



There is a Santa Claus

ROSS HUTTON finished telling his little daughter the story of Christmas, of the shepherds and the Christ child, and had as tactfully as possible explained about Santa Claus. Polly heaved a sigh. "Well, I think there's a Santa Claus and I hope he brings me a sheep like the ones in the story."

The day before Christmas, Ross saw a white woolly lamb in the window of a toy shop. He was glad he had walked to his office. Otherwise he might not have seen the lamb. He would stop on his way home and get it. But one of the men in the office offered to drive him home, so the lamb was forgotten until he heard Polly as she was being put to bed tell her mother she hoped "Santy" wouldn't forget about the "sheep." Ross looked at his watch and decided the shop would probably still be open. Anne called to him to ask where he was going, and he answered, "Back in a few minutes."

When he parked his car before the shop, he thought that the lamb might not be there, struck him for the first time. He felt much relieved, therefore, when he saw the lamb in the window.

As he tucked the package under his arm and turned to leave the shop, a



Santa Claus Had Brought Her a Sheep and a Baby Doll.

little boy came in. Ross heard him ask the proprietor if he still had the lamb that was in the window that morning. He was told the gentleman just leaving had bought it. "Oh," the disappointment he felt showed in his voice. Wasn't there something else he would like? But there didn't seem to be anything else.

As he got into his car Ross caught sight of a small boy standing before the window, his gaze fastened on the place where the lamb had been. He seemed so disappointed, it was too bad there wasn't another lamb for him, Ross thought as he drove away. But probably something else would catch his fancy and he would forget all about the lamb. Children were like that. Ross wondered though if Polly would have forgotten so easily. He scarcely thought so. The poor little thing would have been mightily disappointed. He was glad he had remembered before it was too late.

But try as he would he couldn't get the picture of the little fellow out of his mind. Halfway home he turned his car around and went back to the shop. The boy had left, so Ross asked the proprietor if he could tell him where the boy lived. He lived just around the corner. He often came into the shop. Tonight he had come to buy the little lamb for his small sister, and was so disappointed when he found it gone. The proprietor had tried to interest him in something else, but he hadn't been successful in doing it. Ross interrupted to know in just which house the boy lived. Then in order to have some satisfactory excuse to offer at home, he bought a baby doll for Polly.

When somewhat later he came into the living room where Anne was busy trimming the Christmas tree, she wanted to know where on earth he had been. He shook his head and put his finger to his lips as a warning not to waken Polly. He placed the package under the tree and with a happy smile he began helping with the work of trimming.

The next morning he was awakened by Polly's happy cry that she knew there was a "Santy Claus" because he had brought her a "sheep" and a baby doll just as she asked him to. Ross sprang out of bed and into the living room. Where could the "sheep" have come from? For there was Polly with a lamb under one arm and the doll under the other.

"Where?" Ross asked, pointing to the lamb. Anne whispered that she had bought it.

"There is a Santy Claus, isn't there, Daddy?" Polly's voice implied she was giving information rather than asking it.

Ross heartily agreed with her: "There certainly is a Santa Claus beyond a doubt."

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Christmas Boxes

Giving Christmas boxes is said to spring from an old custom of priests putting on board of all out-going ships boxes for alms. These were opened at Christmastime and masses said for the givers of the alms. The box was called Christ mass box and from this comes the custom of Christmas boxes and gifts.

Christmas in Shanghai

Just One of Their Days

WHEN Christmas comes to Shanghai, a cross-section of the world makes holiday. The average Chinaman fails to get the meaning of it, but such a fun-loving people can do well with one more celebration. So the Chinaman himself adds to the din with fire-crackers and gift-giving, parties and the making of dolls.

There is a distinct western touch to the observance of the season by this most cosmopolitan city. Shanghai's "social registerites" start plans for dinners and dances as early as the middle of November; immediately reservations are checked off on the calendars of ballrooms and restaurants. The exact form of observance varies with the nationality divisions of the city. In the Russian section, the day is observed as it is on the steppes or in Moscow. The French greet Santa Claus in their own way, even though the wax dolls have to be brought far from the Champs Elysees. The Japanese prefer to make merry by drinking sake. The English must have their plum pudding and holly.

At the mission schools, where boys and girls are taught in separate classes, Christmas carols around the tree give modest school girls a chance not only of singing hymns but of "seeing him."

In interior China, however, most of the people prefer to celebrate their own Dragon-boat, Mid-Autumn, and New Year holidays rather than this "imported" one. They do not even try to understand these queer foreigners. To them December 25 is just another day!—Frances Grinstead.

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Made Best of Worst of

Christmas-Time Mishap

THE snow began nearly a week before Christmas and when the great day arrived, folks were trying to remember the time when it didn't snow in Morton City. Barnes, the only merchant, had put off getting his shopping supply so there were no gifts in town to be bought for love or money. But when news got about that the train down on the railroad siding was snow-bound in Morton City, old and young sort of forgot about the lack of gifts. Too, the president of the road with his party had a special car on the rear of the snowbound passenger, and wasn't that a great honor indeed!

Folks got over the novelty of their visitors in time for the organization of a huge choir of carol singers that went down to the train and paraded through the length of the coaches, even to singing for the chef and the porters and, of course, all the train men. They had remembered to take along a tree decorated with the makeshift ornaments they had on hand from previous years. But somehow, they made a great hit with all the strangers who joined heartily in the fun.

The passengers dove into their baggage and brought up books, boxes of candy, candy bars, ties, fancy soaps and bath salts, highly perfumed, beautiful towels and even lovely baby clothing, wearing apparel and jewelry. In fact, not a soul in the little settlement was without one of the impromptu gifts. The passengers received old-fashioned roasted fowls and all trimmings of a generous feast. What one hath not, the other had, seemed the most terse explanation of the happy condition!—Luella B. Lyons.

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ON HIS WAY



Green—Going away this Christmas? Wise—No, but I guess I'll go away right after Christmas. Green—Where to? Wise—To jail as a bad debtor.

Popcorn Presents

Apples, jelly or canned fruit, and even big cherry homemade wreaths done up "Christmasy" make practical presents; but the gayest and most welcome of the off-the-farm-and-on-to-the-city presents seem to be pop corn and hickory nuts. With a basket of pop corn and a bag of hickory nuts all kinds of Christmas boxes are suitable for every one from grandfather and grandmother who lived on a farm and picked up chestnuts when they were young, all the way down to the littlest boy cousin, who's inordinately fond of candy.

Holiday Garnish for Salads

Cranberry jelly sliced and cut into fancy shapes with a cookie cutter or a knife makes an attractive and unusual garnish for salads and desserts during the holiday season.

Uncle Eben's Advice

"Santa Claus will soon be here," said Uncle Eben, "and 'ain't no time to tell yoh financial worries. If you writes him a letter, don't write it in red ink."

Catawba County May Get 2,000 Acre Silver Fox And Mink Farm

Hickory.—Adolph Ericson, a fur dealer of Nova Scotia, is expected to return to Hickory at an early date to continue his search for a suitable location in this section for a 2,000-acre fox and mink farm, it was learned here recently.

Mr. Ericson inspected land southwest of Hickory around Baker's mountain and the South range four years ago upon the recommendation of the United States conservation department in Washington and was favorably impressed with the territory. The depression hit the fur business before he could open the farm, however.

The pelts are bringing a good price again now, so Mr. Ericson returned to Hickory last week with the view of opening the farm he had previously planned.

The fur dealer was still as favorably impressed with this section as he was on his first visit, here it is said. He hopes to purchase the 2,000 acres of land for his farm when he returns again.

Silver foxes and mink will be raised on the farm should it be started. It is estimated that Mr. Ericson will start with around 1,000 foxes and mink, but will increase the number of animals to 5,000 or 10,000 if the experiment is successful.

It is understood that the Nova Scotian will finance the enterprise himself, which, it is said, will have a capital of approximately \$100,000.

Mr. Ericson already has a large fox and mink farm in Nova Scotia. Four years ago, the United States conservation department advised Mr. Ericson that this section was one of the best suited for the raising of silver foxes and mink in the country.

The terrain, southwest of Hickory where he hopes to start the farm, is almost barren, and it is hoped, therefore, that plans for the new business will materialize.

"Aunt Molly" Again Sings Hillbilly Songs

New York.—"Aunt Molly" Jackson is back here from her Kentucky mountains this month to sing her new batch of hillbilly songs for the folk music classes at New York University.

She Aided Strikers

"Aunt Molly" has been "a-singin' and composin'" since she was "a little feller of 10," but it was the hard times of 1931 that started her songs circulating through Harlan, Bell, Clay and Laurel counties, Kentucky, and ever since then she has giving all her time to raising funds for the strikers.

"Aunt Molly's" people have lived in the Kentucky mountains since Daniel Boone's time, and the only "foreigner" in the line is a Cherokee Indian. For two generations, however, the mountain people have been leaving their worked-out farms for jobs in the coal mines.

She's No Communist

"Don't you call me a Communist," she said. "My mountain people don't know what that is and I don't thoroughly understand it myself. All I know is that I'm for the working people I sing about, and a brighter and better world for them."

"Aunt Molly" was brought up in a world of round dances and quilt-making, but as the ways of living became draft and poverty-stricken, she began writing her songs about the leaky shacks, the ragged clothes and the poor, cheap food which the miners knew and of the way her people live. She is tall and spare and 46, and her print dress is cotton and her black shoes are worn. In her town of Horse Creek she ran a soup kitchen for the children of 18,000 miners in the 1931 strike.

Her songs have been recorded by Alan Lomax, author of several books of American folk songs.

J. T. Daniel of Granville county reports 36 two-horse wagon loads of lespedeza hay cut from a five-acre field. The field is now in wheat with excellent growth being made.

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