

THIS IS  
OUR WISH  
FOR YOU

**A MERRY CHRISTMAS  
A HAPPY NEW YEAR**

We sincerely hope that the New Year will be filled with peace and contentment for all. It's a genuine pleasure to remind ourselves of the happy relationships we have enjoyed the past year and to promise you that every effort will be made during the coming twelve months to serve you as efficiently as has always been our custom.

**ELKIN PLUMBING AND  
HEATING COMPANY**

Jones Holcomb, Prop.  
Elkin, N. C.

**He Married One**  
Bill: "Have you seen one of those instruments which can tell when a man is lying?"  
Hank: "Seen one? I married one!"

**ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE**  
Having qualified as administratrix of the estate of Mollie V. Ring, late of Surry County, this is to notify all persons holding claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned within one year from date of this notice or same will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons owing said estate will make immediate settlement with the administratrix. This the 4th day of December, 1940.

ETTA R. PAUL,  
Administratrix of Mollie V. Ring,  
deceased.  
W. M. ALLEN,  
HOKE F. HENDERSON,  
Attorneys. 1-9



You wouldn't expect your car to run months without oil or service of any kind... Actually your watch "runs" under greater strain, proportionately, than your auto... Don't be unfair to your timepiece!... An inspection may disclose some minor "ill" that prevents accuracy... No charge for expert inspection and estimate... Bring in your watch NOW—and while you are here, let us show you our stylish new Gruex Watches.

**W. M. WALL**  
Jeweler  
Elkin, N. C.  
Phone 56

**When Christmas Came**



The Fireplace Glowed With Logs.

BRICE HARPER stepped from her train happily. A whole month, with Christmas only ten days away. That meant nearly three weeks for after-Christmas jollification, skating, visiting round with old friends and just squatted before the big fireplace reading and talking. Wouldn't Aunt Margaret and Uncle Jake be pleased and surprised, for she had not written. After three steady, grinding, monotonous years in the department store, it would be heavenly.

She flashed a look down the platform. Yes, there was wooden-legged Sam, the expressman. Things hadn't changed a bit in three years.

"Hoo-hoo!" she challenged.

The old expressman looked up, stared, then stumped forward.

"Blest if 'tain't Brice Harper!" he cried. "Back among your old friends ag'in. Fine! Come to stay, or a-vistin'?"

**House Is Deserted.**

"Just visiting, Uncle Sam—two whole weeks, though. Out to Aunt Margaret Holmes. After three years! I'd never have believed I could stay away that long. But 500 miles—too far for a poor girl to afford paying fare for a few days' vacation. Now it's a month, though, because I haven't taken a vacation in so long. Can you take me and my trunk right out? I'll ride with you, and—"

"Ain't ye heered—had no letter ner nothin'?" asked the old man, whose face had been growing troubled.

"No-no. Anything the matter?"

"No, except they ain't there. Your Aunt Margaret said Christmas was so lonesome here she couldn't spend another like the last. So two, three days ago she an' your Uncle Jack went into the next county to spend Christmas with a cousin who has a passlo o' children. I was by there yes-day, an' the house did look dismal all shot up."

"Isn't there any one to look after them?"

"One o' the Dill boys was asked to, I b'lieve. He—"

A shrill hail came from a store front across from the station.

"S-say, Brice," wheedled the old expressman, "would ye mind waitin' three, four seconds? That mad shouter was Storekeeper Tomson. Been 'spectin' a box o' Christmas stuff more'n a week, an' 'twas jest throwed off this train. S'pose I take the box 'cross to him, then come an' carry you an' the trunk out to any o' your girl friends? They'll all be glad to have ye visit 'em."

But Brice had been thinking rapidly.

**Invites Girl Friends.**

"Take the box over to the store, Uncle Sam," she said, "and I'll run across to the post office while you're gone. I want to write some postals. And no, I won't embarrass any of my girl friends. You may carry me right out to the farmhouse. I know where Aunt Margaret hides the keys, and I'm perfectly sure she and Uncle Jack would want me to go right there and use everything as my own. I'll take care of the poultry," enthusiastically, "and I'll roast one of the turkeys for Christmas and cook everything that goes with it, pies and cakes and all. Won't it be fun!"

"You can invite a lot of your girl friends to eat with you," grinned the expressman, entering into the spirit.

"Afterward," agreed Brice. "They'll all want to eat at home on Christmas. Then we'll have a round

of nice times. But for the real Christmas I'm going to depend on their postals. There are lots of nice girls in the department store who haven't any home and who will have to depend on the cheap boarding-houses they live at. I'll write a postal to Aunt Margaret and to five or six girls I know will be glad to spend a week or ten days with me. And say, Uncle Sam, I'll look round and then make out a list of groceries and other things I want you to bring out, and—any place where I can buy a Christmas tree?"

"Ain't none better than grow right down on your uncle's place."

"All right. I'll get the Dill boy to help, an' we'll rig up a nice one."

"Need any Christmas present stuff?" chuckled old Sam. "Mebbe ye'd like to see Tomson pry the cover off that box."

"Deed I would," promptly. "I'll be right over from the post office."

The girls condemned to a prospective boarding-house Christmas accepted Brice's invitation relievedly. On the third day Old Sam brought the hilarious five out in his ancient express wagon.

Then the girls piled in like a whole jolly Christmas in itself, and the old farmhouse seemed like to burst itself. The Christmas tree was cut and drawn home with all the appropriate songs and carols and huzzas they could think of, and trimmed as never a Christmas tree had been trimmed before. Dressed in all sorts of costumes, the happy girls sang hymns hour after hour, quitting only when they were too tired to continue.

And then, right in the midst of it the hearty voice of Uncle Jack roared through the door, mellowed by the softer, happy laugh of Aunt Margaret.

"I'm going to have that dinky post office over there indicted," guffawed Uncle Jack. "Kept that postal four days before the R. F. D. delivered it. Fifteen minutes after that we were on our way. Of course, we had to come. Five more girls to help wake the old house up! Whoopee! Why didn't you write so we needn't have left the lonesome place?"

**Need More Food.**

"Why didn't you write so I'd have known what to expect?" retorted Brice.

"Lucky none of us did," laughed Aunt Margaret, "for then we might not have these five extra nice girls. Come, I must get into the kitchen."

"But we've cooked and cooked, and cooked, till—"

"Not enough," declared Aunt Margaret firmly, "no matter how much you've done. There are all your old friends that must be invited to come—though they'll come anyhow. And we must invite a lot of extra young people in evenings to help keep things going. Then—my land! There's a wagon-load outside. Cousin Mary didn't want us to leave, so we brought 'em all along. Jack's going into town this evening to buy what he can find. If any of your girls want to go along he'd like your company."

"But, Aunt Margaret, we've got a tree ram-jammed full," protested Brice.

"Not enough," firmly. "We can pack on the floor under the tree. Now I'm going into the kitchen. Can't you see, girls," her firm voice dropping pathetically, "being Christmas, I've just got to cook something."

(Released by Western Newspaper-Union.)

**German Priest, Schoolmaster, Wrote 'Silent Night'**

"SILENT NIGHT," the favorite Christmas carol, was written by a German country priest and his friend, the schoolmaster of a neighboring village, for a Christmas now a century gone. After its first use in 1818, in a little Austrian town, it gradually made friends until it came to be known in all Germany and, in translation, in many other countries, observes a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The author of the verses of "Stille Nacht! Heilige Nacht!" was Joseph Mohr, born in Salzburg, Austria, in 1792. He was ordained a priest in 1815, and when he wrote the song was assistant at Laufen, on the Salza, near Salzburg. Later he held pastorates in various other places, and died in 1848.

The schoolmaster of Arnsdorf, near Laufen, who wrote the music of this and also of a number of lesser known hymns, was Franz Gruber, born in Hochburg in 1797.

**CHRISTMAS**

HERE words cannot begin to bring you the many good wishes which we hold for you and your family. As a tiny token of our high regard for your patronage and friendships during the past year, and as a renewed pledge of the service which we constantly strive to offer, may we take this occasion to send you our very best wishes for a happy Christmas and a New Year filled with all the good things of life.

**SMITHEY'S DEPT. STORE**  
ELKIN, N. C.

**Merrie Christmas**

**To the Friends of This Firm**

Because of your thoughtfulness this firm has enjoyed one of its best years, and it is in grateful appreciation of your patronage that we pause to say, "SEASON'S GREETINGS." It is our sincere wish that these pleasant associations may continue.

**BOYLES & TRANSOU**  
ESSO SERVICE

**HOLIDAY GREETINGS**  
to One and All

... from every member of this organization. We are pleased if we have been of service to you at any time in the past and invite you to call on us at any time in the future.

**THE MEN'S SHOP**  
Herman Guyer Barrett Lankford

**MERRY CHRISTMAS**

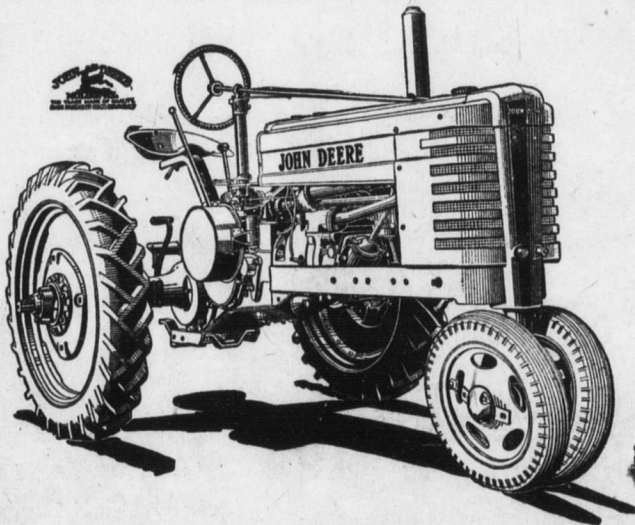
to All Our Friends

AND SINCERE GOOD WISHES FOR THE NEW YEAR

Fidelity Finance Co.  
Auto Parts Co.

TRIBUNE ADVERTISING GETS RESULTS!

**You Too Can Have This  
ECONOMY**



**ON  
YOUR  
FARM!**

The superior performance of JOHN DEERE Tractors at the Cherokee Fuel Economy Matches, at Cherokee, Iowa, September 3, 1940, is typical of the everyday economy of JOHN DEERE Two-Cylinder Tractors on the farm.

Burning the Low Cost Fuels, John Deere Tractors Made a Clean Sweep of the Matches

HERE ARE THE RESULTS:

**Rubber-Tired Events**

Place	Make of Tractor	Contestant	Fuel Cost Per Gallon	Fuel Cost Per Acre
First	John Deere "H"	John Patterson	8.2c	9.36c
Second	John Deere "H"	Lyle Mason	7.5c	9.55c
Third	John Deere "A"	Laurence Kohns	8.2c	10.7 c
Fourth	John Deere "H"	Laurence Gummow	8.2c	10.8 c
Fifth	John Deere "H"	Gernis Boothby	8.2c	12. c

The sixth entry, burning gasoline, had a fuel cost of 20.7 cents per acre... 121 per cent. higher than No. 1... 71 per cent. higher than No. 5 John Deere. One tractor, burning gasoline, had a fuel cost of 24.3 cents per acre. In the steel wheel events, John Deere placed first and second with a fuel cost of 12c and 13c respectively.

ASK FOR FREE DEMONSTRATION!

**Hinshaw Cash Hardware Co.**  
Elkin, N. C.

Say, "I saw it in The Tribune." Thanks!