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FOR THINGS GOOD TO EAT

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The Plum  
Pudding

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

MARIAN had never before cooked at all to speak of until she had married Bert that summer. She had made a great success of it, but she was a little nervous afterward when she realized that she had invited all of Bert's family and near relatives for a Christmas dinner. And that they had all accepted.

"Now Marian dear," Bert had said, "just have a simple dinner. Don't bother about the frills. Our ordinary Sunday dinner will do beautifully. Anyone who gets our usual Sunday dinner is getting a fine meal."

"Well, I guess that is about all I can do—and for so many, too," Marian said. "You're a wonder to attempt it," Bert said admiringly. "But don't think you have to overdo it."

For days and days Marian planned her Christmas dinner. She salted nuts, she made cranberry sauce. She ordered a fine young turkey. She wasn't nervous about the turkey—that was just about as easy as chicken.

Yes, she was planning to have the old-time Christmas dinner. She wouldn't tell Bert. She would surprise him. And then, if she did tell him, she might be more nervous about the things she had planned to do, feeling that he was going to be so proud of her that she couldn't fulfill his expectations of her success.

So she worked and planned and schemed.

And that Christmas eve when Bert kissed her good-night she smiled to herself as she heard him say:

"Well, it's quite true. People have always eaten too much at Christmas time in past years."

Bert's family all arrived in due season for Christmas dinner.

"Well, were you nervous over your first turkey?" asked Aunt Emeline.

And how happy Marian was that she could say that she hadn't been nervous and that it was going to come out all right, she thought.

"I bet it was a job making your first plum pudding," said Uncle George, and Bert looked angry and grumbled. He didn't want anyone to make his Marian feel uncomfortable. And now his own family were doing it. "Uncle George," Bert said, "we meant to tell you. We're not going to have one of those old-time dinners. We think that people have always felt wretchedly at Christmas, and after Christmas—indigestion and all. So we're just going to have a nice simple dinner."

Marian had left the room now. But she could hear the defending note in Bert's voice, and at the same time a note of sadness that their dinner was going to be so simple.

She wanted to rush in now and tell them all that it wouldn't be so simple, and to put her arms around Bert's neck and kiss him. He was standing up for her. And they were all trying to be critical. And she had invited them all to her house. This was the way they were accepting her hospitality!

"But, following a number more similar remarks on how did she get along with her mince pie, and did she burn herself salting the nuts, she at last announced that dinner was quite ready."

Admiringly, increasingly admiringly, the guests ate and ate and ate. There was nothing that had ever been a part of a Christmas dinner that Marian did not have.

And Bert grew prouder and more boastful of her by the moment! How Bert loved to boast of what she could do!

At last came the dessert—mince pie and apple pie and plum pudding, too. How Bert's eyes opened wide with surprise when he saw the pudding.

"What did you mean when you said you were going to have a new kind of a dinner without any of the Christmas trimmings?" asked Uncle George.

"My wife likes surprises," Bert beamed. And after they had all gone, Bert said:

"They behaved atrociously, but oh! How proud I was of you. And Marian darling—"

"Yes, dear?"

"The plum pudding was the best that has ever been served at any Christmas dinner at any time I know."

"I think it was a success," Marian smiled.

Christmas  
Festival

THE INSTITUTION of the festival of the birth of the Savior is attributed by some authorities to Pope Telesphorus, who died A. D. 138.

In the early days of the Christian religion it was one of the most movable of feasts, being often confounded with the Epiphany and celebrated by the eastern churches in April and May. In the fourth century the urgency of St. Cyril of Jerusalem obtained from Pope Julius I. an order for an investigation to be made concerning the day of Christ's nativity. The result of the inquiry, made by theologians of the East and the West, was an agreement upon the twenty-fifth of December.

As told in the gospel of St. Luke, Christ was born in the night. Therefore, divine service is performed on the night of December 24-25. It is the custom in Roman Catholic churches to usher in Christmas day by the celebration of three masses, one at midnight, the second at early dawn, and the third in the morning. This custom dates from the sixth century.

Preparatory to Christmas the bells are rung at midnight throughout England and the continent. After the solemn celebration of the mass in the churches of the continent, which are magnificently adorned for the festival, it is customary for the worshippers to partake of a collation.

## CHRISTMAS 300 YEARS AGO

First Yuletide Eve of the Pilgrims Was One Saturated With Grave Fear of Attack.

SITTING about their campfires on Christmas eve, 300 years ago, the Pilgrims on shore heard a cry in the woods and jumped to their feet, expecting a sudden onrush of whooping Indians. The attack failed to materialize. How the Pilgrims spent Christmas is told in the journal they have left, which says: "No man rested that day."

The settlers were nervous, and again at night they left well-armed men on guard.

These poor fellows on shore did not have any Christmas beer to drink. About this time, it seems, the beer supply was running low, and Captain Jones of the Mayflower was guarding his stock. Apparently he put everybody on a water basis. But Christmas night he relented. Beer was served to those of the Pilgrims who were on the ship.

Christmas  
Collars

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

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I LOVE him, I love him, I love him," Agnes Allen said. And as she was alone in her room, and as no one could hear her, naturally there was no answer to her statement which she had repeated several times.

She was speaking of George Farwell. George was so good looking with his wonderful blue eyes, his brown hair, his fine erect figure.

Wherever she saw men she thought how insignificant they looked beside George. She was glad that she thought that way. She hoped others thought that way about the men they cared for. Then everything would be so smooth and so simple.

She wanted everyone to like her George immensely. But it would be embarrassing if everyone thought just the same about him as she did.

The wedding was to be Christmas afternoon. Then they had planned to go to their own new little home which they had just finished furnishing and fixing up. They were going to have their own little Christmas tree there—quite by themselves, and their friends had left their wedding presents and their Christmas presents there, though almost all of the former they had seen, of course.

"Are you almost ready?" it was Mrs. Allen calling up the stairs. "Almost, mother dear," she answered.

"You'll be late," her mother called. "I'll hurry," she said. "Do you want any help?"

But she had taken longer than she had thought. Yes, if she didn't hurry she would be late! Still she would have George all her life now. How wonderful it would be! She wondered if that was why brides were so often late because they felt they had so much time!

It was a gloriously happy thought to realize how much time she had.

She was only ten minutes late. The few friends were at the Christmas day wedding. And her bouquet was of holly and mistletoe. She had always said she would love to have such a wedding bouquet. It would be so merry and Christmas and such a happy, gay kind of a bouquet.

George had consented of course. He agreed to everything she said, because he loved her so, and she was so fair with him, too, because she loved him so!

The ceremony was over. They drove away in a low sleigh with tinkling bells to the small house. There, by themselves, they opened presents. What a glorious time they had.

And she had a little surprise for him. Just a little bit of a surprise. But she knew he would like it.

"Open that box, there, George," she said. He opened it.

And looked at some collars, many, many collars, all much too big for him.

"When I was buying my wedding clothes in town that time, George, I remembered

that you'd spoken of a wonderful kind of collar you liked. I remembered the name too. I was a little puzzled when the man asked me your size. I told him though that as long as he had the right kind the size didn't make any difference. When he asked me if you were big or small I told him you were big of course!

"Why, George, what is the matter? Won't they fit you? Is the size so important?"

"My darling little girl," he laughed, "what does it matter what the size is. That is—it does matter about wearing them I'm afraid, my love. But to think you thought of me even when you were getting the wedding fineries and remembered the name of the collar."

"They're my Christmas collars," he exclaimed, "and I'll put them away in the box with the Christmas bouquet we're going to save. Such a Christmas gift from a dear little bride should never be mingled by any laundry!"

"What a silly I am," she laughed gaily.

"But such an adorable silly," George answered as he kissed her.

## WORRIED

"Jim didn't call last night."

"He didn't. What's the matter?"

"Sis doesn't know whether he's ill or just dodging a Christmas present."

When a motor car, after being cranked, runs for a minute or two, and then stops, the first place to look for the cause of the trouble is the gasoline feed line.

## Should Remember the Needy.

There is another thing than Christmas shopping that should be attended to as early as possible by those who can afford it, and that is the making of Christmas donations for the poor.

A Christmas  
Joke

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

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HE was a young bride. Every present she had received was very welcome. She had depended on presents to furnish her new home. When she had received duplicate which were not initiated she hastened to the place from which they had been purchased and picked out other articles of beauty and of household necessity.

Her friends had really been remarkably kind. She had been surprised to find how ready the shops had been about taking back gifts and substituting with others, or in engraving presents which had not already been engraved. Only one had charged for engraving—the gift had been purchased at "wholesale rate" and so engraving was not included.

Altogether from the point of view of presents as well as from the point of view of a mate she had done remarkably well. This would enable them to make a very good appearance in their home without having to draw from the none too plentiful savings.

She viewed everything over again one evening, presents and those which were exchanges. There was just one thing among them that was not necessary and not particularly pretty. It was a gravy-dish. She knew of no particular use to which she could put it—she had one of the kind she really liked.

She could not exchange it. It had a monogram in the center.

"I know what I'll do with it," she said to her husband. "I'll give it to Molly Stevens for a Christmas present. She has been so good to us and I'd like to show her how much I appreciate it."

"You know she is going to get married in the spring—that is—her engagement is all but announced. 'Don't you think it would be a good idea? She was so helpful about my wedding and she has told me, quite confidentially, that the wedding will be in the spring.'"

"It would be a good idea to give her

shops the other day."

"Yes, that's a splendid idea," her husband heartily agreed.

"I'll go down-town and attend to it tomorrow. I haven't much time. Christmas is almost here."

"Our first Christmas," said the young husband as he clasped his bride to him.

"Our first Christmas," she murmured.

The next evening he asked her if she had arranged about sending the gravy dish to Molly Stevens.

"I couldn't send it," she said. "Why not?" he queried.

"Because of the monogram in the center," she said.

"But you told me that that could be erased by the silversmiths and a new monogram placed there" her husband persisted.

"I know I did," the young bride

## BULLOCH'S DRUG STORE

THANKS YOU FOR PAST PATRONAGE, AND WISHES YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS AS WELL AS A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR, AND SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE FOR NEW YEAR



That pictured halo o'er the Saviour's head  
No shepherd saw, no wisdom's men beheld;  
'Tis but a fancy, cunningly bespread  
By loving art, that thus His glory apelled.

Yet no mere idle fancy aureoled  
With peace the Child born to this troubled sphere,  
More than the myrrh, and frankincense, and gold  
The painter in his vision pictured here:

For this small peace must ever greater grow  
Till all the world shall bend beneath its bow.

answered, "but you see they told me today at the shop that it would be possible to do it. It was not for the fact that it had been done so often to this gravy dish that they wouldn't dare take a chance with it again. They'd not be able to avoid boring a hole this time! It has been given away once too often for me to put to any use," she sighed sadly.

"And I shall just send Molly a Christmas card. After all she did no more than any one else!"

## Celery and Banana Salad.

Cut the bleached portions of crisped celery into half-inch lengths. Mix with it an equal quantity of sliced banana. Arrange in small mounds in lettuce cups, dress with mayonnaise and garnish with English walnut meats, or, if novelty is desired, serve in banana cases.