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GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1909.

NO. 48

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A torpid liver deranges the whole system, and produces
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Mrs. S. Joyce, Claremont, N. C., writes: "About a year ago I bought two bottles of **Foley's Kidney Remedy**. It cured me of a severe case of kidney trouble of several years standing. It certainly is a grand, good medicine, and I heartily recommend it."

Mother—Have you tried **Hollier's Rocky Mountain Tea**? It's a great blessing to the little ones, keeps away summer troubles. Makes them sleep and grow. 35 cents. Tea or Tablets. Graham Drug Co.

Servants of Santa Claus

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.
(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)
THE usual conception of Santa Claus is that of a rather innocent, unsophisticated, though benevolent old gentleman, who visits all the houses in Christendom the night of Dec. 24 and leaves presents for all good children and even remembers some who are not so good. But this idea falls to do the busy old saint full justice. As a matter of fact, he has to be quite up to date to attend his numerous customers. He is so much a man of affairs that it is necessary for him to adopt modern methods. Nowadays it is essential for every large business to be carried out through an army of assistants and deputies, and who, pray, has a larger business than Santa Claus? When he first started in the Christmas line it might have been possible for him to make a personal visit to all the homes where his gifts were expected, but now all that is changed. So he drafts the expressman, the messenger boy,



the postman, the delivery man and a whole lot of other folks into his service. For example, he appoints as deputies at least half a million extra expressmen in the United States alone. Ordinarily the express companies have about that number of employees, but during the two weeks before Christmas, when Santa calls on them to carry so many of his packages, they have to double their forces. To gain an idea of the immensity of the burdens the old gentleman imposes on them a few figures are necessary. The Christmas packages delivered by the express companies in the city of New York alone amount to over two millions, in Chicago and Philadelphia about a million and a half each, in Boston over a million and in other cities a proportionate number. When it is reflected that this is an average of nearly one package for every man, woman and child and that there are something over eighty millions of men, women and children in Uncle Sam's domain, the stupendous proportions of this Christmas business can be realized. On account of the expense of sending packages by express it is estimated that few if any of these Christmas bundles are worth less than \$2, while some of them are valued at hundreds of dollars. It is thus seen that the Christmas business handled by the express companies alone represents a value of hundreds of millions.

This does not take into account the great number of bundles carried by the messenger boys. In the four cities above mentioned these amount to nearly a half a million in number. The jovial old saint could scarcely get along without their help. In addition, it is necessary for Santa Claus to enlist the services of an army of extra store clerks, delivery wagons and teamsters. It can readily be seen that for a couple of weeks he is about the biggest business man on earth. If his army were one of war rather than peace he could conquer the world.

Then he masters in a large array of Salvation Army and Volunteer lads and lassies to gather and cook Christmas dinners for the poor and to help distribute his presents in the tenement districts. He never forgets the needy. But among his great array of deputies let us not forget the postman. Who has not seen the faithful carrier staggering under his great loads on Christmas morning? The business done by Uncle Sam's postoffice for the two weeks before Christmas is just about double what it is at ordinary times. All this is because of Santa Claus, so the extra clerks and postmen needed must be credited up to him.



The most courageous of all living things, by common consent of naturalists, the mole. Seemingly without any sense of fear whatever, the mole will fight anything that crosses his path. It never runs or sakes away. Neither giving nor asking quarter, it tears away at its adversary until it kills it or is itself killed. The mole's appetite is in keeping with its courage, and it thinks nothing of eating its own weight. In appetite the spider is a close second to the mole, but when it comes to fighting the mole carries the palm.

Angels Sang "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men"



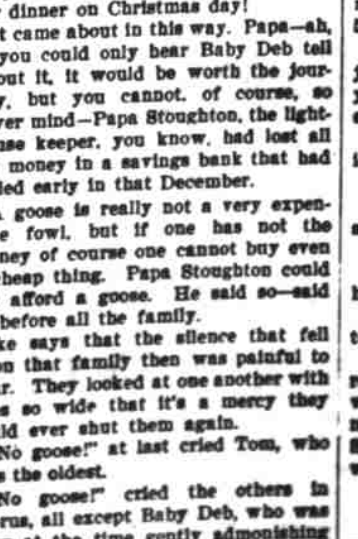
A Christmas Goose

By CHARLES BARON.
(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)
CHRISTMAS is just as much Christmas at the Boon Island lighthouse as it is anywhere else in the world. And why not? To be sure, the nearest land is ten miles away, and when the winter storms come the waves dash quite over the two acres of rocks out of which the sturdy lighthouse rises. There are no blazing rows of streets lined with toyshops there, no gathering of families, no Christmas trees loaded down with presents, nothing to be seen from the lighthouse but the changing water and unchanging rocks—water on three sides and on the fourth side a bluff barrier of rocks, with the world hiding behind it ten miles away.



There are six children there, though, and a mother and father, and if they were a Christmas tree, they would be the tallest and the most beautiful in the world. "Ever since I was born, I have had a roast goose for Christmas," said Tom. "Ever since I was born, I have had a roast goose for Christmas," said Tom.

It was a lonely, old, one-eyed lighthouse, has it not a chimney? And do not children there have stockings—good, long stockings? Indeed, they do. And does not Christmas eve see them all temptingly hung, so invitingly limp and empty, under the mantelpiece? And does not Christmas morning—very early, mind you—see six graduated, white-robed ghosts performing mysterious ceremonies around six bulging stockings?



And the Christmas dinners they have there—the goose, the brown, crisp, juicy, melting roast goose? What would that dinner be without that goose? What, indeed! But once they turn pale at that lighthouse now when they think of it—they came very near having no goose for dinner on Christmas day! It came about in this way. Papa—ah, if you could only hear Baby Deb tell about it, it would be worth the journey, but you cannot, of course, so never mind—Papa Stoughton, the lighthouse keeper, you know, had lost all his money in a savings bank that had failed early in that December. A goose is really not a very expensive fowl, but if one has not the money of course, a goose or no goose, a cheerless, gloomy, goose or no goose, is the result. Papa Stoughton could do so before all the family. The says that the silence that fell upon that family then was painful to hear. They looked at one another with eyes so wide that it's a mercy they could ever shut them again. "No goose" at last cried Tom, who was the oldest. "No goose" cried the others in chorus, all except Baby Deb, who was busy at the time gently admonishing Sculpin, her most troublesome child, for being so dirty. Baby Deb said "No goose" after all the others were quiet. That made them all laugh. No doubt they thought that, after all, so long as Baby Deb was there, a goose or no goose, Christmas anyhow, goose or no goose, they thought that for a moment until she thought that that roast goose was the thought that came to mind with Baby Deb, and then they looked dismayed again. However, when Papa Stoughton explained how it was they saw it as plainly as he did, and so they made no more complaint. Only Tom fell a-thinking, and when the others saw what he was doing they did the same, the difference being that Tom was trying to think what he could do to get the goose anyhow, and they were trying to think what he could think about so that they could think the same—except Baby Deb, of course, who, being only four years old, gave her very little concern about the thoughts of others. Her own thoughts took all her time.



(Copyright, 1909, by J. Wells Champney. From a Copley print, copyright, 1909, by Curtis & Cameron.)

breath and mysteriously vanished into another room after beckoning his brothers and sisters to follow him, which they did almost before they had fairly said "Ah!" Baby Deb was there, too, somewhat awestruck at the mystery about her, but ready to lend the help of her wisdom if necessary. "We must have a goose," said Tom. "Oh!" gasped his audience, moved by mingled amazement and admiration. Tom looked at them with great firmness and dignity. "Ever since I was born, I have had a roast goose for Christmas," said Tom. "Ever since I was born, I have had a roast goose for Christmas," said Tom.

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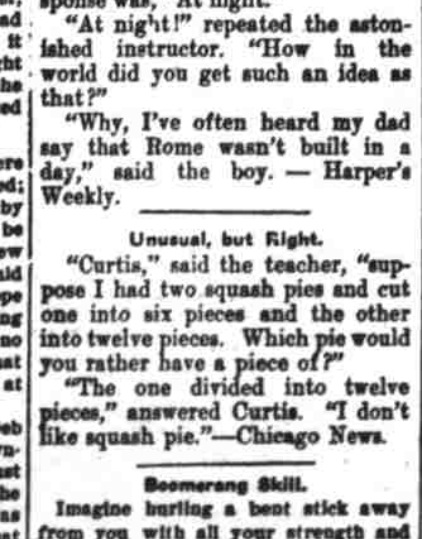
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prised you know very little about the Stoughton folks. What they said nobody knows. They all talked at once, but by and by Papa Stoughton had a chance to be heard. "Where did you get it, Baby Deb?" he asked. "Why, I played Dod for it," answered Deb in the most matter of fact way. "Paid Dod?" "Paid Dod," exclaimed Papa Stoughton. "Paid Dod?" chorused the family. "Yes," responded Baby Deb convincingly. "Dod—no, dod—Lord, I played to him. He send it to me does now."

More questions and more of Baby Deb's explanations revealed the whole story. Papa Stoughton, but they spent the next ten minutes wiping their eyes and hugging and kissing and making up new pet names for Baby Deb.



Papa Stoughton did say to Mama Stoughton that night as they were going to bed: "A wild goose. It was blinded by the bright light and broke its neck by flying against the glass. And, after all, who shall say the good Lord did not send it?" At all events, not a word of explanation was said to Baby Deb, and no one contradicted her when she said at dinner next day: "Dod's goose is dod." "Dod's goose is dod."



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In Clothing more than in almost anything else. Our Clothing has the Quality, Style and Finish. Your good looks depends on the "Set" and "Hang" of your clothes. Our Clothing Sets Hangs Looks Wears and is RIGHT and too, our Prices are Right—Low, Quality considered.

Treat yourself to a new Suit or Overcoat for Christmas. Our stock is complete. We can fit you out from Hat to Shoes—all of the best. Call and see us, we will treat you right whether you buy or not. Am always glad to show you our goods.

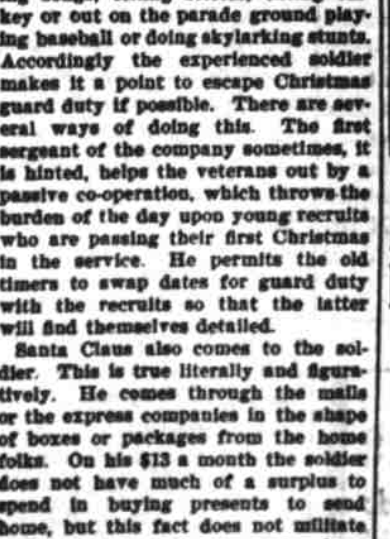
A. M. HADLEY

One Price Clothier, Graham, N. C.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE ARMY.

CHRISTMAS in the various forts garrisoned by United States troops never passes without a cut and dried celebration. Preparation for the event is made long in advance. Every soldier knows that something extra is going to be his portion for that day. The Christmas dinner, with savory extras in the way of food, is not the only special provision for the soldier's celebration. There is a relaxation of the rigor of military discipline, which to many enlisted men is even more welcome than the turkey and cranberries. On Christmas day the man in the barracks may do pretty much as he pleases.

But "pigs in pigs," and soldiering is soldiering, so it follows that a few of the men are shut out of the general hilarity of the holiday because they must perform a soldier's duty as on other days. The guard mount is for Christmas as well as for all other days, and military regulations cannot forego this requirement, no matter how much the victims may growl under their blouses. Even the extra dinner in the barracks, while it is a rare treat to most of the men, makes work for some of them which is regarded in the army as about the most calamitous detail in the business.



Guard duty and kitchen work are things studiously to be avoided by the enlisted men. It is not pleasant for a soldier to be kept on guard, waiting a beat or pacing up and down in front of headquarters when the rest of the fellows are inside the barracks singing songs, telling stories, eating turkey or out on the parade ground playing baseball or doing skyarking stunts. Accordingly the experienced soldier makes it a point to escape Christmas guard duty if possible. There are several ways of doing this. The first sergeant of the company sometimes, it is hinted, helps the veterans out by a passive co-operation, which throws the burden of the day upon young recruits who are passing their first Christmas in the service. He permits the old timers to swap dates for guard duty with the recruits so that the latter will find themselves detailed. Santa Claus also comes to the soldier. This is true literally and figuratively. He comes through the mails or the express companies in the shape of boxes or packages from the home folks. On his \$13 a month the soldier does not have much of a surplus to spend in buying presents to send home, but this fact does not militate against his receiving mementos from the old heartthrobs. It is always an event in camp or barracks when some man receives a hefty package "for Christmas." As a rule, the contents are shared with the soldier's cronies if they happen to be of the edible variety and any of the cronies will to receive similar remembrances.

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Sunset Travel Club

16 Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal.

At Madison the other day, says the *Reidsville Review*, a fine horse belonging to Mr. F. Webster killed itself in a very peculiar manner. The owner was in the stable putting harness on the animal when it jumped out of the stall and ran out on the sidewalk in making a quick turn the horse slipped and fell, dying instantly.

DeWitt's Little Early Rise,
The famous little pills.