AN, DAYTON AL WINNERS

e finals of the fourth national o audition, sponsored by the Ate Kent foundation over the Naonal Broadcasting System were held Sunday night, the first prizes going to Carol Deis, a soprano of Dayton, O., and Raoul E. Nadeau, baritone, of New York City.

The first award, in both the young man and young woman classes, consisted of $5000 cash, gold decoration and two years' tuition in an American conservatory or its equivalent, to each.

Miss Deis, a Dayton secretary who also has done choir and concert singing, used Delibes' "Indian Bell Song" in her appearance before the microphone.

Nadeau, a 22-year-old baritone who is the first singer from New York city ever to reach the finals of the competition, sang Massenet's "Vision Fugitive."

The other prize winners:

Second award—$3000 cash and one year's tuition, young woman, Mary G. Cortner, soprano, New Grleans, "Once There Was a Prince," by Gomez; young man, Stephen F. Merrill, tenor, Campbell, California, "Celeste Aida," by Verdi.

Third award—$2000 cash and one year's tuition; y oung woman, Joyce Allmand, contralto, Dallas, Texas, "My Heart Is Weary," by Thomas; young man, Richard W. Dennis, tenor, Sioux Falls, S. Dak., "Ah, Moon of My Delight," by Lehmann.

Fourth award—$1500 cash and one year's tuition: young woman, Paula J. Phoenix, soprano, Oakhurst, N. J. "Pace, Pace, Mio Dio," by Verdi; young man, W. Eugene Loper, baritone, Jackson, Miss., "Avant de Qunitter ces Lieux" by Gounod.

Fifth award—$1000 cash and one year's tuition: young woman, Esther B. Coombs, soprano of Long Beach, California, "Shadow Song," by Meyerbeer; young man, Ross Graham, bass-baritone, Hot Springs, Ark., "Largo al Factotum" by Rossini.

The judges were Yeatman Griffith, Dr. Walter Damrosch, Mme. Schumann-Heink, Giovanni Martinelli, Rosa Ponselle, George Ferguson and Pierre V. R. Key.

ADVICE GIVEN TO YOUNG MEN

If we were asked to make a speech to a group of young men we would say something like this:

Adjust yourself for a long pull. Get out of your head that you are a boy wonder. Be satisfied with what may seem to be slow progress. You may be a phenomenon but the chances are a million to one that you're not.

Unless you have a talent or a liking for a special kind of work, pick your boss rather than your job. For a man who is not a genius, but just a good worker, the boss is more important than the job. The right boss can and will make something out of you if you give him time and a chance.

Peace and Good Will, Ada's Timely Lesson

by Katherine Edelman

"PEACE on earth, good will toward men."

Ada Stratnor bent her head as the words of the preacher rang out. She wished he had chosen some other text; she didn't want to hear about peace this morning; in fact, she hadn't wanted to come to church at all, but the habit of years is not easily broken.

She was sorry now that she had come; it would have been better if she had heeded the impulse and stayed at home. For the service, beautiful though it was, only made her more unhappy. Her heart echoed the truth of the words the preacher was saying: "There is no happiness in the heart that does not hold peace and good will toward all."

For months she had known this; but wounded trust and pride had kept her from acknowledging it even to herself. Never before had days been so long and empty, so full of bitterness and unhappiness. Three months ago her only nephew, whom she had persuaded to study medicine, had told her that he could not go on with that ork, and worse, expressly against wishes, insisted upon taking up course that she had made him . For Ada Stratnor felt er of an artist was too eld too many threats ll greater reason, rry on the tradifamily—a doctor Nor had she reen he told her in life was to be one anted to, no

preacher time for mu-

CHRISTMAS DAY *in* OTHER LANDS

by Louise Hastings

"COME, Hedwig," called her mother. "It is time to light the candle!"

"Why do we light it, Mother?" asked five-year-old Hedwig, as her mother proceeded to light it and pass it to her daughter.

"Put it right here in the window, and then I will tell you a story," replied her mother.

Hedwig climbed into her mother's lap and the story began: "This is a legend that people have loved for many, many years. It is thought that on Christmas eve the Christ Child returns to earth in search of kind and deserving people. He wanders over hill and dale, from castle to hut. And people who think of this beautiful legend still do as they did in other days. They place lighted candles in their windows that he may see the way and not stumble and fall. Sometimes he does not find people who will open their hearts and doors for him; sometimes he finds the way dark and full of pitfalls; but on and on he goes searching for loving people. So every Christmas eve we place our lighted candle in our window so that if he comes this way he will not find it dark."

"I am glad we have a candle burning," said Hedwig. "Perhaps it will light the way for others, too. Do all little Austrian girls and boys light their candles on Christmas eve?"

"Yes," answered her mother, "and they do it in other parts of the world, too."

It was a beautiful, warm day and Jacko was getting ready for his

Hedwig of Austria.

Christmas celebration. "There go the bells, Mother," he called. "Shall I go now and meet the other children who will be in the parade?"

"No, child," his mother answered. "First we must go to the service. That is more important than the floral procession."

Jacko took his mother's hand and together they went to the church. He always loved that, and today, because it was Christmas, the service would be more beautiful than ever.

After this early service was over, Jacko's mother said, "Now you may join the children who are to parade the street, my child. Do you hear the music?"

Did he hear the music? He certainly did! It was a real band at the head of the procession, and Jacko couldn't get into line quick enough.

"How beautiful the flowers are!" he thought to himself as the procession of children and flowers and music began its march through the streets, "and how happy everybody looks!"

The afternoon was devoted to feasting and games and many kinds of en-

Jacko of the Philippines.

joyment, but to Jacko the best part of the Christmas day was the floral parade, and for weeks and weeks he lived over again his marching with the other children, and he could hear the wonderful echo of the band long after the Christmas day and its celebration had passed.

"Father," asked little Marie, "when will Pere Noel come? May I sit up and greet him?"

"No, no, child. No little folks must greet Pere Noel," replied her father. "Go over by the great log and keep very quiet. If you are good this Christmas eve Pere Noel will send down sugar plums in the night."

"When shall I put my shoes beside the Yule log, Father? Is it time now?" asked little Marie, who was impatient to have her part of the evening's festivities begin.

"Put your shoes by the great log when you go to bed, but keep very quiet now and listen to the older people sing their carols. Here come the minstrels to join with us," answered her father as he patted her on the head and smiled into her upturned eyes.

Keeping as quiet as her excited little heart would allow her, Marie watched the burning of the huge oak log and wondered many things. All around her was merriment and song, but she wanted the sugar plums that Pere Noel would bring if she were good, so she kept as silent as it was possible. But she wasn't silent inside, not a bit of it! She was just about bubbling over with joy and happiness, and all of the time she was thinking of the sugar plums which she hoped to find in her shoes, and the Christmas gifts which she would receive on the morrow and again on the New Year's day. Oh, it was a wonderful night, and she was glad that she belonged right there with

Marie of France.

her dear father and mother and the songs and the Yule log!

"Mother," said Florian, "isn't it nearly time to start for the cathedral?"

"Not yet," she replied. "You must be patient a while longer. Come and help me give little sister her supper. Just as soon as the sun sets you will hear the cannons boom forth and the Holy Season will begin. Soon after that we shall start because we want to get a good place in the cathedral tonight."

It was hard for Florian to wait. This was the first time he had been allowed to go to the church services on Holy Night. Always he had seen the others go to this most important church event, but he had had to remain at home. Now the time had come for him to enter into the ceremonies, and he could hardly wait to start.

To the children living in Rome this Holy Night service is the most won-

Florian of Italy.

derful one of all. There is the beautiful church music to be heard, and the whole service is very magnificent. Florian's heart beat fast as he thought of all he was going to see and hear.

Hark! What was that noise? The cannons were booming! "Shall we go now, Mother?" he asked.

"Yes, Florian," she replied, taking him by the hand tenderly. "We will join the crowds on their way to the great cathedral and have a part in the great service." And little Florian was so happy he could hardly speak.

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1930

Christmas Carol

by Dicky, Canary Bird

By Harold L. Cook

MRS. BRIMMER never forgot anybody or anything at Christmas. She made presents for every one of the neighbors' children and she either bought or made something new for every room in the house—a new bath mat or shower curtain for the bathroom, a new dish drainer or towels for the kitchen, new curtains or table covers for the living room, a ribbon for the cat, a collar for the dog—and this year, a new green cage for Dicky, the canary.

Everything was in place the day before Christmas when the children arrived home for the holidays, and Mary Ellen, the oldest daughter, had just finished her tour of inspection of Christmas presents to the house, when she stopped in front of Dicky's new cage, and whistled to start him singing. But there was no answer from the cage.

"Well, mother, you don't seem to have forgotten a single thing or a single room," Mary Ellen said. "But what has happened to Dicky? Is he dazed by the splendor of his new palace, or is he too old to sing?"

"I can't make it out," replied Mrs. Brimmer. "He sang all right in the old cage, but he hasn't peeped a note since I put him in this one three days ago. He must be homesick. If he doesn't sing by tomorrow I'll put him back in the old cage, so that he may have a Merry Christmas, too."

Christmas morning the Brimmers found installed in their living room a new radio, and they began the day happily by listening in on that delightful half hour from eight-thirty to nine o'clock which brings daily cheer to so many American homes. The singing of a bird came over the radio as a background of the program, and almost with the first bird notes from the radio, Dicky started hopping around in his new green palace, and finally broke into a full-throated Christmas carol which was a joy to every one. He was saying Merry Christmas to his little brother who was singing a thousand miles away in New York.

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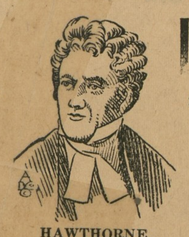
Pre-Christmas Good Humor

If everybody would maintain that pre-Christmas good humor throughout the year, what a happy world this would be.

1930

Named Christmas Island

Christmas island, in the Pacific, is so named because Captain Cook landed there on Christmas day, 1777.



HAWTHORNE

"A literature of victory would be found in the unprinted pages of most lives. The greater truths can not be articulated."

EACH service is one of distinguished diginity; a modest ceremony is superintended with the same discriminating care as one of greater ostentation. Principles of fairness guide us.

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