

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME LV, NO. 6

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1937

5 CENTS A COPY

MRS. EVA HULETT DIES AT NEWARK, N. J.

Mrs. Eva Hulett passed away at Newark, N. J., Saturday night, following a long illness. She was born at Stroutsbury, Pa., and married to German Hulett July 24, 1882, who died a few years ago. Burial was at Stroutsbury, beside her sister. She resided in Antrim for several years, and is survived by two sons, Guy, of Antrim, and Raymond of Concord, and one daughter, Mrs. Mae Bailey, of Nashua.

CANTATA PRESENTED AT BAPTIST CHURCH SUNDAY

The Baptist Church was filled to capacity Sunday evening for the presentation of a cantata "Child Jesus" by thirty school children and "Jeanette Isabella" by the union vested choir. The stage was built like a stable and the song-story was built around Mary, Joseph and Jesus, and was very beautifully presented. Mrs. Elizabeth Felker was in charge of the program.

HARRY HOLMES TO CONDUCT SERVICE AT DEERING

Mr. Harry Holmes will hold the Communion Service at the Deering Community Church, December 26, at 11 a. m. The Sunday School will give its Christmas program at 10 a. m. The Christmas offering of the Sunday school will be sent to the war sufferers of China in response to the United Christmas appeal.

Any Deering people desiring to have a part in "this nation-wide Christian expression of sympathy and love for the war-sufferers" of China may bring their contribution to the church or hand to Miss Fern Grund, Mrs. Edith Parker or Miss Almeda A. Holmes by December 26.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

A beautiful old custom is being revived this year throughout New Hampshire, the ringing of the church bells on Christmas morning in celebration of the Savior's birthday. It is planned to ring those in our village at seven o'clock.

"And the angel said unto them,

Hear not:

For behold, I bring you tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

St. Luke 2:10

ALL YEAR LONG, year in and year out, this, your newspaper, brings you the tidings of the world. Not all of them are joyful, certainly none so glorious as the Christmas story which St. Luke announced 2,000 years ago in the glowing words of promise above. But most of them are important to you, and all of them are as honestly reported and fearlessly, fairly presented as your newspaper's conviction of its obligation to serve all the people can make them.

★ Fear not, in this world of ominous change and strife, when your newspaper, because it is an American newspaper, can dedicate itself unhampered to a life of truthfulness, education, moral and civic leadership. Fear not for the world when its people can and do still forget their petty selfishnesses in the Christmas spirit of fellowship and giving.

★ There is no other news we bring you that fills our own hearts with gladness as the tidings of another Christmas fill them. And so, a Merry Christmas to you all, and may the love and peace and hope of the Great Birthday mellow your cares throughout the year.

The Publishers

Weekly Letter by George Proctor Fish and Game Conservation Officer

Austin A. Donerty has one of the most beautiful displays of Christmas wreaths and other beautiful things for the holidays. I was up there the other day and he had something that to me was a wonderful asset. Flying about his display were a dozen or so little Nuthatches picking the seeds from the pine cones and eating grass seed that Mr. Donerty had spread on the platform. These birds were very tame and you could almost pick them up. If you have not seen this play you have missed a great treat. The 101 is now OK to Peterborough. Don't fail to see the little birds at work. This wigwam is at West Wilton, just a few miles from Wilton village.

Two youthful hunters, Starr Center of Wilton and Phillip Magoon, Jr., of Greenfield, each got his deer, both aged 15 years. Center got an 8 point buck while Magoon was a 125 lb. doe.

I saw a fellow Sunday p. m. that had just seen the big moose up in the edge of Greenfield, Hancock and Peterborough. He said the big fellow would go over 1200 lbs. The reason for such a guess was because he had a horse that would weigh 1200 and this moose was just as big if not bigger. Another fellow from Hancock saw the big fellow and he said he spoke to him and he did not wait for an answer. This fellow usually has curly hair but when I saw him it was still straight. We mean the hair. This man said he got the thrill of his life.

O. No, not everyone was hunting deer last Sunday. Over 100 persons were ice fishing at Otter Lake on the Contoocook river at Bennington, at all the ponds in Rindge and Peterborough.

A little pond off the Rindge road produced some wonderful pickerel last Friday. Four men from Fitchburg, Mass., had four pickerel that would tip the scales at 4 pounds each and they had 18 in all and the smaller one was 15 inches long.

Prince Tomanoff of Hancock caught another beautiful horned owl the other day. This makes about 20 the Prince has caught since he started raising pheasants. They are very destructive to poultry, and do clean up a lot of hares.

The skating has been ideal the past few days. Ice made so fast that some of the ice men have started to fill their houses in this neck of the woods.

Say we have got to hand it to Michael Rossiter of Milford. One day while I was away he and his father brought to me several hundred pounds of tin foil for the crippled children. Bet there is over 400 in the lot. This will do some one a lot of good. Thanks.

Believe it or not but one of the severe cold nights this past week a big skunk came walking up the street I live on and crawled into a culvert for a nap. Who said that skunks only came out on warm nights?

Don't drive your car onto the ice until you know it's safe. I have not forgotten the accident at Rindge yet which happened a few years ago.

Did you know that the common rabbit when he has been skinned and pressed and made into some sort of a fur piece can be called by more than 60 different names — anything from a polar seal to a lion. Many a woman is parading around with a Seal skin that came off the back of a snowshoe hare or a cotton tail. The pelt of the Flemish Giants make wonderful furs.

Only a few days to Christmas. Don't forget to check and double check on the people in your town to see if all have a good Christmas.

Ran across a nice little woman last Sunday. She was standing behind a pine tree near route 31 and with low shoes and high heels and a dress more fitted for a wedding, she was standing ankle deep in the snow with a 30 30 in her hands waiting for her husband to drive out a deer. She hated to leave the place to go to her car to show her license. She had one and it was the out of state kind. Those N. H. Wardens are hard boiled.

A new low record for forest fires was maintained last year in the 161 National Forests. Burned acreage was reduced 70% from the annual average for the preceding five years.

Property owners have been taking advantage of the snow to burn their piles of brush. No permit to burn while snow is on the ground. R. G. Hammond, the well known fox hunter of East Jaffrey has some fox hound puppies for sale. He has the reputation of being one of the best hunters of Southern N. H., so you know what his dogs must be.

Want a nice collie for Christmas? Any age, any color, any price. I know where they can be bought. Also some Poms and Cocker Spaniels.

We know of a litter of Heinz puppies just 6 weeks old Christmas that you can get very reasonable. Makes a nice pet for some small boy or girl.

Talk about your strange things. A man out in the far west is raising and training otter to hunt with and to retrieve ducks after they have been shot. This man is a fur farmer in Minnesota. The article says that hunting dogs have got good stiff opposition in this new hunter.

Heard a well known expert say the other day that it won't be long to the time when a national law

will be in force that only barbless hooks shall be used for trout fishing.

A girls' college at White Plains, N. Y., has introduced into its schedule of instruction the gentle art of fishing. When a girl leaves that college with her sheepskin tucked under her arm she is an expert at casting and knows which end of the worm goes on the hook or better still she is a fly fisherman.

Those fellows that let out the state deer at Greenland did not gain very much for their trouble. Two of the deer were captured while one did get shot.

All the pupils in the Wilton schools sat in this week Tuesday afternoon at the town hall to witness the new moving (talkie) pictures from the Fish and Game department at Concord. This was a treat to the pupils as well as an instructive lecture. Beavers, forest fires and a lesson as to what the State and Federal Govt. are doing for Conservation. I wish every school could have this picture shown to them. Mr. Murray of the main office ran the machine.

Believe it or not but the Public Service Commission of Wisconsin has refused to grant a permit to a granite company to build a dam across a river. Its reason was that it would destroy the scenic beauty of the river and be disastrous to the fish life. Hats off to that Commission.

Am in the market for a few — get this straight — a few good cats that will catch mice and rats. Have supplied a fellow with a few and all of them have turned out to be pets and not workers. If they are not workers please don't answer this appeal.

Here is a fellow that's got some nice pointer puppies to sell at a price that will please you.

Here is good news to you grouse hunters. William B. Rice, 2nd, who lives in Boston but has a nice farm in Peterborough reports that he has found in the past three weeks as many as I ever saw in the past, finding them entirely under apple trees. We have heard this same report from an apple man in Hancock. Guess they are on the way back.

Yes, my beavers are all froze in but one fellow keeps a place open so that he can come out if he wants to.

One day last week five of my Canadian geese, the old mated pair and the three young born on my pond in 1937 took unto themselves wings and have gone. We hope to the south land. If anyone sees this five just give us a ring. But we hope they have gone to a warmer climate.

Have you got your bird feeders out well filled with grain. Last week I got two bags of screenings from the Hopkins Grainery at Greenfield. The birds appreciate this.

Poverty Dance

GRANGE HALL
ANTRIM CENTER

Thursday Eve., Dec. 31st

8:00 o'clock

Music by

HILL BROS. ORCHESTRA

Admission 25c

Come in your old clothes — Fines for good clothing and jewelry worn

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DEPOSITS made during the first three business days of the
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ANTRIM, New Hampshire

THE REPORTER'S RECIPE COLUMN

by
HELEN RICHARDSQN

CHRISTMAS FRUIT CAKE

1 lb. butter
1 lb. sugar
12 eggs
1 lb. flour
2 tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. each of nutmeg, allspice, mace
2 Tbls. lemon juice
½ tsp. clove
3 lbs. raisins, seeded and cut in pieces
1 lb. currants
1 lb. citron, thinly sliced and cut in strips
1 lb. figs, finely chopped
½ cup brandy or ¼ cup grape juice

Cream butter, add sugar gradually, beat well. Separate egg yolks from whites, beat yolks and add to first mixture, add egg whites beaten stiff. Add flour (excepting ½, which should be reserved to dredge fruit) mixed and sifted with spices, brandy and lemon juice. Then add fruit, except citron, dredged with flour, dredge citron with flour and put in layers cake mixture when putting in pan. Bake 4 hours in slow oven.

Fruit cake is nice for a Christmas gift when baked in small loaves, wrapped in cellophane and tied with red ribbon.

CRANBERRY CONSERVE

Take 1 orange and put through food chopper, add 1 pint water, boil slowly 10 mins. Take 1 quart cranberries and cook with 1 cup water until soft. Rub through colander and add to cooked orange. Put ½ cup raisins

REPORTERETTES

Merry Christmas!

President Roosevelt joked with visitors about losing a tooth. Well, it is easier than losing your scalp.

One of our editor friends says it doesn't take experience to run a newspaper as the subscribers are always ready to tell you how to do it.

A Chicago friend of ours, visiting in Shanghai, says that the daily machine gunning around there makes him feel right at home.

One blessing about being poor and homely is that you are not apt to get mixed up in the death of beautiful actresses or torch singers.

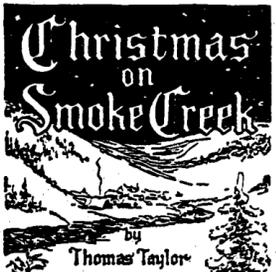
Life is just one thing after another. Just as soon as a child actor or actress grows up they spring another star juvenile performer on us.

A Kansas young man who recently graduated from a university was asked what letters represented his degree. "W. P. A." he replied.

It's a lot of fun when Cupid shoots you with a little dart but not so good when the divorce court harpoons you with a decree for alimony.

through food chopper. Add to orange and cranberry mixture with 2½ cups sugar and 1 pint water. Cook until mixture heats on spoon, remove from fire and stir in ½ ounces broken walnut meats. Pour into sterile glasses and when cool seal with paraffin. Makes about 8 glasses.

WHEN SANTA COMES



THERE was not to be any Christmas tree at the little church at the head of Smoke Creek that year; and of the several families who lived there, not more than half were expecting Santa Claus. The dark days had left the dismal little valley or hollow even more gloomy than it had been in better years, when the mines across the ridge in the next hollow gave some employment to the heads of the families of Smoke Creek. Jim Knox, who lived at the very head of the stream, was perhaps



He Noticed Something Like a Card Tacked on Hathway's Door.

the most unhappy of all in the little "settlement." His wife and only child, a son of seven, had died, and his nearest neighbor was Joe Hathway, a bitter enemy with whom he had had many difficulties. So that lonely night of Christmas eve as Jim sat before the open wood fire, with the light of blazing hickory logs his only company, he was not without fear for his own safety—he knew Joe Hathway had threatened his life.

As he sat dreaming his eyes happened to rest upon his rifle standing in the corner of the log room. "That gun or Joe Hathway's will some day tell the tale," he said to himself. He meant that one day, like so many others down the lonesome stream, either he or Joe would go—and using a common mountain expression, "with his boots on." He did not care—life had come to mean but little for him.

While Jim was thus dreaming, Joe Hathway sat in another log cabin but a few yards down the stream. By chance Joe's attention was called to a book on a shelf. The school teacher had given it to his daughter who had died from the epidemic on the creek. The title appealed to him—"The Christmas Carol." He took the book and began to read. Page after page and chapter after chapter, he read on. It was the first book Joe had ever read. It filled him with new visions and new ways of thinking. He read on till midnight and had been so impressed that he decided to read a chapter from the Bible before going to bed. By mere accident the chapter was one on the birth at Bethlehem. Its teaching overpowered him—he had found the more abundant life.

On Christmas morning when Jim Knox went out to the spring for a

pail of water he noticed something like a card tacked on Joe Hathway's door. He saw no smoke from the chimney. Taking in the water, cautiously he approached Joe's cabin door, and read the note which said:

"Dear Jim: You will find me gone. I was reading some last night in 'The Christmas Carol' and in the Bible. I read that verse that told of peace and good will to man. Said to myself, 'My family is all gone—the last was Mary. She left the book to get me on the right track. There's nothing in this hollow for me any more. Maybe I can find work by New Year's over on Cedar Creek! You and I never could get along. So to make things better for us both hereafter I am leaving at daybreak. And Jim as I say 'Good-bye, I also wish to say, 'Peace on earth good will to men.' And as another result of 'The Christmas Carol' two mountaineers were better men, and though they had no Christmas cards or presents, and no holiday programs, the pines on the hillsides seemed a bit greener and the music of the streams seemed sweeter."
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Boxing Day Is Time for Making Christmas Gifts

THE first weekday after Christmas, Boxing day, is a legal and bank holiday in England, Wales and Northern Ireland but not in Scotland. This is the day on which "Christmas boxes" or gifts are expected by, and given to, errand boys, servants, letter carriers, etc., observes a writer in the Detroit News.

The name "Christmas box" is often applied there to the ordinary gift at this season of the year, apart from this usage. References to the "apprentice's box" and "butler's box" as far back as the Sixteenth century indicate that these gratuities were at one time placed in an earthenware box, which could be opened on Boxing day only by breaking it. It appears also that the early church had alms-boxes which were opened only on that date.

Chambers' Book of Days states that the institution of "Christmas boxes" evidently is akin to that of New Year's gifts and, like it, has descended from the times of the ancient Romans who at the season of the Saturnalia, practiced universally the custom of giving and receiving presents.

The Yule Sing



TOM MADSEN sat beside the fireplace and gazed moodily at the blazing logs, as the sparks spiraled upward. Outside flakes of snow beat against the window pane to the chime of the church bells ringing peace and good will to all the earth.

"Peace," Tom muttered. "Was there such a thing on earth? Not for him, anyway." He had staked everything on his boy. Been both father and mother to him—given him the advantage of the best schools, with a law partnership waiting for him in his own office; and what did he get? "Sorry to disappoint you, Dad, but I don't seem to be cut out for law. Sally and I want to find happiness in our own way. I mean to buy the old Wormley farm and Sally and I will be married there, in our own home, Dad, on Christmas eve."

Young Tom had choked a bit as he saw the look on his father's face—"I'm sorry, Dad; I do appreciate all you've done for me, 'but the hand writes and moves on," and it's all settled. Be a good sport, Dad, News.



"I'm Sorry, Dad: I Do Appreciate All You've Done for Me."

and come to our wedding and give us your blessing." But he had turned on his boy. "Never!" he cried. "See my son married to a cheap dancer; a common!"—Young Tom's face was white. "Stop, Dad, or I might forget you are my father"—and he had rushed out of the house.

That had been three long months ago. An eternity for him. He had been too hasty; had been governed by his prejudices. One couldn't measure the present generation by the one of his day. Tom, Jr., was no fool; he should have trusted him to do the right thing; what right had he to interfere; to say how any life should be lived?

Suddenly he wanted to have a share in the joyfulness. He reached for his hat, but remembered it was too late for shopping, but there was his check book. What if Tom refused his tardy offering? The eager look died. There was a loud ringing of the door bell and the sound of rushing feet—the door was flung open. There was Tom, looking just like he used to when he came to him for comfort. "Dad, we just have to have you. Sally sent me to bring you. It's Christmas," Tom, Sr., held out his arms. "We won't disappoint Sally, son."

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What Irwin S. Cobb Thinks about

Vanishing Wild Life.
VARNER PLANTATION, TEX.—Thanks to wise legislation, the wild fowl are coming back to this gulf country. True, the flocks may never again be what they were; yet, with continued conservation, there'll again be gunning for one and all.

But when I think back on the ducks I saw down here 10 years ago—in countless hosts—I'm reminded of what Charley Russell, the cowboy artist, said to the lady tourist who asked him whether the old-timers exaggerated when they described the size of the vanished buffalo herds. "Wellum," said Charley, "I didn't get up to this Montana country until after the buffaloes started thinning out. But I remember once I was night-herding when the fall drift got between me and camp and I sat by and watched 'em pass. Not having anything else to do, I started counting 'em. Including calves, I counted up to 3,009,625,294, and right then was when I got discouraged and quit. Because I happened to look over the ridge and here came the main drove."



Irwin S. Cobb
tana country until after the buffaloes started thinning out. But I remember once I was night-herding when the fall drift got between me and camp and I sat by and watched 'em pass. Not having anything else to do, I started counting 'em. Including calves, I counted up to 3,009,625,294, and right then was when I got discouraged and quit. Because I happened to look over the ridge and here came the main drove."

Becoming a Head Man.

LET an unshorn dandruff fancier claim he's divine and, if nobody else agrees with his diagnosis, the police will jug him as a common nuisance and the jail warden will forcibly trim his whiskers for him or anyhow have them searched. But if enough folks, who've tried all the old religions and are looking for a new one, decide he is the genuine article, then pretty soon we have a multitude testifying to the omnipotence of their idol.

Let another man think he is a reincarnation of Julius Caesar or Alexander the Great, and if few or none feel the same way about it he's headed for the insane asylum. But if a majority, which is a large body of persons entirely surrounded by delusions, agrees with him that he is what he says he is he becomes a dictator and rules over the land until common sense is restored, if at all.

Let the writer of a daily column begin to think his judgments are perfect and his utterances are infallible—but, hold on, what's the use of getting personal?

Grandma's Togs.

WE LAUGH at our grandmothers who believed that, for a lady to be properly dressed, she should have a little something on anyway.

Maybe those mid-Victorian ladies sort of overdid the thing—bustles that made them look like half-sisters to the dromedary, skirts so tight they hobbled like refugees from a chain gang, corsets laced in until breathing was almost a lost art, boned collars so high they seemed to be peeping over an alley fence. Still, wearing five or six starched petticoats, the little woman was safe from Jack the Pincher unless he borrowed some steamfitter's pliers.

And later when, for a season, blessed simplicity ruled the styles, her figure expressed the queenly grace that comes from long, chaste lines. Probably the dears never figured it out. Just the natural cunning of their sex told them 'twas the flowing robes which gave majesty and dignity to kings on the throne and judges on the bench and prelates at the altar—and shapely women-folk.

How old-fashioned those times seem today when every dancing floor is a strip-tease exhibit and every bathing beach a nudist show; and a debutante, posing for snapshots, feels she's cheating her public unless she proves both knees still are there.

Reading Dickens.

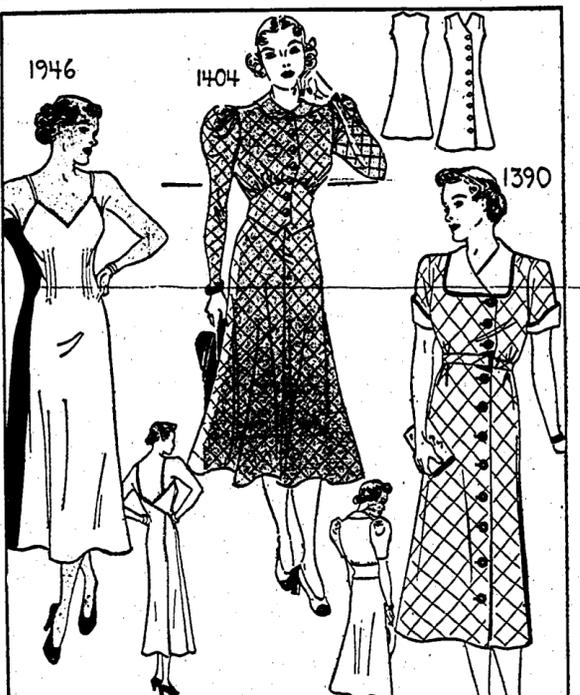
I'VE been reading Dickens again. This means again and again. I take "Pickwick Papers" once a year just as some folks take hay fever. Only I enjoy my attack.

Dickens may have done caricatures, but he had human models to go by. He drew grotesques, but his grotesques had less highly-colored duplicates in real life. And readers recognized them and treasured them as symbols of authentic types. The list is almost endless—Sam Weller, Sairy Gamp, Daniel Quilp, Uriah Heep, Mrs. Nickleby, Mr. Micawber, Mr. Pecksniff—oh, a dozen more.

What writer since Dickens has been able to perpetuate one-tenth so many characters? There is Tarkington with his Penrod and his Alice Adams; there was Mark Twain with his Huck Finn and Colonel Mulberry Sellers. There lately has been Sinclair Lewis with two picturesque creations, to wit: Babbitt—and Sinclair Lewis.

IRVIN S. COBB
Copyright.—WNU Service.

Catch Up on Chic



IF YOU'RE a bit behind in the thrilling game of Sew-Your-Own, Milady, why not take advantage of the holiday season and catch up? Today's trio is especially right for "vacation sewing" because it consists of simple practical pieces that require little time and trouble. Make all three and you'll have gone a long way toward putting the old punch back in the game.

Streamlined Styling.
The slip at the left is all you could wish for from the standpoint of styling. It offers superb lines from the moderately low cut V neck, through the dart-fitted waist right down to the very hem. The clever overlapping back is light proof and provides an action pleat so necessary for complete satisfaction. Important, too, is the fact that you may choose the material you wish in your own color. Better make it in duplicate for many meticulous months ahead.

Pretty in Sheer Wool.
The two-piece in the center is, like the slip, heavy on style. The defined waist is effectively young as is the flowing skirt and little round collar. It is just the frock to give one lots of git-up-and-git for the second semester, or "to break the ice" whenever one is anxious about one's appearance. It can be the height of chic in sheer wool—very pretty in flat crepe.

Modern Home Dress.
When it's home you're thinking of you naturally turn to a frock like the third member of the trio at the right. This button-all-the-way model is different enough to delight you and simple enough to set you sewing at sight. It is cut for comfort but with an ever

watchful eye on that elusive little thing called chic. Crisp contrast may be had in the collar and cuffs and in that trim row of buttons that march down the line—and then back again. Look fresh in your version in pretty percale.

The Patterns.
Pattern 1946 is designed for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 44 bust). Size 18 requires 3 3/4 yards of 39 inch fabric. One yard of ribbon is required for shoulder straps.
Pattern 1404 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39 inch material.
Pattern 1390 is designed for sizes 34 to 48. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35 inch material. The collar and cuffs in contrast require 1 1/4 yards material.
Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third street, New York, N. Y. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.
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Hotel Tudor
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2 blocks east of Grand Central Station on 42nd Street. 600 rooms, each with private bath.



Uncle Phil Says:

Respect Due Precedent
Respect for precedent has a solid basis. Don't be contemptuous of precedent, but study its claims to authority.

It is nonsense to say that no one is interested in the troubles of others. We're not all inhuman.

Men have had but one burst of extravagance in clothing in the last 20 years. It was when they paid \$3 for a silk shirt.

Women often say it is hard to please men by the way they dress; but let a man pick out a woman's sartorial outfit and she'd be a fright.



Pine Forest Inn and Cottages
A HOTEL OF DISTINCTION
Nearest the Gardens
(Famous Winter Resort)
OPEN JANUARY TO MAY
S. John Littlegreen, Mgr.
Summerville South Carolina



Are Women Better Shoppers than Men?

GRANTING a woman's reputation for wise buying, let's trace the methods by which she has earned it. Where does she find out about the advantages and details of electrical refrigeration? What tells her how to keep the whole household clean—rugs, floors, bathroom tiling—and have energy left over for golf and parties? How does she learn about new and delicious entrees and desserts that surprise and delight her family? Where does she discover those subtleties of dress and make-up that a man appreciates but never understands?

Why, she reads the advertisements. She is a consistent, thoughtful reader of advertisements, because she has found that she can believe them—and profit thereby. Overlooking the advertisements would be depriving herself of data continuously useful in her job of Purchasing Agent to the Family.

For that matter, watch a wise man buy a car or a suit or an insurance policy. Not a bad shopper himself! He reads advertisements, too!

Telling St. Nick



CHRISTMAS TRADITIONS

IF YOUR Christmas tree is a balsam—and that is the loveliest kind of all, both for appearance and for fragrance—then when you first light it a cheerful old superstition urges a glance at your shadow on the wall—if you dare. Should it appear headless you will not live to see another Christmas. Then, later, when the tree is burned, another tradition suggests keeping a partly burned stick to ward off lightning.



BY MARTHA BANNING THOMAS

CAROLINE told herself a dozen times a day that she did not care whether she heard from Stephen or not. What possible difference could it make now, after all these months of silence?

And here it was Christmas eve. Not a message! Not a card! Oh, well... she turned away from the window. One must not allow one's self the luxury of regret.

Fires burned brightly on the hearth. Holly hung above the man-



Caroline Was Not Alone With Her Bright Fire and Holly.

tel. Snow outside, cheer within. That was all she required. She hummed a tune in false gaiety.

A ring at the door. Stephen? No, just a messenger boy with a box. Caroline's fingers crackled the red cellophane unwrapping it. No card. Just crazy dozens of jig-saw pieces.

She walked restlessly about the room. Then she returned to the box. Black and white pieces only. Idly she fitted a few together, leaned closer and frowned. Familiar hand-writing. Stephen's hand-writing!

Excitedly she bent above the puzzle fitting the rest together. Gradually Stephen's clear strong writing stared up at her.

"Dear Caroline," it read, "if you have the patience to put this together, I shall know you are still interested in me. I could not tell you what I wanted to, before I left, because I was not sure of circumstances. But now I know. I can take care of you. Will you marry me, Caroline? A yes would be the most marvelous Christmas present in the world. I love you."

She laughed a little. She cried a little. Then she went to the mantel and snatched down a photograph of herself. This she cut up into small jagged pieces. On several she wrote a single word, which, when put together, read: "I have gone all to pieces, missing you." Then on the mouth of her pictured face, she added the single word "Yes."

These pieces she quickly wrapped up in the box sent to her, and dispatched it by a messenger, who admitted that a gentleman had given it to him, who was staying at the Inn in town.

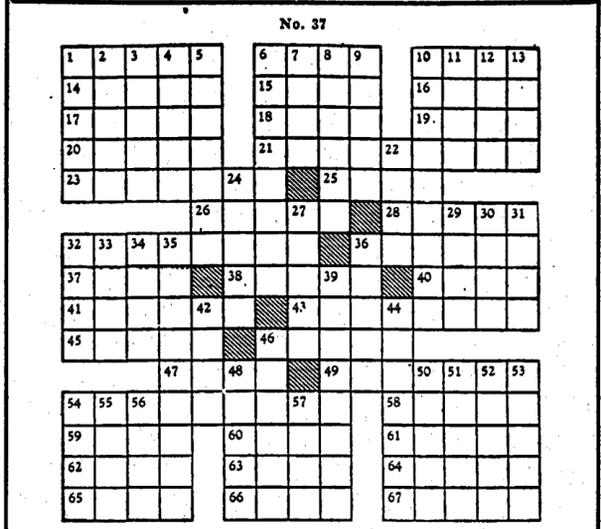
In another hour Caroline was not alone with her bright fire and holly. And Christmas eve was what it should be. Stephen declared he had been too scared to come himself and sent the puzzle as a test-case. Then he kissed her.

© Western Newspaper Union.

Santa Himself



CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



- (Solution in Next Issue)
- HORIZONTAL**
- Bill of exchange
 - Places
 - Young bovine animal
 - Less common
 - Tough
 - Valuable timber tree of the Philippines
 - Higher up
 - Persia
 - Creeping plant
 - Athletic contests
 - Transact
 - Began
 - Irish
 - Spring flower
 - Donates
 - Led
 - Summer house
 - Air
 - Corrode
 - Short jacket
 - Tidier
 - Benedictions
 - Attempt
 - Acquire knowledge
 - Game played on horseback
 - Invented
 - Of honorable standing
 - South American macaw
 - Egg-shaped
 - Heavenly body
 - Restrain
 - Sediment
 - Century plant
 - Make into a law
 - Trees
 - Hit
 - Small hollows
- VERTICAL**
- Hauls
 - Clerical collar
 - Fragrance
 - High temperature
 - Supporting framework
 - Cheat
 - Ireland
 - Calamitous
 - Church council
 - Reclaims from savagery
 - Capital of Samouan islands
 - Cotton waste
 - Run
 - Roman garment
 - Sea duck
 - Sun-baked brick
 - Refuse approval to
 - Very black
 - Male children
 - Sheet of glass
 - Regrets
 - Agas
 - Hurls with great force
 - Style of painting
 - Stuffed
 - Same as at
 - Encroached upon
 - Marriage by purchase among South African tribes
 - Buddhist priests
 - Gods of peace
 - The evil one
 - Build
 - Flits to and fro
 - Flower
 - Wicked
 - Tropical tree
 - Laughing bird

Puzzle No. 36 Solved:

W	A	I	L	S	M	O	O	R	S			
A	S	S	A	T	L	B	O	N	N	E	T	
T	H	C	R	U	S	A	D	E	T	O		
T	H	E	C	R	O	S	E	S	S	I	O	N
S	N	U	C	E	A	T	D	I	R	E		
A	G	I	O	R	E	L	E	N	T			
B	O	A	D	D	E	A	D					
S	N	O	R	E	D	E	L	B	A			
S	P	I	T	F	A	P	E	T	A	R	T	
T	I	C	S	A	T	I	N	D	O	E		
A	T	C	A	R	A	C	A	S	I	N		
R	E	F	A	S	T	T	R	U	A	N	T	
B	D	I	R	E	H			D	E	N	T	S

American Mastodon Was Ponderous, Bulky Animal

The American Mastodon was a primitive elephant, and stood about nine feet high at the shoulder. It was a ponderous and bulky animal with a very long and heavy body. The teeth are peculiar, and when first found by earlier settlers of this country they were believed to have belonged to a giant man. They did bear a resemblance to the molar teeth of man, but some refute this idea, notes a writer in the Washington Star. The first complete skeleton of a mastodon was found in New York state. Giant beavers, lived in the woods of what is now New Jersey. Several species of fossil bison have also been found. These all greatly exceed their modern representatives in size, and had massive horns, some six feet across at the tips. It is believed that prehistoric man was familiar with this type of bison.

From the Red river in the north to the Mexican border, and from the Missouri river to the eastern foothills of the Sierra Nevada, the United States is filled with fossil evidence to the fact that great monsters once ruled this part of the world. In only one way does any other continent exceed this country in prehistoric remains. Asia has produced more dinosaur eggs than America. Yet scientists believe that they will be found in this country, probably in the petrified sands of the Painted Desert of Arizona.

One in Five Ill in Some Way

A statistician states that one in every five persons has a chronic disease, a serious defect in vision or hearing, etc.

Kit Carson Peak

Kit Carson peak is in south central Colorado, southwest of Salida and is 14,100 feet high.

The Gutenberg Bible

The Gutenberg Bible that cost Uncle Sam \$300,000, was printed on vellum and originally belonged to Dr. Faustus of Germany. Because printing was thought to be a magic art, printed books were suppressed. When Dr. Faustus was an old man, he sold this Bible to the king of France. It went to the Benedictine monastery of St. Blasius in the Black forest. There it remained hidden for many years and at the time of the Napoleonic wars was removed to the monastery of St. Paul in Austria. In 1826, when that monastery needed money, it was sold to a private collector—one Dr. Vollbehr. Four years later congress authorized the purchase of the Vollbehr collection of incunabula. In this collection was the Gutenberg Bible. It now rests in the library of Congress at Washington, D. C.

Hair Nets Used by Women of Egypt 1,600 Years Ago

Hair nets were used by women in Egypt some 1,600 years ago. This may be confirmed from an exhibit in the hall of Egyptian archeology at Field Museum of Natural History where a net of Roman type, estimated to have been made between the Third and Fifth centuries A. D., is shown in a collection of ancient textiles.

No attempt was made at the invisibility achieved in later hairnets, however—this net is a heavy, knitted ornamental cap-like item in bright red wool. According to museum archeologists, the hair was swathed in linen veils until the head was about twice its natural size, and then this net was stretched over the already wrapped and covered crowning glory of the wearer. It was fastened by tying strings attached to it.

Displayed with it are a bonnet and cap, both of linen, with plaid designs. In the bonnet, which resembles in cut what could be termed a sunbonnet, there are embroidered lines in dark brown silk criss-crossing the tan linen. It is edged with blue striped linen. The cap is interwoven with lines of blue silk. Both bonnet and cap consist of two halves stitched together, each half being lined with a coarser linen than that which showed when worn.

San Remo Cableway Longest

The San Remo to Monte Bignone cableway in the Ligurian Alps, Italy, rises from sea level to 4,300 feet in a distance of nearly five miles. It is one of the longest cableways in the world and has the largest aerial span. The complete journey is made in forty minutes.

Indian Chiefs Kent War Post

Among the Iroquois Indians, each war chief kept a war post to commemorate great events and to preserve the chronology of them. Peeled posts, 10 to 12 feet high, were erected in the village. After a campaign the chief made a perpendicular red mark 3 inches long and one-half inch thick on the post for each enemy killed. If a scalp was taken, a red cross was made opposite a mark. On another side of the post there was space to record prisoners taken alive. The mark for this was a cross with a dot above it. One tribe used a genealogical board, called "he rakare wakapaparanga." It was a tally having a notch for each tribal name, opposite which was a blank space if the male line died out, or a series of notches if it continued; the female lines were disregarded entirely. Indian boys were taught their family history by repeating the names of each ancestor to whom the notches referred.

Initials on Linens Stamp You as Chic

It's smart to "be personal" when marking linens, for towels, pillow slips, sheets and even personal "dainties" make known your ownership when embroidered with your very own initials. These are quickly worked in single stitch



Pattern 1553.

and French knots, either in a combination of colors or the same color throughout. Pattern 1553 contains a transfer pattern of an alphabet 2 1/2 inches high, two 1 1/4 inches high and one 3/4 inch high; information for placing initials and monograms; illustrations of all stitches used.

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

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Oh Wad the Powers the Giftee Gie Us—

The pompous old gentleman in the railway carriage had been boring his fellow travelers for an hour or two with tales of his success and his superiority to every one else.

When the ticket collector came into the carriage, the old gentleman merely looked annoyed and handed a ticket to the collector, who looked at it and remarked:

"Where are you going, sir?" "Good gracious, man, can't you read?" shouted the passenger. "You've got my ticket, haven't you?"

"I've got your ticket, certainly, sir," came the quiet reply. "But it's for a watch."

HELP KIDNEYS

To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste

Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys get functionally disordered and fail to remove excess impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress.

Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of some kidney or bladder disturbance.

You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous; all played out.

In such cases it is better to rely on a medicine that has won country-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Use Doan's Pills. A multitude of grateful people recommend Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

Energy Does Things

Energy has made more men famous than merit.

Constipated?



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

INSIST ON GENUINE NUJOL

WNU-2 51-37

WATCH the Specials

You can depend on the special sales the merchants of our town announce in the columns of this paper. They mean money saving to our readers. It always pays to patronize the merchants who advertise. They are not afraid of their merchandise or their prices...



by Luella B. Lyons

JACK and Ellen Dyson couldn't find a thing for which they could be thankful and merry this Christmas—Jack out of work and Ellen with so little in the house left for meals. But to make matters worse, shortly after Jack left, Ellen missed the emerald setting out of her ring. She hadn't worn it for a long time but it had been her great-



Jack and Ellen Joined Hands and Danced About in Their Joy.

est consolation—if the "worst came to worst"—it could be sold. And with it gone!

"Five presents here and they aren't from the five and ten, either, Jack! I know, you took my emerald to buy these, didn't you?" Ellen cried out, something she wouldn't have said had her nerves and patience not been frayed to the thin edge.

"You honestly think that of me, Ellen? If that's the way you feel, all right, think what you please!"

Neither of them realized that they were hardly accountable for their mutual lack of understanding. Tears fairly blinded Ellen as she went out to bring in the little red hen, the last member of their little flock. She kept thinking that at least this, her last offering to the holiday dinner, was honest.

Then suddenly she caught sight of the familiar emerald—there in the little red hen's insides was hidden the gem she had thought poor Jack had taken. It took but a moment or two to wash up, snatch up the emerald and dash into the workroom where she went to her knees before her husband.

A Carol for Santa



A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year

BUTTERFIELD'S STORE
Telephone 31-5 - Antrim, N. H.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE Hillsborough, ss. Court of Probate

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

Whereas Archie M. Sweet administrator of the estate of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County, the final account of his administration of said estate:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Manchester in said County, on the 18th day of January next, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

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

Given at Nashua in said County, this 22nd day of December, A. D. 1937.

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

Administrator's Notice

The subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Isabella Gerrard late of Bennington in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.

All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.

Notice is hereby given that Doris M. Parker of Bennington in said County of Hillsborough, has been appointed resident agent, to whom all claims against said Estate may be presented.

Dated December 6, 1937.
William L. Gerrard
No. 42 Lawler Street
Holyoke, Mass.

Administrator's Notice

The subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of John Thornton late of Antrim in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.

All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.

Dated December 9, 1937.
Archie M. Sweet

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, N. H.

\$50. Reward

Will be paid for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who pulled in a false alarm on the Bennington Fire Alarm System.

Signed,
Selectmen of Bennington

Read the Classified Ads

The Antrim Reporter
ANTRIM NEW HAMPSHIRE
Published Every Thursday
H. W. ELDRIDGE
Editor and Publisher
Nov. 1, 1892 - July 9, 1936

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

ADVERTISING RATES
Births, marriages and death notices inserted free.
Card of Thanks 75c each.
Resolutions of ordinary length \$1.00.

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

Obituary poetry and flowers charged at advertising rates.
Not responsible for errors in advertisements but corrections will be made in subsequent issues.
The government now makes a charge of two cents for sending a Notice of Change of Address. We would appreciate it if you would Mail Us a Card at least a week before you wish your paper sent to a different address.

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

DECEMBER 23, 1937

Antrim Locals

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Elliott spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives in town.

Rev. Turner went to Manchester, Vt., last week to attend the funeral of a friend.

Word from Mrs. Cora Hunt from Lakeland, Fla., states she and Miss Cochrane are enjoying a wonderful trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman J. Morse are leaving this week for Claremont where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Smith (Maxine MacClarence) of Atlantic, Mass., are rejoicing over the birth of a daughter, Dianna, born November 29th.

Miss Helen Johnson is spending her Christmas vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Johnson.

The Week of Prayer will be observed in Antrim with special services in the churches Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, January 4, 5 and 6, 1938.

Rev. and Mrs. William Kittredge were called to Walton, N. Y., by the sudden death of Dr. W. B. Morrow of that village, a brother-in-law of Mrs. Kittredge.

Word was received here of the sudden passing away on Monday of Miss Mabel S. Hastings, a teacher in the Girls' High School of Boston. She was a native of Antrim, the second daughter of John E. and Mary E. Hastings.

In a bowling match at Keene last Friday evening the Davis All Stars of Keene defeated Wisell's Wizzers of Antrim, 1380 pins to 1316 pins.

Keene	92	70	98	260
Duhaime	97	94	86	277
Reyor	89	98	94	281
Davis	73	85	91	249
Hagland	85	93	135	313
Antrim				
Wisell	92	78	71	241
Carnes	92	83	79	254
Dahl	92	74	104	270
Hugron	86	85	76	244
Tucker	93	96	118	307

Telephone 21-4 P. O. Box 271

Radio Service

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

Antrim Locals

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rokes were in Keene one day last week visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. James Seymour and daughter, Jane, of Wilton, and Mrs. Egan and daughter, Margaret, of Peterborough, were recent callers on Mr. and Mrs. Ellery Ring.

The State Highway Department is making repairs on Clinton Road, just off Main St. A large culvert is being put in place of the old one and the road widened.

Want to buy — One horse hay rack. Must be in good condition. George Cummings, Antrim, N. H., Telephone 19 22.

Miss Judith Pratt, Walter Raleigh and Alan Swett of New Hampshire are spending their Christmas vacation at their respective homes.

The schools closed yesterday for annual Christmas vacation, and will re-open January 3. All schools held special Christmas exercises Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Ruth Carter and Miss Kate Imray of Dorchester, Mass., were Sunday guests of Miss Nellie McKay.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Clark December 21st.

Misses Jean, Edith and Edna Linton are at their home for the Christmas vacation.

Eugene Swain and Miss Helen Corcum of Waltham, Mass., were Sunday visitors with Miss Mary Swain. She returned with them to spend the winter in Waltham.

Miss Fannie Burnham of Sanford, Me., was a caller on friends and relatives in town on Monday.

The Antrim Postoffice will be open from 7 to 9 a.m. and 7.30 to 8 p.m. on Christmas Day.

Church Notes

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church
Rev. Wm. McN. Kittredge, Pastor
Thursday, December 23
At seven o'clock in the vestry the Christmas festival. A program and the tree.

Sunday, December 26
Morning worship at 10.45 with sermon by the pastor.

Sunday School at 12 o'clock.
The Union Vesper service in this church at five o'clock with sermon by the pastor.

The Young People's Fellowship will meet in the vestry of this church at six o'clock.

Baptist
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, December 23
Annual Christmas Party of the Cradle Roll, Beginners and Primary Departments in the vestry at three o'clock.

Sunday, December 26
Church School 9.45 o'clock.
Morning Worship 11. The pastor will preach on "All Things New".
Crusaders at 4 o'clock.
Union Vesper Service at 5 o'clock in the Presbyterian Church.

Young People's Fellowship at 6 o'clock in the Presbyterian Church.

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

Drop Old Penny Ferry
Boston's penny ferry a century-old institution, is no more. Economy forced the city to discontinue the service.



IT WAS foolish to waste time and material making them, John Carlson told his mother when she said she would like to make some "gingerbread dolls" for the Christmas display in the window of his bakery. No one was interested in such things any more.
Yes, he was a very good son to her—he had given her a good home. She had nothing to worry her now—no responsibility. But she would enjoy making the dolls; that wouldn't seem like work. She would furnish the materials and make them in her own kitchen. Of course if she wanted to make them she could, John said.

That he was wrong, John had to admit. "We have never had so much interest shown in the window display and never sold more than we have since we put those gingerbread dolls in the window," John told a customer who had returned for a second purchase of dolls. Hulda Carlson had made not one type of doll, but different ones, and grouped them into families. "Her idea of grouping them into families is new. That's what attracted attention," the customer said.

When John told his mother this, she smiled. It was the love and happy thoughts—glad memories—



"That's What Attracted Attention," the Customer Said.

which went into the making that was the cause, she told herself. Her children had loved the sweet bits she had made for them at Christmas. Her children and grandchildren had outgrown such pleasures, but weren't there others who would enjoy those things? There proved to be many. And what joy it had brought her. No profit in money, but large dividends in joy—real Christmas joy—that of serving and giving happiness.

Western Newspaper Union.



UNEMPLOYMENT COMPENSATION PAYABLE AFTER JAN. 1

In a joint statement issued recently by Gordon P. Eager, Administrator, New Hampshire Unemployment Compensation Division and Abby L. Wilder, Director, New Hampshire State Employment Service, the importance of unemployed workers who will be eligible for unemployment compensation benefits registering for work immediately at a State Employment Service Office, was emphasized.

Many workers who are jobless at the present time and who will be eligible for benefits by registering for work now. However, it must be understood that benefit payments will not be made until after January 1, 1938.

Such registration will also give the New Hampshire Unemployment Compensation officials a rough estimate of the number that will be expected to claim benefits after the new year.

"After January 1, 1938, when unemployment compensation benefits become payable," reads the statement, "it will be compulsory for every employee who wishes to present a claim for benefits to first register as unemployed with the State Employment Service."

Dolls Of Yesteryear

by Frances Grinstead



TWENTY-FIVE years ago a little girl's letter to Santa Claus went something like this:

Dear Santa:
Please bring me a new head for my dolly. Her name is Christina. She still has a nice body, but her head has so many dents it won't last another year. I would like one this time with real hair made into curls and eyes that open and shut.
Your trusting friend,

What has become of those Christmas dolls whose bodies could outlast half a dozen heads? When the curls went straight, or the wig



Mother Took the Little Girl to See the Dolls.

dropped off, or little brother Johnnie picked the wax off the eyelids, and sister was consoled by promising her a new head. Mother took her to a department store where there was as large a display of doll heads as of dolls. There were china heads, metal heads, and heads of paper-mache. There were heads with wigs and some without. There were those with parted lips and dainty teeth showing, while others hid their smiles behind firm mouths and staring eyes.

One thing these varied heads had in common. Their necks widened into four-square bits front and back with holes at the corners for applying the needle to the old body. The bodies in those days were of cloth, their inner substance sawdust. Where now are those torsos that could withstand endless repairing, fresh sawdust, and new heads?

They probably found their way to the attic in time and sister was promised a whole new doll. Then her trip to the department store was a matter of deciding between a "dressed" and an "undressed" dolly. Mothers preferred the latter because they would bear closer inspection as to materials and workmanship. Dolly's clothes were easily made out of the family scrap-bag or by the willing hands of the family seamstress, who did the job for recreation. Moreover, the undressed doll cost a little less. But sister liked to linger over those in silks and satins with poke-bonnet and plumes covering their golden curls. They wore petticoats and often they held their fragile fingers in tiny muffs of mink and sable.

Western Newspaper Union.

CHRISTMAS GLADNESS

THE chimes in the spires,
The singing of choirs,
Are telling these tidings anew;
And all their glad ringing
And all their sweet singing
Fill Christmas with gladness for you!

Underground Railroads
There were about 22 initial stations of the underground railroad along the Ohio river by which the slaves escaped through Ohio to Canada.

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.

The New Hampshire Unemployment Compensation Act states that the registering of workers who wish to claim benefits must be administered through the State Employment Service. The Employment Offices will endeavor to find suitable work for all registrants. If no suitable work is found, then a person will be entitled to benefit payments, providing all other requirements have been met.

With the merit system provisions and the compulsory registration of workers under the benefit section of the New Hampshire Unemployment Compensation Law it is anticipated that the State Employment Service will have the finest available supply of labor to refer to private industry and the greatest placement opportunities for labor that has ever been available in any Employment Office.

"OUR BEAUTY SHOPPE"

Telephone 66

Main Street - Antrim, New Hampshire

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

Merry Christmas

To all our friends and patients we wish

A Merry Christmas and
A Happy New Year

THE BABBITT COMPANY

Bennington

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

The Pageant, "The Adoration of the Kings and Shepherds" presented by the young people of Greenfield and Bennington last Sunday evening, was much appreciated by the congregations in both towns. It was a splendid way to bring the young people of the two towns together in Christian Fellowship and Service.

The students of Miss Mac's Dancing Class enjoyed a Christmas party at Auxiliary hall Tuesday evening. The evening's entertainment included the game of beano, dancing, and Christmas tree. Refreshments were served following the party.

BENNINGTON CLUB HAS CHRISTMAS PARTY

The Bennington Woman's Club held its regular meeting on Tuesday afternoon, December 21, in the vestry of the Congregational church.

Miss Frieda Edwards called the meeting to order and presided in the absence of the president, Mrs. Martha Weston.

After the business meeting the Club held its annual Christmas Party. Several games were played and gifts were distributed. Mrs. Lena Seaver was in charge of the party. Refreshments were served by the hostesses, Mrs. Lena Seaver, Mrs. Mae Sheldon and Mrs. Bridget Powers.

Mrs. Harold Norton,
Press Correspondent.

Resolutions of Respect

Adopted by Bennington Grange No. 207 on the death of Isabelle Gerrard

Whereas: The Great Master of the Universe has, in His infinite wisdom, again entered our midst and removed our beloved Sister, and

Whereas: She will be greatly missed by all who loved and respected her in the family, community and social love,

Be it resolved: That we bow in humble submission to the will of the all wise Father, knowing that He worketh all things well; and that we live our lives more fittingly that we may be ready when our call comes;

Be it further resolved: That we extend our deepest sympathy to the bereaved family in this their hour of sorrow.

Resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the sorrowing family; that they be printed in the Antrim Reporter, and spread upon the Grange records.

Respectfully submitted,
Grace A. Taylor
Mary E. Sargent
Doris M. Parker
Committee on Resolutions.

West Deering

(Deferred)

Louis Tacy was a visitor in Keene one day last week.

Winifred Tacy has been ill and out of school the past week.

I. A. Parnell of Nashua visited his sister, Mrs. Allen Ellis, on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Watkins of Worcester were in town Sunday.

Dr. Tenney was in town last week to test the herds of cattle in this section.

The snow fence has been put in place, but we hope there will be no use for it.

Mr and Mrs. Allen Ellis have gone to Somerville, Mass., for several months.

Mr and Mrs. A. A. Holden and Miss Marjorie Holden were callers in this part of the town on Sunday.

Deering

The Gingras brothers are cutting lumber in Windsor.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold G. Wells were in Manchester last Tuesday

Mr. and Mrs. King of Cambridge, Mass., were at "The Eagle's Nest" last Saturday.

Mr. Colley will move his portable saw mill from the Dutton lot to Windsor this week.

John Putnam was a caller at the home of his father in the Bowen district on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy H. Locke attended the state grange session at Rochester on Tuesday.

Dr. Harvey Grimes, formerly of Hillsboro, was the dentist at the clinic held at the East Deering school on Wednesday.

Dr. Eleanor A. Campbell, of New York is expected at "The Homestead" about the 17th of the month, to pass the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. Casimir Haefeli spent two days last week with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Harold G. Wells, at Pinehurst farm.

Mrs. Harold G. Wells, her daughter, Mrs. Edgar J. Liberty of Wilton, and her mother, Mrs. Casimir Haefeli of Peterboro were in Henniker last Thursday.

The lighted Christmas trees in front of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leroy H. Locke at the Center are very pretty. Christmas wreaths ushering in the Christmas season have been put out at Mountain View Farm and the Dutton homestead.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold G. Wells were in Wilton on Sunday, where their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar J. Liberty, held a dinner party in honor of Mrs. Wells' birthday. Other guests present were Ann Marie Liberty, Mr. and Mrs. Casimir Haefeli of Peterboro, Miss Ethel Couhig and Earl Newcomb of Boston, Miss Miss Elia Gerini and Charles Avery of Wilton.

John Herrick has a new furnace installed at his home in the Manselville District and as overseer of the poor he has a system that may soon be followed by other similar town officers in other towns. When a needy man comes to Herrick for a food order Mr. Herrick first shows his new furnace and then hands the man an axe to work out his order in the town wood lot. So far he has been successful in keeping within his allotted budget for the year.

Mrs. Harold Tewksbury and Mrs. L. H. Locke were the hostesses at the meeting of the Deering Community club, at the home of the former, last Thursday afternoon. Misses Ruth Tewksbury, Alyce Follansbee and Gladys Putnam assisted in serving. A prettily decorated Christmas tree ornamented the living room and there was an exchange of inexpensive gifts. Plans were made for the supper, to be held in the town hall on Wednesday evening, December 22, for club members and their families.

Mrs. Edith A. McClintock, who passed away at her home on the Antrim road last week was a resident of this town for many years, living at "The Eagle's Nest." She leaves a host of friends to mourn her passing. She was a former member of Wolf Hill grange, had charge of the Red Cross for a number of years, was an ardent worker in the Democratic Women's Club and its treasurer at the time of her death. She was a kindly neighbor and a loyal friend. Sympathy is extended to her relatives by her former neighbors and friends.

Wolf Hill grange, No. 41, held its regular meeting in grange hall, Monday evening. Chester M. Durrell, master, presided at the business meeting. Resignations of the treasurer, Ceres and Flora were received and the following officers were elected for 1938: Treasurer, Fern H. Grund; Ceres, Lillian Durrell; and Flora, Melvina Whitney. Mrs. Louise Locke, lecturer, had charge of the following literary program: Song by the grange; recitation, Ronald Locke; piano solos, Miss Fern Grund; reading, Miss Alma Holmes; and song by the grange. Four past masters were present, George Ellsworth, Leroy H. Locke, Mrs. Esther E. Colby of Hillsboro and Chester M. Durrell. Members are to bring a ten cent gift for the Christmas tree at the next regular meeting.

Hillsboro

Frank O'Connor is assisting manager Robert Bruce at the Keut store in Concord.

Leslie A. Coad, son of Rev. and Mrs. F. A. M. Coad, has a position in New York City.

Saturday was a rainy, slushy day, which made traveling hazardous and caused a slump in business at the local stores.

The Misses Helen and Mildred Peasley of Plymouth Normal school came home Friday for the Christmas vacation.

Mrs. F. S. Halladay is passing the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Dwight Keef, at Rutherford, N. J. Miss Hazel Halladay, R. N., is now located in New York City.

Miss Cynthia Scruton, student nurse at the Mary Hitchcock hospital at Hanover, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul S. Scruton, last Friday.

Harmony Lodge, A. F. and A. M., held its December meeting on Wednesday evening, when degree work was performed and officers elected for the coming year.

Elliott Carter of Nashua was in town on business and renewed old friendships this past week. Mr. Carter has announced his candidacy for the nomination as United States senator.

Franklin Sterling, Raymond Bennett and Frank Sandusky, students at New Hampshire University, are home for the Christmas holidays.

Both Alvin A. Yeaton and his son, Alvin, Jr., were among the successful deer hunters for the season, which closed last Wednesday.

Morris Boynton, student at New Hampton school for boys, is spending his Christmas vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Boynton.

Frank L. Glading, overseer of the poor for the past four years, has tendered his resignation to the Board of Selectmen. The position was formerly held by Charles Wallace for a short time.

The Community Christmas tree is being sponsored by Hillsboro grange, which voted to contribute the cost of the tree. Other expenses, including decorating and lighting, are being borne by contributions of interested merchants and citizens.

Miss Lillian Ryley, a senior at Keene Normal school, gave an interesting chapel talk recently on the value of correlating honesty with tact and judgement. She pointed out the fact that many people believe in being honest regardless of the effect upon their friends. Miss Ryley is a member of the Junior High School curriculum.

Marion Lundberg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Lundberg, is home from Northfield Seminary for the Christmas holidays. Northfield Seminary for girls combines with Mount Hermon School for boys to make the Northfield schools, founded in 1879 by D. L. Moody, the famed evangelist, the largest private preparatory institution in the United States.

The WPA sewing project, which stopped last June, was revived on Thursday at Precinct hall and about ten women of this community will have employment during the next several months. Mrs. Rosamond Herrick is the supervisor in charge. Another WPA project is giving work to about twenty men of Hillsboro in clearing the 85-acre dump lot. Pine trees will be set out here after the land is cleared of brush and debris. The work is being supervised by Frank L. Glading.

Schools in town closed on Friday afternoon for a two weeks' vacation. Christmas parties were held in the various rooms of the graded school, as well as in the town schools. Exercises were omitted at the Flat school, where all but four of the pupils are ill with measles. Their party will be held later when the children have returned to school. Miss M. M. Greenwood of the high school faculty will pass the vacation with her sister in Bristol. Mr. and Mrs. J. Verne Quimby will entertain Mr. Quimby's mother from Andover for a few days after which they plan to visit relatives in Chelsea, Mass.

There seems to be a disposition on the part of the SEC to blame the stock market crash and business recession on to Wall Street Shucks. Didn't the President tell us that the New Dealers planned it this way?

FAMOUS DEERING ESTATE CHANGES OWNERSHIP

A famous old New Hampshire estate changed ownership this past week when the Abigail Bartlett place in Deering was sold by Louie P. Elkins, prominent in state politics for many years, to H. C. Bentley of Boston, president of the Bentley School of Accountancy and Finance. The sale was made by Warren C. Brown of the E. H. Griffin Agency of Manchester. The co-brokers were Country Properties, Inc., Laconia.

The extensive property, covering an area of 330 acres, includes an eight-room house, equipped with modern conveniences, two large barns, a picnic grove with grill, a site for a swimming pool. Mr. Elkins had built a nine-hole golf course which was not used in the past few years but which can be made playable.

It is the second house built in Deering, about 1790. It is located on a high elevation outside the town center and four roads lead to the property. The interior has wide pine boards and is of wood pegged construction. There is a basement kitchen with a large dutch oven, and a second oven next to the fireplace in the kitchen.

One of the interesting features is a secret space surrounding the chimney, entrance to which is made from a movable bookcase. In the old days the space was used for safekeeping of valuables and even for hiding. Included in the furnishings are many antiques.

Dudley brook runs through the property and abounds with trout.

Mr. Bentley plans to use the house for a summer home as did Mr. Elkins, and will also make use of the farm property to raise black Angus cattle, a leading breed of beef.

PUBLIC ACTS OF THE STATE LEGISLATURE, 1937

Copies of The New Hampshire Public Acts and Joint Resolutions of the Legislature of 1937 and the special session of 1936 are ready for distribution and can be obtained at the Reporter Office.

The Cauliflower
The cauliflower is well named for the part of this plant we eat is really the unexpanded flowers of a kind of cabbage. Other flowers that we look upon as useful for decorative purposes only are used in some countries as food. Lilies, it is said, are cooked and served as a vegetable in China or are dried and made into seasoning, while some species of chrysanthemums are chopped fine and served with a cream sauce by the Japanese.

WEEI and CBS

Radio Stars in Person

JIMMY & DICK

"The Novelty Boys"

The Friendly Boys from the Golden West

Featuring

CORA DEANE

"The Kansas City Kitty"

And Also

A BIG AMATEUR CONTEST

If you Can Sing, Tap Dance

Play a Musical Instrument, etc.

Be Sure to Enter the Contest

THREE CASH PRIZES

At

Town Hall - Antrim

Saturday, Jan. 1, 1938

Adults 25c - - Children 15c

Given by Antrim Rod and Gun Club

AMATEURS Report at 7 p.m. - SHOW Starts at 8

Tune in WEEI at 8.05 a.m. Every Week Day for Further Announcements

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTIZERS



A Season of Brightness

This is our wish for you; a season in which the brightness of wonderment and joy shines in the eyes of little children, a season of sparkling lights and gay packages, a season filled with gladdened thoughts of a brighter future.

And may Electricity in some measure add to the pleasure of this holiday season by bringing light-convenience — and comfort into your home.

A BRIGHT MERRY CHRISTMAS
and A NEW YEAR OF HAPPINESS



PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY
OF NEW HAMPSHIRE



FIREMEN'S DANCE

Bennington Town Hall

Friday Evening, January 7

MUSIC BY

Ed. McQuillan's Orchestra

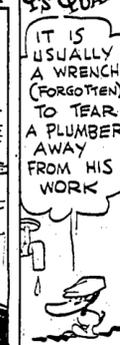
ADMISSION 40 CENTS

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Clean Comics That Will Amuse Both Old and Young

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



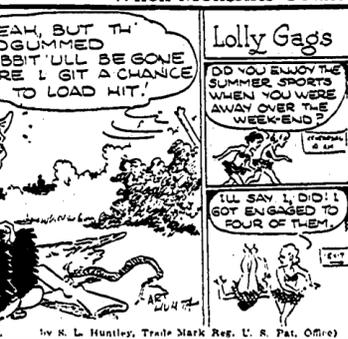
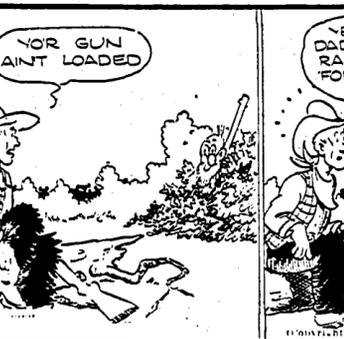
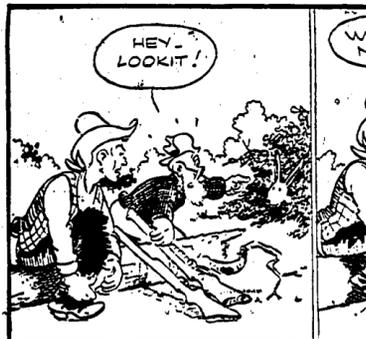
S'MATTER POP— Oh Well, Pop Can Rearrange It

By C. M. PAYNE



MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY



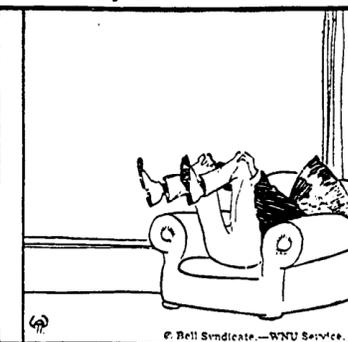
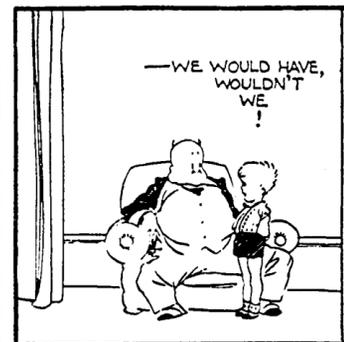
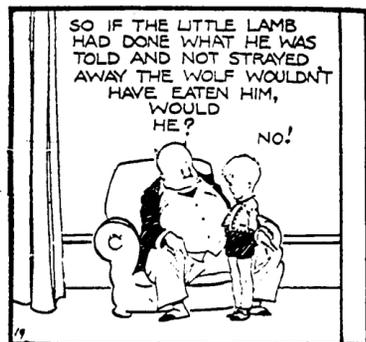
FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin

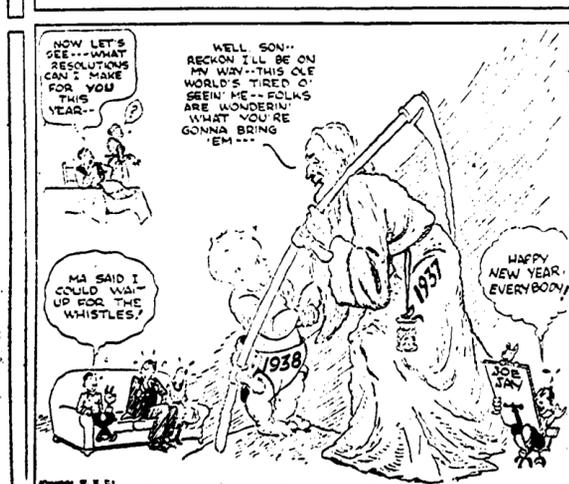


POP— With Mint Sauce

By J. MILLAR WATT



Welcome 1938!



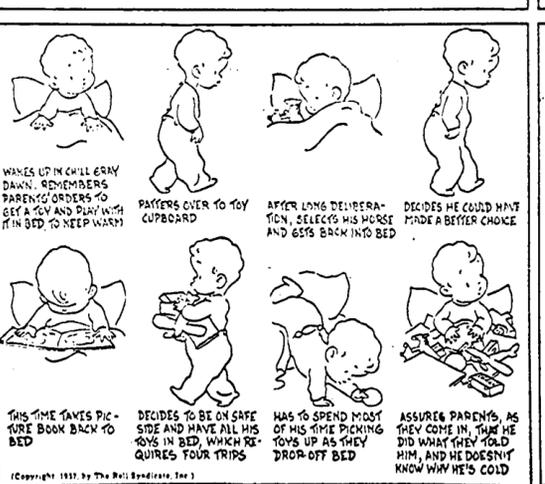
His First and Last
They sat at the table, he and she, and gazed into each other's eyes, while he mechanically consumed the food which was set in front of him.
She—Ah, I'm glad you like it. Mother says there are only two things I can make properly—potato salad and marmalade tart.
He—Indeed? And which is this?

Father Knows
Little Billy, aged four, was being shown the shape of the earth on a globe atlas by his mother. After pointing to all the countries with their peculiar shapes, she asked: "Now, Billy, what shape is the world?"
Billy, looking very wise and happy, beamed on her with: "It's in a terrible shape, Daddy says."

His Super Good Deed
Scoutmaster—What is your good deed for today?
Scout—Mother had only one dose of castor oil left, so I let my brother have it.—Tit-Bits Magazine.

BED TOYS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



Home Heating Hints

By John Barclay Heating Expert

Poking Fire Bed From Above
Forms Clinkers, Smothers Fire, Wastes Fuel

WHILE a poker frequently is a handy implement to use on a furnace, let me caution you against using it for the purpose of agitating the fire-bed from above! That results in a lot of trouble for you and for your furnace. Stirring the fire through the furnace door opening only mixes ashes with the live coals, creat-



ing clinkers. As you know, clinkers choke a fire and prevent the coal from burning freely and completely. Also, they clog the grates, making it difficult to shake the fire properly.

Owing to the odd size and shape of lumps of coal at the point that is poked from above, the fuel-bed becomes packed, and this packing prevents the free passage of air, thus forming clinkers. Clinkers formed this way, however, cause less trouble, for ordinarily they can be broken up and dropped into the ashpit by gently shaking the grates.

AROUND THE HOUSE

Salt and Pepper Shaker.—A large shaker containing six parts salt to one part pepper and kept on the stove will save steps when seasoning cooking foods.

Preventing Rust in Oven.—After using the oven, leave the oven door wide open, to allow it to cool down thoroughly. This allows all moisture to escape and prevents rust.

Drying Silk Hose.—Never hang silk hose over the radiator or next to any hot surface.

Watch Your Step.—Painting the bottom step of the cellar stairs white makes it more conspicuous and often helps to prevent accidents.

Baking Escalloped Mixtures.—Time and fuel will be saved if escalloped mixtures are baked in shallow, wide dishes or pans.

Sliding Dresser Drawers.—Rubbing a candle stub or wax along the sliding edges of dresser drawers will make them move in and out much more easily, even when heavily loaded.

checks
666 COLDS and FEVER
LIQUID, TABLETS first day
SALVE, NOSE DROPS Headache, 30 minutes.
Try "Rub-My-Tism"—World's Best Lintment

GET RID OF BIG UGLY PORES

PLENTY OF DATES NOW... DENTON'S FACIAL MAGNESIA MADE HER SKIN FRESH, YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL

Romance hasn't a chance when big ugly pores spoil skin-texture. Men love the soft smoothness of a fresh young complexion. Denton's Facial Magnesia does miracles for unsightly skin. Ugly pores disappear, skin becomes firm and smooth.

Watch your complexion take on new beauty. Even the first few treatments with Denton's Facial Magnesia make a remarkable difference. With the Denton's Facial Magnesia you can actually see the texture of your skin become smoother day by day. Imperfections are washed clean. Wrinkles gradually disappear. Before you know it Denton's has brought you entirely new skin loveliness.

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER
—Saves You Money
You can try Denton's Facial Magnesia on the most liberal offer we have ever made—good for a few weeks only. We will send you a full 12 oz. bottle (retail price \$1) plus a regular sized box of famous Minnie Waters (known throughout the country as the original Milk of Magnesia tablets), plus the Denton's Facial Magnesia (show us what your skin specialist sees)... all for only \$1! Don't miss out on this remarkable offer. Write today!

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There's Only One

By
Sophie Kerr

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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 her 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. In desperate financial straits, Elinor had agreed to Rachel's adoption at birth by Anne, whose own baby had died. Elinor subsequently had married Peter Cayne, a wealthy New York business man, and had a son. To soften the story for Rachel, Anne omits telling her that her mother had been callous and selfish. Rachel goes fishing with Bob Eddis, a local boy who runs a library and does wood carving. She refuses his plea to stay in Rockboro and marry him instead of going to New York to look for a job. Departing the next morning they leave the keys with Mr. Kreed, a neighbor. Anne decides that it is time for Rachel to learn more self-dependence. Rachel makes arrangements to stay in New York for the winter with "Pink," a keen, vivacious girl absorbed in her job.

CHAPTER III—Continued

"Are you calling me a lady?"

"Not offensively."

"It's just what Rachel needs," thought Anne, watching the two girls. "She sharpens and comes more alive with Pink. It's much better for me to leave her for awhile." It hurt her unbelievably to admit it, all the more because she was sure Rachel was glad of the coming separation. She felt a lapse or change in Rachel's affection, that talk yesterday (heavens, was that only yesterday!) had defined and marked it out. "Somewhat she resents being my child," she thought. "I feel as though I'd been walking along confidently and suddenly stepped off into space. It must be my fault, part of it." She tried to remember, to analyze . . .

The next morning Anne had a talk with Hobart Grable while Rachel took her passport for the necessary visa. Hobart was gloomy and annoyed about her going away for the winter. He twisted his kindly features into frowning disapproval. "It's ridiculous to let that old hard-ridan work on your feelings," he said, "and it's worse than ridiculous to let Rachel live down in the Village and hunt for a job. She won't find one, the town's full of girls looking for work, trained girls, smart girls. Rachel's neither trained nor smart. I don't understand your persistence in doing this, Anne, at all. You don't know what might happen to Rachel."

"I depend on you to look after her," said Anne, with mild malice. "Every month when you pay her allowance you must go and call on her and her friend Pink. It'll do you good, Hobart, to find out what the young moderns are thinking."

"I wouldn't go near 'em on a bet. Anne, it's unkind of you to go away this particular winter. I've taken season tickets for the opera. Lily Pons is coming back and there's a new dramatic soprano from Norway who's the greatest Isolda living today. Lotte Lehmann is going to sing the Marschallin, too. I was counting on you to go with me, as well as to the Philharmonic. You never consider me. I wish I could stop hoping you might."

When she came away Anne wondered if in the end she might be driven to the shelter of Hobart Grable's unchanging loyalty just because it was unchanging. But presently she forgot him in meeting Rachel and trying once more to discover, in the short time left, what wall had risen between them. It was all as usual on the surface. They stopped together. Anne bought the blue and chartreuse suit Rachel selected, though she would have preferred black with white, and she gave away, under protest, to the red lace dinner dress with a red velvet jacket—"Aunt Helene won't be giving any parties, I'm sure. I'd better be getting red flannel underwear for there's probably no heating but fireplaces."

"Oh well, wear it on the boat and the captain will invite you for cocktails," said Rachel. "You don't need to dress like a dowager."

Finally the moment of sailing arrived. Pink got leave from the office and came down to the boat with them. Hobart Grable was there, he had filled Anne's cabin with flowers and fruit and candy and books, there were telegrams and letters and the usual grist of useless bon voyage gifts. They had purposely come on board at the last minute to shorten the stupid wait before sailing, and Grable left first; he had, he said, an appointment which dragged him off. Then, as the warning gong rang out, Anne kissed Pink and Rachel and told them to go along, there was no point of their standing on the pier to wave goodbye. She caught Rachel back for a moment, hugged her hard. "Darling child, I hope you have a wonderful winter. Keep safe and well, my dear. I'll be thinking about you."

The two girls made their way down the staircase and the gang-plank out across the pier. "I can't

help wondering," said Pink gravely, "what was the matter with your mother. I never saw her look like that before."

"What on earth are you talking about?" asked Rachel. "I didn't notice anything."

"You didn't notice anything! You didn't notice she was crying fit to break her heart?"

"Pink, you're crazy—"

"I may be crazy, but I'm not blind."

Rachel was intent on something else. "Look, Pink, I want to stop for a minute at this phone booth, I want to look up an address. I waited until mother was actually gone but I don't need to wait any longer." She seized the battered dog-eared volume chained to the desk outside the booth and ran it through with rising impatience: "F—E—D—C—C—C—Ca—Canon—Carstairs—Cay—Here it is—Cayne, P.H.—P.H., that'd be Peter Holbrook—residence—643 Park avenue—"

CHAPTER IV

"If you're going to do any prolonged phoning I'll leave you," said Pink, "I'm due back at the office."

"I just want to get an address, I'm not going to phone," Rachel was scribbling it down. "I wanted to find out if these people were real



Left to Herself She Looked at Her Watch and Figured Her Time.

—or made up. Where would six-four-three Park avenue be, do you think?—these numbers run so irregularly."

"Let me see—in the Sixties, I think, probably about Sixty-fifth or sixtieth."

"It's an odd number, that'll be on the right-hand side going uptown."

"Oh, Rachel, I must dash along. I'm working on some stuff for a big soap account. Will you be moved in when I get home tonight?"

Rachel had only time to shout "Yes," for Pink had hailed a taxi and was already in it. Left to herself she looked at her watch and figured the time . . . quarter past three . . . cross-town and then Lexington avenue car to Sixty-fifth street . . . quarter of four . . . then to the hotel, collect her bags, arrive at Pink's, unpack . . . Pink wouldn't be home before half past five or six . . . heaps of time.

All the way uptown she was more and more excited. Anything might happen, anything! She couldn't, for her own self-respect, force herself on Mrs. Cayne, reveal who she was, all that was too much like a movie. But she wanted to see where the Caynes lived, and perhaps by some fluke of luck Mrs. Cayne might be going in or out—and Rachel felt sure she could recognize her by Anne's description, the small stature and blue eyes would be enough.

Number 643 Park avenue indicated money, there was a proud doorman at a proud high entrance, and a general granite, plate-glass and wrought-iron grandeur.

"This is too silly," she told herself. "What's the matter with me?"

With decision she crossed the street and went directly up to the doorman.

"Is Mrs. Cayne at home, do you know?" she asked.

The doorman touched his cap, which indicated that he appraised her as a lady, had she known it. "Mr. and Mrs. Cayne haven't returned to town yet, miss," he told her. "They're not expected before the middle of October."

Rachel thanked him and walked back to Lexington avenue, went down to the hotel where she and Anne had stopped, collected her bags and took them to Pink's apartment, all in a flat and disgusted mood. She had been a sappy fool,

she knew it. And it shouldn't happen again. No more working herself up into a dither for—what? A vague longing which was only an accent or ego. Rachel scorned herself heartily. When Pink came in at quarter of six she had hung her dresses in the tiny closet and filled the narrow chest of drawers with her other clothing, put her toothbrush and creams in the bathroom and was trying to find a place to stow her empty bags. Pink had the answer to that.

"I forgot to tell you, we can use part of a closet in the hall and you'd better put them all there, you'll need under the bed for hat-boxes." She added, "Keep out one hat, we're going down the street to dinner with Tom and Rhoda Steele; he knows lots of people and he might find you a job."

Rachel sat down wearily in the nearest chair. "You make me feel like Katie's first day at kindergarten, Pink. And this bedroom is no bigger than a pocket."

"Don't be plaintive," admonished Pink. "Your bedroom is six inches longer than mine. Take a good hot bath and you'll feel better. I've got a new cosmetic line I want to try on you, we're planning a big campaign for the people who make it and I'd like to see how it glides on a real face. The manufacturer claims the mascara won't run."

The warmth and the clean sweet smell of her verveine salts and her own young resilience cleared up the most of Rachel's spot of bad temper. Pink brought out the new cosmetics and under a bald white light the two girls carefully and delicately made up Rachel's face, first with a cream which was almost fluid, then with powder, then rouge, high on the cheekbones, the least flush, eye-shadow slanted to lengthen and make mystery for the eyes, a little of the new mascara on Rachel's long lashes vermilion lipstick—"Angel!" exclaimed Pink, at last, "You're a knockout! Now we'll see how long this stuff stays put!"

Rachel looked at her image in the mirror with satisfaction.

"Let's get going," said Pink. "Rhoda said they'd eat about seven o'clock."

"It's not a party, is it?"

"No, but there'll probably be a couple of chisels getting a free meal. Tom and Rhoda know about a million 'amps and feed 'em all."

Tom and Rhoda Steele lived two blocks away, where the street was full of shabby little shops and restaurants and cleaning and pressing places. Pink and Rachel stopped at a tiny fruit stall and bought a basket of grapes and a dozen oranges.

They had to climb three flights to the Steeles' and the stairs grew steeper and darker with each floor. The narrow halls were full of cooking smells and the whole place was racy with radios at full blast and loud talk behind the thin doors. "It's a dump, but they can't afford any better," said Pink. Just as they reached the landing the door was flung open and bright light, Rhoda Steele's voice and a radio band brassy the "Continental" all rushed out to them. "Come along in, darlings," screamed Rhoda. "Oh, what did you bring me? How swell! Tom, turn down the radio! Presents!"

Rhoda had on khaki shorts, a faded chintz smock, socks and sandals and practically nothing more except long fancy earrings of blue glass beads which tinkered about her vivacious funny little face "a rather endearing way. Tom was properly dressed, big and lounging and kind. And there was another man in the background. "This is Oliver Land," Rhoda said, "and I think Bill Newton's coming. Don't expect a cocktail. We're broke this week. I didn't sell my designs and Tom's payday isn't until Friday. Sit down, if you can find a place."

Pink went out into the kitchen with Rhoda, but Rachel sat down

and looked about her. The room was a mass of disorder, but not the kind that bothers anyone. After Pink's precise arrangements it was all rather pleasant. Oliver Land had been watching Rachel and sat down on the couch to be near her, and she realized that he was ticking off in his mind a complete appraisal of her from make-up to shoe-buckles. She began to tick him off, too, he was oddly good-looking, his clothes had a shabby English smartness and his black tie was knotted perfectly.

Tom was talking and smiling encouragingly at her: "Pink says you're looking for a job, but she didn't say what kind."

"I don't know myself. I've had no training—but I'd make a good housemaid and I can handle a boat and fish."

"Invaluable on Broadway, fishing, if you have got the right bait," said Oliver. "I wish I had it."

"What do you do?" asked Rachel. She was enjoying herself, the two men were so plainly admiring and interested. Oliver shrugged a shade too dramatically. "I used to be on the stage, but now I'm just one of the twenty thousand unemployed actors. I'd have starved to death if it hadn't been for Tom and Rhoda and some of my other friends."

Rhoda came in, carrying a big casserole. "It's stew tonight," she said, "with everything in it except the mouse Tom cat caught yesterday. Come along with the salad, Pink. We're going very Ritz—three courses. Oliver, slice the bread. Tom has to make the coffee."

"But what shall I do?" asked Rachel.

"You, darling, are like Mrs. Moriarty's Christmas tree—purely for ornamentation."

The bread was a great fresh Italian loaf, the stew was hot and full of flavor. There were chopped chives and a rumor of garlic in the salad, the cheese was Bel Paese at its best, and Tom's coffee would have pleased the great Montagne.

"Wonder what's become of Bill?" said Tom, as they began.

"He'll be along," said Rhoda. "If he's very late we'll make him wash the dishes. What were you gabbling about while Pink and I toiled to feed you?"

"The chances of my getting a job," said Rachel.

"I want to tell you one thing," said Rhoda, her earrings waving, "you must find something where you won't crowd out any girl who needs the money. You've got enough to live on, haven't you? Well then, you ought to go into a field where it's sort of specialized and meritorious and just anybody can't get by. See what I mean? That way you stand on your own and if you didn't do it, nobody else would."

"Do you sing or act?" put in Oliver. "I'm thinking of radio."

"I'm sorry, I don't."

"I needn't ask if you're trained as a teacher or a librarian or a play supervisor—?"

Tom added: "I don't believe she's a plumber or a carpenter or a paper-hanger or even a good cement worker."

"You're all overlooking the obvious," put in Oliver. "Miss Vincent has looks-plus."

"And so what?" asked Rhoda. "She might get to walk on in one of the big shows, but it's a lousy life," said Oliver, as he who knows. She'd loathe it. No, I mean she can be a model, not for artists and illustrators, but for photographers, all these new advertisements, fashions and cigarettes and cars and coffee, they all have girls in them—"

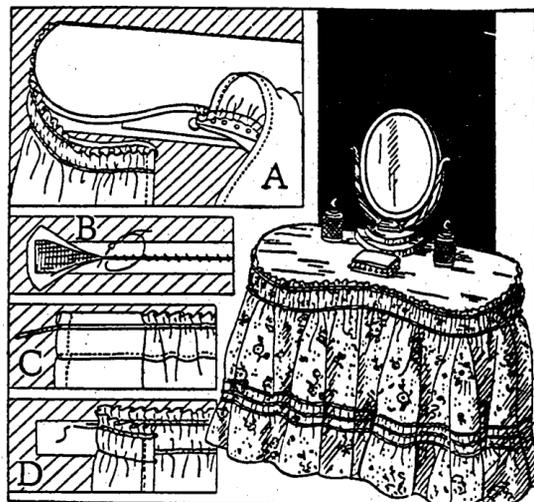
"The lad has reason!" exclaimed Pink, with excitement. "Right up my alley and I didn't think of it! Of course, Rachel's the type, good-looking, knows how to wear clothes—"

"Thank you, dear friend!" said Rachel.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



THIS dressing table has a curved front and hinged arms on which to mount the skirt so that it can be opened to permit access to the drawer. To mount the skirt it must first be sewed to a band of covered buckram. Cut the buckram in a strip 2½ inches wide. Cover it with a straight piece of material as shown here at B—

Make the heading at the top of the skirt just the depth of the thickness of the table edge so that it will cover the edge of the table when the arms are closed. Use ¼-inch cable cord for the shirring. This is sewed to a safety pin and run through tucks stitched in the material as shown here at C.

The top of the ruffle is also shirred with cords. When the shirring is all finished, sew the top of the skirt to the covered buckram strip as shown at D and then thumb tack it in place as at A.

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;

Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

- How many bachelor Presidents has the United States had?
- What does the abbreviation "non sec" stand for?
- How does a twelve-year-old dog correspond to age in a human being?
- What is wind?
- Who was the Greek cynic philosopher who lived in a tub?

Answers

- Two—James Buchanan and Grover Cleveland, but Cleveland was married while he was in the Presidential office.
- Non sequitur (it does not follow).
- A dog twelve years old is as old as a man at eighty-four.
- Air naturally and horizontally in motion with a certain degree of velocity.
- Diogenes.

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.

Favorite Recipe of the Week

Fruit Cobblers Suited to Cold Weather.

FRUIT cobblers combine fruit and a simple cake batter to make a de luxe dessert which is especially suited to cold weather when hearty foods touch the hungry spot and when it is a real joy to have the oven going.

Of the many canned fruits that might be used start with the favorite of the family, whether it be apricots, peaches, loganberries, cherries or what have you. The syrup from the fruit can be used as the sauce for the cobbler just as it is, or it can be thickened and extra seasonings added, such as a bit of cinnamon, lemon or nutmeg. The sauce may be hot or cold, but it really tastes better hot.

If you do not have a recipe for the batter part, try this one:

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 egg | ¼ cup melted shortening (not hot) |
| ½ cup sugar | 1 cup flour |
| 1 tsp. baking powder | 2 cups drained fruit |
| ¼ cup milk | 1 tsp. vanilla |

Cover the bottom of a greased baking pan with the drained canned fruit. Beat the egg well, and beat in the sugar. Sift flour with the baking powder and add alternately to egg mixture with the milk. Add vanilla, melted fat (butter will give excellent flavor, but any fat can be used), and beat thoroughly. Pour over the fruit and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for about 30-40 minutes. Serve warm with the hot syrup from the fruit as suggested, or any sauce preferred. Serves 6.

MARJORIE H. BLACK.




PEACE

When a cough due to a cold plagues you, give your throat peace with a Smith Brothers Cough Drop, Black or Menthol—5¢.

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT By Fred Neher



"That feels better . . . but it's still a little snug."

Hibernators Are Always Ready for an Early Battle; Do Not Like Intruders

There are very few mammals in Maine which hibernate, becoming so lost in sleep as to be oblivious of what is going on around them. Raccoons, skunks and bears crawl away to hiding places and seem to be torpid, though they awaken and become active as soon as their apartments are invaded by human foes, according to an old hunter, writes a Bangor, Maine, correspondent in the New York Times.

"Twice I have seen bears uncovered from under fallen trees during very cold weather in midwinter, and in both cases the animals were awake and on the defensive as soon as the choppers could get at them," he said.

"Raccoons den up in hollow trees and logs, but let someone come along and strike forcibly above them and they are 'up and dressed' and ready to flee.

out and walk about on the snow for miles.

"The chipmunk performs light housekeeping in its hole far below the frost, where it dwells alone.

"The old notion that the father and mother chipmunk took their children into winter quarters and taught them lessons in stealing grain and gnawing holes in corn bins is a fabrication.

"Skunks, however, are very sociable in their winter habits. One winter when a barn burned the charred bodies of eight skunks were taken from the ashes.

"But the woodchuck sleeps soundly enough to make up for all the wakeful and half-wakeful creatures. Boys who have stored tame woodchucks in barrels in the cellar to pass the winter have taken the torpid animals out and carried them miles in their arms without breaking in upon their sleep."

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss.
Court of Probate

To the heirs at law of the estate of Samuel M. Thompson, late of Antrim, in said County, deceased, intestate, and to all others interested therein:

Whereas Alice K. Thompson administratrix of the estate of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County, the final account of her administration of said estate:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Hillsborough in said County, on the 23th day of January, 1938, to show cause if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

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

Given at Nashua in said County, this 30th day of November, A. D. 1937.

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

REPORTERETTES

Congress has a simple problem. Tax revision would cut income; failure of revision would kill business. There's only one other formula—"stop spending."

Uncle Sam need not complain that Santa Claus has forgotten him this year. Already the European diplomats at Brussels have given him a whole bag to hold.

SITTING DOWN ON HIMSELF



Present problem is to get higher prices for the commodity one produces, and to lower the cost of living, mostly caused by the price of the other fellow's commodities

It was announced a few years ago that the New Deal was going to iron the peaks and valleys out of business. Well, they seem to have gotten rid of the peaks all right.

Sponsors of the new farm bill admit that they don't know how

much it will cost Uncle Sam. Well why worry about that so long as we can raise the down payment?

Some of the eastern stores have banned war toys from their children's departments in the interest of peace. If they bar toy drums and bugles this will be in the real interest of peace.

Halibut Liver Oil
Halibut liver oil changes greatly in vitamin value with the different seasons of the year, a chemist reports.



"THE doorbell, Amanda! It may be the man with the hobby-horse," cried Natalie Parker, as she gathered up a confused heap of Christmas ribbons and gay colored wrappings strewn about the sitting room.

There was a sound of quick stamping and crunching of boots on the scraper. The old servant opened the front door and a man set an enormous package in the hall, said something about the blustering snowstorm and was gone.

As the woman carried the package in to Natalie, a chirpy sound of funny little tinkling music issued from the bulky bundle. Her black eyes snapped with delight as she cut the heavy cords.

Out tumbled a hobbyhorse, a handsome fellow with a leather bridle; a white, woolly lamb with button eyes and a bell on his neck; a long-eared rabbit with a perky tail; and a queer little whimsical top that seemed to laugh with merry music every time it was moved. There was a wispy angora cap, just big enough for a baby, and a tiny white muff, oh, so little, of real fur with a tippet to match.

Amanda gasped! "All 'em Christmas gifts! No one cep'in you, Mis Natly, would ever think of sech things! I jes hopes 'em Harlow chillun 'preciates the—the—" but her voice wavered. The sleeve of her alpaca frock brushed across her dimmed eyes as she picked up the crumpled brown wrappings and fled from the room.

Early next morning Natalie settled back in a train for a five-hour ride, her heart brimming with happiness.

Many changes had come over the young girl's life. Edith, her older

fore the flames, the girl's blond hair like an aureole of gold framing her face; the man, tall and bronzed, alert and capable.

"Let's look through the house," suggested Natalie, leading the way.

At the turn on the stairs there was a wonderful beehive window on the landing, and a friendly window-seat. They lifted the lid. Many things were stored in the seat.

"What's this box? Candles!—Christmas candles!" called out Bruce. "Let's light up the windows!"

Back down stairs they dashed and soon the rambling stone house was a glitter of lights. Bruce went over to Harlow's to get some more logs, and returned with the wood and a package.

"Natalie, somebody delivered these holly wreaths at Edith's; I found them at the back door. We'll put them in the windows. Ho, ho!—What's this? Mistletoe, too!"

"Here's a footstool, Bruce; tack it on the hall arch."

With a flutter of ecstasy Natalie looked up smiling, but the firm face of Bruce Draper wore an expression of grave appeal. With a combination of strength and tenderness he took her in his arms.

"Dear Natalie, this mistletoe is a symbol of the plighting of love's troth." His voice trembled.

There was a moment of silence, a moment of mutual confidence and understanding which had been almost instantaneous. Her blond head rested in the hollow of his shoulder. Through the half-closed eyes warm tears gathered—his words clung to her senses like a benediction.

The heavy front door swung open suddenly. There stood Edith, Arnold, little Phillip and Peter—and tiny Marjorie, looking in wonder, as Natalie and Bruce awkwardly stammered and blushed in confusion.

"Well, well," chuckled Arnold, "we saw the lights—we—we thought—er—" and crossing the hall he gripped Bruce firmly with a friendly hand, while Edith kissed her happy-hearted sister.

"Look here, Bruce," said Arnold, "let's make this the reopening of the old homestead and send for Amanda."

Why, Natalie Parker!" Exclaimed the Dumbfounded Youth.

sister, married Arnold Harlow and lived in Hillsboro. Her house adjoined the lovely old rambling stone homestead where Benjamin Parker, a widower, lived with his daughter Natalie and the faithful Amanda. When Mr. Parker passed away Natalie closed the house and went to teach kindergarten in Boston. Amanda went with her.

The train dashed along through a whirling snowstorm. Deep in the tender mood of reminiscent reverie, Natalie fell asleep.

"Hillsboro!—Hillsboro!"

She awakened with a bound. Clutching her grip, a box of barley candy, and almost dragging the cumbersome and unwieldy pack, Natalie, still half asleep, stepped out at the very end of a long frosty platform.

A tall young man in a big fur coat was waving good-by to someone on the train as it pulled out. In his excitement he took a long, free stride backwards on the platform and crashed into Natalie.

The two went down in the drifted snow in a heap. The cord broke on the big bundle. Helter-skelter the multitude of Christmas gifts scattered in every direction.

They looked at each other in blank astonishment—then amazed recognition.

"Why, Natalie Parker!" gasped the dumbfounded youth.

"Bruce Draper!"—exclaimed the bewildered girl, actually spell-bound.

From somewhere in the snow came the sound of queer little rippling music. They looked at each other again with wide open eyes, then burst into rollicking laughter.

They gathered up the wayward toys and Bruce loaded them into his car. With the girl beside him, a triumphant smile played over his face, and they talked excitedly as the motor raced over the hills.

"Mother and Aunt Em just left for grandfather's farm and I'm going up tomorrow, but now tell me about yourself, Natalie."

"Bruce, surprises are so much fun. Edith doesn't know I'm coming."

Natalie got a real surprise, however, in a few moments, for no one was home at her sister's house. After repeated ringing and pounding, she looked at Bruce in dismay. Her eyes wandered toward the Parker home.

"Oh, Bruce! I have the keys of the stone house! Let's go over and build a fire; we can at least keep warm until they come."

With logs from Harlow's woodpile Bruce soon had a roaring fire romping on the hearth. They stood be-



Bruce Soon Had a Roaring Fire Romping on the Hearth.

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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.

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