

Our National Thrift Week

Starts on Benjamin Franklin's Birthday.

January 17th—23rd.

If you and every other person in this community will put "Ben Franklin Thrift" into active practice, it will do more than any amount of legislation to make business boom and give everyone work at good pay.

Study the
10 Point Financial Creed.

1. Work and Earn
2. Make a Budget
3. Record Expenditures
4. Have a Bank Account
5. Carry Life Insurance
6. Own Your Own Home
7. Make a Will
8. Invest in Reliable Securities
9. Pay Your Bills Promptly
10. Share With Others

It's impossible to live up to this creed and be a failure. Suppose you give it a try-out during 1921.

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THE NORWAY NATIONAL BANK

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Genuine Ford Service—and Parts

INSIST on genuine Ford parts for your Ford car. Mail order houses, stores and many garages sell imitation—counterfeit parts which have not the quality of the genuine Ford parts, but the Authorized Ford Dealers as well as the Authorized Sales and Service Dealers sell only the genuine Ford-made Ford parts. You are safe with them, while your car is mighty unsafe if repaired with imitation parts. The real Ford parts are made from the same properly heat-treated steel as their counterparts in the Ford car. Every part is heat-treated according to its use. Depending upon the service they perform, Ford parts are tempered to insure the longest life. Tested after almost every operation while being manufactured, these parts present a vast difference from those not manufactured under Ford supervision. Counterfeit parts range from thirty to seventy-five per cent below the quality of the Ford standard. Don't take chances; demand Ford parts, they're safer. Bring your Ford to us and thus make "assurance doubly sure." If you want a Ford car, truck or Fordson tractor, leave your order without delay, as now we can make fairly prompt delivery—Touring Cars, Coupes, Sedans, Runabouts, Trucks and Fordson Tractors. Why not drop in and talk over your wants?

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NOTICE. In the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine, in Bankruptcy. In the matter of THOMAS H. WELCH, Debtor. To the creditors of Thomas H. Welch, Debtor, who have filed claims against him, notice is hereby given that on the 1st day of January, A. D. 1921, the said Thomas H. Welch was duly adjudged bankrupt, and that the first meeting of the creditors will be held at the office of the Bankruptcy Court, at South Paris, Maine, on the 2nd day of January, A. D. 1921, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the books and accounts of the said debtor, and do any other act which may be required by the court. Dated at South Paris, Jan. 1, 1921. WALTER L. GRAY, Referee in Bankruptcy.

HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

Correspondence on topics of interest to the ladies is solicited. Address: Editor HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN, Oxford Democrat, South Paris, Me.

Mother's Left-Overs.

By L. S. CHAPMAN.

The little bride came rushing in. "O, mother, dear, do tell me what that delicious dessert was made of that we had Sunday night. It looked so pretty and good. Oh, my!" she asked, and she looked at her mother with such a pleading expression that the mother, who had been thinking of nothing but her new dress, was obliged to tell her.

"Well, child, you will find it isn't always wise to tell all you know about cooking. Men are queer about eating; if it tastes good, it's all right if they don't know it. Jack's father would never eat cornstarch pudding, unless I called it blando mangle, then he had a second helping."

Edith laughed. "Well, you will tell me what you made the jelly of, won't you?"

"Gee!" she said, shaking her head.

"Crab apple jelly? I told you what was left from that jar of preserves, about two cups and a half, I guess."

"Wait!" she cried. "I want to take notes, and I want to see what you have in the note book and pencil. 'Two and a half cups of crab apple juice.'"

"Bring to the boiling point and pour over one-half a box of gelatin that has been soaking in one cup of cold water, and when it has dissolved, pour into a mould, cool and set on the ice to harden. Just before serving put whipped cream, colored a faint pink with little coloring, on top. Better sweeten the cream with a little sugar and vanilla, if you want Jack to be pleased. Simple, isn't it, now you know."

"I don't know, most people would have thrown the juice away. I do want to be a good housekeeper," she added wistfully. "We have such little bits of leftovers, or so much that we get tired to death of it before it's gone."

"What was left last night?"

"Three slices of cucumber, two radishes, one or two olives, and a spoonful of peas; oh, yes, and I think there is a pickle in the ice chest. I suppose you can make a whole meal out of that."

"Not quite, but it is a good deal the best part of a good salad," I admitted.

Edith gasped. "For goodness sake what would you do with it?"

"Chop them up, put in a pinch of dressing and pour over crisp lettuce. Served with crackers and a little cheese and coffee it would take the place of a dessert, especially if you happen to have a little candy in the house to satisfy Jack's sweet tooth."

"Now make a luncheon for five people out of this," she said, her manner clear, indicating that she didn't think that I could. "Two eggs, half a can of deviled ham and some sour cream."

"For women, of course?"

"Yes."

"Certainly. Boil the eggs and chop them up. Beat the deviled ham into a white sauce, and sprinkle the eggs on top. Serve on crackers from a chafing dish. Use the cream to make biscuits and bake in small cake tin. Serve with either tea or coffee, and if you have a little honey or jelly to go with the hot biscuits, your meal will be quite complete, especially if you wear your prettiest smile and don't let them see you are embarrassed. An uneasy hostess can spoil the best meal."

"Well, I am going to call on you the next time I get in a tight place. Jane and Frances came in just at lunch time the other day and I had to take them to the hotel, and it cost an awful lot," she said ruefully. "Two eggs didn't look very big, but I see they can stretch if you know how. Perhaps I can learn how to use 'L. O.'s' in time."

"Of course you will, and let me tell you a secret, if you haven't quantity, try to make up in quality, and use your prettiest dishes; it helps a lot you'll find. Now I want you to try some jelly I have just made."

"Use, good! but what is it?"

"She looked at me sternly. 'Mother, dear, I'm suspicious, what is it made of?'"

"Promise not to tell Jack?"

"Cross my heart."

"Peel the grapes from the pears I put up, about a cup of grapes that were loose in the basket, one or two apples, and the juice of two lemons."

"Anything else?" she laughed.

"About two teaspoonsful of spices, cloves, nutmeg, allspice and cinnamon. Cover with water and cook until soft, then strain through a jelly bag and proceed as for any other kind of jelly. Let it cook a little longer, until it is quite firm when tested on a plate. That gives it that sort of slickness that the regular guava has, only I like mine better," I added contentedly.

"Mother, dear, you are some cook," said Edith. "Goodness, it is after five and I told Jack I would meet him at all past. I must fly," and giving me a hasty kiss she ran out of the room.

"But I'll come back to hear more about those 'L. O.'s" came back from the doorway.

When a Meal is Not in Sight.

When eating, or when it is impossible to get an adequate meal or lunch, a supply of chocolate nut-and-raisin bars will place out wonderfully and healthfully, and satisfactorily stay the gnawing of the stomach. The bars are not only a delicious confection, but have a high food value as well, each bar containing one hundred calories, ten of which are protein. The cost, when made at home, is but a fraction of that of inferior chocolate preparations bought at the stores.

To make the bars, take one-half a pound of Dutch chocolate, two-thirds a cup of seeded raisins, cut fine, two-thirds a cup of chopped peanuts, and one-third a teaspoonful of salt. Melt the chocolate in double boiler, or over hot water, beat well until smooth and nearly cool, then add the raisins and nuts. Mix thoroughly and spread in a tin to the depth of about a quarter of an inch. When set, cut into twenty-four bars and wrap in paraffine paper.

A supply of these bars will frequently be a "life saver," and it is well to have some on hand in case of emergency. They are plentiful; they are healthful for children, as well as for grown-ups.

A Few Feeling Remarks on Food.

Inexpensive meals are as extinct as the dodo or the great auk.

Strange how it takes a round dollar to pay for a meal that costs but a few cents.

Will the man who invents some method of turning sawdust into breakfast food be a public benefactor? No, he will be a multi-millionaire.

Newly-wedded biscuits are often indigestion's battery of galling guns for hubby.

When food goes up there is less to go down—this reversing nature is a painful process to the ordinary man.

A mere man is usually more interested in counting dollars than he is in calories—strange when values are so nearly equal.

When food prices increase a common man's appetite says: "Ditto!"

One would like to exercise economy in food, but alas, the bars are up, the field is fast-looted, the profiteer has swiped the key.—George W. Tuttle.

Salmon Mouselines with Green Peas.

Remove the bones and skin from a pint can of salmon, and put the fish through a colander. Mix with one cup of small bits of bread crumbs, moistened with hot water, and one-half a cup of cream. Season with salt and pepper, a pinch of ground mace, two teaspoonsful of lemon juice, and a dash of Worcestershire sauce, and beat in the stiff-beaten whites of four eggs. Steam in a rag mould, well greased, and fill the center with green peas.

BISCUIT PERFUME

By R. RAY BAKER

(Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

At seven o'clock George Henderson's alarm clock rang down the curtain on the dream and his eyes sprang open.

The room looked the same as always, and yet there seemed something strange about it. Finally it dawned on him that a perfume from the past was scenting up his surroundings—a perfume of baking biscuits.

The strange thing about it was that in his dream he had been seated at a table about to begin an attack on warm biscuits and maple syrup.

The faint sound of an oven door banging shut and the rattling of pans came from the next room.

"The light housekeeper," George commented, as he crawled from bed and began to dress. "That won't last long. Mrs. Maloney simply won't stand for any baking."

Arriving at his office, George waded into his correspondence, gave instructions to his assistants and clerks, then secluded himself from all callers and gave himself up to day dreams.

Elise Havers was the cause and the subject of these dreams. George could not forget her, although he had seen her last ten years ago. At first, when he came to Detroit, he had given her scarcely a thought, he was so busy making good in the real estate "game," and besides, his fellow workers were acquainted with a number of attractive city girls, one of whom quite captivated George and allowed him to spend a great deal of time with her; until her former sweetheart, who had been West, came back and married her, and took her to Colorado.

When George recovered from the blow he discovered he had never loved Vivian; it had been simply a case of infatuation. His thoughts naturally reverted to Elise, and he attempted to renew his neglected correspondence with her. His letters came back unopened, stamped "Unclaimed." He wrote to mutual friends and learned that Elise and her mother had left Harbor Springs and were living in Chicago, although their address was unobtainable.

"Why not pay the old town a visit, anyhow?" he asked himself after a few moments more of cogitation.

Twelve hours later he stepped off the train at Harbor Springs. As he walked up a bluff his gait increased. Before long he met a farm fliver in which he noticed a number of large tin cans.

"Hello," he called. "Wait a minute."

The driver applied the brakes, and the machine stopped.

"Well, well," said the driver. "If it ain't George Henderson!"

"Bill Jacket!" George exclaimed, and he extended a hand, which met a firm, warm clasp. "Are you still dealing in maple syrup?"

"You bet. Here's thirty gallons. I'm taking 'em to the store."

"Won't twenty-nine be enough for the store?" asked George, reaching for his pocketbook. "I haven't tasted maple syrup in ten years."

"Nope. I can't sell it." Bill's face was covered with a multitude of grinning wrinkles as he added, "But I'll give you one, for old time's sake, you know. You used to be my best customer."

George thanked him and trudged on with his can of syrup. It was heavy, but it wouldn't be after he found the shady spot. Soon he came to a four corners. On each of the corners was a house. George paused in front of the smallest.

"Elise's old home," he sighed. "Wonder who lives there now?"

He mounted the porch. The door was open and only a screen hid the progress. To his astonishment the same perfume that had assailed his nostrils two mornings ago came from the interior of the house.

He knocked, and a middle-aged lady, with white hair, bustled to the door. When George saw her he dropped the can of syrup on the rug and rushed in.

"Mrs. Havers!" he almost shouted, wringing her hand.

"Well, well, George. It does seem good to look on your face once more. And what's in that can? Maple syrup? I might have known it. You're just in time for breakfast—and we have biscuits—always do for breakfast—even down in Detroit."

George was walking toward the kitchen. He struck his head through the doorway and his eyes took in a young lady bending before the oven. The girl looked up and their glances met.

"What—what are you doing here?" she faltered, and her eyes found the floor.

"I just dropped in for breakfast. You see, I have maple syrup, and you—you have the biscuits; so I thought we might collaborate."

"Yes," observed Mrs. Havers, as she poured syrup on a biscuit. "We thought it would be nice to spend the summer in the old home—be resorters, like the folks over the point; so here we are—came just yesterday morning. Yes, we liked Chicago fairly well, but Elise thought she could get a better position in Detroit, so we moved there only last week. We found a nice place right at the start, but we had to get out—because we just had to have our biscuits, and Mrs. Maloney said the other roomers couldn't stand the smell of them; so we decided to take a vacation, and use up some of the money we had saved, and, as I said before, here we are."

China's Clay Cliff Dwellings.

When we speak of houses built of clay in China, we mean brick. But along the banks of a certain river in the Yunnan province of China the idea is carried out much more literally, according to the Kansas City Star. There a lofty vertical cliff of clay affords homes rent free for several hundred people. The cliff is a bright yellow, so fine in texture that a bit of it rubbed between the fingers gives no feeling of grit. It is easily dug out with spades, and a great many cave dwellings have been excavated in the face of the cliff, overlooking the river. Some of them are two and three stories, the clay being so tenacious that thick horizontal layers of it furnish a series of floors. Nothing at all like these homes is to be seen anywhere else in the world, it is said. Scattered over the face of the cliff among the cave houses, are quaint Buddhist shrines, with images carved out of clay.—New York Sun-Herald.

Worked For One.

In a little settlement upstate a number of the property owners had been talking about incorporating and making a town. So they called a mass meeting for the people to voice their opinions.

"Only one man opposed it. He said: 'Gentlemen, I am not in for making a corporation of this place. My reason is this: I worked for one of these corporations once.'—Indianapolis News.

Have You Ever Learned the Big Lesson of Life?

TO learn to save is really the first important lesson of Life. The man who can not and does not save money can not and will not do anything else worth while.

Thrift began with civilization. It began as soon as man realized it was necessary to provide for tomorrow as well as today. It began long before money was invented.

By "thrift" is meant simply that way of living which systematically transfers a portion of one's income to one's capital. The man who lives within his means and regularly and systematically lays aside part of his earnings and puts his surplus where it will work for him unceasingly and as faithfully as he worked once for it, has acquired a habit of no small import in the building of his character and the carving of his future.

If you find it difficult to save, undertake some obligation in the way of investment that will compel you to save.

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Not if you are feeling two-thirds sick. Few of us can look happy or be decently agreeable when suffering from headache or any kind of indigestion, or even a simple cold. But you WILL feel like smiling all the time after a few days' treatment with the "L. P." Atwood Medicine, for its first action is to expel the "blues," which usually result from a clogged or bilious condition. Its cleansing process extends to the blood; there's no better blood purifier. Soon you'll feel stronger, eat better, sleep sounder. And then you'll smile without effort and wonder why you never tried this "Good-health" remedy before. Get a 50 cent bottle today. It's economical—60 doses—and always waiting to aid you. Sold everywhere. Satisfaction assured by The "L. P." Medicine Co., Portland, Me.

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