

Only 50-Odd Working Days in 1931!



By ELMO SCOTT WATSON Drawing by Ray Walters

OME one has stated that if a person were a true Internationalist and showed it by joining in the celebration of the various holidays throughout the world, he would discover that he would have left only some 50-odd days during the whole 365 of the year in which to busy himself with his usual occupation. As Americans face a new year, they may be interested to know that 1931 holds for them nearly as many rest days as work days.

By similar state laws, Sunday is everywhere in the Union a legal holiday, as are New Year's day, Independence day, Washington's birthday and Labor day.

Now let us consider the possibilities if a person set out to observe every holiday which is generally or locally observed in the United States. He could begin with January 1, which, of course, is New Year's day everywhere. A week later he should be in New Orleans where the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans is celebrated as a holiday. On January 17 he might join in the observance of the anniversary of Benjamin Franklin's birthday, which is not a holiday anywhere, but which is widely observed as the beginning of "Thrift" week.

Two days later, January 19, if he were in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina or Virginia, he could join in the celebration of the birthday anniversary of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and ten days later, January 29, he could honor the memory of President William McKinley.

February is the shortest month in the year but there's only one other month which has more days in which to celebrate. If this hypothetical holiday-celebrating citizen doesn't think Ground Hog day is important enough to justify observance on February 2, he can make a quick trip to Arizona and there help the citizens of that state celebrate Arbor day. They do it on the first Monday in February and this year it's February 2. But he will have to hurry to get to Florida in time to help them celebrate their Arbor day on the first Friday in February which falls on February 6 this year. On February 12 he can help celebrate Georgia day in that state although most people think of that date as the occasion for honoring the memory of Abraham Lincoln on the anniversary of his birth. In order to join in that celebration it will be necessary for him to go north, for there are only 14 states, all in the North, which have made Lincoln's birthday a legal holiday. They are Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Minnesota, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Washington, West Virginia and Wyoming. Curiously enough, Kentucky, the state which gave him birth, takes no official cognizance of the day. It is generally observed in some way, even though not officially, in most of the states, including some of those in the South.

February 14 is St. Valentine's day and February 15 is Maine ("Remember the Maine") day, both of which he can observe if he chooses. This year February 17 will be celebrated as a legal holiday in Alabama, in parts of Florida and in five parishes in Louisiana. For it is Shrove Tuesday (the day before Ash Wednesday, both of which are determined by the changing date of Easter Sunday) which is celebrated as Mardi Gras or "Fat Tuesday," the day before Lent begins and in Louisiana it ushers in the famous festival in New Orleans. Our holiday-observing traveler can spend February 22 in any state he pleases, for Washington's birthday is officially celebrated in every state in the Union, but when March comes in either like a

lion or a lamb, he will have to head south again—to Texas, where on March 2 he can help observe Sam Houston's birthday and Texas Independence day. Then there's nothing more for him to do, except to beware the Ides of March until March 17 when he can put on his green tie and go out to help celebrate St. Patrick's day. But he will need the rest which he will get in March, for April is going to be a busy month, even busier than February. To start it off right in Alabama, Connecticut, Louisiana, Maine, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Porto Rico, or Tennessee he can join in the celebration of Good Friday which comes on April 3 this year. Easter day is on April 5, but that's a Sunday and a holiday anyway. But April 12 should find him in North Carolina celebrating the anniversary of the Halifax Independence Resolutions (a reminder of pre-Revolutionary war days); April 13 he can honor the memory of Thomas Jefferson about anywhere he wishes (but in Virginia would be the most appropriate place); April 15 he should be out in Utah, helping celebrate Arbor day; then he can cross the state line on the east and on April 17 aid in observing Arbor day and School day in Colorado.

However, if he expects to help Maine or Massachusetts celebrate Patriot's day on April 19, he might start east and spend April 17 in one of the northern counties of Illinois celebrating Arbor day (the governor usually sets the third Friday in April for that observance). But if he does go to New England for Patriot's day, it's going to mean an airplane trip back west in order to be in Texas for San Jacinto day on April 21 or in Montana on the same day for Arbor day (it's celebrated there on the third Tuesday in April). Whether Texas or Montana, the next day, April 22, should find him in Nebraska for its Arbor day celebration, and the next day, April 23, in Illinois to help honor Stephen A. Douglas. Three days later, April 26, he should be in either Alabama, Georgia, Florida, or Mississippi to honor the Confederate dead on one of the two Confederate Memorial days.

After the busy month of April, May is comparatively restful. On May 8 he has his choice of Arbor day in Idaho (the first Friday after May 1) or the same celebration in Rhode Island (the second Friday in May). On May 10 he should be in either North Carolina or South Carolina for the second Confederate Memorial day. If the former, he might just as well stay until May 20 and help celebrate the anniversary of the Mecklenburg Independence Declaration, the predecessor of what took place in Philadelphia on July 4, 1776. And on May 30 anywhere in the United States he can how his head reverently in memory of our soldier dead and help decorate their graves. For it is Memorial or Decoration day.

The three summer months, June, July, and August, will not keep the holiday-celebrator very busy staying away from work. On June 3 he can take cognizance of the anniversary of Jefferson Davis' birthday, a legal holiday in five southern states (incidentally, not including Kentucky, where he was born, and Mississippi, which gave him to the Confederacy for its president) and unofficially observed in others. June 14 is Flag day, observed in all states. June 17 is Bunker Hill day, commemorated in Massachusetts and June 20 is West Virginia day, when that state celebrates its admission to the Union. Wherever he is in the United States on July 4 he can celebrate Independence day, but on July 13 he will need to go to Tennessee to celebrate the birthday of Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, the great Confederate cavalry leader, then speed out to Idaho for the Pioneer day celebration on July 15 and drop down into Utah for the Pioneer day celebration in that state on July 24. From Utah he should start east immediately if he is to take part in the celebration of Bennington day in Vermont on August 6, but that ends the summer's festivities. This, however gives him a good opportunity to take the customary two weeks' summer vacation.

The autumn months will keep him fairly busy. Beginning with the celebration of Labor day in North Carolina on September 4 (the first Thursday in September) he can go to some other state and celebrate it again on September 7 (the first Monday in September). Then there's Admission day to be celebrated in California September 9, Defense day on September 12 and American Indian day on the third Friday in September—September 18 this year. After taking part in the celebration of Fire Prevention day on October 9, he can go to Florida and celebrate Farmers' day on October 10. But he will have to leave there if he expects to celebrate October 12, Columbus day, legally for it's not a legal holiday in that state. But there are 23 states in which it is. On October 23 he should be in southern Illinois for its second Arbor day celebration (the fourth Friday in October for the southern part of the state) and then he himself out to Nevada to help observe Admission day in that state on October 31. And, of course, that evening he can get in an extra celebration by taking part in the Halloween festivities.

He must not linger long, however, for he's due in Louisiana for the celebration of the legal holiday of November 1, which is All Saints day. November 11, wherever he is, he should "face east" in honor of Armistice day and on the last Thursday in the month (November 26 in 1931) he should join with his fellow-Americans in being grateful on Thanksgiving day. December 4 should find him in Georgia celebrating Arbor day (the first Friday in December) and he might as well stay there for the celebration of Christmas on December 25 and then cross the state line over into South Carolina where December 26 and 27 are legal holidays as a part of the Christmas celebration. Thus the busy year of 1931 ends for the holiday-celebrator.

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Reindeer Mischief

NATALIE McGRATH



BLITZEN had behaved very well until the first of December. Then all of a sudden he decided to go into Santa's workshop. The first terrible thing he did was to lap the paint from a doll's face. Santa had put a great deal of care into making that doll for she was to go to a little girl who was ill in the hospital.

Christmas eve came and all the reindeer were harnessed and waiting for Santa.

"Have you all of your bags, dear?" asked Mrs. Santa.

"Yes, we have everything and are on our way to wish the world a very Merry Christmas," answered jolly old Santa.

"Hump," said Blitzen to himself, "and hump again."

The red paint had had a bad effect upon his disposition. Off they sped and up, up, up they sailed through the air. Blitzen was going along beautifully when he suddenly wondered what Vixen would do if he, Blitzen, should bite his tail.

"Not very hard," thought Blitzen to himself. "Just enough to make him jump."

And as they hurried along that winter's night, Blitzen reached out his funny warm nose and bit Vixen's tail—hard. Vixen jumped, then he kicked Dunder, who in turn kicked the sleigh, upsetting it. Over it went and down it went, Santa, toys and all. Fortunately they all landed in a soft snowbank. Santa picked his snowy self up, put the toys back in the sleigh and off they started once again.

The first house they came to was a lovely old farm house. Santa and the reindeer made a beautiful landing on the roof.

"Now while I am here see that you behave!" said Santa and down the chimney he went, as soon as he was out of sight, Blitzen started trouble again.

"Dum-dum-diddle-dum-dum! See what I can do!" he snorted, and he crossed his front legs, stamped his hind ones and sat down kerplunk on the roof.

"Here, here," shouted Santa, as he came up the chimney. "What is the meaning of all this noise? It sounded like an earthquake. I thought every moment that the roof would cave in. If you can't stand still on the tops of the houses I shall most certainly leave you on the ground!"

Santa knew that this would be a dreadful punishment to them all as they were very proud of being able to stand on the tops of houses.

The next house had a slanting roof with a peak at the top and when Santa had gone down the chimney that mischievous Blitzen promptly sat down again, kerplunk, snorting his favorite song, dum-dum-diddle-dum.

The first thing he knew he had started to slide and he couldn't get up quickly enough to prevent slipping all the way to the ground. Over the roof he went, dragging the sleigh and his seven brothers with him. Out of the chimney came Santa and leaned over the peak of the roof to call them.

"I'm just about tired of your nonsense tonight!" said he. "Now you will stay on the ground!"

And when in the country, they stopped at another farm house; that is, just where Santa left them.

"Sniff-sniff, sniff-sniff!" A spiciness smelt reached the nose of Blitzen.

Inch by inch he moved over to the window and stuck his head right in. He proceeded to devour everything in sight. He ate so rapidly that the other deer could only stare and wonder. Pies, cakes, tarts, jelly and jam all went down with lightning speed. When he had finished he licked his lips, turned around and pushed back to the place Santa had left them. When Santa came out, there they were as quiet as mice.

"Well, now, that's fine," called Santa in a cheery voice. "See how much better things are when you behave!"

Now we all know that it isn't the best thing in the world to run after we have eaten a great many sweets. Blitzen soon learned this and began feeling very ill indeed. But feeling ill only made his disposition worse. In the distance he could see a city and above this city he saw a tall steeple. As they raced along near the steeple Blitzen pushed his brothers over so that when they passed they were so close you could not have put your finger between the steeple and the sleigh. Blitzen glanced at Vixen and saw that his hair was standing right up straight.

"What Ho," bellowed Santa, "Do you want to upset the sleigh again, you naughty deer?"

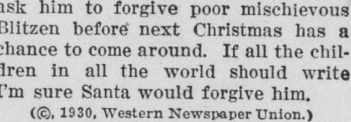
All over the world they went, not skipping a place. Blitzen was very tired and as he could think of nothing better to do he snorted and fussed and counted stars. At last just as Christmas morning dawned they found their way home. Mrs. Santa came running out to meet them, and to help Santa, unharness the reindeer.

"Blitzen cannot have anything to eat and he must go right into the barn," said Santa rather sadly. "And I fear he cannot go with me next Christmas."

And now indeed was Blitzen a sadder and a wiser reindeer.

Now, my dear children I know that you all love Blitzen. You must, for he is a lovely old fellow. When you hear the deer on the roof Christmas eve it is always Blitzen's hoofs you hear, because he always stamps harder than is necessary. And when you hear the bells you can always hear Blitzen's above the rest, no one knows why. Just because he is Blitzen, I suppose, and likes to give an extra stamp and an extra shake whenever possible. He will be sadly missed next Christmas eve unless—I have it! Let's all write a note to Santa and ask him to forgive poor mischievous Blitzen before next Christmas has a chance to come around. If all the children in all the world should write I'm sure Santa would forgive him.

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A Christmas Box From Home

HE package bearing a holiday label with the inscription "Lois Smith, Argyle, Wis., signed for and the expressman gone, Lois sat down on the floor to tear off the wrappings. Inside she found a store of gayly-wrapped packages. The first contained a knitted tie.

"Eve's sake!" she said, and opened the second one. It contained home-made candy. "That," she thought, "is more like it." The next parcel contained handkerchiefs with a neat "L. S." in the corner, only—they were men's handkerchiefs. The other item, she could tell, was fruit cake and under it she found what she was looking for—a letter.

"My Dear Son Louis," it began. "Eve's sake," said Lois. "Of course! It's for Louis Smith."

Now if all Lois Smith and Louis Smith had had in common had been their surname and their choice of an apartment house, it would have been relatively simple for Lois to take the box upstairs and explain.

But they had also shared 51 full moons and 45 other moons, some 30 odd shows, and several Sunday afternoons in the park. They had shared secrets and tea in Lois' apartment; a promise, several kisses, and one quarrel. So now they were mutually miserable, sharing a pride that forbade attempting reconciliation.

Lois put the things back in the box, jiggled the candy to hide that three pieces were gone, and retied the tinsel

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If you paid a dollar a can you couldn't buy better fruits than Monarch.

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FOR WOMEN ONLY—Modern booklet gives in detail 12 proven ways to make real money at home. Start now! Send 25c. Box 128, Fairlawn, Ohio.

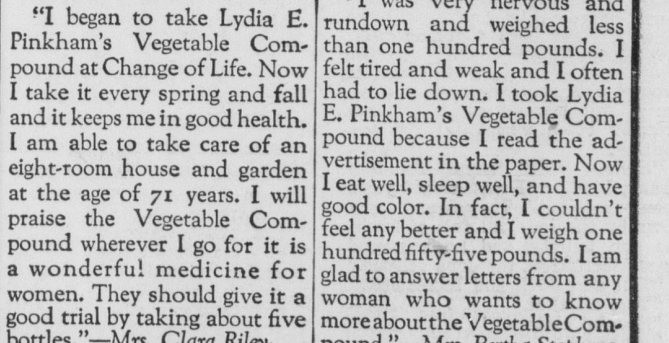
FLORIDA'S Choice grapefruit, oranges \$7 box; \$4.50 half box delivered. Christmas special. Best money order. G. C. Myers, Dundee, Fla.

W. N. U., Pittsburgh, No. 51-1930.

Immense Russian "Farm"—Louis Fisher in a recent article on Russia tells of the collectivized farms. One of the largest of these is known as the Gigant. An airplane is used by its director to get from one sector of the farm to another. It covers a surface of about 550,000 acres. However, this was not all cultivated this year. On this farm 3,541 workers, 220 tractors, 230 combines and 450 tractor seeding drills were employed. The total population was 17,000. This means that it was necessary virtually to build a small town.

Double Threat—The trouble with most singers is that they can't sing and you can't stop 'em.—Daily Oklahoman.

For Older Women



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2100 Paxton & 4th Ave., Sioux City, Iowa

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