

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

19 29



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Dolly's Christmas Engagement



Martha Banning Thomas

AFTER all," murmured Dolly to her rickety pine dresser, "Christmas in the city isn't so awful!" She had just clambered up four flights of stairs, and marched rather solemnly the length of four dark halls. All the doors were closed in the halls; behind them she had heard people laughing and having a good time. In her arms she had carried a few bundles, mostly things for supper. She knew no one here to whom she could give a present if she wanted to. She knew no one who would, by the remotest chance, give her a present. Well, she had wanted to leave the country village where she had been born and brought up. It was too dull, much too dull for Dolly. Her parents had begged her to stay. The old man with whiskers who kept the country store had shaken his head over her. Her Uncle Jonah, a hard-headed, tight-fisted, rich old farmer had declared she shouldn't have a penny, not a cent of his money if she "up and kited out to the city." And she had retorted impertinently that she hoped Uncle Jonah would have a grave large enough to hold all his old money bags, so he could take them right on to whichever place he was going when he died. Uncle Jonah somehow had not relished this remark. He told her never to set foot in his house again, and Dolly flew out in a fury.

Now she dropped her bundles on her very narrow bed, and dragged off her hat. Her bright hair tumbled about her ears, her blue eyes looked tired, her mouth sagged a bit at the corners. She threw her coat on a chair, and sighed. She had intended to begin at once to cook her supper on a tiny electric plate, then clear up the things and go out to hunt up some fun. Some of the girls at the store said they were going to the "movies" and then on to a cheap dance. They had invited her to come along. Dan Dugan had invited her to go out to supper with him, but she did not tell them that. They would have thought her so dumb not to have accepted. Dolly had liked Dan because he looked a little like Roger. But he really wasn't in the least like him. She discovered this at their second meeting. Dan worked at a soda fountain and had a lot of smart cracks which sounded funny the first time you heard them. But she had grown tired of his humor very soon. He was generous enough but something in his too familiar manner made her want to slap his face. So she had declined his invitation, saying she was going somewhere else. Danny was mad,

of course, and said a number of unpleasant things about dames who worked a guy until something better came along.

Dolly didn't care. Here in her small room, with the rickety dresser and uncomfortable chair, she began thinking of Christmas at home. She assured herself that she was perfectly satisfied where she was, but it did no harm to remember some of the fun she had had in the square old house in the village.

She forgot her supper; she forgot that she was going to the "movies." She sat on the edge of her bed and clasped her hands around her knees. Her blue eyes were blind to the cracked window shade and the dusty looking globe of the electric light. She saw instead the big lamp on the middle of the living room table at home. The lamp had a cheerful yellow shade. Books and magazines were scattered about. Her mother was wrapping up the last packages. Her father, in house slippers, was smoking a pipe and reading the local paper. Her younger sister was sewing on a pin cushion destined for Dolly's stocking. Her brother was pacing restlessly up and down the room urging Dolly to "get a hustle on" and come out skating.

There were long garlands of ground-pine hung about the pictures. There were bunches of holly pinned to the

She said she first must try her own life in the city. She must be independent. She could not bear the thought of settling down in the dull village.

"But we won't stay here always," Roger had begged.

"No," Dolly replied. And they went home without saying another word.

"Well," sighed Dolly aloud, "I must get my supper."

While she was busy heating water for coffee, cutting and buttering bread and washing lettuce in her sink she heard a man's footstep pass the door. Why she listened at his passing she could not guess, but when a clear whistle broke the chill silence of the hall she dropped the lettuce, and without knowing what she was doing, she flung open the door.

Dolly pursed her lips and whistled a feeble likeness to the cheery tune now descending the stairs. The whole expression of her face had changed. Her eyes sparkled, her face was flushed, her very hair seemed to curl more prettily about her ears.

The footsteps halted; the tune stopped. Dolly kept on with her end of it. A man was coming up the stairs. A tall man with broad shoulders and red hair. He wheeled about at the newel post and stared at Dolly. At this point she stopped whistling and grinned a wide, happy youthful grin. "I'd know that tune, Roger, if I heard it in China!" she called out. The young man made great haste in approaching. He had nothing to say whatever. He merely sent his hat sailing somewhere into the shadows and took Dolly in his arms. He hugged her until she gasped for breath.

After a while she persuaded him to find his hat and come into her room. "To think," said Roger, "that I have combed this darn city fore and aft to find you. You know you moved a month ago and never sent home your address. To think I chose this house, this very house, and have been coming in and out of it for three days, and never knew you were here. I'd about given up hope."

Dolly twinkled at him out of her blue eyes. Roger looked about at the rickety dresser, the narrow bed, the one uncomfortable chair. He said nothing but his voice was very tender when he finally took her hand and said softly: "We can catch the nine o'clock train for home, if you hurry. I came to get you, Dolly. I could not bear to think of you alone in this dreary hole. Your mother and father are waiting for us. They've hung up your stockings by the fireplace. And the pond is frozen solid. Grand skating!"

Dolly found her suit case and flung in her clothes. She jammed on her hat and caught up her coat. "Come, Roger, let's go!" she said.

They went down stairs. At the foot a man was waiting. At the sight of Dolly and her companion, his jaw fell. "Merry Christmas, Danny Dugan!" sang out Dolly, and clung more tightly to her escort's arm.

Christmas night Roger and Dolly were slowing skimming around the pond. There was a moon. There was just enough frost in the air to give the landscape a silvery white look. As they skated in rhythm and their breaths mingled in a sort of frosty cloud, Roger whispered, "Will you marry me, Dolly?" "Yes," she said. "Let's see how fast we can skate around the pond and then go home to —" she laughed happily — "coffee and doughnuts!"

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She Dropped Her Bundles on Her Very Narrow Bed.

curtains. There was mistletoe. There was a general smell of good things which had been put away in the pantry. There was, in short, a warm security of home.

Then Roger had burst into the door, bringing a cold blast of wintry air. "Come on out, Dolly," he shouted, "the skating's grand. Moon's up and everything."

"Do go, dear," her mother had said. "It's a shame to stay in a night like this. I'll have doughnuts and hot coffee for you when you come home." So she had gone with Roger. Millions and millions of stars in a deep blue sky. Frost in the air and sharp shadows cast by the bare trees on white houses.

Roger had laughed and jeked all the way to the pond. They had skated around together, skimming over the smooth surface as easily as swallows. Gradually they had stopped talking. It had all been glorious and somehow very sweet. Then suddenly, shyly, Roger had stumbled over a few words, asking Dolly to marry him. She had loved him for it, but she said "no."

NOTICE OF SERVICE
NORTH CAROLINA CHATHAM COUNTY. IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. Chatham County vs. Mrs. Kate McIver, Defendant.
The above named defendants, except those personally served in this action, and all other persons owning or claiming an interest in the land herein referred to, will take notice that on the 3rd day of December, 1929, an action entitled as above was commenced in the Superior Court of Chatham County for the purpose of foreclosing tax liens for the taxes due for the years 1927 on the following real estate:

100 acres and 6 town lots in Haw River Township, said County and State, and being listed to Mrs. Kate McIver for 1927.
That they are required to appear and answer or demur to the complaint which has been filed at the office of the Clerk of Superior Court of Chatham County at Pittsboro, North Carolina, within 30 days from the 16th day of December, 1919, or the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

It is also ordered that all other persons claiming an interest in the subject matter of the said action shall appear and present, set up and defend their respective claims in six months from the date of this notice, or be forever barred and foreclosed of any and all interest or claims in or to the said property or proceeds from the sale thereof.
This 16th day of December, 1929.
E. B. HATCH,
Clerk of Superior Court.
(Till Jan. 9)

NOTICE SALE OF LANDS UNDER EXECUTION

NORTH CAROLINA CHATHAM COUNTY. Howard-Bobbitt Company, a corporation vs. Brook W. Lanius.

Under and by virtue of execution issued to the undersigned Sheriff of Chatham County by the Superior Court of Chatham County in the above entitled action the undersigned Sheriff of Chatham, will on MONDAY, JANUARY 13th, 1929, at 2:00 o'clock P. M.

AT THE COUTHOUSE DOOR OF CHATHAM COUNTY IN PITTSBORO, N. C., sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash for the purpose of satisfying and complying with said execution all of the right, title and interest and estate of the said Brook W. Lanius in and to the following real estate lying and being within the corporate limits of the Town of Pittsboro, Center Township, Chatham, North Carolina, which is described as follows:

FIRST LOT: That certain lot on the west side of Hillsboro Street bound on the north by L. N. Womble's store building, on the east by Hillsboro Street, on the south by the lot of J. W. Clark and the west by an alley.

SECOND LOT: Those two lots on the north side of Salisbury Street known as the "Lanuis Home Place" which were conveyed to the late J. C. Lanuis by Mrs. A. J. Bynum et al. and for more accurate description reference is hereby made to the title deed by which the late J. C. Lanuis held the same.

This the 2nd day of December, 1929.
G. W. BLAIR,
Sheriff of Chatham County

Another thing Job missed was trying to help Mrs. Job remember who sent engraved cards last Christmas. —The Pathfinder.

NOTICE OF SERVICE
NORTH CAROLINA CHATHAM COUNTY. IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. Chatham County vs. G. O. Barnhardt and wife, Mrs. G. O. Barnhardt, Defendants.
The above named defendants, except those personally served in this action, and all other persons owning or claiming an interest in the land herein referred to, will take notice that on the 3rd day of December, 1929, an action entitled as above was commenced in the Superior Court of Chatham County for the purpose of foreclosing tax liens for the taxes due for the years 1927 on the following real estate:

One town lot in Cape Fear Township, said County and State, being listed to G. O. Barnhardt for 1927.
That they are required to appear and answer or demur to the complaint which has been filed at the office of the Clerk of Superior Court of Chatham County at Pittsboro,

North Carolina, within 30 days from the 16th day of December, 1919, or the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

It is also ordered that all other persons claiming an interest in the subject matter of the said action shall appear and present, set up and defend their respective claims in six months from the date of this notice, or be forever barred and foreclosed of any and all interest or claims in or to the said property or proceeds from the sale thereof.
This 16th day of December, 1929.
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Clerk of Superior Court.
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YOUNG REPNOLDS HOME
Young Dick Reynolds is back at his home at Winston-Salem after serving a five months jail term in England for the killing of a pedestrian with his automobile last summer. The Reynolds millions were powerless to save the youngster from the British jail.

The Cut-Rate Grocery

BIDS YOU



And Assures You We Shall Appreciate

Your CHRISTMAS TRADE

We have a full line of
APPLES, ORANGES, COCOANUTS,
RAISINS, CANDY, CELERY,
LETTUCE

And anything you want in
HEAVY and FANCY GROCERIES
All at the very lowest prices
FEED HAY FLOUR
It is here and at prices to sell.

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Sanford, Jonesboro, Siler City, Lillington, Varina, Apex, Dunn and Pittsboro

CHRISTMAS NEEDS

WE HAVE EVERYTHING YOU WANT FOR CHRISTMAS

SUGAR	10 lb. bag	55c
	25 lb. bag	\$1.38
MINCE MEAT, lb.		19c
CRANBERRY SAUCE, 17 oz. can		25c
APPLE SAUCE, No. 2 can		10c
NUCOA		25c
PEACHES, Fowler Brand 2 1/2 cans		41c
JELLO, 3 packages		25c
Marshmallows, sugar puffed lb pkg.		20c
COCOA, Hershey's 2 1/2 lb cans		29c
Currents, Gold Medal, lb. pkg. 2 for		35c
Tomatoes, Fresh Texas lb.		17 1/2c
GREEN BEANS, Florida Fancy, lb.		15c

LOWRY APPLES	per dozen, only	30c
Best apples grown. Good for children. Not too much acid.		
CALIFORNIA SEEDLESS ORANGES, dozen		40c
These oranges are not processed like the Floridas and do not have that flat taste. Best Oranges grown.		
Florida ORANGES, dozen		25c
WINESAP APPLES, fancy, dozen		30c
BANANAS, golden fruit, 4 pounds		25c
GRAPEFRUIT, Sealsweet, 3 for		25c
CHOCALATES, Assorted 5lb box		\$1.35
BRAZIL NUTS, lb.		18c
MIXED NUTS,		28c
WALNUTS, Cal. Softshell, new crop		30c
PECANS, large,		45c
ALMONDS, paper shell, new crop,		40c

THESE PRICES GOOD UNTIL AFTER CHRISTMAS