A PAPER FOR ALL THE PEOPLE

Clallam County Journal

WE COVER THE FIELD LIKE A BLANKET

VOLUME II. PORT ANGELES, WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1935 No. 2

JOB INSURANCE CHIEF COUNSELS EMPLOYERS

"There need be no haste at present for employers to make arrangements regarding the purchase of legal and accounting procedures and new payroll and record forms," says Chairman John G. Winant of the Social Security board in a communication just received by the Manufacturers' Association of the State of Washington.

"The attention of the Social Security board has been directed to the anxiety of employers regarding payroll and other records which may be imposed upon them for the purpose of supplying data to the federal and state governments.

"Both the board and the treasury department are making progress in the preparation of rules and regulations. The absence of the receipt of these rules and regulations covering the administrative and taxing provisions of the act, need cause no immediate concern to employers.

"The first taxes for which employers are liable do not accrue until the calendar year 1936. This is an excise tax on payrolls of eight or more persons. No return or payment of this tax is due until January 1937.

"The state acts must be approved by the Social Security board on or before January 1, 1936, if appropriations are made available by Congress for the first quarter of the calendar year 1936. Not all of the states now conform to the federal requirements.

"When the requirements have been determined for all provisions of the act, both federal and state governments will necessarily notify employers, through proper channels, of the forms and returns required in the administration of the Social Security Act."

The federal act calls for one percent of the payrolls for the year 1936. Against this, a credit for the amount paid into the state fund is allowed up to ninety percent of the federal tax.

The Washington state act, if approved, calls for two percent of the payrolls for 1936, and in addition, the employers are responsible for withholding one percent of the wages or salaries of the employees. The payroll rate for 1936 was determined by the federal reserve board's adjusted index of the total industrial production averages for the year ending September 30, 1935.

PORT ANGELES STORES WILL BE OPEN EVENINGS

For the convenience of Christmas Shoppers the local stores and shops will remain open until 9 o'clock each evening, beginning Saturday, December 21.

"Under proper control, our industries could supply a steady stream of goods year after year sufficient for our needs. Our living standards could be raised progressively, in proportion with improving industrial techniques; we need not throw millions out of work every few years to create a shortage of goods so as to make profits.

Social Planning Necessary

"The American people are beginning to realize that if we would shift from control to make profits over to control to make higher standards of living we must have the machinery for social planning. Any satisfactory measures for control for human welfare must grow out of the thought and experience of business and labor leaders and of experts who know industry and agriculture, and know how to make them serve our needs.

"Depression abroad has swept nations into Fascism. If we want to avoid a similar fate in this country, we must be ready before the next depression is upon us."

Durazzo Is Ancient

Durazzo, a port in the young Kingdom of Albania, was founded as Epidamnus by Corcyreans and Corinthians as a colony in the Seventh century B. C. A quarrel between the two groups led to the Peloponnesian war.

Find Hill in Red Sea

Egyptian scientists discovered on the bed of the Red Sea, near Shedwan, a hill 1,300 feet high.

Stopping and Starting Costs

The cost to stop and start a railroad train varies from 50 cents to $2.30 for passenger and freight trains, according to the number of cars and the type of locomotive.

Industry Just For Gain Is Asserted

Business Review Says Operating Industry Primarily to Secure Higher Living Standards for Masses Would Easily Provide An Annual Income of $4,370 For Every Family.

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A criticism of profit as the major motive in industry instead of larger real purchasing power and better standards of living for the masses, features the current issue of the Monthly Survey of Business published by the American Federation of Labor.

To prove that as business recovers the profit motive is intensified, the Survey uses the record of 1,900 corporations which in 1933 appropriated more than one-half of the entire profits made by all of the 447,000 corporations in the United States.

Inequitable Distribution of Earnings

In 1933 the profits of these 1,900 corporations were $1,314,000,000. In 1934 the profits were increased to $1,733,000,000. For 1935 competent financial bureaus estimate that the profits will total $2,340,000,000. These figures show an increase of profits of the 1,900 corporations of 78 per cent in two years.

In emphasizing the present inequitable disttribution of the earnings of industry dominated exclusively by the profit motive, the Survey declares that "wages today are not keeping pace with production," and statistically buttresses this declaration with the assertion that "in the first three-quarters of 1935 production has exceeded last year by 8.7 per cent, workers buying power by less than 1 per cent."

Profit Greed Keeps Factories Closed

Pointing out that although millions of workers are jobless there is a shortage of 5,000,000 homes, 9,000,000 automobiles and similar needs in other lines, the Survey declares it is the policy of those who own and control industry to keep their plants closed or working on part time until "business can make a profit" by providing the people with these necessary elements, adding:

"Profit, not our need, is the controlling factor."

Jobs for All, Poverty for None

Turning to the possibilities in terms of economic welfare of shift-industrial resources, equipment and ing the major purpose of industry from maximum profit to higher living standards for the masses, the Survey says:

"A recent study by competent engineers shows that in America today no one need be unemployed or in poverty. Proper use of our man power, can produce enough to give every family an income of at least $4,370 a year.

"This means that it is possible for every family to have a comfortable home, plenty of food, clothing and other essentials, an automobile and radio, opportunities for education and culture, adequate medical care ad provision for old age. With modern industrial techniques, plenty is within our grasp, not for the favored few alone but for every man, woman and child in America.

"In the world of today, it is sheer stupidity to condemn millions of men and women to idleness, poverty and dependence while we run our industrial plant at half capacity and plow under the cotton we need for clothes.

Workers' Living Standard Kept Low

"We know that when industry operates without control, depression must follow prosperity as surely as night follows day. Periods of prosperity bring large fortunes for the few but never has any period of prosperity lifted living standards for the masses to the levels modern industry makes possible. In our year of greatest prosperity, one-sixth of our population were living below the minimum necessary for health, when all might have had a comfortable living standard.

Dividing Convention Votes

Many times a certain district desires to send to a political convention more delegates than it is entitled to have votes in the convention, in this way showing special favor to individuals, or providing for a greater number to take counsel together outside of the convention and to decide in which way the votes of the delegation shall be cast. Therefore, it has been the practice to divide the vote. That is, to give to each individual sent a one-third, one-half, or in some cases one-fourth vote. When the vote is counted these are added to make the required number of votes to which the district is entitled.

State Relief Roll Growing Steadily

OLYMPIA, Dec. 13.—The number of persons on relief in the state has increased 14,377 since October 31, in spite of the activities of the Works Progress Administration, Miss Ruth FitzSimmons, assistant director of the state department of public welfare, said today.

On October 31 there were 152,032 persons receiving relief as compared to 166,409 last week, although the WPA has put thousands of employables who were formerly on the relief rolls to work.

The principal reason for the rise in the relief population is the end of seasonal employment, she said.

The state must bear the relief burden without federal assistance, the last government grant having been made last month. The amount of the grant was based on the expectation that the relief rolls would decline.

The state must continue to care for the relief population with the $10,000,000 legislative appropriation. She could not estimate how long the funds would last.

WOMEN AND PROGRESS

If you look back you will find that all social legislation has been enacted because of persistent insistence upon the part of the women. Every stage of the development of our free schools, since long before the women forced the men to give them voting suffrage, can be attributed to their pertinacity, never admitting defeat and adamant against protests by the men. At every step in our social and educational progress the men have invariably and almost as a unit pronounced them idealistic fantasies and quite beyond tax limitations. Yet the men have invariably lost and except for this depression taxes, while admittedly much larger, were easier to pay than the meager ones of pioneer days.

Almost as a unit women admit their inability to understand economics and finances, yet they seem to have an intuition which serves the country far better than the notoriously bad guessing of the men which has brought this civilization to the brink of the abyss and destroyed all past civilizations. And it is significant that none of the programs engineered by the women have been blamed for this or past depressions.

"The female of the species is the most deadly." True enough, but it is mother love that is the inspiration and her instinct will find always the way best to serve her offspring. That this instinct would lead her to champion tne Townsend plan was as inevitable as the tides.

Did you even notice that women are devoid of the inhibitions common to men? For instance: The objections of those who object to the transaction tax because it interferes with their particular graft can be easily met and would be accepted by those who refuse to study the plan because it proposes to place more than pauper scraps in the hands of the improvident, the usual negative answer to the age old question: "Am I my brother's keeper?" Women give it no thought, thinking, rightly, that the aged are mere robots to be used to repeat the process of redistributing money as it comes to them in a regular monthly cycle. Nor do women show man's fear of ridicule and were certain to be impercious to fear of rebuff or ridicule and would be deadly in their insistence of acceptance of the plan.

From the start of the movement the Sage has insisted that it would become imponderable because the women would refuse to listen to any argument against it and never waver or tire in their efforts. This, in itself, insures eventual victory. But there is yet another and if possible, greater reason that insures their eager support. All their efforts in behalf of social legislation has been wholly unselfish and intended to better the social and educational status of every mother's child. But the thought of having their very own money to spend as they please is the most fascinating thought the masses of our women folk have ever experienced. For them it means the fulfillment of a fanciful dream. The spending, as usual, will be unselfish, but a heretofore suppressed selfish instinct will have been appeased.

Defeat them? Banish the thought.

TRUITT K. ROBE

Friday Harbor, Wash.
Dec. 7, 1935.

WHIPPING POST FOR SPEEDERS UNABLE TO PAY FINE SUGGESTED

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Dec. 13.—City Judge R. I. Moore today suggested a "whipping post" for speeders unable to pay fines.

He told a youth charged with driving at the rate of 55 miles an hour "it would be well if we had a whipping post in city court to punish those who cannot pay fines on speeding charges."

Told the boy made $7 a week, the judge reduced his fine to $5.

The optimist derives much pleasure from thoughts of troubles that do not trouble him.

CLALLAM COUNTY PIONEER LEAVES 94 DESCENDANTS

SEQUIM, Wash., Dec. 13.—J. W. Pettett, 77 Clallam county pioneer, died today, leaving 94 direct descendants.

Besides his widow, he is survived by 11 children, 50 grandchildren and 33 great-grandchildren, most of them living in Clallam county.

Pettett was born in England and had lived in the Dungeness valley 45 years.

BETTER HURRY!

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MORE SHOPPING DAYS UNTIL CHRISTMAS

RIDICULE IS NOT ARGUMENT

Many people, particularly the gentry of the "kept press' of the country, have resorted to ridicule in their treatment of the Townsend Plan of national recovery through a revolving old-age pension fund, in the hope of deceiving the people. This method of attack has failed, and now the same tribe has started a new campaign of misrepresentation in the hope of defeating the plan and confusing the public. In none of these efforts has any reputable writer given a clear analysis of the objections to the plan, but consistently belittled its leaders and founders, and pronounced it "impossible" without pointing out in any logical manner just why they deem it impossible. The Movement continues to grow by leaps and bounds and clearly illustrates that the people refuse to be misled by the muddled reasoning of the plutocrats who still labor under the illusion that the old system which caused all our grief can be repaired and made to serve the needs of our modern day. They claim the Townsend Plan will not work. We ask if they think the old system worked. Did it work? Yes, to put us right where we are—starving in the midst of abundance. The Townsend Plan of recovery is the only plan now offered which has a chance to succeed.—C.L.V.

MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

The original meaning of Christmas has lost much of its significance in a welter of commercial competition and social confusion. What was intended as a day of reverent observance of the greatest event of all history has degenerated into a spirit of gay celebration and unbridled revelry. Gifts too often are made with no thought of helpfulness to the needy, but with hope of personal reward. We do not criticise but commend the efforts made by great newspapers to organize and direct Christmas funds for the needy. However, we do condemn the action of these newspapers when they attempt to "cash-in" on the generosity of the people during the Christmas period and all the remainder of the year foster conditions which are directly opposed to the Spirit of Christmas, and which create conditions of poverty, slavery and destitution. The Spirit of Christmas is the Spirit of Christ, who "had compassion on the multitudes," and who preached liberty for the captive, freedom for the enslaved and justice for the oppressed. The civilized nations of the world need to review the Christmas story, and apply its teaching of unselfish service to a bewildered world, groping helplessly through a maze of economic dislocation and human suffering.—C.L.V.

Origin of "Lord Mayor"

It is said that the title "Lord Mayor" arose from the expression "domino maiore," literally Sir Mayor. It had its origin during the reign of Edward III, in the Fourteenth century.

New Relief Support Wanes Poll Shows

NEW YORK, Dec. 13.—Further returns in the Literary Digest national poll of current sentiment on the new deal showed today an increasing majority of those balloting opposed to its "acts and policies."

With 642,711 votes tabulated from 26 states, there were 274,830 in favor and 367,881 opposed to the administration's policies. The voting against the new deal in the previous tabulation was 55.60 per cent.

The farm belt states of Kansas Nebraska, Missouri, Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota, Minnesota—also Indiana, Illinois, Ohio and Michigan—were reported against the new deal by a 3-to-2 ratio.

Seven southern states averaged 3-to-2 majorities favoring the new deal policies.

California lined up in the opposition column, 2',533 to 21,164; other Pacific Coast states were not represented in the tabulation.

Movement Has True Fellowship Spirit

By R. E. CLEMENTS

"Faith, Hope, Charity—and the greatest of these is Charity."

Not a Divine command, but an inescapable law of life. Not an appeal, but a great truth. It is both a part of all mysteries as well as a fundamental fact.

Today in every great city of the nation appeals are being made for funds for community chests. Larger and larger funds are needed and are being asked to heal the sick, to feed the hungray, to respond to all the needs that human brotherhood commands that help be given to the suffering and the helpless.

Every supporter of the Townsend Plan will respond to that appeal to the very limits of their capacity. There is suffering, there is need, there is illness. There are helpless children and hopeless men and women. Every right impulse of human kind urges that these appeals be answered.

And while we dig deep into our pockets for these dollars, we may be permitted to ask whether this greatest of human impulses is to be so organized that it loses all its personal contacts and becomes as mechanized as the production of an automobile.

If we were captious we might ask why it is ecessary, year after year, for great humanitarians to ask for more and more funds as we hopelessly tread our way in depression and want, why has not something been done heretofore to decrease, istead of increase, the number of those whose very lives depend upon the gifts to those great humanitarian organizations which dispense these funds.

The first great giver of charity was the Good Samaritan. He found one who belonged not to his cast or creed. He saw only a suffering human being—and PERSONALLY gave his aid and comfort. And he is written into all the history of charity as one who in an hour linked himself with divinity by his kindliness and his unselfishness.

The Community Chest Fund is the logical product of the machine age, as neoessary to organize society perhaps as is the radio, the automobile, the airplane, electricity or canned beans.

Years ago it became evident that many must be cared for. Work decreased even though production increased. Business organizations and industrial enterprises, struggling for public good will and increased trade, found it inconvenient to respond to every private appeal that was made, asking them to contribute to the seekers for funds, all too many of which were unworthy.

So charity—that great impulse of the human heart to give aid and comfort to those in need—was organized. It was as necessary as electricity is to modern manufacture. It was as brutal in the end as those in the day of the Good Samaritan who turned aside and walked on the other side of the road.

Let us stop and think that charity today means to those who are compelled to live upon the gifts of others, whether they come from a federal bureau or a local administration.

Charity walks with a kindly face. Compassion and sympathy is in the heart. Kindness shines from the eye. Hope and helpfulness inspire her. Artists paint her in angelic colors. Into our commonwealth today march different figures. They knock on doors. They find the wife and children of an unemployed man. By the very necessity of their duty and not through choice, they ask what food has been given to a ragged child. They look at his shoes and decide whether that little boy or girl needs a new pair or can wear the patched ones for another week. They ask what has become of the last dole paid to a despondent father and whether he has wasted it through some poisonous drink to drive away his own desperate rebellion against his helplessness to care for his loved ones.

The organized social workers of the present bureaucracy have been TRAINED TO DISPENSE CHARITY?

They do not come because of sympathy with want—although they may have great sympathy.

They do not seek the needy, the suffering, the desperate because they have in their own hands the means to relieve want and suffering—but because they are HIRED to distribute funds given by unseen and unknown, yes, and too often uncaring contributors or from huge federal funds donated by a beneficient Congress for the purpose.

They are compelled, by their very profession, not to measure needs but to measure weakness. "The greatest of these is charity."

The nearest approach that mankind can make to Divinity is the spontaneous response to the suffering of another hunman being. But it must be spontaneous, not compelled.

Charity comes, a kind faced woman with compassion, not one who has so long looked upon suffering as to become hard and cold. To charity, a human being never becomes a case. Give to the Community Chest Funds. Give until it hurts. There will come—there must come, and soon, we hope—a day when it will not hurt to give. When all may be Good Samaritans.

YOUTH PROGRAM READY TO START

An allocation of funds sufficiently large to provide 1,000 youths with part time employment for three months has been approved in Washington, D. C., it was announced here Friday by Jobyn H. Binns, state director of youth administration.

Binns stated that $111,500 has been set aside and authority granted to begin the projects immediately. The projects, which are subject to the approval of the state director only, are of a community type, including health work, library service, eye testing, assistance to school offices and a few research jobs.

His First Christmas

by

Earle Hooker Eaton

RING up the Pole and telephone
Without a moment's pause,
Or by the wireless make it known
To dear old Santa Claus,
That Papa's Boy and Mama's Joy,
And Sister's Precious Mite,
While glad bells clang will gaily hang
His stocking up tonight!

"Ting-ling! Ting-ling! Hello, hello!
Is that you Santa, dear?
Be sure your reindeer hear your
'Whoa'!
When you are passing here.
What's that? You'll come and bring a
drum,
A jumping-jack and ball,
And other toys for little boys?
Dear Saint, you're best of all!"

'Tis Christmas morn, and to his shop
Old Santa homeward flies;
'Tis five o'clock, but open pop
The baby's roguish eyes.
We're dead for sleep. but out we creep,
And dress at once to get
What Santa kind, has left behind
For Toddlekins, our pet.

From Pole to Pole there's surely not
A babe more pleased than he.
And how he crows, the happy tot,
And gurgles in his glee.
The jumping-jack, the ducks that quack,
The drum, the horns, the ball,
The chicks that peep, the horse, the
horn
He tries to eat them all!

On this his first glad Christmas lark,
The toys with blocks he pelts,
He makes old Noah wish the Ark
Had landed somewhere else!
A soldier blue he breaks in two,
A puncture gives the drum,
He fills the air with legs and hair,
And then—he sucks his thumb!

The Sand-Man's surely come to town,
And soft is muvver's lap;
Clear up the wreck and snuggle down,
'Tis time to take a nap.
Then rock-a-bye, close each blue eye,
Rest, my darling, rest!
(He's fast asleep, with baby sheep
Hugged tight against his breast!)

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CHAPPTER I

—1—

I Attend a Funeral.

IF MY cousin, Geoffrey Bohun, had had to work for his living, he would, as a painter of portraits, have made his mark, but work within doors he would not, and since he cared nothing at all for riches or fame, he painted old buildings and landscapes and lazy streams, and though I think that he painted these very well, the public would not have them, but clamored for portraits instead.

Whether Geoffrey was right or wrong, I cannot pretend to say, but I must confess that I was glad of his choice, for since my parents' death I had lived with him, and the work he preferred made us free of the countryside. Indeed, of the four

"We're Out to Fight These Men."

years preceding the matters which I am to tell we had not spent six months at his London house, but had traveled winter and summer, at home and abroad. We visited many places and saw all manner of beauties that few men see.

Of such was my education, after I left my school, and though I might have done better to go to Oxford instead, I learned to speak German and French with a pretty good grace and to share with the peasants of Europe their several hopes and fears.

I was in as fine a condition as a man of two-and-twenty may be, and my only care was the knowledge that very soon now the agreeable life I was leading must come to an end. This by my cousin's decree, for Geoffrey was trustee of my fortune, and though he was only some twelve years older than I, I had to a great extent to do as he said. And at twenty-three, he declared, I must take to work: "and from then," said he, "till you're thirty your allowance will be exactly as much as you earn. Earn five pounds a week, and I'll give you another five. You've got to make good."

I was brooding on this one morning—for my birthday was the first of October, and June was very near out—when I heard the sound of voices a little way off.

This was unusual enough, for, save for the birds and beasts, an Austrian forest at dawn is a lonely place; but what was stranger still was that the voices were English, and coarse at that.

Geoffrey was painting a vista two furlongs away, and Barley, his man, was half a mile off with the Rolls. I made my way quietly forward to see and hear what I could.

Then a spout of oaths startled the silence, and two men were cursing each other.

A third man spoke.

"Suppose you go on now."

"But he'll do me in in a minute, layin' about with that pick."

"The world will be the cleaner," said the other, and stifled a yawn. "Till then, get on with your work, I say, get on."

His voice was deadly.

More curious than ever, I lay down on the ground and, wriggling cautiously forward into the bushes which screened the men from my view.

I shall never forget the scene.

Directly below me, in the midst of a sparkling dell, were five grown men. Two, with pickaxe and shovel, were digging a hasty grave; the sods had been piled to one side, but a third man was taking the earth and casting it into a brook. A fourth man was leaning against the trunk of a tree, smoking a cigarette. And the fifth lay dead beside him.

This spectacle shocked me so much that a moment or two went by before I had collected my wits: then I knew that the man had been murdered, for his gay, green, belted smock was heavily stained with blood.

As the porter came back from the brook—

"That's enough earth away, Dewdrop," said the man who had spoken last. "Take another stroll in the country and see there's nobody up."

The man who was shoveling stopped and straightened his back.

"Lemme do that, Pharaoh. I'm sick of this—spade."

The man addressed as Pharaoh wrinkled his brow.

"I've never liked you," he said. "And when you question my orders, I like you less. There's food for thought there. Rush. . . ."

An instant later Dewdrop was out of sight.

That I was in some danger was perfectly clear. I was, however, determined not to withdraw, for the corpse cried out for vengeance.

I decided to try and "pick up" Dewdrop without delay.

Without more ado I therefore abandoned my covert and almost at once I heard the fellow stumble over the root of some tree and two minutes later I was afoot behind him.

I had hoped that after a casual survey the man would return to the dell, for then I could reach my cousin and tell him my news. While he was fetching Barley, I could then go back to my covert to keep an eye on the rogues. But Dewdrop stayed on.

He was passing the covert in which I had lain, when he stopped and peered at the bushes and then glanced round.

Satisfied that no one was looking, he went on his hands and knees, to pluck from the heart of the bushes a paper some four inches long.

I shall never forget that moment—I think that my heart stood still: for, as my hand flew to my pocket, I knew that paper was . . . a shoemaker's bill, which had followed me out from London . . . complete with its envelope bearing my name and address—the address of the inn at which Geoffrey and I were lodging some five miles off.

I saw Dewdrop finger the letter and find it dry. Then he looked from his find to the spot at which it had lain. Then he lay down and drew himself forward, parting the bushes before him exactly as I had done. Plainly, the man was no fool. He wished to be sure how much John Spencer had seen—John Spencer, of The Three Kings, Lass.

The next moment he was up and was whipping back to the dell.

The murder was out.

* * * * * * *

As we hurried back to the Rolls, I told my cousin my tale, and though he made no comment, I saw that he was perturbed.

Arrived at the car, I saw him take out a pistol and slip it into his coat.

Ten minutes later we slid into the yard of the inn at Lass.

As we stepped out, my cousin turned to his man.

"Put her away," he said. "Then take the other pistol and come to our rooms."

As we entered the inn, I heard him order our breakfast to be served in a quarter of an hour.

My cousin strolled to the bay and stood looking out.

"When Barley comes up," he said, "I want you to tell your story over again."

I was glad of his words, for Barley was a very good man and true as steel.

The door was opened and Barley came into the room.

My cousin spoke over his shoulder.

"Mr. Spencer has had an adventure. I want you to hear it, Barley, so he's going to tell it again."

When I had done—

"Well, Barley," said my cousin, "what do you think?"

"It's a pity about that letter, sir, bearing the name and address."

"A very great pity," said Geoffrey. "Anything else?"

"If Mr. Spencer, sir, could describe the men . . . I'd like to hear what they look like, 'Dewdrop' is a nickname, for sure. I take it he's got a drop on the end of his nose."

"That's right," said I. "I marked it. He's a little dark man, very wiry. I think he's a Jew. Pharaoh is tall and slight—much better class than the others and well turned out. His hair is fair, and he has rather protruding eyes. Rush looks an awful blackguard. A very low forehead, and his ears stick out from his head. Very dark he is, and a scar runs down from the edge of his mouth to his chin. The fourth man looked the best of the lot. He was very broad and had rather an open face; rough, you know, but cheerful. Not very tall, but I'd say he was very strong."

"Good," said Geoffrey. He turned to Barley. "And now come and take my place. I mean, if they should mean business. . . ."

As Barley stepped to the window, he flung himself into a chair and lighted a cigarette.

"These things happen," he said. "It wasn't your fault, my dear John, but if we don't look out, it may be your great misfortune. In plain words, as you probably know, you stand in danger of death. You viewed at your leisure certain terrible rites which no one was meant to see."

"I can't help that," said I. "I'm sorry about that letter, but I'm not going to hold my tongue. They'd murdered that poor devil and they damned well ought to be hung."

"I quite agree," said Geoffrey. "They must be brought to justice—I'm inclined to think Fate sent you with that intent. But Fate works in a curious way, and at the present moment I'm thinking much less of their lives than I'm thinking of yours."

"Yes, I see that," said I.

"If we were at home," said Geoffrey, "we should go straight to Scotland Yard. They'd give you armed protection and turn out the Flying Squad. But give those four reason to think that you've been to the police, and they'll strike out of hand."

"But how can we bring them to justice unless we go to the police?"

"I've no idea," said my cousin. "But we've got to sit tight for the moment—extremely tight."

"Meanwhile they'll clear out of the country."

"No, they won't," said Geoffrey. "I'll tell you why. Those four didn't come out here to do in somebody's servant—for that's who their victim was. What he had was a tunic, and some of the old houses here still dress their people like that.

"He was wearing livery. Very well. Those four are here on some job, and the murdered man got in their way. He may have surprised them—as you did: and so they just bumped him off. But, unless I'm mistaken, the job remains to be done. Otherwise, they wouldn't have buried him.

"And now," said Geoffrey, rising, "I'll lay before you the card that I've up my sleeve.

"I was staying with the Lyvedens in Hampshire a few years back. It was a Goodwood party, and the jewels in the house were worth a lot. Well, they were stolen all right. Barley wasn't with me, but he'll remember the case."

"The Bell Hammer murders, sir?"

"Exactly. Three servants and a policeman were murdered by the fellows who took those jewels. They could have laid them out and tied them up: but they preferred to kill them, because then they knew where they were.

"They never got the thieves, but Anthony Lyveden told me as much as he knew: and amongst other things he told me that the moment they heard of the matter the police knew who'd done the job. Only one man, they said, was ruthless and daring enough to go such lengths. And the man was known as 'Pharaoh.'

"Now, that's all I know. This may or may not be the man. But if it is—well, from what I've just told you, you'll gather that he doesn't like witnesses."

To my great dismay my cousin then announced that we must be gone from the inn as soon as we could.

"We're out to fight these men. Well, the first thing to do is to vanish, for until we are out of their ken, we cannot attack, but must waste our time taking precautions against an attempt on your life. More. At the moment not one of those wallahs knows you by sight, and that's a card which must not be thrown away. And now you go out and lose yourself in the town. Barley and I will pack, and I'll pick you up at nine in front of St. Jacques'. I shall give out we're going to Salzburg, and Barley can go to the station and point the lie."

"To Annabel," said my cousin. "I liked the look of the village and I'm sure they'll do us proud at The Reaping Hook. And now you pop off, my son. Every minute is precious, as you must see."

I made my way out of the inn, and when some servant or other ran after me, letter in hand, I took the missive from him as a man in a dream. I did not open the letter—I had no need: for one thing, it was already open, and, for another, I knew what the envelope held. And that was a shoemaker's bill.

That I now felt far from easy, I frankly confess. I could not get away from the fact that the enemies that I had made were no ordinary men.

First, they had frustrated the watch we had kept: then, they had gained their end, which was, of course, to get to know me by sight—for someone, no doubt, was in waiting, to see me come out of the inn and, lastly, they had informed me in unmistakable terms that they were fully aware that I had seen them at work. All this, I may say, in a little more than an hour.

It suddenly came to my mind that as like as not I now was being followed by whoever it was that had watched me come out of the inn. At once I determined to see if this was the case and if it was, to endeavor to turn the tables on the man who was so engaged.

I made my way out of the market and into an alley too narrow for carts to use.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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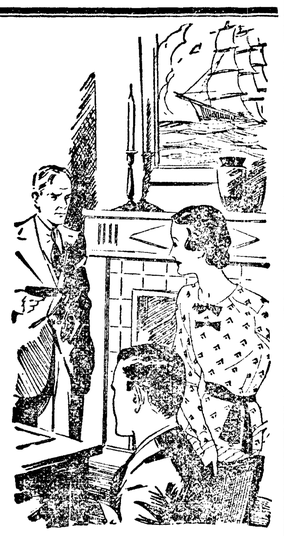

Storm Music is Dornford Yates at his dashing, riotous best. Hidden in a secret vault of Castle Yorick is a fabulous fortune, and only the beautiful Helena, mistress of the castle, knows its whereabouts. But a gang of notorious criminals hears of it.

When young John Spencer, out for a forest stroll, hears voices, he investigates, finds murder has been done—by the same brigands who are threatening the young countess. They discover he knows their deed. And from then on, John and Helena and the reader are plunged into a series of zestful adventures that alternately thrill, mystify and enchant them.

The most exciting story since "The Prisoner of Zenda!"

●

Begin STORM MUSIC now! Read it every week as it appears serially in this paper!

Christmas At The Barracks

By Helen Gaisford

"I HATE Christmas!" Marcia thought passionately. She pressed her face close to the toy window, so passersby would not notice her burning cheeks nor tear-filled eyes.

Suddenly she was face to face with it—that overwhelming longing for some one to make Christmas worthwhile. "Why am I such a fool?" she asked herself miserably. "A grown woman weeping at a store window display!"

Well, why not find some one? And then, as though in answer, she saw the item in the paper.

"Poor children of this and neighboring communities will be treated to a real old-fashioned Christmas dinner and tree at the McKinley barracks. Officers and men are providing turkey and all the trimmings, and several hundred children are expected. Churches and social agencies are being asked to furnish women to act as chaperones and also cars to transport the children to the barracks."

Marcia stepped timidly into the social welfare bureau. "I wonder if you could use me to help take the children out to the barracks on Christmas," she asked. "It would be so much nicer than—than anything else," she finished lamely. She had really meant that it would be nicer than a sympathy dinner invitation from one of her friends. "I even thought maybe, if I happened to find the right youngster—I might adopt one."

She had never been to the barracks before, and she thrilled to the

He Was Taking the Coat Off a Tousle-Headed Boy.

ride over the snowy road, but she was more fascinated by the children under her care.

And then they were there, piling children into the great building, finding their places, taking care of wraps, warming cold little fingers, and through it all a glow. Christmas cheer! That was it! For the first time in years, Marcia was having a really, truly Merry Christmas.

She straightened up for a moment with the realization, and found the man looking at her. He was taking the coat off a tousle-headed boy, and across the lad's head he smiled at her. Marcia smiled, too, but her heart seemed to stop beating.

He stood tall and straight in his officers' uniform, a handsome man, not many years her senior. As soon as the children began eating, he came over and introduced himself.

"Having a good time?" he asked.

"Glorious!"

"So are you."

"What?"

"Glorious, of course. Don't mind my bothering, do you? I thought you seemed, well—understanding. When I was looking at you—remember?" Marcia nodded. "Somebody once said that if you look into a person's eyes, you create a bond that can never be broken. I know what he meant, now."

"I felt it, too," Marcia murmured.

He looked about. "I say, shall we ditch the program? I'd like to show you around the barracks."

They didn't notice the cold, the falling snow, nor, later, the children's carols.

"Goodness!" Marcia exclaimed at last. "They're leaving. I must look after my carload of youngsters."

"Wait!" He caught her hand, held it fast. "I'll want to see you again, soon. We have so much in common, you know—we're both lonely, we like children, we enjoy Christmas parties—and I want to know if you like hiking and tobogganing, movies, operas, lots of things. Me, for instance."

"Of course," answered Marcia. "But let me go now. Here comes that welfare lady." She pulled away. "We were just coming," she apologized.

The lady smiled. "No hurry. But I wonder—you said something, you know—have you decided what child you want to adopt?"

"Heavens!" declared Marcia. "I forgot!"

"Well, why," asked the soldier, "adopt one? I mean—wait until next Christmas. Things change so in a year."

"In a day," breathed Marcia.

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MAN OF TONGUES

The world's greatest linguist is an Englishman. He is Sir George Grierson, O. M., who is eighty-four and knows 300 languages. His chief interest lies in India, where some of the dialects of the backward communities have never been written down. Before he could study these dialects properly, Sir George had to invent an alphabet for them, and write down words which the natives had often used but never written themselves.

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BEFORE BABY COMES

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These mint-flavored, candy-like wafers are pure milk of magnesia in solid form—much pleasanter to take than liquid. Each wafer is approximately equal to a full adult dose of liquid milk of magnesia. Chewed thoroughly, then swallowed, they correct acidity in the mouth and throughout the digestive system, and insure *regular, complete elimination* without pain or effort. Milnesia Wafers come in bottles of 20 and 48, at 35c and 60c respectively, and in convenient tins for your handbag containing 12 at 20c. Each wafer is approximately one adult dose of milk of magnesia. All good drug stores sell and recommend them.

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20c tins

The Original Milk of Magnesia Wafers

The Christmas Dinner

By Alice B. Palmer

'TWAS Christmas day! Ice coated—snow coated—crisp and delightful! Great preparations for the holiday feast were in progress in the old homestead at the far end of Jay street. A gorgeous Christmas tree and attractive berry-laden holly wreaths shone through the windows, while the evergreens without added to the beauty of the festive atmosphere.

There were just seven of them in the little family—father, mother and children. They were all busy in the happy holiday task of helping mother. The turkey was sputtering in the oven and the cranberries were popping. Joyous song and laughter rang through the gaily decorated home.

Long Ago There Had Also Been "Just Seven of Them!"

Lucia Bell, a new resident several doors down the same street, was sitting alone dreamily gazing out upon the Christmas ice castles.

Just then she heard a knock. Who in the world could be rapping at her door on Christmas day? "Come in!" cried the startled Lucia Bell. In stepped a small girl beaming with the very joy of being alive.

"My mudder—my—we all want you to Christmas dinner!"

Lucia Bell, smiling a smile of Christmas joy, was truly delighted and accompanied the happy little girl to the house of great Christmas preparations.

"Won't you be one of us," said mother sweetly, "and cut the Christmas pies?"

Lucia Bell was thrilled and before anyone knew it she had them trimly cut and ready to serve.

'Twas at the height of the Christmas dinner that something very wonderful happened to Lucia Bell. Why there they were—all of them! Strange she hadn't noticed before! In those other days long ago there had also been "just seven of them!" Opposite to her now, she could plainly see her own brothers and sisters sitting around that other table. She rubbed her eyes and blinked at the happy scene. At that very moment the little family before her became Christmas fairies in the mind of Lucia Bell; and she smiled a smile of tender gratitude toward each one of them.

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"NOT a cent to spare for gifts this year, Clare dear, I'm sorry," Mrs. Jordan told her daughter shortly before Christmas. "We can afford cards, though, so you figure up how many you have to send and I'll get them when I go to the store tomorrow."

No gifts, and yet there was money for greeting cards. Well, why not spring a surprise on all of them? Yes, that would work and it would be a grand surprise and yet heaps of fun, too. .. ..

"No, I don't want any greeting cards, mother, but if you'll just get me a dozen stamped envelopes instead, I'll be all set for Christmas."

"Well, I must say you take this like a good sport and you are easy to please, but you might let me in on this secret, child!"

"Nope, it wouldn't be a secret then," she sent back, smiling with her knowledge.

Granny Hitchcock, over on the corner, was the first always on her Christmas list. "My Christmas gift to you this year is—my promise to come to read to you once every week in the new year and I'll write our letters, too, on that same day each week." The envelope sealed completed the wrapping of that gift. The next on the list was the garage mechanic's wife.

"Dear Mrs. Simmons: My Christmas gift to you this year is my promise to stay with and keep Buddy after school, one day each month—the day the Mothers' club meets from 4:30 to 6:00. You won't have to hire any one on those occasions."

"Nope, It Wouldn't Be Secret Then," She Sent Back.

There was a promise to Mina Hillman that Clare and some of her classmates would come down and recite their pieces and sing some of their songs.

"Other folks will be thanked just once during the year, but I'll be seeing folks smile and hear them saying 'thanks,' and know they really mean it, the whole year long. Money presents cheat the givers out of a lot of fun, that's sure," she reminisced.

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"Little Stories for Bedtime"

by Thornton W. Burgess

LIGHTFOOT HEARS A DREADFUL SOUND

DAY after day Lightfoot, the deer, played hide and seek for his life with the hunters who were seeking to kill him. He saw them many times, though not one of them saw him. More than once a hunter passed close to Lightfoot's hiding place without suspecting it.

But poor Lightfoot was feeling the strain. He was growing thin and he was so nervous that the falling of a dead leaf from a tree would startle him. There is nothing quite so terrible as being continually hunted. It was getting so that Lightfoot half expected a hunter to step out from behind every tree. Only when the Black Shadow wrapped the Green Forest in darkness did he know a moment of peace. And those hours of safety were filled with dread of what the next day might bring.

In a Panic of Fear, Lightfoot Bounded Away Again.

Early one morning a terrible sound rang through the Green Forest and brought Lightfoot to his feet with a startled jump. It was the baying of hounds following a trail. At first it did not sound so terrible. Lightfoot had often heard it before. Many times he had listened to the baying of Bowser the Hound, as he followed Reddy Fox. It had not sounded so terrible then because it meant no danger to Lightfoot.

At first, as he listened early that morning, he took it for granted that those hounds were after Reddy and so, though startled, he was not worried. But suddenly a dreadful suspicion came to him and he grew more and more anxious as he listened. In a few minutes there was no longer any doubt in his mind. Those hounds were following his trail! It was then that the sound of that baying became terrible. He must run for his life. Those hounds would give him no rest. And he knew that in running from them he would no longer be able to watch so closely for the hunters with terrible guns. He would no longer be able to hide in thickets. At any time he might be driven right past one of those hunters.

Lightfoot bounded away with such leaps as only Lightfoot can make. In a little while the voices of the hounds grew fainter. Lightfoot stopped to get his breath and stood trembling as he listened. The baying of the hounds grew louder and louder. Those wonderful noses of theirs were following his trail without the least difficulty.

In a panic of fear, Lightfoot bounded away again. As he crossed an old road, the Green Forest rang with the roar of a terrible gun. Something tore a strip of bark from the trunk of a tree just above Lightfoot's head. It was a bullet and it had just missed Lightfoot. It added to his terror and this in turn added to his speed.

So Lightfoot ran and ran, and behind him the voices of the hounds continued to ring through the Green Forest.

© T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

Mother's Cook Book

WINTER ENTERTAINING

FOR the average housewife elaborate entertaining is not to be thought of, not only because of the expense but because of the amount of labor involved.

When serving an informal tea for club or committee the wise woman will provide herself with plenty of the good sized heavy paper napkins to use instead of the cherished linen, which is used for the more informal occasions.

Napkins of paper now come in large sizes and one may even have an initial to make them more personal. Nobody enjoyed the small and elusive paper napkns, for they never "stayed put," but these are such a comfort and saving on linen.

There are so many kinds of sandwiches that may be served with tea or some other hot drink, that one might have a different one every day for years.

Small cookies and cakes are always popular. Make them unusual, either by filling them with some soft rich filling of fruit or custard, or sweetened and flavored whipped cream.

The very small cream puffs filled with good thick sweetened and flavored whipped cream are most attractive and universally well liked. Serve them on a large paper-covered plate in twos or threes; when accompanied by a cup of hot cocoa, what could be more dainty for a light afternoon refreshment?

There are so many food accessories now which add to the enjoyment of serving simple foods. The frying basket for potato nests—they are so simple to make, using a fine shredder in the form of a flat grater, making the fresh potato in such fine shoestrings that the basket when cooked even looks like a nest. These may be made and heated before serving.

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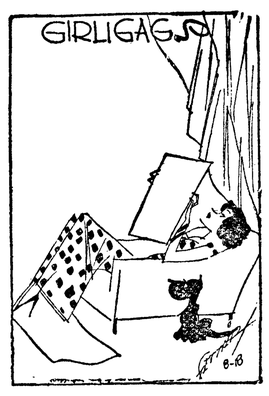

"There should be a Pulitzer prize or something of the sort," says goofy Gertie, "for that one person that makes the first page of a newspaper during the year without the aid of the police."

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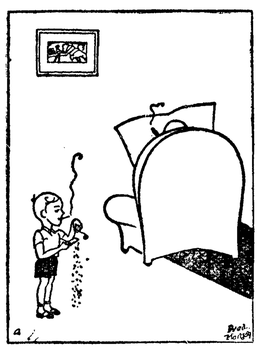
PAPA KNOWS—



"Pop, what is mercenary?"
"An eagle's talons."

THROUGH A Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

THE TALE-BEARER—AND THE TALE HEARER

"DEAR Jean Newton:

"Will you please write in your column that the most vicious, the most despicable of all human beings is the tale bearer?

"I have just seen a friendship of long standing broken by such a person. A woman who prided herself on keeping in good condition, became ill and for the first time in years has been doctoring. Her friend, who has certain theories about this, made the remark to a third person that she would feel better if she paid less attention to herself. This, carried back to the ailing woman, has broken a friendship of years.

"Now I don't say that the remark in question was admirable. But the third person was also an old friend, and we are all human. We all say things occasionally, entirely without malice or ill will, which do harm only if they are carried back. I think a tale bearer is a criminal and should be shunned by all decent people. I hope you agree with me and print this in capital letters."

I do agree with our reader that what is said between friends should be regarded as a confidence and held sacred. It is true too that something which may be said by anyone in all sincerity and good will may assume the semblance of evil when repeated. The wise, of course, refrain from so putting themselves in the hands of another. But we are not all wise. And without doubt there is a responsibility on the part of the "hearer" not to "tell of the matter."

It seems to me that the remedy for tale bearing is in the hands of the person to whom the tale is brought. For what could be more crushing than a refusal to listen?

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Grandmother Believes Health and Wealth Responsibilities

Asserting that their grandmother is "old-fashioned and ignorant of modern methods of life," the two grandchildren of a famous financier publicly asked for her removal as their guardian.

The shortcomings of which these children of sixteen and seventeen complain on the part of their grandmother are not with reference to knowledge of financial affairs.

It is not her faults as an investor of which they complain in asking to have her removed as their guardian. No. The matters in which she is "too old-fashioned" doubtless come closer—in their opinion—than that!

Probably she is old-fashioned in such annoying matters as health. At her age she may be foolish enough to imagine that at sixteen and seventeen one is still growing mentally and physically, and that wholesome living is of paramount importance. Probably she cannot see the benefit of burning the candle at both ends. Faced with a choice between dancing and sleep, she is probably unreasonable enough on occasions to rule out the dancing.

And perhaps she is old-fashioned in money matters. Having been accustomed to wealth long enough to have a true sense of values, she probably objects to extravagance. Too old to see clearly, she probably feels that merely having money is no reason for dissipating it. Indeed she may even feel the possession of wealth as a responsibility, and try to train her grandchildren to self-respecting handling of it from that point of view.

Being old-fashioned, she may feel, too, that having money is not enough to bring one complete satisfaction in life. She may be urging them to sow the seeds of future usefulness—and therefore content and happiness—in study and serious thought about taking their place in the world as the grandchildren of a man who from humble beginnings became the ruler of millions. That, of course, would seriously interfere with their preoccupation of having a good time.

Yes, the grandmother is doubtless old-fashioned in all of those ways. And they are ways which can be very annoying when one is sixteen or seventeen with plenty of money and no dearth of people who are quite willing to let one be one's own master.

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We're Still Getting Mad On as the Savages Do

When Tom Sawyer and the new boy first met and took one another's measure they worked themselves up to the point of combat by passing insults and dares. In the Arabian desert, when the tribes feel the urge for battle, they prepare for it by dispatching impudent verse back and forth. When one side feels that the impertinence can only be atoned for in blood the shouts give way to blows.

All very childish, of course. But is it so much different from the civilized methods? Young Italians threaten the British embassy in Rome and break the windows of British places of business. The British hurry troops to Egypt. The inspired press of Italy is as contemptuous of all things British as are the Bedouin versifiers of their tribal enemies. And Britain moves up warships from Gibraltar to Malta, in the very shadow of the Italian toe, as though to pinch it. The principle is the same all the way through, and even the practice does not increase greatly in dignity.

Smiles

A FRESH ONE

A college professor and his wife entertained at dinner a few weeks ago. In the midst of the gayety at the table a child's voice was heard coming from the floor above.

"Mother!"

"What is it, Archie?" she asked.

"There's only clean towels in the bathroom. Shall I start one?"

Mechanic Needed

"Nothing can mend a broken heart."

"Except re-pairing." — Pearson's Weekly.

Hardly!

"My dear," said the professor's wife, "a truck ran over your best hat."

"Really?" answered the professor. "Was I wearing it?"

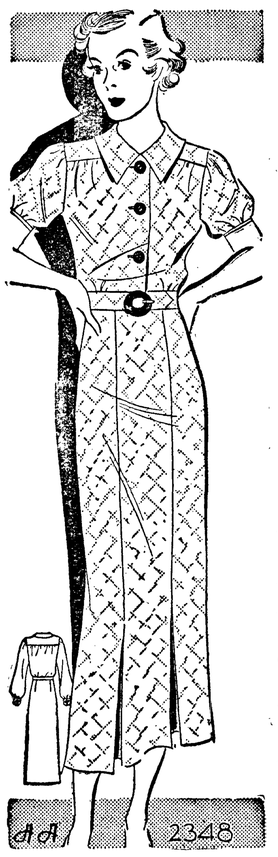
Parliamentary

"Do you think you'll be able to get the speaker's eye?"

"The speaker hasn't done anything to me yet," said the athletic young member. "If he does, I won't aim for his eye. I'll aim for his jaw."

A GLEAMING SATIN SHIRTWAIST FROCK TO LEND VARIETY

PATTERN 2348



Just about now, when everyone is getting a wee bit tired of seeing the "usual" type of shirtwaist frock scattered all over town—and country too!—fashion peps us all up with delicious, cool-looking satins of every pastel hue. These satins need soft handling though. Ingenious mind and nimble fingers fashioned this one for you with soft bodice fullness, fetching puff sleeves and delightfully young collar. Long sleeves are included, for you'll want this version in your Fall wardrobe, too. If you haven't succumbed to the charm of satin choose pastel sport silk, or novelty checked cotton. Crystal or contrasting buttons and buckle.

Pattern 2348 is available in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 takes 3⅜ yards 36 inch fabric. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included.

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Address orders to the Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 243 West Seventeenth St., New York City.

Put to Good Use

Repartee is at its best in answer to an insult.

GENERAL ALARM

Worm—Doggonit, that fool nearsighted firebug thinks I'm a piece of hose.

Nothing Gratis

"You can't get something for nothing in this life."

"That's right," replied the gloomy citizen. "If I want even a few kind words about my disposition and some hope of future success, I've got to go to a fortune teller and pay for them."

CLALLAM COUNTY JOURNAL

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POINTED COMMENT

By the Editor

It burns us up to see the Federal Government pouring out funds for the construction of golf courses in our cities while thousands of our worthy citizens suffer physical ills and babies starve. Why not let those who can afford to play golf pay for their own improvements?

* * *

It burns us up to go into a restaurant any pay 40 percent more money for 50 percent less food, then add our "token tax" and then be expected to "tip" for ordinary service. The poor gullible public stands for it!

* * *

It burns us up to hear the politicians preach "economy" when a candidate for public office, then when they are elected use every subterfuge to fool the public and under one pretext or another excuse their reckless expenditure of the public money. Have you noticed the economy given the public by our county and city officials? Figure it out for yourselves.

* * *

It burns us up to hear some of our estimable citizens, who live in comfortable homes and sit in easy chairs, argue that our dear old people do not deserve an adequate retirement pension, but should be content with shacks to live in and beans and bacon as a steady diet.

Sign of Bad Luck

If your company comes in at one door and goes out at another, it is a sign of bad luck.

Midwest One-Way Streets

Tyler, Texas, claims the widest one-way thoroughfare in the state for its 80-foot streets bordering courthouse square.

Tulips From Turkey

Tulips were introduced into Europe from Turkey about 1544, and it was less than a century later that Dutch growers had the craze.

Roman Road Found

A Roman road found recently at Mernau completed a missing section in the map of the system of Roman highways which once covered Bavaria.

Manna of the Bible

It is said that the manna of the Bible was produced by scale insects which exude from their bodies a clear juice that falls to the ground in drops. These drops harden into sugary grains which the Arabs of the Sinai peninsula still gather for use as food and medicine. Another kind of manna consists of lichens of the genus Lecanora, forming small round bodies that are easily blown over the ground and accumulate in such quantities as to suggest the idea that they have fallen from the sky.

Length of February

When January and February were added to the calendar by Numa Pompilius in 713 B. C., February was given 29 days. This was continued by Julius Caesar in his revision of 46 B. C., but an extra day was added every fourth year and as this was placed in February, in those leap years February had 30 days. When Augustus Caesar changed the name of the month Sextilus to his own, as Julius had done with Quintilis, he took one day from February, so that August should have 31 days like July. Since then the present length of February has prevailed.

Bay of Fundy Tides

The famous Bay of Fundy tides are, even under normal conditions, the greatest in the world, the average variation along the Noel shore being 44.3 feet. The Noel shore sees the highest tides due to the fact that Copequid bay receives the fullest force of the tides. The bay opens onto the Minas basin and tides pouring into the basin from the Bay of Fundy through the Minas channel surge into the smaller bay and can go no farther. To a somewhat lesser degree the same thing holds true for the narrow, easterly part of the Minas basin where the Avon and Cornwallis rivers empty into the basin.

STUTTERING DUE TO FEAR, DOCTOR SAYS

Specialist Finds Cure for 1,000 Every Year.

New York.—Stutterers are being cured at the rate of 1,000 a year in one of America's unique institutions, the "Stutterer's Clinic" in New York city.

Dr. James S. Greene, medical director of the National Hospital for Speech Disorders, destroyed many long-accepted legends about stuttering in a report to the American Medical association. Stutterers, Doctor Greene found, don't need to learn to talk; all they need is to get rid of some hidden "fear complex."

"Stuttering," Doctor Greene said recently, "is usually caused by a conflict with environment, which results in an anxiety-fear complex. In all cases where there is no mechanical difficulty, psychological treatment is certain to succeed. When there is physical disability, we cure the mechanical trouble and then clear up the complex.

"Stuttering speech," Doctor Greene explained, "is not a speech disorder. It is a nervous mal-adjustment. All stutterers can talk. So I don't teach them to talk; teach them to overcome the neurosis which interferes with their expressing themselves.

"I say to my patients, 'You can talk as well as I can.' And prove it to them."

Doctor Greene describes how one person may go through "shocks of oppositional environment" in childhood or adult life, and not have his speech affected, while another apparently normal individual, the "potential stutterer type," comes out stuttering, or with some similar speech disorder.

The clinic creates new environment for the second type, teaches him to "acquire emotional stability," gives him new self-assurance, and by composite therapy, including individual and group medical, psychological, psychiatric, social and educational treatments, "returns him to normal social condition."

Prices for Diamonds Rising, Experts Agree

London.—London's diamond kings, controllers of the world's supply, are to release for sale more uncut stones within the next few weeks than were sold throughout the whole of last year.

So convinced are they that the world has recovered enough to indulge once more in luxuries that prices are being advanced 7½ per cent, and there is confidence that all stones will be sold.

Altogether stones worth more than $15,000,000 will be offered to selected buyers from all parts of the world within two months. The Diamond corporation, which has accumulated $45,000,000 worth of stones during the years of depression, has been allocated a quota in the sales next month. Invitations already have been dispatched to representative brokers in Amsterdam, Antwerp, Vienna, Paris, Bombay, and New York.

The central selling agency of the diamond groups is in a four-story building off Holborn. Every foreign buyer is shown into a walnut paneled room. He is accompanied by a representative of the sellers. On a square of plain white paper is poured a little heap of graded, uncut stones. It represents a fortune.

The buyer examines the stones, makes his choice, pays his price, and departs with a tiny package as casually as if he had purchased a bag of nuts.

Biggest buyers are expected to be New York and India. American jewelers' stocks are believed to be lowest since the depression. India's demand is based on "dehoarding" of gold by the princes.

Old Autos Are Sold to Museum of Lumberman

Duluth, Minn.—George A. Sloan of Duluth has sold two ancient automobiles to a Los Angeles museum being developed by a California lumberman. One car was a five-passenger International, the other a sporty one-seater made by an Ohio firm. They had been in storage for 15 or 20 years, Sloan said.

FOR SALE—Good electric heater for $3.00. Call 327 E. First St.

FOR SALE—Small wood heater, 2 joints pipe for $2.50. Inquire at Journal office.

IMPATIENTLY Louise shoved the steaming pans and kettles into the warming oven. Looking down the driveway as she had done for almost two hours, she exclaimed:

"Of course Horton called that he might be late. But what is keeping sister and Hal, and Aunt Jen, Uncle Jim, Betty and Clyde? Six people invited to a Christmas dinner and all of them late! Accident? Surely not all of them in a heap along the roadside unless each bumped into the other hurrying because they are late to our dinner!" Louise was smiling even before a honk sent her outside.

"Horton, please drive me to Larion crossroads. Maybe we'll meet

"Drive Me to Larion Crossroads. Maybe We Will Meet Sister."

sister and Hal. Maybe they will know why the others are delayed. Sort of a news center at the crossroads, anyway."

"Pshaw! Don't worry. They probably think you will not have dinner promptly at 1 o'clock—"

Hurrying home and eating lunch, Horton, with Louise a bit reluctant, started for Baxter, where a special festival of Christmas music and drama, an annual community affair, for many years, between rival towns, would be presented at the Community Center playhouse. Prizes were awarded to best productions from the two towns.

"The guests must have misunderstood my letter. Whatever it is, they have all 'misunderstood together,'" Louise whined.

He seemed unsympathetic to Louise's further peevish questions:

"But not one of our guests are here that I can see. Do you glimpse Uncle's bald head, or sister's fur?"

After the program Horton and Louise watched every means of exit for their guests, then hurried home, arriving at five o'clock. At sight of the left-over dinner, Louise sobbed:

"Never saw such a frost. What on Adam's earth could have happened? What have we—have I done to deserve such snubs?" She was almost suspicious that Horton had something to do with the absence of their guests. She leaped to the jangling of the telephone. Anything was better than silence—or was it?

"Ye—yes—yes—we'll be there—at once!" The receiver clicked.

"Horton, hurry. Someone needs you—at Herald's Corners. Hal called. No, Hal and sister are not hurt, but some one else. You run on and I'll stay to prepare beds."

Horton, Hal, and Louise's sister soon arrived with a man, woman and small child who had been buried under an automobile.

While administering to the injured one in the spotless beds Louise provided, Uncle Jim and Aunt Jen arrived with Betty and Clyde, son and daughter-in-law, at exactly six o'clock!

"We were determined to be on time for dinner," Aunt Jen called innocently.

"Yes, you are in time—to help nurse these injured strangers," Louise announced, trying not to look discomfited.

"Jim had too bad a cold to go to the program at Baxter. So Clyde said he would drive our car and we would all come together. Clyde could not get away from the store until noon. We thought you would probably go to the program if we were not here to hinder during the afternoon. And we'd get here in time for your six o'clock dinner. Let us help make these injured ones comfortable. Or, we'll get the dinner on the table while you attend them," Aunt Jen rattled on.

"The date of the dinner's coldness seemed not to matter. One thing I've learned, that a cold dinner is no less palatable after eight hours, than for two hours' wait. I'ts all because of two times—two dates for dinner—12 o'clock—and six o'clock! Two things learned today!" Louise recited to herself the text of the letter sent to her guests, and as nearly as she could remember it was worded:

"Can you come for Christmas dinner? Come early if the men wish to go with Horton to the program at Baxter. We women will gossip the afternoon away until the men return. Dinner promptly then!"

LOCALS

MRS. McLEAN FETED AT STUDY CLUB

Members of the Child Study club met Tuesday evening for their annual Christmas party at the home of Mrs. O. Jensvold, with Mrs. J. H. Beall as co-hostess. Gifts were exchanged around a charmingly decorated tree, and Mrs. Jensvold read an interesting paper on Christmas magic. A feature of the evening was the handkerchief shower, a surprise for Mrs. Charles McLean, who with her husband and small son, will leave soon for Everett.

GOLF CLUB SCENE OF GAY XMAS PARTY

The Golf Club was the scene of a Christmas party last Saturday evennig when the ladies of the Olympic Study club and the Mothers' Division jointly entertained their husbands. Dinner at seven-thirty, with a tree, a Santa and gifts, was followed by a scavenger hunt which ended at eleven-fifteen, with Mrs. Edson Brown, Mrs. John Lewis, Harry DeVine and Wilfred Bowers winning.

MRS. HENSON HOSTESS TO MOTHERS' CLUB

The Mothers' Division of the Olympic Study club met Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. Harry Henson. Mrs. Walter Miller read a paper on "What Christmas Interpretations?"

Mrs. Tom Window, Mrs. Harry Cathcart, and Mrs. Dean Wilmot were Monday shoppers in Seattle, going over Sunday and returning the following evening.

Mrs. Amelia Goldwater and her daughter, Mrs. Sadie Brownrig, were guests Sunday at Twin Tree Point, the summer cottage of Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Burgman on Lake Crescent.

G.A.R. LADIES HONOR VISITING OFFICIAL

The Ladies of the G. A. R. entertained their department president, Mrs. Gussie Morin, of Seattle, Tuesday night, when she made her official visit to this city.. There was a program, with a Christmas tree and refreshments.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Long of Eden Valley are enjoying a visit with their son, Bruce, who is here on furlough from Honolulu, where he is stationed in the coast artillery. Both Mr. and Mrs. Long have been seriously ill but are now recovering satisfactorily. During their illness they stayed with their daughter, Mrs. Ivor Skavdal, in the city.

Observers along Lincoln street Monday morning expected that any minute there might be a tree and a truck upside down, for apparently nothing but the weight of the several men handling them kept the truck from going right over backwards with the huge Christmas tree which hung by ropes to a derrick at the rear of the truck. But the journey was completed successfully and now the tree stands majestically on the lot next to the city hall, its brilliant lights signaling to all that the Yuletide season is here again.

SACRIFICE SALE

See LEW THOMPSON
Merchants Hotel

For Bargains on the following:

75 x 190 feet cor R. R. Ave. and Laurel St. all income, Payments less than rent. No interest.

50x290 feet next to Wolten's Grocery, payments $50 per month no interest.

150x140 feet Cor. First and Chase 10 room residence, 9 garages. Eine location for appartments.

2 lots So. side 9th bet. Laurel and Lincoln small payments, no interest.

10 Acre Tracts

two-thirds cleared, plenty of water.

Peabody Heights, price

$50 Per Acre

$5 payments per month
No interest

Buy now and get the benefit of Townsead Plan prosperity

Size of Hyde Park

The size of Hyde Park, London, is nearly 400 acres. It formerly belonged to the Abbey of Westminster, and became crown property by act granted to the British people. It is noted as being a place where free speech on popular subjects is permitted or encouraged, and open-air orations are frequent. The bridle path has been the favorite horseback route of British royalty for a great many years. There are also fine promenades, drives and shady walks. The famous marble arch is located in Hyde Park, also the statue of Achilles, cast from the cannon trophies of Waterloo in honor of the duke of Wellington, the hero of that battle.

His Majesty's Bath

An English diary of the time of the American Revolution tells how the "king bathed with great success; a machine followed the royal one into the sea, filled with fiddlers who played 'God Save the King' as his majesty takes his plunge."

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During the next 2 weeks there will be a special X-mas discount on all Crosley models up to $50.00 that will put a nice Holiday dinner on your table besides the Gift that will make your mother, father, brother, sister, sweetheart even your mother-in-law happy. We ship all sets to your beloved ones prepaid and have delivered at Christmas eve or afternoon. More than 6,000 on order in this state, so please come in and make arrangements not later than Wednesday, December 18th.

Remember that the new Crosley has 7 Tube effectiveness and will play without antenna anywhere.

If you can't afford to take advantage of this offer let us check your Radio, perhaps all it needs to make a good set out of it one or two new tubes. Service during December Free.

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