

The Big Stone Gap Post
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As the Editor Sees It

We admire a man who is strong on civic pride. Such a man, or woman, is a distinct asset to any community. Too often a town suffers because its citizens immerse themselves in the business of making money, to the utter exclusion of all other considerations. Always here are a few who believe in improving local conditions. Through their efforts a certain amount is accomplished, but uniform improvement is only brought about when the people as a body are willing to cooperate to that end. Conditions in our own community would be better, and life would be brighter, if all of our people had the spirit of local improvement and the will to put it into practice.

Again we suggest that it is time to look over the field and see if there is any one in our midst who is likely not to be remembered on Christmas day.

If there are any such persons the spirit of humility and brotherly love which Christ taught should prompt us to put joy into their hearts on the great day of days.

How many of the children who receive their toys on Christmas day will understand why those toys are given them at that particular time?

How many of them understand that had it not been for the birth of Christ there would be no Christmas, and perhaps no occasion for toys?

It might be profitable to tell them the story of the child who came into the world in a manger and went out of it upon a cross, that their thoughts on Christmas morn may instinctively turn back to the day when the virgin became a mother.

You will be spending some money this Christmas—perhaps a considerable amount. We all do.

If you spend it with our home merchants at least a portion of it may find its way back into your own pockets. It often does.

If it is spent outside you will never see it again. They never do.

Since you are possessed of at least an ordinary amount of brains, which appeals to you?

The average minister preaches about 100 sermons a year.

This requires intelligence, education, research, and concentrated thought.

In addition, he must keep a watchful eye on the work of the Sunday School, conduct mid-week prayer-meetings, foster and encourage all sorts of church societies and activities, visit the sick and oppressed, smile sweetly over the indifference of many of the brethren, and blaze the path to heaven for people who are too engrossed in worldly affairs to perform this important duty for themselves.

We dole him out a sum that, with rigid economy, will cover his nakedness and keep soul and body together—and feel that we have done wonderfully well.

The devil smiles at our parsimony, the preacher doesn't complain of it, and we, apparently, prefer to remain ignorant of it.

And now, if you have borrowed this paper in order to read this column, return it with thanks and send in a subscription of your own. It will add to the enjoyment of your Christmas dinner.

Remember Your Own Interests

Another Christmas is near at hand, and already many of our people are scanning the list of possible gifts.

As is our custom each year, we again ask you to consider the claims of the home merchant and the advantages to be derived from trading with them.

Consider the plight of Germany in this connection.

That country is prostrate because it no longer has wealth. Its gold is being sent to other countries to satisfy claims that must be met.

If we follow the course that is being forced upon Germany, and spend our money outside of our own community, we will be taking a long step in the direction of local prostration.

We are in fairly good condition now, but we will remain so only as long as we keep our money in circulation at home.

You will find the home merchant's wares advertised in the local papers, and they will be worth the prices asked.

Consider your own interests, as well as his, by keeping your money where you may see it again.

MUCH OBLIGE!

Knight's Edition!

The Christmas edition just issued by the Big Stone Gap Post, consisting of sixteen pages, is a splendid piece of work, exhibiting tasteful and painstaking typography and excellent editorial direction. The edition is printed on good book paper and there is not a typographical fly on it. The articles are well written, some of them showing exceptional ability. But the biggest thing about the number, and the thing that warranted it is the showing in the way of industries, stores, schools, social and civic spirit, and scenic surroundings. This number is a vista to the remarkable town and its neighboring territory. Publisher Gilbert N. Knight is to be congratulated, as are also those who assisted him in the production of this interesting edition. — Crawford's Weekly.

A Splendid Issue!

There comes to our desk this morning an issue of the Big Stone Gap Post which is a highly creditable piece of work. It carries sixteen pages, all of which are beautifully illustrated and show marked ability, in both the literary and mechanical departments. The splendid featuring of the Appalachian National Park for High Knob is of special interest to The Daily Progress and this should do much to assist the latter in awakening interest in this magnificent project. The views of Hoot Owl Hollow, Powell Valley and other scenic spots which cluster about the Knob are very fine. — Daily Progress.

AT OUR DOORS

Of course everyone is deeply impressed with the great needs across the water in this hour of famine and distress. It is very possible that we of Virginia do not realize fully the conditions existing here with reference to the more than Ten Thousand little children who are in poverty, without clothing and food or Mother and Father care. According to the latest survey made throughout our state, the above mentioned alarming figures and facts were discovered. Virginia—Proud Virginia—Wealthy Virginia—Mother of Presidents, should not stand for any such condition. We should help the numerous calls from everywhere, doing our full duty. We should not overlook the needs and conditions at our doors. We cannot appeal to other sections to help us save and care for the children of our state. Our different orphanages and children's institutions are doing a very beautiful, but necessarily, a very limited work. The Children's Home Society of Virginia gathers up, cares for temporarily, and then homes in carefully selected homes, hundreds of these children each year. This Society is non-sectarian and has already gathered up, aided and homed over Four Thousand of Virginia's children. Of this number it still has Thirteen Hundred children as its wards—as yet unadopted. In addition to this, the children are appealing to them in such numbers each month, they are finding themselves wholly unable to provide for the children and therefore are being forced to turn many away. We are reliably informed that this society has been working overtime to such an extent that they are now \$15,000 in debt and are distressingly in need if they are to continue to carry on this work of saving these homeless, motherless and fatherless children. We wish to repeat that this work should not be neglected. Because a child should lose its mother or home, is no excuse for that child or those children being crushed beneath the foot of Society. The work of the Children's Home Society is supported entirely by voluntary contributions and deserves the help of every friend of the helpless and innocent. Do your part for these Virginia children by helping now. The address is 309 Mayo Building, Richmond, Va. They need money, clothing and food of all kinds, but especially some funds to help them pay their debts.

At any rate, a wife with a mind of her own is preferable to one with no mind at all.

Few of our thoughts are entirely our own. We just can't resist the temptation to share them with other people.



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IN QUEST OF SANTA ON SKIS
 by Eleanora E. King

HERE were three things that Ralph thoroughly enjoyed—the West, skiing and adventure. He and three other fellows about his age, ranging from nine to twelve had been skiing all morning. The whole surrounding country was mountainous and the boys had no trouble finding places to ski.

"Well, fellows," said Ralph, poised for action at the top of the hill, "I'm off. Here begins my great quest for Santa Claus" and he made a low bow, scraping the snow with his cap. "So long," and he was gone.

"Good luck," called the fellows. He seemed to go on and on at a remarkable speed after he reached the bottom. The boys stood and watched him skim over the snow out of sight.

Ralph went on for two or three miles this way. Then he came to a wooded strip. His ruddy cheeks glowed with delight, as he thought of the adventures he might have here.

The further into the forest he got, the darker it grew, until finally Ralph couldn't see his hand before his face. There was only one thing he knew of to do—feel his way out. That was a slow process, but Ralph thought any way out of this dark hole would suit him.

In his search for a way out, he found a place where the snow seemed to go almost straight up. It occurred to him that this might be the side of a mountain, and if he could get up high enough he would come to daylight.

He slid down several times, got badly scratched on branches, but that didn't bother him in the least. He was determined to get out of the forest. The mountain proved to be quite high and after an hour or so of climbing Ralph sat down to rest in the snow.

As he rested, he took a good look at what was before him. What was that up on the top? Why, it looked like a hut, sure enough—a place where he could rest, get something to eat and get warm.

Ralph didn't rest long, he wanted to get to the hut. It was a queer little place, he found upon reaching it. It looked as though a puff of wind would be enough to blow it over.

Ralph knocked at the door very gently for fear of knocking the house down. The door opened, but Ralph started back with surprise, for the object before him had a bull's head and horns, and a man's body, cloven hoofs and a long tail.

"Well, my boy," said the creature, "what are you here for? Did you come to help me? I usually have some boys come about Christmas time." Ralph gave a shudder. So this was his beloved Santa Claus, who looked and talked like this. Why hadn't someone told him?

"Who are you?" stammered Ralph getting up his courage. "Are you Santa Claus?"

The creature burst out laughing. It sounded like thunder. He held his sides and roared with laughter.

Ralph didn't know what to do now—was he going to laugh himself to death? Well he rather hoped he would.

Then the creature finally composed himself to say, "No! but I follow up Santa with my helpers. We break up the toys for the children that they get for Christmas. You stay here tonight, with me and then go along with us. It's great sport breaking up toys."

"No, I can't stay," said Ralph, backing away. "I am in quest of Santa Claus."

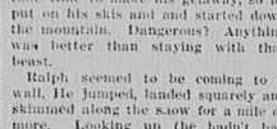
The beast doubled up with laughter again. Ralph thought this an opportune time to make his getaway, so he put on his skis and started down the mountain. Dangerous? Anything was better than staying with that beast.

Ralph seemed to be coming to a wall. He jumped, landed squarely and skinned along the snow for a mile or more. Looking up (he hadn't had time to do this before), he beheld in front of him a great castle, covered with turrets and towers.

"Now, what have I gotten into?" said Ralph, aloud. He knocked at the door and was admitted by two queer-looking fairies.

"Who are you, and who lives here?" queried Ralph. "Do you go around breaking up toys, too?"

Reached Santa Claus' Castle.



: Attraction Extraordinary :
AMUZU THEATRE
THURSDAY
 Anita Stewart
 in
"The Woman He Married"
 : Extra Added Attraction :
 Charlie Chaplin
 in
"The Idle Class"
ONE NIGHT ONLY

BIRTHDAY PARTY

Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Miner, of Dorchester, gave a delightful birthday party in honor of Miss Leolin Robinson, of Powell's Valley, Saturday night.

Many nice presents were given. After numerous games were played refreshments were served such as ham sandwiches, cake, ice cream and grape juice. Every one present went away reporting a nice and enjoyable time.

Those present were as follows: Miss Clara Jenkins, Miss Grace Jenkins, Miss Glessie Whitton, Miss May Countess, Miss Sarah Hob, Miss Ruby Draughn, Miss Nell Bright, Miss

SEASON'S GREETINGS

At this season our thoughts revert gratefully to those whose courtesy, co-operation and loyalty have assisted in our progress; our appreciation prompts us to express to you our thanks for the business you have entrusted us during the Past Year SO This organization, its officers, heads of departments, and everyone connected with the concern, wish you the merriest of Christmas Holidays, and the happiest of happy New Years, that you ever enjoyed

CENTRAL SUPPLY COMPANY
 Andover, Va.

Books and Xmas Cards

A Christmas Box is never complete without books. We are prepared to fill your wants in this line for either children or grown-ups Also a complete assortment Xmas Cards, Tags and Seals, Tissue and Crepe Paper in Christmas colors.

WISE PRINTING COMPANY

Edith Teasley, Miss Pearl Tigue, Miss Ethel Tigue, and Miss Bell Hall, of Dorchester. Miss Maude Wells, of Big Stone Gap, Miss Myrtle Jones, of Powell's Valley, Miss Sarah Robinson, of Pennington Gap, Mrs. M. O. Miner, of Powell's Valley, Mr. Charles W. Miner, Mr. Rube Burk, Mr. George Bright, Mr. Henry Baker, Mr. Clarence Quinlen, Mr. Homer Doffs, Mr. Earl Dockery, of Dorchester, Mr. Gibson, of Appalachia, Mr. Elmer Marcum, of Powell's Valley, Mr. Guy W. Miner, of Jonesville.

If you can't move forward in life, stand still. There at least will be a few who will not pass you.

The love of women is past understanding—when bestowed upon some men.

People who have axes to grind have no use for the man who has no grindstone.

WANTED!
25 GIRLS
 TO LEARN **KNITTING HOSIERY**
APPLY AT ONCE
 PAY WHILE **LEARNING**
 Taubel-Scott Kitzmiller Co.
 Big Stone Gap, Va.