

Early Christmas Morning



Christmas in the Country

by Martha B. Thoma

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IF YOU are fortunate enough to live in the country, then you are all right. If you are unfortunate enough to live in the city, then you'll have to pretend for a little while that you are in the country. There is nothing to equal it at Christmas time. Let me tell you about it.

A week before Christmas you scurry around and find as many big bags as you can—burlap bags that probably came filled with grain. Then you buckle up your axes, draw on your mittens, wind a muffler around your throat, make sure your ears are protected, and start for the woods. Under the snow are the green fingers of

ground pine, or crow's foot. Yards and yards of it come up when you pull. It looks as fresh and contented as though it grew in a comfortable conservatory. Instead of cuddling under a frozen blanket, you stuff great quantities of this delightful Christmas trim into the bags, and you are sure that the woods in winter are much superior than at any other time. Then you come home with your fragrant bags slung over your shoulders and the most amazing appetite. You probably eat a pile of pancakes and maple syrup high as a pagoda!

Then think of the string, the scissors, the aprons and the fun of making wreaths! The whole family devotes an entire afternoon to it, and get into friendly squabbles about the length, breadth and thickness of their respective products. Everyone is perfectly sure that none can equal his!

And we have said nothing at all about driving four miles back in the hills to buy the largest turkey that ever graced a platter; and how there was no room for anybody else when the prodigious bird was landed in the wagon, and how the head of the kitchen declared she never could get him in the oven, but seemed very pleased at his noble appearance!

And pies! Bless us, the P-I-E-S! Not your thin, anemic characters, but thick, round succulent beauties that make your nose sniff as far as the front of the house. I have known the noses of small boys to become almost permanently wrinkled from the constant exercise thus stimulated by the aroma of pumpkin pies. It is a dangerous period, this time of cooking and baking. If you are accustomed to maintaining a solemn expression! I warn you to keep away from country houses if you are fond of keeping your countenance intact! Then, of course, a Christmas tree has to be found. This is even more fun than going after greens. A rope, an ax with a responsible edge that understands the duty required of it, and as many people as you can muster to take part in the expedition. Such laughing, such stumbling, such falling down of persons who forget that feet need to be wary of running vines and dead briars, such mirth over the young man who unwittingly winds himself up in a bramble bush and has to be uncolled. And best of all, the terrible arguments about selecting the right tree. There is no fun like this.

And if on Christmas day you don't wish for a stomach as big as a bishop, then you are not the person I thought you!

Christmas in the country? Well . . . rather!

Dressing.
Three-quarters cup sugar, 1/2 cup pineapple juice, juice of one lemon, 1 heaping teaspoonful flour, 2 eggs, well beaten. Cook all together until it thickens. When cool and ready to serve add 1/2 pint of whipped cream and spread on top of salad which has been placed on lettuce leaves.

Two gentlemen of Hebrew extraction were ship wrecked and for two days floated about on a life raft.

Near the end of the second day, one of them cried, "Ikey, I see a sail!"

"Vat good does that do us?" replied Ikey. "Ve nin't got no samples."—Sample Case.

A certain young man from Lynn was so exceedingly thin

When he went to his tire To give it some air He slipped up the valve and fell in.

—Exchange.

WHERE SANTA FILLS HIS PACK



This store has made arrangements with Old Santa to fill his pack with toys for the boys and girls of Wise and Lee on Christmas Eve. Because he has so much to buy quality and price had to be right. He was surprised at the high quality and low prices of our Christmas goods.

There Is Something For Everybody

Toys for the Kiddies
Useful Gifts for Mother and the Girls
Knife, a Flash Light and dozens of gifts for Dad and the Boys

This is Headquarters for Sensible Gifts for the Whole Family.

Hamblen Hardware Co.

BIG STONE GAP, VIRGINIA

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

Few days are too cold for comfortable driving in this sturdy car.

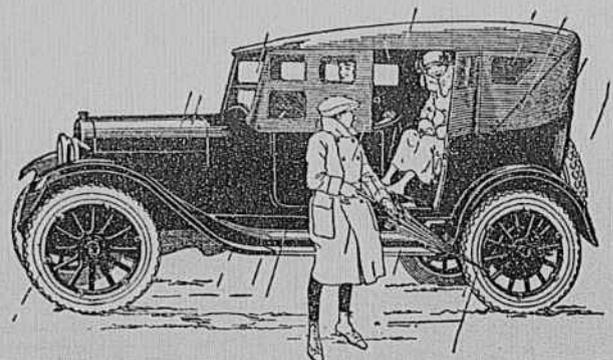
Snug-fitting curtains, which open and close with the doors, afford complete protection from wind and snow.

The carburetor and starter are famous for their prompt and dependable response on cold mornings.

Cord tires, with safety treads, act as a safeguard against skidding, and greatly reduce the possibility of having to change tires in disagreeable weather.

The price is \$270.00 delivered

LONG'S GARAGE
Big Stone Gap, Va.



THE OLD STOIC

By Emily Bronte

Riches I hold in light esteem,
And love I laugh to scorn;
And lust of fame was but a dream,
That vanished with the morn;
And if I pray, the only prayer
That moves my lips for me
Is, 'Leave the heart that now I bear,
And give me liberty!'
Yes, as my swift days near their goal,
'Tis at that I emprise;
In life and death a chainless soul
With courage to endure.

YOU'LL LOVE ME YET

By Robert Browning

You'll love me yet!—and I can tarry
Your love's protracted growing;
June rear'd that bunch of flowers
you carry
From seeds of April's sowing.
I plant a heartful now; some seed
At least is sure to strike,
And yield—what you'll not pluck
indeed,
Not love, but, may be, like,
You'll look at least on love's remains,
A grave's one violet:
Your look?—that pays a thousand
pains.
What's the death? You'll love me yet!

Pat paid \$7.50 for a pig last fall and then fed it all winter, the feed costing him \$12. He sold the pig, in the spring, for \$19.

"Well, Pat," said a neighbor, "you didn't make much, did you?"
"No," said Pat, "but I had the use of the pig all winter."
—Boys' Life.

The government will find it utterly impossible to make our American ships dry. The bottoms will always be wet.

A local wise man insists that only snakes have forked tongues. At any rate he may be correct.

VISION

LAST night I crept across the snow
Where only tracking rabbits go,
And there I waited, quite alone
Until the Christmas radiance shone.

At midnight twenty angels came,
Each white and shining like a flame,
At midnight twenty angels sang,
The stars swung out like bells, and rang.

They lifted me across the hill,
They bore me in their arms until
A greater glory greeted them,
It was the town of Bethlehem.

And gently, then, they set me down,
All whispering that holy town,
And gently, then, they bade me raise
My head to worship and to praise.

And gently, then, the Christ smiled down,
Ah, there was glory in that town!
It was as if the world were free
And gladdening in purity.

There, in that vault of crystal blue,
It was as if the world were new,
And myriad angels, like on fire,
Gloried in the Christ-child's smile.

It was so beautiful to see,
Such glory for a child like me,
So beautiful, it does not seem
It could have been a Christmas dream!

When Removing Seeds.
Use a fork to remove seeds from oranges or grapefruit. The result is most gratifying, as there is no waste of the precious juice as when a knife is used.



A FIERCE ONE

"I'm going to give you a necktie for Christmas."
"Don't do it; I haven't lived down the one you gave me last Christmas."

For Xmas Gifts

Nothing Is More Appreciated Than
GOOD JEWELRY

Our new line of jewelry is especially adapted to the holiday trade.

You can select a present for any member of the family and KNOW that it will be RIGHT in quality as well as in price.

Quality in a present emphasizes the quality of the regard that prompts the gift.

Our Prices are the Most Reasonable in Many Years

D. M. BOOHER
BIG STONE GAP, VA.