

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME LVI, NO. 5

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1938

5 CENTS A COPY

Community Calendar

December 23 to December 30
 Saturday, Dec. 24 8 p. m.
 I. O. O. F.
 Dance, Grange Hall, Wes Herrick's Orchestra 8 p. m.
 Sunday, Dec. 25
 Congregational Church—Morning worship, 9:45; church school, 10:30
 Presbyterian Church—Morning worship, 10:45; church school, 12:00
 Baptist Church—Church school, 9:45; morning worship, 11:00;
 Young People's Fellowship, 6:00; union service, 7:00
 Monday, Dec. 26
 Christmas Holiday
 Presbyterian Unity Guild 8 p. m.
 Tuesday, Dec. 27
 Boy Scouts 7 p. m.
 Selectmen 7 to 8 p. m.
 Wednesday, December 28
 Congregational Ladies' Aid Society 2:30 p. m.
 Rebekah Meeting 8 p. m.

Hancock Woman's Club Meeting

The Woman's Club held its Christmas party last Wednesday, with a lighted tree and small home-made gifts which were distributed by Miss Constance Ledward as Santa Claus. Refreshments were served from appropriately decorated card tables and included candy sent by Mrs. Foster Stearns in a Yule log package. Mrs. Elizabeth Gunther explained the making of modern wreaths. The hostesses included Mrs. Ruth Ledward, Mrs. Gunther, Mrs. Helen Kinney, Mrs. Mildred Weston.

Harold Cate Gives Recital at Concord

Harold Webster Cate, of Antrim and Lawrence, Mass., gave impromptu recital of his own piano compositions at the home of Mrs. Alida T. Hodges, in West Concord, recently.
 His music is written in a unique form, readable only to himself, and expresses a new line of musical thinking of a mystical nature. Themes deal with religion, meditation, characterizations of Indian life, children's fairyland experiences and chorales. He has written about 100 pieces for piano and voice.

Here seems to be one reason why our durable goods industries have not joined the march toward recovery. And getting more government competition in business will only make matters worse.

Last Rites for M. A. Fairfield

Morris A. Fairfield owner of one of Hancock's largest dairy farms, widely known in the teaming and trucking business and a life long resident, died at his home here Wednesday night. The funeral was held in the vestry Friday afternoon, with Rev. William Weston officiating, assisted by Rev. L. R. Yeagle. Maro S. Brooks was organist. Mrs. William Hanson and Mrs. Yeagle sang.
 The bearers were, George H. Fogg, C. A. Upton, Lawrence Dufraigne, Harry Dufraigne, John Harrington and Richard Harrington.
 Among those present from out of town were: Mr. and Mrs. Grover C. Fairfield, of East Jaffrey; Guy Fairfield, of Keene, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Hutchinson, of Milford, and business associates from several towns.
 Mr. Fairfield was born here December 20, 1880, the son of Charles F. and Ella (Bigford) Fairfield. Survivors are the widow Mrs. Myrtle (Warren) Fairfield; two sons, Alfred and Alton Fairfield; a daughter, Mrs. Arthur Stover; nine grandchildren; two sisters, Mrs. Charles A. Sheldon and Mrs. B. D. Gullifer, all of Hancock; and a brother Grover C. Fairfield, of East Jaffrey.

Annual Red Cross Roll Call Nets \$74.00

The following letter is from the District Supervisor of the American Red Cross to the chairman of the ARC Roscoe Lane.

In disaster work, the American Red Cross represents the whole American people who are acting as a good neighbor to someone in distress. Without the whole hearted cooperation of the local people, we would not have been able to meet the needs of those in distress as promptly as has been done.

We wish to extend our sincere thanks to you, and chapter you represent, for the help so freely extended to us during the recent hurricane and flood disaster.

Very truly yours,
 Kathryn Lanni
 District Supervisor

The 1939 roll call resulted in the enrollment of 120 members and \$74.00 was contributed to the disaster relief fund.

Poinsettias
 Poinsettias require a temperature that does not fall below 65 degrees Fahrenheit. While the plants are blooming, the soil should be kept quite moist.

Children Like to Buy
 Children take pride in being able to buy their own gifts for members of the family and for friends. Often mothers find their ingenuity put to a severe test to find ideas enough to go round in the necessarily limited price range.



Our Best Wishes for
A MERRY CHRISTMAS
 and
A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

THE ANTRIM REPORTER

DEERING ORGANIZATIONS PLAN YULE OBSERVANCE

Organizations in town are now preparing for the Christmas celebrations. The Community Club will celebrate on Friday evening, December 22, with a supper, tree and program in the town hall.

The Women's guild will have its party in the town hall on the evening of December 27. Wolf Hill grange will have a Christmas meeting. The church meeting, on Christmas evening, and the Sunday school, earlier in the day, will

stress the observance of the Christian festival.

The two schools in town, the East and West Deering schools, will have their parties on Friday, December 23, the closing day of school preceding the holiday vacation. The women's branch of the Community-club has already celebrated, with a tree, exchange of presents and refreshments in the town hall on Thursday afternoon.

Centuries before America was discovered the Chinese were eating spinach. Yeah, says the younger generation, and look at China now!

Former Antrim Woman Dies in California

News of the death of Mrs. Edwin V. Goodwin, early on Friday morning in Los Angeles, Cal., was received in town Friday evening by relatives. Mrs. Goodwin has not been well for several months and a short time ago entered the hospital where she passed away in her sleep on Friday, the 16th.

The Goodwin family was for many years connected with the business life of the town, until their removal to California about twenty years ago.

Several years ago they came east and lived in Claremont. While there in 1937 their younger son Ernest died. Later they returned to California, where they have been since.

Mrs. Hattie Goodwin is survived by her husband and son, Vinal W., of Los Angeles, California; by an uncle, John Burnham of Nashua; an aunt, Mrs. Mary Derby of Antrim; and two aunts by marriage, Mrs. John Burnham of Nashua and Mrs. Helen Burnham of Antrim, as well as a number of cousins.

She was born in Everett, Mass., March 10, 1878, the daughter of George Frank and Florence (Brooks) Burnham. The loss of her parents in early childhood brought her to Antrim, where she grew up and received her education in the town schools. She married on October 9, 1900 Edwin V. Goodwin, a popular young business man, and to them were born two sons, Vinal W. and Ernest.

Mrs. Goodwin was a member of the Woodbury Memorial M. E. church and sang in the choir for many years. She was an active member in the early days of the Antrim Woman's club, but her chief interest was centered, in her family and her home. A sweet, friendly nature has made Mrs. Goodwin greatly loved wherever she has lived, but it is in the home where she will be most missed.

The body, accompanied by Mr. Goodwin, will arrive in Antrim on Saturday morning and brief services will be held at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Helen Burnham, on North Main street at 10 o'clock with interment by her son in Maplewood cemetery.

The sympathy of all their friends is extended to the family.

DR. AND MRS. WHITNEY HOLD YULE PARTY AT DEERING

Dr. and Mrs. R. H. Whitney invited relatives and friends to the first "Lighting of the Christmas Tree" in their home in Deering.

Dr. and Mrs. Whitney of Winchester, Mass., purchased the Deering estate, "Alderbrook," with its ancient brick house, situated near the town line of Hillsboro and after extensive repairing and restoring, have a truly Colonial mansion, with ideal New England surroundings.

Boston musicians entertained and refreshments were served. "The Lighted Christmas Tree" held all attention. There were gifts for everyone.

Among the gifts was a gavel for Dr. Whitney, "in recognition of his office as moderator." The gavel was about two inches long made and presented by John Herrick. Later there was more music and more Christmas carols.

Relatives and friends present included Mrs. Whitney's sister, Miss Elsie Winsor Bird, Mrs. William Ellis Weston, Robert Pike, all of Boston; Mrs. Harry Stone, Miss Josephine Stone, Mrs. Linset, Harry MacGregor, all of Walpole; Mrs. W. H. Forbes of Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Rowen of Henniker, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Preston of Contoocook, Mr. and Mrs. John Herrick, Paul Willgeroth and family of Deering.

Italian Christmas Industry
 Naples was the center of the Italian Christmas industry during the Fifteenth century and had whole bands of artists, "figurari" as they were called, who did nothing but make dolls for Christmas.

The Genuine Christmas
 Poets write beautiful Christmas carols, but a child's laugh is Christmas itself.

Mrs. Burt of Hancock Gives Talk at Antrim

Mrs. Florence Burt of Hancock, Keene district chairman, was the speaker at the December meeting of the Woman's club Tuesday afternoon.

She spoke on the relation of the local clubs to the state and general federation and the aims and purposes of these more inclusive organizations. Guests were present from Hancock and Beunington. Reports were given by various committees and appeals for money referred to the budget committee.

The club voted to sponsor the singing of Christmas carols for the sick and shut ins as has been done in the past. Refreshments were served by the hostess committee with Mrs. Ross Roberts, chairman.

To Celebrate 50th Wedding Anniversary

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Emery and family of Antrim will observe their 50th anniversary at their home, 53 Pine street, Peterboro, on Saturday, December 24, 1938. They will be at home to welcome their friends from 3 to 5 in the afternoon and from 8 to 10 in the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Emery have many friends in Antrim, who congratulate them on their Golden Wedding Day.

The trouble with organizing a third party is that in the election it is very apt to finish third.

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Weekly News Analysis

AAA Supporters, Encouraged, Expect Little Change in Act

By Joseph W. La Bine

EDITOR'S NOTE—When opinions are expressed in these columns they are those of the news analyst and not necessarily of the newspaper.

Agriculture

U. S. cotton farmers having voted to impose taxes on any producer who markets more than his share in 1939, last spring's agricultural adjustment act seems destined for enforcement next year with little change. Not only the cotton election, but three other signs have given encouragement to AAA supporters:

(1) At New Orleans, President Edward A. O'Neal of the powerful American Farm Bureau federation told his convention that AAA, coupled with the soil conservation act, the marketing agreements act and allied legislation "gives us the best all-around farm program we have ever had." Hitting criticism based on currently low wheat and cotton prices, he said: "Everybody knows



FARM BUREAU'S O'NEAL "Compare... then say candidly..."

the law was passed too late for wheat growers to comply... and everybody knows that the cotton surplus was produced in 1937, not 1938... Compare the farm income this year with the 1932 figure, and then say candidly whether or not our programs have helped the farmer." The importance of Mr. O'Neal's statement is that Farm Bureau opinion could be a mighty force against AAA abolition agitation.

(2) At Winnipeg, AAA Administrator R. M. Evans spiked rumors of drastic wheat acreage curtailment next year by pointing out that U. S. farmers could not be expected to accept such curtailment without similar action by other exporting nations. Hoping that government subsidized exports need be only a temporary measure, Mr. Evans nevertheless defended it as a justified step to give the U. S. a fair share of the export market.

(3) At Washington, F. R. Wilcox of AAA announced sale of 5,000,000 additional bushels of wheat to the United Kingdom, adding to the 20,000,000 bushels he had already sold. Having committed itself to sell 100,000,000 bushels by next July, the U. S. was already well past the halfway mark and had begun negotiations for additional sales to China and Mexico. Though such subsidized exports will help reduce the U. S. surplus, granaries will still be far too full when next year's crop comes in.

Housing

When first created, the federal housing administration was permitted to make loans up to two billion dollars, partially insuring mortgage holders against loss. By December 1, all but 415 million dollars of the original fund was in use. With new applications arriving at the rate of 100 million dollars a month, Administrator Stewart McDonald took an extra step provided by the housing law, asked President Roosevelt to increase FHA's loan limit to three billion dollars. Since losses from FHA loans are negligible, since 1939's projected housing boom would make big demands on FHA capital, Mr. Roosevelt approved the boost immediately. Almost at the same time, FHA perfected organization of its new branch to insure mortgages for building or repairing houses and other farm structures, and to refinance existing farm housing loans. This was authorized by congress last February.

Europe

The initial thunder of Italy's demands for French colonies has died down, as has the German-inspired agitation for autonomy in Lithuania's Memel district. Although both France and Britain promise one day they will give no more concessions, the very next day they make gestures in that direction.

Probably recognizing some justice in Italy's complaint, France has reduced Suez canal rates to make Italian East Africa more accessible from Rome. Both France and England remember that they promised to split African war spoils with Italy back in 1915 when the Treaty of London was signed. Since this pact was ignored at Versailles, and since

Italy can now be a formidable enemy, the two democracies are willing to make peace.

British Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain, in a speech defending his policy of "appeasing" dictators, has led Italy to believe he will work for territorial concessions on France's part. Italy's demands include Savoy, Nice, Corsica, Tunisia and the East African seaport of Djibouti.

Thus Europe has apparently emerged from another war scare into another period of diplomatic conversations, to be followed probably next spring by a German drive into the Russian Ukraine. Among the latest diplomatic moves is Germany's effort to consolidate its export trade position in the face of strenuous international objection to Jewish persecution. Seeking to kill two birds with one stone, Dr. Hjalmar Schacht of the Reichsbank has proposed several plans for permitting German Jews to emigrate with a portion of their capital, in the form of German-manufactured export items. Dr. Schacht's recent trip to London on foreign trade business emphasizes Germany's anxiety over the United Kingdom's redoubled efforts to combat any Nazi commercial threat.

Congress

Last winter Texas' Rep. Wright Patman offered congress a measure to tax chain stores out of existence. Its gist: To levy graded assessments from \$50 per store on small chains to \$1,000 per store on large chains, each store tax to be multiplied by the number of states in which the chain operated. Sample: A chain operating in 48 states plus the District of Columbia would pay \$49,000 per store annually on each store over 500.

Though boasting 73 co-sponsors, Mr. Patman's bill failed. Also defeated was a New York state chain store tax, which signified that chains had more friends than their foes had expected. But an apparently dying issue was revived as congress adjourned, for Mr. Patman announced his bill would be introduced in January, 1939, as House Resolution No. 1. Battle lines since formed presage a bitter contest next month, as chains and anti-chain agitators review their cases:

Anti-Chain. Supporting Mr. Patman is a once-potent national trend (now questionable) which caused 21 state legislatures to enact chain store taxes. Another state, Colorado, last month rejected a referendum to kill a similar levy. Having won passage of his Robinson-Patman act, also an anti-chain measure, Mr. Patman bases his new attack on familiar charges that chains (1) force independent merchants out of business; (2) cause low farm prices; (3) take money out of the community.

Pro-Chain. U. S. census figures show a decreasing number of chain stores and more independents, while federal-trade commission-statistics credit chains with distributing \$8,000,000,000 in goods at an average 10 per cent saving to consumers. If the Patman bill passes, resultant taxes (with the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea company, they would total more than half 1937's gross



WRIGHT PATMAN Fewer stores than last year.

sales) would destroy practically all chains, would reportedly wipe out 30 per cent of the farmer's market, throw nearly 1,000,000 chain employees out of work and force a sharp rise in retail prices. Chains point proudly to their two-year campaign of helping farmers move surplus crops like lamb, beef, walnuts, apples, and canned grapefruit juice. Anti-Patmanites include the American Federation of Labor, speaking for its 5,000,000 members (who charge the measure would increase living costs and unemployment), and the National Association of Retail Boards, which termed it "vicious."

Counting noses on the eve of congress' opening, Mr. Patman finds his 73 original co-sponsors dwindled to 32 through election defeats, while another (New York's Caroline O'Day) has withdrawn support. If the Patman bill succeeds in reaching the house floor, political observers wonder whether continually mounting sentiment will not bury it in a protest vote.

FORECAST

CANCELLATION of the 1933 concordat between Germany and the Vatican, to precede enactment of Nazi laws directed against the Roman Catholic church.

REVITALIZATION of Japan's drive north and west of Canton, to strengthen Tokyo's position in the event of a Russian war (see ASIA).

INCREASE in lending power of U. S. Export-Import bank to expand trade with Latin America.

CANDIDACY of Franklin D. Roosevelt for the Presidency, not in 1940, but in 1944.

REQUEST by small businessmen for congressional creation of a system of credit banks to meet the needs of "little business."

Asia

The possibility of a major Far Eastern crisis involving Japan, China and Russia becomes more imminent each week. Far from denying it, Japan has taken new hitches in her economic belt and settled down for a struggle which may begin shortly after January 1. Having made supplementary army-navy appropriations of \$1,634,400,000, Japan faces a probable Russ-Chinese alliance forcing her to desperate measures to protect what gains she has already made in Manchuria and China.

Having penetrated deep into the vast Shansi province, Jap troops are confronted with guerrilla attacks which in 10 days cost 6,000 lives. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, who is already getting supplies from Russia, promises the guerrilla warfare will continue. That Japanese are at a disadvantage fighting so far from their base of operations is evidenced by Chinese recapture of several key towns near Canton.

Two clashes with Russia form the basis for a new war scare. The first concerns Japanese fishing concessions in Russian waters. Though Russia refuses to renew the concessions, which lapse January 1, Tokyo threatens to continue fishing even though an armed patrol is needed. The second dispute centers on Sakhalin island, where the Japs charge Russia is seeking to expel Nipponese oil workers. For her part, Moscow is demanding Japanese payment for the Russian interest in the Chinese eastern railroad, seized when Japan took Manchuria.

Meanwhile Japan has substantiated the belief held by observers for many months, that China's "open door"—guaranteed by the nine-power treaty—is about to be closed. Seeking to liberate Japan and China from dependency on foreign markets, finance and raw materials, Tokyo has virtually dictated that Great Britain and the U. S. can henceforth expect in the way of trading privileges. Shrugging its shoulders over still another treaty broken in 1938, the U. S. state department has called home Nelson T. Johnson, ambassador to China, to see what can be done about it. Since Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy has also been called home from London, it is thought the U. S. may solicit British support for a unified protest against Japan's economic activity in China. Probable result: nothing.

Espionage

In New York, Hairdresser Johanna Hoffman and other members of a Germany spy ring had just been sentenced. In the Panama Canal Zone, the government was busy trying to photograph fortifications. Commented their attorney: "I venture to say that there is not a single construction or equipment for defensive purposes in the Canal Zone, details of which are not now in the possession of any foreign government desiring the information and willing to pay."

Hardly had this shock penetrated before the West coast, hotbed of espionage, reported its latest spy scare. In Los Angeles government agents arrested Mikhail Gorin, a Soviet tourist agent and Hafis Salich, native Russian who became a Berkeley police officer and was lent to the naval intelligence because he could speak Japanese. The charge: That Salich supplied Gorin with confidential navy department information regarding Japanese military affairs. How the U. S. (which claims to operate no counter-espionage agency) secured its Japanese secrets, was not told. While a New York Soviet vice consul rushed to Los Angeles to help defend the prisoners, the government built its case against 21-year-old Karl Drummond, Los Angeles aircraft factory worker accused of peddling military secrets to Japan.

Miscellany

Invalitated, by the North Dakota Supreme court, that state's \$40 minimum old age pension plan approved in the November election, because 1937 legislative appropriations cannot be used to pay pensions more than \$30 monthly, also because the measure exceeds "reasonable assistance" as outlined in the state constitution.

● Sold, by Franklin D. Roosevelt, 1,000 Christmas trees from the farm on his Hyde Park estate.

● Taken, by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, a non-paying job as director in Son James' insurance business, Roosevelt & Sargent of Boston.



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—Prevailing fashions in iron men make us proud of our own model. We cite big, smiling, durable Gabby Hartnett, batting .296 over a period of 18 years, with a high of .354, dropping only three pop flies in all that time and still pegging the ball to second with no letdown in machine-gun speed and precision. Phil Wrigley, owner of the Chicago Cubs, ups him \$5,000 in a \$27,500 player-manager contract, for his eighteenth season with the Cubs.

He's growing gray over the ears, but this department is ready to lay a bet that he'll still be in his catcher's armor after the overseas iron men have been sent to the showers, even if they are batting 1,000 at this moment. He's a marvelous handler of pitchers, with a laugh that eases tension and keys down nerves.

At Woonsocket, L. I., where he grew up, he was Charles Leo, a name long since lost. It was in 1922 that he signed for what looks like a lifetime stretch, as a rookie catcher for the Cubs.

DR. OLIVER CROMWELL CARMICHAEL lives up to his name. At the conference of southern business leaders at Atlanta, the chancellor of Vanderbilt university cries down the yen for security as "the goal of stagnation and defeat." With grim Cromwellian tenacity, he has been showing this home for years. Dr. Carmichael says "security" is fundamentally at war with sound economics.

He is a native of Goodwater, Ala., a Rhodes scholar from the University of Alabama.

A HARD-BOILED, bantam-weighted British newspaper man was assigned to a colonel's staff in the World war. The colonel was contemptuous. He tossed the newcomer a handbook on Syria. "Take that," he said, "and study it. You might be able to digest it in six months." "Perhaps I can," said the scrivener. "It took me only three months to write it."

That was gamey little Leopold S. Amery, one-time ace reporter for the London Times, later a cabinet member, now putting his steel spurs to Mr. Chamberlain's "appeasement," the reciprocal trade treaty and all deals with the dictators. He says, "You might as well try to please a tortoise by stroking its back."

In parliament, he has been for many years the leader of the die-hard conservatives. He is against any social fixings or trimmings whatsoever, and, having been, like Kipling, a reporter in India, is for the old empire formula without any modifications.

The son of a poor civil servant in India, he scrambled through Oxford by snagging every scholarship in sight. He went to parliament and in 1922 became secretary of the admiralty. Later, as colonial secretary, he swarmed all over the empire, making fluent orations in Syrian, Arabic, Turkish, French, Italian and German. In Cambridge he had confounded his elders by his gift of tongues.

He is a bitter-ender who says Der Fuehrer's big horses aren't going to run over him. He has been a prophet of doom and has warned England against meeting a crisis by sweeping the dust under the rug.

SEVERAL months ago, the Nazis expelled George Grosz from the realm. He had beaten them to it by about six years. Just now, he gets American citizenship.

He was a savage and ironic caricaturist who had raised many blisters on sundry Nazi hides before he made his getaway. While he is a certified Aryan, he was an outstanding candidate for a concentration camp and was shrewd enough to see what was coming.

When he landed here in 1932, to teach at the Art Students' league, there was a row in the league, but President John Sloan defended him as "one of the greatest of modern artists," and here he is, painting happily, and everything is gemtlich.

He has given up caricature and lets the world go by. His paintings are hung in many good galleries, and he has a nice home in Queens, where, with his wife and two children, he says he enjoys his exile tremendously.

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EXPRESSION STUDIES

For Real Christmas Spirit Take the Youngsters Shopping



In Santa Claus' court at one of America's big department stores a fast photographer caught these candid shots of youthful shoppers going about their business. They're pictures you might find in any store in the country this time of the year.



Santa Won't Miss 'Farthest North' U. S. Community

PENASSE, MINN.—Youngsters living in this isolated community are quite confident Santa Claus won't pass them by this Christmas. Penasse, you see, is St. Nicholas' first stop in the United States, and the farthest north point in the nation. If he gets past the customs officials, St. Nick has to visit Penasse.

The bewhiskered gentleman abandons his reindeer before he reaches Penasse each year, because the deep snow usually hampers even those sturdy steeds. He travels by ski-equipped airplane, down to the isolated village twice each week from Warroad.

Penasse's only other visitor in the winter is Indiana Pete, a trapper living on a nearby island in the Lake of the Woods. The postmistress is Miss Helen Arnold, twenty-two, who admits business isn't very rushing—even at Christmas time.

Ointment Named in Bible Is Extracted from Shrub Native to United States

America shares with the Holy Land the small plant from which comes the oil that recalls to mind events of 19 centuries ago, when the glories of the first Christmas eve were revealed to shepherds on Bethlehem's hills.

From this plant, which abounds in Minnesota's north woods and other places in the United States, is taken spikenard, highly-perfumed ointment referred to in the King James version of the Bible as used to anoint the feet of Jesus.

So this small, unassuming plant played a small part in events which gave us Christmas, most cheerful holiday of nations.

Northern Outposts Await Planes With Christmas Parcels

EDMONTON, ALBERTA.—Almost forgotten by millions of Canadian and American Christmas celebrants are residents of far-flung outposts of the Canadian northwest territories. Each year they look forward to a merry Christmas—if the weather is good and parcels arrive by plane in time for the annual celebration.

Christmas express and provisions usually reach Adkavik, 1,480 miles northwest of Edmonton, a few days before Christmas. Another far-away place is Coppermine, 1,100 miles north of Edmonton on Coronation gulf. Pilot Marlowe Kennedy makes the trip to that outpost from Port Radium on Great Bear lake.

But even though Christmas provisions don't come through by airplane, residents of the arctic wastelands are brought to civilization's very door each Yuletide through the magic of radio.

Community Christmas Trees In many American communities "civic" Christmas trees are erected each December in the main square or street and the town's Yule activities center there. Many communities also string colored lights along the streets during the season to accentuate the holiday spirit. Usually the lighting of the community tree or the special street lights is accompanied by a ceremony inaugurating the Christmas shopping season. Lights are removed immediately after New Year's Day.

Fateful Meeting

By KATHRINE EDELMAN

IN THE graying dusk of a December afternoon the slowly moving figure seemed almost a part of the landscape. Half a dozen cars whizzed by but no one stopped to offer him a lift or ask where he was going. If the Spirit of Christmas, of kindness, was abroad, it was surely passing him up.

Ten minutes more of plodding through the chill, darkening air, and another car came roaring down the road, passing him by as the others had done. The grim lines around his mouth grew deeper, then he heard a loud grinding of brakes.

"Almost passed you up," a gay voice cried.

"Pretty fine of you to stop for an old man." He shuffled into the vacant seat as he spoke.

"Oh, that's nothing," the gay voice was a bit embarrassed. "But I did almost pass you up. With this Christmas business, and the rush and hurry, one could pass up their own mother."

"I like to hear you say that. It's what I've always believed. The fact

AN UNUSUAL STORY FOR CHRISTMAS

is, I was making a bit of a test to-day—had a bet with a friend about it. What's your name?"

"The name is Tod Jenkins. I'm headed for St. Louis—going home to spend Christmas with mother. I graduated in engineering last June."

"An interesting story." Tod turned to look at the old man as he spoke. He almost swung the car off the slab. "Why—why you look years and years younger than I thought!"

A hearty laugh sounded against the sharply rising wind. The man was speaking again. "I'm not so old, Tod," he said slowly. "I'm a long way from the old fellow you were kind enough to pick up. Yesterday we had an argument at the club. I made a bet with a fellow that I wouldn't have to walk an hour before I would find the Spirit of Christmas. It was rather a crazy thing to do, but I happen to be rather an eccentric scientist. My name is Perry Birch."

"Perry Birch!" Tod's eyes widened in astonishment, and his foot went off the accelerator, bringing the car almost to a standstill before he went on. "Why—why," he stammered, "I've been wanting to meet you all my life. I've read everything you've written—studied your methods and work for years. In fact," his voice grew more embarrassed, "I've been hoping that some day I might follow in your footsteps. The biggest wish of my life is to become a scientist like you!"

©—WNU Service.

Santa Claus of the Air BOSTON.—New England has an aerial Santa Claus in the person of Capt. William H. Wincapaw, who annually flies from West Quoddy Head to New York city, dropping Christmas packages to isolated lighthouse keepers en route. Wincapaw started the service 10 years ago and is now aided by his son, Bill Jr., who handles "target work" over each lighthouse. The captain dives low over the lonely outpost and yells, "Let 'er go!" and young Bill hurls the bundle.

CRUCIBLE

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

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SYNOPSIS

Barbara Sentry, seeking to sober up her escort, Johnny Boyd, on the way home from a party, slaps him, and attracts the attention of a policeman, whom the boy knocks down. As he arrests him, Professor Brace of Harvard comes to the rescue and drives Barbara home. On the way they see Barbara's father driving from the direction of his office at 12:45, but when he gets home he tells his wife it is 11:15 and that he's been playing bridge at the club. Next day Sentry reports his office has been robbed and a Miss Wines, former temporary employee, killed. The evening papers luridly confirm the story, and Sentry takes it hard. Mary, eldest daughter, in love with Neil Ray, young interne at the hospital where she works, goes off to dinner at Gus Loran's, Sentry's partner with Mrs. Loran's brother, Jimmy Endle. Mr. and Mrs. Sentry call on old Mrs. Sentry, and Barbara, alone, receives Dan Fisher, reporter, who advises her not to talk. Phil Sentry, son at Yale, is disturbed at the possible implications and suspicion of Miss Wines' absence from her rooms for three days during August. He goes home to help. Sentry is arrested and booked for murder. Dan Fisher explains the evidence against him—that the robbery was a fake, the safe opened by one who knew the combination, changed since Miss Wines' employment there—that a back door key, a duplicate of Sentry's, was found in the girl's purse, and that Sentry, too, had been away those three days in August. Brace calls, and backs up Barbara in her denial that Sentry had done it, because of the discrepancy of time between the slaying and their seeing Sentry on the road. Phil, showing the police over the house, finds his strong box open and his gun, which only his father knew of, gone. Meanwhile, the police find the stolen money burned in the furnace. Mrs. Sentry sees her husband, who swears his innocence, and tells her he had known of the robbery and murder the night before, but failed to call the police, and came home at 12:30. Mary quarrels with Neil Ray, and runs away with Jimmy Endle to the Caribbean. Linda Dane, friend of Barbara and Phil, tries to comfort Phil.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

A curious crowd stared at them as they came out, and Phil said, as they drove away, "You can wear a veil next time we come, Mother."

"I shall not wear a veil," she answered, fighting to forget Arthur, to forget how gray and lifeless the flesh on his cheeks had seemed, and how dull his eyes were. She must forget, so that she could be brave enough to come to him again.

At home, Barbara was waiting with questions. They told her he was fine; was cheerful, confident, and unafraid. They brought her back to comfort for a while.

Dean Hare, a day or two later, brought Falkran to see Mrs. Sentry and Phil. Phil was not at first favorably impressed. The lawyer was a big man, bald save for a fringe of red hair above his ears, with the wide, loose mouth of the natural orator; and Phil thought he studied the rugs and the furniture with a shrewd appraising eye, and he saw his mother visibly conquer her distaste for the man.

She asked, after introductions were done, "Are you familiar with my husband's case, Mr. Falkran?"

"I see the newspapers have convicted him?"

Her eyes hardened. "You think him guilty?"

Falkran, suddenly, smiled; and Phil at that smile felt a quick liking and trust for him. The lawyer said, "Mrs. Sentry, no man was ever electrocuted on a newspaper verdict."

Her eyes closed at that word, then opened again as he went on. "If I could have my choice," he said, "I should choose to defend men who have already been convicted in the newspapers. When everyone is convinced a man is guilty, the smallest grain of evidence in his favor has a tremendous effect in provoking doubt of his guilt." He added, "And from the practical point of view, such a situation makes it easier to disqualify jurors, easier to get the jury we want."

Mrs. Sentry had not surrendered her question. "You think him guilty?" she insisted.

"No man is guilty till a court has found him so, after a trial by due process, and till all appeals have failed."

"I asked whether you think my husband guilty?"

He smiled again. His smile had won many a jury. He said reasonably: "Mrs. Sentry, I haven't even talked with him. I don't know his side of the case at all. I only know the published facts. Mr. Hare has told me nothing. The evidence is damaging, difficult; but there are a thousand explanations that might meet the situation as it appears."

Phil saw that his mother too was being won to liking. She put her question in another way. "If you thought him guilty, would you defend him?"

Falkran smiled again. "Even a guilty man is entitled to his day in court, to a fair trial, to all the protection afforded by the law." Then he answered her directly: "Yes, Mrs. Sentry. Even if I knew Mr. Sentry guilty, I would defend him with all my powers."

Mrs. Sentry nodded, surrendered her point. "You said," she suggested, "that any one of a thousand explanations might cover all the evidence."

"An infinite number, yes."

"Have you anything in mind?"

"Mr. Sentry may suggest something."

She started to speak, to tell him that Arthur had found the girl

dead; then remembered Phil was here and caught herself.

Falkran went on: "You see, Mrs. Sentry, until I talk to your husband, remind him of small circumstances he has himself forgotten, I can make no plan."

They talked a further while; and Mrs. Sentry said at last that she would let him know her decision next day. She used the interval to consult Arthur's mother.

Old Mrs. Sentry said: "Falkran? Oh, yes. I've heard of him."

Mrs. Sentry explained: "I should have preferred—one of our friends, of course. I hoped for a certain dignity! But Mr. Hare says we must have a good criminal lawyer, and he recommended Mr. Falkran."

The old woman said harshly: "Dignity! Ellen, sometimes you—"

Then she caught herself, spoke almost in apology. "Of course you'd prefer some fine name; but Falkran's a clever man. Arthur will need a good lawyer. Better take him."

So it was decided; but Mrs. Sentry thought, driving home: Even Arthur's mother knows. The whole

Phil. And so are we. We're glad to have her come to you."

And Mrs. Urban. Mrs. Sentry had always thought of Mrs. Urban as a mouse of a woman, with no mind of her own; yet she found in her now strength and loyal understanding. Of the others, Mrs. Furness invited Mrs. Sentry to luncheon, but she declined. I will not be made a show of, she promised herself; and Mrs. Harry Murr's persistent advances likewise she put aside.

There was one loss which hurt her keenly. She and Mrs. Waring had been closest friends; and the families were intimate. The two mothers had even discussed the possibility that Phil might marry Ann Waring. But a week after Mr. Sentry was indicted, Mrs. Waring took Ann away to Europe to school there. The decision was sudden; Mrs. Sentry knew it had not been planned in advance. And Mrs. Waring left without even a note to say good-by.

Mrs. Sentry never spoke of this hurt to anyone. In the same way she ceased to resent the curious groups of people who drove past the

er, mother. Grandmother likes him."

"But a reporter, Barbara!" Carl Bettie chuckled. "Whoa, there, Mrs. Sentry!" he protested. "Reporters aren't so bad, nowadays. You're prejudiced!"

"I'm prejudiced against any young man who meets my daughter secretly."

Barbara cried: "Oh, now, mother, that's silly! It's not secretly, with grandmother there; but even if it was—"

Mrs. Sentry said, yielding: "Of course, dear. I'm afraid it really is prejudice. Ask him to have tea here too, Barbara, if you wish."

"I'm at grandmother's now more than I'm at home," Barbara reminded her; and this was in fact true. Old Mrs. Sentry had since her son's arrest surrendered to physical immobility. Her mind was as keen, her tongue as sharp as ever; but she stayed in her room at the hotel where she lived, had her meals served there, even submitted to an indignity she had long declined, and hired a companion who was also nurse and masseuse.

And Phil had used the old woman's helplessness to dissuade Barbara from her desire to see her father. "You and I have to make it as easy as we can for mother, Barb," he pointed out. "And mother can't be with father and with grandmother too, and she can't go to the jail without me, so grandmother's your job! Don't you see?"

So Barbara yielded—Phil thought she yielded very easily—and spent much time with her grandmother; and old Mrs. Sentry by degrees got to use toward her that tone of sharp disapproval which had so long been her habit toward both girls. There was during these weeks something deeply and wistfully appealing about Barbara. She was thin; her eyes seemed larger; her color had faded; she looked at people eagerly, anxiously, as though hoping someone would say—what no one ever did say. And Grandmother Sentry was very gentle toward her, warned Mrs. Sentry once: "That child is ready to crack, Ellen. Look out for her."

Mrs. Sentry nodded. "I—do all I can!"

Grandmother Sentry sought in her own ways to serve; she welcomed Barbara, and welcomed Professor Brace, or Dan Fisher, when one or the other came with Barbara to be with her.

The old woman did not like Professor Brace, and she told Barbara so. "He's a Middle-Westerner, of course, but he's a rank Puritan at heart, Barbara. Believes in the mortification of the flesh or something of the kind. Believes in duty. The wrong kind. If he were a Spartan he'd nurse a gnawing fox to his bosom. Any man with sense knows that you ought to dodge suffering when you can. He's the 'grin and bear it' type."

"He's been sort of nice," Barbara argued. "Standing by."

"I know. The boy stood on the burning deck! Anyone but a fool would dive overboard!"

"Whence all but him had fled," Barbara reminded her. "But there are a lot of us still on the burning deck, grandmother. And he doesn't have to stay. He's just doing it to be friendly."

"Like him, do you, child?"

"It's sort of nice to have friends—"

The old woman saw in the girl's eyes a secret terror, a mounting fear she had seen there before; and she was silenced. Whenever they spoke of Mr. Sentry and Barbara cried, "He didn't do it, grandmother!" old Mrs. Sentry always assented, always spoke quick reassurances. Barbara was grown so pitifully frail.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



"I See the Newspapers Have Convicted Him?"

world knows, I expect. All my friends know; all of them are feeling sorry for me. Oh, hateful!"

And she thought again, desperately: Perhaps Mr. Falkran can persuade some woman to say she was Arthur's mistress, that he went to her that night. Pay her to say it, perhaps. No price would be too high, to save him!

And she reflected that by thinking this, she was admitting to herself her actual opinion of Mr. Falkran; and she felt a contamination of the spirit. Felt herself unclean. To be pitied by her friends, to seek the help of scoundrels . . .

Nevertheless, for all their sakes, if Arthur was to be saved, Mr. Falkran it must be.

The weeks that elapsed before Mr. Sentry could be brought to trial were long, but they were curiously empty; and Mrs. Sentry, used to activity, came in the end to accept this emptiness, to understand that their world would hereafter be thus constricted, whatever the outcome of the trial. It was not so much that her friends dropped away. Some did so; yet others, upon whom she had not counted, surprised her by their understanding loyalty.

But the larger world in which she had been active, all the organized benevolence in which she had taken a virginal part, now—though with polite expressions of regret—nevertheless closed its doors against her. The resignations which she felt it her proud duty to offer were accepted. She hid as she could her fierce resentful pain.

She missed Mary dreadfully; clung passionately to Barbara and Phil. Linda came often to the house, and Mrs. Sentry thought: Perhaps Linda will marry Phil, even after this. I had hoped Ann Waring . . . The Waring's are so fine. But Linda is nice. He might do worse. And she thought: Barbara will marry, too. She's a child. After this is over, she will forget, as children do. I must be sure she marries well. The right marriage means so much, especially for a girl. Once I get Barbara married, I can rest, can surrender. For me there can never be a new beginning. I am too old, old, old. And I can never face people again without knowing their thoughts, imagining their whisperings.

She would have nursed her hurts in solitude; but certain friends persisted in their friendliness. Mrs. Dane came often, quietly loyal, never insistent; and when Mrs. Sentry suggested, in the tone of one doing a conscious duty, that Linda might better stay away, Mrs. Dane said simply:

"She's very fond of Barbara and

house in cars, and even alighted to pluck flowers or break down branches of the shrubbery for souvenirs. Only when one night someone dug up a young tree in the front yard and took it away did she accept District Attorney Flood's suggestion that a policeman stand guard in front of the house night and day.

For all these things, Mrs. Sentry found strength and courage; but one thing she could not face. She could not read the newspapers, or look at them. Since the first few days, reporters had been kind. Carl Bettie had been of service in that respect. He had put through with the publishers of the other papers an agreement not to print photographs of Mrs. Sentry or Phil or Barbara, and to use their names as little as possible in news stories. When Mrs. Sentry thanked him, he said:

"I don't deserve all the credit. One of our reporters, a young man named Fisher, suggested it." Barbara was in the room and he looked at her, smiling a little, and explained: "He had met you, he said. I think he had you particularly in mind."

Barbara nodded. "Yes, I like him," she agreed. "We've seen each other since, once or twice."

Mrs. Sentry protested, "Seen him, Barbara? Where?"

"In town," Barbara confessed. "He has tea with grandmother and me, sometimes. It's perfectly prop-

Calculating Machines Used by Chinese Two Thousand Years Before Christ's Time

Two thousand years before Christ the Chinese knew the principle of the calculating machine: they used the Abacus, that educational plaything not seen so often now as a few years ago, says London Tit-Bits Magazine. They invented gunpowder and used it in brass caronades long before the western bow and arrow stage. They found their way across vast oceans by using a form of compass.

The Arab pearl-divers of long ago forestalled modern science, too: they discovered a way to examine the ocean bed. They used a glass bowl, or funnel with a glass bottom, which they pressed down into the sea to enable them to locate pearl-shell beds.

The ancient people called the Cholos, of Peru, knew and practiced something that is today only a theory, much debated among doctors and laymen. Fierce wordy battles are being fought on the question of Euthanasia. The Cholos had an official named the Despenador, freely translated "Putter out of Pain." The Despenador was a woman, and

her duty, when all efforts to save the life of a pain-wracked dying person had failed, was to thrust her elbow into the breast or stomach of the patient until the merciful relief of death resulted.

One may wonder what was the basis of Shakespeare's suggestion ("Hamlet," Act III, Scene 4): "Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge; You go not till I set you up a glass Where you may see the inmost part of you."

Had some alchemist or wizard man hinted at what is now known as X-ray photography?

Anteans, Giant Wrestler
In Greek mythology Antaeus was a gigantic wrestler (son of Earth and Sea, Ge and Poseidon), whose strength was invincible so long as he touched the earth, and when he was lifted from it, his strength renewed by touching it again. It was Hercules who succeeded in killing this charmed giant, by lifting him from the earth and squeezing him to death.

Second-Hand Toy Business Booms Again

Discarded Playthings Provide Yule Cheer for Unfortunate

Throughout America thousands of public spirited citizens are participating in a toy industry from which they make no money, but will bring them a greater payment in satisfaction on Christmas morning.

That industry is the second-hand toy business, an enterprise that flourishes in towns and cities throughout the country each November and December. In high school manual training rooms, fire stations, and service club headquarters, discarded playthings are being repaired and repainted.

In some of these workshops new toys are being fashioned by ingenious amateurs. But in all of them, busy merchants and professional men are devoting their spare time to helping Santa Claus make sure he has gifts for every youngster on Christmas eve.

Dolls Get New Dresses.

Dolls which faced dusty abandonment through their later years are being rejuvenated. Cleaning and new paint have brought back the first flush of youth to their shining cheeks and the early sparkle to their obediently open or closed eyes. New dresses have added much to their attractiveness.

There is new fire in the big glass eyes of many a rocking horse, too, the long legs of whose original owner would now dangle on the floor. With new paint throwing his proud mane into brighter relief, he's as colicking a steed prancing along the road to romance as ever he was.

The procedure of these community volunteer organizations varies from city to city. In larger towns, policemen and firemen are rejuvenating toys collected by Boy and Girl Scouts. Smaller communities depend on volunteer co-operation. Women make new dresses for dolls and men repair the toys.

Christmas baskets for unfortunates will have many presents other than toys. Each year thousands of communities find means of placing candy, nuts, fruit—and often all the makings for a Christmas dinner—in each basket. Shoes, stockings, mittens and other apparel also find a ready market.

When Yule Carol Stilled War Guns On Battle Front

NORFOLK, VA.—Rev. J. Sutherland-Watt of Norfolk tells how the strains of "Silent Night, Holy Night," sweeping gently across a battlefield in two languages, quieted guns in front-line trenches of the greatest war on earth for a Christmas celebration.

It was Christmas eve, 1914, between Armentiers and Arras, while Gordon Highlanders huddled in trenches, when somebody remembered the day.

"Jim, let's sing," one said to Private Sutherland-Watt.

Jim pleaded off, but someone else started "Silent Night, Holy Night," and soon Jim and the whole Scot regiment had joined in.

When the last refrain subsided, from the opposite trenches arose other voices—attuned in "Stille Nacht." Then all night long Christmas carols rang from trench to trench in strange tongues while cannon and flares from other sectors lit the sky.

At the customary "zero" hour, the British soldiers saw gray-clad figures making their way out of the opposite trenches. A few shots were fired. Then it was seen that the Germans carried no arms. Scots leaped from their trenches, likewise unarmed, only to be ordered back.

Anti-Communist Flags Replace Beloved Santa In Japan's Christmas

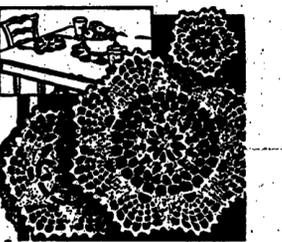
TOKYO.—Santa Claus has been banished from Japan, much to the sorrow of thousands of boys and girls who had come to love the patron saint of Christmas. A home ministry ordinance now forbids the usual festival manner of celebrating Japan, although not a Christian nation, has been celebrating the day with growing ardor annually, with department stores featuring Santa Clauses similar to the American variety. But now shopkeepers have announced that instead of the usual decorations their establishments will display Japanese, German and Italian flags, representing the three leading anti-communist nations.

Christmas All Year!
CHRISTMAS, FLA.—There's nary a snowflake in this southern community but it's the only town in America that has a "Christmas" atmosphere the year around. Each Yuletide season cards and packages come from all parts of the word to be stamped and mailed again by "Mrs. Santa Claus," otherwise known as Postmistress Juanita S. Tucker. The post office was established June 27, 1892. Offices at Christmas, Ky., and Christmas, Ariz., have been abandoned.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

HOUSEHOLD
NEW, A HOUSEHOLD ITEM
A time and labor-saving device every household should not be without. Sample list, information free.
MORSE, 416 E. 15th St., New York City.

Lovely Doilies Can Be Crocheted in a Jiffy



Pattern 1715

Don't be lacking doilies when you can make such lovely ones as these in little time in 4 strands of string. The three sizes lend themselves to luncheon and buffet sets and to doilies. Pattern 1715 contains directions for making doilies; illustrations of them and of stitches; materials required; photograph of doily.

Send 15 cents in coins for this pattern to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Man at Home

It is indeed at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honor and fictitious benevolence.—Johnson.

Wise and Otherwise

A rumor is often very skimpy, but it soon gets round all the same.

It's not much of a brag when a man tells another he has forgotten more than he has ever known.

Courtship makes a man spoon, but marriage makes him fork out.

Work is the secret of success, says the millionaire. Yes, but you've got to get other people to do it for you.

Have you heard of the absent-minded gangster who held his machine-gun on his lap and fired his secretary.

666 COLD'S
Headaches and Fever
LIQUID TABLETS
SALVE, NOSE DROPS
Try "Rub-My-Tiss"—a Wonderful Linctant

WNU-2 51-38

Foe of Tranquility

Nothing is so great an enemy to tranquility, and a contented spirit, as the amazement and confusions of unreadiness and inconsideration.—Jeremy Taylor.

That Nagging Backache

May Warn of Disordered Kidney Action

Modern life with its hurry and worry, irregular habits, improper eating and drinking—its risk of exposure and infection—throws heavy strain on the work of the kidneys. They are apt to become over-taxed and fail to filter excess acids and other impurities from the life-giving blood.

You may suffer nagging backache, headache, dizziness, getting up nights, leg pains, swelling—feet constantly tired, nervous, all worn out. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

Use Doan's Pills. Doan's help the kidneys to get rid of excess poisonous body waste. They are antiseptic to the urinary tract and tend to relieve irritation and the pain it causes. Many grateful people recommend Doan's. They have had more than forty years of public approval. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

In life I'm piling act on act. Of naughty deeds I've quite a crop. I'd better start now being good. To make my life look nice on top.



To our Customers we wish
A MERRY CHRISTMAS
 AND
A HAPPY NEW YEAR

BUTTERFIELD'S STORE

WANTED—A WIFE

Wanted, A wife that's accomplished and kind, Of a sweet disposition and tractable mind. I want a companion, an excellent cook, And not one that sits and dreams over a book.

On the matter of clothes, she must not place much stress, I would not have her spend too much money on dress, Yet she must be neat with original charm, But must not be vain, for that would mean harm.

All nagging and scolding are strictly forbidden, And she must be patient as Angels of Heaven, So when I am cranky, impatient or cross, She must always be patient for I am the boss.

My idea of a wife is a meek clinging vine, For I do not approve of the up-to-date kind, A more worthy husband would be hard to find, So she must be a marvel, this staid wife of mine.

I have not always been what you'd call strictly good, But then, men are different as is understood, My wife must be good ever prompt to obey, And if she must vote, why vote as I say.

I do not believe women should win degrees, For to men, should belong all such titles as these, You're a dangerous rival, if allowed to hold sway, So you must be restrained, and not given your way.

If you dare use cosmetics, objection I'll bring, I abhor modern music, especially "Swing," So sing the old songs that our forefathers knew, What was fitting for them, must be fitting for you.

Now here is your chance girls, don't fail to write in, For I am quite anxious married life to begin, I am tired of roaming and living alone, So desire a good wife to make me a home.

Early Americans

Before the days of Columbus, the Mayas of Mexico and Central America had domesticated and developed plants so successfully as to allow increase to millions of people and a high state of civilization.

The Antrim Reporter
 ANTRIM NEW HAMPSHIRE
 Published Every Thursday

H. W. ELDRIDGE
 Editor and Publisher
 Nov. 1, 1892—July 9, 1936
 W. T. TUCKER
 Business Manager

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 22, 1938

Antrim Locals

James I. Patterson has gone to Hillsboro to stay with his brother-in-law, Mr. Murdough.

Miss Barbara Butterfield is at home for a two weeks' vacation from Keene Normal school.

Mrs. Milton Hall, Mrs. John Griffin and Mrs. Irving Blossom spent last Thursday in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Butcher left on Sunday morning for Florida, where they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Morse went to Rumney last Thursday, where they will spend the winter.

The Rebekahs and Odd Fellows held a Christmas party on Wednesday evening with a tree and entertainment.

Miss Judith Pratt, Walter Raleigh, Alan Swett and Harvey Black are at home from the university for the holidays.

Miss Gertrude Seaver, a student at the Plymouth Normal school, is at her home on North Main street for the holidays.

The Woman's Relief Corps held a Christmas party at Mrs. Leon Hugron's on Concord street on Tuesday evening.

Joseph White, five year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel White of the Clinton road, fell last Friday and broke a bone in his wrist.

The Presbyterian Sunday school held their Christmas exercises on Wednesday evening in the vestry. Supper was served the younger members.

George Warren received news of the sudden death of his only sister, Mrs. Isabelle Marden, at her home in Chichester and with his family attended the funeral on Monday.

LOST—2 year old collie, male, answers to name, "Buck," raised by Fred Proctor, Antrim. Please phone Arthur Kelly. Dog belongs to Edward Matthews Farm.

Miss Nanabelle Buchanan, who has been quite ill, is improving. Miss Harriet Wilkinson, who has been caring for her, has gone home and Mrs. Richard Brooks is with her now.

The Baptist Sunday school will hold their Christmas exercises in the vestry on Friday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. The party guests include the Cradle Roll, Primary and Junior Sunday schools with the Intermediate and Mrs. Tibbals' class in charge of the entertainment and refreshments.

Mrs. Jessie Rutherford has been substituting in the 4th and 5th grades for Miss Alice Cuddihy, who was injured in an auto accident on Saturday, when her car skidded on the north side of Thompson hill, while she was returning from Hillsboro. Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hilton and Carol Cuddihy, who were with her, were somewhat cut and bruised in the accident.

Hancock

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fowle have returned to Chicago.

Mrs. Maurice Tuttle has returned from Plymouth, Mass.

Rev. Harold Hunting, of Greenfield, was the speaker at the Men's Forum.

A recent meeting of the Friday Club was at the home of Mrs. William Fogg.

The Friday Club held its Christmas meeting at the home of Mrs. Charles Upton Monday night.

Mrs. Orissa Sheldon has returned from the Peterboro Hospital and is at the home of her daughter Mrs. W. G. Fisher.

Those here for vacation include Miss Rita Strombeck, Margery Upton, Mary Louise and Madeleine Stearns, Edward Burt and Sherwood Tuttle.

Mrs. Leah Hill, master of the local Grange, Mrs. Florence Davis lecturer and Mrs. Agnes C. Weston have returned from Laconia where they attended the State Grange.

Virginia and Roy Finan, Robert and Willard Richardson were at the Christmas party of the Youth Extension Club at the home of Ella Brush in Hillsboro. The next meeting will be in Peterboro early in January when three clubs will meet together with a basket lunch and auction.

Members of the local flood control committee who represented their report at the meeting in Peterboro were John Reaveley, Karl Upton and Maurice Tuttle. They favored control on small tributaries of the Contocook and showed where such control could take place easily and well.

The members of the woman's club who attended the meeting in Antrim were Mrs. Florence Burt, Mrs. Lilla Upton, Mrs. Grace Saunders, Mrs. Elsie Upton, Mrs. Carrie Wilds, Mrs. Mary J. Adams, Mrs. Agnes Quinn, Mrs. Elizabeth Hastings, Mrs. Alice Fogg, Mrs. Virginia Finan, Mrs. Evelyn Tuttle.

The Hancock high school gymnasium was filled to capacity Friday night when the boys' team defeated the Amherst team 43 to 23 and the girls' team defeated the Amherst girls 28 to 20. Players and points for the local teams were Boys: Lawrence Fisher 17, Louis Chamberlain 13, Paul Hill 8, Ovide McQuade 2, Fred Ware 2, William Hanson 1, Leonard Cashion; Girls: Jean Johnson 24, Barbara Manning 3, Virginia Warner 1, Isabelle and Edith Gibson, Constance Ledward, Barbara and Constance Clark, Elizabeth Stearns, Dorothy Jones. Gordon Tate is coach for the boys and Miss Barbara Thomas for the girls.

Hillsboro

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Gould and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Garafoli were in Boston Sunday to see Sonja Henie, the skating marvel.

Franklin Sterling, Frank Sandusky and Catherine Sullivan are home for the Christmas holidays from New Hampshire University.

Two wooden piers have been erected to support the railroad bridge over the Contocook river, taking the place of the single stone pier which was weakened by the recent flood.

Joseph Garafoli has one of the beauty spots in town with his big 20 room house on West Main street brilliantly and artistically illuminated for Christmas with hundreds of colored lights.

Mrs. Ira Roach has received word of the death of her father, Edward Tyacke. The funeral was held on Saturday in Medford, Mass. Mr. Tyacke lived for many years in Medford and Wellington, Mass., and had passed a considerable time in Washington, this state, where members of his family resided.

Mrs. Flossie Oulton, chairman of the Deborah Sewing Committee, entertained her committee and a few others at a Sewing Bee last Thursday. The girls sewed busily in the afternoon, then enjoyed a covered dish supper and cards in the evening. Mrs. Oulton was in Boston with her brother Leon and his wife of Nashua one day last week.

Try a For Sale Ad.

Church Notes

Baptist
 Friday, December 23
 2:30 P. M. Christmas Party
 for Primary and Junior Departments
 Sunday, December 25
 9:45 Church School
 11 Morning Worship
 with Christmas Music and Sermon
 7 Christmas Candle-Lighting Service
 arranged by the Young People

Presbyterian Church
 Rev. Wm. McN. Kittredge, Pastor
 The Christmas Service will be at 10:45 with special music by the choir and sermon by the Pastor from the theme "The Angelic Message"
 The Bible School meets at noon

Deering

Charles Taylor was a recent visitor in Boston.

Paul Gardner is cutting wood for G. Edward Willgeroth.

Harold G. Wells was a Manchester visitor one day last week.

Mrs. J. D. Hart was confined to her home, Wolf Hill farm, last week with tonsillitis.

Mr. and Mrs. Wendall Putnam and daughter Anna were in Concord last Saturday.

Mrs. Hazel Putnam and Mrs. Harold Taylor were in Manchester last Thursday.

Wilfred Cloutier of Tewksbury, Mass., is stopping at Wolf Hill farm for a time.

The young people have been enjoying the skating on the frog pond in the Manselville district.

Mrs. Harold G. Wells and Mr. and Mrs. Edgar J. Liberty of Wilton spent last Friday in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. William O. Kimball of Bennington visited his mother, Mrs. Wendall Putnam, and family Sunday.

Mrs. Hilda M. Grund, master, and Mrs. Edith L. Parker, lecturer, of Wolf Hill grange, attended the sessions of the N. H. state grange at Laconia last week.

Mrs. Edgar J. Liberty and daughter Ann Marie of Wilton visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harold G. Wells, at their home, Pinehurst farm, last Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Wells returned home with them for a day's visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold G. Wells were dinner guests of their daughter, Mrs. Edgar J. Liberty, and family at Wilton, Monday, December 12th, the occasion being Mrs. Wells' birthday. The evening was pleasantly spent in card playing.

Christmas trimmings have made their appearances, with wreaths at Alderbrook farm and Mountain View farm. Lighted Christmas trees, out of doors, at Pinehurst farm and the Locke homestead. The brick house at Alderbrook farm is aglow with electric candles in all the windows.

With the snow which came on Sunday the decorations have an ideal setting.

Sympathy is extended to the Gingras brothers in the death of their father, Joseph Gingras, who passed away at the Hillsboro County General Hospital at Grasmere, following a three days' illness. Father Moher conducted the funeral services at the Sacred Heart Church at Wilton and interment was in the family lot in Mount Calvary cemetery in that town. Mr. Gingras was 89 years old last July and had made his home with his two sons, Joseph and Medric, in town for many years. He leaves another son, Dana Gingras of Wilton. Fred Nelson of Wilton was funeral director.

A Parrot is "Different"
 The parrot is unusual among birds because both mandibles of its beak are movable. Most birds are able to move only one mandible.

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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.

ARCHIE M. SWETT,
 MYRTLE K. BROOKS,
 WILLIAM R. LINTON
 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.

Antrim Locals

Having Chicken for Christmas? Call Lester Hill 21-3 4-5

The Christmas decorating on the Reporter Office was done by our local interior decorator, Wilbur Tandy.

Mrs. J. Bennett of Cambridge Mass wishes to announce the engagement of her daughter Eleanor Louise Molly of Antrim to Earl Ray Gibson of Antrim son of Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Gibson of Unity, N. H.

Richard Winslow of Albany and Antrim is one of eleven college boys who comprise the orchestra for the Christmas cruise to the West Indies of the French liner "Champlain." The group is made up of men from Amherst, Wesleyan and Williams.

Dick is manager of the Wesleyan Glee Club and of the "Serenaders" the Wesleyan dance Orchestra.

The union choir presented a cantata, "The Lord's Anointed," at the union evening service in the Presbyterian church on Sunday. Solo parts were sung by Mrs. Byron Butterfield, Mrs. Benjamin Tenney, Mrs. Kenneth Roeder, Miss Ethel Brainerd and Carroll Nichols. The program also included a piano and organ duet by Mrs. Carl Muzzey and Mrs. Albert Thornton. The church was seasonably decorated in evergreen with red candles and a lighted Christmas tree showed through the open vestry doors.

Passing Observation
 An egotist is a fellow who thinks he's seeing himself as "others" see him when he gazes into a mirror.

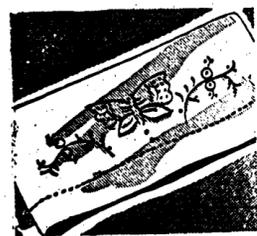
Post Office

Mail Schedule in Effect May 1, 1938, Daylight Saving Time

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

For Christmas Gifts

"What shall I give for Christmas?" You'll find the answer here! What could be more acceptable than any of the following, all hand work:



- Pillow Cases, beautifully embroidered
- End Table Covers
- Bureau Covers
- Luncheon Set including Tablecloth & 4 Napkins
- Fancy Aprons
- Rainbow Napkins--Set of 8

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Bennington

Mrs. Patrick McGrath has been suffering with a severe cold.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Davidson were Peterboro visitors one day recently.

Mrs. Sylvester's card party to benefit the Catholic Guild was well attended.

Miss Vincena Drago has gone to Milford to spend the holiday with her parents.

Fred Eaton is slowly gaining from his illness. Cora Sheldon is caring for him.

Miss Mae Cashion has gone to Manchester to spend the holiday with her sisters.

The Bennington team of young men defeated the Peterboro team at basket ball, 35-20.

It is reported that Harry Wilkins and Helen Heath were united in marriage recently.

Miss Edith L. Lawrence entertained Mr. and Mrs. Harry Shields of Ayer, Mass., recently.

The Sunday School Christmas tree and party will take place on Thursday afternoon at 2 p. m.

Rev. James Morrison, of Cambridge, has been called to the pastorate at the Congregational church.

The play presented by the high school pupils was greatly enjoyed by the parents, as was the solo and music.

Miss Lillian Newton and James Whitney, of Amherst, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Newton this week.

Miss Esther Perry, of Keene Normal, is home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Perry, for the holidays.

The basket ball game between Hancock High and Bennington High resulted in a defeat for Bennington, 36-10.

Mrs. Emma Joslin, Miss Grace Taylor, Mrs. M. E. Sargent and Rev. John Logan were Nashua visitors recently.

Andrew Kay, of Union College Troy, N. Y., will spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Kay.

William Kay and friend of the Portsmouth Navy Yard were guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Kay, Sr., recently.

Mrs. Harry Favor is slowly gaining. Her sister, Mrs. R. S. Evans, of Henniker, who has been caring for her, has returned home.

The Vesper Service at the Congregational Church Sunday evening will be a pageant. The groups around the Christ Child. The service will be held at five o'clock.

The food and fancy work sale at the Congregational Church, although not so well attended because of poor weather, nevertheless netted the church a tidy sum. Mrs. Mae Wilson chairman of the sale was ill and sent Mrs. John Bryer as substitute.

The young people's group at the Congregational church honored Miss Margaret Kay with a gift on Sunday night. Carols were sung, games played, refreshments enjoyed and a lovely Christmas tree with gifts for all. This group will not meet again until the first Saturday in January.

West Deering

Mrs. Ruth Lawson was in Hillsboro on Tuesday.

Miss Marie Johnson was in Dunbarton on Saturday.

Several of the pupils at the school here have been out sick the past week.

Maynard Wood, of South Weare was in North Deering on business on Monday.

Mrs. Bruce Dubois, of Shirley Hill, Goffstown was a visitor in North Deering on Monday.

Miss Gladys Rich has been sick the past week and had to come home from her boarding place at Weare Center.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Wood enjoyed a visit on Sunday from members of their family from Manchester, Franklin and Hillsboro.

Copper, "Missing Link"
Historians of metallurgy tell us that the use of native copper really marks man's modern understanding of the use of metals. Copper was the "missing link" that connected the Stone age with the Metal age.

In "Tortured English Phrases"
In 7,000 words of "tortured English legal phrases" was written the charter of "the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay"; the famous Hudson's Bay company.

In The Glamour of Christmas



BETTY PRICE dabbed a spot of rouge on each cheek, touched the places lightly for a natural effect, then dipped in the perfume bottle and rubbed the back of her small ears.

Tilting back the blurred mirror, she surveyed herself critically. The effect seemed entirely satisfactory. Betty sighed ecstatically. "I look like a million dollars," she breathed. "I can almost convince myself that I am a great lady tonight."

Carefully her silver-slipped feet descended the narrow stairs. She must get away as quickly as possible. What would the unromantic Mr. and Mrs. James Barstow say if they saw the Cinderella of their kitchen arrayed in garments like these? Betty chuckled at the thought. They would think she had gone crazy if they found out that she had spent a whole month's salary to rent the things she was wearing, and to buy a ticket for the opera. "But they never will find out," she told herself, as she carefully closed the back door behind her.

At the corner, she waited for a cab. On the way down, she heard the voice of Christmas everywhere. She saw its symbols in shop windows; in arches of green and red



Her prince was standing in the doorway, his evening clothes replaced by clean blue overalls.

strung across the streets. She told herself it must be the Christmas feeling in the air that made her do this daring thing. It was utterly ridiculous to dress up like a great lady, but one had to be different at Christmas. And life had been pretty dull for Betty since she had to accept the work she was doing. It offered very little inspiration.

The story of the opera took her back to a medieval world. In a few moments she was completely lost in its atmosphere, so much so that she failed to notice that the man seated at her right was sending admiring glances in her direction. When the curtain went up, he leaned over and spoke.

"I love this," he said simply. "I do, too," Betty answered, with a little catch in her voice. It seemed incredible that he was speaking to her. He was really acting as if she belonged. By the time the curtain went up again they were calling each other Prince and Princess: taking the names of the two leading characters on the stage.

As the great drama moved to its close Betty tried to hurry away. She didn't want her Prince to find out what an impostor she was. But he had taken hold of her arm. "Couldn't we go and have some coffee?" he suggested. "I know I'm a stranger to you, but—but, it's Christmas—and—"

"I should say 'no,'" Betty told herself. "I should even tell him the truth about myself." Instead, she accompanied him to the coffee shop across the street. She couldn't deny herself this one hour of happiness. After it was over, well—Betty would not let her thoughts go further.

She almost forgot that she was playing a part as they sat together. They seemed to have so much in common. He had read widely—the type of books she liked; he took an interest in so many things she liked; seemed to be as romantic and visionary as herself. But he spoke no word to indicate that he wanted to see her again. She had been foolish to expect it.

Gloom enveloped the world for Betty next morning. As if to add to her humiliation and misery, a clogged-up drain was sending oozy brown water back into the sink. Her feet dragged across the floor as she answered the plumber's knock.

Then the world spun dizzily around her for a moment. A rush of joy, of wonder, lifted her heart. Her Prince was standing in the doorway, his evening clothes replaced by clean blue overalls, his good-looking face wrinkled in bewilderment.

"I—I thought you were—" he stammered.

"And I—I thought you were—" Betty gasped in answer.

When explanations were over, a make-believe Prince and Princess were wondering if Christmas wasn't the very nicest time for a wedding ceremony.

Stranger In Town

By Sarah Jane Clark

JIM saw Joan first as she stopped in at Du Vall's grocery.

"Mother wants a T-bone steak, the kind she always gets, and a pound of bacon." Her voice was that delightfully husky kind.

Jim, having finished his purchase, got out his money slowly, counted up the amount of his purchases and looked over his change carefully before he pocketed it.

She looked like a grand girl. He wished he knew her. But he was a stranger in the big city, and he'd have to wait. Couldn't rush things with a girl like that. And perhaps she had a boy friend already. Unconsciously he slowed down at the corner of his apartment building. Stupid, to have to eat all alone, the night before Christmas.

Jim turned to look back at the store he had just left, and found that the girl had overtaken him.

"Hello, there, you going my way?" he asked. "I'm a stranger here, and it's mighty lonesome at Christmas—"

But the girl, with a cool, "Excuse me, please," hurried on.

Jim's cheeks burned. He hadn't meant to be fresh, really.

He turned the corner and entered the doorway of his apartment. Then he saw the girl the third time. She was just opening the door and going up the stairs. She lived in the same building with him!

He ate his solitary supper in his one-room kitchenette apartment. Then, what was there to do? His first Christmas away from home. His job here was so new that he hadn't dared to ask for time off to go home. Well, he supposed he could go to a show.

But when Jim got out onto Delaware Place he almost changed his mind. A snow had begun to fall, a heavy leisurely snow with big flakes



There was a bump and a crash as an armful of packages landed on the sidewalk.

that made a thick carpet on the streets and sidewalks, already icy from the drizzle of the afternoon. He hesitated a minute about starting out on such a night, then thinking of the lonely room he had just quitted, he shrugged his shoulders and started up the street.

With his head down he trudged through the snow, plowing his way with difficulty against the strong wind. Too late he saw a dark figure directly in front of him. There was a bump, and a crash as an armful of packages landed on the sidewalk. Startled, Jim looked into the face of the girl he was thinking about. His face red with embarrassment, Jim picked up her bundles. His apology was quite incoherent.

Strange to say, the girl laughed amusedly. "Why go around barging into people this way? It's just my luck, Christmas eve, to have my bundles all scattered, and," a little ruefully, "some of them broken."

"Say, that's a shame. You must let me replace anything that's broken," Jim insisted. "Really I'm awfully sorry about this. I was facing the snow and had my head down. I'll never forgive myself if you don't let me do this last minute shopping with you. I am Jim Sheridan, from Dubuque, working for the Times."

"Well, I'm Joan Siegfred. I've been feeling sorry for the way I squeaked you a while ago. So I'm glad of a chance to say so." Her eyes were bright and sparkling.

Walking down the busy streets with a pretty girl, replacing Christmas decorations that had been smashed in the fall, and being allowed to help put them on the tree later, was a lot better than going to a picture show alone. And when Joan's cheerful, friendly mother asked the homesick lad to have dinner with them next day, Jim felt that he was no longer a friendless stranger in a big city, and that Christmas was a time of peace and good will, after all.

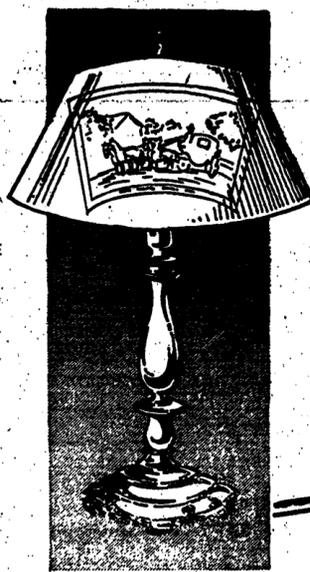
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Christmas on the Highway
CHICAGO.—With traffic increased by the Christmas rush, more American lives were lost in automobile accidents during the month of December, 1938, than in the Revolutionary war. But last December, in a campaign led by the National Safety council, the toll was reduced by 400 lives. But still 3,890 people were killed that month. Pedestrians and motorists alike were responsible for this "field day" of the grim reaper. People are often less cautious during the holiday season.

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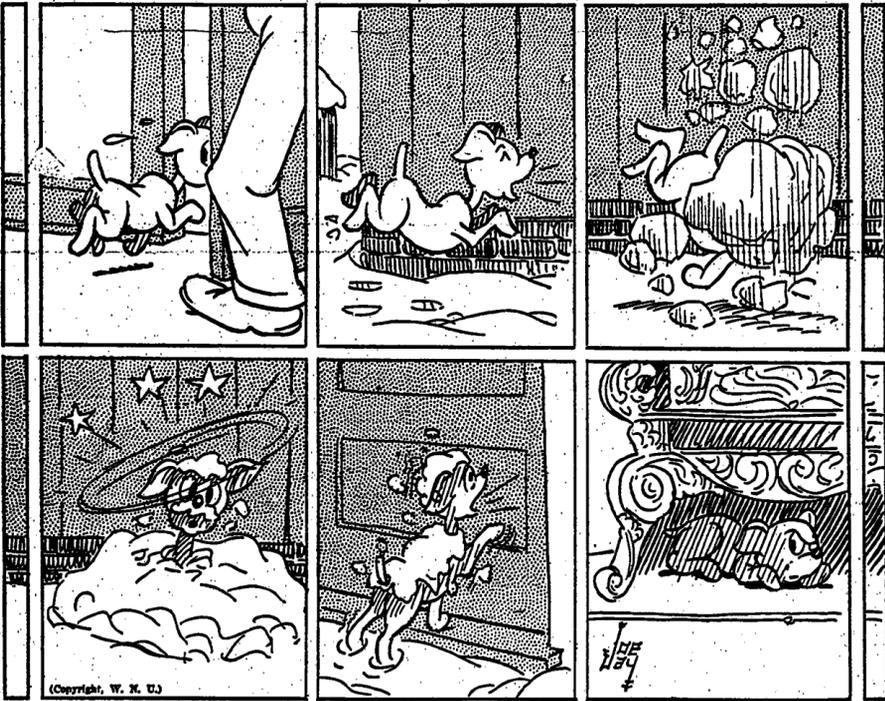
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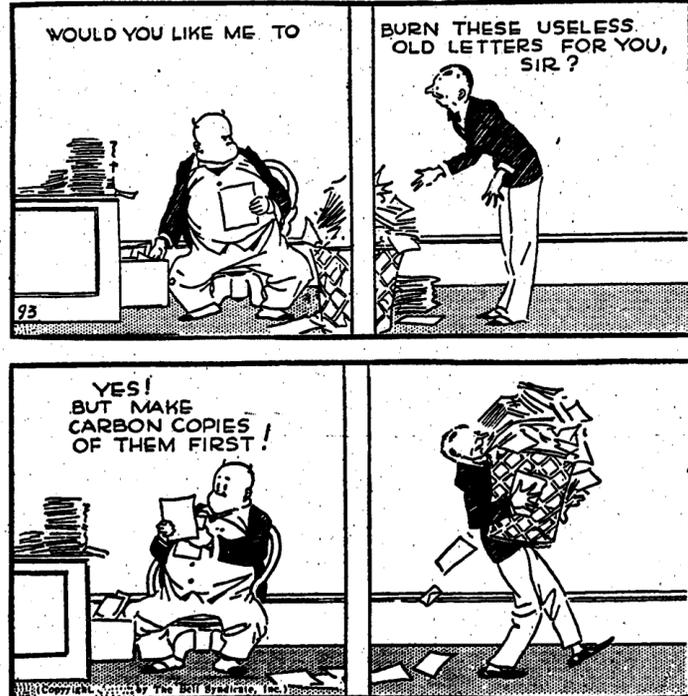
S'MATTER POP

By C. M. Payne



POP

By J. Miller Watt



WHAT to EAT and WHY

C. Houston Goudiss Asks How Do You Get Your Vitamin D? Relates Need for and Sources Of This Necessary Vitamin

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

THERE is scarcely a mother of a young baby today who has not at one time or another been told to give her child cod-liver oil. Perhaps she does not know this substance must be given to the baby for the vitamin D that it contains. But she has heard that there is something in cod-liver oil which makes it valuable to the baby's health.

A generation ago, cod-liver oil was given to children in the winter time, "to build them up" after colds or various other respiratory illnesses. It was not until 1921, however, that a long series of painstaking investigations, terminating in the discovery of vitamin D, made it clear that cod-liver oil is valuable as a source of vitamin D, and also why this vitamin is essential in the diet of growing children, as well as adults.

Discovery of Vitamin D
After years of patient work and many thrilling and dramatic experiments, seven forms of vitamin D have been revealed by science. And scientists have also solved the mystery of how such widely separated factors as cod-liver oil, sunlight; a diet that is rich in fat, and carefully balanced with calcium and phosphorus; and ultra-violet light, all can perform the same service for the body.

Readers of this column may have observed that the discovery of a number of the vitamins came about chiefly through the efforts of investigators to discover a method of treating or curing obscure nutritional diseases. In most instances, however, carefully controlled laboratory experiments played their part in reaching the ultimate goal after some clue had been found as to what the mysterious substance might be that helped to control a baffling nutritional disease. The discovery of vitamin D was no exception!

Vitamin D and Rickets
Vitamin D is associated intimately with the prevention and cure of rickets, the most devastating nutritional disease of children in temperate climates. Indeed, it is the moderate, and in some cases the small amount of sunshine in the temperate zone that accounts partially for the presence of rickets.

Historians have given us reason to believe that this disease may have existed in England even before the Roman conquest. Certainly it appeared in a serious form, both in England and in other North European countries, in the Seventeenth century. In fact, early literature refers to it as the English disease, and the early attempts to fathom its causes were written in Latin by English and Dutch doctors during the 1600's.

In rickets, the child's head grows large and out of proportion to the body, while the leg and arm bones, and in severe cases even the ribs, are bent and twisted out of their normal shape.

Need for Calcium and Phosphorus
The two principal minerals required for constructing the bones and teeth are calcium, obtained chiefly from milk, cheese and green leafy vegetables, and phosphorus, found in generous amounts in eggs, whole grain cereals and dried legumes. But one of the things that made it so difficult for scientists to determine the cause of rickets was the fact that apparently well fed children, who had plenty of calcium and phosphorus, frequently developed the disease.

Mystery of Cod-Liver Oil
Cod-liver oil had been used for many years because of its supposedly "tonic" or "building" properties, when it was observed that regular doses of cod-liver oil not only cured rickets in children, but also cured the corresponding disease in adults, called osteomalacia, in which the bones become soft as the calcium and phosphorus already deposited in them are withdrawn and excreted.

Fat and Vitamin D
One of the strangest paradoxes to the scientists in their early investigations was the fact that while cod-liver oil appeared to cure

rickets, another substance high in fat—butter fat, did not. More research work was necessary before it was discovered that while butter was rich in vitamin A, cod-liver oil contained two vitamins, one of which was later named vitamin D.

Effect of Sunlight
More work was necessary and it took years of patient effort before science unraveled the mystery of how sunlight could have the same apparent effect in preventing rickets as cod-liver oil.

Once nutritionists understood how sunlight acting on a fatty substance in the skin could produce vitamin D, however, it was not difficult to carry the process a step further and learn how to fortify foods with a satisfactory content of vitamin D.

Today we have at our disposal irradiated milk, or milk to which a vitamin D concentrate has been added. Margarine, too, has been enriched not only with vitamin D, but with vitamin A so that this moderate-priced spread for bread has been made an effective vitamin carrier.

Natural Food Sources of Vitamin D
The richest natural sources of vitamin D are the fish-liver oils, including the liver-oil of the tuna, swordfish, rock fish, salmon, halibut, mackerel, cod and haddock. The body oils of many fish also furnish substantial amounts. That accounts for the fact that canned salmon has been regarded as such a splendid food in the diet of children and adults. It is not only a good source of protein and of energy values, but it contains substantial amounts of the minerals, calcium, phosphorus and iodine, and has been found to be an unusually good food source of vitamin D.

Egg yolk contains small amounts of vitamin D, and when eaten regularly, the quantity is enough to have a significant effect in the diet of children.

Vitamin D Requirements
So important is vitamin D considered, that the United States Children's Bureau advises that cod-liver oil or some other form of this vitamin be supplied to all

babies, beginning at the age of two or three weeks.

Mothers should be guided by the advice of their physician in determining when to start the use of a vitamin D preparation and what quantities to give. But if they want to give their babies the blessing bestowed on them by the scientists who discovered vitamin D, they must not overlook this important substance.

As guardians of the health of both children and adults, mothers should see to it that vitamin D is supplied regularly through the use of eggs and salmon; irradiated foods and those fortified with vitamin D; and if necessary, fish-liver oils or concentrates.

Questions Answered

Miss G. M. L.—Yes, it is true that sweet potatoes contain a small amount of protein. In fact, their protein is composed of four amino acids known to be essential to nutrition. Some of the protein may be lost if the potato is boiled, but it is entirely preserved when the potato is cooked by dry heat.

Mrs. M. E.—Both cooked lentils and baked kidney beans contain over 20 per cent of carbohydrate. Low carbohydrate vegetables include cabbage, celery, cauliflower, kale, lettuce and spinach.

© WNU—C. Houston Goudiss—1938—42

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

For Creaking Shoes.—Rub the sole of a creaking shoe with a flannel dipped in boiled linseed oil.

Removing Indelible Ink Marks.—Equal parts of turpentine and ammonia will remove indelible ink marks from white fabrics when everything else fails.

Lintless Tea Towels.—Tea towels will not leave lint on china and glassware if they are passed through a weak starch solution when laundered.

To Judge Grapefruit.—Notice its firmness, weight, and shape as well as the thickness of the skin. Good quality fruit is firm yet springy to the touch. It is well shaped, thin skinned and heavy for its size.

Keep Baking Oven Clean.—Many a cake is spoiled by burning fragments left in the oven. Rub the inside of the oven frequently with coarse emery paper. This will remove rust and keep the oven in good condition.

Dressy Midwinter Fashions



ed, the gathered bodice fills out your bustline, and the full skirt is extremely graceful. The high neckline is scalloped to make it softer and more becoming. In velvet, silk crepe, satin, or thin wool, it will make up beautifully.

Suspender Skirt With Jacket.
Here's a perfectly charming new princess skirt, in suspender fashion, topped by a short little tuxedo jacket. You can wear the skirt with your own blouses, or just with the jacket, so that you'll find it very useful. See how tiny it makes your waist look, and notice the cute, crescent-shaped pockets. Very simple to make, like all two-piece styles. Choose tweed, wool crepe, plaid or flannel.

The Patterns.
No. 1641 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14 requires 4½ yards of 39-inch material.
No. 1646 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14 requires 3¾ yards of 54-inch material with long sleeves.

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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Means and Opportunity

The greatest blessings to ourselves and others, when they are rightly used, are our time and our money. These talents are continuing means and opportunities of doing good.—Law.

OUT OF FASHION



"Do you think this country will ever again be in a stable condition?"
"Never again—the garage is everywhere supreme."

Last Straw

Husband (angrily)—No money in the house, the gas bill not paid, the butcher threatening us, no money for decent cigars, and you go and buy a fur coat just because it was cheap!
She (white with passion)—Pardon me, it was not a cheap one.

Helpful
Old Lady—Where can I catch a street car, young man?
Young Man—By the handle of the door is the best place, lady.

HAS HIS NUMBER



"Is he reserved?"
"There's a girl who thinks he is, I know."

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READ the advertisements in your paper regularly. You'll find extraordinary values from time to time, in all the hundred and one things that make houses more attractive.

Your budget will cover the improvements you want to make if you plan your buying with the news of bargains as a guide. Read the advertisements.

A Country Doctor's Wife



By Martha B. Thomas

CADDY lighted the fire in the fireplace. She switched on the Christmas lights for the tree. She pulled down the shades, and pushed an easy chair towards the fire. Halsy would be home any time now, cold and weary from his round of calls on sick people. This was their first Christmas eve together since they had been married.

Halsy had started out on his rounds at noon. At three he had telephoned to say he was obliged to abandon his



car. The snow was too deep. He had borrowed a pair of snowshoes and a fur cap, and with bag in hand, was about to walk a road leading through the woods to a small shack where a sick woman lay waiting his ministrations. At Caddy's worried inquiries, he said it would take him a couple of hours. Then he had a three-mile walk further on the main turnpike, to a child suffering with a quincy sore throat. After that, he would retrace his steps, get his car, and drive home.

Caddy gazed into the flames. This country practice covered miles and miles. Halsy was conscientious. He never failed to reach his patients somehow, but he was tired and worn out. And Caddy herself was often lonely. Her plans for fun, for little parties at home, usually ended in trying to get someone to fill Halsy's place.

She knew it would be like this. Halsy had warned her—She was sensible and patient. Yet tonight . . . Christmas eve, and Halsy's birthday. She sighed . . . she simply couldn't bear to have anything go wrong.

The telephone rang. "That you, Caddy? I'm stuck again. The drifts are so deep I can't walk through. I'm out of the wood road all safe, and within two miles of that sick child. But none of the farmers near here has a team of horses. I really need oxen to pull me through. It's tough going."

"Oh," breathed Caddy, trying not to sound dismayed.

"Caddy, I wonder," he hesitated. She could tell he was tired by the drag in his voice. "If you could possibly get Lem Salter's team of oxen and drive here for me? I simply can't ask him to do it himself. He has his daughter home for the holidays and her family. It's Christmas."

"Caddy could not speak. She knew what this meant. Hours of being out in the storm. Heaven alone knew when they would get home. She glanced about the friendly, inviting room.

"Won't you, darling . . . to help me out?"

Then she remembered something her father had said to her on her wedding day:

"You will never be allowed to forget you are the wife of a country doctor. But I think he's worth it . . . if you are!"

So now over the telephone she said, "All right. Stay where you are. Get warm and rested, and I'll be there by Shanghai Express!"

The tedious drive behind the oxen seemed endless. The snow sifted down inside her collar. It blinded her. She was not actually suffering, but she was pretty uncomfortable. On . . . and on . . . and on. The whirling curtains swept before her. The snow drifted across the broad backs of the patient beasts. They took their own

way in their own plodding time. Caddy sat on a box wrapped round with a bear rug.

On and on . . . and on. Creak . . . creak . . . the swaying of the beasts was like some grotesque, nightmarish rhythm. She almost fell asleep.

Then out of the whiteness ahead she heard a shout. "Hey . . . bless your heart, darling!" And Halsy jumped aboard.

The child was very sick. The throat had to be lanced. Caddy forgot her injured feelings. She helped capably. The mother, worn and harassed, thanked them both with tears in her eyes. And together they drank coffee beside a humble kitchen stove, and ate huge slices of thick, buttered bread. Not what Caddy had planned for Christmas eve, yet, curiously enough, it seemed better than the other. It had . . . she tried to think it out—more strength and sinew to it.

She smiled at Halsy. "This is positively the best Christmas eve I ever spent in my life!" she whispered. Behind a large buttered slice of bread he kissed her. "You are the perfect pattern for a country doctor's wife!" he whispered back.

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Mistletoe a Parasite

The mistletoe, traditional Christmas decoration much more in favor in earlier days, when the ardent swains were not so forward and the maidens were more reserved, is found most abundantly in the tropics, although it is widely distributed throughout the world. The mistletoe is a parasite, living on the sap of the trees around which it entwines itself. On the Atlantic seaboard of the United States the mistletoe is found as far North as the Jersey coast, but is more abundant farther South.

Living Christmas Trees

Longer life for Christmas trees is advocated by the United States forest service. In a note suggesting that a living tree with roots properly balled and packed in a box may be used indoors and later set out to beautify the grounds.

The Little Fir Tree

By Henry Harding

THERE was very little sunlight in the forest. The trees were so big, all the grown up trees. The little fir tree stretched himself, and tried to imagine himself as full grown. Looking up at the sky and the stars and the moon, he listened to the big trees talk. "Isn't the moon bright tonight," one would say; and there would be a gentle rustling of their leaves as the trees would shake their heads in agreement.

"I'm afraid you're going to be stunted, because there is so much shade here," a little squirrel said to the fir one day as he jumped into its branches and brushed the top limbs with his bushy tail. "It takes sunlight to make anything grow strong and tall."

So the little fir tree stretched himself up, and kept his head pointed up toward the spot of sunlight he saw clear up through the maze of heavy tree growth. He could be straight and upstanding, even if he hadn't grown tall.

Today the ground was all covered with the snow which stayed white in the forest. All but a few birds had gone south. Every once in a while there was the sound of steel striking against wood, and infrequently a crashing sound of falling trees.

The tall trees began to tremble. "The woodcutters are out. But this is a funny time of year," one mur-



"I never saw a more beautiful tree," he said. "It seems to glow."

mured to the others. Then one of the little snow birds spoke. "Have you forgotten that every year they come to cut Christmas trees?"

"What are Christmas trees?" the little fir asked.

"Oh, they cut down the trees and take them in the house, and put candles on them so they look like stars, and spangles that look like snow shining in the moonlight. And the people sing songs and give each other gifts, and it is a time of being glad," the little snow bird twittered.

"Oh, I wish they would take me," the little tree cried in excitement. "I'd love to see it all. I'd love to make people happy. But I'm too little," and he sighed unhappily.

"Sh! Let's all be quiet," one of the tall trees exclaimed. "The woodsmen are coming near us. We must be quiet so they won't notice us. Then we won't be cut down and left to die."

But in spite of their silence, the men drew near. They looked at the trees, and one of them said: "Oh, these are all too tall. No house or church could hold them. Let's get on."

Just then a little lad who was riding in the sled, called to his father: "Dad, can we find a little tree for sister? Couldn't we find a cute little tree to put in her very own room?"

"Ho! Ho!" laughed a big rough man. "In her own room? No little girl will stay in her room on Christmas day!"

The lad's father answered, sadly: "Yes, my little girl will." She had infantile paralysis last summer, and hasn't been able to walk since. Surely, son, we'll find a little tree for her."

"Here I am, here I am! come and get me," the little fir tree called out lustily. And the little boy turned and saw the branches trembling, and the little snow bird flying away.

"Why, dad, there is a cute little tree over there. Such a beautiful straight tree. Wouldn't that do?" he called.

The man got out from the sled. He walked to the tree and fondled it gently. "I never saw a more beautiful tree. It seems to glow. Molly will love it," he said with a smile.

The little tree was so happy that he didn't feel the blows from the ax that cut him to the ground. And when they put him into the sled, he was still happy. The little boy called to his father: "It sounds as if the little tree was singing when the wind blows through its branches." And the little tree laughed delightedly.

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Jobs Ahead for College 'Grads'

Prospects for Employment of This Year's Crop Are Encouraging.

MINNEAPOLIS. — Employment demand for this year's college graduates has considerably exceeded spring estimates, and 53 out of 84 principal universities and colleges report placement of 75 per cent or more of their June seniors; 37 of the schools report placement of 90 to 100 per cent of all those seeking employment, according to a survey just completed by Northwestern National Life Insurance company.

Improvement in general business which became evident last June has reflected itself in more jobs for graduates, a majority of the school placement departments report, and has forced an upward revision of estimates made prior to commencement when placement officials found demand much below that experienced in the spring of 1932.

The principal fields of employment in which demand for graduates is increasing are among the various governmental agencies, both federal and local, and in sales work, accounting and aviation, while the autumn demand from retailers and wholesalers is also making itself felt.

Wanted in Aviation

The European war scare caused a complete cessation of employment calls for a time, at some schools, whereas at some of the western schools it reflected itself in a heightened employment demand from aviation companies.

Of 56 schools with comparative reports which could be checked against their own spring estimates, 41 have exceeded their April estimates, eight have equalled their predictions and seven have fallen short. Of these last, however, four predicted 100 per cent placement of all available graduates, and have actually placed 90 to 98 per cent so far, the survey shows.

"July and September were good months following an exceptionally slow spring," says a typical report from Columbia university. "Approximately 90 per cent of all June graduates are now placed. No one field of employment predominates, unless perhaps sales work."

From the South, the school of business administration at the University of Alabama reports: "No members of June graduating class unemployed at present. Employment calls picked up during late summer and increased activity seems to have been maintained. Increases in employment activity most marked in governmental agencies, banking, and retail trade."

Business Opportunities

From the Middle West, the University of Chicago school of business reports: "Approximately 90 per cent of those seeking employment have been placed. Have observed no noteworthy pickup in employment activity as yet. Good sales and research people can be placed fairly readily."

And from the Pacific coast, Stanford university's school of engineering reports: "All June engineering graduates placed, although a relatively large number of engineers are engaged in federal public works programs, on which the permanency of jobs is naturally uncertain."

Placement percentages given are based on the number of graduates actually seeking employment. A portion of each senior class return to school for graduate study, and another segment, particularly of the women students, return to social life or marry, and do not seek jobs.

There are usually a few individuals in every graduating class who cannot be placed regardless of economic conditions, and there are always some employment calls which cannot be filled, in good times and bad, due to their specialized nature, according to placement directors who co-operated in the survey.

Dueling Is Tolerated by Authorities in Paris

PARIS.—Dueling is a long way from being stamped out in France and even the police recognize that "tradition cannot be defied."

One of the Paris municipal councilors, disturbed at this practice which he said "evinced a decadent public," wrote the prefect of police.

"It is very difficult for the police to prevent such encounters, since public opinion still accepts the duel as a means of settling certain differences," Prefect of Police Roger Langeron replied.

"When only slight wounds are inflicted the law generally refrains from judicial consequences. Finally, the tradition has been to allow regularly conducted duels to proceed."

War Letter of 1812

Discovered in Attic

BREWSTER, MASS.—A letter threatening to blow up the town's salt works during the War of 1812 has been found by Mrs. Franklin T. Cleverly in her attic.

The note demanded \$4,000 and was signed by Capt. Richard Raggatt of the British ship Spenser.

French Toast Adds Touch of Glamour

Delicacy Big Favorite in Many Countries

By EDITH M. BARBER

THE French call it "lost bread"—because when French toast is made properly, it has lost its plain bread character. The Germans and the Spaniards also claim this delicacy. The recipes are all the same, as far as the principles go. Bread sliced about one-half inch thick, from which the crusts may be trimmed or not as you like is dipped into a mixture of eggs and milk with a little salt, to which sometimes sugar is added. It is then sauted in fat or for the most delicate results, fried in what might be called half-deep fat.

The frying pan may be used, and enough oil, lard, or hardened vegetable-fat, put into it to provide an inch of melted shortening. This should be heated until very hot as the bread, being wet and moist, after dipping, will cool it quickly. Between installments, the fat should be reheated. After frying the toast, it is of course, drained on soft paper.

It may be served as a dessert with sugar and cinnamon, honey or maple syrup, or it may be used as a foundation for creamed eggs, fish, meat or vegetables, to which its crispness gives a good contrast.

French Toast

1 egg, slightly beaten
1/2 cup milk
1/2 teaspoon salt
8 slices bread, 1/2 inch thick
Mix egg and milk. Add salt. Cut bread in halves and dip into egg mixture. Fry in deep, hot fat, 380 degrees Fahrenheit, or in half-deep fat, until light brown. Drain on soft paper.

Cheese Toast

3 eggs, slightly beaten
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup milk
6 slices cheese
12 slices bread, 1/4 inch thick.
Combine eggs, salt and milk. Place sliced cheese between two pieces of bread, dip into egg mixture and saute in hot fat until golden brown on both sides.

EVER TRY THESE?

Rich Muffins.

1/4 cup butter
1/4 cup sugar
1 egg
3 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 cups flour
1 cup milk
Cream the butter, add the sugar and egg, well-beaten; sift the baking powder and salt with the flour and add to the first mixture, alternating with milk. Bake in greased gem pans, 25 minutes in a moderately hot oven (375 degrees Fahrenheit).

Orange and Onion Salad.

3 oranges
2 Spanish or Bermuda onions
French dressing
Slice the oranges after peeling and arrange with slices of onion on a bed of lettuce or endive. Dress with French dressing and let stand at least one hour before serving.

Snow Pudding.

1 1/2 tablespoons gelatin
1/4 cup cold water
1 cup boiling water
1 cup sugar
1/2 cup lemon juice
3 egg whites
Soak the gelatin in cold water, dissolve with the boiling water, add the sugar and lemon juice, stir until the sugar is dissolved, and cool quickly. When thick, beat until frothy. Beat the whites of the eggs, add to the gelatin mixture, and continue beating until it is stiff enough to hold its shape. Cool and serve with soft custard.

Texas Fried Chicken.

2 young chickens
Flour
Salt and pepper
Wash, clean and cut chickens into pieces for serving. Dredge well with flour, seasoned with salt and pepper. Melt butter or bacon fat in a heavy frying pan. There should be about an inch of fat, after melting. Add chickens to hot fat and cook until light brown, turning often. Serve with cream gravy.

Spinach Puree.

2 cups cooked spinach
3 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon flour
1/2 cup cream
Rub spinach through sieve. Add butter, flour and cream. Reheat, stirring constantly and cook until mixture boils.

Fruit Whip.

1 package strawberry gelatin
1 cup boiling water
1 cup canned cherry juice
1 cup canned white cherries, stoned and cut in pieces
6 marshmallows, cut into pieces
Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add cherry juice. Cool. When gelatin is almost set, beat to very stiff froth. Fold in fruit and marshmallows. Pipe in glasses. Chill.
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Powder Blue and Rose

Pale powder blue contrasted by dull rose makes a color scheme for a living room that never fails to please. The painted walls and ceiling are a delicate tint of powder blue, the upholstery of chair and couch, the window draperies and valance are all made of material combining blue with soft rose-red against an ecru colored background.

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