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Christmas in Washington

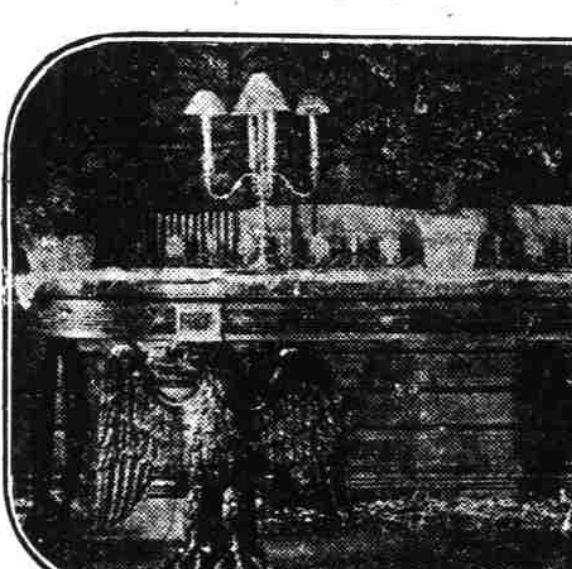
CHRISTMAS in Washington is not altogether like the northern holiday, even though there be snow on the Potomac hills and in the low lying valley of the river itself. Here on the sunny slope of the White House lawn dandelions and the heartsease are the Christmas blossoms, while the hepatica not infrequently shows itself white and blue to the sun on the banks confining Rock Creek.

Christmas is a particularly genial season in Washington. There is enough of the southern atmosphere in the capital to make the holiday partake of the nature of the Christmas of the further south, for the natal day of Christ always has been given warm and exulting recognition in the country south of the Mason and Dixon line.

There are children in the White House at this holiday season as there were all through the administration of Mr. Taft's predecessor in office, Theodore Roosevelt. The president has three children at home with him to enjoy the holiday festivities in the House of State. It is true that of the three children one is just entering manhood and the other womanhood, while the third is just out of knickerbockers. Robert Taft, the president's oldest son, is home from college for the season's merrymaking, and his sister, Helen, is here also for the gaieties of the younger set. "Charlie" Taft has not outgrown the Christmas tree age and a Christmas tree he will have.

During the seven years of the Roosevelt administration, although there were five children in the White House, there was a Christmas tree only once. Mr. Roosevelt did not like the Christmas tree idea because he is a great believer in the conservation of the forests of the country, and he held that the Christmas tree trade worked havoc with the supply of evergreens. So it was that while Christmas in the White House during his term of office was all that the holiday otherwise should be, the children were not allowed a tree.

The youngest Roosevelt boy, however, had Christmas tree views of his own and once he secured one, trimmed it in seclusion, and then hid it away in a closet where it was not discovered by his father, the president, until the Christmas season had pretty well waned.



WHITE HOUSE SIDEBOARD FROM WHICH CHRISTMAS DINNER IS SERVED

A Christmas tree hereafter probably will be in evidence at the White House at every holiday. Mr. Taft need have no scruples on account of "forest devastation," because Gifford Pinchot, formerly chief forester of the government, has said that Christmas trees enough can be cut to supply the market demand without threatening the future supply. Mr. Pinchot believes in saving the trees, and he would not have this statement without proper study of the situation. He did not give out his edict, however, until the Roosevelt family had left the executive mansion, and while the former chief forester is one of Colonel Roosevelt's intimate friends, it is probable that Mr. Pinchot on the tree question ought not to have been so long delayed.

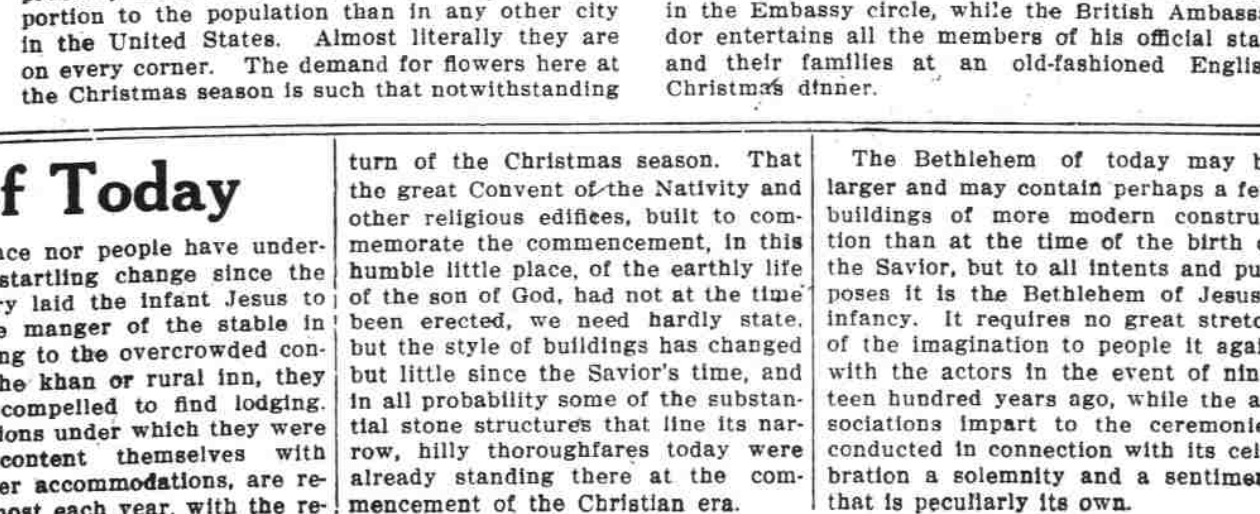
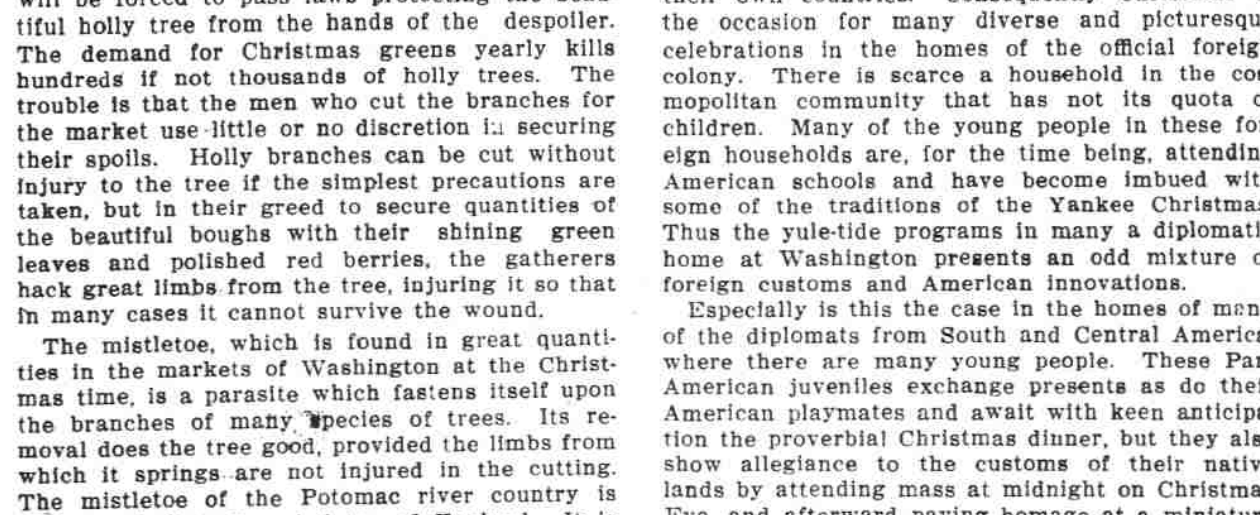
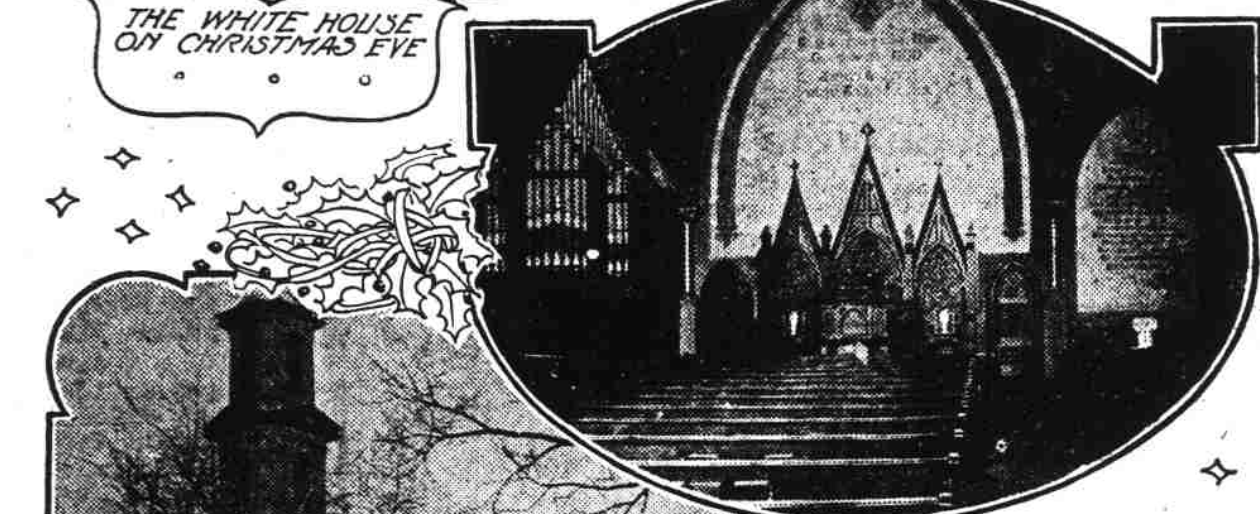
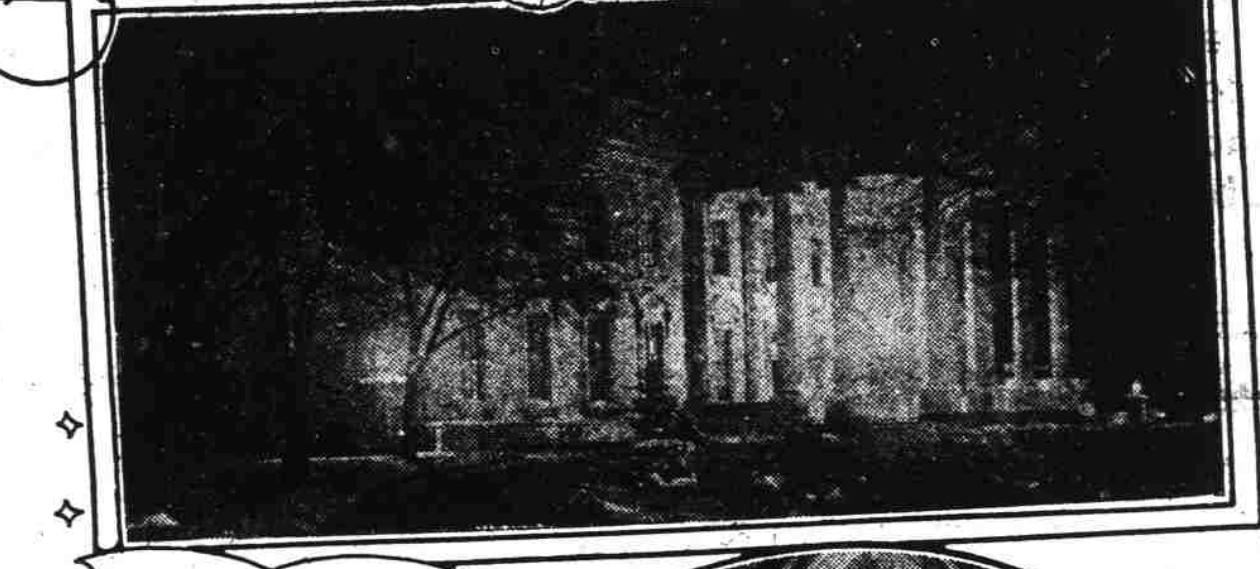
They play golf all winter in Washington, and if perchance there is snow on the ground they play the game with red balls instead of the ordinary white ones, and so when President Taft plays his holiday games he will not stand in any danger of forfeiting a stroke because of the loss of a golf ball. A red ball is a conspicuous mark against a white background.

Every employee of the White House receives a big Christmas turkey as a gift from the president and his wife. Some of the White House household servants and some of the members of the office force have been in the employment of presidents through many administrations. Col. William H. Crook, who is the executive clerk, has been in the service ever since Grant's day and recently he has written his reminiscences of White House life over eight presidents. Since the early Civil War days there have been children in the White House under nearly every administration, but whether or not there were children of the president's own families to gather about the fire and the Christmas tree, young people always found their way into the White House circle to help their elders celebrate the holiday.

Christmas parties for young people are always the regular order of things in the White House during the holiday season. The children of the cabinet officials, of the army and navy officers, of senators and representatives and of the diplomatists stationed here always are invited to a merry-making in the big east room.

Christmas is the great day in the household of the ambassadors and ministers from foreign countries and in the families of the Juniors of the different embassies and legations. The representatives of southern European governments and of the countries of Central and South America make much of Christmas. Not an embassy or a legation in this town but keeps open house virtually during the entire holiday season. Gift giving among foreigners represented here is carried to an extreme as well as among Americans, who give generously and are giving more generously and widely

By Edward B. Clark



NO MAN'S LAND A ROMANCE

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WATERS
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SYNOPSIS.
Garrett, Coast, a young man of New York City, meets Douglas Blackstock, who invites him to a card party. He accepts, although he dislikes Blackstock, the reason being that both are in love with Katharine. Coast is arrested for murder. He is convicted, but as he begins his sentence, Douglas and his wife, who have murdered and killed himself, Coast becomes free, but Blackstock has married Katharine. Coast and his wife purchase a yacht and while sailing sees a man thrown from a boat.

CHAPTER V.
Sunlight and shadow playing in swift alternation upon his face, as the Echo coasted to the morning breeze, Coast awakened.

For a moment almost thoughtless he lay drowsily enjoying the rise and dip of the boat, as drowsily conscious of a faint thrill of excitement, most probably comparable, perhaps, to the first walking sensations of a fourteen-year-old boy on a Fourth of July morning.

Then without warning the small chronometer on the transverse above his head rapped out smartly two double-chimes—ships' time: four bells: ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Astonished, he sat up quickly, and his still sleepy gaze, passing through the companionway, encountered the amused regard of the soldisant Melchisedec Appleyard. Promptly Coast found himself in full possession of his faculties. That in obedience to first instincts he nodded with a cordial smile, was significant.

Appleyard returned the salutation with a quick bob of his small head. "Good-morning, hero!" he sang out cheerfully.

He sat in the cockpit, huddled into the folds of a gray blanket, voluminous for his slight figure, a thin but wiry forearm bared to wield the cigarette he was smoking with every indication of enjoyment.

"Good-morning," he returned. "How do you feel after your adventure?"

"Unclothed but in my right mind," said Appleyard, with a twinkle of anxiety amending: "to the best of my knowledge and belief." He indicated airily the various articles constituting his painfully simple wardrobe. "Waiting for me to dry."

Appleyard hopped up, fingered his everyday attire critically, and pronounced it bone-dry; then, bundling it up, he returned to the cabin, seating himself on the opposite transverse to dress.

"And the sensations of a hero, refreshed by sound sleepers, are—"

"Hunger," said Coast. He moved forward and began to experiment gingerly with a new and untried alcohol stove. "I can offer you eggs, coffee, biscuit—and nothing else," he added, producing raw materials from a locker. "You see, I hadn't expected to entertain."

"Rotten inconsiderate of you," Appleyard grumbled. "I'll wire you a warning next time it occurs to me to drop in unexpectedly."

Divided between amusement and perplexity, in the course of the meal Coast reviewed a personality singularly enriched by a variety of suggestions consistently negative. The man's age was indeterminate—somewhere between thirty and forty-five. Loosely summarized, he might have been anybody or nobody on a lark or a whim.

Appleyard looked up quickly, with a shy, humorous smile.

"Well, what do you make of me?"

"It's hard enough to guess what you've made of yourself."

"Flattery note," observed Appleyard obscurely. "Yet you win my sympathy; sometimes I am moved to wog thoughtfully, a crinkle forming between his colorless eyebrows. 'It's really not what a man makes of himself; it's what his temperament does to him.'"

"Temperament!"

"Yes; you really ought to keep one, too; they're all the rage just now, and such excellent excuses for the indulgence of your pet idiosyncrasies."

"Oh! . . . And you blame yours for what?"

"For making me a—I presume posterity, in the final analysis, will adjudicate me to be a—"

"Literature?" asked Coast, aghast. "Good Heavens, no! Nothing like that! Life." He sighed profoundly. "Shall I rehearse to you the story of my life? No, I shall not rehearse to you the story of my life. But at all costs I shall talk about myself for a space: I insist upon it: I love to you don't seriously object?" he added, anxiously.

"Then compose yourself. . . . Born at an early age—in fact, at as early an age as you can comfortably imagine—I found myself immediately upon the sport of sardonic fortunes. That name, Melchisedec! One felt that there must be in one's future life some warmth of Romance to compensate for that infamous ignominy. So I labelled any reasonable human should really have looked forward to sure degeneration into the American peasant of the New England magazine-story type, sans brains, bowels, breath, beauty. A born ice-cake, however, as soon as I wakened to realization of my plight I mutilated and resolved to live down my shame. Thenward I set myself to painstaking muckraking in modern life, seeking the compensating Romance without which life were but death in life." He paused and cocked an eye at Coast. "Not bad for a beginning, what?"

"I have traversed much of the known world, only to come to that conclusion. I have penetrated the fastnesses of the Tennessee mountains, noting the illicit still: which proved merely sordid. Counterfeiting seemed to promise largely—and discovered itself the most ill-paid calling in the world. Diplomatic intrigue unmasked proved to be merely a popular fallacy shining in the reflected luster of the Six Best Sellers. . . . But I refrain from wearying you with a catalogue of the exploded mines of Romance; a list inordinately lengthy, believe me. High finance, I admit, escaped my probe; but the recent plague of Wall Street plays discouraged me, demonstrating that there was no Romance there. . . . So at length you find me turning in despair to the Seven Seas; afire, at all events, one must of necessity pursue the glamorous promise of the Unknown that lurks just down the horizon."

Appleyard paused, his men subdued, his gesture bespeaking resignation.

"All of which means—?" Coast insisted.

"I hardly know. Frankly, I thought that speech rather stupid myself. That's why I chopped it off. . . . One talks. . . . You may have noticed."

"I have," said Coast drily.

"You would, naturally," returned Appleyard without resentment. "But would it amuse you to learn how I

fully. "To resume: My detection promptly ensued and my presence was dispensed with, a trace unceremoniously, perhaps, but no doubt very properly from the skipper's point of view. With the subsequent phases of this most delectable adventure you are familiar; therefore I confidently assume your concurrence with my conclusion; which is—here am I. . . . Now," he wound up, inclining his head at an angle, and favoring Coast with a frankly speculative stare, "what are you going to do with me?"

"Coast opened his eyes wide, with a lift of his brows, as if to say that I contemplate doing anything with you, Mr. Appleyard."

"It's not yet too late for the amende courtoise," suggested his guest. "I'll gladly set you ashore—"

"Fardon, but that's precisely what I don't want you to do."

"But—"

"A moment's patience, sir. The Echo lacks a crew; I offer my services unanimously in that capacity."

"But I don't want a crew."

"Oh, don't say that!"

"As I have no need of one."

Appleyard lifted both hands and let them fall with a gesture of despair. "Infatuated man!" he murmured, regarding Coast with commiseration.

"Why infatuated?"

"What do you know of these waters?" the little man counterquestioned sharply.

"Little," Coast was obliged to admit; "or nothing, if you insist."

"And yet you say you don't need a crew!"

"But, my dear man, I do know how to sail a boat; and with a copy of the Coast Pilot, charts, a compass and common-sense—"

"You may possibly escape piling her up the first day out—granted. On the other hand, I happen to be intimate with these waters; I can pilot you safely whither you will; I can afford you infinite assistance with heavy work—it's no joke, at times, for one man to have all the handling of a

craft of this size. I'm exceedingly handy, small and inconspicuous, neat, a fair cook, and normally quite pleasant to be thrown amongst—never savage save when denied the sweet consolation of continuous conversation. Finally, I'm a great bargainer."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I offer my valuable—nay, invaluable services, gratis, without pay."

"But why do you do that?" demanded Coast, blankly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Small Boy and His Hat.
He flings his hat across the dining-room when he comes in from school, or leaves it in all manner of places in the house; in the coal-bin, or on sister's bureau. He loses it just at church time, and spoils the spirit of family reverence and piety. As the family enters the church the anthem is being sung, and the disgrace of being late again is laid on the innocent headpiece clutched in the hand of the small boy. He is a hero; he has forgotten the confusion of which he was the cause twenty minutes ago. In this stage also one's hat is removed on the way to school by the hand of one's bosom friend, passed down the line of surrounding boon companions, stuffed into others' pockets, while dire thoughts of ultimate loss hold one in their grip, and the reckoning to be paid at home wraps the world in tragedy.—George L. Parker, in the Atlantic.

Dark Smoke No Fun.
Funny thing about smoking! If a man were compelled to puff a good cigar with his eyes shut the operation would lose its zest. A man who had undergone a slight operation upon one of his eyes had to stay in a darkened room for a week with his optic bandage. After a week's rest, a doctor told him he could take a gentle smoke if he liked. He jumped at the chance and to his amazement found it afforded him not the slightest pleasure. To be sure, men often smoke in the dark, but there's always the rosy glow of the lighted end to be seen and the faint outline of the cloud of smoke in the air. There's no more fun in a slightest smoke than a saltless egg or a kiss upon your own hand. What's the psychology of it?

Smart Yod.
"Tommy, what did you do with that penny I gave you for taking your medicine?"

"I bought a bun with the other halfpenny, ma, and I gave Jimmy the other half to drink the medicine for me."

A LONE STAR DIANA

Dauntless Girl Hunter of the Texas Border.

Miss Katie Sharp, a Darling Big Game Hunter, Splendid Horsewoman and a Dead Shot With a Rifle.

Houston, Tex.—One of the most daring and dauntless big game hunters in the upper Rio Grande border region of Texas is Miss Katie Sharp, of Sarderson. She is a splendid shot with rifle and revolver and is the equal of any cowboy horsewoman. She has gone on many hunting expeditions into the Santa Rosa mountains of Mexico where bears, deer and other wild animals abound. She has in her home many trophies of the chase, among them being the skins of several large black bears that she killed.

On a bear hunting trip into Mexico last winter, she had a narrow escape from being badly injured, or possibly killed, by a bear which she had wounded. She encountered the animal in a narrow canyon in the mountains and the two were within a dozen feet of each other before either was aware of the other's presence. Miss Sharp quickly brought the rifle that she carried to her shoulder and taking quick aim fired at the bear. The first shot went wild, but the second stopped the animal just as it was within almost reaching distance of Miss Sharp. With her hunting knife she put an end to the struggle of the beast.

This intrepid huntress knows no such thing as fear. She frequently goes out alone into remote localities of the border region and bags deer and game birds. She knows all of the trails leading through the hills and rough country that rise along the Rio Grande and is also familiar with every locality of the rugged Santa Rosa mountains. Frequently on her hunting excursions she has tried the nerve

and endurance of seasoned and long experienced men at the game. She is well known all through that region and is popular among the ranch people as well as those of the towns. She is given the sobriquet of the Diana of the Border.

WIFE'S CURSE WAS ON HIM
Husband, Who Deserted Her, Stricken by Paralysis as Dying Woman Had Wished.

Cincinnati, O.—The wish of a dying woman that her husband might be paralyzed if he attended her funeral, came true. William Huesman of this city is the victim.

Although nearly seventy, and the father of several grown children, he had lived apart from his wife, Minnie Huesman, his junior by only a few years. As the years of their separation extended, Mrs. Huesman became each day more and more embittered against her husband. Time and again she declared that she hoped that when she died he might become paralyzed on the way to the cemetery if he tried to go to the funeral.

Immediately after her death the husband was notified and, forgetting the past, tried to stone by seeing that the wife received proper burial. He provided a coffin for the body and next day he was on his way to the cemetery when he suddenly collapsed on the street.

"Paralysis," said the hospital physician. Huesman is not expected to recover.

CHILD GETS LOST IN DRAIN
Confused in the Darkness Boy of Six Crawls 80 Feet From the Opening.

London, England.—While playing with some boys near his home at Shappton-on-Thames, Johnnie Wilson, aged six years, crawled into a drain pipe. He expected to come out at a joint ten feet away, but missed the place and becoming confused as to directions kept on crawling. As he did not return children gave an alarm and a searching party set to work at once. They dug to the drain pipe, ten feet from the opening. Johnnie was not there.

At some distance from the opening they dug another hole, ten feet in depth. Johnnie heard the picks and mistook the meaning of the noises and kept crawling still further from safety. Finally at 80 feet they made another hole in the drain and caught Johnnie by the feet just as he was crawling past.

The lad had been in the 12-inch pipe for five hours, but aside from being smeared with black mud he suffered no ill effects from the experience.

Too Many Cohens.
New York.—Ascerting that the New York city directory contains 2,500 Cohens and 1,000 Cohans and Cohans, Eugene Cohen has just got special term of the supreme court legally to assume the name of Eugene Corwin. He said that he was constantly receiving grocery and other bills intended for other Cohens and that his telephone was repeatedly ringing with calls for other Cohens. Cohen, who becomes Corwin, was born in Missouri.

The Bethlehem of Today

Even today, very much as at the time of the Saviour's birth, the keepers of the flocks of sheep and goats sit silently and somnolently about in the fields much as they were doing when, more than nineteen hundred years ago, the heavenly messenger appeared in the entire holiday season. Gift giving among foreigners represented here is carried to an extreme as well as among Americans, who give generously and are giving more generously and widely

turn of the Christmas season. That the great Convent of the Nativity and other religious edifices, built to commemorate the commencement, in this humble little place, of the earthly life of the son of God, had not at the time been erected, we need hardly state, but the style of buildings has changed, but little since the Saviour's time, and in all probability some of the substantial stone structures that line its narrow, hilly thoroughfares today were already standing there at the commencement of the Christian era.

The Bethlehem of today may be larger and may contain perhaps a few buildings of more modern construction than at the time of the birth of the Saviour, but to all intents and purposes it is the Bethlehem of Jesus' infancy. It requires no great stretch of the imagination to people it again with the actors in the event of nineteen hundred years ago, while the associations impart to the ceremonies conducted in connection with its celebration a solemnity and a sentiment that is peculiarly its own.