THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

Sixty-Seventh Year of Publication | The Georgetown Herald, Wednesday Evening, November 22nd, 1933. | $1.50 per Annum in Advance; $2.00 to U.S.A.

The Georgetown Herald
J. M. MOORE
Publisher and Proprietor
Member Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association

C.N.R. Time Table
(Standard Time)

Going East	
Passenger and Mail	10.50 a.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.37 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.44 p.m.
Sunday's going East	
Passenger	6.40 p.m.
Passengers for Toronto	9.44 p.m.
Going West	
Passenger and Mail	9.40 a.m.
Passenger	2.50 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.46 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	10.15 p.m.
Going North	
Mail and Passenger	8.45 a.m.
Going South	
Mail and Passenger	6.45 p.m.

TRAVEL BY BUS
Summer Schedule
EFFECTIVE OCT. 1st, 1933
Leave Georgetown

West	East
9.35 a.m.	7.15 a.m.
x11.25 p.m.	10.30 a.m.
1.55 p.m.	1.15 p.m.
3.35 p.m.	Special Saturday
4.55 p.m.	4.30 p.m.
6.55 p.m.	6.15 p.m.
10.35 p.m.	9.15 p.m.
x11.55 p.m.	

Z—Daily except Saturday
X—Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays ONLY.
EASTERN STANDARD TIME

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For 30 cents you can telephone about 100 miles by making an "overnight" call (station-to-station) after 8.30 p.m. See list of cities in front of directory.

"If"
(For Girls)

If you can dress to make yourself attractive,
Yet not make puffs and curls your chief delight;
If you can swim and row, be strong and active,
But of the gentler graces lose no sight;
If you can dance without a crave for dancing,
Play without giving play too strong a hold
Enjoy the love of friends without romancing,
Care for the weak, the friendless and the old.
If you can master French and Greek and Latin,
And not acquire a priggish mien;
If you can feel the touch of silk and satin
Without despising calico and jean;
If you can ply a saw and hammer,
Can do a man's work when the need occurs,
Can sing, when asked, without excuse or stammer,
Can rise above unfriendly cliques and slurs.
If you can make good bread as well as fudge,
Can sew with skill and have an eye for dust;
If you can be a friend and hold no grudges,
A girl whom all will love because they must;
If some time you should meet and love another
And make a home with faith and peace enshrined,
And you its soul—a loyal wife and mother,
You'll work out pretty nearly to my mind.
The plan that's been developed through the ages,
And win the best that life can have in store.
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PAUL IN CORINTH

International Uniform Sunday School Lesson
NOVEMBER 26th

GOLDEN TEXT: "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified."—I Corinthians 2: 2.

LESSON PASSAGE: I Corinthians 1: 10-16; 3: 1-5.

We are but organs mute, till a master touches the keys—
Harps are we, silent harps that have hung on the willow trees,
Dumb till our heartstrings swell and break with a pulse divine.

An Absent Leader

The epistle to the Corinthians allows us to see some of the problems of the early church. Paul had carried on his mission in Corinth for a year and a half, and several years later, when he was in Ephesus, he heard of the difficulties of his converts. Apollos paid him a visit and also members of the household of Onler reported the trying circumstances of the church in Corinth. So Paul wrote to them wise counsel and stern rebuke. The first six chapters, roughly speaking, deal with what he has been told and the remainder of the book replies to a letter that he has received from the Corinthians. The probable date of the epistle is 58 AD. The first epistle to the Corinthians, written at the close of the third missionary journey may be said to transport us, as on a magician's mantle, back over 2000 years, and stationing us in mid air above a great Greek city, in which there was a Christian church, to take the roof off the meeting house of the Christians and to permit us to see what was going on."

A Pagan City

There was constant danger that some of the Christian converts would lapse back into their heathen environment. For Corinth was a gay city, the Paris of its day. The streets thronged with sailors and merchants. Corinth had two seaports and much of the merchandise was transferred from one to the other by land so that there were many transients crossing "this bridge of the untiring sea." It was the capital of the province and also the centre of the worship of Aphrodite and in Corinth there were one thousand priestesses devoted to her immoral cult. The population was very large, one third composed of Roman freedmen and the remainder of slaves. A large number of Jews resided in the city but they were greatly outnumbered by the Greeks. The proximity of the Isthmian games made the city festive and pleasure-loving. The epistle to the Corinthians throws a clear light on the life of the Christian church in such an unpromising society. Paul's converts, recently emerged from such unfavorable surroundings and imperfectly taught, were greatly in the minority. Speaking of the Corinthian degenerates Paul said frankly, "And such were some of you."

A Divided Church

As long as Paul remained in Corinth his leadership was unquestioned, but after he had been away for several years the Christian community divided into several groups. Some followed Apollos who was teaching in Corinth, others claimed allegiance to Paul, their former teacher. Certain ones held that Peter was the authoritative guide while others kept separate, claiming to be the only genuine followers of Christ. So Paul pleaded with all in the name of the Lord Jesus to speak the same thing, to remain undivided. He asked, "Is Christ divided? Was Paul crucified for you?" The peace and progress of the church was endangered by rivalry between different groups.

A Wise Counsellor

In the midst of such racial and theological disputes it was fortunate that there was one clear sighted man who could direct these immature Christians. With his exceptional versatility and sympathy, Paul laid down wise principles of guidance. He explained that the chief purpose of public worship was to edify and that all practices should be subjected to that test. In this way he sought to restrain the more sensational manifestations of their spiritual life. "In its protest against discord and faction and its plea for holiness and unity within the church, in its emphasis upon bodily purity and the maintenance of an inexorable moral standard in matters affecting the relations of the sexes, in its fine combination of tolerance for all that is not inimical to the spirit of Christianity with practical consideration for the brother whom that tolerance might mislead, in its lofty sense of the place and power of public worship and of the obligation of each member of the Christian community to contribute to the good of the whole, in its emphatic assertion of the resurrection, and in the supreme place which it assigns to love, the message of the epistle is immortal."

A More Excellent Way

After rebuking and exhorting the Corinthians Paul offered a higher solution of their problems, the solvent of Christian love which would overcome the antipathies of race and sect. The epistle reaches its climax in the thirteenth chapter, "perhaps the noblest assemblage of beautiful thoughts in beautiful language extant in this our world." Into that chapter Paul poured all that he had learned of the spirit of Christ. A happy Christian church cannot be established by argument or authority, but only by love and kindness. Even before faith Paul placed the necessity of Christian love. His remedy was the only one for the troubled Corinthian ecclesiastical organization and it is the one thing needful for a troubled world. Hatred, jealousy and rivalry bred war but friendship, kindess and consideration can overcome the barriers of race and religion. Truly did Henry Drummond sum up his exposition of this chapter in the title of his booklet, "The Greatest Thing in the World is Love."

Questions for Discussion

1. What was the environment of the Christian church in Corinth?
2. What are the gains and losses of religious controversy?
3. Wherein lies the power of the cross?
4. What demonstration of power is religion giving in the twentieth century?

Shaw: "How's business with you, old man?"
Brown: "Oh, lookin' up."
Shaw: "What do you mean, lookin' up?"
Brown: "Well, it's flat on its back, isn't it?"

He wasn't much to look at, but he was an ardent wooer.
"Darling," he said to the bright blonde as he stroked her pink fingers prior to the next dance, "I wonder do you ever think about me?"
"Yes, Algy," she answered, "I do have my moments of depression."

The best way to keep a body from being a busybody is to keep a body busy.

First Road Locomotive Got Hostile Reception

Early experiments with road motor traction without rails were made with steam as the propelling power, the first practicable machine being that of Cugnot in 1770, followed by Trevithick's steam car in 1802, says an article in the Montreal Family Herald. From 1824 onward several large steam cars, built on a model of the stage coach, were built in England and successfully operated, notably by Gurney and Hancock. Services were run between London and Bath, and later between Cheltenham and Gloucester, but were abandoned on account of popular prejudice and opposition. The crawling blow which retarded development in Britain fell in 1865, when an act was passed requiring each car to carry three drivers, to be preceded by a man carrying a red flag, and not to exceed four miles an hour, while blowing off steam was prohibited. Development in England was thus limited to heavy road locomotives, with a few exceptions. In 1885 Gottlieb Daimler, of Austria, fitted a gasoline engine to a motor bicycle. In the same year Butler constructed his motorcycle. Packard and Lorraine adopted the Daimler engine in 1897, and constructed a car to which sliding gears were used for changing speed. This car is generally accepted as the parent of the modern automobile.

Few "Servant Problems" in Orient Households

Countries with servant problems would do well to adopt a Siamese custom. A splendid labor-saving device it is, for the mother of the family. Each person washes up his own eating bowl as soon as he finishes his meal, and, placing it in a basket, lets it dry for the next meal. Or they might copy the Japanese. Domestics are highly respected and easy to get in Japan. There are various good reasons for this. As the wife waits upon her husband, her children and her parents-in-law, it is inevitable that she be in close contact with the servants. And upper servants must have very good manners. For if the host is out and a visitor drops in, it is the upper servant's place to chat and have tea with him until the host returns. And servants, at any time, are allowed to join in the conversation and laugh at the jokes.—London Mail.

Old Cure for Bleeding

In a volume entitled "A Rich Closet of Physical Secrets Collected by the Elizabeth Palace of Four Several Students in Physicke" which was "presented to Queene Elizabeth's Own Hands" the following cure for bleeding is given. "Take a toad and kill him. Take three bricks, put them in the fire and take out one of them and put the toad upon it. Then take out another and put him again as that. When he is almost cold take off the toad and put the brick into the fire . . . do so until the toad be consumed to ashes, then put the ashes into a taffeta bag and when one bleedeth apply the bag upon the heart and it will instantly stay bleeding either of the nose or any wound."

Brazilian "Snake Farm"

At the Institute Butantan, Sao Paulo, Brazil, popularly known as "The Snake Farm," there are snakes from all sections of that country. A national law requires anyone to ship to the farm from the place of capture all venomous snakes and new species of nonvenomous ones. The deadly poisonous snakes will not eat in captivity and soon die. To replenish the supply for serum, 20 snakes arrive daily, transported free by the railroads. The farm was first started as a hobby by Dr. Vital Brazil, who lives near Rio de Janeiro. Besides manufacturing serum, the institute breeds the museurana, the enemy of the deadly snake, the jararaca. Its bite is not deadly to man, and it lives on other snakes, preferring poisonous ones.

Earliest Form of Spoons

The first form of spoon of which we find American examples was the so-called Puritan spoon that appeared in England about the middle of the Seventeenth century and became very popular with the Roundheads. This represented the change from the pear shaped to the round bowl. But it was not until the middle of the Eighteenth century that the handles of spoons began to bend toward the back instead of the front and the bowls assumed the egg-shaped form common today. The first spoon having these features was known as the Old English pattern.

Wisdom

A most unusual case came up recently in a Detroit court. A woman was sued for damages because, after having weighed herself on some penny-in-the-slot scales, she picked up a chair and smashed the dial all to pieces.

"Those scales said that I weighed 210 pounds and I weigh only 198," declared the woman indignantly. "They were both robbers and liars. They got my penny and then gave the wrong weight."

"Sort of penny wise and pound foolish," remarked the judge as he arranged for a settlement.

With Good Company

Anyone who chides one's self for being an easy mark when a book agent comes around can get a grain of comfort from the fact that Abe Lincoln used to buy the works of every book agent who came around.—Florida Times Union.

"Would you mind walking the other w'y and not passing the 'ones?" said a London cabman with exaggerated politeness to the fat lady who had just paid a minimum fare.
"Why?" she inquired.
"Because, if 'e sees wot 'e's been carryin' for a shilling e'll 'ave a fit."

The hotel guest was thoroughly annoyed. People were running backward and forward along the corridor outside his room, making a terrible noise. So he took the telephone and spoke to the manager's office.
"I can't get to sleep with all this noise going on," he complained angrily.
"I'm sorry, sir," replied the clerk, "but I'm afraid we can't control the movements of the fire brigade."

Exhibit of Mummies in Crypt of Dublin Church

Dublin is perhaps the only city outside of Egypt that has its own mummies. They are rather a ghastly sight, but no visit to the city would be complete without a trip to the crypt of St. Michan's church, where they may be seen.

Some odd property of the air in the vault underneath this edifice has preserved the bodies of many of those who were buried there centuries ago. You may see them now, for the weight of one coffin piled upon another has caused some of them to break and arms and legs protrude. It is strange indeed to be taken into a dark dungeon and to see in the flash of a light held by your escort a hand hanging out. And it is a hand, too, and not just a network of bone. For the skin has been preserved through all the ages and has taken on the appearance of leather.

The sexton takes great pride in showing these remains. Some of them are birds and some are common folk. Many of them have been dead five centuries, which is a long time in any country. The one he is proudest of, perhaps, is that of a Crusader. You know he is a Crusader, for he was buried, as they all were, with the legs crossed.—New York Evening Post.

Finest Feelings Last but One Brief Moment

Each bud flowers but once and each flower has but its minute of perfect beauty; so in the garden of the soul each feeling has, as it were, its flowering instant, its one and only moment of expansive grace and radiant kingship. Each star passes but once in the night through the meridian over our heads and shines there but an instant; so in the heaven of the mind each thought touches its zenith but once, and in that moment all its brilliance and all its greatness culminate. Artist, poet, or thinker, if you want to fix and immortalize your ideas or your feelings, seize them at the precise and fleeting moment, for it is their highest point. Before it you have vague outlines or dim presentiments of them. After it you will only have weakened reminiscences or powerless regret; that moment is the moment of your ideal.—Amiel's Journal.

Early American Missionary

It seems a far call from a little island in the Mediterranean, and from a very little village on that island to San Francisco in California, but Sellier is a lovely spot cupped in a valley under the peak of Puig Mayor. The Sellerites are as clean as the Dutch or cleaner, and their houses are spotless. Their polished tiles and white walls light up cheerfully as you enter their ever open doors. It's so sunny and fine in Sellier that no one even dreams of closing a door. From Sellier visit the coastal heights of Miramar, where, in 1276, the Franciscan mystic, Raymond Lull, founded the first school of Christian missionaries, whence later went Fra Junipero Serra to found the mission of San Francisco in California.—Washington Star.

These United States

The name United States of America is really an evolutionary product, a name which began to develop as soon as the Colonies banded themselves together. Some of the old local coins refer to the "Unity States of America." The Declaration of Independence asserts "that these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States." It also speaks of them as the United States of America. So do the Articles of Confederation and the Constitution. The "authority" by which the name is used is that of the people, as delegated to the Continental congress and the other bodies which shaped the form of our government.

Touchy About Wrinkles

When Queen Elizabeth's wrinkles waxed deep and many it is reported that an unfortunate master of the mint incurred disgrace by a too faithful shilling, said an article in the Quarterly Review in October, 1828. The die was broken and only one mutilated specimen is now in existence. Her maids of honor took the hint and were thenceforward careful that no fragment of looking glass should remain in any room in the palace. In fact, the lion-hearted lady had not heart to look herself in the face for the last 20 years of her life.—Detroit News.

Sweet Pops

A certain club had replaced its familiar black-coated servitors with young, and sometimes pretty, waitresses. One of the old die-hard members who had strongly opposed the idea arrived for lunch.

"How's the duck today?" he growled, glowering at the girl who came to serve him.

"Oh, I'm all right," said the waitress perkily, "and how's the old pelican?"

Fly in the Ointment

The venerable musician put down his beloved instrument with a sigh.

"I've but one regret," he said. "I cannu take my fiddle wi' me when I go."

"After all, that won't matter very much," his visitor consoled him. "You'll have a harp, you know!"

"Aye!" said the old violinist, fiercely, "and whu's gunn tae learn the hairp at my age?"

Mistress: "Jane, whatever is the matter with your hair?"
Servant: "Madame—it's the cavalry regiment—they all wanted a lock of my hair before they left."

May: "I'm terribly worried. I told Jack in my last letter to forget that I had told him I didn't mean to reconsider my decision not to change my mind, and he seems to have misunderstood me."

Tragedian: "I think it within my right to ask for real wine in the banqueting scene."
Stage Manager: "Right, old man. And perhaps you'd like real poison in the death scene."

NOSEY NORA

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

NORA had always been what the family vulgarly called "nosey." She always wondered what the people at tables round about her were eating and what shoppers had in their numerous bundles. She eyed sarcastically at sight of trunks and suitcases just what their contents might be.

Nora didn't mind being kidded about her curiosity.

"It's a perfectly harmless amusement," she always said. "And I get heaps of fun out of it."

"You should be a detective instead of an editor," some of her friends told her.

So in order to be nearer her editorial chair Nora took a small apartment in an old house down town.

There were two rooms on the second floor with a large dressing room connecting them and Nora had scarcely decided on them when she fell to wondering if there was anything in the cupboards that lined the wall above the angle wardrobes. They were so high that she figured she would have to climb on a table top if she were to make use of them. Soon after she had settled in her new quarters she climbed up on her small kitchen table to pull open the old mahogany door.

"Humph!" she commented, "there's not much here. The former tenant took everything along—fine place to put away winter curtains and coats and hats. What ho! I believe I've discovered something." She stretched on tiptoe and dislodged a panel of wood that had made the cupboard a few inches more shallow than its mates. Nora was getting excited. She dislodged the panel and exclaimed with surprise.

The little compartment so carefully concealed was filled with papers and a diary. Nora sat down on the edge of the table, her feet swinging animatedly, her eyes swiftly scanning the pages of the diary.

"Well, of all things!" she exploded, "this is some poor struggling writer's farewell to a career and oh!—how broken hearted he is." She reread portions. "With the sealing up of this panel I am hiding away all that makes life wonderful—my soul and all the best of me is here—the rest is going into a world of business and a hunt for the filthy lucre that enables one to live and—marry. I am doing it for Amy—I regret she could not give me a longer trial at writing. I know I should have won out. However, there seems to be penalties attached to living so—good-by—fair dreams." A tear splashed down on the diary and Nora dabbed her nose with her handkerchief. She jumped up swiftly and hauled down a lot of the manuscripts packed in the cupboard.

For a long time Nora read the stories. When she had finished about a dozen she went down to the housekeeper and made inquiry as to the previous tenants in her room. She got much information. Sufficient anyway to make her fling herself into her coat and hat and take the subway up to Seventy-second street.

It was about seven in the evening as she made her way to a most respectable boarding house and asked if Mr. Tom Webber still lived there.

"He is in at present" asked Nora, and being told to have a seat in the reception room she waited.

She glanced up when a sort of miserable looking young man came questioningly toward her. She told him straight off that she wished to talk with him about some stories and diary that she had found in her studio.

The light that swept suddenly over Webber's face brought a swift lump to Nora's throat. He was transformed from his misery into radiant life and interest. He sat down close beside Nora.

"Mr. Webber," said Nora severely, "you are a very wicked and very weak young man."

Webber had not expected anything like this and he looked his surprise.

"Worse!" continued Nora. "You have deliberately tried to strangle a brain child—to cast it off for the sake of some woman. You should be thoroughly ashamed of yourself—to have knuckled down to a paltry money-making position when you have a wonderful gift."

Webber gasped, then laughed the first hearty laugh he had felt since leaving his old studio. "There must be lots to tell me," he said swiftly and eagerly, "won't you come out to some quiet place with me for dinner? I'm so fed up with this conventional boarding house with its three square meals a day that I feel I will burst—if I don't get out."

Nora laughed in complete sympathy and wondered how a fine manly man like Tom Webber had ever let himself be stepped on by some female. "Love," she thought, "is a funny thing."

"A good idea," Nora said, "so get your hat. I can hardly wait to tell you how good your stories are."

Webber snatched both her hands in his and gave them a squeeze that burst before dashing upstairs three at a time for his hat.

"You will be a very large, red feather in my editorial cap," she told him later. "I am annoyed that you never tried my magazine—with any of your stories."

"I didn't dare aspire so high—I thought you only took good names," he said modestly.

"Only good stories," said Nora, and when she saw the look in Webber's eyes, that was all for her, she knew that for once her nosiness had led her into real romance.

Mrs. High: "How did you come to propose to me John?"
Mr. High: "I suppose I just wanted to be different from other men."

Fond Mother: "Henry, you should have a place for everything."
Henry: "What's the use, mum? I never put them there."

"Well, well, I never knew that the firemen were so childish. It says here that, after the flames were extinguished, the firemen played on the ruins for some time."

Mother (reading inscription on tombstone): "Here lies a lawyer and an honest man."
Child: "But, mummy, why did they bury two men in the same grave?"

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