



# The SOUTHERN CROSS



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BUENOS AIRES, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1942

## CHRISTMAS SPECIAL NUMBER



THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI  
by Paul Veronese

The Christ-child lay on Mary's lap,  
His hair was like a light,  
(O weary, weary were the world,  
But here is all alright).

The Christ-child lay on Mary's breast,  
His hair was like a star,  
(O stern and cunning are the kings,  
But here the true hearts are).

The Christ-child stood at Mary's knee,  
His hair was like a crown,  
And all the flowers looked up at Him  
And all the stars looked down.

G. K. Chasleyton

The Kings of earth are men of might,  
And cities are burned for their delight,  
And the skies rain death in the silent night,  
And the hills belch death all day!

But the King of Heaven, who made them all,  
Is fair and gentle and very small;  
He lies in the straw, by the even's stall—  
Let them think of Him to-day.

Joyce Kilmey

God, the Maker of the heavens,  
God, the shaper of the earth,  
Crown and glory of the angels  
Comes, a babe of human birth.

In His span the heavens are measured,  
On His palm He holds the Sun,  
Yet in swathing bands enfolded,  
Here He lies, a little One.

Lo! the God whose Word Almighty  
Formed the ages, is at rest,  
Fondled on the Virgin's bosom  
Nurtured on the Mother's breast.

Strabo

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U. T. Retiro 1209

NEW YEAR  
GIFTS

HARRODS

• • • • • CHRISTMAS comes again to a sad world, bowed under the weight of war, hunger, distress and fear. The ills to which humanity is heir have been accumulated most abundantly, and there is no sign that the burden may soon be lessened.

Nevertheless, we Argentines have much reason to thank the Almighty. We have been preserved by His gracious providence from war; we have food in abundance; we are prospering. In the midst of our comfort let us spare a thought and a prayer for the countless unhappy families in Europe and the rest of the world, whose suffering is undeserved. Nor must we forget to pray for the misguided authors of all this destruction, waste and misery, that their eyes may at length be opened and their hearts changed.

NEW YEAR  
GIFTS

HARRODS

• • • • • ARGENTINA'S extensive canned-goods trade is in danger of extinction because materials for the containers are lacking. We do not understand how the shortage has come about, because perfectly good containers can be made from iron. And is it not possible to seal canned goods in glass containers?

The canned-goods industry is destined to become one of our greatest export trades. Argentina is, and always will be, primarily a food-producing nation and every effort should be made to keep that trade, not only alive, but growing.

• • • • • GENERAL Franco contrives to keep a large part of the world guessing around his final position with regard to the War. A few weeks ago he declared an attitude of strict neutrality in regard to the North African hostilities, and stated that he was pleased with the guarantees supplied by the United Nations. A fortnight ago he took occasion, in a political speech, to lavish praise upon the two Axis dictators. Our view is that the Spanish leader intends to keep out of the war, and that his policy is one of aloofness. But because he is under financial obligations to the Axis, and is almost unable to meet a threat of force from the Germans, he considers it prudent to pay an occasional compliment. But he had better avoid misunderstandings.

• • • • • WHILE we are on the subject of General Franco, we would like to point out that, the Catholic Church has accorded no special recognition or support to the present Spanish political system. The form of totalitarianism which exists in Spain may or may not come under the general condemnations which the Holy See has formulated against Totalitarianism—that is a matter whose decision must be sought elsewhere—but it is a travesty of the truth to make out that it has been the object of special blessing or approval, has been recommended as a model to any other people on earth.

We write thus on this distasteful subject because some Hispanists amongst are now arguing that in order to be perfect Catholics we must do as Franco did—and does.

• • • • • THE Rural Society has addressed the Minister for Agriculture, pointing out that Great Britain should be asked to pay more for our meat. It is shown that the article is sold at \$0.38 per kilo, live weight, in this country, while in the

United States the same article sells for \$1.50. The Rural Society also point out that there is over a hundred-per-cent rise in the cost of imported goods which are necessary to us in order to maintain meat production at its present level.

We approve the reasoning of the Rural Society, but there is one important reservation to be made: on no account must the price of meat be raised in Argentina. In fact, it should be lowered.

The time has come when the price of export meat should be divorced from the local market prices. Our export trade is not more than a quarter of our total trade, and it is not right that prices in the larger market—that is, in Argentina—should fluctuate according to the prices obtained for the exported surplus. It is a case of the cart driving the horse.

• • • • • OUR contemporaries have been objecting because the Governors of Provinces, singly and in groups, have fallen into the habit of paying frequent visits to this city for the purpose of interviewing the officers of the National Administration. The objections vary considerably in range. Some complain that the President and the Governors are in consultation over the Presidential candidate; others point out that the Governors must perforce be neglecting their gubernatorial duties during the long and frequent visits to this city.

We see in all this a decline of Federalism. The fierce old, Federalist spirit which kept the country divided and in civil war for so many years is bowing before Unitarianism, at last. Perhaps, in the long run the country will benefit. For there is no denying that the separate provincial administrations are cumbersome, costly and almost useless.

• • • • • PLEASE observe our New Year Gift Fund in aid of St. Patrick's Home. Last year it was very moderately successful; this year—well, as yet we will formulate no prophecies. It is a matter which is up to our readers. The shortest and easiest way to contribute is to include a peso—or more, if so desired—when paying up your annual subscription. Those good people who have the excellent custom of paying in advance will find it easy to follow this suggestion; those others who have fallen into the careless habit of letting their payments fall into arrears should impose the extra peso (or pesos) on themselves by way of a penance.

El té es más rico con TE MAZAWATTEE

(O)NCE upon a time—so long ago that everybody has forgotten just when—in a town of Northern Europe, whose name is so difficult to pronounce that nobody can remember it, there was a little boy named Wolff. As both his father and mother were dead, he lived with his old aunt, a cross, stingy woman who only kissed her nephew on New Year's Day, and who heaved a sigh every time she gave the poor little fellow a bowl of soup.

But he was such a good-natured little boy that he loved the old woman, even though he stood in great awe of her, and he could not keep from shivering every time he looked at the great wart on her nose from which grew four stiff grey hairs.

As everybody knew that Wolff's aunt had plenty of property, and a stocking full of gold in her house, she did not dare not to send him to the parochial school. However, she haggled so over the price of his schooling that the schoolmaster, disgusted at having so badly-dressed a pupil, and one who paid so poorly, often obliged him to wear a dunce cap when he had done nothing to deserve it. Besides this, the teacher laughed at the poor orphan before all the other scholars, who soon came to look upon Wolff as their butt.

And so the poor child was the unhappiest boy in the whole country, and he used to hide in corners and cry when he heard his companions talking about Christmas.

On Christmas Eve the scholars were

## Little Wolff's Shoes

FROM THE FRENCH OF FRANCOIS COPPEE.

to assemble at the school and then march to the midnight Mass with the teacher.

As it had been a very heavy winter all the children arrived on Christmas Eve with fur caps pulled over their ears woollen mittens on their hands, two or three heavy jackets, thickly-knitted stockings, and heavy, solid shoes. Poor little Wolff had his thin suit that he wore in all weathers, with a pair of thin patent leather pumps over which he had to wear his woollen shoes.

His mischievous comrades, when they saw how unhappy and awkward he looked, at once began to laugh at him. But the poor boy was so busy blowing his fingers to keep them from freezing and his chilblains ached him so, that he scarcely noticed what they said. Thus the little procession started out to Mass, the boys marching two by two, with the master at their head.

The church looked beautiful with all its candles lighted, and the boys were so glad to get warm again that they forgot to keep silence and whispered to each other as the organ played and the choir sang. Everybody was talking about the supper he would have as soon as he came back from church. The burgemaster's son had seen a huge goose so covered with truffles that it looked like a leopard. The judge's

son had seen a little Christmas tree from whose branches were hanging oranges, candies, and all sorts of toys. The lawyer's cook had fastened the two ends of her cap behind her back with a pin—a sure sign—so his son said, that her famous plum cake had turned out well.

And then they all talked of what Little Christmas (Santa Claus) would bring to put in their shoes and stockings, which they were going to leave in the fireplace before going to bed. The eyes of the children glistened like those of a lot of mice as they thought of the cornucopias of candies, the boxes of lead soldiers, and the Punch and Judy shows they expected to receive.

Poor little Wolff knew that he would be sent to bed without any supper by his stingy aunt. Yet as he knew that he had tried as hard to be good all year as the other boys, he hoped that the Infant Jesus would not forget him, and so he resolved to leave both his woollen shoes on the mantel when he went to bed.

Midnight Mass being ended, the boys filed out two by two, for everybody was in haste to get home for his supper. But now the teacher was at the head of the line, while Wolff was the last one.

As they emerged into the porch of the church, what did they see but a child sleeping on the stone bench against the wall, where beggars usually sat asking alms. Although he had neither shoes nor stockings on, and his only garment seemed to be a woollen frock, he was scarcely a beggar for his frock was spotlessly white, while at his feet lay a rule, a hatchet, and a hammer, such as a carpenter's apprentice often carries. The starlight falling on his reddish golden hair seemed almost like a crown, and yet the poor child's feet, exposed to the wind and snow of this December night, were painful to see.

The scholars, all warmly dressed and thickly shod, passed the little stranger with indifference. Some of the boys even—whose fathers were the richest men in town—looked upon the little child with contempt, such as some rich people always feel for their poor brethren, the contempt of the well-fed for the hungry.

Only poor little Wolff stopped to gaze at the poor little waif, who looked so sweet as he slept on the cold stone seat.

"Isn't it terrible," said the poor orphan to himself, "this little fellow is going without anything on his feet at all, and in such cold weather! And what is even worse to-night, he hasn't any shoes or stockings to hang up for Santa Claus to leave him something in."

"So impelled by his good heart, little Wolff stooped down and took off the woollen shoe from his right foot and left it in front of the little stranger. He made his way home as best he could, sometimes hopping on his left foot when his right one in the patent leather pump was too wet with snow.

"See here, you good-for-nothing," said his old aunt when he reached home. "What's become of your other shoe, you little monster?" Little Wolff never lied, and so, even though he shook with terror as he saw the four hairs on her nose bristling up like a cat's back when it is angry, he stammered out what he had done. Then the old miser burst into a terrible laugh.

"Ah, so this young gentleman takes

off his shoes to give to beggars! So this young aristocrat spoils a pair of woollen shoes for a barefooted boy! This is something new in the world. However, since things have come to pass, I shall leave your other woollen shoe here in the chimney place, and you will find that Santa Claus will leave in it something with which to whip you to-morrow. And all you shall have to eat on Christmas Day will be bread and water. Then we will see if the next time you will give your shoes to the first vagrant you meet."

On the next morning when the old woman, awakened by the cold and her twinges of rheumatism, went downstairs, wonder of wonders! what do you suppose she saw? The whole chimney-piece full of glistening toys, and big boxes of candy and all sorts of good things! And in front of the whole pile the right shoe that her nephew had given the little vagrant was standing beside the left one, into which she had intended putting a handful of switches.

And as little Wolff, who had run down to see what his aunt was screaming about, began to wonder at the beauty and number of his Christmas presents, they heard a great clamor in the streets, so the old woman and the boy hurried out to see what the noise was about. And what do you think had happened. A most extraordinary and unpleasant thing.

The children of all the rich men in the town, whose parents had wished to surprise them with candy and beautiful gifts, had received only rods in their stockings, like Wolff's aunt was going to put in his woollen shoe.

Then the orphan and the old woman, remembering the lovely things in their poor house, were very much frightened, when they suddenly saw the priest running down the street.

The priest had a wonderful story to tell. This morning after saying Mass he had gone out into the church porch to see if there were any poor people begging their Christmas meal. As he reached the stone bench he was stupefied to see in the wall above it, just where the child's head had rested the night before, a golden crown sunk into the stone wall.

At last they all understood, and they all knelt and devoutly made the Sign of the Cross. For this pretty sleeping child, who had with him the tools of a carpenter, was Jesus of Nazareth in person, returned for one hour, just as He had been when He worked in the home of His parents, and bowed to the miracle that God had wrought to reward the faith and charity of a little child.



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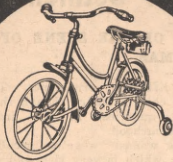
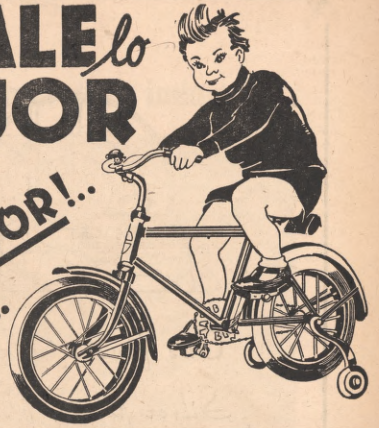
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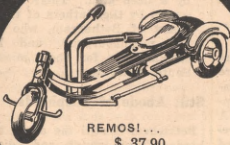
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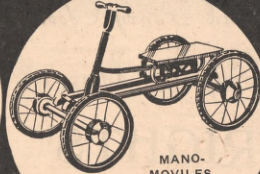
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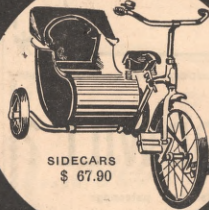
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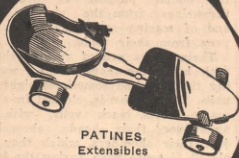
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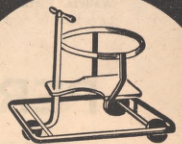


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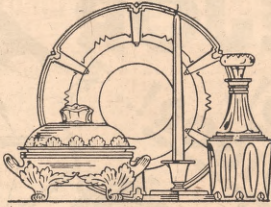


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## The Little Town of Bethlehem

ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY OF THE SCENE OF THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

SIX miles south-west of Jerusalem on the road to Hebron, on the brow of an eminence overlooking a deep and extended valley, abounding in rich pastures, stands Bethlehem, the city of David, and, as the Prophet Micah had foretold, the hallowed birthplace of the Messiah.

Bethlehem is half an hour's motor ride from Jerusalem. Thanks to British administration the roads in Palestine are, on the whole, extremely good, though in this country of strange contrasts, the motor is held up every mile or so by lethargic camels, not to be persuaded to move from the middle of the road.

The road that one takes to Bethlehem is the same the Wise Men followed when they left Jerusalem in quest of the new-born King of the Jews. On the left of the road just outside the Jaffa Gate there runs a ridge of hills which at one point gather themselves into a crown-shaped peak. This is known as the "Hill of Evil Counsel," where the traitor Judas entered into a compact to betray Our Lord for thirty pieces of silver.

Where David Fought Goliath.

On the other side of the road there lies the "Plain of Rephaim," where David, the shepherd boy, fought against Goliath, slew him, and so gained a victory for the Israelites. A little farther on we come to the remains of an ancient cistern called "The Well of the Magi." Here, it is said, the Three Wise Men, on bending down to take a drink from the fountain, saw mirrored in the water the miraculous Star which had disappeared from their sight on reaching Jerusalem.

One next passes the Tomb of Rachel, the beautiful spouse of the Patriarch Jacob, who died there in bringing to light her son, Benjamin. A short distance to the left of the road there is a barren field covered with pebbles, round as peas. The imagination of the Orientals has built around it a legend, which, by the way, is full of noble teaching. One day a man was sowing peas, and as Jesus passed by He asked him what he was sowing; the man roughly answered: "Stones." "Stones you will rather," added Jesus. And from that time the field has produced nothing but stones in the form of peas.

In the far distance is the town of Bethlehem, standing out gem-like against the dense blue of the Eastern sky. It is the "House of Bread," or the "Fruitful." Enthroned on two hills, it presents a picturesque appearance. Its soil seems fruitful, to judge by the gardens and orchards which clothe the slopes of the hills. More than any other Eastern town, it enjoys a certain amount of wealth and comfort.

An Entirely Christian Town.

Bethlehem is to-day a little town with about 14,000 inhabitants, exclusive of foreigners. It is an entirely Christian town. No Moslem is permitted to live there, and this was the rule during the centuries of Turkish dominion.

The inhabitants are very active and industrious. Besides tillage and cattle-breeding, they are engaged in the fabrication of wooden, mother-of-pearl and bituminous limestone objects of piety, such as beads, crosses

and different ornaments. This is their chief industry though there are stone quarries in the immediate neighbourhood.

The women wear a peculiar costume, which is very rich and of ancient pattern, and marks them out from the other Orientals. The colour of their dress is either black or dark blue cotton ornamented with embroidery and raised at the waist by a parti-coloured sash. Their countenances are pleasant and good-looking, and their manners are affable.

The Franciscans have charge of the Latin parish and a primary school; the Christian Brothers have a novitiate for native young men; the Salesian Fathers have an elementary school, a technical school, and an orphanage; the Sisters of St. Joseph have two convents, a school, an orphanage, and an infant school; the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul conduct a hospital and an orphanage; finally, the Carmelite nuns are settled on a hill to the south, separated from the village by a deep glen. Their convent is served by the Fathers of the Sacred Heart of Betharram, who live in the neighbourhood, and have a scholasticate for their missions in South America.

Still Abode of Shepherds.

Bethlehem is still the abode of shepherds. Their rough and distinctive dress marks them out from the rest of the agricultural labourers. The great sycamore staff which they always carry in their hands is to help them over the rough places and steep slopes of the pasture lands. As the customs of the East never change, the ways of the shepherds nowadays are much as they were nineteen hundred years ago. At night they cluster together round their camp fires for the double purpose of protecting themselves from the piercing cold, and of scaring away the beasts of prey from their folds.

Their flocks are of curious shape, with huge, fan-shaped tails, weighing five, six and sometimes eight pounds. The shepherds, clothed in short coarse tunics, black veils, with the agile over their heads, sheepskins over their shoulders, which they could ill dispense with during the long, chilly night watches, their feet bare, or protected by sandals, are a picturesque sight.

The date of the foundation of the city of Bethlehem is lost sight off in the mist of time. We find it to be in existence as far back as the year 1740 B. C. Following Holy Writ let us now give a cursory look at its history, and we shall see not only how God favoured this place with men of renown, but also ordained that their names should be recorded in the Sacred Book.

Children of Bethlehem.

In the Book of Judges, xii, 8-10, it is written that Abesam, father of thirty sons and thirty daughters, who judged seven years the people of Israel was a native of Bethlehem, that there he died, and was buried about 1175 B.C. Hence came the Levite Jonathan, whom Micah of Ephraim took up as a father and priest. Out of Bethlehem came Elimelech and his wife Naomi, whose son married Ruth. Being a widow she remarried

and took Booz of Bethlehem, the great-grandfather of David, to be her husband (St. Matthew, 1, 5), about 1087 B. C.

In Bethlehem David was born and, by the express command of God, was anointed King of Jerusalem by the Prophet Samuel. There Joab, Abisai and Asael, the three sons of Savia, David's sister, were born. Here Asael was buried after he had been transfixed with a lance by the cruel Abner (II Kings, ii, 32), about 1055 B. C. This fortunate place gave to the world Matthew, whose son Jacob was father of Joseph, the spouse of the Blessed Virgin. And, as some historians say, Bethlehem was the birthplace of St. Anne, mother of the mother of Jesus.

Over the spot where this tremendous mystery was accomplished, and which during the early Christian centuries had been the resort of the faithful, St. Evaristus, a native of Bethlehem who sat in the Chair of St. Peter, built a church in the year 100. But, alas! the pious work of the Vicar of Christ on earth was destroyed by the impious Emperor Hadrian, in the year 135. He surrounded the sacred spot with a grove or forest, dedicated it to the false gods, and located a statue of Adonis and Venus in the Holy Manger (St. Jerome, 49th Epistle to St. Paula.)

**Then St. Helena Came.**

But God, Who had suffered the desecration of His birthplace for reasons which cannot be fathomed by man, did not permit it to last for ever. Hence, in time, He raised the great St. Helena, the English mother of Constantine the Great, who, after having razed the pagan temple and the grove in the year 327, discovered the Grotto, and above it built a sumptuous basilica, dedicated to the Nativity, with forty-eight columns, each column being two feet six inches in diameter and twenty feet high, and five naves, rich in marble and gold, and whose facade was decorated with a precious mosaic representing the Adoration of the Magi.

In the year 414, the Pelagians destroyed the convent attached to it—which was rebuilt in the year 531 by the Emperor Justinian—but spared the basilica. Bethlehem, with other cities, had fallen in 614 into the power of the Persians, who, seeing the mosaic on the facade of the basilica and believing that they recognised the costumes of their nation in the garments of the Magi, did not dare touch the magnificent monument.

In 1010, Hakem sent pagans thither with orders to destroy the precious Sanctuary of the Nativity, but on their arrival, a shining light appeared to them that cast them to the ground, where they expired. Whatever was, says M. de Vogue, the cause of the prodigy, the fact is that the basilica was saved from destruction. At the period of the Crusaders this church was richly embellished by the Latin princes.

**Where the Manger Was.**

The Grotto of the Nativity extends underneath the choir of the basilica. It is a crypt of irregular form, nearly forty feet in length, twelve in breadth, and nine in height. The walls of the rock are covered with precious marbles of various colours. Thirty-two lamps of massive silver, the gift of the Christian princes, perpetually illuminate this venerable Sanctuary. A silver star, with the in-

scription, *Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus Est—1717* (Here of the Virgin Mary Jesus Christ was born), marks the spot where our Blessed Saviour was born. The manger was removed to Rome in the seventh century, where it is preserved in the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore in a superb reliquary.

When in 1909 the army of Godfrey de Bouillon arrived at Emmaus, the great prince and Crusader, Tancred, with a vanguard of 100 Crusaders, departed at night and advanced towards Bethlehem. Before daybreak the flag of the Crusades was floating in the breeze from the top of the Basilica of the Nativity. Two years later, on Christmas night, Baldwin I was crowned King of Jerusalem in the same basilica.

Here, lastly, came the children of Francis of Assisi, to whom the guardianship of the holy places was entrusted by Pope Gregory IX in the year 1230, who, in the midst of numberless hardships and at the cost of great sacrifices, still remains to continue the singing of the praises of God that first were sung here nine hundred centuries ago by the angels and their choir.

**THE CHRISTMAS CANDLE.**

**AN IRISH CATHOLIC CUSTOM.**

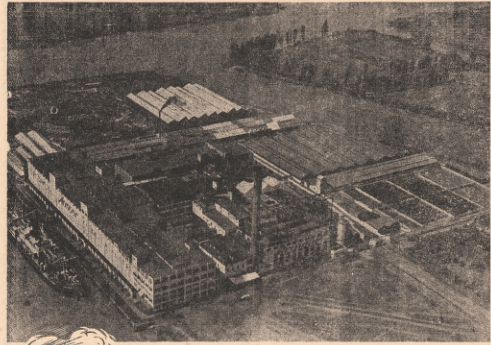
IN Ireland Christmas is kept with every evidence of joy, for Irish Catholics are most enthusiastic in all that concerns the mysteries of the Holy Faith. One of the most beautiful customs handed down from sire to son from time immemorial, is the lighting of the Christmas candle. On Christmas Eve, when the shadows of night descend upon land and sea, the Christmas Candle is brought forth and lighted, for there must be no darkness on that holy night, when the Light of the World came to take possession of His own.

The light of this Christmas Candle typifies and symbolises to devout people the wondrous Star of Bethlehem, and as they gaze upon it with feelings of piety and devotion, their minds travel back in spirit to the hills of Judea over 1,900 years ago, and they see once again the humble shepherds as they prostrate themselves upon the ground in reverent awe, as they gaze Most High God, the Star of Bethlehem. Their thoughts travel further afield and follow this supernatural manifestation of God's inscrutable way of showing His love for fallen man, and reverently do they follow the course of this royal messenger of God as it appears to the three Wise Men in their far-off Eastern countries, and who, under its guidance, travel from their distant lands until they reach the city of Jerusalem, at which place their leader and spokesman inquires. "Where is He that is born King of the Jews? We have seen His star in the East and have come to worship Him."

Such are the pious thoughts awakened in the hearts of the Irish Catholics of beholding the lighted candle and such, indeed, they should be. The family kneel in prayer at midnight and invoke the peace and blessing of the Infant Saviour upon their household.

Our Readers will help us if they will mention THE SOUTHERN CROSS when replying to advertisements appearing in this paper.

**Puntal de una gran industria**



El desarrollo de la industria frigorífica en la República Argentina, ha sido y sigue siendo la base sólida sobre la que se sostiene el progreso de la ganadería argentina. El Frigorífico ARMOUR de la Plata S.A. se enorgullece de haber contribuido durante sus 26 años de vida activa y proficua en estas playas del Plata, a fomentar ese progreso que es una de las más ricas fuentes de ingreso de la economía nacional. La exportación creciente de carnes argentinas por intermedio del frigorífico ARMOUR constituye un estímulo para el mejoramiento del ganado argentino y fue paulatinamente abriendo nuevos mercados a la calidad indiscutible de nuestras carnes. Hoy, frente a la evolución extraordinaria de la ganadería argentina, cuyos títulos nadie discute, y ante la fama notoria alcanzada por las carnes que exporta la Nación Argentina a los mercados del mundo, el Frigorífico ARMOUR contempla con orgullo esa obra magnífica con la que se siente identificado.

FRIGORIFICO ARMOUR DE LA PLATA S.A.

**HOGAR SIN MOSCAS  
...DULCE HOGAR!**

**MATAMOSCAS SHELL**

**NO ATONTA A LOS INSECTOS: ¡LOS MATA!**

## VILLALONGA-AMERICAN EXPRESS

Co. S. A. de Turismo

TOURS AND EXCURSIONS  
RAIL, STEAMER AND AIR TICKETS  
RESERVATIONS OF SLEEPERS ON TRAINS AND HOTEL  
ACCOMMODATION ARRANGED.

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TRANSPORT OF BAGGAGE  
PACKING — REMOVALS.  
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U. T. 33 — 8221 - 5

All Classes of Insurance  
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San Lorenzo 1057 Asunción, Palma 207 Gutierrez 128

AGENTS IN ALL PARTS

## Thinking With God.

By Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J.

Watch, therefore, for you do not know when the master of the house is coming,—in the evening, or at midnight or at cockcrow or early in the morning; lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping. And what I say to you, I say to all: "Watch". St. Mark xiii, 33, 37.

Watch, therefore, for you do not know when the master of the house is coming—

God is the master of our lives; for to Him we owe each and everything we have... and when He comes He will require an exact accounting—

of every thought...  
of every word...  
of every act...  
of the way we used our souls and our bodies...  
of the way we used our mind and will and senses...  
of the worldly goods we have gained...  
of duties of our state of life...

it will not be the reckoning of a taskmaster... but the scrutiny of a loving father, exacting yet understanding...

In the evening, or at midnight or at cockcrow or early in the morning—

no time of life is secure from death...  
new-born babes die; and boys and girls; and middle-agers; and feeble oldsters...  
God has a right to call us home whenever He wants... and when He calls, His summons must be obeyed...  
I know not when death will come...  
but I know that it is nearer now than it has ever been...

Lest coming suddenly He find you sleeping—

forgetful of the commandments...  
unmindful of His love...  
not awake to the many opportunities for good...

And what I say to you, I say to all: "Watch"—

Fulfill My commandments...  
obey the laws of My Church...  
fulfill the duties of your state of life...  
be vigilant in prayer...  
be lovingly expectant of My coming...

Dear Jesus, during the holy season of Lent, let me be more than ordinarily mindful that one of these days I must leave this world and come home to You. There are many things here to make me forget You and the life beyond the grave. But I must not forget. So I will try hard at all times but especially during this holy season of penance, so to live that whether You come "in the evening, or at midnight, or at cockcrow or early in the morning" You will find me ready to come home at once to You.

## VETERINARIA DE PERROS Y GATOS

Primera Clínica Veterinaria Argentina establecida desde 1912

PERROS Y GATOS.

CORTE DE PELO Y BAÑOS

La clínica está abierta los Domingos y días feriados.

CONSULTAS DE 9 A 20 HORAS

Se atienden pedidos durante la noche.

JOSE E. URIBURU 321

U.T. 47 - Cuyo 2191



## Christmas Snow In Ireland

**J**IMMIE O'DONOVAN was a little boy who had come over from India because he was now six years old and ready to go to a preparatory school with his cousins, at whose house he was staying.

Since he had been in Ireland the weather had been so mild that he soon got used to being away from a hot climate. Besides, there were so many exciting things happening and everybody was so jolly that he never really thought much about winter. But to-day was Christmas Eve, and for the first time he began to wish he could see real snow.

The funny part of it was that people kept saying, "It looks very much like snow." Yet to him it looked just exactly the opposite for the sky seemed a solid mass of dull, heavy grey, and he had always been told that snow was white and gleaming and beautiful.

However, at the house where he was staying there was so much merriment that really there wasn't time to feel disappointed.

Christmas Eve itself had been full of fun, and Christmas Day was going to be even better. So it wasn't surprising that when Jimmie had hung his sock up and sneezed down think any more about it, and was soon into his warm bed he decided not to fast asleep.

Suddenly he was awakened by seeing something white flutter down from the fan-light over his window. He sat up in bed, rubbed his eyes, and stared in amazement at the window-seat, for there, seated on a cushion, was a dainty little fairy dressed in silver and white, with a feathery cloak hung beside her.

"You don't mind if I rest here a

bit, do you?" she asked with a smile. "I shan't stay many seconds because I'm on my way to help with the snow!" Jimmie gasped! Then he exclaimed, "Snow! I've never seen snow in my life."

"Really?" laughed the fairy, "You'd better come with me then, you'll see us all at work."

Almost before Jimmie could realise what was happening she had waved her wand to make him smaller and had wrapped her warm feathery cloak around him. Then, laughing gaily, she put her arms about him and he found himself flying up in the air with her; out of the window and away to the grey sky, till they came to an opening in the heavy clouds.

Through this they passed, and now Jimmie could scarcely believe his eyes, for gleaming white snow lay in shimmering piles on a silvery carpet. He had often heard people say that every cloud had a silver lining, and here it actually was. There was no greyness here. Everything was bright and sparkling. Hundreds and hundreds of merry fairies darted about hither and thither packing the lovely snow-flakes into silver bags. There was a gnome dressed in white fur waving his arms and calling, "Come on, come on. All contributions gratefully received."

He was a fat, jolly gnome . . . in fact everyone seemed to be jolly. Close beside him a lot of other gnomes were prancing about with scissors in their hands, and towards these a constant stream of snow-white animals and birds came tripping and hop-

ping along; mice and rabbits, ducks and geese, puppies and kittens, doves and seagulls . . . all sorts, large and small, but all of them, joking and laughing. Each of them sat down for a few seconds while a few of their hairs or feathers were snipped off by the gnomes with scissors. Just a little from each one so that their coats should not be spoiled.

Other gnomes gathered these "contributions" together and tossed them on to the pile of snow-flakes, where they immediately turned into snow themselves. From these piles the busy fairies filled their bags, flying away then through the opening in the clouds to scatter the contents over the country beneath, till Jimmie could see the air filled with softly falling snow.

Suddenly a silver bell pealed.

Jimmie's fairy seized his hand. "Quick," she exclaimed, "That means Father Christmas has just started out. You must be home again before he gets there." Then putting the white feathery cloak securely around him she flew back with him, and, flinging the cloak on to the window-seat, she tucked him quickly but snugly into bed, told him to hurry off to sleep, and flew away once more.

Jimmie was awakened on Christmas morning by the laughing voices of his cousins as they burst joyfully into his room.

"Look Jimmie, look!" they called excitedly. "Real Christmas snow!"

Jumping out of bed Jimmie clapped his hands in sheer delight when he saw, covering the whole of the

countryside, a sparkling mantle of glittering snow. And there in a corner of the window-seat lay a tiny drift of white flakes all by themselves.

"Some must have come in through the window," exclaimed Jimmie's cousins. But Jimmie himself knew that it was the feathery cloak his special fairy had wrapped round him and that it had just turned into snow when she left it like all the other feathers and fur. And the sight of that little fairy's cloak together with the beautiful snow outside, seemed somehow to make the whole of Christmas Day, with all its lovely presents and fun, a thousand times nicer.

Our Readers will help us if they will mention THE SOUTHERN CROSS when sending advertisements appearing in this paper.

### AVENIDA PALACE HOTEL

VICTORIA 442 — PLAZA MAYO

U.T. 33-9791 - 4720 - 8990.

100 Rooms. 50 with private bath. Central Heating. Running hot water in every room. Complete comfort.

Room with board, \$6. p/day.

„ without board, \$3. - p/day.

Manager Mr. MAURICIO.



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The Bank's Branch at this famous seaside resort  
**AVENIDA LURO 2681 - 87**  
 provides an efficient banking service especially for holiday makers.

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& SOUTH AMERICA LIMITED

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Open 12.30 to 16.30  
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For greater health and better flavour  
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only in carton packages or cans.

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BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

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Unico Importadores para las Repùblicas del Plata

**MEBELLO HNOS.**

VICTORIA 3069

BUENOS AIRES

# Irish News

FRANK CARTER  
DIES.—

News has been received of the death of Mr. Frank Carter B.L., T.D., which took place, after a short illness, at his residence, Clonuncny House, Ballynacarrow, Ballymote, Co. Sligo.

He was aged 45. Joining the national movement at an early age, he became a prominent figure in Sinn Féin and the volunteers in the West. Holding the rank of Brigadier-General he fought in the Black-and-Tan war and after the Treaty on the Republican side.

On two occasions he made daring escapes from jail. Captured by British forces in February, 1920, he escaped from Sligo jail in June. Wounded and captured by Black-and-Tans in November, 1920, he made a sensational escape from Derry jail in February, 1921. Arrested later in Glasgow, an armed attempt was made to rescue him from a prison van.

He was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude but in August of the same year was released having meanwhile been elected to the Second Dail in June for the then East Mayo and Sligo Constituency. He voted against the Treaty and led the I.R.A. in South Sligo during the Civil War.

He was the youngest deputy in the 1921 Dail and one of the few deputies who held their seats from that time. Mr. Carty was elected for Sligo-Leftrin in 1923, again in June and September of 1927, and headed the poll in the 1932 general election. He was elected for the Sligo Constituency in 1937 and 1938. In all he successfully contested nine general elections.

From 1928 to 1934 he was chairman of Sligo Co. Council and was returned for Tubbercurry area in the recent elections.

NEW PARTY  
TALK.—

There have been some whispers of a new party, this time consisting of an advanced wing of Fine Gael, led by two well-known deputies. Inquiries do not bear out these reports but suggest that they have arisen from a misunderstanding or a wrong interpretation of certain activities of a group in Fine Gael. It appears that some of the younger and more progressive members of the party are not at all satisfied that the party has in recent years shown sufficient energy and initiative and they have been trying to impress on their colleagues that in the new circumstances, and especially to prepare for post-war conditions, the party's platform will need to have several of its planks replaced, repaired or re-adjusted. In brief, they are insistent that a more go-ahead policy with greater clarity and precision will have to be adopted and that, in particular, having regard to the likelihood that the post-war period will produce a crop of quack remedies for unemployment, agricultural and social evils, it is imperative to have a sound, well-planned programme thought out in advance. The group in Fine Gael holding these views have been considering the position and it is likely that the rumours of a new party have originated in this way.

DECLINE IN  
SPORT.—

The present year has witnessed a further marked and somewhat dis-

quieting decline in outdoor sport, not all of which can be attributed to the difficulties of the times. In many schools, football, hurling, athletics, cricket and other field pastimes have been abandoned. Owing to transport difficulties a number of golf clubs have lost a large proportion of their patrons. Athletics, which everybody had thought last year to have experienced their poorest season in living memory have fared still worse this year; such notable events as the Tramway sports, the Grocers' sports and the Gardaí sports, events to which leading athletes from all over the country used to look forward, are things of the past. All games tell the same tale.

No doubt a great number of young people who would normally go in for outdoor pastimes have been busily engaged in connection with the Defence Services; but this does not explain the decline, because the Army has always very properly maintained a tradition of encouraging facilities for games. Nor is it a question of restricted money resources, because indoor pastimes have not been affected to the same extent. Even if there were no great national tradition to be preserved, as there is, it would be a serious thing for the health and physique of the race if this decay in outdoor pastimes were to be allowed to continue. There is, too, a danger that people may be misled by the big figures of attendances at various sporting gatherings; for the healthy condition of any game is to be judged by the numbers who play it, and not by the numbers who watch it being played. In the early years of national enthusiasm there was a strong feeling in favour of having a Minister of Sport and Recreation, and while this may not have been necessary or desirable the feeling certainly indicated the importance attached to pastimes. Unfortunately, this is one more sphere of activity in which most members of the Legislature take but little interest. If they were more alive to its importance they might spare a few days from their generous holidays to debate such a subject, now they find so few subjects that can be debated in the present circumstances. It will hardly be denied that a normal healthy youth should, during his growing years, engage in at least one branch of sport involving sound physical exercise. Yet if this test were applied



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The ideal restaurant for families, comfortable and Quiet

Specialises in Curries,  
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Maryland Chicken Supreme  
Argentine Haddock.

1st Class service Best cuisine  
Moderate prices  
British and American style.  
WHISKEY COCKTAILS  
Special \$1.10

# The Isle of Saints

(By GERALD GRIFFIN)

Far, far amid those lonely seas,  
Where evening leaves her latest  
smile

Where solemn ocean's earliest breeze  
Breathes, peaceful, o'er our holy isle.

Remote from that distracted world,  
Where sin has reared his gloomy  
throne,

With passion's ensign sweetly furled,  
We live and breathe for heaven a-  
lone.

For heaven we hope, for heaven we  
pray,

For heaven we look, and long to die;  
For heaven—for heaven, by night, by  
day,  
Untiring watch, unceasing sigh.

Here, fann'd by heavenly temper'd  
winds,

Our island lifts her tranquil breast;  
Oh, come to her, ye wounded minds!  
Oh, come and share our holy rest!

For not to hoard the golden spoil  
Of earthly minds we bow the knee—  
Our labor is the saintly toil,  
Whose hire is in eternity.

The mountain wild, the islet fair,  
The corrie bleak, and lonely vale;  
The town that feels the summer air,  
The peak that splits the wintry gale.

From northern Ulladh's column'd  
shore,

To distant Clair's embosom'd nest;  
From high Benbedir's summit hoar,  
To Ara in the lonely west.

Through all, the same resounding  
choir,

Harmonious pours its descant strong,  
All feel the same adoring fire,  
All raise the same celestial song.

When sinks the sun beyond the west,  
Our vesper hymn salutes him there;  
And when he wakes the world from  
rest,  
We meet his morning light with  
prayer.

The hermit by his holy well,  
The monk within his cloister gray,  
The virgin in her silent cell,  
The pilgrim on his votive way.

To all, the same returning light,  
The same returning fervour brings;  
And, thoughtful in the dawning bright,  
The spirit spreads her heavenward  
wings.

From hill to hill, from plain to plain,  
Wherever falls his fostering ray,  
Still swells the same aspiring strain,  
From angel souls, in shapes of clay.

The echoes of the tranquil lake,  
The clifted ocean's cavern'd maze,  
The same untiring music make,  
The same eternal sound of praise.

Oh, come and see our Isle of Saints,  
Ye weary of the ways of strife;  
Where oft the breath of discord taints  
The harquet sweets of joyous life.

Ye weary of the lingering woes  
That crowd on Passion's footsteps,  
pale,  
Oh, come and taste the sweet repose  
That breathes in distant Innisfail!

## 1st. CLEARANCE SALE

# MILTON

### EXCEPTIONAL OFFERS



**Quality Ties**  
In varied selections of modern designs

Coating . . . \$  
now at . . . \$1.95  
Three for \*5.25

Shirts of fine imported materials fashionable designs

Coating . . . \$  
now at . . . \$6.90  
Three for \*20.—

## MILTON

For the Gentleman

### DIAGONAL NORTE 827

U. T. 34 - Defensa (880)

**Credits on your own signature**

**Orders to the Interior dispatched the same day.**

to-day it would be found that in Dublin the majority of boys grow up without ever taking part in football of any kind, hurling, cricket, tennis, stilettes, or any other healthy vigorous pastime.

### DIED AGED 105.—

The death occurred recently of Mrs. Catherine Kinsella, The Shannon, Enniscorthy, who had attained the remarkable age of 105. All her years were spent under the shadow of Vinegar Hill. Up to a few years ago she was hale and hearty and at the last General Election in 1933 recorded her vote at the Mercy Convent School.—She had never been in a train.

### THE HORSE.—

The horse has not come back, despite all the prophecies. When the motor restrictions became effective it was thought that we might again see people travel extensively on horseback, that well-to-do people would replace their motors by ponies and traps, that

the farvey would get a fresh lease of business and that numerous traders would once again deliver their goods by horse and van. One enterprising gentleman planned so much on this basis that early in the spring he cornered the entire stock on the premises of one of the latest Dublin dealers in traps and other horse-drawn vehicles. Actually the return to the old style has not taken place. One would hardly notice the few extra horse-drawn vehicles or ponies and traps that occasionally pass through Dublin. The reason why the expected did not happen is partly that the man who would drive a motor car knew nothing about driving a horse, partly that his suburban garage was no place to accommodate a trap much less keep a horse, partly the cost of feeding a horse and partly that the people who cornered the supplies of vehicles killed the horse they expected to lay the golden eggs by demanding the blackest of black-market prices for traps. For show-keepers business was too bad to justify the cost of a horse and dray and driver; they are trying to man-see with a boy and a bicycle. Even the people who contemplated a string of horse-drawn vehicles to ply between Dublin and the seaside thought better of it and did not take the risk. The one old-fashioned coach put into service remains just a curiosity. The few farveys who defied the competition of the taxis have not seen any appreciable addition to their ranks, and their business is not improved by a comparison of the charges. So it seems the horse is destined to remain the farmer's friend and not to become the city man's substitute for a motor car.

## PILES

Internal and external. Painless treatment. Itch, Eczema, Varicose veins, feminine ailments. Dr. A. V. Fernández, Specialist. Consultations \$10.00; From 9 to 12 and from 15 to 19.

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## Hotel "EL CABILDO"

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THE BEST SITE IN THE CITY  
PENSION FOR DISTINGUISHED FAMILIES.  
ROOMS WITH PRIVATE BATHS AND HOT WATER A ALL HOURS.  
THE MOST CONVENIENT FOR VISITORS FROM THE CAMP.  
FIRST CLASS CUISINE. FIRST CLASS ATTENTION.

MODERATE PRICES

PROPRIETOR: M. GIRALDEZ

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James O'Donnell

TUCUMAN 671 U. T. 31 - 3286

ALL FUNERALS PERSONALLY ATTENDED BY PROPRIETOR  
MODERATE CHARGES

FLANDERS POPPY WREATHS STOCKED AND SUPPLIED ON  
BEHALF OF THE BRITISH LEGION.

# General News From Home and Abroad.

## MINISTER OF WAR AND ECONOMY.—

The Minister of War, General Ramirez, sent a note to the Army in which he stated that the officers and

other officials should exercise close economy as much as possible in view of the general situation of the country and urged that the greatest care be taken to preserve the stock of material existing and not to incur new

expenses.

In his note, General Ramirez referred specifically to the unnecessary use and purchase of cars, trucks, or other vehicles, typewriters and calculating machines, decorative articles, heating, and other articles which were not considered absolutely necessary.

fire-positions along with their occupants.

\*\*\*

## NATIONAL MORTGAGE BANK'S NEW VICE-PRESIDENT.—

Señor Enrique R. Noriega has been unanimously elected vice-president of the National Mortgage Bank, after having served on the board of directors for 10 years.

Señor Noriega, besides being a banker-economist of repute is a journalist of note and director of the La Plata daily "El Día", and is well known for his staunch loyalty to democratic principles.

\*\*\*

## ANOTHER GERMAN C-G GETS THE SACK.—

Hitler has named General Fritz Erich von Manstein Commander in Chief of the German forces in the central sector, in a desperate effort to stop the Russian advance.

Von Manstein succeeds von List who in turn replaced von Bock.

\*\*\*

## ASSISTANT CHIEF OF POLICE RESIGNS.—

Political and Police circles were surprised by the resignation of the Assistant Chief of Police, Inspector General, Amleto Donadio.

In his resignation the assistant chief stated, that he had resolved on the step because he was in disagreement with the Chief of Police, General Martinez, with regard to the powers and duties assigned to the Secretary General, one of the new posts created by the reorganization of the department, which he holds to be merely an administrative position and entirely outside the active police force, in which the Secretary-General holds no rank or authority.

Sr. Donadio then went on to state that he felt that the authority granted the Secretary-General endangered the discipline of the department, and consequently that he must resign the office entrusted him by the Government, under a decree dated January 27, 1942.

## HOTEL MERCEDES ATLANTIDA

URUGUAY

Now open for the Summer, and awaits the pleasure of its distinguished Argentine friends' visit TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT WRITE MAKING EARLY RESERVATION.

## TAPICERIA "IMPERIO"

CRETONAS, BRINES Y ARTICULOS DE TAPICERIA CORTINADOS Y ESTORES

FUNDAS PARA TODA CLASE DE MUEBLES COLCHONES "SIMMONS"

MUESTRAS Y PRESUPUESTOS A DOMICILIO

PARAGUAY 844

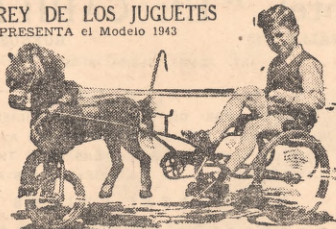
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## "SULKY CICLO"

(PATENTADO)

EL REY DE LOS JUGUETES

PRESENTA el Modelo 1943



LO MAS NOVEDOSO EN RODADO PARA NIÑOS DE 2 A 10 AÑOS. MANEJADO A RIENDAS. - MUY GRACILO FABRICANTES

"SULKY CICLO" - MEDRANO 645

U. T. 75 - 3191

BUENOS AIRES

## FURTHER REDUCTIONS OF PETROL.—

In their report presented to the Ministry of Agriculture the Advisory Committee appointed to study the petrol rationing scheme with a view to further economies, advises a further reduction in the quotas for the first quota of 1943.

The committee proposes that the basic quota should be fixed at 200 litres per vehicle, with a supplementary allowance of 100, 300 or 600 litres in accordance with the use made of the car from a business or public service point of view.

It is calculated, that the application of this principle will result in a further economy, so that supplies will be made available for more essential services. Further restrictions are also proposed in connection with supplies made to taxi cars it being recommended that quotas be fixed in accordance with the districts in which the cabs ply, and the number of hours on which the vehicle is on the streets.

\*\*\*

## THOUSANDS OF BAGS OF WHEAT DESTROYED IN BAHIA BLANCA.—

A spark from a shunting engine set fire to a pile consisting of 73,867 bags of wheat, destroying over 36,000. This happened in the port of Bahia Blanca and the wheat was ready for export.

The fire was extinguished by the Bahia Blanca fire brigade, assisted by the personnel of the Southern Railway, whose efforts were successful in preventing the flames not only destroying the whole of the pile, but also spreading to adjoining deposits.

\*\*\*

## RUSSIAN TROOPS NEARING SMOLENSK.—

A powerful Russian force reached a point situated at 135 kms. from Smolensk. Terrible fighting is taking place in Bely, to the North of Smolensk, in this zone the Russian advance is slow but steady.

In the Stalingrad front the Germans continue their counter-attacks, these are getting weaker each time. Within Stalingrad the Russians surrounded and blasted seven German

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MODERATE PRICES

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BUENOS AIRES

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GOOD MUSIC  
GOOD HUMOUR  
GOOD DRINKS

FROM 21 TO 4 O'CLOCK

VISIT US!

CORRIENTES 681 1st. Fl.

Charly's

**SHIPMENTS FOR THIS COUNTRY—**

The Ministry for Foreign Affairs official communication states:

"The Ministry for Foreign Affairs frequently intervenes through diplomatic and consular offices abroad, in the negotiations which are necessary in order to obtain the exportation and shipment of merchandise destined for Argentina.

"In view of the fact that it has transpired that intermediaries unnecessarily approach the Ministry in these matters, it is necessary to call the attention of the interested parties that all negotiations should be conducted directly by the firms concerned, or their responsible agents, abolishing all and every kind of mediation, which can in no way affect the attention and zeal which the Ministry rightly applies to each and every request."

\* \* \*

**ALLIES CONCENTRATE ON TUNIS.—**

Anglo-American troops control the road between Bizerta and Tunis, thus isolating the German forces in both those towns.

The Allies are concentrating all their forces on Tunis, and once this has fallen effectives will be available for the attack on Bizerta.

The docks at Tunis and La Goulette were again heavily attacked. During the raid which lasted for over 8 hours, hits were scored on an oil storage depot barrack buildings, railway marshalling yards and La Goulette island, causing violent explosions and large fires.

\* \* \*

**IS MUSSOLINI ILL?—**

A reliable source says that Mussolini has cancer in an advanced stage. The diagnosis was made by Hitler's own specialists who went to Italy on the orders of the Fuehrer, after persistent rumours that Mussolini was ill. By all accounts the Duce's ailment manifested itself about four years ago.

**INFANTILE PARALYSIS—**

The Health Department announces that 64 news cases of I. P. were reported during the past week.

Since December 11 the following cases were reported: In Avellaneda, 16; Almirante Brown 2; La Plata, 9; Cañuelas, 1; Exaltación de la Cruz, 1; Florencio Varela, 1; General Lamadrid, 1; General San Martín, 2; Guaminí, 1; Lomas de Zamora, 7; Luján, 1; Magdalena, 4; Matanzas, 6; Merlo, 1; Olavarría, 1; Pergamino, 2; Quilmes, 3; San Fernando, 1 and Seis de Septiembre 4.

The total number of infantile paralysis cases reported so far this year now reaches 345, of which 13 cases proved fatal, making the mortality rate 3.7 per cent.

The official figures reveal an increase in the number of cases and during the 18 days of this month 143 cases have been registered. During the last three months the total reached 308.

The Health Department meanwhile urged the public and all persons to continue taking precautions and cooperate with the official sanitary instructions.

\* \* \*

**URUGUAY TO REDUCE FUEL QUOTAS.—**

The Minister of Industries, Dr. Julio César Canessa, announced at the Cabinet, that the shortage of fuel was creating a serious problem, and that emergency measures would have to be taken.

Dr. Canessa stated, that the quantities of petrol imported during the last month were only sufficient to meet the country's already greatly reduced requirements for a period of 60 days, and that it would be necessary to reduce the quotas established in 1940 by a further 40 per cent. Preference would be given in the distribution of the existing stocks to the transport companies, public health services and the army.

Sr. Battle Pacheco pointed out, during the debate that followed, that any reduction in the quotas assigned to private car owners would automatically be followed by an increase in unemployment, and cause great harm to the tourist industry.

\* \* \*

**JAPS LOOSE MORE SHIPS—**

The Navy Department, in Washington, announces that American submarines operating in the Pacific sunk seven transport and auxiliary ships belonging to the Japanese.

Thus the American Submarines up to the present have accounted for 105 Japanese ships.

\* \* \*

**FEWER TRAINS TO MAR DEL PLATA.—**

At a meeting held last week between Ing. Arturo Noni, Director General of Railways and the representatives of the Southern and Central Argentine Railways it was decided to reduce the tourists train service to Mar del Plata and Córdoba to one train to each city leaving Buenos Aires on Fridays and returning on Sundays.

The meeting carefully examined the problem caused by the shortage of oil and it was in view of this shortage that the reduction of tourists trains was decided upon.

The ordinary train services between Mar del Plata and Córdoba, however will be continued as usual.

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# The Campman's Forum

—By "CAMP-ROVER"

With the end of the present year coming closer daily, and the new season already under discussion, the various breed societies are busy preparing their respective programmes for 1943.

The first to announce the dates fixed for its annual events is the Argentine Shorthorn Breeders' Association, which is as follows: Sale of selected pedigree heifers and cows in Bullrich's Avenida Alem yard, June 3; show and sale of pedigree campared bulls at San Justo, August 3; show and sale of milk-teeth steers at Liniers, October 23.

Other breed societies will announce their fixtures shortly.

### Corriedale Sheep Society:—

Breeders of Corriedale sheep have now increased in numbers to an extent as to warrant the forming of a breed society of their own, and the Corriedale Sheepbreeders' Association has come to life in this city.

The first committee elected is as follows:— President, G. E. Corbett; vice-president, Gustavo Pueyrredon; secretaries, Carlos Menendez Behety and Eric B. Waldron; treasurer, G. Braun Menendez; members, Oscar Jenquel, Vivian Puleston, E. H. Jamieson, Edgar J. Stockman, Ricardo Redlich, E. Wendorff, A. L. Blake, C. J. Willeman, Prospero J. Suarez, and Diogenes Varela.

### Chicago Livestock Show:—

Reports received from Chicago show, that the annual international livestock show, usually held in that city in December, has this year been cancelled owing to transport difficulties brought about through war conditions. This event used to bring together the best breeding cattle in the United States and Canada, and competition was always very keen. Argentine experts have on several occasions been invited to judge there, and their findings were always satisfactory to all.

The horse show, usually held at the same time, was also abandoned, but the Fat Stock Show was highly successful. Entries were almost fifty per cent below normal, but the quality was excellent and the prices high.

### Lincoln Sheep Show:—

The show and sale of pedigree rams and ewes organised in Bullrich's yard by the Lincoln Sheepbreeders Association, was a great success. Large entry and good general quality were features of the event.

Trade was brisk at the sales where the grand champion ram was bought by Durañona Hnos. for \$8,000, and the reserve by Josefa M. de Arangoa for \$3,800. Quite a number of rams changed owners at three figures and all put in the ring made satisfactory prices.

### Foot-and-Mouth Research: —

In an effort to solve the problem of aftosa germs carried in beef exports a committee has been appointed by Asociación Argentina del Frio to make an exhaustive study of this

matter. The committee includes such well known authorities on this subject as Drs. Francisco Rosembuch, Pedro Julio Schang, Santiago Quiroga, Nicolas V. D'Alessandro, Abel A. Rotgard, and Francisco Rossi.

The necessary funds to carry out this important work have been subscribed by the Corporation of Argentine Meat Producers, the National Meat Board, and some of the private frigorificos, as well as a few large livestock owners.

### Grape Fruit Silage for Livestock:

A South African soldier who was recently on leave in Palestine has reported his discovery of a new cattle feed. At one of the big settlements or colonies near Haifa, the impossibility of exporting grape-fruit left the settlers with a big amount of this fruit, and the problem to them to know what to do with it, until they found that when mixed with hay it made a good winter feed. The growers made several large holes about 10 yards long, 6 yards wide and 12 feet deep. These were filled with a layer of hay and a mixture of beans and oats that are especially grown for the purpose, then a layer of grape-fruit cut up into slices is put on top and trodden down. The filling of the hole goes on in this way until it is up to the surface of the ground, when it is pressed down by a tractor. The growers say that it makes one of the finest winter feeds it is possible to get.

The colony where this was carried out is about 20 years old, extends to some 3,000 acres and has over 800 people living on it. Every available inch of ground is cultivated, everything is done on communal lines, and every one has certain work and duties allotted to them. There are nurseries for the children, those from one to three years in one and those above three years in another. These are fine three storey buildings; the bottom floor has the kitchens, dining rooms and play rooms; the second floor has the sleeping accommodation where the children sleep four or five in a room, and the top floor also has sleeping rooms, bathrooms and a sick ward. In the evening when the par-



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# The Yule Log Burns

**C**HRISTMAS is here; the sunshiny, holiday, wrofree Christmas of the South. The perspiring shop assistant serves us with feverish haste in mid-summer heat, while the window is decorated with holly and imitation snow. Cards have been exchanged, holly-bedecked, robin-red-breasted, Yule loggy cards, signifying that the Christmas of our ancestors has been bred in our bones.

The unfortunate exile from the Northern Hemisphere finds many advantages in his new home. But at Christmas he misses something that cannot well be replaced. Beef and plum pudding he can have, mince pies, wassail, mistletoe; but the Yule log is out of season.

Whatever may be the unholy origin of the Yule log, there is no symbol which can betoken the Christmas spirit of holy charity better than a heaped-up fire. In olden days, when the squire gave his tenant a solid Christmas log, it often meant that the tenant could feed at the lord's expense as long as the log given to him would burn.

In the days before matches were invented, people probably took care not to let the fires out, and it was a poor Christmas fire which did not burn until Twelfth Night. What fun to sit by the fire and give the logs a good smack and watch the sparks fly up the broad chimney. The right thing to say as the sparks flew up was "There goes the parson, there goes the clerk." No one seems to have thought of anything jolly to say when an electric switch is turned on.

In a magazine of more than a hundred years ago, there is an account of Christmas written, as it says, by that "most useful and ornamental character in society, a good parish priest." "I remember we had a discussion," he writes, "as to what was the great point and crowning glory of Christmas. Many were for the mince pie; some for the beef and plum pudding; more for the wassail bowl; a maiden lady timidly said the mistletoe. But we all agreed at last that, although

all these were prodigious, and some of them exclusively belonging to the season, the fire was the great indispensable."

Tastes may differ as to mince pies, but there can be only one opinion of a fire.

Is not fire—life-giving and unassuming—in the Holy Scriptures, often chosen as a symbol of God, Who is Charity? It was out of the Burning Bush that God spoke to Moses; in Daniel's vision, His throne was like the fiery flame, and His wheels as burning fire.

It was in tongues of fire that the Holy Ghost descended from heaven upon the Apostles to kindle their hearts with unconquerable love. Hence the prayer

Veni, Sancti Spiritus,  
Et emitte coelitus  
Lucis tue radium.

Is it too fanciful to associate a sacramental spirit with the Christmas fire, and see something that recalls the Burning Bush and the Tongues of Flame?

If the Christmas fire is the symbol of charity, then it is indeed the great indispensable; for Christmas without loving kindness would be no Christmas at all. Solomon has told us of one way to heap on the coals: "If thine enemy hunger, give him bread to eat; if he be thirsty, give him water to drink. For thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee."

And well our Christian sires of old Loved, when the year its course had rolled

And brought blithe Christmas back again,

With all its hospitable train,  
Domestic and religious rite,  
Gave honour to the Holy Night.  
On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;  
On Christmas Eve the Mass was sung;  
That only night in all the year,  
Saw the stole'd priest the Chalice rear.

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ents come from work they go to the nurseries and take their children away until it is time for them to return and go to bed. The children from three years to six are under a similar regime, but for them there is also a school room. From seven years onward the children live with their parents. All meals are taken in a big communal dining room with seating capacity for 250 and they have three sittings. The soldier says that the grape-fruit he saw was the largest, sweetest and the best flavour of any that he had ever eaten. Women and girls all take their share in the work, some of them driving tractors and others at land work, but all working just as hard as the men and boys.

### On Cutting Oaten Hay:—

A test to determine at what stage of development a growing oat crop should be cut to produce the most palatable hay is being carried out on an Australian seed farm. The first year's results have been published and are decidedly interesting. In October and November, 1940, a field of oats was cut at seven and five day intervals in six different stages of development as follows:—

- 1.—Immediately after flowering.
- 2.—At the early milky stage of the grain.

- 3.—At the late milky stage of the grain.
- 4.—At the early doughy stage of the grain.
- 5.—At the late doughy stage of the grain.
- 6.—When the grain was practically ripe.

From a half to three quarters of a ton of each type of hay was made and stacked for ten months, then fed to horses and sheep in heaps, the idea being that the animals would first consume the types most palatable to them. Six horses were used for the test, and were given half a cwt. of each type. After three hours all of type five had been eaten, about twenty lbs. of type three remained, half of type six and forty lbs. of type four were left, while the green hays had hardly been touched. After 24 hours there was still a lot of the green hays left. Similar quantities of the different types were fed out to forty ewes and it was found that the sheep preferred the early cut, and green hays. After twelve hours practically all the latter were consumed and most of the more mature types left. The order of preference shown by the sheep was: first, type 2; second, type 1; third, type 3; fourth, type 4; fifth, type 6, and sixth, type 5. It is proposed to continue the tests on a larger scale and over several seasons.

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## Ten per Cent

"HOW TO LIVE WITHOUT MONEY"

By MARVIN SUTTON (Author of *This Promised Land*)

Only the 4,500,000 emigrants from Ireland in the past seventy years or so have thus far tried to live without money successfully. The Jews on the whole are traders in money. They have never tried to live without it. The Irish have been obliged to battle with life and its difficulties without much by way of assets.

In different parts of the world, as in Argentina, nevertheless, the Irish have made their way, creating cattle kings and sugar kings, the Foleys, the O'Donnells and the Cassids, some of whom have since spent fortunes looking up the records of their remote ancestry, so that many obscure Irishmen and women today are numbered among the descendants of the ancient kings of Eire. That is so, in spite of the fact that the original "Delaney" actually lived in a shack on the borders of the bog at Connemara.

Thus is human nature. It seems to be incurable. Here we shall not attempt to find a remedy for this state of affairs. Indeed, but money seems to be at the root of it all, and we are tempted to enquire into the possibilities of being able to live without that very perishable commodity. One is inclined to say at once there is no need to live without money. What's he use? As either a blessing or a curse, like a recurring decimal, it remains with us. What will the ice-cream man do this summer without it?

The need at present doesn't exist, according to report, the Banco Central de la Argentina is just about bursting with something like \$5,400 millions on deposit, and the other banks in the federal capital are in a like position. The First National Bank of Boston is holding on to \$175,000,000, whilst the Bank of London and South America is taking good care of some \$422,000,000, and the Royal Bank of Canada—to mention but one or two—has its vaults crammed with \$600,000 more than \$63,000,000.

Unfortunately, however, and although one may be as diplomatic as an Ambassador's secretary, on making approach to these banker men, the cashier meets our most winning smile with a cold gleam in his eye, and his hand—very probably—on the Safety First signal. In spite of her cocky little hat and an even more ravishing appearance, Miss Fulana de Tal Cosa does not appear to have had any better luck. These bankers are fool-proof and woman-proof. They afford a very pleasant reception to the man in uniform who arrives in an armored car with another million or two, but they freeze up at once on sensing the presence of a stranger at the counter. As far as they concerned, they are determined that we shall for the present live without money. They are holding on to all they have with all their might, and probably also with one or two tommy guns tucked under the desk.

It's a tough proposition, and only a very few people have ever been really successful in living without money—in spite of the hard-heartedness of bankers, or because of it. One man I met a year or two back had made a fine art of it, and there were, according to Scotland Yard, several thousands touring the world in first class style before the war, very much of a type. The one I encountered arrived with a slight introduction in

time for dinner, and stayed with me in my flat for a week. He had charming manners and was a delightful conversationalist. Apparently he was a mistake on the part of a member of the aristocracy, and when he left he borrowed \$5 but which he has never—obviously owing to an oversight—returned. I haven't seen him since, though I learn he has stayed with many far more worthy families than is mine.

That is one way of living without money, and I am informed that in the "camp" in Argentina one may encounter quite a number of "lounge-lizards" of the kind, women as well as men, pleasant story tellers, nice to have around, who stay a week, then to pass on to what "Ole Bill" of Bairnsfather fame would have called a "better 'ole'".

Another, and a far better way of living "without money" is outlined in a manifesto published by the Consejo Nacional Agrario in Argentina not so long since. Bearing fruit now af-

Continued on page 23

## Do You Know This ?

- 412) Who Is Called The "Father Of English Poetry"?
- 413) Who Was The First Poet Laureate?
- 414) Who Was The First English Novelist?

See Answers on page 30.

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# Bells of the Ages

"I heard the bells on Christmas Day  
Their old familiar carols play."  
—Longfellow

Christmas would not be Christmas without the merry chiming of church bells announcing to earth the glad tidings of the Saviour's birth. In England, where every village has its old grey Norman tower with its chime of bells, one of the sweetest, most solemn and most beautiful features of Christmas is the midnight pealing of the bells, tower answering tower, and village replying to village over the wide countryside beneath the frosty stars. Then it is that the "waits" come forth, and with their quaint carols go from door to door, reminding all-high and low—that this night is born to us a Saviour Who is Christ the King in the City of Bethlehem.

So with other feasts of the year—bells are one of their memorable features. As at Christmas, so at Easter bells proclaim the joy of the festival and peal out their "Alleluias" to the Risen Christ. So also with every great occasion of our lives bells are associated—bridal bells and funeral bells, bells of sorrow and bells of joy, bells that summon the faithful to Mass and bells that repeat the message of Gabriel, and three times a day remind us of our eternal salvation and of the Word Made Flesh.

It is but natural, then, that the Church should have a peculiar place for bells in her liturgy and prescribe for them a peculiar rite of blessing and consecration.

The origin and uses of church bells make an interesting chapter in the history of the various features which go to make up Catholic life. Although not invented by or for the Church, bells nevertheless grew to their present great size and beautiful tone solely under the inspiration of the Catholic faith. The names associated with their history are those of churchmen and saints, who legislated for their church uses, prescribed a wonderfully beautiful ceremonial for their blessing, endowed them with Christian symbolism, provided both shelter and entrance for them in exquisite round towers, belfries, steeples, and campaniles.

Church bells were found in churches in Ireland and Italy as far back as in the fifth century. St. Patrick had hand-bells on his mission to the Irish,

and they figure prominently in the legends woven around his life. This is a long way back, and many a historic note has been sounded by a church-bell since that time. They were to be heard in France in the sixth century, and in the seventh they were mentioned by the Venerable Bede.

Aside from the bells themselves, the towers and spires which have formed such a picturesque feature of many a landscape through many a period of history, and which to-day grace many a church, from cathedral to chapel, have had an appeal that possess a natural connection with their metallic occupants. In the days before the eighth century church towers were only short and broad. Perhaps their main function was to admit light—the name "lantern" was often given to them. It was to their adaptation for the accommodation of bells that we owe the high towers and spires of cathedral and parish churches. Thus in another field of church art have the bells brought a development which has added to the enjoyment of the eye of man.

There was a very practical side to church bells, as well as a poetic one. Bells announced the church ceremonies in a day in which clocks and watches were absent. This function was an especially practical one in monasteries, where punctuality was emphasized. To go into interesting details, the number of times the bell rang denoted the grade of the feast to be observed, the nature of the ceremony, the hour for a sermon or the time for a fast.

An interesting phase in the history of the bell was the custom of naming them. Bells were named after Our Lord, Our Lady, St. Peter, St. Gabriel, etc. It is interesting also to note that inscriptions were made on bells. It is recorded that one bell had inscribed on it in Latin: "At funerals I mourn, thunderbolts I shatter, I ring in the Sabbath, I hustle the sluggards, I drive away storms, I proclaim peace after bloodshed."

It is said that the clause "At funerals I mourn" probably referred to what was known as "the passing bell." This was first rung in monastic establishments and later extended to parish churches. Even at the time of the so-called "Reformation" this custom was not suppressed. The "passing bell" was tolled twice for a wo-

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man, three times for a man, and a greater number of times for a cleric.

A number of other features in connection with bell ringing may be mentioned. The so-called "Gabriel Bell" was a special bell for the "Angelus." At the time of the Elevation one of the great bells of the church was tolled, in order that the sick and those who were absent would know what part of the Mass was being said at the time.

Before the time of the so-called "Reformation," bells were not made as large as they are at the present time.

This was because of the greater difficulty of ringing them in those days. Some idea of the task that bell ringing was in some cases may be gained by the statement that it took 24 men to ring the bell at Canterbury Cathedral, and 65 men to ring the peal of five bells.

A striking feature of the bell-ringing craft was the fact that bell-ringers were usually deaf. It appears that they were either selected for the work because of their deafness or became deaf from the noise to which they were subjected.

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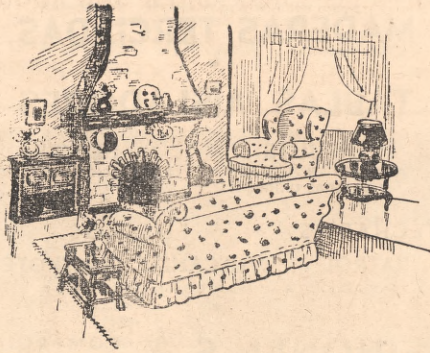
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# Obituaries



BLESSED ARE THE DEAD

WHO DIE IN THE LORD.

## Professor Dr. Daniel Greenway (Sr.), R.I.P.

On the 8th of December inst, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, after a short illness, Professor Dr. Greenway, whose life had been devoted to science and well-doing, passed away to a better life.

He was born the 1st of May 1874 in Buenos Aires. His parents were the late James William Greenway of Birmingham and the late Mary Therese Daly of Cork. After finishing his studies in the national College he entered the Medical College of B. A. After a most brilliant examination he graduated with the highest classification, and soon after he settled in the town of Capilla to practice. In Capilla he married Miss Dillon. Of this marriage two children were born: María Esther and Daniel, who, like his father, followed the same profession. It was an ideal family and whoever had the pleasure of meeting them, were simply charmed.

However Capilla was too narrow for him. Soon after his marriage he went to B. A. He was still young and his studies and investigations called attention. In 1919 he was appointed Professor of the Medical College and in 1930 he became a Member of the

Academy of Medicine. On that occasion he received a homage from all the members, which showed clearly the high appreciation in which he was held.

He was an ideal physician. Rich or poor, whoever came to him for help and advice was sure that they would be attended with all consideration. Not only would he give his advice and help gratis, he would offer to pay for their medicine. How refreshing and consoling to meet such a person in this material and calculating age.

In his last moments he was assisted by Fr. Dominic Moore and Fr. Henry Weber. Though his death was not published—a request of the Professor—yet the funeral was largely attended and his coffin was carried all the way from the Parish Church—where a solemn response was sung—to the local graveyard in Capilla del Señor. The last rites were said by Frs. Clovis Fernandes, Dominic Moore, Lerida, John Madden and Henry Weber.

To Mrs. Greenway and all her family we tender our most heartfelt condolence praying that our dear Lord may give him soon eternal rest; and resignation and strength to his family in this hour of trial.

A Friend.

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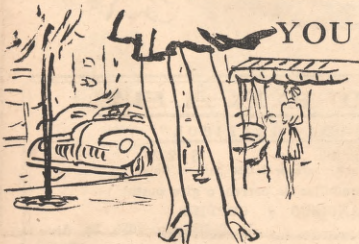
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# About People

Miss Maggie Nally Loran, after spending some days with Mr. and Mrs. James Sills in Baradero, has returned to Santos Lugares.

Mrs. Margaret K. de Dowling and her daughters Mary Ellen and Cantana have gone to Rawson where they will spend the summer months.

Miss Ethna Frances Kelly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gervase Kelly, has received her title of English Professor from the Instituto Nacional de Lengua Viva "Juan R. Fernandez", in this city. She has been warmly congratulated by her friends for her scholastic triumph.

Miss Peggy Coloe, of La Plata, has left for Mar del Plata to spend the summer months.

Mr. Paddy Leaden, of Huanguelón, has been on a visit to this city.

Mrs. Eileen Usher de Flynn, of Santiago del Estero, has been on a short visit to this city.

The Rev. Brother Lucas Leaden, Director of the Arguelles College of the De La Salle Brothers in Córdoba was in town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Metcalf of Santa Fé were in Buenos Aires over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Patricio Leaden, of Del Carril, were in town last week.

Mr. Tom Rattagan and his sister Rosie, of Baradero, were visitors to this city during the week.

Mrs. Nelly R. de Brown is grateful to the doctors and staff of the British Hospital for kind attention during her recent illness.

Mr. Edward and Miss Tessie Marsh, of this city, are on holidays in Marcellino Ugarte.

On Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Robert MacGaghey, of Olivos, gave a reception at their home in honour of the newly-ordained priests Fathers Daly and Leaden.

Subscribers in arrears, please settle up!

Among those who attended the ordination service at San Miguel on Saturday were Mrs. Albert Julia, Mrs. E. A. Linturn and Mrs. Leo Carroll, of Belgrano.

The Annual General Meeting of St. Patrick's Club took place on Thursday of last week in the parochial house of St. Patrick's parish in this city. The President for the forthcoming year was officially installed: our good friend Mr. P. J. O'Reilly.

After enjoying a fortnight's pleasant vacation with friends in Rojas, Mr. Edward T. Howlin, Mrs. Alice Kennedy de Howlin and their little son, Rodrigo Gualberto, have returned during the week to their residence in Palermo.

Miss Angela Savage, of Luján, is a patient in the Sanatorio Buenos Aires, and is doing well.

Mrs. Patrick J. O'Reilly and family are spending some weeks in Miramar.

An Excursion to Mendoza, San Juan, Los Andes, Santiago de Chile, Valparaiso and Vifa del Mar has been arranged to begin on the 18th of January. It will leave this city on that date and will last 17 days. It is under the leadership of the Rev. Dr. Carmelo Mazzaero, parish priest of Montserrat in this city. The cost (inclusive) is \$440.

Mr. Santiago Brady who has been operated is improving.

The Misses Filomena and Maria Clara Williams have left for Arrecifes.

Mr. Edmundo Brown arrived from Alta Gracia accompanied by his little son.

Miss Angelica Brady has left for Arrecifes.

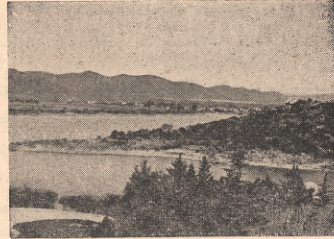
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# The World To-day

AT the moment of writing, war, in all its hideousness is raging nearly all over the world. It will still be in progress when, on Christmas morning we sing "Glorry to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will." Thus would seem to be verified Our Lord's words: "I came not to send peace, but the sword." But we should be poor Christians were we to take those words out of their context and to attribute to the Prince of Peace the ghastly happenings which devastate the world at the present time. The scoffers who point a finger of scorn at the God of peace and love, and the lukewarm believer who is thereby tempted to doubt, should pause for a moment and meditate on the fact that the war with all its ghastly concomitants is a proof of the claims of Christianity. For what other result could we expect in a world which has not only forsaken but rejected its Creator, and, like Lucifer, proudly declared "Non serviam—I will not serve"? What else but war and its kindred evils could be looked for under such circumstances? They are but the inevitable lot of those who will not serve the Prince of Peace.

Though war is not the fault of Christianity, yet peace among men is impossible without Christianity. No treaty, no power pact, no league of nations yet devised by the wit of man has been able to keep the human race at peace, except only when the framers of such a document have taken their inspiration from the Christian Gospel. And unfortunately for the good estate of the race, for many long years the statesmen have overlooked Christ and trusted solely to their checks and balances, their fortifications and their armament limitations.

In a large and true sense, the peoples of the world are responsible for their governments. The governments have neglected Christianity, have not taken it into account, because the peoples under them have been done the same. It cannot then remain a matter of indifference to us as individuals that the economies, the business, the commerce of the world to-day are largely divorced from Christianity. In some way, large or small, the mission of Christ in the modern world depends upon individuals. We cannot, we dare not leave it to the other fellow. It is a personal responsibility; collective responsibility is but a comfortable prop to our neglect. A just social order has yet to be born. Who will build it? Out of the chaos of war and suffering, the death agony of the old regime, must come a new system. That system must be Christian or our last state will be worse than the first. The world has not yet cast off her old skin. It is for us to be ready.

The birth of a new social order is our business. The infidelity of Christians in the past, and their unworthiness, have brought a dire punishment, the lesson of which we should not be slow to learn. That lesson should take us to the Manger of Bethlehem with eyes opened to see things which we ne-

# The New Priests

TWO PALLOTTINES — ALSO A JESUIT.

The Irish Pallottine community in Argentina has been increased by the addition of two new members, whose ordination took place on Saturday in the Chapel of the Jesuit College of San José in the locality of San Miguel, where the young clergymen were completing their studies. With them were ordained also twelve Jesuit Scholastics, one of whom, Fr. William Godding, S.J., is a native of London.

The beautiful Ordination Service, which was conducted by the Apostolic Nuncio, Archbishop Fietta, commenced at eight o'clock and was witnessed by many friends and relatives of the young priests. Father Alfred Leaden

(brother) and Father Simon Histon. The Rev. Kevin O'Neill was Master of Ceremonies. A large group of clerical friends and well-wishers were present in the sanctuary. Many Sisters of the communities of the Sisters of Mercy, the Salesian Sisters, and the Sisters of the Sainte Union were also present. (At the Oblation a touching ceremony was witnessed when Messrs. P. J. Leaden and Wm. Ussher, father and uncle respectively of the young priest, proffered the wine and water for the Holy Sacrifice.)

At the conclusion of the Mass the congregation advanced to the altars and kissed the hands of the ce-



AFTER FR. ALFRED LEADEN'S FIRST MASS.

From left (seated) Mgr. James M. Ussher, Father Alfred Leaden, Fr. Thomas Ussher, Standing, Mrs. Isabel Leaden de Furlong, Miss Imelda Leaden de Lascombes, Mrs. Brigid Ussher de Leaden (mother), Father William Leaden, Mr. Patrick J. Leaden (father), Mrs. Inés Leaden de Ballester, Miss Maggie Leaden.

den was assisted during the ceremony by Fr. William Leaden; while Fr. Thomas O'Reilly assisted Father James Daly; and Fr. Vincent Smith performed a similar duty for his countryman, Fr. Godding.

The First Masses of the young priests were celebrated on the following day. Fr. Leaden officiated in the Jesus Sacramento church, where his uncle, Mgr. Ussher is Chaplain. On the altar were Frs. Thomas Ussher (un-

derstand) and Fr. Godding. A very large gathering of people was present: the friends of the Leaden and Ussher families, the college companions of Fr. Leaden (we noticed many old Clon boys) and many students from various Salesian colleges.

Fr. James Daly offered his First Mass in St. Patrick's, being assisted by Father Thomas Dunleavy and Fr. O'Reilly preached the sermon. The Mass was served by the Rev. Mr. Philip MacGregor, S.J. A great many friends of the community, as well as friends of the young priest (who is just over six months in this country and has already gained for himself many friends and well wishers) were in the church Mr. and Mrs. Robert

ver saw before, with hearts truly filled with love, and with wills strengthened to do that hard work which is most assuredly ours.

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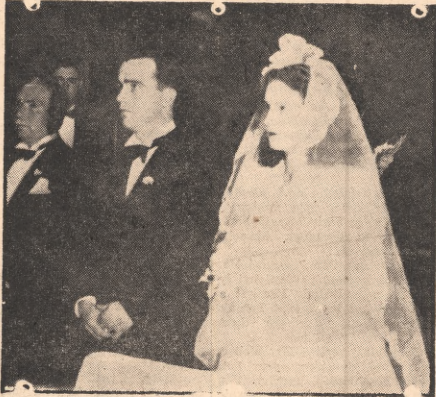
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# Wedding Bells.

O'Brien—Alabaster.

The wedding of Miss Elvira O'Brien, of Villa Devoto, to Mr. Frederick Alabaster of Wilde, F.C.S., took place on Saturday at Holy Cross, the Reverend

Eileen Penney Yolanda Sagaria and Helen Walsh while the groomsmen were Messrs. A. J. Penney, Jorge Sotelo, William Ballesty and Rodolfo Klemensiewicz.



Stephen Quaine, C.P., officiating. The bride was given away by her father, Mr. Jack O'Brien, and was attended by the bridesmaids Misses Lilly and

A reception was subsequently held at the home of the bride's aunt. The honeymoon is being spent in Santiago de Chile.

# HURLING CLUB

The D. C. of the Hurling Club takes advantage of the columns of the *Southern Cross* to wish all the members a Merry Xmas, and a Happy and Prosperous New Year and thanks each and every one of them for the support granted to the Club and the D. C. throughout the year and hope that they will give the Club the same support in the coming year. Also a word of thanks is extended to all friends who have supported or helped the Club in any way during the year to end, and likewise wish them a Merry

Xmas and brilliant New Year.

## DANCE.

As announced last week the Hurling Club is holding their usual New Year's eve Dance on the night of the 31st. instant. The music will be supplied by the Club's new "Victrola" and new records will be added to the Club's actual excellent selection for the occasion. A hearty welcome is extended to all members of the Club, friends and to the community in general with their friends, for this dance, which is sure to prove as successful or even more than those held on previous years, all of which have been always characteristic for their joyous and friendly atmosphere. The following prices will be charged, including Champagne: All members \$1.50 per person and all non-members \$3.00 each.

MacGaghey were the sponsors of the ceremony.

Father William Godding, S.J., who is attached to the Brazilian Province of his Order, celebrated Mass in the Regina Martyrum church, assisted by Father Vincent Smith, while the Rev. Mr. Dermot O'Haran, S.J., had the privilege of serving. The church was crowded, because simultaneously the other Jesuit young priests offered their First Masses; but several English friends of Father Godding were present to assist at the service of their countryman.

Our Readers will help us if they will mention THE SOUTHERN CROSS when replying to advertisements appearing in this paper.

# A Christmas Prayer

O Christ, grant us thankful hearts today for Thee, our choicest gift, our dearest guest. Let not our souls be busy inns that have no room for Thee and Thine, but quiet homes of prayer and praise where Thou mayest find fit company, where the needful cares of life are wisely ordered and put away, and wide sweet spaces kept for Thee, where holy thoughts pass up and down, and fervent longings watch and wait Thy coming. So when Thou comest again, O Holy One, mayst Thou find all things ready, and Thy family waiting for no new master, but for one long loved and known. Even so come, Lord Jesus, Amen.

## INFANTILE PARALYSIS.

The Committee of the British Hospital has issued a statement on the prevailing epidemic, which contains the following interesting information: "It is as yet unknown in what way the germ is transmitted, i.e. whether through an intermediary insect carrier, as in malaria, or whether some peculiar condition of the individual is necessary to the development of the disease.

There are no specific measures known for the prophylaxis or prevention of the disease and no efficient vaccine has been evolved inasmuch as the injection of whole blood or serum of adults has proved worthless. Convalescent serum which has been used extensively in the U.S.A. has not unfortunately confirmed the high hopes of its efficacy.

Inasmuch as the virus of infantile paralysis has been discovered in patients in the nasal fossae of the throat and in the stools, the following precautionary measures have been advised by the public health authorities in most countries.

Avoid crowding of children and especially, avoid contact with children suffering from sore throats, fever, colds, etc. Children's parties should cease for the time being.

Avoid bathing in pools that have not been properly disinfected with chlorine.

Avoid eating raw vegetables: drink boiled water, milk, etc.; raw fruits should be carefully washed and peeled to prevent as far as possible contamination by infected waters.

Children should not kiss each other nor be kissed by adults. They should as far as possible be protected from insects, flies, mosquitoes, etc.

They should not be allowed to become fatigued and should rest at the siesta hour. Contact with domestic animals, fowls, etc. should be avoided.

The usual symptoms preceding infantile paralysis are, sore throat and fever, vomiting, together with headaches and possibly accompanied by some pain in the back.

It is necessary to emphasize that these symptoms are associated with many other diseases and should not be taken as definite evidence of infantile paralysis. If the symptoms are at all alarming, the immediate step to be taken is to call in the family doctor who if he is not satisfied, will promptly arrange for the child to be isolated and obtain expert opinion. Should the diagnosis of infantile paralysis be confirmed the doctor will arrange without delay for the necessary treatment which the National Department of Health places at the disposal of all doctors."

The Committee then goes on to state that the situation may rapidly improve after the dry spell of weather breaks up.

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"WELL, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, as that favoured servant entered his bedchamber with his warm water, on the morning of Christmas Day. "Still frosty?"

"Water in the wash-hand basin's a mask of ice, sir," responded Sam. "Severe weather, Sam," observed Mr. Pickwick.

"Fine time for them as is well wrapped up, as the Polar Bear said to himself, ven he was practising his skating," replied Mr. Weller. "I shall be down in a quarter of an hour, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, untying his nightcap. . . \*

"Now," said Wardle, after a substantial lunch, with the agreeable stems of strong beer and cherry-brandy, had been done ample justice to; "what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time."

"Capital!" said Mr. Benjamin Allen. "Prime!" ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Wardle.

"Ye-yes; oh, yes," replied Mr. Winkle. "I—am rather out of practice."

"Oh, do skate, Mr. Winkle," said Arabella. "I like to see it so much."

"Oh, it is so graceful," said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swanlike."

"I should be very happy, I'm-sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening; "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pair, and the fat boy announced that there were half-a-dozen more downstairs; whereas Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a

## A Christmas Morning at Dingley Dell

(AN EXCERPT FROM "PICKWICK PAPERS")

pretty large sheet of ice; and the fat boy and Mr. Weller, having shovelled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvellous and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies. . . \*

All this time, Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been foreign a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on, with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindu. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone; "off with you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir!"

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These—these—are very awkward skates; ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afeard there's an orkard gen'l'm'n in 'em, sir," replied Sam. "Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I'm coming."

"Just a goin' to begin," said Sam, endeavouring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off!"

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them Sam."

"Thank'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're very good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam; will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There, that's right, I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too

fast."

Mr. Winkle, stooping forward with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and unswan-like manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank:-

"Sam!"

"Sir?"

"Here, I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear the governor a callin'? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonised Pickwickian and, in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle.

With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the centre of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty.

Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

"I wish you'd let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin, with great eagerness.

"No, thank you," said Mr. Winkle hurriedly. "I really think you had better," said Allen. "Thank you," replied Mr. Winkle. "I'd rather not."

"What do you think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off."

"No, but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr.

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Pickwick, firmly

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

\* \* \*

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces from the by-standers; and, beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low, but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words: "You're a humbug, sir."

"A what?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An impostor, sir?"

While Mr. Pickwick was delivering himself of the sentiment just recorded, Mr. Weller and the fat boy, having by their joint endeavours cut out a slide, were exercising themselves thereupon in a very masterly and brilliant manner. Sam Weller, in particular, was displaying that beautiful feat of fancy-sliding which is currently denominated "knocking at the cobler's door," and which is achieved by skimming over the ice on one foot, and occasionally giving a postman's knock upon it with the other. It was a good long slide, and there was something in the motion which Pickwick, who was very cold with standing still, could not help envying.

"It looks a nice warm exercise that doesn't it?" he inquired of Wardle, when that gentleman was thoroughly out of breath, by reason of the indefatigable manner in which he had converted his legs into a pair of compasses, and drawn complicated problems on the ice.

"Ah, it does indeed," replied Wardle. "Do you slide?"

"I used to do so on the gutters when I was a boy," replied Mr. Pickwick. "Try it now," said Wardle. "Oh, do please, Mr. Pickwick!" cried all the ladies.

"I should be very happy to afford you any amusement," replied Mr. Pickwick, "but I haven't done such a thing these thirty years." "Pooh! pooh! Nonsense!" said Wardle, dragging off his skates with the impetuosity which characterised all his proceedings. "Here; I'll keep you company; come along!" And away went the good-tempered old fellow down the slide.

\* \* \*

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat; took two or three short runs, baulked himself as often, and at last took another run, and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

"Keep the pot a bilin', sir!" said Sam; and down went Wardle again, and then Mr. Pickwick, and then Sam, and then Mr. Winkle, and then Mr. Bob Sawyer, and then the fat boy, and then Mr. Snodgrass, following closely upon each other's heels.

It was the most intensely interesting thing to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share of the ceremony; to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind, gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up; to see him gradually expend the painful force he had put on at first, and turn slowly round on the slide, with his face towards the point from which he had started; to contemplate the playful smile which mantled on his face when he had ac-

complished the distance, and the eagerness with which he turned round when he had done so, and ran after his predecessor; his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow, and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles. And when he was knocked down (which happened upon the average every third round), it was the most invigorating sight that can possibly be imagined, to behold him gather up his hat, gloves, and handkerchief, with a glowing countenance, and resume his station in the rank, with an ardour and enthusiasm that nothing could abate.

The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest when a sharp, smart crack was heard. There was a quick rush towards the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a

shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice disappeared; the water bubbled up over it; Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves, and handkerchief were floating on the surface, and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

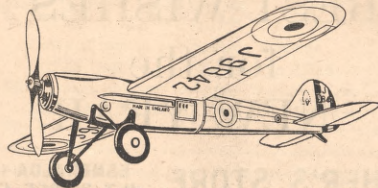
Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance, the males turned pale, and the females fainted, Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle grasped each other by the hand, and gazed at the spot where their leader had gone down, with frenzied eagerness.

It was at this moment, when old Wardle and Sam Weller were approaching the hole with cautious steps, and Mr. Benjamin Allen was holding a hurried consultation with Mr. Bob Sawyer, on the advisability of bleeding the company generally, as an improving little bit of professional practice—it was at this very mo-



Father Fergus Grehan, celebrating his First High Mass at the San José Church in San Isidro.

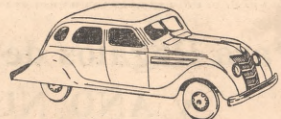
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BUENOS AIRES

WE HAVE NO BRANCH HOUSE

men, that a face, head, and shoulders emerged from beneath the water and disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

"Keep yourself up for an instant—for only one instant!" bawled Mr. Snodgrass.

"Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow?" said Wardle.

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, wringing the water from his head and face, and gasping for breath. "I fell up on my back. I couldn't get on my feet at first."

After a vast quantity of splashing, and cracking, and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length fairly extricated from his unpleasant position, and once more stood on dry land.

"Oh, he'll catch his death of cold," said Emily.

"Dear old thing!" said Arabella. "Let me wrap this shawl round you, Mr. Pickwick."

"Ah, that's the best thing you can do," said Wardle; "and when you've got it on, run home as fast as your legs can carry you and jump into bed directly."

Mr. Pickwick paused not an instant until he was snug in bed. Sam Weller lighted a blazing fire in the room, and took up his dinner; a bowl of punch was carried up afterwards, and a grand carouse held in honour of his safety. Old Wardle would not hear of his rising, so they made the bed the chair, and Mr. Pickwick presided.

A second and a third bowl were ordered in; and when Mr. Pickwick awoke next morning, there was not a symptom of rheumatism about him.

**IRISH SOCIETY OF ARRECIFES**

On the 2nd. of January at the hall of the Society a grand ball will take place. Judging by the animation prevailing amongst the youths of the districts around, it is expected to be a brilliant success.

So come along girls and boys and have a jolly time!

The traditional "45" as well as other entertainments will be on hand for such ladies and gentlemen as do not feel like dancing. As on former occasions a high tea will be served at mid-night.

We hereby extend to all Irish and Irish-Argentinians a hearty welcome! You are sure to enjoy yourself and at the same time help this grand Irish center.

Entrance fees:  
Ladies 2 pesos each.  
Gentlemen 4 pesos each.

The members of the Society 50 percent reduction.

J. J. MacLoughlin,  
Sec.

Our Readers will help us if they will mention THE SOUTHERN CROSS when replying to advertisements appearing in this paper.

**CHRISTMAS CONUNDRUMS.**

When is love a deformity?  
When it is all on one side.

In which month do ladies talk least?  
February—the shortest month of the year.

What kind of a face should an auctioneer have?  
A for-bidding one.

Why may we assume that a student is very hungry?  
Because he devours books.

Give the name of the people who first discovered the art of boxing?  
The Hitlites.

What will give, a cold, cure a cold and pay the doctor when cured?  
A draught (draft).

My first is equality, my second is inferiority, my whole is superiority.  
Match-less.

Why is a red-haired female like a regiment of infantry?  
Because she carries firelocks.

Why does a railway clerk cut a hole in your return ticket?  
To let you pass through.

Why is the sun like a hard-working carpenter?  
Because he is putting beams in all day.

With what song would you advertise a cure for deafness?  
"Come back to Erin" ('earin').

Why is an acquitted prisoner like a gun?  
Because he is charged, taken up, and then let off.

Why are some birds melancholy in the morning?  
Because their little bills are all overdue (dew).

Why are fast girls like gas-lamps?  
Because they are light-headed, and if they have anything in their heads it's a flame.

When does a good-natured man most resemble a soldier on parade?  
When he stands a tease (at ease).

Why do some men and their wives resemble two milestones?  
Because they are never seen together.

At what time are children most like

corn?  
When they are thrashed or when they have their ears pulled.

Why are pawnbrokers like pioneers of progress?  
Because they are always ready to make an advance.

Why should doctors be less liable than others to be upset on the ocean?  
They are more used to see sickness.

**Useful Addresses.**

- Holy Cross Church.—Estados Unidos 3150. U. T. 45, 1317.
- St. Brigit's College.—Gaona 2068, U. T. 59, 1268
- Uruguayann Consulate.—Av. R. S. Peña 567, U. T. 38, 4234.
- St. Patrick's Church.—Estomba 1940, U. T. 73, 6780.
- The Irish Girl's Home.—Salguero 550. U. T. 79, 2296.
- The Keating Institute.—Estados Unidos 3141. U. T. 45, 0818.
- The Mater Misericordia Convent.—(Irish Sisters of Mercy), Calle 24 de Noviembre 865. U. T. 45, 2219.
- American Consulate General.—Avda. R. S. Peña 567, U. T. 33, 0548.
- British Consulate.—Sarmiento 443, 6th, floor. U. T. 31, 2918.
- Brazilian Consulate.—San Martín 195, 4th, floor. U. T. 33, 7454.

**MARRIAGES**

The wedding of Dr. John Dugan and Miss Teresa M. Flynn will take place at Holy Cross Church, Calle Estados Unidos 3102 on December 29 at 20 o'clock. 1763—d.25

**DEATHS**

MICHAEL MURRAY, R.I.P.—On December 9th, in this city, after a painful illness and having received the rites of Holy Church and Papal Blessing, Michael Murray passed away at the age of fifty eight years, deceased was third eldest son of the late Patrick Murray and Winifred Dowd of Sault. He leaves a sister, brothers, niece, nephews, cousins and many relatives and friends to mourn his loss. God rest his soul in peace. 1760—d.25

**MASSES**

- † JOHN CONNOLLY, R. I. P. — A Month's Mind Mass will be offered up for the eternal repose of the soul of the late John Connolly and the departed members of the family, on Saturday 2nd. of January, at Holy Cross Church, at 10 o'clock. Relatives and friends are invited to attend. 1753—d.18-25
- † ELISA KEEGAN DE DUFF, R.I.P. Gregorian Masses are being said in the parish church, Sulpacha, F. C.O. for the eternal repose of the soul of Elisa Keegan de Duff. The last Mass will be said on Sunday 17th. January at 10.30 o'clock. Relatives and friends are invited to attend. 1762—d.25-e.8
- † THOMAS PATRICK MULVIVHILL, R.I.P.—Mass will be offered up for the eternal repose of the soul of the late Thomas P. Mulvihill, of Gles. F.C.C.B.A. in Holy Cross Church, on Sunday, January 3rd., at 11 o'clock. Relatives and friends are invited to attend. 1701—d.25

**CHRISTMAS GREETINGS and BEST WISHES for the NEW YEAR**

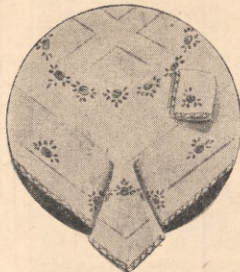
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CANGALLO 679  
Entre Maipú y Florida





TEN PER CENT—

(continued from page 14)

ter two years almost of investigation and report, this scheme launched by the government, makes its appeal to the public. Briefly it is a colonisation project, and two large tracts of land which have been acquired, one of 6,000 hectares in Santa Fe, another of 6,000 hectares in the Province of Entre Rios, are to be set to one side for settlers.

A sum of \$100,000,000 has been devoted to the task of establishing many hundreds of small farmers in no fewer than eight provinces in the Republic, of which the two mentioned are the forerunners. The settlers chosen will be enabled to take over as much as from twenty to thirty hectares of land each, they will be equipped with implements, housing materials, seeds and stock, and they are to be supported until such time as they are able to support themselves. The President of the Consejo Nacional Agrario, Mr. Ricardo Videla and his co-directors, are empowered to acquire land which is fertile, which is watered, served by transport facilities, and free from either disease or legal obligations. By the look of it, within a year or two, several thousand Argentine families will be in a position to "live without money" establishing a birthright and a heritage for their children, beginning a new life, opening up new prospect for the nation. Hard work will be their lot, but they will enjoy the fruits of their labours, they will secure independence, money will cease to be the important factor in their lives.

This colonisation scheme is by way of being a step backwards into ways old and tried, truly catholic, and beyond all possible doubt the most productive of happiness, the best for any nation. Proved in England, established in France. I saw it in full bloom in a village near Limoges in France shortly before war broke out. In this instance the family had inherited their land, they lived on it, the parents, two daughters and a son, a few cows, pigs, fruit, and vegetables supplying the town and the distant city. Very few were their needs, considerable were their assets.

Alfred Bridgeman was another of the yeoman I knew. He had thirty acres under a rolling hillside, with a stream dividing his land, a sizeable cottage with large rooms, a well for drinking water, a garden packed with growing things, pigs in sty, fruit trees, bees, and 500 head of poultry. Two horses did the work on the farm, and often he loaned them to neighbours, frequently his neighbours loaned him seed potatoes. They lived well and comfortably, those old yeomen, brewing ale, wine and making jams and pickling onions. It is a curious coincidence that they paid ten per cent of the value of their holdings to the Church in the form of tithes, a tradition reaching back into olden times. Under the existing law in England this tithe was paid to the local clergyman, whose income thus amounted to £2,000 a year. The clergy-

man lived in a big house, he had a church to keep in repair, his poor to succour. His income was not too great. Ten percent of the value of the lands around was not a heavy burden.

But, the difference between present times and ancient days in this respect is that, several hundred years ago, the tithes were paid to a brotherhood in a monastery, who had no "family" to educate, who did not care for social position, who did the repairs to the church themselves, who had no motorcars to maintain, who themselves cultivated the land and lived as a community. They were no charge upon the common people; they accepted ten percent of the harvest in accordance with its abundance, not ten percent of the estimated land value; two quite different assessments. If the harvest was good, the brothers shared the prosperity of the farmers; if the harvest was bad, they endured the adversity.

England lost much when it abandoned that old monastic system, and when it turned over the farmers to local squires who as often as not lived in town, squandering the money they took from their tenants. The church lost much when it disestablished the monasteries, replacing the brethren by clergy who have to maintain social position. The system under which Alfred Bridgeman lived and reared his family, nevertheless, was still sound. It had not lost its traditional kindness, its liking for hard work, its belief in God, its acceptance of the fact that the Creator made big apples as well as little ones.

I have heard it said that had the Irish farmers of the last century been established on their own lands, owning their own cottages; had they been freed from the tyranny of "absenteeism", and had the Church been permitted to exercise its old and long-tried wisdom and authority, Ireland would never have been divided. Ireland would not have suffered the loss of her children, the civil war and strife that has followed. Perhaps in that case, the land of Argentina might have lost some of her best farmers, some of her most loyal sons, the British Empire would have suffered a loss as grievous. But the lesson taught by history is clear, the old and the tried system is coming back into favour. In Argentina in the near future, several thousand families will find it afresh, on virgin soil, they will learn to deal with money as they deal with butter, beans and the pigs they sell—as merchandise.

END.

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 ENTRE ARRECIFES Y PERGAMINO  
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200 HECTAREAS DE MUY BUEN CAMPO — CON CEDULAS  
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Con \$ 38,550.— en cédulas del Banco Hipotecario Nacional.  
 Lote ideal y apto para todo cultivo, tiene casa de material, molino, buenos alambrados, etc., a solo 3 kilómetros de la Localidad de Viña, 14 de Arrecifes y 33 de Pergamino, y 190 de la Capital Federal. Tierra negra de primer orden, se entregará libre de ocupantes, puede revisarse diariamente por estación Viña, único colono del camp. Sr. Victor Tortorelli (H).

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EL MIERCOLES 30 DE DICIEMBRE A LAS 16 HORAS

En nuestra casa central de Arrecifes.

Venta ordenada por los Sres. Francisco Marzano é hijos Ltda., S.A. Pida planos con amplios detalles. — LITARDO Hnos. y AGUIRRE.

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That Modern Life Exacts

CITY HOTEL

## The Clarion Call

(By O. HENRY.)

**H**ALF of this story can be found in the records of the Police Department; the other half belongs behind the business counter of a newspaper office.

One afternoon two weeks after Millionaire Norcross was found in his apartment murdered by a burglar, the murderer, while strolling serenely down Broadway, ran plump against Detective Barney Woods.

"Is that you, Johnny Kernan?" asked Woods, who had been nearsighted in public for five years.

"No less," cried Kernan, heartily. "If it isn't Barney Woods, late and early of old Saint Jo! You'll have to show me! What are you doing East? Do the green-goods circulars get out that far?"

"I've been in New York some years," said Woods. "I'm on the city detective force."

"Well, well!" said Kernan, breathing smiling joy and patting the detective's arm.

"Come into Muller's," said Woods, "and let's hunt a quiet table. I'd like to talk to you awhile."

It lacked a few minutes to the hour of four. The tides of trade were not yet loosed, and they found a quiet corner of the café. Kernan, well dressed, slightly swaggering, self-confident, seated himself opposite the little detective, with his pale, sandy mustache, squinting eyes, and ready-made cheviot suit.

"What business are you in now?" asked Woods. "You know you left Saint Jo a year before I did."

"I'm selling shares in a copper mine," said Kernan. "I may establish an office here. Well, well! and so old Barney is a New York detective. You always had a turn that way. You were on the police in Saint Jo after I left there, weren't you?"

"Six months," said Woods. "And now there's one more question, Johnny. I've followed your record pretty close ever since you did that hotel job in Saratoga, and I never knew you to use your gun before. Why did you kill Norcross?"

Kernan stared for a few moments with concentrated attention at the slice of lemon in his high-ball; and then he looked at the detective with a sudden crooked, brilliant smile.

"How did you guess it, Barney?" he asked, admiringly. "I swear I thought the job was as clean and as smooth as a peeled onion. Did I leave a string hanging out anywhere?"

Woods laid upon the table a small gold pencil intended for a watch-chain.

"It's the one I gave you the last Christmas we were in Saint Jo. I've got it put on to you, Johnny. We were old friends once, but I must do my duty. You'll have to go to the chair for Norcross."

Kernan laughed. "My luck stays with me," said he. "Who'd have thought old Barney was on my trail!" He slipped one hand inside his coat. In an instant Woods had a revolver against his side.

"Put it away," said Kernan, wrinkling his nose. "I'm only investigating. Aha! It takes nine tailors to make a man, but one can do a man up. There's a hole in that vest pocket. I took that pencil off my chain and slipped it in there in case of a scrap. Put up your gun, Barney, and I'll tell you why I had to shoot Norcross. The old fool started down the hall after me, popping at the buttons on the back of my coat with a peevish little .22

and I had to stop him. The old lady was a darling. She just lay in bed and saw her \$12,000 diamond necklace go without a chip, while she begged like a panhandler to have back a little thin gold ring with a garnet worth about \$3. I guess she married old Norcross for his money, all right. Don't they hang onto the little trinkets from the Man Who Lost Out, though? There were six rings, two brooches and a chataleine watch. Fifteen thousand would cover the lot."

"I warned you not to talk," said Woods.

"Oh, that's all right," said Kernan. "The stuff is in my suit case at the hotel. And now I'll tell you why I'm talking. Because it's safe. I'm talking to a man I know. You owe me a thousand dollars, Barney Woods, and even if you wanted to arrest me your hand wouldn't make the move."

"I haven't forgotten," said Woods. "You counted out twenty fifties without a word. I'll pay it back some day. That thousand saved me and—well, they were piling my furniture out on the sidewalk when I got back to the house."

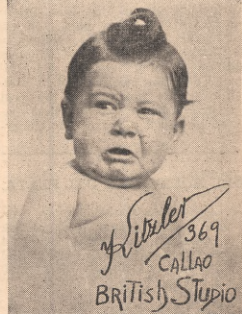
"And so," continued Kernan, "you being Barney Woods, born as true as steel, and bound to play a white man's game, can't lift a finger to arrest the man you're indebted to. Oh, I have to study men as well as Yale locks and window fastenings in my business. Now, keep quiet while I ring for the waiter. I've had a thirst for year or two that worries me a little. If I'm ever caught the lucky sleuth will have to divide honors with the old boy Bogue. But I never drink during business hours. After a job I can crook elbows with my old friend Barney with a clear conscience. What are you taking?"

The waiter came with the little decanters and the siphon and left them alone again.

"You've called the turn," said Woods, as he rolled the little gold pencil about with a thoughtful forefinger. "I've got to pass you up. I can't lay a hand on you. If I'd a-said that money back—but I didn't—but that settles it. It's a bad break I'm making, Johnny, but I can't dodge it. You helped me once, and it calls for the same."

"I knew it," said Kernan, raising his glass, with a flushed smile of self-appreciation. "I can judge men. Here's to Barney, for—he's a jolly good fellow."

"I don't believe," went on Woods quietly, as if he were thinking aloud,





"that if accounts had been square between you and me, all the money in all the banks in New York could have bought you out of my hands-to-night."

"I know it couldn't," said Kernan. "That's why I knew I was safe with you."

"Most people," continued the detective, "look sideways at my business. They don't class it among the fine arts and the professions. But I've always taken a kind of fool pride in it. And here is where I go 'busted.' I guess I'm a man first and a detective afterward. I've got to let you go, and then I've got to resign from the force. I guess I can drive an express wagon. Your thousand dollars is further off than ever, Johnny."

"Oh, you're welcome to it," said Kernan, with a lordly air. "I'd be willing to call the debt off, but I know you wouldn't have it. It was a lucky day for me when you borrowed it. And now, let's drop the subject. I'm off to the West on a morning train. I knew a place out there where I can negotiate the Norcross sparks. Drink up, Barney, and forget your troubles. We'll have a jolly time while the police are knocking their heads together over the case. I've got one of my Sahara thirsts on-to-night. But I'm in the hands—the unofficial hands—of my old friend Barney, and I won't even dream of a cop."

And then, as Kernan's ready finger kept the button and the waiter working, his weak point—a tremendous vanity and arrogant egotism, began to show itself. He recounted story after story of his successful plunderings, ingenious plots and infamous transgressions until Woods, with all his familiarity with evil-doers, felt growing within him a cold abhorrence toward the utterly vicious man who had once been his benefactor.

"I'm disposed of, of course," said Woods, at length. "But I advise you to keep under cover for a spell. The newspapers may take up this Norcross affair. There has been an epidemic of burglaries and manslaughter in town this summer."

The word sent Kernan into a high glow of sullen and vindictive rage.

"To h—l with the newspapers," he growled. "What do they spell but brag and blow and boodle in box-car letters? Suppose they do take up a case—what does it amount to? The police are easy enough to fool; but what do the newspapers do? They send a lot of pin-head reporters around to the scene; and they make for the nearest saloon and have beer while they take photos of the bartender's oldest daughter in evening dress to print as the fiancée of the young man in the tenth story, who thought he heard a noise below on the night of the murder. That's about as near as the newspapers ever come to running down Mr. Burglar."

"Well, I don't know," said Woods, reflecting. "Some of the papers have done good work in that line. There's the Morning Mars, for instance. It warmed up two or three trails, and got the man after the police had let 'em get cold."

"I'll show you," said Kernan, rising, and expanding his chest. "I'll

show you what I think of newspapers in general, and your Morning Mars in particular."

Three feet from their table was the telephone booth. Kernan went inside and sat at the instrument, leaving the door open. He found a number in the book, took down the receiver and made his demand upon Central. Woods sat still, looking at the sneering, cold, vigilant face waiting close to the transmitter, and listened to the words that came from the thin, truculent lips curved into a contemptuous smile.

"That the Morning Mars? . . . I want to speak to the managing editor. . . Why, tell him it's someone who wants to talk to him about the Norcross murder."

"You the editor? . . . All right. . . I am the man who killed old Norcross. . . Wait! Hold the wire; I'm not the usual crank. . . Oh, there isn't the slightest danger. I've just been discussing it with a detective friend of mine. I killed the old man at 2.30 a. m. two weeks ago—yesterday. . . Have a drink with you? Now, hadn't you better leave that kind of talk to your funny man? Can't you tell whether a man's guying you or whether you're being offered the biggest scoop your dull dishrag of a paper ever had? . . . Well, that's so; it's a bottail scoop—but you can hardly expect me to phone in my name and address. . . Why! Oh, because I heard you make a specialty of solving mysterious crimes that stump the police. . . No, that's not all. I want to tell you that your rotten, lying penny sheet is of no more use in tracking an intelligent murderer or highway man than a blind poodle would be. . . What? . . . Oh, no, this isn't a rival newspaper office; you're getting it straight. I did the Norcross job, and I've got the jewels in my suit case at—the name of the hotel could not be learned—you recognize that phrase, don't you? I thought so. You've used it often enough. Kind of rattles you, doesn't it, to have the mysterious villain call up your great, big, all-powerful organ of right and justice and good government and tell you what a helpless old gas-bag you are? . . . Cut that out; you're not that big a fool—no, you don't think I'm a fraud. I can tell it by your voice. . . Now, listen, and I'll give you a pointer that will prove it to you. Of course you've had this murder case worked over by your staff of bright young block-heads. Half of the second button on old Mrs. Norcross's nightgown is broken off. I saw it when I took the garnet ring off her finger. I thought it was a ruby. . . Stop that! It won't work."

Kernan turned to Woods with a diabolic smile.

"I've got him going. He believes me now. He didn't quite cover the transmitter with his hand when he told somebody to call up Central on another 'phone and get our number. I'll give him just one more dig and then we'll make a 'get-away'."

"Hello! . . . Yes, I'm here yet. You didn't think I'd run from such

( continued on page 29 )



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# AROUND THE HOME

## ARE BEAUTY PREPARATIONS INJURIOUS.

From time to time warnings are issued regarding the baneful effects of cosmetic on the skin. It is reassuring to hear on the authority of a celebrated skin specialist that for the most part they do little harm, and, in a few instances, some good. Indeed, he pays a compliment to the present-day girl, and says that there never were more healthy, clean complexions than there are now. The modern girls, he asserts, even among the poorer classes, take better care of their skins than ever they did, and they are taking more interest in their hands, too.

During his long and varied experience as a dermatologist he has seldom come across a case of skin trouble that could be attributed to beauty preparations. On the contrary, he firmly believes that cold cream and good powder are a protection against smuts in the atmosphere which find their way into the pores of the skin. There are a few cheap lipsticks and rouges which contain harmful dyes, but most of them are quite safe to use.

He, however, emphatically condemns the use of soda, which he is convinced is the chief cause of skin troubles. Women who reside in places where the water is hard are tempted to soften it with soda, but it is an unwise thing to do. First, it coarsens the skin, enlarging the pores, and finally, if the solution is very strong, it may make the hands quite raw. Dirt gets into the skin and then there is trouble. Many patients who go to hospital because of skin disease are young girls who work in restaurants and are constantly putting their heads in strong soda solutions.

## LOVELY HANDS.

Few women, alas, have really lovely hands. The main trouble is that they fail to pay them the attention that is their due.

A manicure is really a very simple matter if you set about it the right way. First of all soak the finger-tips in warm soapy water for at least ten minutes to thoroughly soften the nails and cuticle.

Now, shape the nails with a file on a small emery board—never cut the nails if you want to keep them a good shape and prevent splitting. When the filing is over again immerse the finger-tips in warm soapy water, dry lightly and allow them to soak for five minutes in a small basin containing warm olive oil.

Next, wipe off the oil with a piece of cotton wool and, with an orange stick, work gently round the cuticles until all the ragged ends and pieces have been removed. Also cleanse the nails with an orange stick and finish by passing a white nail-pencil under the tips several times.

Lastly, apply nail polish or varnish, whichever is preferred. Before varnishing, however, be sure that all polish has been removed.

## AN INTERIOR DECORATOR. TALKS.

"Don't embellish things too much," said the famous interior decorator. "It should be remembered that when a thing is perfect it cannot be improved upon. The Victorians made the big mistake of decorating the decorations designed for them, and, as those decorations were already ornate, the re-

sult was terrible."

I glanced round his exquisite flat. "I see you are looking at those chairs," he said, "and I am flattered. They are my own idea. The arms are wide and square so that they can be used as occasional tables, and can also be sat upon, and the backs and seats come out very easily so that no dust can collect."

The artist let me into many more secrets of interior decoration. "Have the doors flush with the walls when you can, and get the builder to let you choose the handles. A ball-chain on a door is quite good enough, because it is rarely necessary to lock an individual room in a house."

"Then again," he continued, "I would advise people to pay great attention to halls. Many neglect the first place a visitor sees, and that gives a bad first impression, which is difficult to wipe out."

I learnt that painted wooden furniture is not only cheaper, but that it lasts very much longer than people imagine. "It can be repainted at any time," said the decorator, "and the change gives the home an entirely new appearance, which is not possible to achieve with walnut or oak furniture built to last a lifetime."

The artist was of the opinion that long curtains in a plain colour are best for the average small room.

"They make the room seem larger, and they give it a dignified atmosphere," he explained. "They can also hide a rather ugly wall. Approves of that, it is wise to take note of the shape of the walls when having a house decorated. Sometimes a concealed light can camouflage a hideous girder or something of that sort."

I thanked my host, and, with great reluctance, left his luxurious flat with the intention of seeing what I could do to mine.

## Recipes

### CHEESE CUTLETS.

Six ounces of grated cheese, two whole eggs and one yolk, pepper, breadcrumbs, parsley, three ounces of butter or margarine, salt, cayenne, frying fat. Pound the cheese and butter together. Add the whole eggs, one at a time. Season highly, but be sparing of the salt in case the cheese is very salty. Add a few breadcrumbs, and shape the mixture into cutlets. Brush these over with beaten egg. Dip in breadcrumbs, and fry in hot, deep fat. Drain well on soft paper.

### CORN CROQUETTES.

Melt 3 tablespoons butter. In it cook 1 slice onion, finely chopped, and ½ minced green pepper until soft and yellow but not brown. Add 4 tablespoons sifted flour and ¼ teaspoon salt and blend well. Add ¼ cup strained tomato pulp and stir until boiling point is reached. Add 1 cup cooked or canned corn, stir until mixture boils and turn out on a buttered platter. When cold, shape in croquettes, roll in sifted bread crumbs, dip in beaten egg and again in fine crumbs. Fry in hot deep fat. Drain on unglazed paper.

### BUY PEACHES NOW FOR THIS GOOD CONSERVE.

While the fruit stands are rosy with peaches is a good time to put up some preserves for winter breakfasts. Here

is one that is inexpensive and easy to make:

3 oranges, 1½ quarts peaches (unpared), ¾ cup water, 2 pounds sugar (1 quart), 1 cup blanched almonds.

Cut the oranges in thin slices, stack them together and cut in quarters. Cover with the water and boil for thirty minutes. Add the peaches, pared and cut in small pieces (one quart), and the sugar. Cook slowly for one and one-half hours until the peaches are tender (not dark) and the mixture is thick. Then add the almonds which have been ground or chopped fine. Stir well and pour into jelly glasses.

## Health Talks.

(By A Physician.)

### Our Emotions and Our Health.

Are you aware how much your health depends upon your mental state? Look around and you will find that happy people are usually healthy ones, while those who constantly repine and grumble are frequently ailing.

You know the saying, "Laugh and grow fat," and you may have noticed that those who laugh often are the plump people. There is, actually, a mechanical reason for this. When we laugh all the organs in the centre of the body are shaken up and stimulated. This in turn stimulates the juices of the various glands of the body, including the digestive ones, so that they do their work more fully. Thus the body is fed and developed.

On the other hand mental worries lower the bodily resistance and upset the digestion, which is one reason why pessimists and worriers are usually thin folk.

### How Fright Affects Us.

Sudden emotions also leave their mark on the body. For instance, terror or fright contract the blood vessels momentarily, drawing the blood away from the surface of the skin. As they expand, the blood rushes back. This explains why a person receiving a sudden fright turns, first of all pale and then deep red. A shock of this

kind also affects the skin. The small muscles under the hair roots, both on the head and all over the body contract. This tightens the skin, producing the appearance known as "goose flesh." Now you know why people say that their hair "stood on end" at some fright or other.

Fright also causes excessive perspiration, owing to the stimulus of the sweat glands in the skin, and may increase intestinal action, particularly in children.

### Do Not Give Way to Anger.

Anger is sometimes skin to terror in its effects on the human body. The circulation is stimulated, the blood pressure being raised. The face flushes and the breathing becomes rapid. The stomach is also affected, and should the anger come on at meal-time, or just before a meal, the appetite disappears and the digestive juices dry up. Food eaten under such conditions will not digest, and it is better to abstain altogether than to eat when angry or worried.

People who suffer from high blood pressure should be careful to avoid too much excitement, either pleasurable or the reverse, just as they should avoid over-exertion of the body. Leisurely meals are best, accompanied by pleasant conversation and peaceful surroundings.

### The Effects of Astonishment.

Surprise is another emotion which effects the subject physically by drying up the flow of saliva. This causes a dryness in the mouth for a short time, until a normal condition is restored. Finally, there is melancholy, which slows down the circulation and the digestive juices, so that we feel tired and listless and suffer from lack of appetite.

It can be seen from the foregoing that happiness is the most beneficial emotion if we wish to keep fit and well, and continuous cheerfulness is in turn better than short bursts of merriment and high spirits.

## Hints

A bag of salt standing where there is a smell of fish will absorb the aroma.

Vinegar placed in a bottle of dried-up glue will moisten and make it liquid again.

Raw potato-juice is a valuable cleanser. It will remove stains from the hands and also from woollen fabrics.

When making soups or stews, if there is too much flavour of one particular vegetable, a sprig of parsley added will equalize the flavouring.

After washing lamp-chimneys, try polishing them with dry salt. This gives the glass a brilliant shine and prevents it from cracking.

To ease a corn which is often painful from long standing, touch it with a little oil of peppermint, and the soreness will be wonderfully lessened.

Starched material, even though it keeps clean longest, should be avoided during warm weather. The starch prevents a free current of air passing through.

Used in water as a daily gargle, borax keeps the throat healthy. Used in water for cleansing the teeth it "disinfects" them and prevents their decaying.

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# Catholic News

### New Canada Archbishop Is 37.—

At the age of 37, Mgr. Norbert Robichaud, Vicar Capitular of the Robichaud diocese, has been appointed Archbishop of Moncton in succession to the late Archbishop Melancon. He thus becomes the youngest member of the Canadian Hierarchy.

The new Archbishop comes from New Brunswick and was ordained in 1931. Four years ago he was still studying at the Canadian College in Rome, where he took his doctorate of theology.

Mgr. Camille Leblanc, rector of the Cathedral of the Assumption, Moncton, has been named Bishop of Bathurst, of which Archbishop Robichaud was Vicar Capitular. He is 43.

Mgr. Leblanc was born at the town of Robichaud, New Brunswick.

### The Caucasus.—

The Indo-European race is sometimes called the Caucasian race, since it is supposed that it descended from the mountain chain situated between the Caspian and the Black Sea. This tradition goes back to the Bible where in Genesis (VIII) we are told that after the deluge Noah's ark rested on the top of the mountains of Armenia (17,000 feet in height), which belong to the Caucasus area.

Georgia is a regional part of the U.S.S.R., occupying the extreme southeastern part of Europe and embracing Kalmuk, the North Caucasian area, the Dagestan Republic, and the Transcaucasian Republic, which includes Georgia, Armenia, and Azerbaijan. Georgia is one of the oldest Christian countries. Its conversion dates from the year 330 and the country has ever since retained the Faith, notwithstanding the assaults of Parsee Dualism and of Mahometanism, which fortunately never had such a firm grip of this part as it had of Armenia.

The conversion of Georgia was originally due to a female captive, St. Nino. This eastern outpost of Christianity has been frequently compared to Ireland. Situated as it is between high mountains in the South and in the North and between the sea in the East and in the West, Georgia practically is an island. For 2,000 years past its cultural standard has been much higher than that of the neighbouring districts. Georgian literature reached a particularly high standard in the 17th and 18th centuries. In recent years, the literary work of some Georgian refugees obtained a world-wide reputation. Of the inhabitants 600,000 still speak the ancient Georgian language, also called Iberian. Closely related to the Armenian tongue, it is a primitive Indo-European language.

Caucasia is subdivided by the Caucasian Mountains, 700 miles in length and covering an area of 12,000 square miles. Agriculture is the most prominent occupation of the inhabitants of the southern, more fertile section. The principal crops are cereals, cotton and tobacco. The northern part, at present a battle-field, consists of steppes, a low marshy country, mainly used for cattle breeding.

The Caucasian mountains are rich in minerals, such as copper, silver, iron, magnesia ores and cobalt. The Caucasian production of oil is only second to that of the United States.

The North Caucasian area covers a total area of 285,000 square miles

with nine million inhabitants, composed mainly of Russians, Tartars and Armenians. Sixty-eight different dialects are spoken. The province was acquired by Russia by the end of the 18th century, but not until 1865 the Russian power was firmly consolidated. As for the Georgian Republic, it was officially acquired in 1801 and the Soviet Republic was established in 1919. Tiflis, the capital, has existed for 1,500 years past. The main railway runs along the oil pipe from Baku through Tiflis to Baku.

### Religious Freedom.—

"In the designs for a new and better world religious freedom is a fundamental principle," says a brochure issued in Washington by the Office of War Information of the United States Government.

Other declarations are: "That part of man which is called spirit and which belongs only to himself and to his God is one of the first concerns in designing a free world. . . ."

"Freedom of worship implies that the individual has a source of moral value which transcends the immediate necessities of the community, however important these may be. . . ."

"It is one thing to pay taxes to the State—this men will do. It is another to submit their consciences to the State—this they politely decline. The wise community respects this mysterious quality in the individual and makes its plans accordingly. . . ."

"The éternité guarantee of freedom of worship is not in the nature of a vote—it is in the nature of an admission. . . ."

"To-day the struggle of man's spirit is against new and curious shackles. To-day a new monstrosity has shown itself on earth, a seven-day wonder, a new child of tyranny—a political religion in which the leader of the State becomes himself an object of worship and reverence and in which the individual becomes a corpse in the blood of the community, almost without identity.

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**THE CLARION CALL.**

(Continued from page 25)

a little subsidized, turncoat rag of a newspaper, did you . . . Have me inside of forty-eight hours? Say, will you quit being funny? Now, you let grown men alone and attend to your business of hunting up divorce cases and street-car accidents and printing the filth and scandal that you make your living by. Good-by, old boy—sorry I haven't time to call on you. I'd feel perfectly safe in your sanctum asinorum, Tra-la!

"He's as mad as a cat that's lost a mouse," said Kernan, hanging up the receiver and coming out. "And now, Barney, my boy, we'll go to a show and enjoy ourselves until a reasonable bedtime. Four hours' sleep for me, and then the west-bound."

The two dined in a Broadway restaurant. Kernan was pleased with himself. He spent money like a prince of fiction. And then a weird and gorgeous musical comedy engaged their attention. Afterward there was a late supper in a grill-room, with champagne, and Kernan at the height of his complacency.

Half-past three in the morning found them in a corner of an all-night café, Kernan still boasting in a rapid and rambling way. Woods thinking moodily over the mad that had come to his usefulness as an upholder of the law.

But, as he pondered, his eye brightened with a speculative light.

"I wonder if it's possible," he said to himself, "I wonder if it's possible!"

And then outside the café the comparative stillness of the early morning was punctuated by faint, uncertain cries that seemed mere fireflies of sound, some growing louder, some fainter, waxing and waning amid the rumble of milk wagons and infrequent cars. Shrill cries they were when near—well-known cries that conveyed many meanings to the ears of those of the slumbering millions of the great city who wanted to hear them. Cries that bore upon their significant, small volume the weight of a world's woe and laughter and delight and stress. To some, covering beneath the protection of a night's ephemeral cover, they brought news of the hideous, bright day; to others, wrapped in happy sleep, they announced a morning that would dawn blacker than sable night. To many of the rich they brought a besom to sweep away what had been theirs while the stars shone; to the poor they brought—another day.

All over the city the cries were starting up, keen and sonorous, heralding the chances that the slipping of one cogwheel in the machinery of time had made; apportioning to the sleepers while they lay at the mercy of fate, the vengeance, profit, grief, reward and doom that the new figure in the calendar had brought them. Shrill and yet plaintive were the cries, as if the young voices grieved that so much evil and so little good was in their irresponsible hands. Thus echoed in the streets of the helpless city the transmission of the latest decrees of the gods, the cries of the newsboys—the Clarion Call of the Press.

Woods flipped a dime to the water, and said:

"Get me a *Morning Mars*."

When the paper came he glanced at its first page, and then tore a leaf out of his memorandum book and began to write on it with the little gold pencil.

"What's the news?" yawned Kernan.

Woods flipped over to him the piece of writing:

The New York *Morning Mars*:

Please pay to the order of John Kernan the one thousand dollars reward coming to me for his arrest and conviction.

Bernard Woods.

"I kind of thought they would do that," said Woods, "when you were jollying 'em so hard. Now, Johnny, you'll come to the police station with me."

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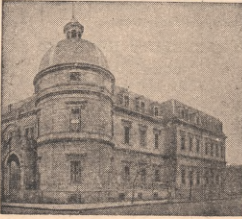
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Special commercial course, typewriting and book-keeping.

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## WIT AND HUMOUR.

"Folks," said the negro minister "the subject of my sermon to-day am 'Liars.' How many of you have read the 29th chapter of St. Matthew?"

A good many hands went up in the air.

"Yes," he said, "it is of you folks I want to talk. There am no 29th chapter of St. Matthew."

Old Lady (to parachutist)—"I really don't know how you can hang from that silk thing. The suspense must be terrible."

Parachutist—"No, mum; it's when the suspense ain't there that it's terrible."

Friend—Hallo, what are you doing here, old fellow?"

Brown—"I am on my honeymoon."

Friend—"Where's your wife?"

Brown—"Well, somebody must stay at home and look after the shop."

"Buy a bunch of violets for your sweetheart, sir," urged the flower-seller.

"I haven't got one," replied the young man.

"Take a bunch home for the wife, then?"

"Sorry I am not married."

"Here, buy the lot to celebrate your luck."

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS  
ON PAGE 14.

(412) Geoffrey Chaucer (1340-1400), author of *The Canterbury Tales* and the first great English poet. His claim to this title, and to the oft-quoted "well of English undefiled," lies in the fact that he established the English language as the medium of the English poet. Up to and during his time Latin and French were both more fashionable; after his day neither could compete with English. Also, more than any other writer, he established one dialect of English as "standard English."

(413) Geoffrey Chaucer styled himself Poet Laureate, but the office really dates from the reign of Charles I, when Ben Jonson received the post with a pension of 100 marks. Among other famous holders of the office was John Dryden (1631-1700), renowned in his day as dramatist, poet and prose writer. His plays are for the most part forgotten; a number of his poems, including his political satires, and the still popular *Alexander's Feast*, remain famous;

The boy stood on the bridge of the steamship on a starry night. Suddenly it became necessary for the captain to go below, so he said to the boy: "Here, take the wheel. I'll be back in a few minutes. Stay steer by that star."

The boy began to steer the boat and soon got her out of her course. The star now appeared astern instead of ahead. He shouted to the skipper: "Hi, skipper, come up and find me another star. I've passed that one."

Two members of a well-known London club met in the smoking-room.

The first looked grave as he shook hands with his friend, who was very deaf.

"I'm sorry," he said, "to hear of the death of your uncle."

"Eh? What's that?" asked the deaf one.

"I'm sorry to hear your uncle is dead."

"Speak up, man; I can't hear you."  
"I'M SORRY TO HEAR YOU'VE BURIED YOUR UNCLE."

"But I had to," came the unexpected reply. "He died."

"Have you ever been offeed work?"

"Only once, lady," replied the tramp. "Apart from that I've met with nothing but kindness."

while his prose Essay of Dramatic Poesie is among the English classics. In Dryden's time the Poet Laureate's remuneration included each year a cask of Canary wine, and this continued to be given until the beginning of the nineteenth century.

(414) According to Sir Edmund Gosse and other distinguished critics, Samuel Richardson (1689-1761) wrote the first English work of fiction that can be truly called a novel. This was *Pamela; or Virtue Rewarded*, a sentimental story told in a series of fictitious letters and published in 1740. But there are those who hold that the English novel is much older than this. They point to Daniel Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, published in 1719, and even further back to the *Euphuies* of John Lyly (about 1553-1606) which appeared in 1579, Lodge's *Rosalynde*, from which Shakespeare fashioned *As You Like It*, and Nashe's *The Unfortunate Traveller*, published about the same time. Others would trace the genesis of the novel from the fifteenth-century *Morte d'Arthur* of Sir Thomas Malory.

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# HURLING CLUB

PROJECT: FUND FOR PURCHASE OF OUR OWN PREMISES.

In the name of God, Who is the beginning and the end of all worthy projects, let us of the Hurling Club launch to our people this special project which has for its end the acquisition of our own premises, a project however mundane in its general aspects as a sporting and social undertaking, is nevertheless wholly spiritual in its final ends, which may be summarized in three words, viz:—**GOD — ARGENTINA — EIRE.**

This project, as may be seen from the following prospectus, entails the floating of a Loan of \$100,000.— (one hundred thousand pesos, National currency) comprising 1,000 (one thousand) Bonds of \$100.00 m/n. (one hundred pesos) each.

For the information and perusal of our people the following is a copy of the prospectus of our project, duly approved at an extraordinary general meeting of the Hurling Club on the 28th of November last:—

Proyecto para la creación de un fondo especial destinado a la adquisición de un campo de deportes para el Hurling Club.

## REGLAMENTACION

- 1.—EL HURLING CLUB hace una emisión de mil bonos de cien pesos m/n. cada uno, destinada exclusivamente a la adquisición de un campo de deportes apropiado para el desarrollo de sus actividades deportivas, sociales y culturales. Cada bono llevará al dorso el texto de esta reglamentación.
- 2.—Los bonos no serán al portador. Cada uno llevará el nombre del tomador, será transferible solamente por vía hereditaria o por resolución escrita del consejo directivo del Hurling Club, y su posesión no confiere ninguno de los derechos de que gozan los socios de dicho Club.
- 3.—El Hurling Club se encargará de la colocación de los bonos, de la cobranza de su importe, del registro de tomadores y de la correspondiente contabilidad, que será independiente de la contabilidad del Club. Todas las erogaciones exigidas por esta gestión serán por cuenta del Hurling Club.
- 4.—El importe de cada bono podrá ser cubierto al contado, o con cuotas periódicas a elección del tomador, pero nunca menores de \$4.00 mensuales. En todo caso el importe íntegro del bono deberá ser cubierto dentro de un plazo máximo de 25 meses a contar desde la fecha en que el tomador se anote como tal y abone la primera cuota.
- 5.—El bono, firmado por el Presidente y Tesorero del Hurling Club será entregado al tomador al cubrir éste su importe íntegro.
- 6.—Todo lo percibido por los bonos, sin deducción alguna, se depositará inmediatamente en el Banco de Londres y América del Sud, bajo el rubro "Hurling Bondholders", a la órden de siete fideicomisarios, requiriéndose tres firmas para moverlo.
- 7.—Los primeros siete fideicomisarios serán los señores Pbro. Constantino Bermingham, Ber-

nardo L. Duggan, Pbro. Tomás Dunleavy, Dr. Roberto E. Halahan, Dr. Luis P. O'Farrell, Juan S. Reil, y Mons. Santiago M. Usher. Podrán éstos ser sustituidos únicamente por una asamblea de tenedores de bonos. Sus atribuciones son: inspeccionar la contabilidad de los bonos, vigilar el depósito de su importe en el Banco, y no permitir que se disponga de ese dinero sino en virtud de resoluciones adoptadas por la asamblea de los tenedores de bonos, que es la entidad que en definitiva recoversá sobre su destino.

- 8.—La asamblea de los tenedores de bonos podrá ser convocada por el Consejo Directivo del Hurling Club, o por tres de los fideicomisarios, o por diez tomadores de bonos que tengan derecho a formar parte de la misma.
- 9.—La convocatoria firmada y con la órden del día, será enviada con ocho días de anticipación, por correo, a cada uno de los tomadores de bonos y también, con ocho días de anticipación, publicada en el semanario "The Southern Cross", o en otro periódico de reconocida circulación.
- 10.—En las asambleas tendrán voz y voto solamente los tomadores de bonos que hayan integrado su importe y los que con seis meses de antigüedad estén al día en el pago de sus cuotas. No podrá hacerse representar por apoderados. Los miembros del Consejo Directivo del Hurling Club son considerados como tenedores de bonos de acuerdo con el artículo 14 de esta reglamentación.
- 11.—Para validez de las asambleas, deberá estar representada en la primera convocatoria más de la mitad de los bonos cuyos tomados no tengan derecho a integrarlas. En su defecto, se convocará nuevamente, pero no antes de transcurridos quince días por lo menos, y la asamblea será válida con los tomadores que concurran. Tendrán éstos un voto por cada bono, y las resoluciones adoptadas por la mayoría de los presentes obligan a todos.
- 12.—Antes del 31 de Octubre de 1945, los tomadores de bonos reunidos en asamblea resolverán si es posible y oportuno adquirir un campo de deportes o si conviene prorrogar el plazo y continuar la colocación de bonos. En caso negativo se devolverá de inmediato a cada contribuyente el importe íntegro de su aporte con los intereses acreditados por el Banco.
- 13.—Si se resolviera la adquisición de un campo de deportes, se arbitrará la forma de escriturarla de suerte que no pueda ser enajenado ni gravado sin el consentimiento de una asamblea de los tomadores de bonos.
- 14.—El Hurling Club, deducidos los gastos aludidos en el artículo 3.º de este texto, es el Banco de Londres y América del Sud, en la cuenta "Hurling Bondholders", los fondos actualmente en su poder destinados a la adquisición de un campo de deportes, como también los que en adelante reu-

niera con ese fin. En consecuencia, todos los miembros de su consejo directivo serán considerados como tenedores de bonos; formarán parte integrante de las asambleas y tendrán en conjunto tantos votos cuantos correspondan a razón de un voto por cada cien pesos depositados. Estos votos serán distribuidos proporcionalmente entre los miembros del consejo directivo pre-

sentés en la asamblea, quedando cada uno libre para emitir su voto de acuerdo con su criterio personal.

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THE BOAST OF JACOB BEN MASAI.

IN his old age Jacob ben Masai was fond of recalling the glories of the khan, of which for so many years he had been the landlord. This hospitality, it must be remembered, was in the lower part of the town and was used only by those travellers who could not afford the more spacious quarters of the leading hotel. But to hear Jacob talk you would never have guessed this. The passage of time had magnified the splendour of his humble inn and he saw himself as the dispenser of hospitality to the great ones of the earth.

"I have seen ten laden camels in the court-yard at the same time, and I know not how many asses," he was wont to say. Later, the ten became twenty, and then thirty. The number of asses he had accommodated grew in proportion. His hearers pictured a palatial establishment. Being strangers to the town in which he had fulfilled his functions as host, they could not contradict him.

## The Strangers.

If he had confined himself to an enumeration of the beasts he had sheltered and the rich merchandise to which he had given protection, all might have been well. It is not probable that anyone would have troubled to quarrel with the garrulous old man on such points. When he grew expansive in his description of the large retinue attending some of his guests or repeated the compliments paid to his management by merchant-princes from distant lands they winked at each other knowingly, but made no other comment. But there was one story at which they laughed outright.

"Night it was," he used to say, "and a cold wind blowing. After we had gone to bed comes a loud knocking at the door. 'Like enough 'tis some peasants same as those you once bedded down in the stable' says Sarai, laughing. Well, I took my lantern and went out to see. When I opened the door the light fell on three tall figures. 'Foreigners,' says I to myself. But that didn't trouble me; we were used to all sorts. Nevertheless, it was necessary to be cautious.

"Who be you?" says I, "and where be you from?"

"Then one of them answers, haughty-like, 'We are come from King Herod on private business,' or words to that effect.

"That's a tall yarn," I says. 'Let's have a look at ye.' With that I held up my lantern so that the light fell on their faces. Something glittered in the turban of one and I saw that it was gold. With that I noticed the other two. I'm telling you the solemn truth when I say there was something about those men that made you bow in obeisance. Stately they were. It took my breath away to see them standing there so quiet in the lantern-light.

## Three Kings.

"Who be you?" says I, sort of awed. "We are three Kings," they says, and laughed.

"You may think old Jacob ben Masai is yarning, but I take the Blessed One to witness that 'tis a fact. Three Kings in my Courtyard asking to be allowed to sleep under my roof! Well, gentlemen, I have had some proud moments in my life, but I was never prouder than at that moment. Patronized by royalty! It flashed through my mind then that, for ever after, my inn should be known as The Three Kings.

"You may be sure I didn't wait long before inviting them inside. Kings may be Kings but they need sleep and food like other mortals.

"We're rather full at present, your Majesties," I says. "That often hap-

pens. Before now I've had to turn folk away. But you're different. We'll find room for you somehow."

"By that time my other guests had awakened and were crowding in the doorway to see what was going on. When they heard me say 'Your Majesties' they drew back. 'Please enter my humble abode,' says I in my best manner. And with that they passed within. You should have heard the tlingling of their bejewelled robes and the rustling of their silk! Ah, that was my crowning triumph."

## The Stranger's Story.

Jacob, after telling this story, was always known as "the landlord of The Three Kings." And though the nickname was coined in derision he was proud of it. Never did he hear it but his toothless gums could be seen in a grin of gratified ambition. Alas for him that he told the tale once too often.

Squatting on his haunches by the city gate surrounded by the usual loafers, the old man, on the occasion indicated, launched into the familiar narrative without noticing a stranger standing near. When he had finished there were the usual facetious remarks and satirical questions indicative of incredulity. Then all at once the stranger took a step forward and said,

"You do our friend an injustice. I come from Bethlehem, the town in which this is said to have taken place. And I can assure you that the visit of the Three Kings to Jacob ben Masai's khan is accepted among us as a well-known fact."

The jesters, thus silenced, looked at the old man with sudden appreciation of his importance. As for Jacob, his face was a study in senile pleasure. He rose, saluted before this visitor from his native town and was about to resume his former posture when the stranger resumed.

"I said," he observed, "that the visit of the Three Kings was a well-known fact. That does not mean, however, that I am able to endorse the story to which you have listened in all its details." He paused for a moment and added in a low voice. "The account as generally related has a somewhat different ending."

"Tell us," cried the by-standers, whose numbers had been increased.

## The Rejected Peasants.

"I will," responded the speaker. "The story goes that when our friend here notified his intended guests that he had already turned away certain folk who had asked for hospitality, they enquired of him who these rejected ones might be. 'Mere peasants,' he is said to have replied. 'A man and a woman from the North. Not of much account. I can assure you, and the woman near childbirth. I believe they found a corner somewhere among the animals.'

"When they heard that, the Kings looked at each other in pained wonder and then turned toward their would-be-host. 'Do you know,' asked one of them, 'that you have behaved in this inhositable manner to One before Whose Kingship our state is of no account. This woman is the queenliest of all women and the Son Whom she bore in your stable is Lord of All. Angels do Him honour and emperors shall bow before Him. But since you have so little respect for that garb of poverty in which He has chosen to

disguise Himself it would ill besem us, who have come from afar to worship Him, to accept the hospitality denied to Him. Therefore we bid thee farewell.'

"And with that, so goes the story, they turned away. Nor did Jacob ben Masai ever see them after."

## A Disciple's Testimony.

A silence fell on the group at the city gate. Jacob was stumbling to his feet to make off when the voice of the stranger arrested him.

"The version which I have given you," it said, "is even more incredible than that which you heard from this aged man, and therefore it is only fitting I should add more. The Child born of that poor mother grew up to be a mighty Prophet. This is no other than that Jesus Who wrought many miracles and finally, having been crucified, rose from the dead and ascended into Heaven.

"He it is Who is the promised Messiah and of His Kingdom there shall be no end. Thus, as a humble disciple, do I bear my testimony. And that the meaning of the story I have told may be clear, I would remind you that God is no respecter of persons. This

inn-keeper, when he saw Kings arrayed royally would fain have given them shelter. But, because he failed to recognise the dignity of those not so arrayed, he lost the opportunity of sheltering the King of kings."

When the stranger had finished a silence fell on the listeners and in that silence Jacob ben Masai stole away.

## A GERMAN CHRISTMAS BEFORE HITLER.

No one who has been fortunate enough to spend the Christmas holidays in Germany can ever forget it. All Christian countries observe with special forms and celebrations the festival of the Nativity, but in no other does it take more preeminent place among the holy days of the year. The Christmas tree, with its lights and ornaments, St. Nicholas, and many, or even most, of the other things that mark this season in other lands, have been taken over by Germany. It is customary to place a tableau of the Nativity underneath the green boughs of the Christmas tree. Year after year they are brought out again. These carved groups, with beautifully coloured figures, are a favourite decoration in Germany. They are usually little works of art made in the art carving schools at Munich, Oberammergau, etc.; some are even made by prominent artists. The wooden plastics are complete to the minut-

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est detail, some costing as much as, and even more than, 200 marks.

In all countries, too, Christmas brings a richer table, with special traditional dishes, but in probably no other is there such a variety of these as in Germany—the land whose “infinite variety” extends also to Christmas feasting customs. They run the whole gamut, from the humble herring to the fattened goose.

Fairly widespread is the custom of eating carp, generally cooked in brown beer, on Christmas Eve. Great stress is laid on fish containing much roe, for this means much money in the coming year. Symbolic significance also attaches to a pudding made of poppy seeds, hot milk, and other ingredients. One finds this especially in central and eastern Germany. Less well-to-do families substitute for carp a herring salad. Herring and potato dumplings may not be lacking on the Christmas Eve table in peasant homes in Thuringia and the Silesian mountains, and Silesian families in better circumstances enjoy smoked ham with stewed fruit

and dumplings—the so-called Silesian “Himmelreich.”

In other parts of Germany, however, one finds roasts—occasionally hares or venison, but generally roast goose. Berlin alone consumes 600,000 geese each Christmas, most of which come from Pomerania. The turkey is sometimes the main dish, but most Germans prefer a fatter roast.

Carp have become too dear for a large part of the Berliners. In earlier years Berlin took from 10 to 12 tons of these at each Christmas season, but now take only half that amount. Carp, like most other freshwater fish, are sold alive in Germany being brought from the breeders' ponds in tank-cars ingeniously aerated.

But it is in pastry that one finds the most astounding variety in Germany. Every section has its specialties, although “Pefferkuchen,” made of honey, ground almonds, cinnamon, cloves, flour and eggs, and “Honigkuchen,” or honey cake, with somewhat the same ingredients, are eaten everywhere. Nuremberg's “Lebkuch-

en” are world-famed. A Brunswick Christmas cake bears the not especially attractive name “paving-stones.” In the province of Brandenburg “oxeneyes” are eaten on Christmas Eve. But these have nothing to do with oxen; they are merely small pan-cakes.

It hardly needs to be said, however, that the Germans do more than think of material things at Christmas. The churches have record congregations—especially in Upper Bavaria, Westphalia and other Catholic districts, where only tiny children and the infirm fail to attend the Christmas Masses. In some places these are held at midnight, in others at 6 o'clock in the morning. Even the sceptical Berliners fill the churches on this day.

Our Readers will help us if they will mention THE SOUTHERN CROSS when replying to advertisements appearing in this paper.

#### CHRISTMAS TIT-BITS.

If the sun shines through the apple tree on Christmas Day there will be an abundant crop the following year.

In various parts of Europe there is a legend that at midnight on Christmas Eve animals have the power of speech, and that no one may hear them with impunity. The superstition was fixed to Christmas Eve by the association of the ox and the ass with the Nativity; but the conception of the “talking animals” is probably pagan. Related to the idea is the belief, also widespread in Europe, that at midnight cattle rise in their stalls and kneel to adore Christ. In the North of England there is a legend that at that hour bees hum a hymn to the glory of Christ.

It was Pope Julius I, who, in the year 351, decreed that Christmas Day should be held on December 25. Previously Christmas had been celebrated on January 6 and March 28.

In “News” of 1660 the Man in the Moon is quoted for an act of real Good Samaritanism.

When misers all were grieved in mind  
Because that corn was grown so dear,  
The Man in the Moon made Christmas pyes,

And bid the seven stars to eat good chere.

A quaint old lover's fancy was for a girl to go into the garden on Christmas Eve and gather a dozen sage leaves. As she plucked the last one she would see her future husband approaching her along the path.

In 1930 Santa Claus was officially banned in Mexico, and the ancient god of the Aztecs, Quetzalcohuatl, the feathered snake, was substituted. The main reason was the pictured Santa Claus, driving over the snow in a sleigh, was inappropriate in a country where there was not any snow.

London has a Yuletide-road, in Willesden; and there are three Noel streets—in Bermondsey, Islington, and Westminster. There is a Noel Park Estate at Wood Green, and a Holly Terrace at Hieheate. Reading has a Holly Court, and there is a Jerusalem Street in Buxton in Derbyshire.

The earliest of all Christmas hymns was written by Prudentius, who was born in 348. The English version, “O of the Father's Love Beotten,” is “Hil sun” in the Church of England.

Italians tell a story of Saint Nicholas. When walking through the streets one night he heard weeping, and learned that a father and daughter were in dire poverty. Softly he put three bags of gold through their window on to the sill and stole away unseen. That was the origin of Father Christmas, say the Italians.

On Christmas morning in the N. C. O's mess of the Life Guards, the Regimental Sergeant-major ceremoniously hammers a brick by a row to the mantelpiece. It is the signal for “ocean work.” As long as the brick is haneing the Christmas spirit prevails in the Life Guards quarters. After the taking down of the brick the N. C. O. is decorated with a bar on the ribbon of an enormous tin medal.



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## Games to Keep the Party Going

Many a party is ruined because the question of games is left to chance. The guests are often relied upon to suggest some pastimes, and should it happen that the expected suggestions are not forthcoming, everything goes flat, and there is a danger of the guests becoming bored. It is much better to have a list prepared, and in some cases it is worth while to have a rehearsal in order to ensure that the "ball is kept rolling." Here are a few ideas which will keep the company interested and amused.

Here is a feat which is apparently very simple, and yet actually most difficult to do. Take the two portions of an empty match-box and arrange them as shown below. Then ask one of your guests to try and crush them with a downward blow. Unless the blow is absolutely in the dead centre, the two portions fly apart, unbroken, much to the astonishment of the striker.

Another test of strength is to hold an egg, end on between the palms of the hands, and, with the arms outstretched, endeavour to crush it. It is an almost impossible feat.

A similar trick is for a person, preferably a lady, to press her finger tips together (the palms of the hands to face the body) and then ask a gentleman who fancies his strength to grasp the wrists and with a gentle pull (not a jerk) try to part the lady's hands. It is not as easy as it looks!

### THINK OF A NUMBER.

There are several "think of a number" problems, but I do not think you have heard this one before. This trick calls for simple mental arithmetic, but the effect is very mystifying.

You invite a member of the audience to think of a number between, say, 5 and 12 (There is no limit to the number really, but mental arithmetic is difficult with big numbers).

The person concerned says "Right!" You now say, "Add 3 to it."

"Right!"  
"Now subtract three from it—that is the ORIGINAL NUMBER."

"Right!"  
"Now you have two separate products, i.e.  $X + 3$  and  $X - 3$ . Multiply the first product by the second, i.e.  $(X + 3)$  times  $(X - 3)$ ."

"Yes, I've got it."  
"Good, now tell me the answer and I will tell you the number you thought of."

In repeating the trick, you can vary the numbers. THIS IS HOW IT IS DONE.

Supposing the person thought of number 8. Well 8 plus three is 11, 8 minus three is 5 and 11 times 5 is 55. Having learned this, you square the number you gave them, which in this case was 3, i.e. 3 times 3 is 9, add it to 55, i.e. 9 plus 55 is 64, and you will see that the square of this total is 8, the number they thought of.

You may vary the numbers with each test, but the principle always works.

### PEA-SUCKING.

This game provides great fun for those who look on as well as those who take part.

A small basin of dried peas is placed in the centre of the table and the competitors are provided with a "straw" each and a glass into which the peas are to be dropped. The peas are lifted and carried to the glasses by suction, and the one with the highest score in a given time wins.

This game can be run in "heats"; ladies versus gentlemen, and the ex-

citement is intense by the time the finals are reached, especially if the "weaker sex" are winning.

### ANOTHER TRICK.

Here is a clever trick with a wine glass. The glass is held between the index fingers and thumbs of both hands which are back to back. The trick is to bring the palms of the hands together without removing or dropping the glass.

There are three fingers of each hand above the stem. Slowly slide the three fingers of the RIGHT hand under the three fingers of the LEFT hand.

Note that whilst the palm of the LEFT hand faces outwards the RIGHT is downwards. Keep the glass pressed into the crutch of the fingers. Now slide the right hand fingers up to the front of the LEFT hand fingers gradually turning the RIGHT hand over until the thumb points upwards. The RIGHT index finger will slide upwards across the back of the LEFT three fingers. Continue the movement and you will find the glass has changed direction and the palms are together.

It may be as well to practise this trick over a cushion in case you drop the glass!

### AN UNUSUAL COMPETITION.

Competitions are always popular at parties. Here is a simple one which will be new to most people. Each guest is given a sheet of notepaper and a pencil, and invited to make a sentence comprised entirely of three letter words.

The prize goes to the one who makes the longest sentence. To show what can be done, here is a specimen:—

"THE MAN HAD ONE EYE, BUT HIS DOG LED HIM AND NOW THE LAD AND THE DOG ARE NOT AND HOW SAD HIS LOT!"

### DROPPING A PENNY THROUGH THE TABLE.

If done neatly, this is a trick which can be repeated several times and still leave your audience mystified. It is essentially an aftermeal trick.

Before mentioning that you are going to do a trick, spread your serviette across your knees (Ladies need not do this!) Then tell your audience that you will pass a penny through the table right in front of their eyes. Hold a penny in each of your open hands, resting on the table.

"This is quite simple. As you see I have a penny in that hand" (close the left hand and point to the coin in the right. Then open the hand showing the penny still there) "and another in that hand." (Close the right hand, and as you turn it over to point to be left, drop the penny in your 'lap' and keep the right hand clenched.

"Now watch carefully." (Close your left hand over its coin and carry your hand under the table, at the same time picking the dropped coin off your lap, and when underneath the table, hold the two. Then say "Ready, go!" and open your right hand as if dropping the penny, at the same time releasing the top one underneath so that it falls with a "clink" on the lower one.

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It was a dream, Sister Mary Veronica was certain of that. One of those strange, cruel dreams from which we thoughtfully awaken in the genial morning light. A dream, please, yes . . . but no, across the dining table she caught the cold eyes of Sister Marie Therese, behind their blue-tinted spectacles. If only Sister Marie Therese was not so brusque! Those eyes seemed to say:

"It is your fault, there cannot possibly be any doubt of that, Sister Superior, that we have come to this unhappy pass. What is going to happen to us I should like to know. We have now had no fires for two terrible weeks, and Agatha, the kitchen girl, has to-day used the last bucketful of coal, to give us hot soup for luncheon, the last hot meal we are likely to have. What, I repeat, is going to become of us now, Sister Su-

## A Little Saint Comes to the Rescue On Christmas Eve

(A TRUE STORY BY ELIZABETH MYERS.)

perior? Decidedly it is your fault that there is no money to buy coal." Unkind blue eyes!

Sister Mary Veronica rose for grace, and afterwards went up to the little room which served her for study and reception room alike.

Outside a bitter, rising wind was driving the snow into deep drifts over the bleak Cumberland falls, and a flock of gaunt birds streamed across the sky. The ventilator was open, and the wild blast swept into the room.

She shivered and going to the window strove with her poor frozen fingers to close the ventilator; but the catch was very stiff, and she could not move it. Helplessly her hands fell to her side. Soon, she felt, Sister Marie Therese would be coming along for a discussion as to what the little community should do now.

But who was there to appeal to? There was no other convent or Catholic church for many miles, and the people in the tiny village were too poor to help, except the Jew, who lived in the big house next door, and it was hopeless, of course, to approach him. Last year, when she and her ten nuns had first come to the house they were using as a convent, they had timidly asked his help on two occasions, only to be turned from the door by insolent servants.

Yet something would have to be done. Her eyes filled with tears as she thought of poor Sister Gertrude, who was so old, and so ill-equipped to stand the ravages of the cold weather, whose hands and feet were crippled with rheumatism and chilblains, but who insisted upon hobbling about, and helping with the duties of the small place.

As Sister Mary Veronica desperately pondered, her eyes fell upon the Autobiography of St. Therese of Li-

sieux. St. Therese! Of course! She would help them. She was so kind, so gracious; she was marvellous, a miracle worker, this Little Flower of God.

"Little Flower of Jesus," she prayed, "help me now in my great extremity. I have no one to turn to but you. You will not fail me, for I put my trust in you," and when she had prayed, it seemed that a great load was lifted from her heart, and she went downstairs feeling curiously hopeful and comforted.

The nuns were sitting together in the common-room. It was too cold to do anything, and they turned their meek, white faces upon her, as she entered.

She smiled, and seated herself amongst them. "It is going to be all right," she told them, "I am sure of it. I have asked the help of St. Therese, and she will not fail us." Sister Marie Therese gazed coldly at her. There was no hope, no gladness in that stern face, and Sister Mary Veronica sighed.

The short winter afternoon drew to a close, and the window became a patch of deep blue, pricked with stars.

Suddenly came the rumbling of a heavy vehicle climbing the hill from the village, mingled with the shouts of men, and the clang of horse-shoes on the hard road. Nearer drew the wagon, a man sang out: "This will be the place," and immediately afterwards the startled women heard the hatches pulled back, and the roar of coal tumbling into the cellar. Enough coal to last for many months!

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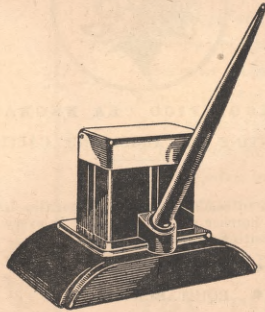
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### ST. FRANCIS BUILDS A CRIB.

THE origin of the Crib, which brings so many sweet thoughts on the birth of the Redeemer, is an interesting story. The Crib was first made by St. Francis of Assisi who was a wonderful lover of animals and birds.

St. Francis had always thought of the holy day of Christmas with that abounding love for God and his creatures which was his characteristic. "If I knew the Emperor," he said, "I would beg him to order that on Christmas Day everyone should throw grain to the birds, especially to our sisters, the larks, and that everyone who had animals in his stable should give them, for love of the Child Jesus, born in the manger, a specially good feed. And the rich on that day should invite to their table all the poor."

This was said as Francis was on his way to make his home in a cave hewn in a rock, because he wished to be poor and refused to live in a comfortable house. So he sent for his friend and admirer Giovanni Vellita and said that that year he would celebrate Christmas with him. "Choose a grotto," said St. Francis, "in which build a manger. Take an ox an ass there and try to reproduce as well as possible the grotto of Bethlehem. This is my wish, as I want to see at least once with my own eyes the birth of the Divine Infant."

This was done, and in the night of Christmas, the people who knew that St. Francis had prepared to sanctify the Christmas of the Lord, came from all parts of the country. That night around the lonely spot there was a crowd of people singing hymns, and in the fields and on the slopes of the mountains shone and moved thousands of lights, the torches of those who were hurrying to the holy place. At midnight the priest began to sing the Mass at the improvised stall and manger. St. Francis was deacon. At the Gospel, he approached still

closer to the Manger which reminded him of the Saviour born in the poor grotto of Bethlehem, and sang the Gospel in a soft voice, clear and sonorous; then he preached on the poverty of Jesus and on the humility of Bethlehem. His biographer, Thomas of Celano, tells that the Saint was so moved in mentioning Jesus Christ, that his lips trembled, the tears fell from his eyes.

In order not to reveal too much his emotion, every time that he had to name Christ, he called him "the Child of Bethlehem." And it is said, too, that when he pronounced the words, Et Verbum caro factum est, he really saw the Child in the manger move as though in sleep, and approached to caress his face.

That was the origin of the Christmas Crib, and ever since that time, because St. Francis made it, the Crib has been constructed with special care in all the Franciscan churches throughout the world.

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