

-Shavertown-
"Red" Schwartz, Dallas 19

Happy New Year to all.

St. Paul's Choir to Sing Cantata

Tomorrow evening at 7:30 p. m. at St. Paul's Lutheran church the choir will sing the new Christmas cantata, "His aNtal Day," as arranged and composed by Edward W. Norman.

The choir is under the direction of K. G. Laycock, accompanied by Thomas Hontz, organist. A warm invitation is extended the public to hear this musical story of the birth of Christ.

Arrangement — Ring Belles of Christmas, choir; Prepare Ye the Way," bass solo and chorus, Gus Adler and choir; Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices? women's trio, Betty Jane Laycock, Mae Hontz and Dorothy Eck; He Shall Be Great, choir; Softly the Night is Fallen, soprano solo and chorus, Betty Jane Laycock and choir; We Come to Worship Him, men's chorus and tenor solo, M. J. Giron and chorus; O, Little Town of Bethlehem, soprano solo, Betty Jane Laycock and choir; Steep, Holy Child, soprano and alto duet, Mrs. George Russ and Mrs. Charles Dressel; Hail to the Lord's Anointed, choir; Thou Didst T. Schwartz; Hear the Joy Bells Ring, Leave Thy Throne, alto solo, Mrs. L. soprano, duet and solo, Betty Jane Laycock and Mrs. L. T. Schwartz and choir; My Soul Doth Magnify the Lord," finale by the choir.

New Year Social

A New Year social will be held at St. Paul's Lutheran church Monday evening at 7:30 p. m. in the church basement. Members of the Brotherhood and friends and the Ladies' Auxiliary and members of the congregation are invited to attend. A good time is assured all who attend. Refreshments will be served and price of admission will be by arm's length stretch, but will not exceed 35 cents and no less than 20 cents. Come, B. A. Guest.

Hold Christmas Party

The Christian Endeavor Society of Glen View P. M. church held a Christmas party at the church parsonage recently. Short talks by members and a short business session was held. Luncheon was served to the following: Mrs. George Nobel, Rev. and Mrs. Anthony Iveson, Mr. and Mrs. William Iveson, Mr. Dauby, Mr. Connor, Edith Evans, Ruth Evans, Lillian Ford, Margaret Belford, Dr. Bodycomb.

Take Icy Plunge

While skating Sunday afternoon at Coolbaugh and Eleanor Court had the misfortune of getting a cold ducking when the thin ice which they were skating on Young's pond with a number of other people. They were pulled out of water by Earl Schall. Charles E. Man also fell through the ice but was able to come to shore himself.

Community Tree

Community Christmas tree is placed at the corner of Center streets. The tree is larger former years and presents a spectacle with its trimmings and lights.

Scouts Part For Captain

Scouts of Troop 9 gave a party at the home of Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Harry Henry, a party at the home of Mrs. Henry.

Three dozen assorted games, Mrs. Eleanor Court, the presentation. Games by Mr. Martin Porter. Schemes were carried out in the favors were holder side of candy by The cakes were lighted refreshments were served troop committee members, Sherman Schooley, Mrs. Hart, Mrs. Henry Sippell, Porter, J. Herbert Wil- Mrs. Ver to the follow- out: Em Preston, Mil- Charlotte Monk, Margaret Shirley Mehler, Emma er, Esthe Warden, Mae ne Hinz, Arjorie Hughes, Eleanor Purtright, Mar- ton, Ellbeth Searfoss, esser, Vivi Eckert, Helen Dorothea Ayers, Grace na Hunt, Marion Heale, e, Beatrice Williams, Hilda Rebecca Matt and Mae

air Holds Banquet
The choir enjoyed a ban- quet Monday night at the Inn. J. J. Leary. The Inn was decorated for the choir and was served. Full course dinner was served which the or- ganized music for dancing. Singing members of the choir Rev. J. O'Leary, R. L. Mrs. Edna Morris and Sherida Wilkes-Bare; and Mrs. McCarthy.

Rowley, P. M. McCarthy, J. F. Lyons, James Evers, Gerald Fox, Kingston; Mrs. Margaret Antanajitis, Mrs. Conrad Yeager, Miss Josephine Miller, Miss Gertrude Lohman, Mrs. Fred Youngblood, Miss Marian Williams, Mrs. Fay Williams, Miss Florence Anstett, Mrs. Martin Bilbow and Mr. and Mrs. W. Arthur Blewitt.

Every-Ready Class Holds Christmas Party

The Ever-Ready Class of St. Paul's Lutheran church held a Christmas party at the church basement recently. Games were played and an exchange of gifts among members brought much laughter. Luncheon was served. Those present were: Mrs. J. A. Batey, teacher of the class; Mildred Bunney, president; Viola Dressel, vice president; Meta Hoffman, secretary; Betty Jane Laycock, Ruth Berger, Dorothea Spade, Jean Davis, Ruth Laux, Alma Diebold, oDrothy Holdredge and Mary Veitch.

Short Notes

The Methodist choir started on Sunday evening to sing Christmas carols. The Kellar class is in charge of transportation and the returns will be for the pipe organ fund. Last year the choir received \$400.

Miss Reba Jenkins returned to her home in New York City after visiting her sister, Mrs. H. F. Henry.

E. W. Piatt spent Sunday with his daughter Ellen at Philadelphia, who is in training at Jefferson hospital at that place.

"Jack" Guernsey is spending his vacation here with his parents.

The local schools will reopen Thursday, January 2.

In answer to the question asked by the Shavertown correspondent in the Sunday Independent in regard to basketball, we will say that we will take an interest in it and hope that some day a place will be erected in town where the boys can do their stuff before local people.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ford of Lansing, Mich., formerly of Luzerne, were callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hoffman on Sunday.

Helen Garmot of Luzerne spent Sunday with Meta Hoffman of Main street.

Miss Ruth Berger of Oliver's Mills was a visitor at the home of Mildred Bunney recently.

SEEN AND HEARD
By Will Wimble

During an illness of the past week we were unable to get around like we should have, but we heard that Herm VanCampen got a deer while hunting with George Shaver and Henry Sipple in Pike county. We wonder if Herm got it with that (?) dollar gun he purchased recently.

The auditors of the township have been busy the past week auditing the books of the school directors, tax collector and supervisors under the supervision of Stanley Davis.

Lew Cottle and Earl Monk have been busy the past week fixing up radio sets for a number of local people.

Sherman Warden has a Christmas tree in his front lawn which he has illuminated at night. We don't know whether Sherm did it or whether he "Let George do it."

"Red" Schwartz was the first one to turn the lights on the community tree Monday night. We saw you, "Red" and had to borrow a chair to reach the switch.

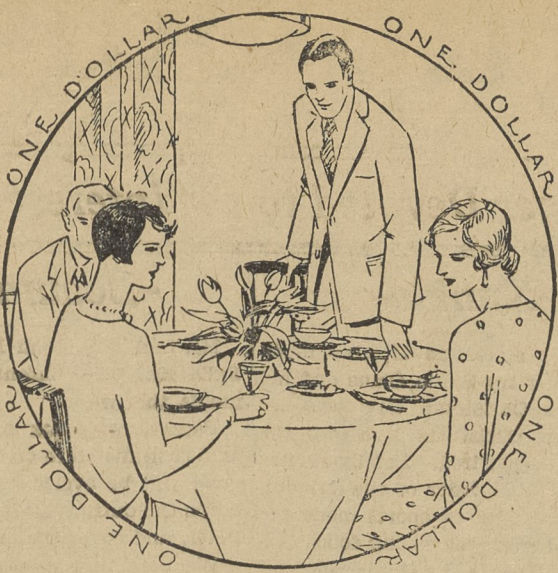
The community Christmas tree is a pretty sight, especially at night when it is illuminated. Our hat is off to the committee in charge, as we think it is about the prettiest community tree we have seen this year.

A number of local people have the proper Christmas spirit by having their front lawns and illuminated at night. We have noticed Mr. Warden of Main street, Mr. Prutzman of Franklin street, Harold Lloyd of Center street, the community tree and Mr. Schall, Center street and Jacob Laux on Pioneer avenue.

It has been rumored around town that the movement on foot to have a paid police department here in the township is bumping into all kinds of obstacles and it looks as though it will be a dead issue. One of the supervisors, who signed the petition which was presented to the court, is now against the movement.

A number of St. Paul's Brotherhood members were kidding Rev. Ruff about the coffee he served them at the meeting last week, which reminds us of a sign we saw in a lunch room one time which read: "Don't laugh at the coffee; you'll be old and weak some day yourself."

We wonder how the new justice of the peace is making out nowadays. We haven't been up that way lately and we wonder if that light has been erected at the lonely dark spot in front of Johnson's residence at the corner of Franklin avenue and Chest-



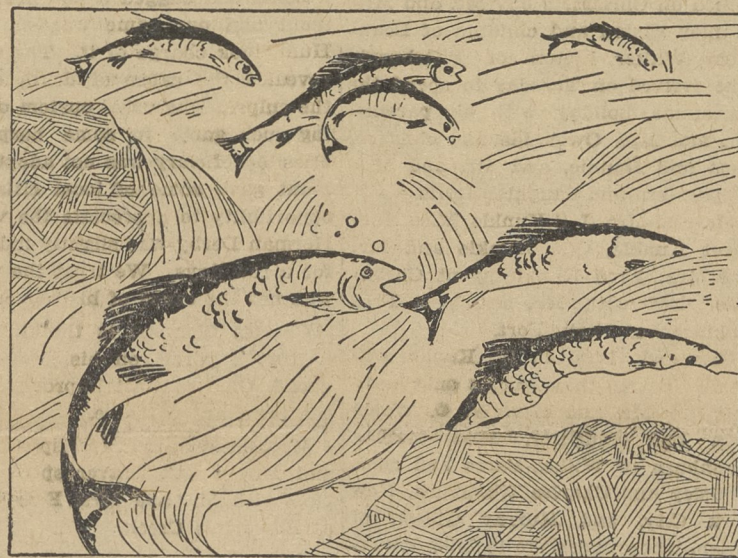
A Dollar Dinner for Four

It's possible to have a real dinner for four persons for only a dollar—provided you watch the sales and buy when prices are low. If you doubt it, look over the menu given below. The prices are average ones and may vary slightly in your community—but anyway, the meal is an inexpensive one.

- Tomato Soup—9¢
- Fried Sausage—30¢
- Bread and Butter—10c
- Red-hot Apple Sauce—10¢
- Mashed Potatoes—10¢
- Peach and Raisin Pie—20¢
- Café Noir—5¢
- Total Cost—94¢
- For Incidentals—6¢

A CAN of tomato soup will give ample servings for four people, and even some left over for use next day as a meat sauce. To make the red hot apple sauce, pour contents of an eight-ounce can of apple sauce into a pan, add five of the little red, spicy candies known as "red-hots" and a dash of nutmeg; stir over the fire until the candy is dissolved. To make the pie, turn the contents of an eight-ounce can of sliced peaches and one-fourth cup of

mix one tablespoon sugar and one-half tablespoon flour and add it and one-half tablespoon lemon juice to the fruit. Simmer five minutes. Line a pie tin one-half the usual size with plain pastry, pour in the peach mixture, dot with butter and cross the top with narrow, twisted strips of pastry. Bake in a hot oven, 450° F., for twenty-five to thirty minutes. If the potatoes are garnished with sprinkling with paprika, the lively color scheme of the meal will be carried out further.



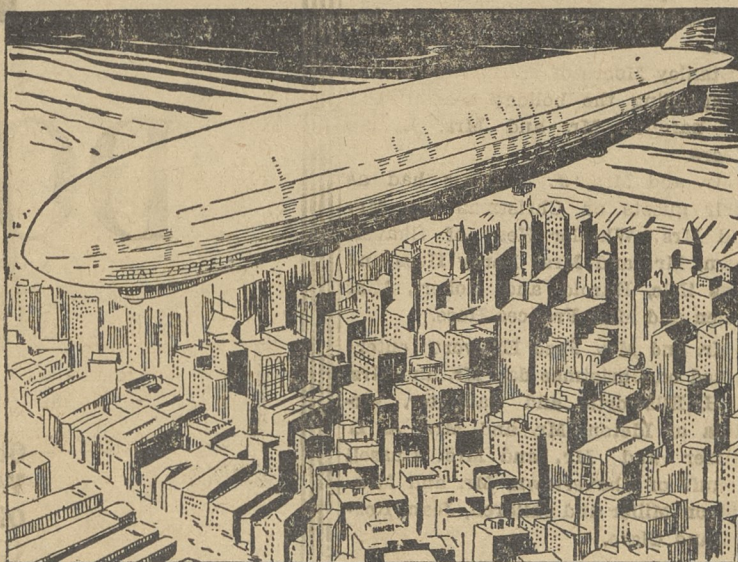
Fish with Tin Tails

THE gigantic salmon industry is attempting to solve one of the mysteries of nature by attaching tin tags to the tails of salmon, caught as they start to swim out to sea, and offering a reward for any salmon so tagged when it returns in from two to seven years. The object is to make sure that salmon actually return to their birthplaces after their mysterious expeditions out to sea.

It is well known that the fish are born in fresh water streams fed by springs or the melting ice of glaciers. Then the baby fish travel down to the ocean and disappear. Where they go, no one knows, but when fully grown, they are supposed to return to the mouth of the stream where they were born, and start back up the river to spawn and die. The great sal-

mon fleets which await them annually take up their positions at the mouths of these rivers and catch and can the salmon when they are in the finest condition. Make Marvellous Food Mystery, or no mystery, the salmon is a marvelous food fish. Here is a recipe for canned salmon which has been tested and found toothsome:

Salmon au Gratin: Fork together lightly three cups of salmon, two cups of mashed potatoes, six tablespoons of milk, six tablespoons of melted butter, and salt and pepper. Pile lightly in a buttered baking dish. Sprinkle one-half cup of grated cheese over the top, then crumbs over that. Brown in a moderate oven, 375° F., for about twenty minutes.



A Celestial Menu

THE story of the Graf Zeppelin's world tour is now history, and history also to its passengers is the food provided by Heinrich Zubie, chief steward on the huge craft. They undoubtedly cherish memories of the flight, but don't you think that some of them have also just a reminiscent tinkle of the palate when they think of the things that Zubie got from Louis Sherry when the big airship left New York, and which he served to them far up in the air.

An Astonishing Menu These foods included, among other things, three hundred one-gallon cans of soups, relishes, meats, fish, vegetables, French dressing, mayonnaise, catsup and sauces. Potato chips, caviar, peel-

ed asparagus, sour gherkins, and special table water were also among the provisions put on board. The fresh fruits included grapefruit and oranges and the fresh meats served were sirloin steaks, lamb, tongue, and Virginia and domestic hams. Bread and cake in large cartons, as well as tasty tarts were taken along on the airship. Even Ice Included To keep all the foodstuffs fresh, and in order to be able to serve cold what should be served cold in this celestial menu, dry ice was included with the food cargo. Flying may in time become commonplace, but there was nothing commonplace about the canned and fresh foods provided for this great initial flying adventure.



Matilda's Christmas

By Robert Stead

MATILDA CUMMINGS looked soberly out of her kitchen window across the fields of snow which lay to the westward. The afternoon sun was dancing on the white crystals, but it was not the dazzle of light which brought the puzzled look into her eyes, or knitted her brows in a slight frown of perplexity. Half a mile across those white fields lay the homestead of Arthur Birch. A tiny spiral of blue smoke spun upwards from snow-covered roofs, suggesting comfort and domestic activities. Susie Birch, that would be, Matilda reflected, busy with her Christmas preparations. Susie was fourteen now, and almost as useful about the house as a woman.

Matilda thought of the year and a half that had passed since that unhappy day, and her heart warmed again with woman's sympathy for Arthur Birch. She was in a position to sympathize, for her own widowhood dated back eight years. Carl, her boy, had been seven then; now he was taller than she, and as good as a man.

Through all these years Arthur, in his gentle, inarticulate way, had made his friendship plain to her, and she had accepted it as from a good neighbor and the husband of her particular friend, Jessie Birch. Now, with Jessie gone, it was not so easy to accept. There were gossiping tongues, and Matilda had caught some echoes of the morsels they were tossing about.

That was why a puzzled frown darkened her eyes as she looked across the white fields toward the homestead of Arthur Birch. She wondered if anything had reached his ears.

She was recalled from her reverie by the sound of sleighbells at the door, and Carl's cheery voice calling. "All right, mother! All aboard!"

The boy rushed in, but as her eyes turned to him he sobered. "Something wrong, mother?" he asked.

Matilda smiled bravely at her big man. Should she tell him? She tapped his arm with an af-

ing's ever done until it's done. George, and Arthur hasn't married her yet. But he will, I'm thinking. If you let her slip out of your hands. Didn't you see the way she smiled at you?"

George had seen, all right, but he thought that was just Mrs. Cummings' courtesy.

"But what's a fellow to do?" he asked, hoping for guidance.

"Do? Do nothing! Do what Arthur does. You know he sends her a dressed pig every Christmas. Now there's no farmer around. Wheat Center got a better line of hogs than you have, George, and you could spare her a carcass as easy as a colt can spare a whinny."

George ruminated for some minutes, while his sprightly horses hoofed little clouds of snow in his face. "I have as fine a carcass of pork as you ever set tooth to hanging in my shed right now," he confessed, "and I have a good notion."

Darkness had fallen long before Matilda and Carl returned. Their shopping had taken more time than they expected, as the stores were choked with Christmas buyers. Carl swung the cutter up to the door, but even before Matilda left her seat she could define a large dark



You Have Heard the Talk, Matilda Asked.

object lying stiff on the porch floor.

"It's here," she said, with a little sinking feeling inside.

Carl had seen it, too. "Yep," he agreed.

For some moments Matilda contemplated the situation. Then she made her decision. "I think you had better take it back to him, Carl. Just take it in the cutter and leave it quietly on his porch. He'll understand."

Carl hurried away on his errand, but Christmas eve was spoiled for Matilda. In fancy she saw that mild surprise on Arthur's face when he found his gift—his customary gift for eight years now—returned to him. It would hurt him. She was sorry for that, but what else was she to do? If the gossip of the countryside had not yet reached Arthur it would be fore long, and then he would understand.

"I think Carl," Matilda said, after they had breakfasted and the morning chores were done, "it would be nice if we drove over to Mr. Birch's, just to wish Arthur and Susie a—the compliments of the season. It can't be a very merry time for them—"

But Carl was looking out of the window. "We're late," he exclaimed. "Here's Mr. Birch driving down the road!"

To Matilda's annoyance she felt the blood rush from her cheeks, then back again in a flood. She had just time to whip an apron off and run a comb through her pretty, brown hair, with its occasional, tell-tale thread of silver, when Arthur's knock sounded on the door.

"Come to the door, Matilda," he called. "Santa Claus!"

In spite of the cheery ring in his voice Matilda's quick ear detected the strained effect. Trembling a little, she stood beside him. In his sleigh, there it was!

"Left at my house, by mistake," he said. "This card was pinned inside."

With eyes that swam a little she read: "To Mrs. Cummings, with many good wishes from George Janson."

"But I thought it was from you!" she cried. "I sent Carl back with it last night, because—because— Oh, won't you come in and sit down?"

Carl took the team, and in the cozy sitting room they faced each other. "You have heard the talk?" Matilda asked, too honest for evasion.

He nodded. "That is why I didn't send one this year," he answered, "I didn't wish to embarrass you. But I have thought a way out."

"Yes!" her voice was eager. He raised her hand in his, and before she realized what he was doing a gem flashed from her finger.

"Oh, Arthur!" she murmured. "Will you keep it, dear?" He was drawing her to him. "Certainly not! I can't keep George's pig when I'm going to marry you."

Life Was Still Very Much Worth Living, She Reflected.

evaporated. Life was still very much worth living, she reflected, even though there was one great vacant spot in it.

On the road they met George Janson, and his neighbor, Sam Reaney. George touched his cap with his whip hand in answer to her smile.

"A fine woman that," said Sam, with implications in his voice. George was a bachelor. "Now, if I was a single man—"

George sniffed, but the suggestion came nearer his heart than even Sam suspected.

"I guess nobody but Arthur Birch has much chance in that direction," he said, hoping to be contradicted.

Arthur Birch's Pshaw