

GIVES STATEMENT ON SAETY ISSUE

Mayor Coffey of Blowing Rock, Cites Record of Highway Accidents.

By D. P. COFFEY
The situation in the state of North Carolina in regard to the loss of lives on our streets and highways should alarm each citizen and should be a warning to them to be more careful for their own protection, to be more considerate for the rights and lives of others and should arouse indignation for careless, reckless or drunken driving.

According to reliable information nearly 1,000 were killed and more than 6,000 injured in this state alone, in 1934 with many minor accidents not reported. Murder, suicide, death and destruction on the highways, robbery and kidnapping in this so-called civilized country.

The slaughter goes on and may be greater in 1935. You are requested to assist in bringing about a remedy for such a situation. Your attention is called to the following:
Outline of Safety Program
1. Distribution during December of 500,000 copies of "Guides to Highway Safety" as the basis of instruction (1) to all officials and employees in city halls, county courthouses, and state departments; (2) to members of citizens organizations, business houses, and automobile drivers; (3) to 150,000 students and teachers in 851 high schools, as the beginning of a state-wide program of accident prevention and motor vehicle law enforcement.

II. Systematic discussion during the first weeks in January (1) by 150,000 students and teachers in 851 high schools; (2) by all citizens organizations of men and women; (3) by members of all business organizations; (4) by city councils, county commissioners, and all groups of public officials and employees.

III. Systematic instruction in Schools of Law Enforcing Officers to be conducted every month in every city and county of the state by judges and solicitors of the superior courts, recorders, courts, sheriffs and chiefs of police, analyzing accidents of the previous month and mapping out programs of prevention for the next month.

IV. Copies of "Guides to Highway Safety" may be procured from City Halls, local school authorities, or the Institute of Government, Chapel Hill, N. C.

V. The monthly magazine, POPULAR GOVERNMENT, will furnish a clearing house of information each month on street and highway accidents in North Carolina and safety programs and campaigns as they develop throughout the state. Write to the Institute of Government, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Please get a copy of "Guides to Highway Safety" as early as you can.
D. P. COFFEY, Mayor, Blowing Rock, N. C.

DEMAND FOR DECORATIONS BRINGS MONEY TO STATE

Hickory.—Mountaineers of western North Carolina in getting ready for Christmas are getting rich, after a fashion, off the rest of the nation—and off home folks, too, for that matter.

And all because people want to dress up the house with leaves. So between \$75,000 and \$100,000 will be spent for presents and children who have received the money for picking galax leaves and princess pines.

The leaves are sold to various markets and then shipped to almost every state in the union for Christmas decorations. The galax stays green for months while the pines enhance the decorations. Galax, palm-leaved shaped, and the tiny evergreen twigs are packed in Christmas boxes and sold in bulk. A case of 10,000 galax plants retails for \$10.

Galax requires a high altitude in which to grow and turn bronze in color after a heavy frost. They are found in bundles of 25 while the pines are shipped in bulks of 10,000 plants. Local brokers this year advised that persons in other communities receiving galax leaves be notified they are not edible.

Two years ago, one said, a salesman from the north purchased a turkey here, and had it shipped home. The salesman, in dressing up the package, decorated it with galax. Last Christmas the salesman bought another turkey but told the merchant:

"Just keep those plants like you sent me last Christmas. They make the bitterest dressing I ever tried to eat."

FARMER IS KILLED

Yadkinville, Dec. 20.—John Long, 73, was killed instantly today near his home, three miles north of here, when a team of mules ran away and threw him from a wagon. Long was hauling corn when the mules became frightened and ran, throwing him under the wheels, which passed over his head. He was found by a tenant. Surviving are his wife, and one son, J. D. Long, of Winston-Salem. Funeral service will be conducted at Deep Creek Friends Church Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.



Mrs. Durkee's Christmas Gander

By Martha B. Thomas

MRS. DURKEE had a gander, a fine strong bird with fine strong wings. Whenever Mrs. Durkee went the gander went, too. Some years ago a goose egg had been given to Mrs. Durkee. It was a very large egg and ready to hatch, but a fox had killed the mother goose. It should make, when hatched and grown up, a fine Christmas dinner! Just as Mrs. Durkee prepared a nest for it, the shell cracked and out popped a head with very surprised eyes. From that moment the gosing and Mrs. Durkee became friends. She no more thought of him in terms of roasting than she would think of a neighbor in that unkind manner.

The widow lived alone and as the gander grew to manhood (so to speak), she depended more and more on him. Sometimes at night she would rouse him and he would tuck his head from his wing and escort her forth under a wintry moon.

And now, at the Christmas season, Gander was in full plumage and of a stern temper.

Christmas eve she sat alone by her kitchen fire, and there came a knock at the door. A man stood there and before she could speak pushed his way in. Seeing no one about, he ordered her to bring him bread and coffee and meat. She brought the man what he asked, and when he had eaten he said, "Now, give me all your money and I'll go with no trouble."

"No," said Mrs. Durkee, "I will not. Out came his fist and she just escaped a hard cuff on the head. She was angry enough to fight but instead went to her pantry. 'I keep money in a jug here,' she said and jingled some coins. At the same time she softly raised the window and whistled.

"Hey . . . come on with the cash! I'm in a hurry!" "Yes, yes . . . some has stuck in the bottom." She made a great to-do at jingling. Then she heard a sleepy "Honk-honk!" Her heart lifted.

"I have a few bills tucked behind the cookie jar," she added. "Let me get those." (Anything to take up time!) She came slowly into the kitchen.

"Here is your money," she said. "Oh, dear, I do believe some one is at the door. Take it quick!" She threw the coins at the man, and opened the door. In stalked the gander ready for anything.

The man shoved out his foot as if to kick him. In a moment, hissing and nipping, the great bird seemed to surround the man with heavy beating wings. The harder the unwelcome guest tried to escape the harder he was beaten back. At last, crouching and fending off the blows, he fled through the door . . . scattering coins all the way. The wad of bills had merely been a piece of make-believe.

The door slammed and the lonely widow sat down in a chair and laughed and laughed and laughed. The gander stood beside her, looking dignified and preening his ruffled feathers. "I'd rather have you for a friend," cried Mrs. Durkee, "than all the roast ducks, turkeys and geese in the world. Merry Christmas . . . and I'll give you some fresh lettuce this minute."

The gander's bright eyes roved about the room, and he followed Mrs. Durkee into the pantry. © Western Newspaper Union.

Mary Pines for Her Pines

(A Christmas Story)

By Luella B. Lyons

MARY MINTER left her home from south of the Mason-Dixon line to marry Jack Howard. That's how she happened to be having her new home in the North—hating the snow and cold and the fireworks she knew she was missing down home that Christmas day. Gazing out of the window all she could see were pine trees from four inches to sixty feet in height. Cedars! Pines! Spruces! She hated the words, even.



They Reached Ann Spear's Hospital Room and Made Explanations.

"How about a Christmas tree in the house, honey? Maybe that would help cheer you, do you suppose? I know you're eating your heart out with loneliness for home this year, your first Christmas away." Jack offered, but Mary spurned his sympathy.

"A tree, a tree, did you say? Ha ha," she laughed bitterly. "Get out there and on up the Ridge and look at those trees there by the hundreds and thousands. Imagine they are all Christmas trees if you like." Jack gave up trying to placate her but he understood—she was at that stage of homesickness.

About noon there came a phone call from their nearest neighbor, Mill Spears. His wife was in the city hospital, 40 miles away, and he had promised to visit her there, taking the two youngsters, but about an hour ago Mill had sprained an ankle and now—would Mary and Jack take the kids and go in his place?

What difference did it make if it was nearly nightfall when the pair and the two youngsters reached Ann Spear's hospital room and made the explanations and witnessed the relief that was so evident on the anxious wife's face.

"But where did you find such a novel tree arrangement, Mrs. Howard?" Ann's doctor wanted to know the moment he sighted the midget Christmas tree Mary had fixed up at a moment's notice. "Why, they are the nicest things I've ever seen yet, and I'd like to buy a dozen of them."

A strip of painted tin that was bent to hang over the head of a bed into the shape of a shelf or bracket formed the foundation. A tiny cedar seedling about eight inches high formed the tree. Mary had stripped a wealth of tube roses she had been growing, to tie the blossoms all over that midget village tree. Fitting into a slot on that little tin bracket, it smiled its blessing upon the gathering.

Any Yuletide you might stop by the Howard Midget Christmas Tree Farm to find Mary and Jack getting a bit of rest from their labors, another glorious selling campaign over for another year. Yes, you'll find Mary there, for she does get pretty lonely when she must be away from her thousands of beloved midget coiffers any length of time! © Western Newspaper Union.

Christmas Cracker From France

The Christmas cracker came from France about eighty years ago.

Late Christmas Dinner

IMPATIENTLY Louise shoved the steaming pans and kettles into the warming oven. Looking down the driveway as she had done for almost two hours, she exclaimed: "Of course Horton called that he might be late. But what is keeping sister and Hal, and Aunt Jen, Uncle Jim, Betty and Clyde? Six people invited to a Christmas dinner and all of them late! Accident? Surely not all of them in a heap along the roadside unless each bumped into the other hurrying because they are late to 'our dinner!' Louise was smiling even before a honk sent her outside.

"Horton, please drive me to Lurion crossroads. Maybe we'll meet sister



"Drive Me to Lurion Crossroads. Maybe We Will Meet Sister."

and Hal. Maybe they will know why the others are delayed. Sort of a news center at the crossroads, anyway."

"Pshaw! Don't worry. They probably think you will not have dinner promptly at 1 o'clock."

"But I told each one that we would have dinner promptly because I thought you boys might wish to hear the program at Baxter. Do you suppose they have all gone to the festival before coming here?"

"That's it, exactly! Let's go, too! Then we can all come home together to a grand Christmas reunion dinner," Horton interrupted.

"Come home to cold turkey, dressing, and potatoes reunion dinner, you mean," Louise snapped. "Hurry home and eatting lunch, Horton, with Louise a bit reluctant, started for Baxter, where a special festival of Christmas music and drama, an annual community sale, for many years, he taken rival towns, would be presented at the Community Center playhouse. Prizes were awarded to best productions from the two towns.

"The guests must have misunderstood my letter. Whatever it is, they have all 'misunderstood together,' Louise whined.

He seemed unsympathetic to Louise's further peevish questions. "But not one of our guests are here that I can see. Do you suppose Uncle's bald head, or sister's fur?"

After the program Horton and Louise watched every means of exit for their guests, then hurried home, arriving at five o'clock. At sight of the left-over dinner, Louise sobbed: "Never saw such a frost. What on Adam's earth could have happened? What have we—have I done to deserve such snubs?" She was almost suspicious that Horton had something to do with the absence of their guests. She leaped to the jangling of the telephone. Anything was better than silence—or was it?

"Ye—yes—yes—we'll be there—at once!" The receiver clicked.

"Horton, hurry. Someone needs you—at Herald's Corners. Hal called. No, Hal and sister are not hurt, but someone else. You run on and I'll stay to prepare beds."

Horton, Hal, and Louise's sister soon arrived with a man, woman, and small child who had been buried under an automobile after being struck by a hit-and-run driver. When Hal found them, hours before, they were unconscious.

While administering to the injured ones in the spotless beds Louise provided, Uncle Jim and Aunt Jen arrived with Betty and Clyde, son and daughter-in-law, at exactly six o'clock! "We were determined to be on time for dinner," Aunt Jen called innocently.

"Yes, you are in time—to help nurse these injured strangers," Louise answered, trying not to look discomfited. "Jim had too bad a cold to go to the program at Baxter. So Clyde said he would drive our car and we would all come together. Clyde could not get away from the store until noon. We thought you would probably go to the program if we were not here to hinder during the afternoon. And we'd get here in time for your six o'clock dinner. Let us help make these injured ones comfortable. Or, we'll get the dinner on the table while you attend them."

Aunt Jen rattled on. "The date of the dinner's coldness seemed not to matter. One thing I've learned, that a cold dinner is no less palatable after eight hours, than for two hours' wait. It's all because of two times—two dates for dinner—12 o'clock—and six o'clock! Two things learned today!" Louise recited to herself the text of the letter sent to her guests, and as nearly as she could remember it was worded:

"Can you come for Christmas dinner? Come early if the men wish to go with Horton to the program at Baxter. We women will gossip the afternoon away until the men return. Dinner promptly then!"

"Dinner at six—for six late guests! But it all turned out right. The poor people were rescued by Hal's coming in the afternoon. Hal said that since he had the afternoon for driving he would leisurely drive by way of Herald's Corners to see the new viaduct just completed. You and I, dear, attended the program together. Uncle Jim needed a driver. Next time I'll make it plain which dinner hour to expect my guests—at one o'clock or at six o'clock on Christmas!" Louise smiled the next day after the injured strangers were on their way, and the guests had returned to their homes. © Western Newspaper Union.

His First Christmas

by Earle Hooker Eaton

RING up the Pole and telephone Without a moment's pause, Or by the wireless make it known To dear old Santa Claus, That Papa's Boy and Mama's Joy, And Sister's Precious Mite, While glad bells clang will gaily hang His stocking up tonight!

"Ting-ling! Ting-ling! Hello, hello! Is that you Santa, dear? Be sure your reindeer hear your 'Whoa!' When you are passing here. What's that? You'll come and bring a drum, A jumping-jack and ball, And other toys for little boys? Dear Saint, you're best of all!"

'Tis Christmas morn, and to his shop Old Santa homeward flies; 'Tis five o'clock, but open pop The baby's roguish eyes. We're dead for sleep, but out we creep, And dress at once to get What Santa kind, has left behind For Toddlekins, our pet.

From Pole to Pole there's surely not A babe more pleased than he, And how he crows, the happy tot, And gazes in his clew, The jumping-jack, the ducks that quack, The drum, the hoars, the ball, The chicks that peep, the horse, the sheep. He tries to eat it all!

On his first glad Christmas morn, The toys with blocks he pelts, He makes old Noah wish the Ark And landed somewhere else! A soldier blue he breaks in two, A pawnee gives the drum, He fills the air with legs and hair, And then—he sucks his thumb!

The Sand-Man's surely come to town, And soft is mummy's nap, Clean up the wreck and snuggle down, 'Tis time to take a nap Then rock-a-bye, close close blue eye, Rest, my darling, rest! (He's fast asleep, with baby sleep Hugged tight against his breast!) © Western Newspaper Union.

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A Church To Fill

by Frances Grinstead

OUR family had attended Christmas services at the church on the brow of the hill.

It is just a "little brown church," but of recent years it has been modernized with a furnace, a basement for church dinners, and work tables and sand piles in the Sunday school rooms. The grown-ups like it better since there are more and bigger oil lamps.

"What else are you doing at your church this week?" asked Uncle Joe as he spread his napkin and looked toward the turkey. Uncle Joe is a



"What Else Are You Doing at Your Church?" Asked Uncle Joe.

New England minister, with his eyes usually set on heaven; but he does like turkey.

"Why, nothing else," mother answered. "What would we have at the church besides Sunday services and the Christmas sermon, since we've left off Wednesday night prayer meetings?"

"Tell you what I'd do if it were my church," replied Uncle Joe, "watching father carve. I'd keep the place warm from morning till late night all this week, with somebody serving tea to any who might drop in, and something going on throughout the holidays. I heard Dave say last night there's nowhere to go but the movies."

Brother Jumped. "You wouldn't expect me to go to church every day, sir?"

"I'd fix it so you couldn't stay away. Would you turn down a chance at an old-fashioned raffy pull?"

"Then, since your mother doesn't have to get you off to school this week, why shouldn't she go herself?"

"Are you leaving me out, Joe?" asked father, laying down the carving tool.

"Not by any means! This would be a mighty good time to get your county agent to tell you what to raise next year instead of corn and hogs. Or to get your hand in at chess. By the way, I'd have all those big low tables covered with games. I'll bet there are sets of anagrams and cribbage just going to waste in your attic."

"There are!" cried Dave, "and wouldn't it be fun, mom, to get out our old photograph to show the fellows? We got some good records."

"Yes, but hurry, so you can wash the dishes while I use the phone. There's going to be so much going on in that church, we'll be falling over each other to get into it." © Western Newspaper Union.

P. A. Erwin of Route 1, Matthews, Mecklenburg county, has 25 acres in pasture which he says is one of the most profitable fields on his farm.

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