



The Journal wishes it's many subscribers a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Miss Mary Berry, a student at Trinity College, arrived in the city last night to spend the holidays here.

Miss Katherine Lucas who has been attending the Randolph-Macon Female College arrived in the city last night to spend the holidays here.

Miss Marjorie Rea who has been attending Meredith College arrived in the city yesterday to spend the holidays here.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY TO MEET.

The members of the Missionary Society of Centenary Church are requested to meet in the Church parlors Sunday morning a few minutes before the hour for service at which time the annual sermon will be preached by Rev. E. McWhorter.

LITTLE CHOIR SISTER

HE called her the Choir Sister, because she was the daughter of the Choir Mother. Children have mothers to mend their clothes and see that their faces and hands are clean before they march into church. The Choir Mother was the wife of the janitor of the church where the choir sang, and so kind was she that all the boys loved her.

It was easy to like the Choir Sister, too, because she played ball with the boys before rehearsal. And those nights when the Choir Master let them invite their friends in for games she was the girl most of them wanted for a partner.

So anyone can see why the boys were blue when Ricky Jackson, her brother, came into the choir room Christmas eve and said:

"Milk" (short for Mildred, her real name) "Isn't going to have any Christmas?"

The boys stopped right there, some with their clothes only half on. If they didn't find out right away what was the matter with the Choir Sister, the Christmas eve service would have to go without their singing.

So Ricky told how she had come down that morning with a funny tired feeling, and sniffing and hot cheeks and had to stay in bed and how she cried when she thought of the tree she was going to miss.

You can see why that Christmas eve service was not as happy as it should have been for these boys. Afterward, when the tree was lighted, with the starlike candles and the Sunday school room was filled with boys and girls opening their presents, each choir boy was thinking of the Choir Sister, lying there at home, wishing she could be with them.

Next day people in church thought the boys sang the Christmas hymns better than ever. But the people did not know that just before the boys marched in the Choir Master had told them a plan by which the Choir Sister would have a Christmas she would never forget.

At evening the janitor's doorbell rang. The Choir Mother opened it, and in came the Choir Master and a lot of boys with red cheeks and smiling faces. Back of the others four of the biggest boys dragged through the door a small Christmas tree.

They set the tree up in the parlor. Everyone was still for they didn't want the Choir Sister to know anything about it till it was all ready. Soon the candles were in place, and the trimmings, and they lit the candles, and each boy placed a package under the tree, and then a wonderful thing happened!

The door opened and the Choir Mother and the Choir Master walked in, carrying between them a little stretcher, and upon that lay the Choir Sister.

You should have seen her face! You could almost see the light of the candles sparkling in it, so happy was she! The boys held their breath, wondering what she would say. Her little cheeks glowed as she sat up straight and held her arms out toward the tree.

And her eyes sparkled as she said: "Oh my Christmas tree!"

Then she turned to the boys, and said: "Oh my dear Choir Master!"

Then she cried a little, just because she was so happy, and some of the boys noticed a wet spot because she was crying. Then they saw all the little packages under the tree.

She said: "Oh my dear Choir Master!"

She said: "Oh my dear Choir Master!"

dreamed that she saw a flock of sheep with their shepherds on a great plain. Suddenly there was a great light from above and she seemed to hear angels singing.

She awoke. The singing did not stop. She arose and opened the window.

There, in the moonlight under her window stood her Choir Brothers with lighted candles, like the Christmas carol singers of Old England. They were singing this hymn:

"Hark! the Herald Angels sing,"

When the verse was finished the Choir Sister leaned out and called down to them:

"Brothers, you have made me love God a whole lot more. A merry Christmas to you all!"

"And to you!" they echoed.

As the Choir Sister crept back to bed she heard the voices of the boys die away in the distance. Then a chime of bells somewhere out in the great snow-white world rang out the very hymn the boys had been singing and the Choir Sister fell asleep.

A Christmas Motto.

The more we know, the better we forgive; Who's ever feels deeply, feels for all who live.

A MEMORABLE TREAT

THE colonel sat comfortably in his chair and gazed dreamily through a heavy cloud of Havana at the Christmas crowd.

"Ha-ha!" colonel. At last I've found you looking sad!" And a friend who had come up from behind and slapped him affectionately on the shoulder pulled a big chair alongside and sat down.

The colonel leaned farther back in the enveloping leather and a volley of expanding rings poured from beneath the carefully trimmed white mustache.

"That," he said, with a wave of his hand toward the throngs, "set me to thinking of how in my country school-days we big, bad boys sometimes locked the teacher out to make him give us a Christmas treat. At the precise moment you soaked me on the shoulder I was thinking of the time we locked out our teacher. We notified him a week beforehand that we expected him to give us a nice, substantial treat when school 'let out,' as we said, on Christmas eve. He had been a good-natured fellow and had succeeded in keeping on good terms with us scamps in spite of us, so as we wanted, for the reason, to let him off as easily as possible we specified only a box of oranges and a box of candy.

"I'll think about it," he said, laughing, and we supposed it was as good as agreed to.

"So when on the morning of Christmas Eve day Mr. Teacher arrived without anything that possibly could contain a treat, we were hurt—doubly hurt to think that a supposed friend would treat us so. We silently waited till the noon hour, and when luncheon had been hurriedly gulped, two of us were detailed to get him away from the school house on some pretext or other. They succeeded, but he didn't stay long, as it was a cold day and there was snow. When he found the door locked he rattled the knob and called:

"Open the door, please! It is I, Mr. G—"

"Sorry," one of the boys replied through the keyhole, "but you'll have to give us a Christmas treat before we let you in."

"Come, boys, come," he said sternly. "It is too cold for joking. Let me in at once!"

"We're not joking; we yelled back. 'We want a treat. Go to the store and get a big box of oranges and a big box of candy and have them here for us this afternoon, and we'll open the door. Or, if you'll promise on your word of honor, we'll let you in.'"

"For answer he pounded on the door and thundered:

"Boys, I order you to open this door! Will you obey me?"

"Treat!" was our ultimatum.

"Followed several minutes of silence and suspense, then he called to us:

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My friends began asking me why I looked so well, and I told them about Cardui. Several are now taking it.

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The first application gives them relief. The second cures them.

WHEN CHRISTMAS TIME COMES ROUND

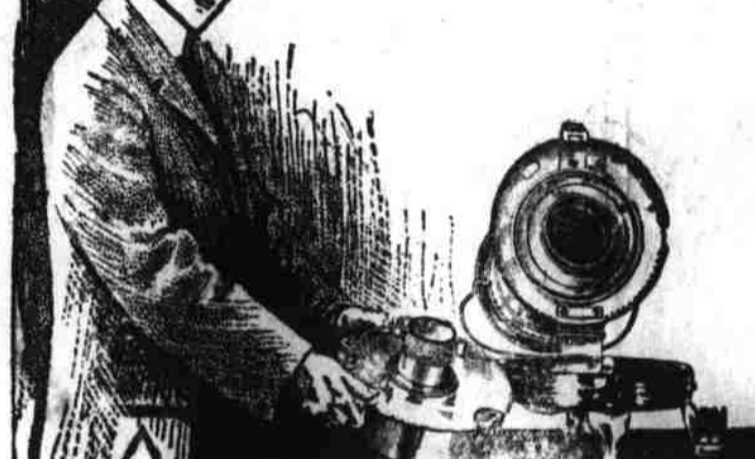
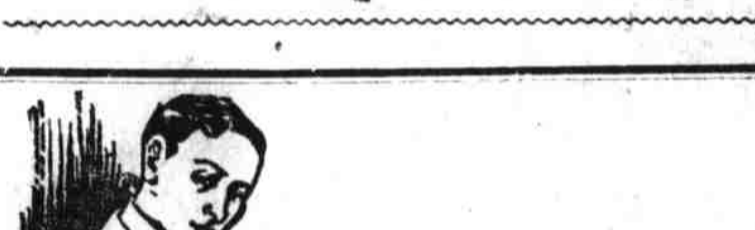
S. E. KISER

When Christmas time comes round it comes As though the long, long years Roll back and take away our cares And dry up all our tears: I don't know why it is, but when 'The great day comes along I get to feelin' young again, And kind of turn to song, And whistle and go on just like A boy would. 'I'll be bound, The old world seems to brighten up When Christmas time comes round.

I'm tickled at the Jumpin' Jack And all them kind of things: I like to watch the boys that play By windin' up the springs, And somehow—don't know why it is— Love seems to fill the air, And I forget I've enemies Or troubles anywhere; And every little while I sort Of listen for the sound Of voices that have long been still, When Christmas time comes round.

I wish that I was Santa Claus And had a magic sleigh, To visit all the children who Look forward to the day— The orphans and the cripples and The poor folks everywhere— All children that are good and kind And don't forget their prayers: I'll bet you that they'd all be glad When they got up and found Their stockings fairly bustin' out, When Christmas time comes round.

Oh, happy time of jinglin' bells And hills all white with snow; Oh, joyful day that takes us back To care-free long ago! I wonder if up there above Where happy angels roam They do not get to thinkin' of The happy times at home, And turn, in fancy, back once more To listen to the sound Of voices that have long been still, When Christmas time comes round?



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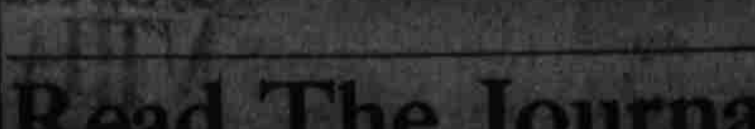
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Read The Journal

CHRISTMAS DON'T'S

Don't tell people that you do not expect to receive any presents. You know you do.

Don't forget that the clerk who has been working long hours for many weeks is human.

Don't, if the present you are sending away was expensive, fail to remove the price tag.

Don't hunt for price marks on the presents you receive.

Don't wait till Christmas for the purpose of being kind.

Don't let your left pocket know what your right pocket gives for friendship, for love or for charity.

Don't be grouchy merely because some delivery boy happens to prod you with the corner of a box that is twice as large as he.

Don't let yourself suppose when you crowd into the place where Christmas shopping is being done that you are the only one who is in a hurry.



Don't present your Christmas gift as if you were conferring a favor. Don't give merely for the purpose of creating the impression that you are generous.

JESTS and RIDDLES of the CHRISTMAS SEASON

Dear Santa Claus: My mother she says what she wishes you'd bring me On Christmas is a heart that's kind And—oh, yes, the wish to mind, And happy smiles for every day And goodness that won't wear away.

Dear Santa Claus, please won't you bring These all on Christmas—everything My mother wishes that you would! And—and a sled that's strong and good, And I would like to have a gun— The kind that shoots—an iron one.



My father told me if I'd write And ask you for it that you might Bring me the wish to study well And learn to read and write and spell, And thankfulness for lime that's straight And youth and health that's simply great.

Friend Santa, bring them all and I'll be good and cheerful all the while; But if I can't have everything, My parents say they wish you'd bring, And if I can't have only one, Why, please, I'd rather have the gun. GEORGE.

A Preference.

"Bobbie, would you rather find your Christmas present in your stocking or on a tree?"

"I'd rather have it on a tree, 'cause there's more room there."

Wise King Solomon.

"King Solomon had a great head all right."

"Certainly. He was the wisest man who ever lived."

"I guess he was. He had all those wives of his before there was any such thing as Christmas."

Independence.

"Well," said the good man, putting little Willie on the head, "have you written to Santa Claus?"

"No," replied the child. "I heard papa and mamma talkin' about what they were goin' to give me, one night when they thought I was asleep, and if old Santa doesn't want to stop here without gettin' invited he can drive on."

For Sale

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This is a prescription prepared especially for MALARIA or CHILLS & FEVER, Live or the disease will break any case, and if taken three or four times, the Fever will not return, all acts on the liver better than calomel and does not grip or sicken. 2c



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