#### Little Damage Done by Missile, as It Happened

Mark Twain, at a publishers' din-ner in New York, talked of his reporting days in Virginia City.

"We were trying a horse thief one day," he said, "and all of a sudden the big, burly scoundred pulled off his boot and threw it at the judge. It was a heavy boot, too, It was studded with hobnails . . . I am still rather proud of the way I wrote up that little incident, doing it neatly, and at the same time getting back on a rival reporter whom I dis liked. I got it all in one paragraph

something like this:
"Suddenly the blackguardly thief. pulling off his boot, hurled it with all his might straight at the judge's head. This desperate act might have been attended with most disastrous consequences, but, fortunately, the missile only struck a reporter, so that no harm was done."-Path-



#### Highest Possessions

Above Monetary Value

What are the things which the average human being values most? A Wisconsin clergyman has been ask ing this question of leading men all over the country, and the answers, as analyzed by Channing Pollack for the American Magazine, indicate that most of the desirable possessions in people's lives cost them nothing in

A list of fifty such valuable pos sessions, for instance, shows that 48 of the 50 had no monetary cost. The three leaders are: Health, love of work and capacity for it; ability to look any man in the eye.

Most of these things, comments Mr. Pollock, are very common posses-sions, and yet nobody would take a million dollars for any one of the lot.

Even though a man has not become

personal disasters, he has had luck. Homemade bread wasn't fluffy; it was solid, but yet light." We speak of

### Mothers ... Watch Children's COLDS

COMMON head colds often "settle" in throat and chest where they mry become dangerous. Don's take a chance—at the first sniffle rub on Children's Musterole once every hour

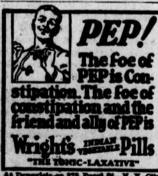
for five hours.
Children's Musterole is just good old
Musterole, you have known so long, in

milder form.

This famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other ingredients brings relief naturally. Musterole gets action because it is a scientific counter-

irritans"—not just a salve—it pene-trates and stimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out infection and pain. Keep full strength Musterole on hand, for adults and the milder—Children's Musterole for little tots. All druggists,







(22)



T WAS three weeks before Christmas. But already the atmosphere of the holiday season seemed to cover the city. Paul Rainer felt it as he boarded the street car that took him home each evening: already men and women were loaded down with pack-

There was something about Christmas that always thrilled Paul; he even liked to repent the name over and over to himself. He often wished that he might be selling toys and things at Christmas instead of being office boy at the big lumber concern where he

ages that had all the earmarks of

"Gee, mother!" he yelled as he went in the door; "the Daily Mirror is giving prizes for the best decorated homes at Christmas. Wouldn't it be great if we could win one of them?"

"But, Paul," Mrs. Rainer spoke as if she hated to throw cold water on his enthusiasm, "you know we can't afford to do anything of that kind. I-I only wish we could for your sake," she added. "Maybe next year-"

Paul looked around the sparsely furnished room before replying: "Never mind, mother," he said, "for the time, I forgot about things. Darn money, anyway; why does it always have to block the way when we want to do something we like!"

"It-it doesn't always block the way, Paul: in fact, most of the time the absence of it is an incentive to do big things. If everybody had money many of the great deeds that have thrilled the world never would have been accomplished. And—and, Paul, don't you think we have been fairly happy without a lot of it?" She looked anx lously into his face as she put the

Paul was his old happy self when he replied: "Bet your life we have, Why, all the fellows say they'd rathet And-end, mother, if dad had lived we could have been as well off as the rest

In the hours that followed Paul seemingly forgot about the newspaper prize, but his mother did not. That night, after he had retired, she sat. down in the little living room and pondered the matter over. Was there any way that she could help him to carry out his desire? What a happiness it would be to give him the joy of competing in the contest!

Suddenly she started from her chair and a smile came over her face. Her thoughts had drifted back through the years; back to childhood days. She remembered out on the farm how her mother had taught her to fashion many beautiful Christmas decorations out of scraps of tinfoil and colored paper. Always there had been a box in the attic where everything of this sort had been stored away.

And, as is often the case, the things we do in childhood stay with us; so she herself had continued to save hits of paper and other things as her mother had, and now there was a huge box of it stacked away in the closet. Perhaps out of it she could fashion something that would enable Paul to enter the contest?

For a whole week two busy persons worked across the table from each other every evening. Carefully small rolls of tinfoll and rolls of green-andred paper were smoothed out and fashioned into Christmas decorations. Out of the discarded pieces of silver



Had the Earmarks of Yuletide Gifts

paper and tinfoll a great gleaming star began to take shape, a star that seemed to fill the whole room with its radiance. For, from the moment that mother and son began working upon it, it seemed to them as if the Star that led the Wise Men was shining again. From the love and care they had put into its making it seemed to be taking on real life, and all unconsciously their voices grew low and hushed as they worked upon it. And slowly from the red-and-green paper letters were formed, hoge letters along simple lines that told the message that the angels sang in the long ago.

"Mother, it's going to be great!" Paul would say every now and then in his enthusiasm. "There couldn't be anything better than this; why—why this star seems as if it were really alive!"

But Mrs. Rainer knew of the many lavish and expensive decorations that were going up all over town. The simple things that they were fashioning would probably show up very small beside such display. But she tried to keep faith with the faith of her son. And even though they should not get a prize, this work that they were doing was bringing them a great amount of happiness; a deeper and finer spirituality than they ever had known before. They seemed to have caught the very spirit of Christmas; each day seemed to be bringing them nearer to Bethlehem.

In a week the decorations were finished, and Paul took a ladder and set to work. Across the high side wall of the house that faced the street he placed the letters that had been woven from scraps of paper. When com-pleted, they read: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Above this he placed the silver star which had grown to be so real. With long extension cords and three reflecting lights that they had been able to hire from a nearby electrician for a small sum, the lighting system was complete.

Paul could scarcely wait until darkness fell to turn on the current. His hands trembled with excitement when



"Mother, It's Going to Be Great!"

finally the moment came, and his heart almost stood still as he looked up and saw the message that has thrilled the world for nearly 2,000 years stand out in bold relief. Above it the silver star gleamed brightly; to Paul it seemed more alive than ever.

Through the days that followed

mother and son thrilled as they noticed the many people who stopped outside. Cars from all over the city drove by each night, and the comments and praise that they heard was as music to their ears.

"Paul, do you think we could have got as much happiness out of this if we had lots of money and could have bought anything we wished?" Mrs. Rainer inquired of her son one evening.

"No, mother, 1 don't," Paul answered very quietly. "There wouldn't have been half the fun in it that there has been. I just don't care now whether we win a prize or not. To see how much beauty we have been able to make out of so little has been reward enough. And it has taught me a lesson I will never forget. Oh, mother!" his voice grew excited, "you are just wonderful-you are! Who but you would have thought of such a thing?

But Paul did win a prize-to the surprise of his mother and himself he won the biggest prize the paper had offered-\$200. The simplicity of the design, the artistic skill that love and care had woven into it, the contrast between it and other elaborate decorations entered, and the evident spirituality of the message all lent their influence toward the final decision. Three times the judges drove by to see it, and each time they grew more strange radiance about this particular exhibit that they could not account for. They could not know that it came from all that had been put there by loving hands. But all were unanimous in deciding that it merited the

first and best prize. It is doubtful if any two ever spent a more wonderful and joyous Christ-mas than Paul and his mother. They could scarcely credit the fact that their work had been counted the best in the whole city. And the prize meant much to two who had to scrimp and save for so many years. To them \$200 was a very large amount—it would buy many needed things.

But over and above this was the thought that the thing they had fash-loned from almost nothing but faith and love had been considered worthy

And as they stood in front of the modest little home after the judges had left and looked up toward the great, glistening star that seemed to smile down at them, they were both filled with the deepest and most wonderful happiness that even Christmas can bring. Love and faith had once again found a way! Its star was shining brightly for the grateful pair!



Santa in Years to Come If the right archeological specimens survive, the savants who examine our civilization four or five thousand years hence will be thoroughly convinced that our principal delty was a funny, redfaced little man named Santa Claus, and that the animals sacred to him. called reindeer, were raised in great numbers in reservations.

# Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

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#### Long-Buried Watch Runs

B. H. Von Glahn bought a watch Stockton (Calif.) jeweler in 1878 and lost it in a plowed field. Last spring the watch was found where it had been buried in the field 43 years, and was returned to Delmar Von Gahn, Yosemite council Boy Scout executive, who returned it to the jeweler that originally sold it to his father. The leweler cleaned the watch, replaced a few parts and now it eeps good time,

## New Civil War

Any student of history who thinks the conflict between North and South was a savage affair, should have overheard East and West on the way

End to That Idea "A man's home is his castle." "It is until his wife slams the port-

cullis."-Louisville Courier-Journal. There are people who just natural-

ly make you cheerful because they



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W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 50-1931.

#### \*\*\*\*\*\*\* Aleck McCall's Mad Jealousy

By CHARLES SLOAN REID ( by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
(WNU Service.)

A LECK McCALL was swinging strides. His rifle lay across his shoulder, and in his hand he carried a brace of pheasants. Aleck was happy. There was a new little cabin just half a mile ahead to which Aleck had carried Polly Goodiron less than a month

Old man Goodiron, his wife and two daughters had moved in on the Cul-lowhee range five years before, from somewhere over in Transylvania. Polly was the elder of the two girls; and some had hinted that she had left a sweetheart in the county from which she came, this being the she had put off Aleck McCall for so long, for McCall was the outstanding young mountaineer on the range. Aleck's stride was almost a dance step, as he hurrled towards home

"Polly, Polly, Polly, the purtiest gal in the world," he kept singing in

Around the head of a little ravine, across the nose of a ridge, then along the crest of it he hurried until he had reached a spot where a huge boulder marked the fork in the trail. Here McCall paused to contemplate in si-

lent joy the sight of the little home. Suddenly the young mountaineer grounded the butt of his rifle, and the brace of pheasants slipped from his hand. In the twilight now gathered about the cabin door were to be seen a man and a woman. The woman was Polly, but the man was a total stranger. He was dressed like a Westerner, Aleck thought, for he wore one of those broad-brim, heavy white hats which he had seen worn a few times by men returned from the West. But the part that filled coul with horror was the sight of Polly in the stranger's arms. The embrace had lasted for coly

an instant; but in that instant all of the joy had gone out of Aleck Mc-Call's soul. He lowered his gaze to the rocks at his feet, and his fingers gripped his rifle barrel with a clutch that might have crushed anything but steel. He stood there thus for some moments, then slowly the gun stock came to his shoulder, as once more his eyes turned towards the cabin lot. Polly and the stranger were standing only a little way apart now. Slowly, slowly, the rifle barrel came toward a level. Presently it steadled, with the barrel pressed against the boulder, and the muzzle of it trained upon the cabin lot. The side of Aleck's face sank toward the firelock, and his finger clutched the trigger. Now his eye drew the bead of the rifle along the top of the barrel. A moment later a sharp "Crack!" rang out over the ravine below. Before the cabin door, a hundred yards away, the stranger staggered backward and went to the ground on his back, his big hat flying before him. A scream went up from Polly's throat; and Aleck McCall set his teeth down hard upon his lower lip. Turning aside from the rock he retraced his way

back along the mountain trail. "God, thar ain't nothin' more for me to stay around here for," he exclaimed, after a long silence.

Presently his shoulders began to sway from side to side, and hot tears stole from his eyes. "But I got to have one more look of her, afore I git out— I-I jes' got to!" he cried, no more than half aloud. When he arose from the log, the darkness of night had gathered. Once more he set out for

When McCall strode down into the clearing about the cabin, with a queer smile he noted the gleam of firelight from beneath the cabin door. He crept forward to the doorstep, never once turning his gaze toward the spo where the stranger had fallen at the crack of his rifle. He heard voices inside of the house.

"Polly, what yuh reckon's a keepin' Aleck? I shore am anxious to see what yuh got when yuh got mar-

It was a man's voice speaking. The red arose to Aleck McCall's temples. Seizing the latch string in the cabin door he gave it a jerk. The door swung inward. Then, as his big form stood framed in the doorway, Polly suddenly threw herself upon his breast, her arms around his neck.

"Brother Bill's come home, Aleck !" she cried, at the same time squeezing his neck so hard he hardly could breathe. The stranger came forward and

thrust out his hand. "Yeah," he said,
"I had a hard time a findin' the old
folks an' these kids." Aleck's eyes stared unseeingly for

moment, "What yuh mean, Polly?" he asked. "Why, Aleck; yuh see, I never told yth about Bill, c'ase he had to run away six years ago. But thet scrape's

been settled, so Bill's come back." "An' some galoot took a crack at me out o' the woods jes' time I got here tonight," laughed Bill. "Must ha' took me for a houn'."
"I reckon," agreed Aleck.

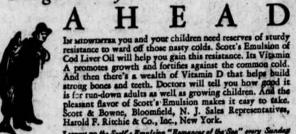
"Clipped a hole slap through muh

hat."

It was an hour later that Polly got

whisner to Aleck: "I a chance to whisper to Aleck: "I shore am glad yuh's so jealous o' me, Aleck! I knowed hit was you as fired thet shot—ain't another man on the Cullowhee as could ha' done it like thet, an' never clipped a hair."

# Dangerous days



LISTES TO the Scott's Emulsion "Romances of the Sea" every Sunday and Tuesday at 9.50 s.m. (E. S. T.) over the Columbia Basis Network. Scott's Emulsion

#### High Honors Accorded

Fourth-Century Hermit The world laughed tolerantly at last summer's "Monkey Marathon," when small boys took to trees in endurance contests; and there could be no better proof that times have changed. The Fourth century took

similar performances more seriously.

Consider Simeon Stylites. He chained himself to a great rock on which he began to erect a column of smaller stones. Aided by his admirers, who rapidly increased in numbers, he raised the pile, first to a height of 9, and finally to 60 In this last and lofty tion, he endured the heat of 30 summers and the cold of as many win-

He sometimes prayed in an erect attitude with his outstretched arms in the figure of a cross; but his most familiar practice was that of bending his meager skeleton from the forehead to the feet, and a curious spectator, after numbering 1,244 repetitions, at length desisted from the endless account.

Simeon died, without descending from his pillar, as a result of an ul-cer on his thigh. The ulcer owed its scrapes that his tongue gets him into.

origin to pride. The devil, so the story goes, assumed an angelic and drew up beside the pillar top in a flery chariot. He invited Simeon to ascend, as had Elijah, and the saint was ready. As he lifted his foot to step in, the devil spanked him cruelly and vanished in a cloud

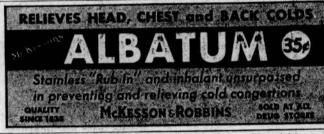
of sulphurous smoke.

This chastisement to pride won for the hermit great repute and when, a few years later, his bones were borne to Antioch, the patriarch of the city, the master-general of the East, six bishops, 21 counts or tribunes and 6,000 soldiers former the guard of honor.-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

For Domestic Peace Teacher-Yes, children, one of the duties of the lord high chamberlain was to put the king to bed.

Willie (who has observed things) -And did he have to think up excuses to tell the king's wife?

If you don't like a man's opinion let him alone. He doesn't want you t, set him right.



Camels and Locomotives One of the biggest concrete bridges in the world is along the new rallway lines being built through Turkey. Although only a little over 500 miles long, the two lines penetrate difficult country, necessitating the building of about 2,000 bridges, large and small, and many tunnels. In Angora an average of 8,000 blasts of dynamite a day are used to dislodge the rocky wastes. More than 18,000 peasants and shepherds are employed on the work besides thousands of peasant women who labor as stone breakers An oriental touch is given to the pic ture by thousands of camels used to transport supplies as the building

## Scalp Is Heirloom

The scalp of an Indian chief slain by her father is among the cherished Fort Worth, Texas. This helrloom and other trappings taken from the dead warrior passed into her hands recently on the death of her mother Mrs. Ira Long, widow of the former Texas ranger captain of frontier fame. Captain Long died in 1913 at seventy-one. The Indian chief wa killed by Captain Long in a hand-to-hand encounter in Lost valley in Jack county, Texas, more than fifty years ago.

Place for the Amateur There is a current tendency fostered, I regret to say, by many of our

little sympathy. We might as well take our food by sniffing at another person's plate as to confine our musical activities to an admission fee at somebody else's performance. If we keep on letting other people do things for us in that way, another century will find us with nothing of common interest to say to each other and no means by which to say it. Conversation is already becoming a lost art. An evening of talk is a rarity. One plays bridge.—Harold Bauer, in the

## Wanted to Know

"John, it says here the government has a plan to thaw out the frozen assets of the banks," remarked Mrs.

"Well, what of it?" he asked. "Why, don't the banks hire plumb-

# ers to do that?" she inquired.

Can't Convince Police "I saw you arguing with your wife on the street yesterday."

"Yes. I was trying to convince her that the police wouldn't refuse to tag the car merely because she insisted It was all right to park that near a fire plug."

May Be Round the Corner "Hasn't he got a rich wife?" " "Yes, but she hasn't declared any dividends so far."-Boston Transcript.

The people of any nation who want clever writers—to scoff at the "ama-teur" and the "dilettante." This is tion. You can't be free unless you an attitude with which I have very know.





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