



## Santa Comes Marching Home

BY ALICE B. PALMER

Great preparations were in progress for the annual Christmas reunion at the Thomas home in Glendale. Lauris was decorating the living room with streamers of red and green and hanging bells and mistletoe above the doors. The holy wreaths were already hung and father had arranged the colored lights on the evergreens in the front yard the night before.

"Will be home for Christmas," "Johny"

Mother had proudly read the telegram aloud to the family and all were simply bursting with holiday enthusiasm, for Johny was really coming home.

All was hustle and bustle in the kitchen of fragrant odors. Mother was wholly surrounded by delicious sour cream cookies which she was busily tinting in the Christmas colors of red and green. The refreshing aroma of the traditional cardamom seed and of the spices, was most pleasing. Even little Tim was

Johny stood, aghast, taking in the whole beautiful situation. The brilliantly lighted tree, the star of Bethlehem gleaming at its peak and little Tim jingling a rope of sleighbells all in his honor.

But the best was yet to come, for he opened the door and in stepped a tall, handsome soldier, his face flushed with a happy holiday smile, his garments covered with the Christmas snow.

"Hello, mother," he said, as he rushed into the out-stretched arms of the smiling Mrs. Johnson.

After all questions had been satisfactorily answered, Lauris began singing at the top of her voice, "When Santa Comes Marching Home." The others sensing the grand idea, joined in with a jolly good spirit of fun, in the combined Christmas reunion.

When things were well on their way toward completion, mother sent the children into the living room. "I want you to pack all the gifts in that large box the grocer brought," said mother, "and wrap that holly paper around it so it will look more Christmas-like."

"All right, mother," they shouted, in a chorus of happy voices, as they scampered in. They had glorious fun amongst the gifts slyly peeping beneath the sides of the gaily colored wrappers and feeling to try and guess the contents. Mother chuckled within as she heard the merry peals of laughter and happy confusion.

"Soon now, my children," said father, "we shall hear the train whistle which is to bring our Johny home."

Johny had mentioned that he did not wish to be met at the station and his desires had been duly respected.

Instead of a train whistle, they heard the loud roaring and buzzing of an airplane.

There was a rush to the frosted window to see if anything was in sight.

"Oh, mother, look at poor old Mrs. Johnson sitting all alone over there in her window seat. Doesn't she look lonesome though?" said Bonny Jean.

"Let's invite her over for the evening," suggested mother. "She was telling me the other day that her son, Joseph, would not be home for Christmas."

"Yes, let's," they all chimed in, beaming with the Christmas spirit.

"That's a very fine idea," agreed father, smiling kindly. "You run over, Tim, my boy, and ask her if she would care to join us."

"Oh boy," shouted little Tim, chuckling at the opportunity of getting out to throw a snowball.

Some moments later, the dear little lady was in their midst, smiling her gratitude toward each one of them.

"It was kind of you to offer to share your Christmas with me," she said. "It has been pretty lonely this year without my boy."

Just then the door burst open and in stepped Santa Claus. The children almost wrecked him in their excitement. He dropped his heavy pack and shouted, "Merry Christmas," with all the strength and energy he possessed.

Mother couldn't stand the suspense another moment. She tore off his mask and hugged and kissed him hungrily.

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"Oh, I bet Johny is coming by plane," shouted Lauris.

## Choosing Bird for Christmas Dinner

CHOOSING a Christmas turkey of the right size this year will assure every guest plenty of delicious meat and at the same time avoid the usual posting of Christmas series of turkey hams meals, according to Miss Anna-belle Robinson, associate in home economics education at the College of Agriculture, University of Illinois.

A general "rule of the thumb" is to allow three-fourths to a pound of dressed turkey for each guest. If the bird is to be served with dressing, the 3/4 pound allowance probably will be ample. If there is no dressing, more meat will be needed, and the larger allowance will be the safest.

At the above rates a 15-pound turkey will feed approximately 20 people, while a 10-pound bird will be sufficient for 13 guests. Since many families do not plan to have more than five or six at the Christmas table, even smaller birds probably will be in demand. However, it usually is better to get a bird weighing at least ten pounds dressed, since smaller turkeys do not develop as fine a flavor.

Unless the size of the turkey is entirely out of proportion to the number of dinner guests enough will be left for only one or two meals of cold turkey, Miss Robinson said.

Whether the turkey is chosen from the home flock or bought at a market it should be a fat, plump bird and preferably a young one. The skin should be smooth and clean, and the breast and thighs plump and meaty. The bird should be reasonably fat, since the fat imparts a better flavor and prevents the dry, tasteless flavor common to turkeys in poor flesh.

HOLLAND'S SANTA

CHILDREN of Holland believe that St. Nicholas was a kind-hearted Spanish bishop who had heard about their land of dikes, windmills and tulips and decided to pay it a visit, says Johan Hart in "Picture Tales from Holland."

He arrived there long years ago on December 5, and began giving children presents. Since then he has always returned on that night to fill the wooden shoes of Dutch children with gifts. The children in turn leave out some carrots or hay for his horse.

Popcorn Ball Decorations  
Popcorn balls, wrapped in red and green tissue paper, silver paper or glistening cellophane, and piled in a decorated basket, make attractive centerpieces for Christmas dinner or party tables. A small favor may be placed in each ball, to add interest at a party. Hung on the Christmas tree, these balls make pretty ornaments for the strong lower branches that always seem to be neglected when the tree is decorated.

## BRISBANE THIS WEEK

The Pope's Health One Pillar Missing Big London Fire A Pretty Good Country

News, far more important than any English royal marriage controversy, concerns the health of Pope Pius. The whole world, admiring the Pope's character and his loyal efforts for peace, hopes earnestly for his speedy recovery, while millions that follow the Pope's spiritual guidance pray for that recovery, with the cardinals kneeling at the Pope's bedside.

In spite of his advanced age, there is reason for hope, in his always temperate life and his early Alpine climbing expeditions.

Mr. Hull, secretary of state, offers "eight pillars of peace" upon which American peace and prosperity might rest.

With all respect for the secretary's earnestness, it must be said that the most important "pillar" for the United States is not found among the eight.

The interesting pillar is a protective force of airplanes and submarines so great as to make any attack upon this country unthinkable. When John L. Sullivan lived, no one hit him.

London's Crystal palace, covering 17 acres, went up in flames, visible for 50 miles. London has not seen so great a fire since "the" great fire of 1660. That fire started at one o'clock in the morning in a house in Pudding lane; you may read some interesting details in Pepys' diary. Burning four days, the fire caused great destruction, but did good in the end. It wiped out, for one thing, the great plague of London, that made the citizens mark their doors with a red cross and "Lord, have mercy upon us," and caused the grass to grow in London's streets. London was rebuilt of brick; after the fire no more wooden houses, and streets were made wider. Our misfortunes often improve us.

Former President Hoover, just now in New York, smiles at the suggestion that he plans to leave this country and take up his residence in England. The former President, in spite of the "Maine-Vermont" incident, thinks this is a pretty good country and he is right; it made him President.

This is "the day of woman," as a well-known religious leader said. Hongkong tells of a lady, chief of pirates, looting a ship, taking \$10,000, displaying unusual ability and ferocity.

The airplane, in a better way, helps to establish woman's more-than-equality; Capt. Mollison starts through the air from England to Africa, trying to beat the record of his own wife, not that of some other man. Flying records depend upon the machine and the nerve of the pilot. Women have more nerve and physical courage than men have ever had, although men don't know it.

Washington reports that the President, using the discretion given him by congress, will order the construction of two battleships, to cost \$50,000,000 each. Many will hope that the statement is mistaken, especially as the President is said to be doing this to "match Britain's move."

If we should build those battleships, squandering \$100,000,000 of the public money on them, and then be foolish enough to send them out, in case of war, a couple of \$50,000 airships would sink them, or low-pressure submarines would blow them up.

If you have imagined at any time that the United States has lost its interest in kings, titles and nobility, turning away from such things in its complete, simple-hearted democracy, look at your newspaper and see how many columns and pictures it prints about Britain's king and his proposed marriage at this time; and observe, if you dine out, the general subject of conversation.

It was truly a marvelous reception that Buenos Aires and the entire Argentine Republic, its President, cabinet and people, gave to the President of the United States. An enthusiastic crowd of a million and a half crowded every street in the great Argentine city, now in the spring season, and most pleasing were two words used by the Argentine president, Justo, "Mi amigo" ("my friend"), as he greeted the American President.

Those two words, mi amigo, extended in all sincerity from one end of the two American continents to the other, would solve the American peace problem, and this country need not worry about the two words popular in Europe and Asia—"MY ENEMY."

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# Floyd Gibbons Adventurers' Club



Hello Everybody!

"Red Death and Black Panic" By FLOYD GIBBONS Famous Headline Hunter

MILTON AUERBACH of Atlantic City, N. J., brings us today's thrill, and it happened to him on his first day back at work after being mustered out of service after the war. The war didn't give Milt much of anything to write home about, but the minute he got home things began to happen to him. That's the way it always is. Adventures happen most often right in your own back yard.

This one started with a cry and a roar. On January 7, 1919, shortly before five o'clock in the afternoon, a woman thrust her head out of a window on the fourth floor of the Sauer building on Penn avenue, Pittsburgh and screamed one word, "Fire." There was a moment of quiet. A fireman standing on the sidewalk turned and started to run toward his engine house. He had taken two steps when Hell burst its boundaries and began roaring in the streets of Pittsburgh.

Celluloid Films Exploded. There was a loud, shattering BOOM! A gush of smoke from a first floor window and a bright red flash streaked out from somewhere between the first and second stories. A man's body shot out of a window as though it had come from a cannon—head first. A man standing in front of the building was thrown halfway across the street.

Flame ran through the whole edifice—blazed fifty feet from the top of the roof. Highly inflammable celluloid films stored in the building had exploded and turned the whole place into a funeral pyre in which nine people eventually lost their lives.

Milt Auerbach was in an office on the sixth floor. There were eight of them there altogether—salesmen and stenographers busy at their respective desks making out reports and finishing up for the day. They heard the terrific report and made a dash for the door. "When we opened the door," says Milt, "we were enveloped in A SHEET OF FLAME. We turned, then and ran to the windows facing the street. By the time we reached them the flames were at our heels."

They Were Jumping to Death. Milt saw one of the girl stenographers escape through the window. Another one followed her. It was Milt's first day in the office. He thought there must be a fire escape down which the girls were fleeing. The porter



Holding the Girl, He Stood on a Narrow Ledge.

was climbing out of the window now, and Milt told him to hurry so he could follow. Then the porter was gone and Milt started out the window after him. He pushed out his head and recoiled in horror.

There was NO FIRE ESCAPE there! Down below on the sidewalk he saw the bodies of the two girls and the porter.

Another girl tried to push by him. Milt caught her and she fainted. Still holding the unconscious girl in his arms he climbed out of the window and stood on a narrow ledge. With his free hand he clung to the window sill.

Inside the office the remaining salesmen were huddled in a corner the flames had not yet reached, shaking hands and saying good-bye to one another. Fire engines began to arrive in the street below. They spread a net, but from the sixth floor it appeared to be about the size of a dime. No one dared jump, Milt says, because it would have been impossible to gauge the distance to that net correctly. Other trucks were unreeling hose lines. Still others were raising ladders. But the hose lines didn't hold out much hope. Water would be of little help to the people trapped in the building. The ladders were their only hope.

He Couldn't Get to the Ladder. They were hoisting a ladder right under the ledge to which Milt was clinging, but to Milt's dismay they had it on the wrong side of the trolley wires and could not lean it against the building. The unconscious girl was getting heavy in his arms. His other hand, still clinging to the sill, was tired and just about ready to lose its hold.

Milt looked inside and noticed that the flames didn't seem to be coming any farther into the office. There was a little space in there that they did not cover. He bundled the unconscious girl back in through the window and followed himself.

In other parts of the building, dense fumes were driving people to the upper floors. Fire began to spread to the building next door. Everywhere in the burning structure people were clinging to the windows as Milt Auerbach had, and the streets were filled with people shouting over and over again the monotonous warning refrain, "DON'T JUMP!"

On the sidewalk, dozens of limp, motionless bodies testified to the soundness of that advice. Few of those who jumped had landed in the nets. Now firemen were fighting their way inside the building. Two men, their clothes ablaze, but still alive, were carried out. A little farther in they found the body of a woman, her hair gone and her clothing in ashes, just a few feet from a stairway that would have led her to safety.

Milt Was Almost Electrocuted. Meanwhile, up on the sixth floor, Milt Auerbach waited impatiently for the firemen to raise their ladder again. "At last," he says, "a ladder did reach our floor. A fireman came up and relieved me of the girl in my arms. He carried her down to safety, and then the men followed."

That trip down the ladder was almost as bad as the suspense of waiting for it. It swayed alarmingly as Milt started down it. The rungs were far apart. Every step Milt took made him feel as if he were missing his foothold. Down he went. The bottom of the ladder was set in the top of the fire truck, and in order to get down from it Milt had to rest his hand on the back of one of the horses that drew it. That's where Milt got one final thrill. For as he put his hand on the horse's back an overhead electric wire broke. It fell, hit the horse, and sparks flew. Just as Milt landed on the ground, the horse fell beside him—STONE DEAD—ELECTROCUTED!

Nine people died in that fire, and many more were injured. The girl Milt had held on the window ledge was in a coma for months as a result of her ordeal. But Milt was lucky. He came out without a scratch.

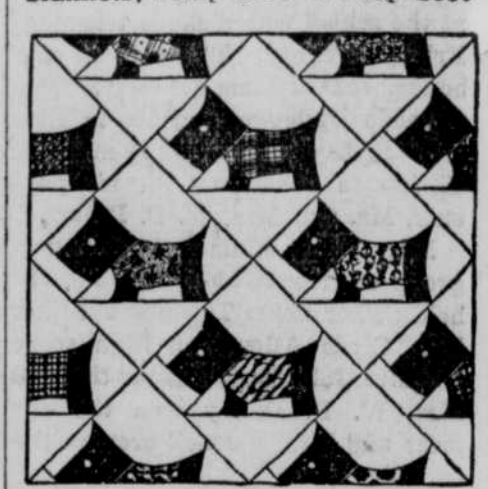
©—WNU Service.

Task Well Done Have you known the satisfaction that comes with a task well done? Of course you have. Every farmer knows that when a field has been well plowed, that a fence properly built or the live stock made comfortable, he can end the day in a satisfied mood and go to his night's rest with a greater peace of mind than if he knows he has shirked a duty or slighted a job in the day's routine. "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," is a good motto to follow.

Hand-Loom Weaving Hand-loom weaving is an art which dates back to the beginning of civilization. Its greatest impetus in the United States took place during the Revolution when our supply of fabrics from the mother country was shut off. From then on, notes a writer in Successful Farming, until factory-made cloth became so cheap, it was developed extensively. By the middle of the last century, only a few hand looms were still in operation, and these only in isolated mountain regions.

## Patchwork Quilt Puts on the Dog

Scotties to right of you, Scotties to left of you, and each one fun to piece for this amusing and colorful quilt. Here at last, your chance to use up scrap after scrap of gay cotton in the contrasting blankets, being sure to keep Scot-



Pattern 5673

tie's squarish head and legs in a dark, uniform color. It's a world of fun to piece, and the pattern may also be used for a patchwork pillow. In pattern 5673 you will find the Block Chart, an illustration for cutting, sewing and finishing, together with yardage chart, diagram of quilt to help arrange the blocks for single and double bed size, and a diagram of block which serves as a guide for placing the patches and suggests contrasting materials.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 255 West Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y. Write plainly your name, address and pattern number.

## Mingled Web

The web of life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together, our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.—Shakespeare.

## SORE MUSCLES MADE HER ACHE ALL OVER



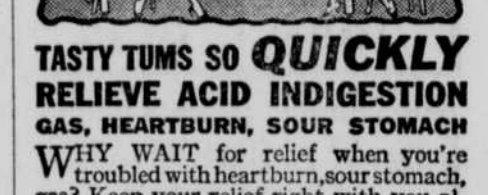
Feels like a new woman now Why suffer with muscular pains of rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, or chest cold? Thousands say Hamlin's Wizard Oil brings quick relief to aching legs, arms, chest, neck, back. Just rub it on—rub it in. Makes the skin glow with warmth—muscles feel soothed—relief comes quick. Pleasant odor. Will not stain clothes. At all druggists.

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL FOR MUSCULAR ACHES AND PAINS Due to RHEUMATISM—NEURALGIA—LUMBAGO—CHEST COLDS

## The Man of the Hour

The man of the hour is the one whose wife asked him to wait a minute.

YOU'RE SUCH A CLEVER HOSTESS, DEAR, I LOVE IT WHEN THE CLUB MEETS HERE! YOU SERVE A LOT OF FOOD THAT'S YUMMY, THEN FURNISH TUMS TO SAVE MY TUMMY!



TASTY TUMS SO QUICKLY RELIEVE ACID INDIGESTION GAS, HEARTBURN, SOUR STOMACH WHY WAIT for relief when you're troubled with heartburn, sour stomach, gas? Keep your relief right with you always, for unexpected emergencies. Carry Tums... like millions more do! Tums are pleasant-tasting... only 10c... yet they give relief that is scientific, thorough. Contain no harsh alkalies... cannot over-alkalize your stomach. Just enough antacid compound to correct your stomach acidity is released... remainder passing unabsorbed from your system. For quick relief carry Tums! 10c at any drug store, or the 3-roll ECONOMY PACK for 25c.



WNU-U 51-36

## Miserable with backache?

WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer a nagging backache, with dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination and getting up at night when you feel tired, nervous, stiff, restless... use Doan's Pills. Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended the country over. Ask your neighbor!

