L. M. Alcott's "Christmas at Orchard House"

sock fell down because it was so given. crammed with goodies. Then she re-

their mother, which made their one one dove-colored, the other blue; and dom seen on her restless face. all sat looking at and talking about "How good Meg is! Come, Amy,

moment she felt as much disappoint- loved her very tenderly, and obeyed example. ed as she did long ago, when her little her because her advice was so gently

"Girls," said Meg seriously, lookmembered her mother's promise, and ing from the tumbled head beside her slipping her hand under her pillow, to the two little night-capped ones in drew out a little crimson-covered the room beyond, "mother wants us to book. She knew it very well, for it was read and love and mind these books, that beautiful old story of the best life and we must begin at once. We used ever lived, and Jo felt that it was a true to be faithful about it; but since father guidebook for any pilgrim going the went away, and all this war trouble unsettled us, we have neglected many She woke Meg with a "Merry things. You can do as you please; but Christmas," and bade her see what was I shall keep my book on the table near, under her pillow. A green-covered and read a little every morning as soon book appeared, with the same picture as I wake, for I know it will do me inside, and a few words written by good, and help me through the day."

Then she opened her new book and present very precious in their eyes. began to read. Jo put her arm round ter to do it so, because Meg's initials Presently Beth and Amy woke, to rum- her, and, leaning cheek to cheek, read are 'M.M.,' and I don't want anyone them. The slippers went on at once, a mage and find their little books also — also, with the quiet expression so sel-

them, while the east grew rosy with let's do as they do. I'll help you with ty idea — quite sensible, too, for no bosom, and the nice gloves were prothe coming day. In spite of her small the hard words, and they'll explain one can ever mistake now. It will nounced a "perfect fit."

dawn of Christmas morning. No stock- ous nature, which unconsciously in- pered Beth, very much impressed by Meg, with a frown for Jo and a smile ings hung at the fireplace, and for a fluenced her sisters, especially Jo, who the pretty books and her sisters'

> "I'm glad mine is blue," said Amy; and then the rooms were very still while the pages were softly turned, and the winter sunshine crept in to touch the bright heads and serious faces with a Christmas greeting.

> "How nice my handkerchiefs look, don't they? Hannah washed and ironed them for me, and I marked them all myself," said Beth, looking proudly at the somewhat uneven letters which had cost her such labor.

"Bless the child! she's gone and put-'Mother' on them instead of 'M. Mar- ed escort with great dignity. ch.' How funny!" cried Jo, taking up

"Isn't it right,? I thought it was betlooking troubled.

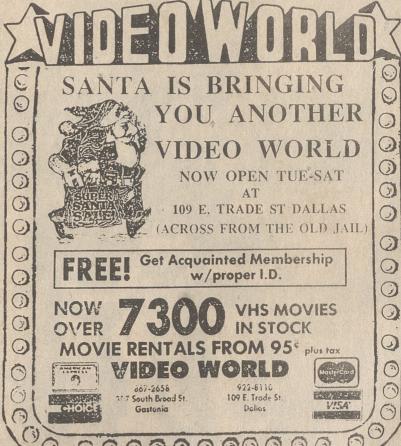
Jo was the first to wake in the gray vanities, Margaret had a sweet and pithings if we don't understand," whisplease her very much, I know," said for Beth.

Not a very splendid show, but there was a great deal of love done up in the few little bundles; and the tall vase of red roses, white chrysanthemums, and trailing vines, which stood in the middle, gave quite an elegant air to the table.

"She's coming! Strike up, Beth! Open the door, Amy! Three cheers for Marmee!" cried Jo, prancing about, while Meg went to conduct mother to the seat of honor.

Beth played her gayest march, Amy threw open the door, and Meg enact-

Mrs. March was both surprised and touched; and smiled with her eyes full as she examined her presents, and read the little notes which accompanied to use these but Marmee," said Beth, new handkerchief was slipped into her pocket, well scented with Amy's "It's all right, dear and a very pret- cologne, the rose was fastened in her



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