Christmas Carol

2 2 Ol now is come our joyful'st feast!
Let every man be jolly.
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning:
Their ovens they with bak't meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.

δοροσοσοσοσοσοσο In Memory of Her Little Girl

By ETHEL COOK ELIOT

ELLIE was
exhausted,
just as were
all the other Nellie, the Shop Girl, Reminded Mother of Daughter and clerks in the Was Showered Rumson depart-With Lingerie

ment store at five minutes of ten this Christmas eve. But there were still five minutes more in which she must serve. There were several shoppers pressing about her counter handling and examining the beautiful French embroidery of the lingerie there. They swam before Nellie's tired eyes almost dimly as in dream, Tired, aching feet can do that to eyes, you know.

How trying they were, these customers! How slow about coming to decisions; how impossible their questions. How did Nellie know how this or that garment would launder, or wear? How could she know? Nellie never in her whole life had possessed a stitch of such costly stuff. And still these crowding, high-voiced women ex-

eyes, who patiently stood and waited her turn. Because of her patience in change." that Christmas rush, she came last. But if she had been patient in waiting her turn, Nellie now had to be patient in waiting on her. For although it was already ten o'clock and time for the counters to be draped for the night, she took her time. Very carefully she chose two whole sets of lingerie. Every piece she examined closely to make sure of the quality, and the beauty of the design. Nellie brown-eyed lady was hovering over the choice of the last piece, not to cry out at her, "For Heaven's sake, make up your mind! Can't you see

I'm dropping?" But of course Nellie cried out no such thing. She just shut her young lips together, and winked back child-ish tears of irritation and exhaustion,

"I'll take this one, then," the lady at last said at two minutes past ten. And then she looked up, smiling into Nellie's eyes. "And will you take the lot, dear child, as a Christmas present from me? I had a little girl once something like you and your age. Since it is Christmas you will not deny me the happiness of giving you this present in remembrance of her She loved pretty things just as you do,

(©, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

laceacatacataca

UNDER THE OUTSIDE

RASS keeps green under the snow. Delicate blossoms hide away in ugly seeds. Who can believe the twisted apple-tree will be lost in a surf of pink petals in the spring?

There must be many a warm and true heart cased in a frosty

exterior.

If we believed more in the covered, and less in the covering, we should make Christmas a day truly bright with peace and good will.—Martha B. Thomas.

(C. 1923. Western Newspaper Union.)

Bringing in the Yule Log for a Merry Feast

NE of the most-delightful of the ing in the Yule-log. According shall call you the 'Vamp.'" to an English writer, this was a massive piece of wood, frequently the rugged and grotesquely marked root of a tree. It was drawn through the forest with shouting and laughter, while each wayfarer reverently saluted it, since he knew it to be full of good promises and that in the more the merrier!" its flames would be burnt out old wrongs and heart-burnings. As it came into the great hall, the livingroom of the old castle, each member of the family sat upon or saluted it in turn, and sang a Yule-song, after which all drank to a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. A favorite

Yule-song began with: Welcome be ye that are here Welcome all, and make good cheer, Welcome all, another year,

-F. H. Sweet (@, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

Poor Children's Christmas Party By ELEANOR KING

A Whole Dollar Not Too Much for Ralph to Give to Be Santa Claus

AG! Come on; send some poor kiddle to the poor children's Christmas party Friday. Buy a tag," pleaded a smiling girl at the head of the stairs which lead into one

of the large art schools. Ralph, one of the many students hurrying into the school, eager to be at work, thrust his hand into his pocket absent-mindedly. This tag day business was happening too often. He had not a cent of

"You wouldn't regret giving if you



every year over in the normal department, you know," volunteered the girl. Ralph thought a minute, then put a risp one-dollar bill into the basket.

"Oh! that's too much to give," called the girl, but Ralph had disappeared down the stairs into the school.

That did not end Ralph's thoughts on the matter, however. In the after-noon he met Frances, one of his girl friends from the normal department. "Ralph," she burst forth, "the tag day surely is going over big. They expect were certainly better judges than she of such things. They ought to know.

But there was one lady a led with the lady a led wi But there was one lady, a lady with add told me some nice young man put soft brown eyes, half smiling brown a dollar bill in her basket and never

> Ralph smiled: "That fellow probably was thinking about some composition he was making and didn't even know he put it in."

"No, he didn't, because Aida said he thought a minute before he dropped it in."

That evening as Ralph worked in his room at the boarding house, some way or other he just couldn't keep his mind off his home. He had known right along thought she would never be done. In that he couldn't go home for Christmas, fact, Nellie found it hard, just as the but as the time drew nearer—only two more days now before Christmas vacation-he felt very lonely. There was someone besides the folks who made Ralph wish he were going home. Ralph heaved a sigh.

"Gee, I hate to think of it. She will be home from college for the holidays, and I won't be there to take her around. Well, little girl, you understand if all the rest don't. Hang it, I would like to see you, Lillian!" Everybody at school went about

whistling and singing, why shouldn't he? He should. Hadn't he given that dollar he had been saving so long for some colors he wanted? If he couldn't go home, he was at least contributing to someone else's happiness. Come to think of it, there are loads of people in this very city who have no place to even think of as home.

Suddenly Ralph burst out laughing. Posing as a martyr—the idea; healthy, hearty, young, robust boy like him posing as a martyr!

His laughter echoed in the semiempty room and died out. He was seated in an old morris chair with his baired doil on Ralph's lap. back to the door, deep in thought, "Is that right?" laughe when a light rap on his room door stirred him. Thinking it one of the boys living in the house, and not bothering to rise, he called, "Come in!"

The door opened and Ralph beheld a little black-eyed, black-haired urchin in what once was a white corduroy dress. Leaning against his knee, she looked up into his face. His artist's eye thought instantly, "My, those eyes! Wouldn't they be wonderful to paint!"

"Say," said the little thing as she rolled her eyes, "did you know, I am going to the children's party Friday down at your school?"

"Well, where did you drop from?" efaculated Ralph in his surprise. "I am sure I never saw you before. Christmas ceremonies was bring- don't know your name, but I think I

"My name Jose," corrected the little girl indignantly. "Well, you surely know the art of

rolling your eyes," laughed Ralph. "Do you want to see my sister? She go, too, Friday."

"Yes, bring in the sister, 'Vamp'-The sister, just able to toddle across

the floor, dressed in a figured calico romper suit, was hoisted and boosted into Ralph's lap by Jose. The baby cuddled against Ralph, nestling down perfectly content. Ralph felt a little thrill vibrate through his frame.

The "vamp," still at Ralph's side, leaning both elbows on his knees, peered into his face with her large, lustrous eyes.

"My sister's happy, too, you see, be-cause she goes with me Friday."

Our Christmas Ihoughts



F HUMAN NATURE is the combination of self-seeking, ambition and greed which some materialistic philosophers assert it is; if life is a contest in which all finer sentiments are subordinated to self-advancement and success at any price, how is it that the spirit of Christmas has not only endured but grown in power during nearly 2,000 years? If the pessimists are right, it would seem that the light

would have been extinguished long since and with it the spirit would have departed. Were history and our daily lives not replete with evidences noble evidences too - of the unselfishness in men's hearts, we might be impressed with the teachings of the sordid and the carpings of the morbid. Christmas is the symbol and a celebration of love—love

which is synonymous with charity and which our purest teaching tells us is the finest attribute of the soul. We, who during the past few weeks have watched the Yuletide preparations, are prepared to say that they represent a beautiful manifestation of that attribute. We have noted the working girl taking home at night her parcels; contributions wrung from the dole of her necessities, in order that she may testify to her love and bring a measure of cheer to

some child, some relative, some friend. Tired from her daily toil mayhap, but in her eyes that something which transcends all fatigue; transcends, in fact, everything else in the world and comparable only to that which shone from a mother's eyes upon the Babe in Bethlehem. Friends, in the face of these and so many other manifestationswhich we are all witnessing during this season, what right has one of us to say that the Light of the World grows dimmer?

Our hearts tell us there is no dimming. Let us be thankful for the extra radiance of Christmas. Let us seek to carry it into our daily lives. Our wish is, that this occasion, at least, will help all of us to forget our tribulations and sorrows, our complaints and animosities, and that it will be to all a day of cheer and everything which Yuletide typifies. The words of Tiny Tim have never been improved upon and we here invoke them: "God bless us all!"

THE PUBLISHERS

(Copyright, 1923)

hugging the little kiddles.

'Vamp,'

about it?"

"Is that right?" laughed Ralph,

why do you come to tell me



giving Ralph a knowing little shove. 'We see Santa, too, and he big, so big that he bring me and Angelica lots nice things. And he talk to us and

Ralph gave a start. Someone was thundering upon his door with two who wouldn't ordinarily have a Christfists instead of one. The door was ocked. He slipped the bolt. "Well, at last," panted a messenger boy; "I've been pounding for the last

pick us up like you did Angelica."

half hour here. Sorry to waken you, sir; know it's late, but I just had to deliver this message tonight, sir."
"That's all right," said Ralph, hurriedly tearing open the telegram. The

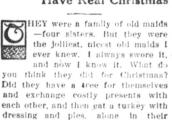
"Telegraphing money for you to come home Christmas. Lillian arrives DAD." Ralph could have shouted for Joy.

door closed: Ralph read:

(©, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.) Pot of Gold Found on Farm. A pot of Englsh gold coins has been uncovered on the farm of Dave Jones of Somerset, Ky. State officials, who ause she goes with me Friday."

"I 'appy," reiterated the blacktion, estimate its value at \$48,000.

How Four Old Maids Have Real Christmas



think they did for Christmas? Did they have a 4ree for themselves and exchange costly presents with each other, and then eat a turkey with dressing and pies, alone in their charming white dining room? Not a bit of it. They know what Christmas was meant for, and they acted on the knowing. Their friends tell me they have done it every year; but since I'm only a new acquaintance, comparatively, I couldn't know that.

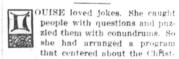
They invite in a dozen children to them. And then those twelve, poer little mites sit down at the table in the old maids' charming white dining room, and the old maids themselves serve them with turkey and all the fixings. And they don't do it for charity either. They do it because they adore children, and making them happy is to them a treat. You see, from their cradles, these four old maid sisters were blessed with the Christmas spirit, a spirit that lasts all the

year around when it is genuine.

But why should I call them "old maids?" That term is in such disrepute? They are four angels! And knowing that, I am going to try my luck, some time when I can get the courage, and ask one of them, the one I happen to be in love with, to "have me." Perhaps if I make the

proposal within the Christmas senson angel, and take me. Don't laugh at my audacity. Anything may happen at Christmas time! For Christmas is a magical time. Even a child can tell you that .- Ethel Cook Ellot. (©. 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

That Plum Pudding and Some Twisted Mottoes



that centered about the Chast. mas plum pudding. When that came upon the table each one was to put in his thumb and pull out a plum in the shape of a twisted motto; there they were, all around the sides of the platter.

Father was first, unfolding his plum he read off the pit of it and, as if to moderate the coming merriment, said "All is not laugh that titters."

"and hers: "It's a

wrong turkey that has no turning. As this did not apply to the bird that had just disappeared, the self-satisfied smile of the cook behind the door did not come off.

Then Aunt Mary: "A hitch in time saves mine." This reference to Bob's trousers asserted his independence of suspenders, but caused his relative to remind him that he was not as needless of sfitches as he thought, upon which he replied that he could depend upon that tailor who had advertised "pants a dollars and a half a leg,

seats free."

Then Susan: "We never miss the swatter till the files go by." This was fly paper upon a dead subject and it was filed for future reference.

Bob's plum was also laid on the table after he had read: "A strolling boy catches no horse." A sentiment that he was inclined to think a little

Louise had the last plum and declared; "All's well that ends swell." Expressing the traveler's satisfaction with terra firms, less terror and more

But the pudding was cooling and that was no joke, so, as the temperature fell, they fell to .- Christopher G. (©, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

The greater happiness of the Christmas season is a direct'result of the greater participation of men and women in the spirit of Christ. For then same. How? Why, because giving looks out upon us through enigmatic eyes, and we understand better, we pity, we cease to condemn—we would even ameliorate, we would show that we see and understand—and so we offer the dumb gift which mutely tells what our words could never tell; and then in our hearts, in our households, in our little world, there is Christmas joy and peace—earth's highest happiness.—Sister M. Fides Shepperson in Pittsburgh Dispatch.

THE GENUINE SPIRIT

The genuine holiday spirit consists not only in wishing a merry Christ mas, but in making one.

MOTHERS' CHRISTMAS

Christmas will be devoted largely to washing an extra number of dishes.

NEVER TOO HIGH

It might be different with a lot of things around Christmas, but the mis tletoe is never too high.

とうないない こうしょうしょう perenenenene NOT WHAT HE

TTLE DICK was too young to spell—he went entirely by sound. Consequently he suf-fered a great disappointmnt on Christmas morning. When he beheld his Christmas tree he said emnly: "You said it would be fur tree, daddy!" 'It is a fir tree," answered his

EXPECTED

The state of the s (C), 1923, Western Newspaper Union.) lbaaaaaaaaaal

一年 がかかかり 一人人の 日本 中 A Late "It" Arrival



ERYONE was watching, waiting, hoping. They all hoped "it" would surely arrive on

They hoped "It" would not fail them

Everyone and everything loved "It."

The children loved "it," the grownups loved "it." The trees of the forest loved "It."

And then "it" arrived, "It" arrived late-almost when everyone was giving "it" up. But even though "it" was not too SPOON, Jr., M. D. Graham, N. C. late for Christmas day. "It" came late Christmas eve.

And haven't you guessed what "It" SNOW of course!-Mary Graham

Bonner. (2), 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

----THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT

Christmas spirit necessarily finds Telephones: Office 446-Residence 261 many men and women stranded on the shoal, off somewhere, far from the JOHN J. HENDERSON general happiness.

Nevertheless, words of Chandos are vital. "The faculty for happiness is a gift, in any temperament, whose wisdom and whose beauty this world too little recognizes," Chandos' thought is not easy for a certain type of mortal to cultivate, but the holiday spirit may to an extent help out. Self-recognition was soundly urged by Marcus Aurellus many centuries ago, and writings of other Stoics preach tranquillity and harmory through the philosophy that says, "It may all be for the best."

A shipwrecked sailor, buried on this

coast.
Bids you set sall!
Full many a gallant barque, where he
was lost.
Weathered the gals.

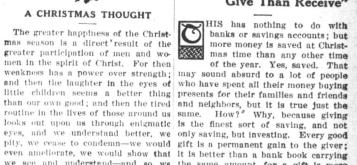
元元元元元元元元元元元元元元

REAL SPIRIT

THE real spirit of Christmas is within us we will, indeed, find that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and we will give out of the fullness of our hearts and because of the joy that giving brings us, instead of from any other motive. So to get the real joy of giving and to receive the richness of the Christmas spirit in fullest measure, give because your heart prompts you to and forget all else.—Katherine Edelman.

(©. 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

"It Is More Blessed to Give Than Receive"



-----AUNT MEHITABLE'S PRESENT

Aunt Mehitable had a powerful and active imagination that often kept her awake. She was ever creating difficulties by imagining them and making things crooked by trying to straighten After receiving her gifts, mother's can't think what has got into George; I didn't like the way he looked at us

this morning.'

"Probably he was thinking of some-body else," answered her brother. "George," began his aunt the next day, "what was the matter with you yesterday morning, you looked sourer

'n pickles.' "Nothin' was the matter with me," said the boy, "I was puzzlin' over your Christmas present." Then he added, "Since you're so mighty suspicious, I guess I'll give it up." But remembering her goodness of heart, George re-lented, and, when the day that shines away all unpleasantness came round.
Aunt Mehitable had a new nightcap

—C. G. Hazard,

(@, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

J. B. BALL, D. C.

CHIROPRACTOR Vervous and Chronic Diseases,

BURLINGTON, N. C. Office: Over Miss Alice Rowland's Store. Telephones: Office, 962. Residence, 10.

Came Just in Time LOVICK H. KERNODLE, Attorney-at-Law, GRAHAM, N. C.

Associated with John J. Henderson. Office over National Bank of Alamance

THOMAS D. COOPER Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law. BURLINGTON, N. C,

Nos. 7 and 8 First National Bank Bldg.

Associated with W.S. Coulter,

mice over Ferrell Drug Co.

11. urs: 2 to 3 and 7 to 9 p. m, and by appoin ment. Phone 97

GRAHAM HARDEN, M. D. Burlington, N. C.

Office Hours: 9 to 11 a.m. and by appointment Office Over Acme Drug Co.

Attorney-at-Law GRAHAM, N. C.

Office over National Bank of Alamano S. COOK, RAHAM, - - -

Office Patterson Building Second Floor. R. WILL S. LONG, JR.

DENTIST : ! ! . . . North Carolina

OFFICE IN PARIS BUILDING