

A Fourth of July Santa Claus

By Eleanor E. King

IT WAS the great day of the Fourth of July, and Tommy, like all the other seven children of the busy Allister family was out bright and early. Tommy had a great friend in the lady next door. So, Tommy had learned, and, by the way, kept it a secret from the rest of the 'coop, that when his stomach growled too loudly, if he were to go to next door he most always could get a piece of the best bread and jam, and perhaps an errand or two for her to ease his conscience.

Tommy, bright and early, had found his way over to Mrs. Askins', as he called her. She was busy getting ready to go to a picnic.

"You see, Tommy," she explained in answer to his questions, "this man who is coming with his car to take us out to his house where we are to have our picnic, is an old chum of Mr. Haskins."

As they loaded the things into the car Tommy trooped along and was introduced to Mr. Miller. While they



drooped there Tommy spied a balloon man coming down the street. As the noise of the horn grew nearer, Tommy's eyes enlarged.

"Aren't those whoppers, though?" Tommy sighed. "Gee!"

"Wouldn't you like one, Tommy?" suggested Mr. Miller, digging into his pocket. "Now, I'll tell you, Tommy, if you know my name next year when I come after these folks on the Fourth, I'll buy you another balloon."

It was almost Christmas now, and Tommy was once more in the Haskins kitchen, watching preparations for another feast, but of a different sort. The most wonderful pies, cakes and puddings were being evolved. Suddenly, Tommy burst forth:

"Say, Mrs. Askins, do you remember what that man said?"

"No, Tommy; what are you thinking about?"

"Do you suppose he will come back? You know he bought me a balloon, and said if I remembered his name he would buy me another when he came back."

"Of course he will," said Mrs. Haskins. "Oh, I am so glad. My mother she just says I am silly when I ask her and says, 'I am too busy to be bothered with that. Run along, now!' And you know," Tommy hastened to add, "I haven't forgotten his name either. It's Mr. Miller."

That night Mr. Miller dropped in for a minute at the Haskins'. Before his departure Mrs. Haskins had a moment of conversation with him alone. He said, "All right," leaving with the merriest kind of a twinkle in his eyes.

Christmas Eve came. Daddy and Mother Allister were doing their best to keep from looking sorrowful. They



knew only too well that they could never begin to give the children the number of things each wanted. The children had all gone to bed. Just Daddy and Mother Allister were in the parlor fixing up a little, scraggly tree when a knock, ever so gentle on the front door, attracted their attention.

"I am sorry to bother you at this hour, but I wanted to wait until I was sure Tommy would be in bed. Perhaps you would feel better to know my name—Miller," he said, shaking hands with Mr. Allister after depositing his load on the table. "I've a tree outside here," and he hurried out to get it.

The next morning was never equaled in all the annals of the Allister family. Such excitement, such happiness, Tommy, after his recovery from surprise and rapture over his toys, ran to his happy mother as she was trying to get breakfast. Tugging at her skirts, he said, "You see, mother, that man I met on Fourth of July was Santa Claus, and his name is Mr. Miller."

The Christmas Message

Christmas represents a great historic event and spiritual truth—the most important of all events, the most precious of all truths—no less than the coming of God to earth, in human nature, in the person of a child, to save us from our sins. That makes the wonder and the glory and the blessing, in the birth of Jesus. He came to express the divine love, and by His sacrificial death, to make that love effective unto the salvation of all who should believe on Him. The cross on Calvary marks the tragedy in the life of the child born at Bethlehem. It also makes its glory—

When a man starts singing his own praises it's pretty sure to be a solo.—Lake County, (Ind.) Times.

Our Accomplishments— What Have They Been?

I HAVE always found, even in youth, quite as much interest in looking back as in looking forward. It is good to plan for the future, but there is quite as much to be gained from reviewing the past and in seeing how far we have come, how much we have accomplished, in what ways we have developed.

I was talking to Foreman about the year that is so nearly at an end. He was dissatisfied with his progress and uncertain as to whether or not the time and money he had expended had been worth while. He had learned little, it seemed; for all he could see, he wasn't different than when he had left the little country town nine months ago. But I could see that he was a little more self-possessed, a little surer of himself, a little less crude in his manners. He was learning to think, learning to meet people, and developing a little wider range of interest than when he left home.

As you come to the end of the year and look back, how far have you come? It is an easy question to ask, but possibly not so easy to answer.

When we were little children at home, mother used to teach us after we had said our prayers at night to go over in our minds for a minute or two the events of the day and try to determine whether it had been a good day for us or a bad one. Often we dropped off to sleep before we had gone far, but it was a good experience, this looking over our accomplishments in the face and trying honestly to estimate them. It is something like this that I should like to put before you as this year is closing. What has the year meant to you? New friends? New powers? New ideals? Have you done something worth while? Are you better, stronger, more able to fight the battles of the world than you were a year ago? Are you wiser with a wisdom that is clean, healthy and uplifting? If so, the year is ending happily for you.—Thomas A. Clark, Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

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Light in the Steeple on Christmas Morning

ALL above the sleeping city, like a low and leading star, like a watchful and kindly eye, like a beacon of assuring hope, a promise of Christmas morning, beamed the light in the old church steeple.

It shone down through one of the church windows and smiled upon the pictured shepherds who found a morning at midnight; and upon the stately wise men who knew the joy of making gladness out of gifts. Its rays lighted up a garret, where two very hopeful youngsters were sleeping upon a very small bed, after making sure that the light was there. In the street below a passer looked up, saw it and smiled; another paused under the glow and spell of it and dropped a coin into the poor box at the church door. The Salvation Army lass came out from the church porch and thumped her tambourine merrily because some genial influence had filled her basket so full, almost dancing down the street as the bells saw by the gleaming light that it was time to ring.

And so with cheering glory and with chime Came in another happy Christmas time.

While the old steeple, still pointing upward, remained as a witness to things high and splendid.—Christopher G. Hazard.

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A REAL SANTA CLAUS

SINCE we must have our Christmas trees the chief problem is how they are to be obtained. The cutting, shipping and selling of Christmas trees has developed into an established business, extending over the entire country. One large shipper of New England has been in the business forty years and in that time has sold many thousand carloads of trees. Some of these have been shipped as far south as Texas and as far west as Chicago. This pioneer in the industry is now eighty-two years of age, but he is still active, and curiously enough he is a real Santa Claus in appearance.—Frank Herbert Sweet.

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Perhaps Little Stars Knew About Christmas

THE stars shone brightly overhead. Below, the snow was covering up the hard ground, which did not seem to understand Christmas. It was much too hard for that. It was better that Old King Snow should come along and cover it up, giving the people a white Christmas.

The stars shone down upon a little farm house. It was not a palace. It was not even a beautiful house. But the stars shone very brightly.

Perhaps they knew, bright little stars that they were, that in that house, as in many another house which is neither a palace nor a beautiful residence, there was great happiness and glorious celebrating of the beautiful Christmas.—Mary Graham Bonner.

A good road costs thirty thousand a mile, not counting subsequent funeral expenses.—Schenectady Gazette.

Cherokee County Watches Electric Movement Here

Cherokee Agricultural Agent Points Out Advantages Of Farm Power. Praises Cleveland.

BY C. S. STRIBLING Cherokee Agricultural Agent in Gaffney Ledger.

We are watching with a great deal of interest the movement now on foot to light the farms of our neighboring county of Cleveland, North Carolina, with electricity. Below we quote from an article appearing in last Tuesday's issue of "The Cleveland Star," and we hope the readers of this paper will consider very seriously the information contained in this clipping, for we see no reason why Cherokee County farmers can't follow this example. To our way of thinking, one of the most forward steps our farmers could take would be to bring electrical power to their farms to light the homes, to draw their water, to turn their improved machinery and to do other things around the farm and for the good wife to churn and use other conveniences about the home. This at first glance seem an Utopian dream but the thing is actually going to happen this winter in the above named adjoining county, and we honestly see no reason why it shouldn't work in Cherokee. Particularly should this idea have the very serious consideration of the people in the Midway section of the county. Already power lines have been run almost to the doors of a score or more of good farmers in that section. Within a few days the line which runs from Gaffney, by way of the Ed Phillips farm to the new county home, will be complete and the power will be on. If we understand the proposition correctly, any farmer in this section can bring this power to his farm by paying the power company thirty dollars for making the connection and then pay the actual cost of running the line from the nearest connection to his farm. We have also been informed that the minimum rate charge per month is only seventy-two cents. It seems to us that this is a great opportunity for farmers out that way to greatly add to the conveniences and comfort of their homes at a very small cost. And then, we see no reason why the farmers in other communities couldn't put their heads together and bring power out into their communities. For instance, why can't the farmers along the road which runs out by Providence church to the Grassy Pond section, follow the example of the North Carolina county and run power out to their homes, or the farmers along the Chesnee highway, or in the Corinth section, or Draytonville, or Beavertown and other communities. This may be a dream, but we believe it will work and we would like to help these farmers get together on the proposition, and by their cooperation do a thing which we believe will add so much comfort and cheer to their homes, that it will help them to keep the boys and girls at home. We are going to have more to say along this line later, and we would like to hear from any who are interested.

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Mrs. C. P. Wellman is Dead—Long Illness

(Special to The Star.) On the fourth day of December 1924 the Death Angel visited the home of C. P. Wellman and took from our midst our loving one Mrs. C. P. Wellman. All that skilled physicians and loving hands could do was done to restore her to health, but it was not God's will for her to live longer. It

sad but God knew best and took her to her eternal rest. We miss her loving smiling face, but she has gone to a happy place. She leaves to mourn her death her husband and aged mother, two sons and three daughters, and several grandchildren. She professed faith in Christ at an early age and joined the Baptist church at Pleasant Grove, later coming to New Bethel and from there to Normans Grove, where she lived a loyal and consecrated member until Christ called her to her reward. She proved her love for her Saviour by her faithful work and willingness to help advance His kingdom. She was cheerful and never mourned during her sickness and suffering, but waited patiently for the Lord to take her, very often speaking of a better place she was going to where sickness, sorrow, pain and death can never come, although she is gone the home is sad and lonely. But the Saviour will heal the broken hearts and fill the vacant place with His love.

Singing at Mt. Olivet. There will be a singing at Mt. Olivet Baptist church near New House Sunday afternoon beginning at 2 o'clock. There will be a supply of song books of different kinds on hand. Several good singers from different parts of the country are expected to be there. The public is invited to attend.

It's a funny system that provides publicity for taxpayers and none for tax dodgers.—Associated Editors (Chicago.)

RUSH STROUP Attorney at Law Royster Building Phone 514.

DR. DAVID M. MORRISON Optometrist. Eyes examined, glasses fitted, lenses duplicated same day as received. Office in New Fanning Building—Telephone 585.

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