

Dickens' Christmas Carol

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CENTRAL PRESS ASSOCIATION



THE BEDPOST WAS NO PHANTOM. SCROOGE REALLY WAS BACK IN HIS OWN BED. HE WAS BESIDE HIMSELF WITH JOY. "HEAVEN AND CHRISTMAS TIME BE PRAISED FOR THIS," HE CRIED.



SCROOGE HELD HIS BEDPOSTS IN HIS ARMS. "THEY ARE NOT TORN DOWN. THEY ARE HERE, RINGS AND ALL," HE PATTERED HIS CLOTHES AND TURNED THEM IN AND OUT. "THE SHADOWS OF THINGS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN SHALL BE DISPELLED," HE CRIED.



AT THE WINDOW SCROOGE DRANK IN THE CLEAR, WINTRY AIR. "WHAT DAY IS THIS?" HE ASKED OF A BOY. "WHY, CHRISTMAS DAY," THE BOY SAID. "I HAVEN'T MISSED IT. THE SPIRITS DID IT ALL IN ONE NIGHT," CRIED SCROOGE.



SCROOGE DID MANY GOOD THINGS. NEXT DAY HE RAISED BOB'S SALARY, AND TO TINY TIM HE BECAME A SECOND FATHER. IT WAS ALWAYS SAID OF HIM THAT HE KNEW HOW TO KEEP CHRISTMAS WELL. AND SO, AS TINY TIM OBSERVED, "GOD BLESS US, EVERYONE!" THE END

SEA FOOD

Just Arrived for Christmas
Live Lobsters and All
Kinds of Sea Food
Steaks—Turkey
And everything good to eat for
the holidays.

CAPITOL CAFE

(Formerly Busy Bee)

PEACOCK FEATHERS

By Temple Bailey

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CHAPTER 38

MIMI AND I were to leave Denver the next morning for the ranch. I made arrangements for a hired car and went up to our rooms to find Mimi dressing for dinner. I told her about the cherry orchards—the bloom of them, of the trees dripping red.

"Could anything be more beautiful?" I demanded.

"I like it much better than cows," she said. "I hate to think that things have to be killed."

We lingered, talking about it. Then she said, "You aren't dressed, Jerry, and I'm simply ravenous. Is it romantic to be hungry, dearest?"

"Fairy princesses can be anything," I assured her, "and get away with it."

She was to me, indeed, a fairy princess surrounded as she was at the moment by belongings which seemed to my crude, country-boy experience almost too exquisite for use. There were brushes of silver and bottles of crystal, a traveling case of fine leather, delicate laces, clinging silks and satins, little shoes which matched her gowns.

On everything, where it could be engraved or stamped or embroidered, was a peacock's feather.

I had asked her how it happened that she had chosen it. "One of my great-grandmothers had peacock feathers on her linen and on her silver. She owned an estate in France, and there were peacocks on the terrace, and she was so proud that she refused to marry a member of the royal family because he had plebeian blood in his veins.

"I am glad," I said to her, "that you are not like that."

"Why?"

"You wouldn't have married me."

"Perhaps she wasn't in love with him—" her blush was charming.

"You have an air, Jerry, as if you owned the world," she told me later, "and you are so awfully good-looking. Everybody stares at you in the dining room."

But it was Mimi who drew their glances. There was one man who recognized her and came to our table. "I left St. Louis yesterday," he said. "Your elopement is creating a great sensation."

We had seen the papers. And I told him so. Mimi's manner of carrying it off was charming. "It was my fault. I have always wanted to do something different. Jerry doesn't like clandestine things. But it was easier than the other—bridesmaids and a trousseau—and all the rest of it."

He laughed. "Andy is in mourning. I saw him just before I left. He was like a thundercloud."

When the man went on a few minutes later, neither he nor Mimi had mentioned Mrs. Le Erwin. But the paper had said that Mimi's mother had treated the matter as the whim of a spoiled child. It was, we thought, rather sporting of her to put it as she did.

The effect was of there being no reason why Mimi should have run away. She might have been married at home. There would have been no opposition. I was my uncle's heir, and in every way eligible.

We had told her of my inheritance in a letter which we had mailed to her on the moment of departure. It had been a hard letter to write. We had left her, as it were, stranded on the shores of her ambitions. Yet the small income which she had from her



Her fingers curled themselves about mine.

husband's estate would be sufficient for her own needs when she had no daughter to launch on the social seas. While I could not feel sorry for her, I promised myself that as soon as I knew something of my own finances I would make her an allowance.

Mimi's mind was not at rest. "I feel positively brutal, Jerry. Mother loves luxury, and I was her last hope."

I had no sympathy to spare. "Perhaps, she'll have time to think of some of the finer things," I said with a touch of smugness.

"What are the finer things?"

"Well, the love of money deadens people's souls."

"But one can't be civilized without it."

"It depends on what you mean by civilization, Mimi."

"Oh, having servants to keep things in order, and dressing for dinner, and plenty of bathtubs."

We laughed at that. "Some day," I promised her, "I'll take you into the mountains, miles away from bathtubs and dinner gowns, and I'll teach you the charms of the wild."

She shook her head. "I should love it," she said, "for a little while. But we couldn't live like that always, could we, Jerry?"

It was towards noon of the next day that we came to the great hills which rose higher and higher as we proceeded on our way.

Neither Mimi nor I had ever been among those western mountains, so that our first view of the towering battlements of pink sandstone which guard the valleys gave us the feelings of entering enchanted ground. The man who drove our car told us the names of the various formations, but we knew them only as magic gateways to those higher peaks, silver-topped and touching the sky.

The roads as we left the high-

way were rough and narrow—little traveled. We passed through small settlements which were huddles of unlovely houses. Here and there we came upon crude hotels, where we stopped for meals, finding the food, as a rule, well-cooked and hearty, but served with a lack of formality which shocked Mimi's fastidiousness.

Yet she took it all rather easily. "It is like something in a book, Jerry. But I am glad our house will be different."

Looking back upon it, I wonder why doubts did not then assail me. But they did not. The splendor of the hills and of those shining peaks had woven a spell about me; I felt that I could ride on forever, with Mimi by my side.

Flowers were everywhere; pale columbines; faint mauve and white; harebells, trembling in the breeze; the exquisite and mystical Mariposa lily on its single stalk.

Mimi exclaimed and I stopped the car and loaded her arms with them, and felt that not even the lilies were lovelier than my young wife in her bridal happiness.

And now the shadows began to fall on the mountains, the valleys were dim—but the light stuck in a golden shaft across the great peak which towered ahead of us.

"About half way up that mountain is your house," the driver told us, "there ain't a better view anywhere."

My hand went over Mimi's. Her fingers curled themselves about mine in a quick understanding clasp. We leaned a little forward, trying to pierce the gloom.

The golden light faded, the mountain peak grew dark against a sea of silver sky on which floated a galleon of rosy cloud. Then the cloud sailed on, and the sky was faint amethyst with one breathless star.

(To Be Continued)

HUGHES, JENKINS HOME FROM CITADEL

Henderson Youths Making Fine Record at South Carolina School

The two Henderson young men who are members of the corps of cadets at The Citadel, the Military College of South Carolina, are now at their homes for the annual Christmas furlough.

The two local youths at South Carolina's nationally famous military college are John M. Hughes, Jr., and James W. (Jack) Jenkins Jr. Hughes, a senior is a member of the infantry unit of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps and is an outstanding athlete, having excelled in boxing and taken part in football and other sports.

Jenkins, a junior, is one of the outstanding members of his class. He is a member of the coast artillery R. O. T. C. unit and holds the rank of cadet first sergeant, the highest for which a member of his class is eligible. He is secretary of the Round Table, honorary literary society, and is one of the leading members of his class scholastically as well as in other fields. At the end of each semester since he has been at The Citadel, Jenkins has been awarded "gold stars" for superior academic attainment.

The Christmas furlough at The Citadel began at noon last Saturday and will continue until 8:00 a. m., January 3. Members of the freshman and

varsity football squads, however, were granted leave a week earlier, in recognition of their gridiron activities.

JORDAN WILL GIVE CHRISTMAS BASKETS

Jordan Funeral Home is giving about twenty baskets containing food and fruits and the like to some of the most needy cases among the colored race at Christmas time. All names are being furnished through the churches. Any church, which has not passed in the names, has been asked to communicate with the establishment not later than 4 o'clock Friday afternoon.

COUNCIL MEETING ON MONDAY NIGHT

Following the double Christmas holiday, the Henderson City Council will hold its monthly meeting next Monday night. Indications today were that little would be done other than the most urgent routine. Holiday social activities will still be under way at the time, and members will likely not have business on their minds any more than is necessary.

"Sweeten it with Domino" Refined in U.S.A.

for baking ginger-bread apples beans ham

Domino Cane Sugar Old Fashioned Brown

Domino Cane Sugar Yellow Light Brown



A Joyous Yuletide

A wish to show appreciation for your patronage during the past year by wishing for you a joyous Yuletide and a New Year of Satisfaction and Contentment.

Peoples Drug Store

First National Bank In Henderson

Henderson, N. C. Christmas, 1937

Dear Friend:
The records for the old year will soon be closed. As we make the final entries we cannot help but pause to thank our friends with whom we have been associated so closely during 1937.

And we say it with feeling, THANK YOU!

For there is a wealth of pleasure and satisfaction in serving old customers who have been with us for years, in assisting new friends in the many little ways a bank can be so helpful.

And so from the depth of our heart we greet you at this, the happiest time of the entire year. May we wish you a Merry Christmas with the sincere hope that success and prosperity be yours during the coming New Year.

Yours very sincerely,
R. G. HARRISON,
Executive Vice President.

TASTE SATISFACTION for your own entertaining—or for those to whom you give

NEW YORK STATE Widmer's Hillside Wines

When you buy Christmas Wines either for your own use or as gifts, make sure of taste-satisfying quality by ordering Widmer's. A complete line of New York State Wines, famous for their goodness since 1888.

IN GOOD TASTE SINCE 1888

Widmer's Wine Cellars, Inc., Naples, N.Y.

SALLIE B. WRIGHT DIES DURING NIGHT

Sallie B. Wright, wife of Rev. Roosevelt Wright, colored minister died last night at 7 o'clock, it was learned today.

She had been a teacher in Vance county schools for the past ten years or more.

She is survived by her husband and two children.

Funeral services will be conducted Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock at Brookston Baptist church, near Grey-stone, with Rev. James Burchette, in charge.

You Can Save at MILLER'S