blow our whole budget on it with nothing left over for other more or less essentials. This particular lady has \$450 to spend refreshing her living room and dining room, which sounds like a munificent sum in these days. Her living room is



"I'm a Dud at Arithmetic."

12 by 20 with a stairway and a wide arch into the dining room. The walls are beige and the furniture is mahogany. Her lamps are white and gold. She wants to recover a three-piece overstuffed set, get new draperies, and have new floor covering. What, she asks, would we advise for the furniture covering? And would we recommend broadloom carpeting all the way to the wall, or should a border of floor be left all around? And should the same floor covering be used in the adjoining dining room? She has in mind dusty old green for the carpet and snuff brown for the sofa and wants our verdict on that.

If the house is rented, we wouldn't have the carpet to the wall as it would entail waste in moving it, but if the house belongs to the family then we'd like the carpet all the way to the wall. And we'd prefer the adjoining dining room to have the same floor covering if possible. Old green carpeting with a snuff sofa sounds lovely. Then have the two chairs in a figured material that picks up these colors but is predominantly old gold in effect. We'd like draperies in this same figured fabric over beige glass curtains.

By Betty Wells.—WNU Service.

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## SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE

The School Board meets regularly in Town Clerk's Room, in Town Hall block, on the Last Friday Evening in each month, at 7.30 o'clock, to transact School District business and to hear all parties.

ARTHUR J. KELLEY,

ARCHIE M. SWETT,

MYRTIE K. BROOKS,

Antrim School Board.

## SELECTMEN'S NOTICE

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

Meetings 7 to 8

HUGH M. GRAHAM,

JAMES I. PATTERSON,

ALFRED G. HOLT,

Selectmen of Antrim.