

WOULD BREAK WITH MEXICO

Washington, Dec. 3.—President Wilson was requested in a resolution introduced today in the senate to sever diplomatic relations with Mexico.

The resolution was offered by Senator Fall, Republican of New Mexico, who as chairman of a subcommittee investigating the Mexican situation, declared evidence had been found which "would astound the world." It also asked that the president withdraw recognition of the Carranza government.

Senator Fall boldly charged that the Mexican embassy, the consulate generals in New York and San Francisco and the consulates along the border with the knowledge and consent of President Carranza, had been actively engaged in the spreading of Bolshevik propaganda in the United States. Evidence, it was said, would be forthcoming to bear out the charge. By this resolution which was sent to the foreign relations committee of the senate for consideration tomorrow, the whole Mexican problem, admittedly grave in view of refusal of the Carranza administration to release Consular Agent Jenkins from the penitentiary at Puebla, will be put before congress.

The latest note from the state department calling for the immediate release of Jenkins was laid before the Mexican government on Monday. Word to this effect reached the department today, but there was no intimation as to when an answer might be expected. An early report from the committee on the Fall resolution is expected and this will put the question squarely before the senate, aroused to a high pitch by recent murders of Americans in Mexico and the treatment of the American consular agents.

Santa Claus on Wings

By E. S. HENDERSON

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CHRISTMAS cheer was in the air, but the fact did not particularly appeal to Boyd Wisner, for he was consumed with ennui and suspense. It was typical old-fashioned yuletide season. A great snowstorm had blotted out every country turnpike and the railroad connecting his town with Mayville. "Boyd mopes around like a lost soul," commented his sister Nettie to her mother. "If his fellow ace of airship fame in France, Willis Thorne, cannot get here in time for the holiday festivities we shall have a dull season of it."

"It's Muriel Lane," asserted Mrs. Wisner. "A year ago this time both you and Boyd had the time of your lives at Lane farm and the contrast is like a lost soul."

"And 'the poor boy,'" mimicked Nettie, "is on pins and needles of suspense."



"Of course you know that he proposed to Muriel a week ago?"

"I didn't know it, but I suspected it would come to that." "Muriel asked him to give her a few days to think it over, so she would be sure, she knew her own mind. Then this storm came along and the telephone wires have been down until this morning."

But that very day Boyd Wisner heard from the prudent maiden who sought to make no mistake in solving life's greatest problem—marriage. His quickened heart throbs were a series of thrills as he was called to the phone at his office, and more alluring than the soft cooing of a dove were the fluttering words, "Is that you, Boyd?"

"Yes, dear—I mean Miss Lane." "Don't be silly, Boyd. We are snow-bound, but I wanted to tell you that I am sure of my mind now. The children are crying for last year's Santa Claus, and I—oh, I wish it would rain

hot scalding water and clear the roads! Merry Christmas! Come soon!"

And then the provoking damsel dropped the phone. Muriel had made up her mind! Boyd was inspired with the most radiant soul of hope. He reached the street to find it crowded with people looking skyward. "Double luck!" he jubilated. "It's Thorne," and he decided that the airship aloft,



gracefully circling to land, must be the one which his fellow ace of France had purchased after returning home.

Twenty miles distant, lovable and loving Muriel Lane looked out upon a bleak, white expanse, surrounding the old farm home. Her six little brothers and sisters nestled about her.

"We can trim up the Christmas tree with last year's spangles, children," she said.

"I want to see Santa Claus!" whimpered little Tim. "If he can land on a roof and come down the chimney, he can ride on the air. Oh, sister, there's the telephone."

It was the first time it had rung for a week. Muriel ran to it, and her cheeks grew to wild rose beauty and her eyes sparkled as the words came: "Look to the northeast for a new star at nine o'clock tonight."

"Boyd—" began Muriel, flutteringly. "No, Santa Claus, by air. Have the tree ready and keep the children up."

That wise little head of Muriel comprehended. She was as unsettled and expectant as the children. The tree was trimmed, the candles all ready for lighting. She took a chair at the window and began telling them stories. Finally she leaned closer to the pane and strained her glance. A speck of luster held her vision until it had resolved itself into mingled colors of red, white and blue.

"Wrap yourselves up warmly," she ordered. "We will all go out and look for Santa," and a great hush came down as the group discovered "the new star," and the gulliness of B-32 became clearly distinct in the crystalline air and there settled to earth—Willis Thorne's airship driven by Boyd Wisner.

No Worms in a Healthy Child

All children troubled with worms have an unhealthy color, which indicates poor blood, and as a rule, there is more or less stomach disturbance. GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC given regularly for two or three weeks will enrich the blood, improve the digestion, and act as a General Strengthening Tonic to the whole system. Nature will then throw off or dispel the worms, and the Child will be in perfect health. Pleasant to take. 60c per bottle.

Christ Is Born

by Louise F. Elmendorf

The world, late racked with pain through bloody years, Has climbed its weary long-pathed Calvary,

Where millions died, as Christ, that they might free Others from wrong, and black oppression's tears.

Once more now through the world comes to our ears The song of all the ages, "Christ is born."

Mute tongued to notes of joy have been the bells, And only childhood and old age dared try

To sing, so near the threatening battle sky,

The song that told, though dulled by shrieking shells

Whose bursting turned a thousand homes to hells,

The wonder of the ages, "Christ is born."

Our faith in God has brought to us the goal;

War-weary lands have peace on earth again;

And in the scarred and fire-purged hearts of men,

Made sweet and strong by suffering of the soul,

Through travail of a world once more made whole,

Anew in human hearts the Christ is born.

Dear God, the Christmas songs are fraught with prayer

That Thou wilt be with those whose tears still pay

That we may have the glory of this day;

That men may live their thanks; that lives may bear

Eternal witness for Thee, everywhere

Proclaiming that in us the Christ is born.

A SEASONABLE SERMONETTE

C Cheerfulness is a personal possession, but you can

H Hand some of it on to those whose weary, drab lives

R Represent naught but a grim struggle to exist, whose

I—Inheritance is labour and sorrow—stranger to joy.

S So, in kindly spirit, go forth, seek, and find some of

T These joyless ones. Bring some cheer into their lives.

M Make it a Christmas resolve that you will, out of your

A Abundance or sufficiency, make, with kindly heart, the

S Sun to shine at Christmas in one poor home at least.

D Do this, and the deed shall bring you such sweet joy

A And satisfaction that the remembrance of it will make

Y Your own Christmas a "happy" one in deed and in truth.

YULETIDE.



Daughter—Say, pa, what do you want me to get you for Christmas? De Close—Well, if it's all the same to you, I'll just keep the money.

Christmas is not just a day of tree-trimming and toy-giving for the kiddies—not just a holiday for youngsters to outgrow. Its spirit is of the heart, the soul—communal between us and all those whom we hold dear as our friends. It changes not, however we may. May its glow be reflected for you through all the coming year.

Renew your Subscription to The Chronicle Today.

Life Was a Misery

Mrs. F. M. Jones, of Palmer, Okla., writes: "From the time I entered into womanhood . . . I looked with dread from one month to the next. I suffered with my back and bearing-down pain, until life to me was a misery. I would think I could not endure the pain any longer, and I gradually got worse. . . Nothing seemed to help me until, one day, . . . I decided to

TAKE

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

"I took four bottles," Mrs. Jones goes on to say, "and was not only greatly relieved, but can truthfully say that I have not a pain, . . ."

"It has now been two years since I took Cardui, and I am still in good health. . . I would advise any woman or girl to use Cardui who is a sufferer from any female trouble."

If you suffer pain caused from womanly trouble, or if you feel the need of a good strengthening tonic to build up your run-down system, take the advice of Mrs. Jones. Try Cardui. It helped her. We believe it will help you.

All Druggists

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KING'S BIG REMOVAL SALE

IS NOW ON IN FULL BLAST

Hundreds and Hundreds are Taking Advantage of This Stupendous Reduction Sale

Never before has such Money-saving opportunities been offered to the buying public of Clinton and vicinity on such desirable Merchandise. Our Store is still well stocked with a host of new winter goods in Dry Goods, Notions, Shoes, Ready-to-wear and Millinery. The values in this Sale are positively sensational. You will marvel at the prices and wonder how we can do it.

Not an article in this store has escaped the Red Tag Sale Price. Our plan is to conduct a sale that arouses interest and enthusiasm and to give people values that cannot be duplicated anywhere. Our whole store is "up on its toes." Every saleslady is doing her best to please and give everybody service—as well as to make this Big Removal Sale a success.

SALE ENDS WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1919—12 MORE BARGAIN DAYS

The Holiday Season nears. The spirit of gift-giving will soon be felt. Don't fail to visit us on your shopping tours. We have loads of nice things that will make practical and sensible Xmas gifts.

B. L. KING

"Best Things to Wear"

Clinton, South Carolina