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CANDLES OF BAYBERRY WAX

Important and Decorative Yuletide Accessory May Be Made With Little Effort.

BAYBERRY candles for the Yuletide season were the pride of colonial dames. Then they went out completely and no one ever heard of home-made bayberry candles until a few years ago saw a revival of the art, when one found them again in arts and crafts shops, writes Helen Harrison in the New York Post. Amateurs began to experiment, and they learned that candle making is not a difficult art.

One amateur experimenter found that brass or copper kettles used for melting wax made the gray-green of bayberry wax much greener.

The old-fashioned candle dip method is simple, or one can construct molds of heavy paper if regular forms are not available.

One quart measure of berries will make a medium-sized candle. The old-fashioned candle molds are large and require about two quarts of berries for one candle.

The berries should be covered with water and set over the fire to melt off the wax coating. As twigs and leaves get in with the berries, it is necessary to strain the wax through a

sieve at first. After the first straining the wax should be reheated and then strained again through coarse cheesecloth.

When ready to mold, fasten lengths of candlewick through each mold, knotting the wick at the mold's point and tying the other end around a stick that will rest across the top of the mold.

Heating the wax again, fill in each mold, making sure that the wick is taut. To remove from mold without cracking, warm it slightly in hot water before slipping the candle from each form.

Heavy paper can be sewed or pasted into mold forms and a bottom glued to each, leaving a small hole in the center of the bottom, through which the wick can be slipped and knotted. It is a slower process, but satisfactory as a makeshift.

To make candle dips fasten two or three pieces of wick to a stick and far enough apart to prevent touching but not too far to extend beyond the sides of the kettle holding the wax. Dip into hot wax repeatedly, as each coat chills, until desired size has been obtained.



The way to success is—turn to the right and keep going.

RAINBOW AROUND MOON

THE moon came up like a big gold plate. As it slowly mounted higher, the man in the moon looked down to see what people were going to get for Christmas. A lovely rainbow grew so interested, too, that it gathered in a beautiful circle around the moon and called up the sky with it, thinking of all the happy time below. Then a moonbeam fell upon the face of Tim Purdy, as he lay sleeping near his window, and was changed into a smile as it got into his dream. He thought he saw the very thing that he had wanted so much and so long, coming down to him through the air. As the moonbeam stayed until it awoke him, and as he looked up and saw the colored halo that crowned the moon's head, he exclaimed: "What a purty rainbow! Faith I think it means good luck for me!" He was right. It did. In the morning he found that some good fairy had found out and brought the very thing that he wanted.—C. G. Hazard.

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CHRISTMAS OF PRESENT TIME

Despite Methods of Travel and the Ease of Making Long Journeys, Home Holiday Best.

WHEN Christmas began its gay pilgrimage down the years society was stationary. Today families and individuals are constantly on the move. Modern means of transportation have abolished distance. The family today scatters to all quarters of the earth. One brother stays on the Atlantic coast, the other migrates to the Pacific seaboard, but then they are "only four or five days apart." In England sons and daughters find their way in all parts of an empire that covers the globe; it is nothing for the cabled Christmas salutations of a single family to travel between Montreal, Melbourne, Calcutta, Cape Town and London.

When Irving wrote "Bracebridge Hall," the little journey into the country was itself an adventure. The ease of travel nowadays has taken the edge from all such jaunts. Everybody travels. And increasing numbers use the modern transport system to leave home at Christmas time. It may be heresy, but the custom of spending Christmas at an inn is gaining ground. Congestion of population in great cities has narrowed the dimensions of the metropolitan home, and not many

apartments can comfortably accommodate the family reunion and the preparation and setting of the Christmas dinner. So when the trip to the country falls the city family goes holiday-making in an hotel. If hotels once were lonely places at Christmas they are far from lonely now, and many seek them both for dinner and frolic.

These are tendencies, variations upon the old theme. The theme, however, remains unchanged. It will not change. The great majority will still keep Christmas at home. Where there are children the proper paraphernalia and the time-honored observances will hold the family at home. No substitute fully satisfies. At best the away-from-home Christmas is only a substitute for the genuine article. So long as children come to enrich the lives of men and women Christmas will remain essentially a home holiday. The organization of modern life brings some compensations to the absent and the homeless, but the fullness of Christmas satisfaction is only to be had at the family hearth.



Nearly every person is sure he is smart enough to play with fire and not get burned, which accounts for a lot of things.

MAKING IT EASY

A lawyer earning \$3000 a year was insured for \$25,000. He got shipwrecked and was miraculously rescued. Reaching land, after the news of his death had been broadcast, he cabled to his partner: "Saved. Try to break the news gently to my wife."

"I bought a car in here several weeks ago," said the retired farmer who lived out on edge of Ahoscie. "And you said if anything went wrong, you would supply the broken parts, didn't you?"

"Surely."

"Well, then, I'd like to get a nose, a shoulder blade, and a big toe."

REVIVED
"Hi there!" shouted the village constable.

"Do you know you're goin' forty miles an hour?"

"Yeah," shouted the motorist, passing on. "I can't help it. I'm full o' carbon an' my carburetor's dirty, but wait'll I get 'er cleaned!"

A REQUEST
Mr. Editor: I note that you are endeavoring to assist your readers in finding lost relatives. Will you kindly help me lose a blond son-in-law.