

Governor Buys First Seals



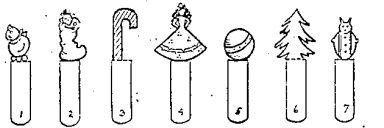
BUSINESS OF STATE and a roomful of important callers at the executive office in Lansing while William M. Brucker, Governor of Michigan, buys the first 1931 tuberculosis Christmas seals from his salesmen, Wilbur H. and Mrs. Brucker. Governor Brucker is interested in the transaction. Sale of the seals, by means of which anti-tuberculosis work in each of Michigan's 33 counties is financed, began Thanksgiving Day and will continue until Christmas.

Governor Brucker, who is honorary chairman of the State Christmas Seal Committee, has issued a personal appeal to the people of Michigan to support the work of the Michigan Tuberculosis Association and county tuberculosis societies by buying Christmas seals this year. Emphasizing particularly the critical importance today of work to prevent tuberculosis, which he termed "the foe of childhood," he said:

"Until tuberculosis is wiped out, no child—yours or mine, and no matter how favorably placed in his home—is safe from the danger of tuberculosis infection and disease. We must not sacrifice boys and girls to a disease which can be prevented and cured. Let us act against this foe of childhood by purchasing tuberculosis Christmas seals."

The tuberculosis death rate in Michigan far exceeds the death rate from any other communicable disease in children under 20 years of age, and is among the three leaders both in the age group from birth to 5 and from birth to 15. The Association and its affiliated societies are launching at the present time, by means of funds secured in the sale of Christmas seals, the largest and most intensive campaign to discover the thousands of Michigan children known to have the childhood type of tuberculosis.

Here's Jolly Old Santa Needing Help



COLOR him first; then cut out his toys and cut slits where dotted lines appear in his bag—and then, after pasting on thin cardboard, put each toy in its allotted place. The numbers will tell you where each belongs. Jolly Old Santa, when he is entirely cut from the page, would make a really splendid calendar, for see! there is room on the left of his cap for you to paste a small one. He would be stronger if pasted finally on cardboard.

Believe It or Not--By Ripley

THE CHRISTMAS SEALS

WOLFELL

INVENTED THE

Christmas Seal

MADE IN 1904

THE ONLY SEAL A DENVER POSTAL CLERK

THE SEAL SAVED

BECAUSE PASTED WIDE

IN ONE YEAR

1931-SANITARIAN ROSE

MADE IN 1931

THE ONLY SEAL A DENVER POSTAL CLERK

THE SEAL SAVED

BECAUSE PASTED WIDE

IN ONE YEAR

Of course you believe 10 Christmas seals—now 25 years old in the United States—have saved thousands of lives since people began to buy them to put on holiday letters and packages. But the battle against tuberculosis is not yet won. Other thousands remain in dire need of the means of prevention which Christmas seals can give.

Saving Young Lives



AMING at the prevention of the hundreds of deaths from tuberculosis suffered each year by Michigan boys and girls, anti-tuberculosis societies of Michigan are inaugurating a statewide testing program, using two significant devices of modern science, the X-ray and tuberculin, to discover early tuberculosis in children.

The photograph above illustrates the simple, but all-important first step in the determination of tuberculosis infection, performed in this case on a student of the Howell high school.

As one of the activities of the Michigan Tuberculosis Association and its affiliated local societies, this program of testing Michigan children for evidence of tuberculosis is financed entirely by tuberculosis Christmas seals.

A Christmas Spirit by Clara Arce Hays



AURA BRADON hotted in almost superstitious amazement. "Bertha!" she gasped. "Come here! It's happened—again!" Bertha dropped the letters she was sorting and hurried to the door. "Laura!" her tone expressed awe and disbelief. "Are you sure?" "Perfectly. Aren't you?" Bertha's eyes narrowed reflectively. "Yes!" For a moment the two stared at each other in tight-lipped silence. "Did you see anyone when you came to work?" Bertha shook her head. "Not a soul. The building was locked." "If it weren't so near Christmas and the whole force working overtime, it would be easier to imagine." From her brown curls and sparkling eyes to her slim ankles Laura was beautiful and genuine. Because she never posed she wasn't self-conscious. That may have been her charm, and why—in spite of her youth—Culver had elected her postmistress. "Imagine a young girl running a post office!" some said. But immediately they added, "Laura can do it if anybody can!"

And Laura had been doing it. She had to. Aunt Juley had left her only a small annuity and the use of the old residence for five years, at which time it went to some charity. That was all.

No, it wasn't quite all. And strange to this task, this legacy to another, was apparently causing all the trouble. Even the office mystery had begun at about the time of the disappearance of the grandfather clock. Laura loved that clock. It recalled childhood as well as adolescence. Maybe that was why perverse old Aunt Juley, dying, had made her promise to repair it for an Ernest Hamilton, the son of Aunt Juley's childhood chum.

"The boy was always good to me when I visited his mother," Aunt Juley explained.

Restoring it would cost unbelievably. Aunt Juley hadn't provided for that, and Laura was saving every penny toward it.

By Christmas she'd have enough to send to Ernest Hamilton, a total stranger, the most expensive present she had ever bought.

"With my first of December check I'm going to send it to the clock-makers," she told Bertha and Bob, her two best friends.

But one morning just before that Laura had missed the old clock! It was an awful feeling. She couldn't believe it. Neither could Mrs. Adams, the caretaker's wife.

"It's spirits, Miss Bradon!" Mrs. Adams gasped. "Your dead ain't!"

"So, Robert Howard! You! . . . A Common Thief!"

Culver for almost a year and Culver people were saying, "At last there's a fellow good enough for Laura—only it's funny he'd settle here. All our boys with any wit, go to the city."

"A lawyer's got to start in a small place," Bob explained to Laura.

But Bob never intimated that she was more to him than a very good friend. And Laura tried to make herself regard him in no other light.

Three nights, without telling either Bob or Bertha, Laura had hidden in her office.

Then it had happened. The light burning over the safe had thrown everything into grotesque shadow. Great heaps of Christmas packages became vague ghosts. Into that silence, a sound! Laura drew back. The door had opened!

Slowly a circle of light advanced. Behind it a shadow. It reached her desk. Laura suppressed a scream. She switched on a light.

In horror and amazement, the two faced each other—speechless. He dropped his flashlight.

Laura's lips trembled from a sudden deep hurt.

"So, Robert Howard! You! . . . A common thief!"

"Laura—"

"Tell me, now, about my clock. You're the person—"

"All right." The man before her tightened his jaw.

"How did you get in?"

"That night you left your purse in my car. I had keys copied after yours. . . . I—I'm really Ernest Hamilton."

Laura gasped. "Then why steal it?"

"After you'd told me how you were saving, and I saw how determined you were to keep your promise, I thought I'd get it restored, pay the bill, and return it without your ever knowing who'd done it. I couldn't bear to have you spend your money that way. . . ."

"But—"

"You said, once, the old description of the clock was in your desk. It's all done now, but one detail. I was trying to find it for the man."

Unbelief and relieved hope played over Laura's face. "If you're Ernest Hamilton, why come to Culver as—"

Resolutely the young man reached into his pocket. "You never saw your aunt's will?"

"No. The lawyer said she asked that it be shown to no one for a year or so."

He nodded. "Here's why—a copy of it. She said you were stubborn." Laura read. . . . If Ernest Hamilton will marry my niece before the year is out, my entire estate will go to them instead of to charities."

"I wanted to see you. And after I had, and knew you for yourself, I couldn't let my selfishness move in my eyes. I couldn't even ask you until that year was up. I wanted you to know that I didn't—"

Again Laura's heart sang. The radiance which returns to youth so quickly reflected in her eyes.

"Bob!" her heart spoke the name. "It'll be busy Christmas, but what plans have you for the Sunday before New Year's?"

"Why, none. . . . I—"

She threw back her head and smiled a happy eager smile. "Neither have I!"

Ernest Hamilton stood bewildered for a moment. Then over his serious, handsome face moved the comprehension of a great happiness. He opened his arms. "Laura! Laura, dear!" And it was his heart, too, which spoke.

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The Letter to Santa

By Betsy Callister

SERVING FISH

ORANGE DISHES

Your Home and You

By Betsy Callister

SERVING FISH

ORANGE DISHES

NOWHERE in the world is fish more plentiful or more delicious than in this country. A wide variety of fresh-water fish may be had in abundance in inland sections where salt-water varieties have to be sent from a distant sea. And the best sort of fish wherever you are is the sort that you can get freshest.

Compared to the better cuts of meat fish is inexpensive, and yet many American housewives include fish but rarely in the family bill of fare. The excuse they give is that their families would rather have meat.

The fault is not with the fish, and not usually with the actual cooking. It is because American cooks as a rule do not understand the art of garnishing fish and know even less about making appropriate fish-sauces.

Lemon juice, parsley, butter, eggs, capers, anchovies, shrimps, cucumbers, onions; mustard and ketchup if you list of ingredients for the making of sauces for various fish. Capers are used in a white sauce with boiled fish, notably cod and salmon. Fenpel sauce is really the correct thing for mackerel but a sauce made from eggshells or curries may be used instead. Tartare sauce made by adding chopped celery, onions and other seasonings to mayonnaise dressing is the right-sauce for most fresh fish. Shrimp sauce is chosen for various fish of a decidedly mild flavor. At the formal dinner fish is served without vegetables of any sort and many persons find it much more appetizing if served as a separate course.

THE orange is an all-year-round standby. And even if summer oranges have not always as delicious a flavor as those of winter, still they may be used in many desserts that bring out the best that is in them. Here are some of them:

Orange Fritters—Two oranges, one egg, one-fourth cupful milk, one-half cupful flour, one-third teaspoonful baking powder, one-half teaspoonful sugar, one-fourth tablespoonful salt, one-half tablespoonful cooking oil. Beat egg until light; add milk, flour (sifted with baking powder), sugar and salt, and oil or melted butter. Beat until smooth. Peel oranges, removing membrane with peeler; cut into slices, and sprinkle with sugar and a few drops lemon juice. Have deep fat, hot enough to brown a piece of bread while counting to 20. Dip orange sections in batter mixture, and fry in deep fat until puffed and brown. Do not fry too many at one time. Drain on brown paper; sprinkle with powdered sugar, and serve with orange sauce.

Orange Caramel—Peel six oranges, remove rind membrane with peeler, and cut crosswise, into slices. Put one-half cupful of sugar and one-half cupful water in small saucepan, and boil quickly until sirup is a golden brown. Arrange layer of orange slices in glass dish; sprinkle with sugar, pour over enough of the sirup to form a thin coating over the orange, add another layer of orange and sirup; repeat until oranges are used. Sprinkle with chopped pistachio nuts. One-fourth pound peanut brittle melted may be used instead of the sirup and the pistachio nuts.



"It's Spirits, Miss Bradon!" Mrs. Adams gasped.

gonna see that clock leave the family! Past week I've had a feeling—"

Laura didn't listen to Mrs. Adams' sincere but terrifying theories.

It must have been stolen. Why, by whom? A stranger couldn't slip unnoticed into Culver where everybody knows everybody else.

"And," Bob reasoned as he and Laura talked it over the next day, "Culver people don't go in for antiques."

"Then, too," Laura added, "there wasn't a sign of breaking in. In the winter Mrs. Adams locks everything. And everything was still locked 'is morning!"

Bob whistled. "Looks like inside work."

But Laura had known the Adames too long not to be certain they were guileless.

Bob's eyes held more concern for the slim wonderful girl than for the clock. "Don't you worry," he admonished. "I'm going to trace this. Please," he pleaded, "don't worry."

Because Laura didn't want Bob to think her foolish, she hadn't spoken about the mystery in the office. But for days she'd had a feeling that strange hands had tampered with things at her desk. She wasn't positive at first. There was something so strange