



Christmas Greetings



Good Cheer



A Very Merry Christmas

Sanders' Christmas Dinner Menu

- Grape Fruit Cocktail
 - Oyster Cocktail Richelieu Oyster Cocktail Sauce
 - Celery Stuffed Olives Green Olives
 - Lettuce Salad with Green Peppers and
 Sanders Thousand Island Dressing
 - Roast Turkey Chestnut Dressing Cranberry Sauce
 - Southern Sweet Potatoes
 - Cauliflower Brussels Sprouts
 - Plum Pudding Rum Flavor Sauce
 - Fruit Cake Date Cake
 - Mixed Nuts Christmas Candies
 - Florida and California Oranges
 - Red and Yellow Banans Jap Oranges
 - Popcorn Dates Fresh Cocoanuts
- C. R. S. COFFEE**

We Wish You a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

C. R. Sanders Co.

Phone 39

Christmas in the Country

by Martha B. Thomas

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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 arctics, 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 trimming 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, anaemic 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 uncoiled. 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 blimp, then you are not the person I thought you!

Christmas in the country? Well... rather!

Dressing.

Three-quarters cut sugar, ½ 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 ½ pint of whipped cream and spread on top of salad which has been placed on lettuce leaves.

Christmas Prices at the Grange Store

You will find that our prices are low on high-grade fruits, nuts, candy, fresh vegetables, and everything that helps to make your Christmas dinner a success.

- Fresh Florida Grape Fruit
 Each 10c
- Fresh Arabian Dates in Bulk
 Per Pound 20c
- Mixed Christmas Nuts
 Per Pound 23c
- Libby's Choice Mince Meat
 Per Pound 25c

DAILY SHIPMENTS OF FRESH CALIFORNIA CELERY, HEAD LETTUCE, BANANAS AND CAULIFLOWER

- Sweet Potatoes
 Six Pounds 25c
- Fancy White Cooking Figs
 Per Pound 20c
- Eight-Ounce Bottles Maraschino Cherries
 Per Bottle 33c
- Fresh Roasted Virginia Peanuts
 Per Pound 15c
- 15-Ounce Sunkist Preserves
 Per Jar 25c
- Cluster Raisins in 1-pound pkgs.
 Each 25c

A Big Shipment of California Sweet Naval Oranges. A Big Size for 39c per dozen.

Hundreds of pounds of Christmas Candy, per pound
18c

We are local representatives for the Famous N. B. C. Cakes and Crackers. Fresh Assortments received weekly.

- Sweet India Relish
 Per Quart 40c
- Sweet Mixed Pickles
 Per Quart 50c
- Fancy Dill Pickles
 Per Quart 30c

The Grange Warehouse Co.

When Christmas Comes

WHEN December snows appear, when the nights are crisp and clear, chilly do the north winds blow and we walk on crunchily snow, gazing at a wintry moon—Christmas time is coming soon!

When the stores are trimmed in green with poinsettias in between, on the shelves are books and toys, dolls and drums for girls and boys; tinkling sounds the glockenspiel and you hear sweet laughter's peal, or the tin horns' trumpet blast—Christmas time is coming fast!

When the house smells—oh, so good, mother's cooking wondrous food, glori-

ous odors floating by, spice and plums are stirred in pie. In the morning when you wake—sniff the air—that's chocolate cake! Ring, ring, ring! the door bell's chime, postman says: "It's Christmas time!"

When you shop and sew and hurry, loving all the bustle. Scurry quick for hiding place lest she guess it from your face that this bulky box contains mother's gift you've made with pains. When you've hickory nuts to crack, trips to make to town and back, Yuletide crackles in the air—Merry Christmas everywhere!

Then at length comes Christmas eve, Mother mine can you believe that tomorrow is the time, happy cause of all my rhyme? Wreaths and greens and stockings hung, answering bell that's rung and rung. Off to bed—a little sleep—seems a moment, then you peep, fling the covers quick away. Yes! at last it's Christmas Day!—Grit.

A HINT TO MEN

WHEN she tells you she doesn't want you to bother about giving her a Christmas present don't pay any attention. You know yourself how hurt you would be if she didn't get you one of those ties about which you could boast to your men friends that "you had to wear it once just so the little girl's feelings wouldn't be hurt." And you know, and they know, that you want to let the world know that the "little girl" struggled with the other women to get to the center of the tie counter so she could pick out something for you in her sweet and loving ignorance.

The Man of The Hour



CHRISTMAS CIGARS

Pipes
Michael's Candy

You Get Personal Service
at

The City Club

JOHNNIE GANNON, PROP.