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Christmas Games

MISTLETOE. Hang it up. Form a circle. A slipper is required. Also a nice, slippery floor. The first player slides the slipper. He tries to land it under the mistletoe. If he falls another makes the attempt. If he succeeds there is a lively scramble. It concerns the young lady toward whom the slipper points. She must seize it and get away before caught. Then the guests are given humorous gifts (previously wrapped), and are admitted (one at a time) to the Christmas room to deposit them in the stockings.

Another jolly game is played with Christmas stockings, a number of which are previously hung up.

These are placed in a separate room and the name of the person for whom each is intended is concealed upon it.

Another Christmas stocking game calls for a huge stocking of tough tissue paper filled with toys of all kinds. Each guest is blindfolded, given a light rod or cane, turned three times around and told to hit the bag. The first to break the stocking gives the signal for a general scramble, each guest being supposed to get one of the trinkets or souvenirs thus scattered.

Conserving the Tablecloth.

When the tablecloth is partly worn cut an inch off one side and one end, and make a new hem. When it is ironed the creases will come in new places and the wear thus be redistributed.

See What Old Kris Brought



Dust Carried Long Distances. It has been calculated that storms in the western United States are responsible for carrying 850,000,000 tons of dust 1,440 miles every year.

Honors Are Even.

A woman doesn't make much headway driving a nail, but did you ever see a man try to wrap up a bundle of laundry?—Akron Times.

The Greatest Prodigality. If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be the greatest prodigality.—Franklin.

Sentence Sermon.

Let your light shine—but keep the glare out of the other fellow's eyes.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

England Smaller Than Colorado. The area of England is less than one-half that of the state of Colorado.

Orange Tree Prolific. A single orange tree of average size will bear 30,000 oranges.

Wool of Australia.

The great superiority of Australian wool is supposed to be due mainly to climatic conditions; but no little credit is also due to the grasses and herbage upon which the sheep feed. The native grasses of Australia are looked upon as superior for pasture to exotic grasses; experience has inclined the opinion that way. They possess greater reproductive powers, and there is very little necessity for reseeded.

Merry Christmas



That pictured halo o'er the Saviour's head
No shepherd saw, no wisdom's men beheld;
'Tis but a fancy, cunningly bespread
By loving art, that thus His glory spelled.

Yet no mere idle fancy availed
With peace the Child born to this troubled sphere,
More than the myrrh, and frankincense, and gold
The painter in his vision pictured here:

For this small peace must ever greater grow
Till all the world shall bend beneath its bow.

Christmas Festival

THE INSTITUTION of the festival of the birth of the Savior is attributed by some authorities to Pope Telesphorus, who died A. D. 138.

In the early days of the Christian religion it was one of the most movable of feasts, being often confounded with the Epiphany and celebrated by the eastern churches in April and May. In the fourth century the urgency of St. Cyril of Jerusalem obtained from Pope Julius I. an order for an investigation to be made concerning the day of Christ's nativity. The result of the inquiry, made by theologians of the East and the West, was an agreement upon the twenty-fifth of December.

As told in the gospel of St. Luke, Christ was born in the night. Therefore, divine service is performed on

the night of December 24-25. It is the custom in Roman Catholic churches to usher in Christmas day by the celebration of three masses, one at midnight, the second at early dawn, and the third in the morning. This custom dates from the sixth century.

Preparatory to Christmas the bells are rung at midnight throughout England and the continent. After the solemn celebration of the mass in the churches of the continent, which are magnificently adorned for the festival, it is customary for the worshippers to partake of a collection.

New 'Chute.

A new adaptation of the parachute has been experimented upon by the army air service. This consists of carrying the parachute in the rear of the fuselage with certain special equipment. When accident makes it necessary for the pilot to leave his plane in mid-air he simply pulls a lever, disconnecting himself and a section of the rear fuselage from the rest of the plane.

A Christmas Dream

By
LUELLA
KERSTEN



THE spacious farm house living room was unlighted and quiet. The outlines of several large armchairs were visible here and there about the room and made it look temptingly restful. The table which stood between the two

windows was not untidy but held several opened books and many letters strewn about a letter file.

One of the large armchairs stood in front of the massive coal stove in which the blue flames danced like little elves upon the red coals, defying heartily the howling wind outside. Some one seemed to have been present recently. The chair held a bath robe, the cord of which dangled carelessly on the floor, and the tassel of which rested upon an open letter below it. Some one had been reading old letters and that person was cozily nestled in the bath robe. His tousled head of grey rested on the back of the chair. He was sleeping and certainly was having the happiest of dreams for a smile took possession of his face. The flames joined in the happy mood by dancing higher and faster. Even peaceful and happy hours have endings. Mrs. Bohnenstock had come quietly into the room and gently shook her husband.

"No, no, Helen," said the man without opening his eyes, "I am too old to dance and romp."

"Helen? Whom are you talking of? I do believe you have been dreaming," answered his wife.

At the sound of her voice, he was entirely awakened and arose from the chair. He staggered about before he regained all consciousness and his arms and legs ached from their cramped position. "I guess I've been dreaming, Molly," he said as though he had been asleep for a whole year. Molly dear, why didn't you call me? My stock must be fed and it's way past feeding time now."

"Do not worry about your stock, George. It has all been taken care of. John Uglow came over this afternoon and we talked about our Christmases when our boys were small. When it began to grow dusk, he said that I should not disturb you and that he would feed the stock."

"Well, Molly, so you and John talked over the Christmases we had with our little boys," said Mr. Bohnenstock sinking back into his chair and beckoning his wife to sit on the arm of it. "I am glad to see that others miss those beautiful holidays and the whole month before, when the air was full of mysteries."

"Oh, George, now I know what you were talking of when I came to wake you," Molly said, running her fingers through his tousled hair. "Tell me about it."

"I was reading some of the letters from Henry, for I'd been thinking of him all day," began her husband. "The last letter I read was the one we got from him last year just before Christmas, in which he told us how he and Jane were planning Christmas for the youngsters, and how he hoped that another year he would be home with us. I sat here recalling the many Christmases you and I had planned for our children. Molly, do you remember the year we had the Uglow boys over for Christmas eve?" he excitedly continued, half rising from his chair as the happy past came back to his mind in jumbled matches. "I can see them now, the four boys and two

girls sitting around this very stove, telling the Christmas stories which they had learned in school. Then, how their eyes bulged and their mouths opened when Santa came into the room. The children danced with glee, but the girls were a bit timid. The boys, however, were real chummy and asked Santa many embarrassing questions about his trips.

All this he said slowly, pausing now and then so that he could live it over again. He looked up into Molly's face, for she had been very quiet, and there he saw big tear drops rolling slowly down her thin cheeks which now showed a delicate pink tush.

"Well, well, Molly," began her husband.

"Don't, George, I know it's foolish for me to cry, but I wish we could have a tree and children to fuss for, Christmas comes and goes now without much excitement and it makes me feel as though I'm getting awfully old."

"Molly, let's have a tree and we will get ready for Christmas just as we did long ago."

The next morning, the happy couple took a trip to the woods to choose a tree. By the twenty-second of December, all the things were finished. George found Molly sitting before the fire looking very sober.

"Molly, why do you look so blue? This is the time for everyone to be happy."

"I know it, but, George, I think our fun is over. All our planning is done and we have no one here to enjoy it. No children's voices to sing the lovely Christmas songs. Oh, I shall miss it," she said sobbing.

"We still have three days in which to find children. We are going to have a Christmas just as we want it. I feel as though this will be the happiest."

The next night, they again were cuddled in the big armchairs drawn before the stove. Both of them were deep in thought, wondering and hoping. Both of them started when the telephone rang, breaking up their thoughts. George answered and was astonished when he heard a telegram read to him. "He hung up the receiver with a slam and ran over to Molly, threw his arms about her, picked her up and carried her around."

"George, tell me about it. What has happened?"

"Molly, I can't talk, I'm so happy. I knew we would find children but now I mustn't keep you in suspense any longer. It was a telegram like



"No, No, Helen."

this. Family coming to spend Christmas on the farm. Arrive on noon train tomorrow. Henry."

Now Molly took her turn in rejoicing. She danced about the room. Her face was pink and her eyes sparkled like an overjoyed child's. "We must get the toys ready for the children," she said, and immediately went off to make a new dress for a doll.

The next noon, George and Molly were standing on the station platform, trembling with excitement. The bystanders could tell that something unusual was happening for the old people. Finally the train came.

"There they are! I see Jane and Helen. Where is Henry?" cried Molly. "Here, Mother," answered her boy and he picked her up and kissed her. "Didn't know me, did you?"

That afternoon, the big doors to the living room were kept closed. The children suspected nothing for they were busy exploring the farm.

In the evening after they came from church, the doors to the living room were opened; the children were

He Knows What They Like



so happy that they danced about the tree and excitedly grabbed one parcel after another. In their excitement they could not untie the packages so their father and mother and grandparents were called upon to help. Helen came to her grandfather with all of hers, but Junior was not so partial. After the children had seen all their presents, and the others had exchanged theirs, Helen and Junior sang songs and spoke Christmas pieces.

After the candles were lighted, little Helen came tripping over to her grandfather, "Come dance around the tree with me and my dolly, Grandfather."

"No, no, Helen! I'm too old to dance and romp," he answered.

"George," interrupted Molly "those are the same words you used the day I found you sleeping in the armchair after reading old letters."

"Well, well, that's so," exclaimed George, "This Christmas has been exactly as I dreamed it."

Henry leaned over and whispered to his wife, "I'm glad we came. I didn't know how much it would mean to them."

Distributing the Gifts

GOING to the post-office is a jolly method of distribution. Paste-board and brown paper, affixed by judicious grouping of chairs and tables, easily transform a room into a post-office, and a wisely selected postmaster may make the collection of mail an occasion of much merriment. Have general delivery and lock boxes, and at the general delivery window see that each person is properly identified.

A Christmas hunt is always exciting. The clue, given at the breakfast table, is written on a slip of paper in some such words as these: "Pass the parlor, shun the hall, seek the summer kitchen wall." In that vicinity the gift will be found, wrapped and addressed. It adds to the fun if the directions lead first to other rhymes, three or four being followed up before the hidden treasure is found.

The cobweb party is not new, but is always good sport and is especially adapted to Christmas festivities. The tangled threads may lead to the ladder tree or to the bulging stocking hanging from the mantel-shelf.

Still another hunt takes the form of a polar expedition and is great sport in the country when there is snow enough for it. Immediately after breakfast the entire party sets out for a walk. When they turn toward home, the host or someone selected as guide informs them that supplies are hidden along the way in various caches and they will do well to look out for them. Each cache is merely a mound of snow covering lightly a quantity of gift packages, securely wrapped. There need be only three or four mounds and the gifts should be divided promiscuously among them. If the

walk has been long, the first cache to be found—that is, the one farthest from home—may hide a box of cookies, which will be halted joyfully and will make the gifts in the next cache an even greater surprise.

The last cache to be reached may be the centerpiece on the dining table. Here it should be of cotton glittering with diamond dust, with the pole rising from the middle of it, a fat, squat pole with a jolly Santa Claus upon it.

Small gifts may be concealed in a Jack Horner pie, brought to the table when dinner is finished. Choose a deep, round pan of a size to fit the number of the party and put into it the presents, each daintily wrapped and marked with the name of the one to receive it.

To a far-away relative may be sent the kiddies' latest photo (it may be only a snapshot if it be well taken) accompanied by a little verse after this sort:

We're very small, but we want to send
To our Auntie far away,
Some love, and a kiss, with a happy wish
For a Merry Christmas Day.

The Call of Christmas

UNTO us a Child is born;
In your hearts, while joys abound,
Christians on this blessed morn,
Let a place for Him be found;
His dear Name is in the greetings
Friends with friends exchange today;
Let not gifts or festive meetings
Seal from Him your thoughts away.

UNTO us a Son is given,
God's Eternal only Son;
Bonds of Sin by Him are riven;
Grace for man by Him is won
He in love becomes our Brother,
Virgin-born of Adam's race;
Truth and mercy meet each other;
Righteousness and peace embrace.

UNTO us a Child is born;
Unto us a Son is given;
Church and home with boughs adorn,
From our hearts all ill be driven;
Go we forth with joy to meet Him,
In His temples here below,
As the Shepherds went to greet Him,
Nigh two thousand years ago.

—MARY ANN THOMPSON.

CHRISTMAS MENU.

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|---------------------------|-----------------|
| Olives | Celery |
| Oyster Soup | Crackers |
| Roast Turkey | Cranberry Jelly |
| | Mashed Potatoes |
| Baked Macaroni and Cheese | |
| Stuffed Peppers with Rice | |
| | Boiled Onions |
| Tomato and Lettuce Salad | |
| | French Dressing |
| Christmas Molasses | Fruit Pudding |
| | Hard Sauce |
| Nuts | Coffee |
| | Raisins |