



Christmas Givers
by Agnes Myers

"LUELLA," said her mother with a warning look, "take your hand out of those raisins and finish paring the apples for my pie."

"But, I've done most a bushel already," giggled the guilty youngster.

"S'pose you have! How many pies do you figure you children eat? Besides, Christmas time we have to have extras for folks coming in."

"Mercy me," she continued, "it's time for Joel to be home from the church bazaar! Look at that snow!"

Mrs. Dodge opened the cold closet and peered with secret delight at the fast filling shelves. Coffee cans filled with steamed plum puddings, a fine baked ham, frosted chocolate cakes, a whole row of pies—pumpkin and mince; and a big bowl of cranberry sauce, skins and all.

"Sally, you better help Luella with the apples, we're almost finished with the baking; and now if your father



"Mother! Mother!" Shouted Joel, bounding into the house.

would bring the turkey, I could stuff it tonight."

She glanced toward the kitchen window—

"My stars! Here comes old Emil Cooper! I'll just give him a jug of that new cider and a mince pie, when he's going home."

Mrs. Dodge had a bountiful nature. She anticipated Emil Cooper and the many other hangers-on, who always showed up around Christmas; while the supply of pies and puddings grew less and less as the visitors departed.

"Father's coming!" cried the children and they ran to the door excitedly to meet him, followed by Mrs. Dodge. But a look of perplexity, almost distress, spread over her face.

"Where's the turkey?" she gasped.

"Fact is—" hesitated Mr. Dodge, "I gave it to Ned Blake on the way home—for his poor family. Mother—I couldn't, couldn't help it."

"Well," sighed Mrs. Dodge, with a crest-fallen face, "I guess they need it all right—and we still have the ham."

A light quick step sounded on the snowy porch.

"Mother! Mother!" shouted Joel, bounding into the house with a bundle larger than himself. "See! See what I have! I won the big 25-pound turkey at the bazaar!"

"Why son!" exclaimed Mr. Dodge, "that turkey is twice the size of the one we gave away!"

© Western Newspaper Union.

A Church To Fill
by Frances Grinstead

OUR family had attended Christmas services at the church on the brow of the hill.

It is just a "little brown church," but of recent years it has been modernized with a furnace, a basement for church dinners, and work tables and sand piles in the Sunday school rooms. The grown-ups like it better since there are more and bigger oil lamps.

"What else are you doing at your church this week?" asked Uncle Joe as he spread his napkin and looked toward the turkey. Uncle Joe is a



"What Else Are You Doing at Your Church?" Asked Uncle Joe.

New England minister, with his eyes usually set on heaven; but he does like turkey.

"Why, nothing else," mother answered. "What would we have at the church besides Sunday services and the Christmas sermon, since we've left off Wednesday night prayer meetings?"

"Tell you what I'd do if it were my church," replied uncle, watching father carve. "I'd keep that place warm from morning till late night all this week, with somebody serving tea to any who might drop in, and something going on throughout the holidays. I heard Dave say last night there's nowhere to go but the movies."

Brother jumped. "You wouldn't expect me to go to church every day, sir?"

"I'd fix it so you couldn't stay away. Would you turn down a chance at an old-fashioned taffy pull?"

"Then, since your mother doesn't have to get you off to school this week, why shouldn't she go herself?"

"Are you leaving me out, Joe?" asked father, laying down the carving tools.

"Not by any means! This would be a mighty good time to get your county agent to tell you what to raise next year instead of corn and hogs. Or to get your hand in at chess. By the way, I'd have all those big low tables covered with games. I'll bet there are sets of anagrams and cribbage just going to waste in your attic."

"There are!" cried Dave, "and wouldn't it be fun, mom, to get out our old photograph to show the fellows? We got some good records."

"Yes, but hurry, so you can wash the dishes while I use the phone. There's going to be so much going on in that church, we'll be falling over each other to get into it."

© Western Newspaper Union.



Idlewild Children Write Santa Claus

Mrs. Eula Hartzog, of the Idlewild school, has been entrusted with six letters to Santa Claus which she has sent on to The Skyland Post for delivery. Here they are:

Idlewild, N. C.
Dec. 17, 1935

Dear Santa Claus:
I am a little girl eight years old and in the third grade. I want you to bring me at Christmas a pencil-box, booksatchel, oranges, candy and nuts. I have one sister and three brothers. Please, Santa, bring them something too.

Your little friend,
LOUISE MILLER.

Idlewild, N. C.
Dec. 17, 1935

Dear old Santa Claus:
As Christmas is getting near, guess I had better let you know what I would like most to have. I want a toy piano and a wrist watch. I will not ask for anything more. I do not want to be selfish as there are lots of little boys and girls who do not have many toys. Please visit them with the things they ask for. And if you have any thing left you may leave me something more; but please don't forget the things I ask for. With many thanks, your little nine-year-old friend,

NINA HARTZOG.

Idlewild, N. C.
Dec. 17, 1935

Dear Santa Claus:
I am a little boy, nine years old. Please don't forget me when you visit all the little boys and girls on Christmas Eve. I want some candy, nuts and fruits. But most of anything, I want some good story books. I love to read. And please, dear Santa, remember all the little children who don't have any one to give them things on Christmas but you.

With lots of love,
REX MILLER.

Idlewild, N. C.
Dec. 17, 1935

Dear Santa Claus:
I am a little girl nine years old. I am in the fifth grade and I go to Idlewild school. I would like to have a doll for Christmas, a wrist watch, paint book, and some water colors. I would also like to have some oranges, candies, and nuts. I'll be expecting you Christmas.

Your little friend,
MILDRED OWENS.

Idlewild, N. C.
Dec. 17, 1935

Dear Santa Claus:
I am a little girl nine years of age. I go to school at Idlewild. My teacher's name is Mrs. Eula Hartzog. I am going to tell you what I would like to have for Xmas. I would like to have a toy piano, a painting book and some water colors. But I would be pleased with what ever you bring me.

Your little friend,
EDITH YATES.

Idlewild, N. C.
Dec. 17, 1935

Dear Santa Claus:
Will you please remember me again this Christmas and bring me lots of toys, nuts and candy. Santa, if it would not be too much trouble, bring me a red wagon also. I am a little white-headed boy eight years old.

Your friend,
ROGER JOHNSTON.

Nitrate On Ship In Brazil Harbor Blows Up Vessel

An explosion aboard a nitrate-laden Swedish ship in the harbor of Santos, Brazil, Friday caused the death of at least 31 persons, including three members of the crew.

The vessel, the 3,019-ton freighter Britt Marie, sank almost immediately after the blast.

So great was the confusion along the wharves hours after the explosion that no accurate check of the death toll could be made.

Capt. Jon Anderson, captain of the vessel, said that he had ascertained three of the crew were lost, two injured, while the others were saved.

Port officials said that about 50 stevedores were believed to have been aboard the ship at the time of the explosion and that about half of them succeeded in escaping with their lives.

Rescuers searched the harbor for floating bodies. Two of the dead were identified as quay vendors, while a third was a fireman visiting friends aboard the ship at the time of the disaster.

Inventor Says Process Makes Wood Like Iron

Kenosha, Wis.—Shrunk wood, so tough an iron mallet will not dent it, may soon appear on the market, according to Alfred G. Olsen, Elkhorn woodworker.

Olsen has patented a process which he says will make soft pine as strong as iron, as the result of 17 years experimenting.

Tests of wood treated by Olsen revealed it capable of withstanding pressures up to 25,000 pounds, while ordinary wood smashed at 750 to 1,000 pounds.

While not revealing his process, Olsen explained that the wood is shrunk in chemical solutions, eliminating the lignin or pores. When shrunk, 100 per cent wood has withstood the equivalent of ten years' wear without showing it, he reported, predicting its invasion into fields exclusively held by metals.

A kitchen fire in an English inn has burned continuously for 134 years.

More than 15,500,000 stamps are purchased in this country every year.

FOR SALE—Fairbanks—Morse 32 volt light plant in good condition, less batteries. Central Radio Co., West Jefferson, N. C.

NEW, LOWER PRICES ON BIG DODGE

Already priced only a few dollars more than the very lowest-priced cars... Dodge has recently announced even lower prices... as low as \$640, list prices at the factory, Detroit! But the big, new, money-saving Dodge saves you more than on original first cost. From all over the country come reports of amazing gas and oil economy—18 to 24 miles per gallon and savings up to 20% on oil, owners say. More luxuriously appointed than ever before... with stunning new style and beauty, this new Dodge has been hailed by noted auto editors and fashion authorities as the most beautiful car in all Dodge history. See and drive this big, new Dodge "Beauty Winner" without delay. See the free economy test. Find out for yourself how Dodge can save you money every mile you drive.

Man Killed As Team Of Mules Run Away

John H. Long, 73, was killed instantly near his home, three miles north of Yadkinville, Dec. 20, when a team of mules ran away and threw him from a wagon.

Long was hauling corn when the mules became frightened and ran, throwing him under the wheels which passed over his head. He was found by a tenant.

Surviving are the widow and a son, J. D. Long, of Winston-Salem.

Funeral services were conducted at Deep Creek Friends Church Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

A Guessing Game For Your Next Party

Here is a grand one for your next "lady" party.

Guessing games will make a success of any party; they give each person a chance to do something and break the ice, should there be any present. The next time you have your women friends in for luncheon, or the card club, church circle or parent-teachers' society, just coax them into this guessing game and see if this assertion is not true. We'll guarantee you will have more fun and surprises than you could dream were possible in such a familiar subject as CAKE.

Every woman prides herself on knowing a lot about cake, and that is where the fun begins in the guessing contest for often the one who says least, knows the most and is the winner.

When preparing for this game, take up your cook book and run through the index of names; your clever brain may originate some questions and answers much more amusing than these, but these will give you an idea of how it is done. Before going to the questions, you should have sufficient pencils and sheets of paper on which are the questions, for each woman to have one. There should be a definite time set, also in which these questions must be answered—say 20 minutes, at the end of which all papers are picked up by you, the hostess, and you read the answers aloud. Better still, have each woman read her first question in turn, and then when all the answers to the first question have been read aloud, you read the right answer. It is a barrel of fun to hear some of the guesses that will be made and how wildly some women differ in their ideas of what kind of cake is called for by the question.

A prize for the winner makes the game more interesting and nothing could be nicer than the favorite cake—and one she excels in—of the hostess. Of the consolation prize there might be a cup for the poorest guesser, or a cookie.

Now for the question:

1. What is the happiest cake?
2. What cake should be baked every 4 years?
3. What is the old maid's cake?
4. What cake has a royal title?
5. What cake is full of pep?
6. What is the small boy's cake?
7. What is the baby's cake?
8. What cake is every girl's dream?
9. What cake never pays its way?
10. What is the brightest cake?
11. What cake weighs the most?
12. What cake weighs the least?
13. What cake does the gardner use?
14. What cake is the hen's favorite?
15. What cake do squirrels like best?
16. What is the variety cake?
17. What cake measures the least?
18. What is the mischief maker's cake?
19. What cake is most expensive?
20. What is the Christmas cake?

- Answers**
1. Birthday.
 2. Election.
 3. Pricilla.
 4. Prince of Wales.
 5. Ginger cake
 6. Johnny.
 7. Angel.
 8. Wedding.
 9. Poorman's Raisin Cake.
 10. Sunshine.
 11. Pound.
 12. Feather.
 13. oHe Cake.
 14. One Egg.
 15. Nut.
 16. Marble.
 17. Cup.
 18. Devil's Food Cake.
 19. Gold.
 20. Fruit.

Washington, D. C., has more telephones in proportion to population than any other city in the world.

State Patrolmen On Lookout For Reckless Drivers

Intensive Campaign Expected To Continue; Many Prominent People Loose Permits

Aggressions against reckless drivers are taking driving licenses from many of them, Capt. C. D. Farmer of the state highway patrol announced in Raleigh, Friday.

The department set out for these drivers in November. The first losses of licenses were reported a few days ago. It takes two offences to put these drivers down. They may be caught in wild driving once, but if there is no liquor in it they get another trial. But two sins will cost them their license.

The department means after the first of the year to make daily reports, if possible, on the court conviction of these drivers. The public will get their names for its protection. The last list of revocations carried about 215 drunken drivers, several reckless ones and a trio of killers.

Some of these punished drivers are prominent public men, but they lose along with the others. Two doctors have given up their driving permits. They will be horribly handicapped in their practice without a machine. They may be driven by a chauffeur, but they must not put their hands to the steering wheel.

The big reduction in deaths on the highways in November may have been one of the early results of this campaign. There is wild war on drunk and daring drivers. The highway patrol head thinks the dignified publication of the names will help more than fines by the court. No public man wishes it known that his driving license has been taken from him. The printing of the one woman's name as a lost licentiate had a good effect on the female of the species.

The campaign against these drunks, Mr. Farmer says, is just beginning. The reckless drivers are more plentiful than the inebriates and road users think more dangerous. They are harder to catch and more difficult to convict. Before the 1935 general assembly amended the former laws there was an arbitrary rate of speed that was called dangerous, 45 miles an hour and more. Now it takes more than 45 miles to convict. The highway patrol must make good on its evidence. It must show that there was danger when men are pulled off the roads for misuses of those machines. There were 24 deaths in November which appear to have been without any contributing cause beyond the reckless driving of the man who held the wheel.

There were others on certain stretches of road recognized as dangerous, but these 24 were killed without any observance cause beyond the suspicious rate of speed at which the cars were driven. The department is going after all these.

To date approximately 500 drivers have lost their licenses by act of the courts. The fall season of greatest driving activity, naturally produces revocations, but the big figures look small when it is recalled that there are about 500,000 cars in North Carolina, not to mention the drivers who come into the state and lose their privileges of using the state's roads.

It will take several months to ascertain whether the campaign is producing the results hoped for it. Informal returns for December show a continued reduction. There were 131 deaths in October, but only 92 in November which should have been an even more murderous 30 days. There were 115 killed in November, 1934, and 117 in December. The statistics tabulated to date show a big reduction, but the Christmas killings are not due until this week.

Last year over 1,299,100,000 pounds of candy were sold in this country at an average price of 14.4 cents a pound.

The Securities and Exchange Commission has a "rogues' gallery" of 30,000 fake stock salesmen and "get-rich-quick" promoters.

Five of every six persons in the United States are expected to be ill during the next year.

The English walnut is not of English origin, but a native of Persia.

San Juan Capistrano (California) "mission swallows" have started their annual flight southward on October 23 for the last 68 years.

BRITISH WAR CHIEF



Alfred Duff Cooper, former financial secretary to the treasury, who has been named war minister of Great Britain by Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin. His wife is the famous beauty, Lady Diana Manners.

HAS A PEACE PLAN



Mrs. Grace L. Oswald of West La Fayette, Ind., photographed in her hotel suite in New York after she had told of her plan for world peace and for a "United States of the World." Mrs. Oswald proposes to permit foreign nations to pay into the International bank at Basel, Switzerland, the war debts owed the United States. The money is to be the nucleus for the support of the League of Nations, the World court, the International Red Cross and all other peace agencies now in existence, working as part of the machinery of a United States of the World. The organization set up would guarantee economic security to all nations, thereby eliminating the need of armaments. The President of the United States of the World would be elected by popular vote.

FIRST SNOW QUEEN



To Theresa Sham of Stowe, Vt., goes the honor of being the first young woman to be elected a snow queen this winter in the United States. She was given the title at a carnival of the Mount Mansfield Ski club.