

Alexander Graham Bell Among World's Greatest Inventors

Who are the twelve greatest American inventors? Who are these men of genius, considered in light of the value of their work for the present time? These questions were answered by a committee of scientists chosen at the recent celebration of the Centennial of the American Patent System held in Washington, D. C. Heading the alphabetical list of the twelve chosen was Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, followed by Thomas A. Edison of the incandescent lamp, talking machine and other fame; Robert Fulton, first commercial steamboat; Charles Goodyear, vulcanization process for rubber; Charles Martin Hall, aluminum manufacturer; Elias Howe, sewing machine; Cyrus H. McCormick, practical reaper; Ottomar Mergenthaler, linotype; Samuel F. B. Morse, telegraph; George Westinghouse, air brake; Wilbur Wright, airplane, and Eli Whitney, cotton gin. Dramatically beginning the honor roll call with the name of the telephone inventor, the voice of the individual making the announcement came to the assembly hall by radio telephone from a transport airliner in the sky overhead. Another thrill for the audience was hearing Edison's voice from a record he had made on one of his machines. Morse's first telegraph message was also sent from Baltimore to Washington—the same route it traveled ninety-three years ago. Sixty-one years ago, on March 7, 1876, the fundamental patent for the telephone was issued to Bell. Following this basic invention, he made many improvements. A host of other telephone pioneers, following in his footsteps, continued to improve and adapt the telephone to one purpose and another. The work of research and development is carried steadily forward today by the scientists of the Bell Telephone Laboratories in New York City.

Bell System Legionnaires Visit New York Headquarters



Close harmony in the ranks at 32 Sixth Avenue, New York City, during the American Legion convention recently.

When the American Legion forces invaded and captured New York City recently, a large number of members of the Bell System were to be found in the ranks.

The Bell Companies in the metropolitan area, including the general and Long Lines Departments of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the New York Telephone Company, the Bell Telephone Laboratories and the Western Electric Company, cooperated in extending a welcome to all the Bell System Legionnaires and their families.

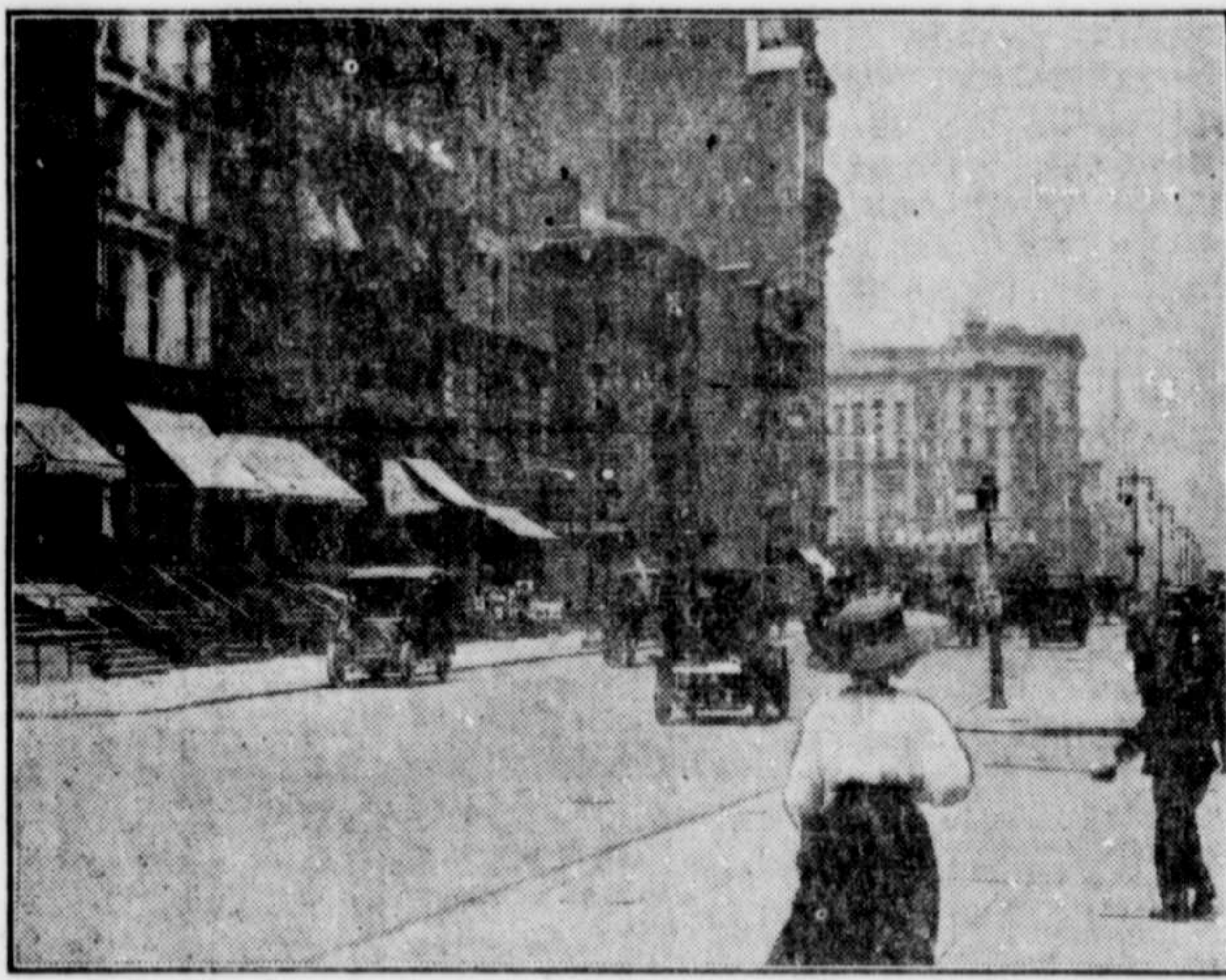
A registration center was established in the auditorium on the ground floor of the Long Lines Building at

32 Sixth Avenue and was attractively furnished and decorated for the occasion.

Nearly 300 Legionnaires and members of their families representing twenty-one Bell System and other communication companies registered in the auditorium. One of the visitors, which might properly be counted as 40 registrants, was the band of the Alexander Graham Bell Post of Boston. This Legion post is composed entirely of telephone employees in Boston.

In addition to registering the visiting veterans and offering an information service, the reception committee directed the interested members to various Bell System points of interest.

World's Busiest Street?



JUST LOOK at that traffic roaring by! Yes, sir, that's New York's famous Fifth Avenue, looking toward 42nd Street. And the lady in the stylish white shirtwaist and the snappy little straw skimmer had better be careful when she gets to the corner because you know how those horseless carriage drivers swing around the turns. With the national automobile show approaching, Consumers Information dug out this picture, taken in 1907, to show what a difference 30 years can make. The picture below shows Fifth Avenue as it is today. Advertising which created the demand, and research which perfected the product,

are credited with changing the picture from that of 1907, when only a few thousand cars were on the country's roads, to that of today, with almost 30,000,000. The few small manufacturers of 30 years ago advertised to sell their primitive cars, which cost around \$3,000 for a "medium-priced" model. They created a bigger demand than they could fill, and so bigger factories, increased employment, and constantly better automobiles resulted. And today we can buy an infinitely superior car for about one-fifth of the price, while half a million men are directly employed in the industry, compared to a few thousand at the time this picture was taken.



CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICES

"God the Preserver of Man" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, on Sunday, December 12.

The Golden Text will be from II Tim. 4:18 "The Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom; to whom be glory for ever and ever."

Among the citations comprising the Lesson-Sermon will be the following from the Bible Psa. 23:1 "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

The Lesson-Sermon also will contain passages from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy, among which is the following: Preface 1 "To those leaning on the sustaining infinite, today is big with blessings."

Many a woman considers marriage a failure because she is unable to get a divorce.

An unfortunate man's friends always live a long ways off.

Red Coral Always Prized

It is red coral that is and always has been prized, not solely for jewelry and buttons, but as a charm to bring safety, health and secrets not revealed to the ordinary person. As ancient Gauls rushed headlong into battle, they trusted their safety to their swords, strength and the "magic" coral imbedded in their shields or helmets. Many Italians and Indians regard coral as protection against the "evil eye." The world's red coral comes from the reefs off the Mediterranean coast of Africa, says the Washington Post and is obtained chiefly by Italians.

Used Cave for Glass Work
The first glass maker in Scotland was George Hay (1566-1625). He took advantage of a peculiarly formed cave at Wemyss on the Fife coast, and set up his furnace there.

Jenny Lind's Grave
Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale, is buried in Malvern, England.

Sketchy picture of the world 1937: Three nations grimly feathering their nests; the other fluttering around like frantic old hens.

Anne's Christmas Bonus Was for One Good Idea

CHRISTMAS bonuses were always given in accordance to the value of suggestions written out and finally accepted at the offices of John Stone and company, and Lee Anne Foster wondered, disgustedly, why she had thought of such suggestions after other girls had already thought them up or why she couldn't think up something unusual enough to earn her special attention with the firm. There were only five more days until the yearly list of bonus recipients would be announced.

That evening, back in her own room, seated at her desk, she sat staring at the wall. She fidgeted with her pencil, almost praying for inspiration—what could she suggest to be done in the office or in the business that would increase either efficiency or business? Her eyes were staring straight into a huge pot of four-leaf clovers that she had brought back from the country when she had visited her parents on the farm during last vacation.

"The Four Leaf Clover Line"—why—why not? She jotted down the idea as it all came tumbling through her mind—in the manufacturing end of the business, create a breakfast nook or kitchen line all with four leaf clover motif, giving a cook book with its cover simply plastered with actual four leaf clovers, shellacked—a line especially to attract the newly wed trade. "Why, I could furnish the four leaf clovers for the first few books and maybe Mr. Stone would put a four leaf clover under the seal of that new style wedding certificate he gives free to each bridal pair of customers—who knows!"

Lucky for Stone and company but just as lucky for Lee Anne. As the Christmas day bonus for her suggestion was handed to her, she also received the first such contract ever known—for all the four-leaf clovers she could grow within the next year. —Luella B. Lyons.

Santa as He Appears in the Different Countries

SO SANTA CLAUS wears a red suit and a long white beard, and when he isn't busy in the toy store, drives a sleigh pulled by Donner and Blitzen? Not if you live in Hawaii. There, on a moonlit December night, you might see Santa come riding in from the ocean on a surf-board. As likely as not there would be a lot, or wreath of flowers, about his neck, though he wears the same red suit and waterproof boots he dons for boys and girls of the United States, since Hawaii is really American territory.

In the Philippines, though it, too, is American, the white cap turns conical like a Spanish clown's. It carries a red-and-white lantern while helps him find the home of every good boy and girl, and drives buffalo, which they call carabao. The gifts are packed in baskets slung across the backs of these creatures.

What would you think of Santa in a rickshaw? But, after all, if you were a Chinese child isn't that what you would expect? And Santa never disappoints. In Japan he sits with his feet tucked under him to take his tea on a wintry afternoon, and in the African tropics—well, you just wouldn't recognize the red suit! He has even taken to using the airplane in our own country. I am sure that when he leaves the reindeer in his barn, he puts the nose of each one and urges the ice elves to feed them plenty of reindeer moss till he comes home again. —Frances Grinstead.

© Western Newspaper Union.

SANTA CLAUS

THERE is a Santa Claus. His real name is Spirit of Charity. He is the symbol of benevolence, compassion and altruism. He is the ideal of that small legion of really human humans who pave unselfishly numerous paths to happiness with kindness, sympathy and charity.

He Was a Dutch Boy

Christmas was celebrated long before Santa Claus was ever thought of. His prototype was the Dutch boy bishop, St. Nicholas, who on December 6 used to go round punishing little children who did not say their prayers and rewarding those who did. Gradually he was changed from a boy into a jovial old man, while the sledge and reindeer are modern additions. Actually, Santa Claus was unknown in England a hundred years ago. The Dutch founders of New York introduced him to America, and England borrowed him from the States.—London Tit-Bits Magazine.

Joan's Unexpected Guest Was Her Yuletide Love

NINA had gone with her Donald to Chicago; Vera to her Granny's house to meet her fiance and Dora, she had gone up to Lowell for Bob's fraternity dance. Joan wondered if any girl had ever had such a lonely Christmas holiday in prospect. "Gee, there's that little cripple boy down there in that rooming house on the corner that might relish some nice food. I've waved at him every morning for the last six weeks. I guess we know each other well enough and they do say his mother takes that early bus into town to scrub floors, every day in the week," she told herself as she was about to drop off to sleep, Christmas eve.

It was scarcely daylight when Joan had gone to the little corner rooming house, slipped a little note of invitation under the door of the cripple boy's door, and was on her way to the store for a supply of everything that belongs in a traditional Christmas feast, plus a few gifts for the lad.

There was barely time to exchange her house dress for a street frock so she might run down to the corner to push the youngster's wheel chair to her house as she had promised. But at the very moment she stepped forth into the hall, she met not only her guest-to-be but a splendid, handsome young man.

"You see, miss, I got the invitation—the note was tucked under my door, but I gathered at once who you meant it for so I delivered it to Jimmy and made friends with him—we've been together the past two hours, taking a short ride and now I'm turning him over to you, Miss—Miss—"

"Joan Burke, and you are—?"

"Larry King, Miss Burke, and this is Jimmy Jordan. With your permission, then, I'll return for my charge later in the day. What hour do you say, fellow?"

Joan interrupted, "If I may be so bold as to ask—running along to where?"

"To the lunch wagon, if you must know," Larry acknowledged.

"You are not. If you don't stay to have Christmas dinner with us, I'm going right out into the street and half the first stranger I see. You see I don't want any turkey left over for turkey hash, tomorrow."

Three partook of Joan's royal feast but the fourth guest, though unseen, was present, too. Love was there uninvited. But that fourth remained forever and a day, upon invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Larry King who never forgot to include little Jimmy Jordan at their special occasion celebrations the year around.—Luella B. Lyons.

A Sign in the Sky Was a Christmas Time Cross

"WELL, Ratty, we'll be handing ourselves a grand present by this time tomorrow."

"Yah, I don't hanker after the job. Somebody in this home-town of mine might get wise to me."

"Scared? You been away ten years doing time. You're out now, and free. No one ain't going to see you. You can lift plenty from that house you been telling about. You know every inch of it, by your say."

"Sure I do. I lived in it for nearly twenty years."

The man beside him in the speeding car whistled. "Never knew that."

"You keep your trap shut, Slinky."

Clouds swept across the moon, now revealing it round and bright, now hiding it.

"Stormy," said Slinky, "all the better for us."

They entered a broad village street. Elms lined either side.

"Right pretty, ain't it?" snarled Slinky. "But too neighborly for my blood."

"Hey," cried Ratty stopping the car. "Look at the moon shining up there behind the church steeple!"

A cross of light streamed from four corners. "Nothing but moon-dogs."

"Shut up, you. I'm telling you something. I'm not robbing the house I was born in. I'm tough . . . but not that tough."

"You crawling dirty rat!"

"And I'm going to church on Christmas morning like I used to with my, my," he hesitated, "with my folks. We got decent clothes. I'm going. That there," he pointed at the streaming light, "well, for just a minute I felt like I used to feel when I lived here as a boy. I'm going, and so are you. We can say Merry Christmas then, for once, without faking it. That cross," his voice was husky, "shows me up for just what I am . . . a rat. You and me, Slinky, are going to be decent tomorrow." —Martha Banning Thomas.

© Western Newspaper Union.

Through the Clouds and in Time for Christmas

THE plane, "The Betsy Lee," had climbed to 10,000 feet. The man at the controls peered through the misted glass at the dense bank of clouds ahead. He had already encountered one squall, and there was a coating of ice on the wings.

Should he turn back, and take the train that would get him home too late for Christmas? Then he thought how disappointed Lucy and the kids would be. Christmas without Daddy. He quaked his jaw and muttered: "Bill Parker, you're no quitter; Betsy, we are going through!" He grasped the stick with a steady hand as the bank of clouds loomed closer, and plunged into them.

The wind tore at the plane, causing it to zigzag crazily and it took all the strength of Bill's iron muscles to prevent a tailspin. Rain and hail fell in torrents, with an occasional flash of lightning piercing the inky darkness.

"What a storm to fight!" If he could climb high enough he might get above it. The roar of the engine answered, as he opened up the throttle, and the plane began to climb. Twenty thousand feet, the instruments registered. The storm was still with him. Five thousand more—he felt dizzy and numb. Then a lull as the plane roared into a calm, moon-silvered night.

Bill pounded his numb hands. "We're going through, Betsy, old girl, but it was close to 'Another plane crashed' headline. We missed the front page but we'll soon be home." —Jocile Webb Pearson.

© Western Newspaper Union.

NO CHRISTMAS COAT



Snake—Mrs. Bunny asked her husband for a new coat for Christmas. Leopold—What did he say? Snake—That she had no business shedding her old one.

1,000-Year-Old Play
Hampshire mummies still perform a play which is said to be 1,000 years old and for which there is no written script. The mummies are farm laborers who wear costumes made of colored wallpaper. They give the play at Christmas time.—Pearson's London Weekly.

Christmas Salads
Gelatin salads colored green or red and cut out in various Christmas designs make effective salads.

All Traveling Expenses
Printing is a Salesman Who Travels Cheaply
Traveling expenses 1 cent!
Good printing on HAMMERMILL BOND costs you little and does much for you.
Use more printed salesmanship. Ask us.

Not Even Mother's Cooking?



Nothing on the table tempts you? And you look back, with grown-up longing to those days when "a hunk of bread and a chunk of cheese" were the piece de resistance supreme? Indigestion, too!

Well, don't try to prescribe for yourself. See your doctor, because chronic indigestion is sometimes a symptom of tuberculosis.

UNCOVER TUBERCULOSIS BY MODERN METHODS
Let the doctor be your guide

COME TO US FOR PRINTING That Sells Goods
One secret of success is the discovery that you can't do everything.