

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 tuck up your aprons, 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 croak'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 palisade!

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!

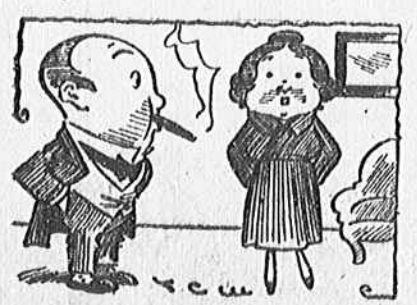
And pies! Bless us, the P-E-S-I! Not your thin, anaemic characters, but thick, round succulent beauties that make your nose sniff as far as the front of the house. I have known the noses of small boys to become almost permanently wrinkled from the constant exercise

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 cup 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.



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."

The Christmas Shopper



The Word "Xmas"

THE use of "Xmas" to denote Christmas, refuses to die out, although every sort of attack has been made upon it. Newspapers, church societies and dictionaries condemn it, but the makers of Christmas cards and

seals go right ahead. It began back in the days of the catacombs when the Greek letter "X" was used to designate the word Christ, it being the initial letter in the Greek spelling of the name.

The usage of the abbreviation became more and more popular in England years afterward when spelling was not the strong point of the average citizen, and "Xmas" was much easier to remember than the word of more letters.

Peace on the Hearth

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THE Christmas bells were making their glad announcement again, but Toby Fowler was not in sympathy with them. "Peace on earth!" said he. "What peace have I on earth?"

It wasn't that his worldly affairs troubled him, but a man may have a good job and a sum in the savings bank and yet find no peace in his house, and this it was that damned Mr. Fowler's holiday season and made its gladness clash in his ears, there was no peace upon his hearth.

And, as a troubled home is like a roiled spring, or a splinter in the hand, sending on its turbid disturbance or its pain, so there was no peace in his world, upon his earth.

The blame seemed to point to Mrs. Fowler, as though the difficulty might be in her disposition or her indisposition. There is a natural discernment that nothing can cure, a fault-finding ambition that nothing can satisfy, an ingratitude that never is thankful, a nagging nature that is never pleased, and his wife appeared to be possessed of all these in the estimation of Tobias.

But the root of the trouble lay deeper than the man's understanding of it. It was a lonely house. It was a silent house. It was an orderly house. There was no child in it.

And, as many discoveries and cures have been accidental, so Mr. Fowler blundered upon the remedy for his troubles rather than devised it. For it was for his own comfort rather than with the hope of stilling the home tempests that he brought in a lovely little boy on Christmas day and announced that he had adopted him.

He had been too uncertain of approval in the matter to have any conference about it first at home, but, after her first expressions of surprise, his wife did not leave him long in doubt, for the child found a place in her arms as one who belonged there. Not only to him, Mr. Fowler felt but to them a child had been given.

It is amazing what solutions of trouble a little child can bring, what response meets its dependent claim upon love, what joy ministers to its development, what peace is felt even amid its clamors for our self-forgetfulness! With a happy satisfaction in the midst of all its new cares peace had come to Mr. Fowler's hearth and to his earth.

"Santa Claus," From Dutch.
"Santa Claus" is derived from the Dutch for St. Nicholas, patron saint of Christmas.

The Legend of Christmas

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THEY say that on that first, strange Christmas Night, so dazzling was the radiance of the Light, sun and moon and stars leaped in the sky, and danced in ecstasy, and silly sheep fled, scampering in dismay, and stayed their foolish fleeing, so they say, in adoration and in prayer, and peace was everywhere.

The crooked stump stood straight, the legend tolls, and forth leafy arms; and tiny bells, and merry blossoms, gemmed the living green, and the withered thing was seen, and the lamb watched side by side, and the wonders of that Christ-mas-tide, and it was rich with perfume, sweet with song, and the cock crowed all night long.

And every Christmas Eve, so runs the tale, in field and forest, mountain-top and vale, The blessed fairies guard, that over all No evil may befall. They say that angels hover all the night, Close to the listening earth; and when the light Of Christmas morning heralds the glad Day, They fold their wings and pray.

You never saw those wonders? No, nor I! Only the pure and childlike may desire. The two fairies sitting in the grass, And speak them as they pass, Quilins of guile, from greed and envy free— Oh, you like the Christ-Child must you be, To have a blessed angel when he comes. Or to the brush of wings, —Red Savage Owens in New York Times.

Almond Cake.
Cream ¼ cup butter, add gradually ½ cup sugar, beating constantly. Add 4 egg yolks beaten until thick and lemon colored, ¼ cup milk, ¾ cup flour mixed and sifted with 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Beat thoroughly, filling small paper cases two-thirds full of mixture. Sprinkle with shredded almonds and powdered sugar, bake in moderate oven until delicately browned. Serve in paper cases.

Tam O'Shanter

did for Burns what the Elegy did for Gray, what bravery did for Tecumseh, what ability did for Bonar Law, What trotting did for Sally, and what good quality, correct styles and lower prices have done for COLLINS' DEPARTMENT STORE---made all famous. Famous for youthful warriors are the Indian Suits bedecked with bright feathers which COLLINS' DEPARTMENT STORE sells for only 98c.

- Men's Union Suits 95c.
- Ladies' Fur Neck Pieces, selling at \$1.98 to \$1.75.
- Rick-Rack Braid, all colors and sizes, 5c.
- Men's heavy Fleece Shirts and Drawers, 45c.
- Children's Union Suits:
 - Age 10, 49c.
 - Age 8, 45c.
 - Age 6, 39c.
 - Age 4, 35c.
- "Go-to-Sleep" Dolls at 39c, 95c, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75.
- "Mamma" Dolls at \$1.45 and \$2.85.
- Boys' Overcoats at \$3.98.
- Men's Overcoats at \$4.95, \$6.95, \$7.95 and \$9.95.
- Men's Suits at \$7.50 to \$24.95.
- Boys' Suits with two pairs of pants at \$4.95 to \$9.95.
- Horns for 5c.
- Horns for 10c.
- Electric Sparklers 4c and 8c per box.
- Yard-wide Gray Outing at 15c.
- "Hill" fine Suiting, guaranteed fast color, in orange, rose, lavender, blue and tan at 29c.
- Ladies' heavy ribbed Hose at 19c.
- Men's heavy ribbed Socks at 15c.
- Men's Socks, per pair 5c.
- 40-inch Crepe-de-Chine, all colors, good quality, at \$1.39.
- 56-inch Broadcloth, in blue, green, maroon, tan and brown at 89c.
- Ladies' ribbed Vests and Pants at 39c.
- Ladies' Union Suits at 75c.

AT TIPPECANOE

Wild roved an Indian girl, bright Alfaretta, gaily as she skipped along on the bank of the Junietta. Tam O'Shanter Caps, up-to-date for modern maidens, for only 49c.

The Last Sad Rites may be said of all Ladies' and Misses' and Children's Hats for the winter of 1922. Hats at half price for Misses, Ladies and Children. One whole table filled with Hats for Children, Misses and Ladies. Children's Hats 49c; Ladies \$2.00 Hats at 98c.

Guard Your Christmas Fires

while small; big fires not like phosphorus; but small luck or grace attends big bonsters down the Bosphorus. COLLINS' DEPARTMENT STORE is not famed for fires, but famous for buying for less than half cost what the fire did burn. Piece goods by the yard, fadeless and faultless except a portion of it which has been too close to the fire. Your choice of any colored Dress Goods at 19c per yard. These goods are appropriate for Ladies' Underwear and sold for 70c and 75c a yard.

Holiday Handkerchiefs

No common goods. It's worth 35c per yard; my price 15c. Fine Dress material in all colors of the rainbow. When it is not damaged by fire or water, worth 65c per yard. Your choice at 19c per yard; width 32 and 36 inches.

Coat Suits

For ladies, fully one-fourth under regular prices, Ladies' Coat Suits worth \$15.00, at \$9.95. Ladies' Coat Suits from \$9.95 to \$21.95. Elegant Suits in extra sizes up to 50, satin-lined, pretty braided trimmings, \$21.91.

Hit the Nail On the Head

The epitaph that made Gray famous: "Here rests his head on the lap of earth." The schoolboy, however, that won fame and hit the nail on the head was the fellow who wrote: "An ounce of taffy is worth two pounds of prevention." "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." There's ten pounds of prevention in the heavy four pound overcoats which COLLINS' DEPARTMENT STORE sells for less.

Sweaters at 75c, 95c, \$1.25, \$1.98, \$2.45, \$2.95. Sweaters at 95c, \$1.25, \$1.65, \$2.45, \$2.98 and \$3.95. Ladies' Tuxedo latest styles, in combination colors at \$3.95. Slip-

over Sweaters at \$1.75 and \$1.98. Boy's Cotton Sweaters at 45c, 75c, 85c. Cotton Blankets at 75c, 98c, \$1.25 and \$1.50. All wool North Carolina Blankets fully one-fourth less than you are asked to pay at other stores.

Do you wear a man's Hat? Prices on Hats for men have declined and our prices today dropped in accordance with the decline. Men's Velour Hats at \$3.38. All the cheaper grades in Men's Hats, priced at 75c, 95c, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$1.95, \$2.45. If you wear a Man's Hat we can save you money.

Ladies' Shoes we sell for \$1.95 are solid leather.

Collins' Spot Cash lever has just lifted and placed a stock of shoes bought at half cost which we offer less than cost of production. Ladies' high cut shoes, tan and black, were sold at \$7.00, your choice for \$2.25 and \$2.45. Ladies' comfort shoes \$1.45. Ladies' dress shoes \$1.45 and \$2.45. \$4.00 chocolates at \$2.95, \$3.95 and \$4.95. Children's shoes all solid leather, button or lace at 98c. Men's hob nail army shoes at \$2.95. Field shops at \$2.95. Men's Scout Shoes \$1.98. Men's Socks for only 5c. Men's heavy weight grey Socks for 10c.

In event of war the Bosphorus or the Dardanelles would be a protection against all enemies. In times of peace or war either, a man's best friend is his pocket-book. Collins' Big Commerce! Part located on the heights of Laurens Square stands like a huge rock between you and high prices. I underbuy which places me in proper position to puncture the prices of any and all that should happen to poke up the public pike.

Table Damask 64-inch, bleached, 49c and 59c and 69c, and imported Scotch Linen Damask, best quality made, 72-inch at \$2.45. 10-4 Linen Sheeting at \$2.39. Navy blue Serge Dresses for young ladies, price \$2.95. Ladies' navy blue Serge Dresses, good quality, all wool trimmed with military braid, choice \$4.95. Pretty Dresses for \$9.95. Silk, Plain Satin Skirts with waists of quilted satin, embossed with pretty flowered ornaments.

Under the mistletoe bough, Christmas just around the corner, Miss 1922 will look well while under the mistletoe robed in a Blue Serge Dress made of handsome Hamilton Navy Blue Serge, which arrived yesterday. All Wool Navy Serge, 36 inches wide at 85c. 35-inch Hamilton Serge, wool mixed, at 49c. 36-inch Hamilton Serge at 95c. Extra quality navy blue Hamilton Sponged and Shrunken Serge at 98c. Pretty Hats 95c, appropriate for the "girl in blue."

Appropriately trimmed are the pretty Dresses for young ladies at \$2.98, \$3.98, \$4.95 and \$9.95.

J. D. Collins