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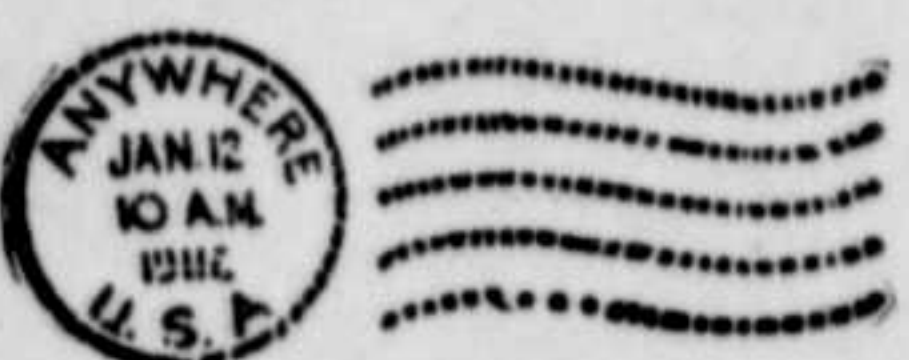


And you're not trying to? You think it's because your spring coat is lighter? Well, perhaps. But remember that loss of weight is one of the symptoms of tuberculosis. For you, of course, it may mean nothing of the sort. But your doctor is the best person to consult—so see him at once.

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HOW TO MAKE AN INEXPENSIVE HAT BOX; SIMPLE TASK.—To make your own hat box is simple. Does it sound like quite an order? It's really not hard, and you'll have something individual and distinctive, yet inexpensive, says a writer in the Washington Star.

Decide on the shape and size of box you want and ask your grocer for a wooden one with a cover. There are several ways of finishing. For a plain box, enamel it inside and out, add a design on the cover, and there you are.

For a fancier one, use a round box covered with pretty cretonne. Line the inside first, cutting a strip a little wider than the depth of the box and long enough to go completely around it. Glue it on smoothly, overlapping it on the bottom. Now cut a piece to fit the bottom and glue it in place. Line the cover the same way, inside and out, and you're ready for the outside.

Measure the box to where the cover fits down, cut a strip of cretonne the necessary length and width and glue it in place.

Now bore a small hole in the center of the cover, insert the small end of a bronze curtain ring, slip a piece of wood or metal through it on the inside, and you have a handle to complete your box.

For a square box, cut the material to fit two sides at a time, to keep it even and smooth, then work the same way as before.

If he has formed no opinion and knows nothing about it, he is qualified to sit on the jury or accept a big Government job.

Why Food, Drink Taste Is Affected by Vessel

Why meat tastes different when eaten with a fish knife, and why water tastes different when drunk from a cup instead of a glass has a simple explanation, according to a writer in Pearson's London Weekly.

Most people when drinking liquid are under the impression that they only taste the liquid. This is wrong. They are tasting the combined flavor of the liquid and the vessel from which they are drinking. China, glass, tin, pewter and composition drinking vessels all have a distinct flavor of their own, which is imparted to whatever liquid is drunk from them. Thus a liquid would vary in taste according to the composition of the vessel.

The difference in the taste of fish when eaten with ordinary cutlery and with a fish knife and fork is accounted for in the same way. There are two distinct flavors—that of the fish and that supplied by the utensils we are using—and the latter varies according to the metals of which they are composed.

Why Russia Sent Warships Here

In the spring of 1883 a fleet of Russian war vessels was stationed in New York harbor and another at San Francisco, where they remained for many months. The admiral of the fleet at New York, being asked why he was here, answered that he did not know, that his orders were sealed and were not to be broken, except in a certain contingency which had not occurred. It was afterward learned at St. Petersburg that the orders were, that in case of war between the United States and England or France, the Russian fleets were to report to the President for duty. Various motives for the action of Russia are given, the most plausible of which is that the Crimean war had left with her bitterness toward France and England.

Journey to Bethlehem Not Like Today's Travel

ACCUSTOMED to our swift and modern transportation, it is difficult to visualize the hardships of that journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem, or the great fatigue and weariness suffered by Mary and Joseph. Consternation filled their hearts at the decree of Caesar; yet there was nothing to do but obey the summons. They must make the long, tiresome journey and at once!

No shining motor car waited outside their gate; no silver-winged plane stood throbbing in a nearby field; not even the meanest ox-cart was available. While others rode by in gorgeous caravans, a patient little donkey was their only means of transportation. We can imagine the tall and bearded Joseph leading the animal along, glancing back every now and then with words of cheer and encouragement for Mary, or pointing out some landmark along the way.

Behind them now was the Sea of Galilee and Mt. Tabor. Through the plain of Estreleon they labored; then came the rough and uneven trail through Samaria, where even the sure-footed donkey stumbled at times. To the west, the Jordan ran its course, to empty farther south into the Dead sea. Along their way they passed many places whose names would be known and revered around the world in the dim future.

Did Mary have a vision, as she went by that one day the Son whom she was about to bear would go up and down this country preaching a new Gospel of love and peace and hope for man, and that His birth would be held in happy and blessed remembrance by all the peoples of the earth until time would be no more?—Katherine Edelman. © Western Newspaper Union.

Christmas Poinsettias Popular Holiday Plant

THE brilliant street lights of a large city were flickering into the cozy front apartment of the Malory sisters. They were sitting alone on Christmas eve enjoying their snow white tree gleaming under its burden of blue electric bulbs in true modern fashion.

"Oh, dear," sighed Lois, "doesn't Christmas always remind you of poinsettias?"

"Sure does," replied her sister, wistfully. "How could we ever forget them? Remember how mother used to send us out in the sleigh to deliver those scarlet beauties to our friends, every Christmas? Those were the good old days!"

"Wasn't it fun, though? I can just see the dear old home simply loaded down with the 'Christmas stars' as we used to call them."

At this very moment several blocks down the street the telephone was ringing profusely in one of the busiest florist shops on the avenue. An order was being placed for the largest and very best poinsettia plant in stock. It was to be delivered to the Misses Lois and Mae Malory, on Rugby street.

Just fifteen minutes later the door bell at this residence rang and a messenger delivered the gift beautifully wrapped and tied in Christmas colors.

"Oh, Lois, come quick!" shouted Mae. "A gift from the home town. What can it be?"

"Why, it's a pot of poinsettias—one mass of crimson stars! Who could have sent it?"

When they discovered the card, it was more puzzling than ever, for the only inscription upon it was, "Poinsettias For Christmas."—Alice B. Palmer. © Western Newspaper Union.

Sweethearts' Reunion Under Mistletoe Twig

BETTY JANE dressed carefully, wondering if college had changed Bill much. It was grand having him home for the holidays. The doorbell rang.

"Christmas gift," cried Bill, handing her a gayly-wrapped package, and taking her in his arms. Betty Jane drew back. She wasn't sure she liked this Bill so well—he seemed so sure of himself. She remembered Bill as humble, wooing for her favors.

"Come, say hello to the folks," Betty Jane invited, "and see the tree and smell turkey."

They went, hand in hand. "I suppose you've met a lot of girls at college," she hazarded. "Tell me about them."

"Well, there's just one I'm really crazy about," Bill answered. "All the fellows think she's swell. Her picture's on my dresser, and whenever I'm in doubt, I talk things over with her."

"How grand," said Betty Jane in a tight little voice. They came to the mistletoe. How different from last year, when she was just learning to love him!

"I have her picture on my watch, too," Bill went on, his eyes twinkling brighter than the silver star atop the tree.

"You used to carry mine there," Betty Jane observed, and managed somehow to laugh lightly.

"And still do," said Bill, exhibiting it. "All the fellows are jealous of the girl I left behind me. There isn't a girl in all the world, let alone college, like you, Betty Jane. And by the way, don't you know that a pretty girl should always stop when she comes to mistletoe?"—Heien Waterman. © Western Newspaper Union.

"The Cooky Lady" and Tim's Christmas Letter

PATSY liked to take her doll out in the sunny kitchen and watch Ann, the cook, roll out the cooky dough and cut round moons; then put them in a long pan ready for the oven. When they came out all smelly and warm Ann would put some on a paper plate for Patsy to eat. Ann had the nicest dimples when she smiled, and Patsy would smile right back at her and say: "Thank you, Cooky lady."

Sometimes there were brown cookies and fruity ones, too, but the red and green candied ones that Ann made for Christmas were the very best of all. Patsy adored Ann. Through the seven short years of her life she had been her constant companion. Mother was just the lovely lady who was always busy with her clubs and going places, and Daddy was too busy at the office to be bothered much; but there was always Ann.

Patsy liked the nice postman, Tim, who came to see Ann and sometimes they all went to the movies together. Tim could play "pretend" almost as good as Ann. But once she heard him call Ann his best girl, and say: "Some day you're going to cook for me." After that she did not like him so well. Things seemed all wrong, and Santa hadn't answered her letter, and it was only two days till Christmas. She had said: "Please write soon," and that had been days ago. He must help quick, or it would be too late. Several times a day she would go to the mailbox and stand on tiptoe to look in for fear her letter had been overlooked.

"Here, Tim," said one of the office clerks, "is another of the kid letters to Santa Claus; guess this one's up to you." Printed in a childish scrawl on the envelope, Tim read: "Santa Claus, care of Tim." He drew out the folded paper. It read: "Dear Santa, please bring Tim another best girl cause Ann has to cook for us."

"Your friend, Patsy Reynolds," Tim started, then chuckled: "Santa, old boy, you're up against it this time."—Joelle Webb Pearson. © Western Newspaper Union.

As Little Santa Claus Canary Was a Success

WITH Christmas so near and no money for a gift for Nedda Langley, his sweetheart and inspiration for composing, and now this cold rainy day, Carl Woods felt very low spirited.

Then he saw the little bird outside the window. He opened the window—the bird flew in and perched on the piano where it seemed quite at home. Standing by the piano wondering what to do with his visitor, Carl let his fingers wander over the keys. "Tweet tweet," the bird said and then began to sing lustily. Intensely interested, Carl continued playing and as long as he played the bird sang.

Suddenly realizing he was playing something he had never heard before, Carl began making note of what he had been playing. Growing chilled, he arose to close the window he had left open. To his surprise, the bird was gone, nor could it be found in the room. He couldn't remember when he had last heard it singing. Where could it be?

Looking across the court of the apartment building he noticed in the window opposite, a bird cage, and a canary was hopping around on the window sill. Although the window was closed now, it must have been open earlier and the bird had taken advantage of its freedom.

Whether it was the same bird that had visited Carl, he and Nedda always felt it was and called it "Little Santa Claus" for it had brought happiness and prosperity, for Carl's composition was accepted and an advance payment made.—Blanche Tanner Dillin. © Western Newspaper Union.

CHARM OF CHRISTMAS

THE chief charm of Christmas is its simplicity. It is a festival that appeals to everyone, because everyone can understand it. A genuine fellowship pervades our common life—a fellowship whose source is our common share in the gift of the world's greatest Life which was given to the whole world.

The Birth of Christ
The moon is hid; the night is still; The Christmas bells from hill to hill Answer each other in the mist. —Tennyson.

Noel, Name of Two Towns
Noel, the French for Christmas, is the name of towns in Virginia and Missouri.

"The Feast of Lights"
"The Feast of Lights" is one of the oldest names of Christmas.

Smelt for Christmas Feast
Smelt are an essential of the Italian Christmas eve meal.

CHRISTMAS TRADITIONS

IF YOUR Christmas tree is a balsam—and that is the loveliest kind of all, both for appearance and for fragrance—then when you first light it a cheerful old superstition urges a glance at your shadow on the wall—if you dare. Should it appear headless you will not live to see another Christmas. Then, later, when the tree is burned, another tradition suggests keeping a partly burned stick to ward off lightning.

Paint Brightens Toys
In the basement or the attic many of us will find old toys the children have discarded. Christmas is almost here and much joy can be brought into the lives of less fortunate youngsters if we get out these toys, give them a coat of gayly colored enamel and distribute them ourselves or turn them over to a social agency to be handed out to needy youngsters on St. Nick's day.

In England's Wassail Bowls
Brewed in England's Yuletide wassail bowls are baked apples, hot ale seasoned with spice, orange juice and rind and whipped eggs.

Plan Christmas Dinner
Plan to prepare as much of the meal as possible on the day prior to Christmas so that the housewife can enjoy the day with her family.

IN SEASON

Santa—Stick 'em up!

Believe Animals Fall on Knees
A superstitious notion prevails in the western part of Devonshire, England, that at 12 midnight Christmas eve the oxen in the stables always fall on their knees.

Good Christmas Habit
Jud Tunkins says if you can't be merry on Christmas you can at least help others by keeping your personal annoyances to yourself.

Big Christmas Stocking
A stocking 80 feet long hung from the roof of Albert hall, in London, during a Christmas sale.

