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The SNAPSHOT GUILD

Respect Your Box Camera

Don't think for one minute that you cannot use your box camera in the winter. The snow scene was snapped with a box camera, using the second stop. In the fire-side scene a time exposure of one second was made, using the largest stop, with the aid of three photoflood lamps.

THOUSANDS of people of all ages are very much interested in the fascinating hobby of picture taking, own box cameras but, believe it or not, have permitted an inferiority complex to creep upon them, as far as respect for the performance of their cameras is concerned. Now that really sounds ridiculous. It is true, nevertheless. Readers have written to the Snapshot Guild with a tale of woe about waiting for spring to arrive to make a concerted effort to improve their pictures. So many owners of box cameras seem to be of the opinion that the sun must be shining like blazes before they should try to take a picture.

What is to follow is directed right straight at you, and you and you . . . with a box camera. If it is hibernating in peaceful slumber on the closet shelf awaiting the arrival of spring and bright sunshine, go get it, dust it off—and be sure you wipe off the lens carefully with a soft, dry cloth—get yourself a roll of film and start shooting. There are more interesting winter pictures waiting to be made with a box camera than you will ever be able to take if you live to be as old as Methuselah. Remember, too, that the old Biblical passage still holds good—"Seek and ye shall find"—and it will not take much seeking if your eyes are open.

Under ordinary conditions you can take instantaneous snapshots outdoors in the winter, or, if the day is too dark and dreary, there is always the old reliable time exposure. If the day is clear and bright you can take action pictures providing you snap the picture at the right angle and are not too close to the subject.

Pictures can be taken indoors at night with a box camera if you use one of the inexpensive photoflash lamps. A little experimenting may be necessary until you know what you can and cannot expect from your box camera, and if you are a real amateur you will get a lot of pleasure out of the experimenting.

The follow with a lot of fine equipment doesn't deserve half the praise for an unusual picture as the real amateur, who owns a box camera and who, through perseverance and thought, gets a "knockout" picture under adverse conditions. Look at the heading of this column this week. If you have belittled your camera by discarding it for the winter you owe it an apology for forcing it into the army of unemployed.

The average box camera on sale today has two stops and a time exposure adjustment. The stop openings control the amount of light passing through the lens. Number one—the larger stop, or opening, is for snapshots of ordinary subjects in sunlight. The second opening, or smaller stop, is for snapshots of distant views, beach scenes, snow without prominent dark objects in the foreground, and clouds, only, in bright sunlight. During the winter, on days with hazy sunlight it is best to use the first, or large stop and on dark days use the second stop and a very short time exposure.

When making time exposures the camera must be placed on a tripod, table, fence or something solid so that the camera will not move when the picture is taken.

You are overlooking a lot of pleasure if you are not making use of your box camera, so get it out. If you are really interested you can stop in most any store that sells cameras and photographic supplies and get free literature on taking pictures at night indoors during these long winter evenings, and you will find it is one type of indoor sport the entire family will enjoy.

And speaking of the family—that's a bunch for a mighty important picture. You will have a lot of fun taking a picture of the family group and in later years the result will be numbered among your prize possessions. Try it.

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

TO THE OLD YEAR

Here's to the splendid hours you gave
Hours of mirth and song;
When my heart was filled with joy of life,
And my courage was sure and strong.
Here's to the happy hours you gave,
Hours that brought me friendliness;
When sweet were the eyes that smiled at me,
And voices were soft with kindliness.
Here's to the lovely hours you gave,
Hours that seemed more than half divine;
When I saw the world through a golden veil,
And life was strangely warm and fine.
Here's to the quiet hours you gave,
Hours that brought me rest;
When my heart knew warmly tender things
And was peaceful within my breast.
Here's to all the hours you gave
That brought me something dear,
For these hours I give you thanks.
And wish you well, Old Year.

HOCKEY IS A CLEANER GAME NOW

Big Reginald "Red" Horner of the Toronto Maple Leafs is setting a merry pace for all challengers for what is loosely termed his "bad-man" honors in the present campaign. Last year's penalty race wasn't even close Horner having a total of 148 minutes with Lionel Conacher's 97 minutes a poor second. With but a month of the present gone, the sturdy Toronto red-head was seven minutes ahead of Irvin Frew, of St. Louis. The later had served 38 minutes at that point. Horner 35

The turbulent red-head is however, away behind his total at approximately the same time last year. On December 12 last year at Boston, following the famous crash between Eddie Shore and Irvin ("Ace") Bailey, Horner acquired two minors and a match foul, this coming when he felled Shore after the collision between the rugged Bruin and the Toronto veteran.

Not Foul Player

No one has ever termed Horner a foul player, despite the number of penalties he acquires. He is of the extremely rugged type, a heavy body-checker, fearless to a degree, and plays as strenuously on foreign ice as at home

The term "bad-man" is applied in hockey to-day merely as throw-back to the days when play was of a much more vicious nature than prevails in these times. Fouls, severe injuries and arrests were common in the earlier days of hockey. On one occasion in Montreal the famous Tod Stuart was deliberately cut down by Alf. Smith, a member of the great Ottawa Silver-Seven, and Smith was jailed immediately after the game. When professional hockey was introduced to Toronto years ago, via an exhibition game, "Newsy" Lalonde, now manager of Canadiens, slashed Odie Cleghorn, now a referee, administering a nasty cut. Sprague Cleghorn skated across the ice, felled Lalonde with a blow that necessitated eighteen stitches in the scalp. Both pailed and fined the next day.

Uncertain For Days

Walter Smaill, former famous old-time player, hovered between life and death, unconscious for days, with a fractured skull, the result of a blow in a game. He recovered.

When Art Ross got $1,000 to play in a game in Northern Ontario years ago, the present Bruin manager was out down in the first minute of play and was unconscious half an hour. He went back into the game and was cut down again.

The Lalonde-Joe Hall feuds were famous a generation ago in hockey. They produced one broken collar-bone, sustained by Lalonde, scores of stitches from cuts. Later the two became team-mates and good friends on the Canadien team.

The late "Minnie" McGiffen, of Toronto, who died in a war-time air crash, and "Duke" Keats were trucu-lent players, given to swinging their sticks on little provocation in their hey-day as stars. There have been many other players of super-aggressive and quarrelsome leanings, who had some right to the "bad-man" prefix—but hockey to-day has no more of these. The players, recruited from colleges in instances, and of a fine general type, are more interested in winning hockey games, in compiling points, than in inflicting injuires on their opponets. Skill has replaced brutality. There is still plenty of hard rugged play, for hockey will always be that type of game. But the bumping is for the greater part, fair and clean.

WINTER SPORTS

Cosmetician Says They're a Great Asset to Beauty

"Winter sports are a great asset to a girl's beauty," a cosmetician remarked. "The glow skiing brings to the cheeks and the active vivacity that skating imparts are far better than any number of facials to stimulate circulation and exercises to revive a tired body or sluggish spirit."

This, coming from a man who primarily is interested in the sale of face treatment and salon-supervised exercises should be a worthwhile hint for any woman.

Naturally, how strongly you go in for winter sports depends a great deal on the place you live. If your back yard is covered with snow and your favorite lake has ice on it for months at a time, there's no reason why you can't ski and skate several times a week.

If you live in a warm climate, you might plan a winter vacation at a far north resort. If that's impossible, how about making the most of the sports available to you? Swimming, riding, golf, tennis and all the so-called summer sports are just as beneficial now as any other time of the year.

Be sure, of course, when you go in for any outdoor sport, to give your complexion adequate protection. The snowflakes may be lovely, the air invigorating, but you will get as much benefit from them if you have given your face and throat a thorough home treatment (using tissue cream, of course) just before starting out.

UNIQUE CARD OF THANKS

A defeated candidate up Kincardine way blossoms out in the local paper as follows:

I thank the friends who voted for me
on election day,
And while I was a loser,
I'm a winner in a way.
I've got rid of lots of trouble,
And I don't regret defeat—
No public sins to answer for,
Nor obligations meet.
So don't think I'm down-hearted
Or go around feeling sore,
For some get in and some get out—
That's what the election's for.
To my friends who didn't vote for me
You were my life-saver,
And I thank you very kindly
For just doing me this favor.
—Angus Graham.

Exactly

Teacher: "Now, if I subtract 25 from 37, what's the difference?"
Willie: "That's what I say; who cares!"

Home to Stay

By IRENE GLENN

THE old stage driver recognized her the moment she alighted from the train at the country station: the slim young graceful girl he had good reason to remember, and with regret.

As she came forward, she smiled a friendly greeting that betrayed a dimple in each rosy cheek. "Hello, Mr. Lawrence. I wonder if you will drive me to the village? I have come on a happy errand, and I am in a hurry to get there," she said gaily.

He nodded. "I wonder you, Miss Olive, all right, don't often forget folks who come this way. Yes, I'll take you up or anywhere you want to go," he answered, suspicious immediately as to what her errand might be.

Soon he had her baggage safely stored in his old car, and they were off up the long winding road.

He could see that she was bubbling over with some inner happiness as she chatted beside him. His thoughts went back, however, to the preceding year when she had come to visit the young fellow, John Buford whom he and the whole valley loved, who had returned from the World war battered and badly turned him down, and then had left him to go on her year's wandering in Europe. The whole valley had known about the love affair, and with its old fashioned generosity had taken her to its heart until—and rumor had it that she had said she couldn't settle down to farm life even with John—she had gone, and the truth came out.

"She ought to be punished, and she will be," the old man thought to himself. He turned to her: "Just where do you want to go, Miss Olive?"

"Where?" she asked, her brown eyes flashing with happiness. "Why, to John's place, of course! Can't you guess why I have come back? I've come back to tell him that I am going to stay and never go again. It's going to be a surprise! I really tried to forget him—didn't write—but I couldn't forget; so I am going to tell him!"

"I'll take you up that," he said briefly.

The rheumatic car rattled along over the familiar road, through the long forest aisles, along the brook, up over the wooded ridge, and into the valley.

The girl was a little silent now as if into her thoughts had come memories not altogether pleasant or thoughts of unhappy things that might have happened. The mood passed, however, and she turned to him.

"I am sure he—he loves me enough to want me now," she said softly half to herself. "Perhaps I wasn't kind enough to him a year ago, but then—it was different."

The old man nodded. "We're a-gittin' thar," he said shortly as he whirled the car off the main road down a long inviting side-road.

"Yes, I remember this road," the girl said quietly.

They swung into the open through the trees, and before them lay a wide, rambling old house, hospitable still in its air of brooding homeyness, but the weeds were high in the yard and the grass had covered the paths; and on the porch was a white sign with the words—"for sale."

She gave a little cry of consternation and stared at the sign. Then she whirled breathlessly upon him.

"What does this mean, Mr. Lawrence? What has happened? Why did you bring me here? Is John—Oh, it can't be? It can't be!" She looked at him with brown eyes full of terrible fear.

He looked at her with cold eyes. "John was in bad shape from his war wounds when you was here—an' then to lose you. I didn't blame you so much—yet I did you shouldn't hev come an' then left him in the lurch," he said bluntly. "You gals with yer playin' with a man—and John was a man we all liked since he was a kid."

"Was—you say 'was'!"—she cried, and then with a shivering tremor she crumpled against him. "He's dead—oh, it can't be!"

He whirled the car again and at a rapid pace sent it rolling back. At the main road, he turned to the right, and, keeping the same rapid pace, went on.

The girl at his shoulder was sobbing quietly, and the iron in his heart began to soften. "Guess she really means it," he told himself.

Under the tires woodland and meadow passed and the road veering sharply led along a winding drive and into the front of a white painted cheery place that was an up-to-date farmer's home. He stopped the car.

He put his hand on her shoulder. "Little girl, I kinda hated you for last year, so I thought I'd give you a lesson. I feel mean about it now, 'cause I kin see you really love the boy. This is John's new place and—"

A tall, bronzed figure appeared near the house, stared, and then with a shout came running up. The girl whirled with an inarticulate cry, and in the next moment was swung from her seat and gathered into strong arms.

"Oh, John!" and "Olive!" were all that the meeting lips could say after the manner of the hearts of men when too full for speech; and, unheard and unseen, Mr. Lawrence turned his car homeward, feeling a little guilty but content in his knowledge that this time the brown girl would stay for good

THE POET AT CHURCH

Robert Burns attended church one Sunday and had difficulty in securing a seat. A young lady, perceiving his difficulty, made room for him in her pew. The sermon was a denouncement of sinners with liberal quotations from the Scriptures to verify the Scotch pastor's threats of punishment.

The young lady appeared much impressed and not a little agitated. Burns, perceiving this, took her Bible and wrote these lines on a blank leaf;

Fair maid, you need not take the hint,
Nor idle texts pursue;
'Twas only sinners that he meant,
Not angels such as you.
—Christian Science Monitor.

Innocence

Little Elsie was being taken to task by her mother. "You bad child! Just look at that jam on your face. Whatever would you think if you saw me with my lips and cheeks all smeared with red like that?"

Elsie considered a moment and then said innocently: "Why, I'd fink you was goin' to a dance, mummy."

CONSTIPATION ENDED FOREVER

Woman Finds a Permanent Remedy

With perfect frankness a woman correspondent writes:—

"I have suffered from constipation as long as I can remember, and taken all sorts of things—which in some cases seemed to do good at first, but afterwards to have no effect. Then I thought I would try Kruschen in my tea every morning, and I have done so for over a year. I am pleased to say after the first month I had no more trouble with constipation, and I have felt very fit. —(Mrs.) O. M. B.

Kruschen Salts is Nature's recipe for maintaining a condition of internal cleanliness. The six salts in Kruschen stimulate the organs of elimination to smooth regular action. Your system is thus kept clear of those impurities which, if allowed to accumulate, lower the whole tone of the system

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FAVORS IMMIGRATION

Governor General of New Zealand Believes Greater Population Needed in that Dominion

In a recent speech in Auckland, Lord Bledisloe, Governor General of New Zealand, had the courage to talk on immigration. He declared it is not that everything possibly should be done to augment the lamentably small population" of the Dominion, if only to provide an adequate domestic outlet for its manufactured products.

"The establishment, after due training, upon some of your presently wasted but potentially fertile acres of several thousand small settlers owning their own land and winning from it, as they easily could, at least two-thirds of their sustenance requirements without any appreciable competition in the matter of export with the ordinary commercial farmer," was advocated by Lord Bledisloe.

"Throughout the world," he continued, "this is the one type of inhabitant who, however great the intensity or duration of economic depression, proves to be no burden or anxiety to either governments or municipalities. Incidentally, this donation is in many respects generously and ambitiously equipped for a population far in excess of the low total of 1,500,000, and the financial burden involved by such generous equipment needs to be carried by many thousands more broad shoulders than those which are struggling beneath it at present."

Early Eskimo Culture

Cave Reveals Remains of People Who Lived Years Ago in Alaska

Well-preserved remains of a people belonging to an early Eskimo culture have been found by an expedition working near the Columbia Glacier in Alaska, the University of Pennsylvania museum reports.

In a mammoth cave which apparently had been used as a burial vault, the expedition discovered 10 skeletons, stone axes and lamps, shell pendants, fragments of wooden armor, crude canoes hollowed out of logs, a paddle and whaling lance blades. Some of the skeletons were in an excellent state of preservation.

Miss Frederica de Laguna, in charge of the expedition sent by the university museum and the University of Denmark, reported the coffins were "simply holes lined with planks and covered with a large board".

"The bones of one of the bodies were covered with skin and the face was preserved. . . . We were able to distinguish it as that of a very young woman", Miss de Laguna stated.

PLAN TO SIGNAL MARS

Scientists Hope to Get in Touch With Our Neighbours on the Ruddy Planet.

British scientists hope within a short time to be able to signal Mars with a high beam of 15,000,000,000 (fifteen billion) candlepower. If there is any living being on Mars with intelligence enough to respond, they hope this signal will induce them to answer.

Preparations are now under way by a group of astronomers and laymen. Professor A. M. Low is one of the scientists who are interested in the project.

The plan is to construct three projector apparatus capable of projecting the most powerful artificial light ray ever created and erect these three projectors on the summit of Jungfrau, in Switzerland.

The Jungfrau has been selected for the site because there is adequate electrical power at the summit. In addition there is an observatory on the mountain from which watch can be maintained for the possibility of return signals.

Signals by means of this powerful light ray will vary. We shall send Morse code messages, said Mr. Harry Price, head of the British National Laboratory of Psychical Research. We shall project infra-red rays. Various beams such as parallel beams, conical beams, will be used to pierce the stratosphere and beyond. We are certain these signals will be visible on Mars, and if there is any intelligent life on the planet the people there should be able to see those signals.

We know that there is vegetable life on Mars and the lower forms of life, such as perhaps insects and reptiles. We hope there are beings with capacity for conceptual thought. If there are they can hardly miss our signals.

We shall signal Mars daily for six months. Over that period we shall vary the time of the day or night during which we signal so that we can synchronize the most favorable time for Mars to receive. Mars has a short day and a long night.

Astronomers and observatories throughout various parts of the world will be asked to be on the lookout for signals or special lights from Mars.

GOITRE A SIGN OF BRAINS!

Goitre is a sign of brains, according to Dr. George W. Crile, Cleveland surgeon. Dr. Crile told the American Association for the Study of Goitre that the disease usually affected those who used their brains extensively. Not everyone is smart enough to be afflicted with it, in his opinion. Contrary to general belief, he said, goitre rarely occurs in the lower races or even among the lower types of civilization. It seldom afflicted successfully lazy persons, criminals or morons. Goitre primarily originates in the driving, emotional centre of the frontal lobe of the brain, and is not a thyroid gland disease at all Dr. Crile contends. The thyroid, in his opinion, is passive, and has the disease imposed upon it.

CONTACT WITH MOTHER EARTH

Councillor Mrs. Stevenson of Cambridge, England, speaking before the National Union of Guilds for Citizenship, said: "The English ideal is a cottage and a garden. Contact with the soil is essential to human life and nothing so endears a man to his house as being able to sit at dinner and watch his family eating cauliflowers and potatoes which he has grown himself. In Cambridge we are supplying cottages of three bedrooms, kitchen, bath, garden, etc., at from $1.92 to $2.05 per week and there is a waiting list of 1,800 families. The cottages cost about $1,200."

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Cold, Anyway

"What made your sister so mad?" questioned Jimmie.

"Ah, she don't know what she wants," returned Bobbie in disgust. "She sent me to the drug store to get some cold cream. I got ice cream because that's the coldest kind they had an now she's sore about it."

We Wonder

"What do you think of a man who will constantly deceive his wife?"

"I think he's a wonder."

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