

The Coming of the Child

By

Mary Graham Bonner

ND," Gregory Morse added, "as I've always said, I think people should be honest with each other before marriage. I don't approve of divorce—curious thing to be speaking of on the very evening I'm asking you to marry me, but it has a bearing on the subject. No," he emphasized, "I don't approve of divorce. Of course there are very extenuating circumstances at times. But I think most of them could be avoided if people talked openly and candidly before they were married."

He told her then that he cared for children, that they would mean a great deal to him. She felt herself growing more and more tense. The whole of her ached for him. Yes, she had waited all her life for him, never mistaking in any of the others, the substitute for the real.

"I feel as you do," she said softly. "I love children!" And she spoke the truth. But yet a truth that was only half a truth. They were married, in the little village church on Christmas Eve and when later the carols pealed forth they felt as though even the carols were for their happiness alone.

They had been married several years. Closer and closer had they grown together. How glad she was she had waited until she was sure she loved. She had had so many proposals, and there were girls who had had so few. She had often thought of the girl to whom the simplest of pleasures had come as a complete and magnificent joy. This girl had had no attention, her life had been almost aimless. At last came a man into her life, very slowly, very unemotionally, but each step along the way was one which thrilled her and which mounted up to huge and great proportions. It had to be a great deal to rouse Marjorie but Gregory had roused her—fully.

She had always kept her fresh charm and her appeal though she had left youth behind. Her skin was smooth, her color good, her eyes dark and lustrous and her hair had no traces of gray. But during this time no children had come to them. Gregory now didn't seem to care whether they came or not. He was quite content with her. "People change their ideas after they marry if they really love the woman they marry," he used to tell her. "Before they have theories. Now if children came, all well and good. But I couldn't be any happier than I am now."

She knew he spoke the truth. She knew it. He was even jealous of her eagerness for children. Was this what it meant to marry, he some times asked himself. Did people for-



"I Feel as You Do."

get about each other and sink their hopes and aspirations and ambitions and emotions and dreams into the coming of another generation when they had sworn and believed before God and man that they would only love each other. Did they love each other so little? Did they care only for the sake of the family? It couldn't be.

That was too cold a belief. Another year passed and they began growing apart. Marjorie had become restless, unhappy. Was it because of children? Gregory asked himself. Couldn't she have been happy with him? Was his marriage to be a disillusion?

But one evening she came to him. "Gregory," she said, "I have so much to tell you. Let me begin from the beginning. I've been going to tell you this so many times."

"When I married you I lied to you. Now, don't interrupt me, dear. Yes, I lied about my age. I loved you. I was afraid if I told you that perhaps I was too old to have children that you wouldn't marry me—that I would

lose you. And I couldn't lose you. Don't you see it was because I loved you so that I lied to you?" she cried. "I loved you so," she repeated. "My darling, I'm so relieved," he said. "All I care about is that you love me."

"I know that," she told him. "But the heritage of my life has been punishing me. Even though I know you don't think now that children make any difference I know I cheated you, whom of all others I cared most for."

"Marjorie, Marjorie, dear," he caressed her. "I am so relieved that I know now what has been worrying you. I was afraid you had ceased to love me."

"It was never that, it was never that," she said.

"You see, Marjorie," he went on. "If at first you had told me you were to have a child I would have been delighted—it would have seemed the conventional idea of the completion of married life which I had pictured in my mind. Afterward I realized that the most important of all was that I had you and loved you and that you loved me."

"Lately I've become very jealous of your desire for children because I thought I didn't count so much. How dreadfully we've groped in the dark even though we have been so close together."

She was happy then as she hadn't been before, happy in the love that he now gave her, the love for which she had braved a lie.

And even as he held her close she thought of it—and life—so full of perplexing moral issues. Had she not lied to him would she have fulfilled



"And It's to Be an Anniversary Child."

their own happy destinies? Would they have not rather gone their separate ways, yet two more unhappy mortals whose lives were but a makeshift?

Yet she had lied and in that lie she had cheated him, the one whom of all others she had cared most for she had cheated most completely. Perhaps he didn't care for children now. Perhaps he would never think of them again. Perhaps, oh perhaps, a hundred conjectures!

But clearly standing above the others were these two issues—she had lied to win him and because of that lie she had cheated and played false to the one she loved.

A lie is a vigorous parent, imbuing its offspring with its ever powerful blood of doubt and worry. Always she felt, she would think from time to time that she had cheated him, and that in the deep recesses of her mind he would feel her love had been a very frail and weak thing.

Yet again and again reverted to her mind the knowledge that had it not been for that lie when she had spoken if Gregory and she would never have been happy.

And these doubts and worried thoughts were the heritage of a lie such as hers had been.

It seemed like a miracle. She had given up all hope. Still at times the lie she had told in the first place of all haunted her, because she felt she had cheated Gregory. He never referred to it. He seemed radiantly happy. But she had worried.

And then some time after she had told him, she knew. She was glad she had told him. She was glad that he knew her weaknesses and faults and all. Her happiness over the coming child was so much greater because she had told him.

"And it's to be an anniversary child." The Christmas carols were pealing forth when a small boy opened his eyes upon the world so new to him.

"I'm sorry it's not a girl so we can call her Marjorie," Gregory smiled. "Because it's a boy and that we can name him Gregory," Marjorie whispered.

"Merry Christmas," Gregory said, a little later. The clock just struck twelve.

"Merry Christmas," Marjorie answered.

And the small boy gave a shrill little cry.

"That's his way of saying 'Merry Christmas,'" Marjorie added.

"I'm delighted to have it explained to me," her husband chuckled.

Freshening Rolls. Frequently muffins, gams, cornbread, branbread etc., are a part of the evening dinner and seldom are all eaten during the evening meal, some being left over. The question comes to the conscientious housewife, "How can I serve them again in their original freshness?" It can easily be done. Grease a piece of brown paper, using plenty of grease. Wrap in it the muffins, bread, etc. Place in hot oven for ten or fifteen minutes, unwrap, serve, and, if you did not know, you would think they were just baked.

A Christmas Joke

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

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She 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 articles which were not fulfilled 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.

After her 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



"I'll Give It to Molly Stevens for a Christmas Present."

something for Christmas that she could have for her new home. "We really can't afford to buy another thing just now and that will do beautifully."

"But the monogram?" her husband inquired. "Oh, that can be taken off you know, and another one put there in its place. I heard some one ordering that to be done in one of the silver 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 answered, "but you see they told me today at the shop that it would be possible to do it were it 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 nuts, or, if novelty is desired, serve in banana cups.

Gifts for the home

Buy Your Furniture, Rugs, Stoves, Doors, Windows, Plumbing Goods and All Kinds of Hardware at Prices Right.

ALSO A SPECIAL FOR HOLIDAYS IN

Silverware, Carving Sets, Aluminum Ware

All these articles and 1000 more to be had at GOOD PRICES at

L. F. Wellman's Hdwe. Store

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PIKEVILLE

In Favor of Parker. Constructing a deed of conveyance made from William Connelly and wife to the trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the Thomas C. Cecil Lodge, No. 375, F. & A. M., of Pikeville, the Appellate Court held that the lot on which a two-story building for the church and the upper story of the building to the lodge. The dispute between the lodge and T. G. Parker, who bought interest of the church in the property, arose this summer when Parker erected a one-story addition in the rear of the building and the lodge claimed that it had the right to erect a second story to the addition. The court held that the lot had been sold to the church and that Parker obtained all the rights of the church in making the purchase. Under the decision the lodge will not be able to build a second story on the addition erected by Parker.

Aged Woman Dead. Mrs. Rebecca Johnson, aged 89, died at noon Wednesday, at the home of John D. Robinson on Herald's Branch. Her death was due to the infirmities of age.

Mrs. Johnson was the widow of John Johnson, a Civil War veteran, who preceded her to the grave about a quarter of a century ago.

The burial of Mrs. Johnson took place Thursday afternoon in the family cemetery on Herald's Branch.

Garnett May Compton. Garnett May, the eighteen month old daughter of Abe Compton of High street, died Monday. The burial took place in the Byck cemetery Wednesday. The child's mother preceded her to the grave a few months ago.

Mrs. Kirkwood Dies. Mrs. John Kirkwood died at her home in Fairview Saturday. The cause of her death has not been learned. The funeral services were held at the home by Rev. M. C. Reynolds Monday after which the burial services took place in the Cecil graveyard. She is survived by her husband.

Local and Personal. A telegram from Claude M. Dean, clerk of the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals, of Richmond, Va., that the case of Mankin versus Bartley had been affirmed; making five times this case has been decided for Bartley.

Mrs. D. L. Francis and daughter, Mrs. Linton Trivette of this city, are in Huntington this week. The guests of Mr. and Mrs. James D. Francis and family.

Judge W. W. Reynolds took his son, John, who has been suffering with typhoid fever to Paintsville hospital Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Phillips, of Robinson creek, were here first of this week Christmas shopping. Mr. Phillips is superintendent of Ford-Eikhorn Coal Co.—Pike County News.

PROTESTED AGAINST FIRST BATH TUB

Adam Thompson of Cincinnati had the honor of installing the first bath tub in an American home in the year 1842. The news of its installation called forth public protests and editorials were written denouncing it as subversive of democratic simplicity and pioneer hardihood. The doctors also promised that if the custom became general mankind would suffer from many diseases.

The Common Council of Philadelphia considered a measure making it illegal to bathe between November 1 and Mar. 15, but it failed of passage by two votes. Virginia put a tax of \$30 on every tub and Boston made bathing unlawful, save on the advice of a physician.

PRESTONSBURG

Local and Personal. Tuesday afternoon, December 8, Sylvester Herrington of Cliff was crossing the river in a boat with a grandson and fell into the river and was drowned. His grandson endeavored to rescue him and got hold of him but was unable to get him into the boat. Mr. Herrington was 66 years of age and heart failure is supposed to have caused him to fall out of the boat. His funeral and burial took place Thursday.

Rev. C. A. Slaughter of the Ashland District preached in the M. E. Church South of this city Sunday morning and evening.

Mrs. J. C. Davies of Paducah is guest of her brother, Dr. and Mrs. E. D. Bagby on Second-st.

Rev. and Mrs. Page of Iowa arrived here the latter part of the week. Rev. Page is the new Presbyterian pastor.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. James Hughes of Highland-av., on November 20, a fine girl—Sallie Jewel.

Mrs. G. C. Davis and son Ralph and Miss Anna Harris are in Cincinnati this week.

Miss Hazel Gardner is guest of her sister, Mrs. W. B. Gatewood in Huntington.

Dr. Oscar Endicott went Sunday to Cincinnati to have his eyes treated.

Rev. C. H. Peters of Allen was in the city Wednesday.—Post.

PATRICK

Miss Myrtle Williamson was calling on her grandparents Sunday.

Willie Osborn, who has been at Kettle Island for some time has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Boyd of Rockcastle are spending a week with home folks at this place.

We are glad to say the sick of our community are better.

Mrs. Alice Justice was shopping at Henrietta Monday.

Hunting is all the go now. Miss Emily Blessing and Miss Mattie Hinkle were calling on Mrs. Georgia Price Saturday evening.

Misses Linda, Nellie and Edna Boyd spent Friday night with Mrs. Alice Justice.

Burl Boyd has gone to Beaver creek to work.

Miss Emily Blessing and Miss Linda Marie Boyd were calling on Miss Mattie Hinkle Sunday.

Miss Rinda Walters, who has been at Ashland hrs returned home.

Willie Osborn was the dinner guest of his sister, Mrs. Allan Boyd, Sunday.

Miss Nola Borders, who has been on the sick list, is better at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. hCas. PITCH went to Louisa Friday on business.

We are looking for old Santa Claus soon.

Mrs. Jerry PITCH is no better. BLUE EYED DOLLIE.

Twin Branch and Compton

There will be a Christmas tree and entertainment at Compton school house Saturday, Dec. 24, beginning at one p. m.

Mrs. Virgie Bradley was calling on Mrs. C. D. Adams Sunday.

Archie Bradley and Oliver DeLong passed down our creek Sunday.

DR. FRED A. MILLARD

DENTIST
Office in Dr. Burgess Building
Opposite Court House
Office Hours:—8:00 a. m. to 5:00 p. m.
Office and Residence Phone No. 118

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Office in Bank Block, between the
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N. W. Norfolk & West

Nov. 6, 1921,
FROM FORT GAY
East Bound

No. 4 Daily..... 7:35 A. M.
No. 8 Daily..... 8:40 A. M.
No. 16 Daily..... 2:15 P. M.

West Bound
No. 3 Daily..... 1:15 A. M.
No. 15 Daily..... 12:51 P. M.
No. 29 Daily..... 6:15 P. M.

Fullman Cars and Dining Car Service on trains 3, 4, 11 and 14.

For rates, schedules and additional information, apply to JNO. P. SMITH, Passenger Agent, Portsmouth, Ohio, or W. C. SAUNDERS, General Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.

MONUMENTS

Prices Reduced 15 to 30 o/o
The so-called war prices are wiped out, and we are producing monumental work at the lowest possible prices.

Granite Markers in Barre, St. Cloud, Missouri Red, Little Falls Black, Mont Rose, Winspore Blue, Golden Green, New England Gray, and Quincy and Blue Granite Granites lettered complete and set in cemetery \$25 to \$50.

NOAH SHEETS, Prop.
14th Street and 2nd Avenue
HUNTINGTON, W. VA.

CARD OF THANKS.

Through the columns of the NEWS we desire to thank our many friends and neighbors for their kindness and help through the sickness and death of our loving wife and mother, Mrs. Bertha Thompson Webb. W. L. WEBB and children.

Throwing a Monkey Wrench into the Machinery

Allowing eye-disorders to go without correction is much the same as throwing a monkey wrench into the machinery. Often serious damage is wrought to

THE EYES

by such carelessness or neglect. An examination by our expert oculist, who is also a registered physician, will often reveal such disorders and make possible their correction before too late. Don't wait. See us at once.

LAKE POLAN, M. D.

Huntington Optical Company
324 9 St. Huntington

SIMPLE SIMON.

Ernest M. Adams returned home Saturday from Richmond, Ky., where he has been attending the E. K. B. N. C. He will spend the holidays here before returning.

Golda Rice spent the week-end with some folks.

Luther Jobe's smiling face was seen on our creek Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Mart Spillman and family are expected to visit relatives here soon.