

INTERLUDE

By HOWARD JONES JR.

It looks fine to see the stores all dressed up in holly and Christmas decorations waiting for a visit from Santa Claus. The Old Man will be in this year as usual, and although he may not shop as lavishly as in better days, he will do his best to avoid disappointing his devotees. Luck to him.

The news that Bill Palmer, an employee of The New York Times, is coming down for two weeks Christmas was well received by his friends here. His wit and good natureness always adds to a gathering. Several months ago when I went to Philadelphia to have my eyes treated I continued to New York after the examination was completed. Although my entree was unannounced, Bill rallied to the occasion and proved himself a superb host. He was at that time living down in The Village, a playground known to the naughty for its Bohemian atmosphere. However, best to my knowledge, Bill was there to learn the City rather than to indulge in reckless living. The way most of the boys ever learn New York is by moving from one part of the town to another. From what I was told, they move about every month, and I was assured that the matter of rent was not the cause.

Sitting here at the type-writer and seeing John H. Fleming pass reminds me of a statement he made following his return from Asheville some time back with other members of the board of county commissioners: "Yes, sir, the mountains are pretty and the scenery is fine, but I like the views better at the seashore." From the smile that accompanied the statement, his view point of beauty was clear.

For two reasons I was happy to receive a letter from Anna Cohoon several days ago with a check for the renewal of her paper. The other reason is that I always did have the highest regards for Anna. She asked to be remembered to her friends at Warrenton.

One of the most let-down feelings that I can think of at this time comes when one of your friends calls you aside in all seriousness, leads you to believe that he is going to confide in you, and then comes out with the declaration that Kris Kringle is a farce.

Cows Are Allowed Streets For Pasture

SPARKS, Ga., Dec. 14.—If the cows of Sparks want to roam the town's streets, it's their own affair. The voters said so yesterday in a special election called to decide the matter. That verdict reversed a previous decision.

Thought He Could Put Tune In Piano; Lands In Court

NEW YORK, Dec. 15.—Getting a tune out of a piano is one thing. Putting it back is another. Abram Hill wandered into Sam Tucker's barber shop at 273 W. 127th St. yesterday to borrow a nickel, on account of he wanted to go downtown to get him a job chauffeuring. Sam gave him the nickel, but instead of hitting for the elevated, Abram saw a piano in the rear of the shop, and decided he would strike a few barber shop chords. He started to mess around with those keys and how he did play that old piano! Witnesses in Magistrate Overton Harris' court this morning all agreed that Abram sure could draw out those old "St. Louis Blues." Patrons rose from the barber chairs ignoring the risk of cut throats and threw him quarters. Then Abram got swole up, according to Mr. Tucker. He said that as good as he could take tunes out of that piano he could put a better one in. He took out his chauffeur's tools and took the piano apart to tune it. But when he put it together again it had no tone at all—no more than a fish with a sore throat.

Abram banged the keys, but no sound issued forth. Thereupon Mrs. Priscilla Tucker, owner of the piano, grabbed onto Abram's tools as partial reparation, and Mr. Tucker thrust him forth into the street, with his nickel but without the tools to work with even did he get a job. Abram complained to Magistrate Harris today.

It was in order to recover the tools that he haled the Tuckers before the Harlem cad.

But Magistrate Harris, a just judge, told Abram to replace the tune in that piano before he claimed his tools.

"Are you a piano tuner?" he asked.

"No sir, I'm a chauffeur," Abram admitted.

"Well, then, just tune engines," ordered the Magistrate. "And if you don't have that piano tuned by somebody today I'll have you locked up yourself."

Jumps From Window While In Plaster Cast

PEORIA, Ill., Dec. 14.—Rex Collier, 25, was cured today of turning handsprings and jumping out of hospital windows. When he turned the handsprings in the county jail, where he was awaiting trial, he told a guard he thought he had dislocated a vertebra. He was sent to the hospital and put in a fifty-pound plaster cast from neck to hips. That night he dropped, cast and all, from a second floor window and escaped. In the morning he was back, teeth chattering with the cold. "That cast was heavy," he said as he walked in voluntarily, "but it wasn't warm at all."

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN



1255

INTERNATIONAL CARTOON CO. N. Y.

Christmas In The Valley

By NELLIE MAE LYNCH

"Come little children already mother is telling a story of Christmas and Santa Claus. My! how interesting you are; but listen, and I will tell the story of two little girls who did not have a Santa as you have.

Long, long ago on the mountain top there lived a family of peasants which is to say very poor people.

There were two little girls about the age of you children, and every day was the same to them. The mother and father being poor never told them of Santa, or why the people in the valley celebrated Christmas.

Listen quietly, and maybe you will hear the names of the girls we are talking of, Mary Lou and Christine Allen.

They never walked into a room bright with candle light, and saw a beautiful tree loaded with dolls, toys and everything nice, as you soon will.

Now as the northwind and snow sweeps down the mountain, it is bringing happiness to Mary Lou and Christine. A new family of people are moving to the valley below. You may know just how anxious these new comers were to climb to the mountain top, and see the scenery, and the people who lived above them. So a few days before Christmas the three girls started the climb to the top, it wasn't a very high mountain, and they

could reach the top in half a day. As they journeyed on, the three were busily talking of Santa. The first spoke, "I'll bet Santa is on the mountain now." The second, "With a big pack

for the children here, and in the valley."

Then the third spoke, "I wish we had moved here, because he visits the mountain children first."

Don't you know they were surprised when they met Mary Lou and Christine, playing together, never talking of Santa, or where the Christmas holidays would be spent?

They stopped and talk'd together a few minutes and before leaving the oldest girl asked, "Will your parents let you come and spend Christmas with us?"

"We will go to their home and see," the second spoke.

So the five children ran as fast as they could to the little hut, as the mother opened the door, the three yelled, "Oh, Mrs. Allen, let your children come spend Christmas with us?"

My, but Mary Lou and Christine must have been a bit happy, and surprised when she agreed they might go down in the valley with these good girls.

Christmas Eve Day came, now listen children, again, we see the three girls climbing the mountain early. They were much happier than before, because there would be five coming back to the valley. When they reached the top and ran to the hut, Mary Lou and Christine were ready for the journey. All the way down to the valley the girls talked of Santa, and what they wanted him to bring them.

At last the long day is ended. Now Santa is well on his way to the valley. That night instead of

three stockings, here were five hanging in the Johnson's home by the chimney place.

Before going to bed the three girls told Mary Lou and Christine of the Christ Child being born in Bethlehem, and that they celebrated Christmas as his birthday.

Little ones, when the bright sun said "good morning" to the people in the valley that Christmas, it found five happy children.

I haven't time to tell you just what Santa had brought them, and how happy they were. But I can tell you he brought everything you little girls could want for.

Now comes the day for them to leave the good valle people, and go back to the mountain. They were accompanied by the three girls to help carry their gifts.

By the next Christmas the Allen family had gotten a little extra money and until now Santa visits Mary Lou and Christine and they know why we celebrate Christmas. They are living happily on the mountain top with the Johnsons in the valley below.

RESOLUTION OF RESPECT

Whereas, the God of love and wisdom has seen fit to call from her earthly labors to her heavenly reward, one of our faithful and beloved members, Mrs. Belle Tunstall, and whereas, in her going we keenly sense our loss, knowing our loss works to her an excellent weight of glory, be it therefore resolved,

First, that while we deeply deplore the great loss we have sustained in her going, we humbly

bow to the will of Him who doeth all things well and who is too wise to err and too merciful to be un-

Second, that we the members of Mrs. Pendleton's Philathea Class of the Warrenton Baptist church in a true spirit of resignation say "Not our will but thine be done."

Third, that we honor her precious and consecrated life by carrying on the work that was so dear to her life, until that day when we shall know even as we are known.

Fourth, that we extend to the family our tenderest sympathy in their bereavement and commend to them the Christ whom she loved and served so faithfully, and who will sustain them in this their sorrow.

Fifth, that a copy of these resolutions be spread on our Philathea Class records, a copy be published in The Warren Record, and Charity and Children and a copy be sent to the family.

Respectfully,
MRS. JOHN BELL,
MRS. ED. RODWELL,
MISS ANNIE BELL McCRAW

Among foreigners in London, Russians now are the most numerous.

DR. L. M. FISKE
CHIROPRACTOR
Parker Building
HENDERSON, N. C.

**OUR
SPECIAL OFFER
OF
The Warren Record
for \$1.00 a Year Ends This Month. After
January 1 the Price will be
\$1.50 a Year**

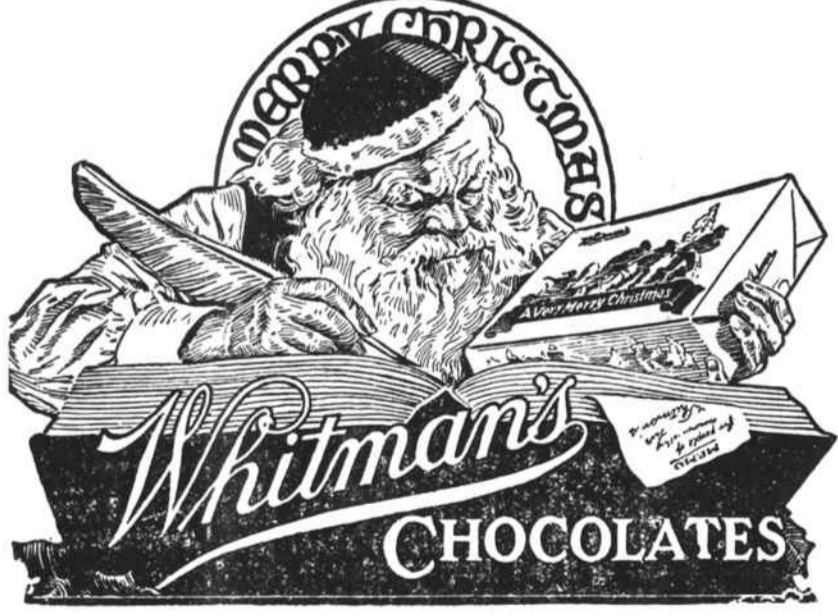
The Warren Record has sold for \$2 a year for many years. In order to encourage country people to renew their subscriptions for long enough time to carry them to the fall of 1932, we reduced the paper for a limited time to \$1 for 12 months.

The price of this newspaper will remain \$1.50 a year until a return of normal business conditions, when the old rate will be resumed.

*There is still time to take advantage
of our \$1.00 offer
But only a few days left, so subscribe now*

We will greatly appreciate it if readers of The Warren Record will tell their friends contemplating subscribing that the special offer will end on January 1.

The Warren Record
N. B. The Warren Record makes an ideal Christmas gift, one that is enjoyed throughout the year.



People this year are looking for suitable and economic gifts. We recommend Whitman's chocolates—the best candies on the market to-day

Every one understands that it will be impossible to give as expensive presents this Yuletide season as in better days, so this will be more or less a Candy Christmas. Whitman's will carry the message of good cheer. We are well stocked,

Prices ranging from 75c to \$7-50

No matter what size box your pocketbook dictates, the receiver will be assured of the best in the candy line.

Of course we are also well stocked with other gifts for Christmas. We invite your inspection

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