



HERE had been few changes in the house. The house was very old, but it was beautiful with the mellow dignity of age. It had seen so much. It had heard so much that it felt not only old but wise and understanding. Perhaps it was not even age that it felt. With so much youth and romance and gaiety coming into the house from time to time it felt young and romantic and gay itself.

But this year it was worried. The house believed in tradition, in memory, in sentiment, in anniversary. Particularly the house believed in Christmas.

Every Christmas it had been decorated. Green wreaths had been hung in every window. Great branches of pine had hung over the ancestral portraits which were heavy enough to bear them. Smaller pictures were given smaller sprays of green. Red candles were lighted in the candlesticks on the mantelpiece every Christmas eve. Every Christmas eve there had always been some members of the family who had moved away and had come back. The house listened silently, expectantly for the whistle of the train on Christmas eve. Then for the noise of sleigh bells and the crackle of the sleigh stopping in front of the house to let out its family members who had journeyed back home for Christmas.

Of recent years it had been an automobile that had honked and stopped before the house. The house liked a sleigh better. But still it kept up with the times. It liked having an automobile in front of its door during the summer—and it liked the arrival of the automobile at Christmas time.

It was not this modern invention that had bothered the house this year. It was something else.

For years and years and years there had been a little piece of mistletoe hung under the old lamp in the front hall. It was a funny old lamp. It had pictures on its four glass sides and it was really the lamp holder, for every evening just at dusk one of the members of the family would come out and pull the lamp holder down on its workable chain and tip the lighted lamp just enough and most carefully so it would fit inside. Then back up the lamp was pulled again. From this had always hung the mistletoe.

Mistletoe was sometimes hard to get, but a little piece had always been obtained. One year there had been only two white berries on the mistletoe, but this year in spite of a great preponderance of green there were five white berries. So it was not this that worried the house. It was because there was no longer a lamp. The lamp holder was there, hanging in the front hall, but it had been fastened up so that it stayed up all the time now. It didn't have to be pulled down. There was an electric globe in it and it was turned on by a button on the side of the wall.

It was this electric light that bothered the house. Somehow it seemed



Particularly the House Believed in Christmas.

as though the mistletoe hung from the electric light would not be so romantic. It was such a change. And romance, the house felt, was not something to be changed in a twinkling. In the turning of the button.

However, the mistletoe hung there, hung there as best it could with its red ribbon attachment. Its large amount of pale-green leaves, its fine white berries.

The train was a minute ahead of time. Trains were not apt to be ahead of time. But this time it was, for the clock had said 7:14 and the train was not due to arrive until 7:15. And the clock could not make a mistake. Not now after it had just visited the very best and oldest clock mender in town.

Down came the automobile. In came the people. Gayety, laughter, merry meant rang out through the old house, echoed up and back from the great high ceiling, resounded through the many rooms.

"How wonderfully the house is decorated. It never looked lovelier than it does this year."

Every year the house had heard those words. Every year the house was more and more pleased with the compliment. Every year those arriv-

ing from away felt that they had never seen the house look so lovely. Every year those who had decorated it felt they had never done so fine a job.

The presents were opened in front of the fire. Then the candles were put out—for they must be lighted again on Christmas night. They must not all burn out in one evening. That was the custom.

There was a slight lull after the excitement of the opening of the presents. And then came a ring at the old door bell. Sometimes the old door bell stayed out when it was pulled out, but on the whole it was a very good door bell in spite of its great age. Besides, didn't the members of the family always look after the door bell? Didn't they always push it in if they found it out when they were coming home, and didn't they announce as they got inside—"That was only my pushing the bell in. I found it out."

Oh, most of the time the door bell worked beautifully. This time it fairly burst itself with the laughing ring that it gave.

"A caller," said the house to itself. "A caller," said the family to one another. "It's pretty late. Who can it be? But let us see. Our lights are all lighted. Whoever it was couldn't help but see that we are up, and people know how late we sit up Christmas eve."

The door was opened. One of the youngest members of the family opened the door. Not one of the chil-



Joan's Heart Sang a Quiet, Happy Little Song.

dren—they were in bed. But one of the youngest members just the same.

It was Joan who had opened the door. Joan with her bright color and blond hair and blue eyes and jolly, skipping little laugh. You thought of water skipping over pebbles in a brook when you heard Joan laugh.

"Oh," Joan said. "Oh," she said again.

The family inside were wondering why Joan didn't bring the caller inside. Or was it just a message perhaps. Or was it a late package? Or was it a mistake? Or what?

"Oh," Joan said, still holding open the door. "Oh," said Joan again.

"Joan, Merry Christmas. Do let's make up. I can't see a future without you. I love you so much."

Oh, how Joan's heart sang a quiet, happy little song all to itself.

It was wonderful to think he would never be happy without her. The thought of his unhappiness without her made her rejoice!

It had been a stupid quarrel—it had been hard saying such mean things when both of them knew they didn't mean it.

"Joan!" He caught sight of the mistletoe. And the house fairly creaked aloud with excitement. The electric globe in the old lamp holder made no difference. Nothing made any difference. Here was youth and romance and gaiety. Here was the mistletoe inspiring what every true mistletoe should inspire.

"Joan," called the family from within. "Who is there?"

"Barry," she answered. "He's talking off his coat."

Barry took off his coat then and went inside.

They were clasping hands.

The mistletoe looked quite elated.

"I did a good job," the mistletoe said—"patched up a quarrel and renewed a romance."

"Good work," said the house. "I approve of you."

"Merry Christmas," the mistletoe ended.

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Reason for December 25 Being Christmas Date

It is not definitely known when Christmas was first celebrated. The institution of the festival is attributed to Telesphorus, who flourished in the reign of Antoninus Pius (131-161 A. D.). This, however, is not historical. It has often been objected that December 25 cannot be the true date of the birth of Christ, for it is then the rainy season in Palestine and shepherds would scarcely have been watching their sheep by night in the fields. The reason for the final choice of December 25 cannot now be determined. A widespread feast of the Great Mother may have influenced the decision, also the desire to place a Christian feast in opposition to the Roman festival of "Sol Invictus" at the winter solstice, the Germans held their great Yule feast in commemoration of the return of the fiery sun, and many of the beliefs and usages of the old Germans and Romans relating to this matter passed from heathenism to Christianity and have survived to the present day. As Christianity spread, the feast of the winter solstice, the time when the day begins to increase, and light to triumph over darkness, was changed into the Feast of Christ, the Light of Life.

THE REDUCING DIET.

The kind of food, as well as the muchness figures largely in planning the reducing diet. One must get enough nourishment so that she will not feel weak. Milk, eggs and lean meat will help on this point. Then one must be certain to get the mineral salts needed, or the hair, teeth, eyes bones and blood will suffer.

Calcium needed for bones and teeth, is to be found in milk and leafy vegetables and eggs. Spinach and carrots are rich in calcium.

Phosphorus, a very necessary mineral, is found in meat, eggs, milk and beans and peas.

Iron is found in dried beans, potatoes, raisins, prunes and whole grain products, as well as in milk and eggs.

A practical reducing diet is made up of milk, eggs, lean meat, dried ins, and all sorts of coarse vegetables; as chard, spinach lettuce, cabbage, green and dried beans, whole grain cereal foods and fruits of an endless variety.

The Girl Scouts have a song: "The less you eat and the more you chew, fruits, such as prunes, figs and raisins—the better you will feel," and there's something to it. Eat slowly but do not linger at the table, after you have eaten your quota. Leave the table a bit unsatisfied at first, until the stomach shrinks from its stretched capacity and until you have acquired the habit of eating moderately.

FORMER RED SPRINGS MAN DIES IN WINSTON

D. Oscar Currie, formerly of Red Springs, died in a Winston-Salem hospital Monday morning following an attack of influenza. His death came as a shock to his many friends here as it was not known that he was in the hospital until the news of his death was received.

Funeral services were conducted from the Methodist church here on Wednesday, Rev. A. J. Hobbs conducting the services assisted by Rev. J. B. Black. Interment was made in Alloway.

Mr. Currie was 50 years old. He came to Red Springs from South Carolina about thirty years ago and lived here up until about five years ago. He is survived by his widow and three children, Douglas, and Misses Mildred and Harriett.

College Closes for Holidays Monday

Closes Three Days Early on Account of Flu Epidemic. Will Reopen on January 2nd.

Flora Macdonald college closed on Monday, December 17th and will not resume work until January 2, 1929. It was found advisable by the college authorities to close at this time on account of the wide-spread of influenza throughout the country.

While actual cases in the college were not prevalent, yet it was found advisable to close three days earlier than anticipated.

An Iowan has chucked up his business in disgust because he has been robbed 6 times since 1914. Chicagoans have it all over him in endurance.

A Cambridge professor has been urging that diplomas in love-making be granted after a course of study. A successful student, we presume, would get the degree of Bachelor of Hearts.

The rates charged for making radio announcements have proved conclusively the truth of the old adage about time being money.

Crops are more bountiful this year than ever before in history, says a report. Just think that an influence political speeches have on plants!

9,000 girls in Ireland have oined a modesty crusade and promise not to wear short skirts. We may prepare ourselves now for a new influx of Irishment to our shores.

NOTICE OF SALE UNDER EXECUTION.

North Carolina.—Hoke County: In the Superior Court.

Bank of Raeford

vs

J. A. Blue

Notice of Execution Sale.

By virtue of an execution directed to the undersigned from the Superior Court of Hoke County in the above entitled action, I will on Monday, the 21st day of January 1929, at 12 o'clock noon, at the court house door of Hoke County, sell to the highest bidder for cash to satisfy said execution, all the rights, title and interest which the said J. A. Blue, the defendant has in the following described real estate, to-wit:

Tract No. 1.—Situated on the Raeford-Aberdeen road five miles from Raeford, in Raeford Township, Hoke County. Bounded on the north by land of J. A. Blue, on the east by J. A. Blue and McDiarmid land, on the South J. A. Blue and Purcell land, West J. A. Blue. Beginning at run of Beaver Dam Creek in John Purcell's line and runs as his line South 86 degrees East 12.5 chains; thence South 10 degree East 11.50 chains, North 66.15 degree East 36.31 chains, North 32 degree East 32 degrees East 5.48 chains, North 65 degrees East 6.18 chains, North 74 1-2 degrees East 13.25 chains, South 81 1-2 degree East 6.34 chains, North 3 degrees, East 2.9 chains, North 88 degrees West 14.5 chains McDiarmid's corner; thence with his line North 2 degrees 50 chains to the run of Tony's Creek; thence with run of Tony's Creek North 32 1-2 degree West 6.4 chains, North 76.51 degree West 2.5 chains, North 23.50, West 7 chains, North 53.42, West 5.1 chains, South 87.10, West 6.55 chains, North 74.50, West 22 chains, North 67.36 West 10.35 chains, North 76, West 7 chains, South 10.40 West 5.8 chains,

Waiting for Santa



Anne Striber Photo

All through the land they are hanging tonight,
Placed by wee fingers in breathless delight,
Sure to be ready when Santa Claus knocks—
Gay little, plain little, patched little socks.
Santa Claus, come, while the little heads sleep,
And little hearts flutter and little stars peep;
Fill with your apples, your dollies and blocks
The gay little, plain little, patched little socks.
—LESLIE DAVIS, in Farm and Ranch

North 73.25, West 3.76 chains, South 74.25, West 2.7 chains, North 43.10 West 5.7 chains, North 4.20 West 1.37 chains, West 25 chains, South 20, West 5.25 chains to run of Beaver Dam Creek, thence as the run of Beaver Dam Creek South 13.20 East 5.33 chains, South 23.56 chains, West 4.68 chains, South 15.41, East 6 chains South 25.29, East 2.51 chains, South 48.50, East 4 chains, South 34.30 East 5.8 chains, South 6.50 East 2.65 chains, South 8.34, East 7.1 chains, South 10.40, East 5.8 chains, South 1.17, West 4.21 chains, South 47, West 3.8 chains, South 3.23 West 5.6 chains, South 10 West 6 chains, South 32.30 East 5 chains South 38, 30 East 2.5 chains, South 45.53 East 6.53 chains, South 16 East 8.2 chains, South 40.15 East 4.5 chains, South 31.30 East 4.25 chains South 41.30 East 1.5 chains, South 9.5 West 6.85 chains to beginning, containing 635 1-2 acres, more or less.

Tract No. 2.—Part of McLaughlin and McRae land, lying east of dividing line and runs from J. A. Blue's corner in the head of Tony's Creek to Southwest corner of Timberland property bounded by a line beginning at a stake a pointer in head of Tony's Creek, J. A. Blue's corner and running North 9 1-2 East 17 chains to stake southwest corner of Timberland tract; thence with line of that tract South 84 East 19.65 chains to the other corner; thence North 6 East 6.35 chains to center of railroad; thence as it South 83 East 11 chains

to J. W. McLaughlin's line; thence as it South 12 West 60 links to a stake; thence South 30 East 17 chains to a stake 1 pine pointer; thence South 41 East 11 chains crossing a branch to a stake and pointer; thence South 19 West 14 1-2 chains to stake; thence South 32 East 11.15 chains to stake and pointer, corner of McDiarmid 50 acres; thence as line of it South 4 1-2 West about 5 chains to run of Tony's Creek; thence up its various courses to the beginning the same containing 107 acres, more or less.

Tract No. 3.—Beginning at a stake and pointer in the head of Tony's Creek, the beginning corner of the above described tract of 107 acres and running thence with line of said tract North 9 1-2 East 17 chains to a stake the second corner of 107 acre tract; thence North 7 degree 50 minutes West 542 feet to the Aberdeen-Rockfish Railroad; thence with said Railroad North 63 degrees 50 minutes West 867 feet to a stake; thence South 2023 feet to a stake; thence direct line to the beginning, the same containing 33.22 acres, more or less, and joining the above described 107 acre tract on the West.

Tract No. 4.—Beginning at a stake in the middle of Turnpike Road where Blue's line crosses said road 2.85 chains South of McDiarmid and Blue's corner and runs thence with said road North 81 1-2 West 6.34 chains; thence South 74 1-2 West 13.25 chains; thence South 65 West 6.18 chains; thence South 66 1-4 West 33.31 chains to Purcell's line near Beaverdam Branch; thence with said line South 10 East 9.50 chains to stake; thence North 80 East 29 chains; thence South 3 West 59 chains; thence South 87 East 23 chains; thence South 5 East 23.28 chains; thence South 87 East 4.60 chains; thence North 3 East 15 chains to the beginning, containing 1275 acres.

Tract No. 5.—Beginning at a stake Robert Currie's corner in the line of Philemon Hodges 100 acres, also the line of above described tract, runs thence with Currie's line West 25 chains to a stake in Blue's line; thence with it 16.61 chains to a pine, his corner; thence East 4.60 chains to a stake pine pointer her corner; thence his line North 17.50 chains to a stake large pine pointer, his corner in the line of lot No. 3 as described in Book No. 26 at Page 190 in the Register of Deeds Office for Hoke County; thence that line East 20 chains to a stake in a field; thence South 34.10 chains to the beginning containing 77 1-2 acres, more or less.

The above sale is made however with the following exception. Four acres of land including the old Blue dwelling and all out-houses. (See Appraiser's Return.)

Same is exempt from sale under said execution.

This the 30th day of December 1928.
D. H. Hodgins, Sheriff.