Queen Anne's Record-Observer

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To tell the news accurately, interestingly and promptly. To espouse the best interest of the Nation, Queen Anne's County and the Eastern Shore fearlessly, whole-heartedly.

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QUOTATION OF THE WEEK

In the mellow glow, glow candles
When Christmas comes once more
We see again the shining star,
The lowly stable door.
We walk the silvery pathway
The wondering shepherds trod
Which led to Mother Mary
And the tiny Son of God.

Though centuries have faded since
The light shone bright above,
Each year within our hearts is born
The miracle of love.
Its gift is peace and hope of joy.
All clouds are rolled away
And in the Baby's little hands
We find out Christmas Day.

—Theodosia Smith.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

If ever one should be happy in the round of days that make a year it should be on Christmas Day. On that occasion the Christian world relaxes from its cares and worries and even ill feelings. The whole realm of Christianity comes closer to the ideal that Christ taught. It approaches the happy way of life summed up in the words, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

On every hand on Christmas Day we see faces softened with the glow of peace and happiness. We are greeted with the pleasant wish, "Merry Christmas". Good will, cheery fellowship reflects from heart to heart and is multiplied by reflection. The world is really brighter.

The Christmas spirit is a subtle thing in man. It springs from the inmost recesses of the soul. It surges up, bubbles forth and makes one better and happier by its existence.

The Queen Anne's Record-Observer sincerely wishes that its friends and readers may be surrounded by the joys and good felowship that makes Christmas Day memorable among the days of life. It hopes that they may be free of care, happy of heart and extends to all its wish for a very Merry Christmas.

CHILDREN'S AID

The Queen Anne's chapter of the Children's Aid Society is still hopeful of reaching their objective in the campaign for $2,500.

The greatest obstacle to their success is the newness of the work in Queen Anne's. Many people do not understand the Society's place and purpose. They feel that the public Welfare organization is required to assist all in need, of any age from infancy upward. These misconceptions have made response slow and enthusiasm hard to generate.

Actually the Children's Aid Society antedates the public Welfare organization by many years. It has been functioning in Maryland for several decades. It has been operating in Queen Anne's for at least two or three years prior to the formation of the county chapter, with Queen Anne's served out of the Elkton office. The county chapter puts Queen Anne's on its own feet in caring for its own unfortunate children.

The Children's Aid Society supplements the county Welfare office. It does things that that public body must leave undone. It cares for childre who can not be helped under the strict rules of the Welfare office.

Children who are living with parents or close relatives may be assisted by the Welfare office. Under its rules it can not help chidlren who are doubly unfortunate in that they have no close relatives to relieve their distress or provide homes with better environment.

It is these children whom the Aid society seeks to assist, children in unfortunate home conditions who can not help themselves and who are denied childhood's right to grow and develop into hopeful adults.

Members of the county chapter give their time and service without thought of recompense. They are doing a work which some one should do. Others among the public may not feel free to give time and service. The chapter asks these among the public to help merely with the necessary funds and the chapter will see to it that unfornate chidlren are placed in better homes and given a chance to grow up right.

That is the basis of the campaign. That is all the chapter asks of the general public. That is why the chapter feels that if the public understood the work of the Children's Aid society, raising $2,500 should not prove too hard a task.

FOLLOWING THE MAGI

Nearly two thousand years ago three Kings came out of the East, guided by a star, seeking the cradle of a newborn child. They followed the star to Bethlehem, and there before the manger in a stable where lay the infant Jesus they laid precious gifts which their caravans had brought.

Of all of the Biblical legends, this story of the Three Kings and their gifts on that first Christmas has the greatest appeal. It has been perpetuated through the ages in the custom of making the Christmas season a time for giving. Not all of the Christmas giving is done in conscious commemoration of the birth of Christ, but the custom does carry, even with the unthinking, something of the spirit of "Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will", which is the essence of Christmastide.

It is peculiarly fitting that this should be the children's especial holiday. What parent does not rejoice in the privilege on this annual festival the greatest of all Christian festivals, of laying gifts at the feet of the children, as he Kings of the East laid theirs at the feet of One whom they recognized as the King of Kings?

The Child was King in Bethlehem . Now for a season the child is King again, and all the world lays treasure at his feet. For the child of today will be the man or woman of tomorrow, and who can say which one of them may become a King among his kind? That is the mystery of childhood, that we know the child will grow into something different but into what we cannot forsee. So let everyone pay homage and lay gifts at the feet of the children on Christmas Day, as to newcomers lately arrived from another world who may change our world all over, as He did whose birthday we celebrate.

THE COUNTRY EDITOR

Approximately 750 employment offices are maintained at public expense. In good times these offices list more opportunities for private employment than there are competent applicants. Even in the worst times, they list a few jobs.

But never, according ot a writer in Nation's Business, was any permanent public job, not in the Civil Service, ever listed in a public employment office.

These permanent public jobs, whether in borough, city, county, state, or national government, are watched so closely by those who know their politics that the time-lag between a vacancy and an application rarely exceeds three seconds.

This is illustrated by the story of the office-seeker who, having dragged the boy of an officeholder from the river, raced to the desk of the ward boss and panted:

"We've just pulled Joe Abler's body out of the river. How about his job—for me?"

"Too late," came the answer. "I promised it five minutes ago so the man who saw him fall in."—Imperial Magazine.

PUBLIC JOBS

The editor of a local paper is often unjustly censured for his mistakes. The wonder is that he does not make more of them.

On the average paper he must deal with all kinds of subjects, give the names, dates, etc. One hour he may be engaged in reporting a religious meeting and in the next drawing the picture of a fight. He must condense and fill with his items several columns, whether events are transpiring to throw up material for his use or not.

Count the local items in a paper and imagine how much mental anxiety, worry and work they have cost and some idea of the editor's work can be gathered. The smallest may have cost him a long walk and much effort to reach the facts.

There is no end to his work. When one paper goes to press he turns his attention to the next one. He makes the rounds in search of news and may not get a line. From some he must get the news without their knowing it, drawing them into conversation and obtaining what he wants in sections.

He may labor for hours in chasing down a rumor, only to find there is nohting to it. His local columns stare him in the face and demanding to be filled not with skim milk but with cream of the news events and matters of interest. His bounds are limited, and yet he must find in each day and all through the week, month and year something of interest to the public. No more perfect treadmill could be devised. With a constant strain, producing weariness of the body and mind, and an almost endless variety of subjects to be touched upon it is surprising that he should occasionally make a mistake. Other people do why not an editor?—Easton Star Demo-

Abner *says*—

Mistletoe ain't in sech demand at Christmas no more. Young 'uns kiss nowadays without any provocation.

THE Rambling Recorder

Christmas is with us again, expected, yet always surprising that it is so near. We start thinking about it in September, keep it somewhere in our minds as the weeks run by, suddenly look up at the calendar and there is Chirstmas. It somehow seems to us as if Christmas is coming in from the streets this year to be marked more definitely in the homes. Decorations like lighted trees outside homes are fewer. Wreaths and other outdoor features were slower going up. We are always glad to see the crown of light on the water tower. There is something inspiring about lights on high, whether it be a church steeple, water tower or airport beacon. Speaking of wreaths we told a child that wreaths were put outside doors to let Santa Claus know where to stop.

—o—

Grown ups get closer to the many varieties of Santa than do children. We had two in our office at the same time the other Saturday. Saturday's temperature reaching sixty-two, or seventy where the sun was shining, was the first real mild day since early November. Phil Thompson saw an early morning rainbow shortly after sunrise Wednesday a week ago. That phenomenon usually means bad weather. It just meant a threat here. Deputy Sheriff Louis Perkins says that he hardly recalls arresting any colored people named Everett before Sheriff Everett went into office. Now the name appears every whipstitch. You can't always figure the names of floaters when the law gets them. George Washington, Robert Taylor and other well known names have been written in but not for the originals.

RADIANT LIVING

THE EMERGING STATUE

By Rev. C. M. Griffeth
Pastor Calvary M. E. Church
Sudlersville, Md.

Sometime ago there was placed on exhibition a thought provoking piece of statuary. It was a representation of a young man emerging from a rock. With a chisel in one hand and a raised mallet in the other, he was busily engaged in chipping away the rough rock from around his hips, gradually shaping himself out of the rough stone into the form and beauty of an Apollo.

As I thought of this statue it seemed to suggest to me that is what we as Christians are trying to do each day—to chip away the roughness of our lives and to emerge with the beauty of the Christ, not however with the coldness and lifelessness of marble, but with the warmth and compassion of the living Christ.

This is no doubt the thought which the Apostle had in mind when he wrote the admonition to "work out your own salvation."

And so I see the Christian, every day hard at work in chipping away the roughness of his life, the old habits, the ungodly emotions, te un-Christ-like thinking, until there emerges into being the beauty and strength and winsomeness of the Christ character.

The Christian therefore is an artist, a sculpturer, who seeks to chip away from himself the ugliness of sin that mars his beauty, to deleate from his being those forces of evil emotions that defeat his efforts at well-doing, to eliminate from his thinking those thought habits that destroy his happiness. Thus he keeps chipping away until he emerges out of fears into faith, out of hates into love, out of self into Christ.

Our Readers Say

To the Editor:

I take this means of voicing my protest to the detestable advertising campaign being carried on by the Queen Anne's County Liquor Dispensary. In the last few weeks I have recevied literature listing their wares; as I have never been a patron of the Dispensary or the bootlegger, I can see no reason why Citizens of the County have to be subjected to this barrage of advertising fostered by the "Liquor Interests" who recognize no law either moral or statute, and who would in their selfish greed, make drunkards of every man, woman and child in this county, and laugh at the debauch.

I voted for the Dispensary because I honestly felt that it was better for those who "Just must have their Liquor" to have a legal place to buy it, rather than wink at the illegitimate traffic as was being done before, but it seems that legal or illegal the Liquor business knows no code of decency, and people of this county are getting tired of the way the thing is going.

I think it is high time that we begin a campaign against Liquor and it's attendant evils, before it is too late, and I feel that I voice the sentiments of many of our citiens who object to having their mail boxes cluttered with "Queen Anne's County Liquor Dispensary" literature.

Yours, etc.
CHARLES E. BARTON.
Queen Anne, Md.

Christmas And *What It Means To Us*

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

BY REV. FRANCIS J. FISHER

It is a proud privilege to be able, through the medium of the Press, to converse with the Members of the Community on the subject of "Christmas" and "What it means to us."

Christmas is the Birthday of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. The story of Christmas goes back some 4,999 years before the Birth of Christ to a garden called Eden. Adam and Eve, our First Parents, had been placed there in a Paradise of Delights. One command only had been given them—not to eat of the fruit of a certain tree. We know they disobeyed. As a result they were driven out of Paradise and obliged to eat their bread in the sweat of their brows until they should return to the dust from which they were made. From that day on man's life on earth has been a warfare.

But even in the expulsion of Adam and Eve, God did not forsake them nor their posterity. He promised them a Redeemer. And now after 4,000 years that promise is fulfilled. But let us listen to the Gospel Story of that momentous event.

"And Joseph also went up from Galilee out of the city of Nazareth into Judea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem: because he was of the house and family of David, to be enrolled with Mary his espoused wife, who was with child. And it came to pass, that when they were there, her days were accomplished, that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him up in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds watching, and keeping the night watches over their flocks. And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round them; and they feared with a great fear. And the angel said to them: Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people; for, this day, is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the City of David. And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God, and saying: Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will." (Luke II. 4:14.)

Here you have the story of Christmas. And now, 1937 years later, we, of this generation, are celebrating the event of that night. We rejoice because a Saviour is born to us; our life is made more tolerable by the fact that this Saviour has taken upon Himself our sins, and, by His sacrifice on the Cross, has paid our debt to the Heavenly Father and thereby won for us a right to Heaven which had been closed against us by the sin of Adam. Certainly a real cause for poy—the spirit of Christmas.

And now—"What does Christmas mean for us?" The answer to that question may be found in the song of the angels—"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will."

This very condition emphasized in the angel's message made it clear that (1) in the world there is much bad will; (2) God became man to promote good will; (3) we must cultivate the spirit of good will.

(1) Analyze any unsatisfactory situation or condition here on earth and you will discover that it is traceable to 'bad will'—to the perversity contained in the atitude 'I will not.' What is the explanation of wars? Certainly 'bad will.' Why are there incessant conflicts between capital and labor? Certainly because of the absence of 'good will.' Why do governments antagonize religion? Because their spirit is not different from that which incited leaders in Christ's own day to declare 'we will not have this man rule over us.' Why are there sinners generally? Because people will not subordinate the temporal to the eternal.

The lack of 'good will' in the world might have been excusable before the coming of the Saviour, as an inheritance from the original transgression of our First Parents. But it has not been excusable from the first Christmas day down to this 1937th anniversary of that day.

(2) Meditate for a moment how the Saviour endeavored to teach the lesson of 'good will,' Behold Him, as a Babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes, Him Who has basked in the glory of Heaven. Picture Him during a life of thirty-three years deliberately depriving Himself of the very things for which most people live—comfort, riches, pleasures. See Him embrace the very things from which most people shrink—privations, poverty, persecutions, sufferings. Or hear Him, as prostrate in the Garden of Gethesemane, He prays: "Father, not My will but Thine be done."

(3) If peace on earth is the aspiration of every individual, of every nation, and , if its bestowal by Heaven be conditioned on 'good will,' then the cultivation of 'good will' must be the set purpose of all. The true lover of God is at peace with God; the true lover of his neighbor is at peace with his neighbor. Love, 'good will' is the lesson of Christmas. Everywhere in the world there is a united cry for 'peace, peace' but there will be no peace until there will be a more concerted movement toward more love of God and more love of neighbor on earth.

Alas the movement is more pronounced in the opposite direction. Therefore the world needs the prayers, the example, of all who are devoted to Jesus. It needs a definite crusade of all Christians for the cultivation of good will,' the fruits of which will be peace and prosperity.

In conclusion—may I express the hope the Christ Child may fill your hearts with joy—which is the spirit of Christmas; may He bestow upon you His Peace—which is the lesson of Christmas, and may He make your Christmas truly happy.

★

LETTERS FOR SANTA

Dear Santa:

I would like to have a stocking filled with candy and nuts and I want a football and log house. Don't forget my teacher, and sister, mother, daddy, and my girl-friend, Betty Smith.

Your little boy,
TERRY WALBERT.
Sudlersville, Md.

—o—

Dear Santa:

I am a little girl just four years old and I would like for you to bring me a pair of slippers, a doll with long curls, a doll's bed, a china set of dishes, and a laundry set. Don't forget my little brother Warren. Bring him something nice too, also my mother and daddy. Please don't forget to trim my tree.

Your little girl,
SHIRLEY MAE THOMPSON.

—o—

Dear Santa:

I am a little boy nine years old, and go to school every day. I would like for you to bring me a tool set, some story books, a doctor's kit, a Popeye nailing table, a bench set and some nuts and candy. Don't forget mother and daddy. Please don't forget to trim my tree.

Your little boy,
GERALD CROUCH.
Chester, Md.

—o—

Dear Santa:

I am a little boy three years old. This Christmas I would like to have a wagon, a gun, a pair of galoshes, and anything else you can spare. Bring plenty of sweet things to eat. Please trim our tree and remember all my friends.

Your little boy,
DONALD BOTTOMLEY.

Dear Santa:

I am a little girl eight years old. I go to school every day. I would like you to bring me a snow suit, a sweater, gloves, cap, handkerchiefs, and a book bag and anything else that is nice for a little girl. Please bring my teacher, Miss Cole, and my schoolmates something too. Remember mother, daddy, and my brother and sisters.

Your little girl,
CHARLES BOTTOMLEY.
Church Hill, Md.

—o—

Dear Santa:

I am a good little girl three years old. For Christmas I would like to have a table and chairs, set of dishes, knives and forks, a pair of gloves, a pair of bedroom slippers, and a big ball. Also candy and some fruit. Please trim me a pretty Christmas tree. Don't forget mother and daddy.

Your little girl,
ANNE CRONSHAW.

—o—

Dear Santa:

I am a nice little baby boy just two months old Christmas day. So you see I don't want much just a rattle and some rompers. Don't forget my mother and daddy. Also my grandmothers as they all say I am a good boy.

Your little baby boy,
THOMAS EDWARD LANE, JR.
Centreville, Md.

—o—

Dear Friend Santa:

I have tried to be a very good boy. I want you to bring me a pedal car, a siren pistol, a toy shotgun, some candies, nuts, fruits and please trim our tree. Bring my baby brother David a floor chime, some blocks and plenty of oranges. He is just a year old. Little Francis who is only three wants a kiddie kar a play suit and anything else you have to spare for a litle boy.

Your loving friend,
WILLARD THOMPSON.
Queenstown, Md.

—o—

Dear Santa Claus:

I am a little girl six years old. I go to school every day. I would like you to bring me for Christmas a Betsy Wetsy doll with clothes. A new snow suit, a little desk, and some story books. Also a box of crayons. Please trim my tree. Don't forget my teacher, Miss Butler, my little aunt Glo[illegible] up at Crumpton. Also mother, daddy, and little brother Donald. Bring them something nice too.

Your little girl,
PEGGY BINEBRINK.
Centreville, Md.

—o—

Dear St. Nicholas:

I am a little boy five years old. I want a tractor road set, tinker toys, a telephone bridge set, shoes, galoshes, and anything else you can spare. Don't forget my sister Thelma, she wants a watch and a pair of bedroom slippers.

Your little boy,
FREDERICK WILHELM.
Stevensville, Md.

THIS WEEK'S OLD TIMER

Probably no more appropriate time of the year could be chosen to pay tribute to one of Centreville's best beloved women, one who has devoted her entire life to the service of othrs, bringing peace and happiness to all with whom she has come in contact by her very goodness, than the Christmas season. The season of Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men, a chaacteristic that she has practiced throughout the year every year of her life.

She is Mrs. Florence V. Larrimore, of Centreville Landing, the widow of the late Capt. Medford M. Larrimore. Mrs. Larrimore was born on March 27th, 1861, in the brick house, which stands immediately back of the Old Male Academy, on Liberty Street. She is the daughter of the late Captain John H. Ozmon and Isabella Whiting Ozmon. Her mother was born in South America, and came to the states with her parents the late Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Whiting and purchased the Gunner's Harbor farm, now known as the Gunston farm, and the home of Gunston School.

Mrs. Larrimore's father, the late Capt. Ozmon, was greatly interested in sailing and owned a number of vessels hauling grain from Chester River points to Baltimore. Later he moved to Denton, where he engaged in sailing from that point, but after a few years returned to Centreville, and purchased practically the entire tract of land forming the Centreville Landing neighborhood.

Much of the land at that time was swampy and needed considerable building up, and it is now frequently spoken of as made land. Captain Ozmon hauled tons and tons of shell, gravel and dirt to build up the hard surface which now is Centreville Landing. He then built the first home he owned, which still stands. It is a small three-story frame structure, built practically in the side of the hill, with the lower floor opening at the bottom of a steep bank, and the second and third floors above the street level. The house, although a familiar land mark to every Queen Anne's countian, is quite a curiosity to strangers and visitors.

As time progressed and Capt. Ozmon met success in fact in 1880 he built a large and more attractive home across the highway from the small home which has since been known as the Ozmon home. The land about the home is prettily terraced, and bordered with a stone wall, to keep the made land from washing away. It is in this home that Mrs. Larrimore with her brother, Joseph W. Ozmon and Mrs. Ozmon, have lived for many years.

Mrs. Larrimore was educated under the guidance of a private governess, and entered Notre Dame College. Her health began to fail however, before she finished the college course, and she was compelled to abandon her studies.

On January 17th, 1879, she became the wife of the late Capt. Larrimore, for many years one of the best known pilots plying the Chester River and Chesapeake Bay. He was employed by the old Chester River Steamboat company and was captain of the old steamer Gratitude, which stopped at the several wharves along the River in Queen Anne's county. They include Jackson's Creek, Queenstown, Centreville, Booker's and Rolph's Wharf. After the Gratitude was converted into the Endeavor, he was also made captain of this boat. He was also at one time an officer of the B. S. Ford. It was through the initiative of Capt. Larrimore, and the late Capt. Ozmon that the steamboat line extended its route to these sections.

Throughout Mrs. Larrimore's life her watchword has been "Service to others." She could truthfully be called the angel of Centreville Landing, for while her activities have not all been for the Landing folk, yet they have learned to love her, and it has been they that needed her most. She has never failed them. Many have been the long, dreary nights in her earlier life, when she was well and strong, that Mrs. Larrimore sat by the side of an ill child, or watched the fast fading light in a dying person's eyes, then stood by to comfort the sorrowing family in their distress. She has always been particularly fitted for these acts of Mercy, first from her goodness of heart, and next because of her natural gift of knowing what to do as a nurse. Well it can be said she has never let an opportunity slip by to do a good deed.

Mrs. Larrimore is a devout Catholic, and her religion has been highly exemplified by her every day life. It was largely through her father, the late Capt. Ozmon's generosity that the little frame Mother of Sorows church in Centreville was made possible nearly fifty years ago, and the first opportunity given to Catholics of the neighborhood to have a place of worship. Previous to that time the home of Capt. Ozmon was opened to the Catholics and an altar built where priests would come from other points to offer the sacrifice of the Mass. Mrs. Larrimore like her father has always let her first thought be her church. Recently she was affectionately spoken of as the God Mother of the Parish, due to the fact that she had so frequently been chosen to act in this capacity for the many babies baptized in the church since the parish was first established in 1893.

At this Holy season of the year, when the Christ Child brings the joy of Peace on Earth, Good Will To Men, we wish to extend to our "Old Timer," Mrs. Larrimore, all the joys of a Holy and Happy Christmas which she has well earned by her good deeds.

BOOKS You May Enjoy

By GRAHAM WATSON

TUESDAY NEVER COMES

Marcrae Smith—$2.00

The radio was blasting out strident notes; saxaphones were moaning, the best of drums and crashing cymbals were all giving out noisy, loud dissonant sounds. Cab Calloway was going to town. Music—perhaps but not the sort for jangled nerves and a tired body after a busy day. Turn the dial and hear the deep, resonant tones of an organ satisfying and comforting with the beautiful harmony of Fran Listz's Liebestrum. A peaceful feeling comes over you and all's well with the world.

Such is a similar experience after reading many of the current books with their stark realism to casually pick up Lida Larrimore's Tuesday Never Comes, with its everyday charm and simple romance. Settle yourself comfortably in your favorite chair and begin: "Julia awoke . . . her eyes opened, then closed. She burrowed her head deeper into the pillow, reluctant to be awakened" and before you know it you have spent a most interesting evening.

In it you will come across names most familiar, some exactly the same and others quite familiar family names that still exist right here or nearby. For instance Caroline and Julia Perry are the names of real persons. The town is called Queensville and the newspaper "The Observer". Jim Tilghman, Dr. Carmichel, Dusty Price, the son of the editor of the The Observer. Other characters are Scott Mitchell, and Jay Summerfield. To know more you must read this satisfying story of youth and love as only Lida Larrimore can tell it.

Miss Larrimore (in real life she is Mrs. Charles E. Thomas) in a letter to the write says "The setting for "Tuesday Never Comes" is a town on the Eastern Shore to which I have given a fictitious name and not definitely located. It is sprinkled liberally with names which will be familiar to you, though the characters which bear them are all entirely fictitious. I seemed unable to write vaguely, about the Eastern Shore without using family names which, both by experience and from anecdotes frequently retold, are inescapably connected. Mention if you will in your review of the book that the characters are fictitious and any combination of names of your friends, relatives or neighbors, it was entirely accidental". Don't tell anyone, Miss Larrimore, but we really like it.

One great reason for our interest in the author is that her mother, who also was Lida Larrimore, lived here, taught school here and enjoyed her family life here many years, as lots of us well remember. Consequently we who know her and those who are too young to remember will be interested to know some more intimate sidelights on the present Lida Larrimore.

She was born in the little town of Girdletree, Md., the daughter of the Reverend and Mrs. Henry Clay Turner. The Turner part of her name was dropped when she started to write. And start to write she did, with all the purpose and sincerity of childhood, at the age of nine. She admits that no career ever entered her head except writing.

Her first published work was a play, and following that initial success she won several contests for plays in successive years. She has also collaborated on amateur operettas and has gone even further into dramatic work by managing highly successful group of "Little Theatre" players located near Philadelphia. She has written short stories for a Boston newspaper and has taught English in the Chester, Pa., high school resigning to write her first novel, "Tarpaper Palace," in 1928. Then followed:

The Wagon and the Star, 1929; Mulberry Square, 1930; The Silver Flute, 1931; Robin Hill, 1932; Jonathan's daughter, 1933; True by the Sun, 1934; No Lovlier Spring, 1935; Two Keys to a Cabin, 1936.

So you see it wouldn't be Christmas without one of these charming stories.

Miss Larrimore says of herself, "I never intended to do anything but write. At the tender age of nine or ten I wrote a novel entitled 'Dorothy and Virginia' (those being at the time by favorite names). They were twins and endured many hardships. I wrote it in a composition book and illustrated it with cut-out pictures. At the same age I wrote plays in verse which were elaborately produced by the juvenile population of the neighborhood. I've been writing ever since and that's about all there is to the story..

You will feel amply repaid in losing yourself for awhile in this delightfully diverting romance. You may get it at either the Public Library or the Lending Library.