

the prettiest crepe de chine for a dress; and for father they also bought a new pipe.

The day before Christmas the man next door came over and offered to drive over to Oxford after the boys, saying that he wanted to be in on the Christmas work, too. Mother met them all at the door when they returned, and everybody said, "Merry Christmas." The kind neighbor was invited over for the big dinner on the morrow, as he was an old bachelor, and did not have anyone with whom he could pass Christmas.

After supper they put up the tree as soon as the boys had gone to bed, and got the box down from the attic. When the trimming was finished, the tree was simply gorgeous. About nine-thirty there was a knocking on the door. Father opened it to find the foreman of the electrical shops standing there with a large package under his arm. He wanted to be in on the party, too, so he had brought over electric light bulbs on a thin cord which he wound in and out among the branches of the tree. When the plug had been inserted in the reading lamp socket, Father shouted so at the pretty illumination that mother warned him to be quiet else he would have the boys down. So he went to shut the door, and there stood the neighbor who had driven the boys over in his car. He had four crisp two-dollar bills which he wanted to put in the already overflowing stockings. He said, "I guess the boys won't think them unlucky. This is the first Christmas that I ever wished that I had a boy of my own. I'm going to get me one before th's time next year."

Bright and early the next morning—Christmas morn—those four boys rushed down to the tree. Father pushed on the switch. The boys were so over-

whelmed that they couldn't say a word for a whole minute. All morning long they played with the new presents, father spending most of his time winding up the train of cars. Dinner-time found them ready—and what a dinner it was! Not a thing was missing, trust mother for that. By the time they were due to eat the plum-pudding, it was questionable whether they could finish the course—but they did.

In the afternoon they went auto riding with the man next door. Upon returning, mother prepared a snack. First she called out W. J. to help her, then J. B., next she called for Alex, and then for Tom. They all carried in plates of snack, while mother brought in a big pitcher of milk and father fetched a jug of cider. When they had finished, some neighbors dropped in. Someone played the piano, and the man next door got his violin. Then they all joined in singing Christmas songs, thus bringing to a close one of the greatest days in the memory of either mother or father.

The boys from the home went back the day after Christmas, but the man next door was so favorably impressed with them that he says he will see whether they are going to remain in the orphanage much longer or not. They wrote mother a nice thank-you letter, but W. J. and J. B. were unable to put their thanks and appreciation into words. Yet father and mother know how they feel about it.

—ISABEL K. COFFMAN

### Rinsing Colored Clothes

Add one teaspoonful of Epsom salts to each pail of water in which colored clothes are rinsed, and even the most delicate shades will not fade or the colors run.

### Christmasland Tarts

One pound flour.

One pound sugar.

One-half pound butter.

Two eggs, saving out white of one.

Creem butter and sugar, adding egg and flour, work very stiff, and roll thin; cut in squares, lay in pans, brush top of each with white of egg, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon; put a blanched almond in each, and bake a light brown.

### Merry Christmas

Christmas brings so many things,  
Wind-up toys and diamond rings,  
Furs of 'possum, squirrel, and sable,  
Cut glass dishes for the table.

Roasted turkey, pumpkin pie,  
Eggnog made without the rye;  
Never have to legislate  
'Bout our having good fruit cake.

Santa Claus with his big pack—  
That boy has the strongest back.  
Reindeer skimming o'er the roof  
Surely shake a welcome hoof.

Baby's bank's been opened up;  
Gifts for all includes the pup.  
Sister had a wad not lean—  
She's another Hetty Green.

Brother's savings in an old cracked  
jug,

Mother's underneath the rug.  
Been cutting wood myself a spell,  
Got to buy her something swell.

Stockings full from top to toe—  
Good results from vanished dough.  
Merry Christmas, good and plenty,  
In this year of nineteen-twenty.

—ISABEL K. COFFMAN

Why did the girls in a nearby city  
feed Don Tilson salt?

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