

# Baruch--Nettles Company

MAIN STREET

CAMDEN, S. C.

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Thanking Our Friends and Patrons For Their Liberal Patronage and Wishes All A Happy and

# Merry Christmas

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EVERY one is familiar with the meals that go to make up the Christmas dinner of the English speaking races—the turkey, goose, plum pudding and mince pie—festivals—but how many of us know what they eat at Christmas in foreign countries?

The Frenchman's Christmas bill of fare, for instance, is extensive and varied and in many respects quite different from our own. The great Galle national dishes are truffled turkey and black puddings, of which every Frenchman who can afford such luxuries makes a very hearty meal at Yuletide.

In Russia the Christmas meal consists largely of two dishes—one of wheat porridge served with honey and the other a curious compound of stewed pears, apples, oranges, grapes and cherries, sweetened with honey and served cold.

Italians, too, are fond of rather sweet and indigestible dishes, especially at Christmas. One of their favorite combinations is that of eels, periwinkles and vermicelli, while the inevitable macaroni and spaghetti form, of course, the principal articles of food at all times.

The German Christmas dinner offers as its principal attraction the goose, without which your true German would feel that he had not had a real holiday feast. Germans, like Austrians and Italians, have a very sweet taste, as evidenced by their numerous varieties of cake.

Notwithstanding the tendency in all countries to offer huge dinners at Christmas, it would seem that every

## Santa From the South

By DeLusto Ferree Cass

While the newspapers throughout the United States were busily announcing the warlike operations of Gen. Sancho Fernandez here, there and elsewhere that December, it was a fact that the revolutionary dictator of Mexico was really in Washington, D. C., where he had been peremptorily summoned by the president.

His conference at the capitol was short and very much to the point. It was pointed out with painful decisiveness to the Senor General Fernandez that hereinafter he would have to make his ragged army respect the rights of U. S. A.

The pill that General Fernandez was thus made to swallow was not sugar coated, but it unquestionably did him good. He went down the White House steps that day before Christmas a sadder and a wiser man. However the dictator of Mexico was a philosopher.

General Fernandez muffled his face deep in the soft warmth of his fur-collared greatcoat, and started off down the avenue.

By and by he came to the business district where throngs of last-minute shoppers were bustling about. Snow had begun to fall heavily—great fleecy flakes that filled the whole air and, supplementing the gay holiday decorations and shouts of street hawkers,

gave the scene an air of fairylike unreality.

The jolly, free-handed Christmas spirit was contagious, but it made him feel very lonely. He wanted a comrade—someone, anyone, in all this big, busy city, who would hail him simply as a friend and not as the celebrated General Fernandez.

He came to a street corner where he heard his own name shouted in a shrill, childish voice close by.

"Huxtree there, people! Huxtree polper! Spend a cent and read all about General Fernandez the Mexican butcher! He's murderin' women and babies down there, right now! Big battle at Guaremo; three hundred killed! Huxtree here, all about the bloody General Fernandez!"

At first the dictator scowled; then smiled queerly and approached the ragged waif at the newsstand. She was blue with cold and a-shiver beneath scanty rags. Below an old shawl, her thin, prematurely-aged face looked wan and pinched.

Genuine pity—an unusual thing in the dictator—seized him as he surveyed her.

"Do you really believe that this General Fernandez is as bad as all that?" he asked her with a whimsical half-smile.

The street waif stared up at him suspiciously.

"Gwan away from here, you dude! Can't y' see I'm tryin' to sell my polpers? Tonight's Christmas eve an' I wanna sell out so as to go in one of the big stores an' see Santy Claus."

"How many papers have you left to sell, little girl?"

"Twenty-one."

"I'll take them all. Here's a quarter. You can keep the change."

"Whadda y' doin' this fr'?"—still suspicious.

The great General Fernandez smiled at the waif sadly, indulgently.

"Child, I'm a stranger here and I'm ever so lonely. Everybody else has a welcoming home tonight—has someone to whom he can give presents and know that they'll be appreciated. It's Christmas eve and I too want to forget myself for a while and play Santa Claus for somebody."

"If I really thought y' meant all that," muttered the waif skeptically. "I'd say, why not practice some o' y'r good intentions on me. Lordy knows, I need 'em."

The dictator's face became radiant. He laughed whole-heartedly as he had not done before in years and took one of the wee girl's half-frozen hands kindly within his big gloved one.

"It shall all be just as you say," he cried, much to her astonishment. "Come along with me now—first somewhere to get you a warm coat and hood and some furry mittens. Then we'll go to a fine restaurant. And after you've eaten every bit you can hold, we'll go see the toys and you can pick out your own present."

"Y'r not kiddin' me, mister?"

"On my honor, no."

"Then, if it's all the same to you, let's hit the toy departments first. I've had m' eye on a big yellow-headed doll—real hair it is, too!—there in the Emporium fr' six months."

"We'll do just as you say, kiddie, but on one condition."

"What's that, mister?"

"You must tell me that you don't believe all the things you said about General Fernandez of Mexico."

"I'll call him Santa Claus if that'll suit y' any better, mister."

"Under present circumstances that name strikes me as quite appropriate for him," murmured the dictator. "But come on now. It's going to be a really merry Christmas after all."

## A Frozen Santa

By Harry Boehme

"I was in a Cheat mountain camp last Christmas eve when someone mentioned the name of 'Billie' Burke. There was an instant stillness in the cabin; the boys dropped their cards, and the words 'poor Billie' were on almost every lip. I was somewhat puzzled. 'Who was Billie Burke?' I inquired. For a moment no one answered. One of the boys called on old Sam—'Uncle Sam' they called him. 'You tell him, Sam; you knew Billie longer than any of us.'

"The boys all drew their chairs near the fire and Sam told the story.

"Yes, I knowed Billie from the time he was a wee haver; me and him used to pelt each other with stones, tree cones and steal whisky together. You know Bill and his pop were in the moonshinin' business before the revenue officers copped it.

"A bad cuss was that young Billie Burke before he was sent to the reform school. But what chances did he have? He knowed no better; the whole blooming family were in that one-roomed log house; the old lady digging ginseng in the summer to get enough to buy the winter's supply of snuff and chewing tobacco, and the old man running his still in the ravine, using the corn for whisky that should have made pone cakes for the kiddies.

"Wal, sir, I never seen such a change in a youngster as Billie when he came back. He read; he wrote; he wore good clothes and fine shoes, and he was a gentleman. His people didn't know him at first. Then Billie said he was going to meet it on the square.

"While he was at home the last time he met the schoolmarm of the Red Sulphur Spring school and he fell in love. I suppose, though, he never said anything to no one but me; he said it to me real earnestly. Any gal would have been proud to have Billie;

a straight, strong, clean and good-hearted boy. Why, the president's daughter wouldn't say no to him.

"I can see him yet as he left this camp the last day I ever seed him. I done told him to wait for the log train that went at

noon; but he couldn't wait. He started over the short-cut trail to Durbin—a six-mile tramp. There was something in the air; I thought it was snow. There seemed a terrible silence over the whole woods when Billie left at dawn. That was the last time I seed him alive. 'Good-by, Uncle Sam!' he shouted from the hill as he waved his hand; 'and a merry Christmas to you; and don't get drunk. Be sure to make good resolutions for the New Year. Good-by!'

"He stopped at the Widow Jones' house on his way to Durbin, and she made him drink a cup of hot coffee, which she and the kiddies were having at breakfast. Then he told her about the Christmas he expected to spend at home. He was just bubbling over with joy, and the widow started to cry. At Christmas, she said, the thoughts of the ones that are departed are green in one's memory as the holly leaves that grow on the holly tree, and like a circle of holly leaves are they entwined in a wreath of memory.

"Then Billie tried to comfort her, and asked her why she was crying. She said that her kiddies wanted to know about Santa Claus because the Paxon children, who went sledding on the hill, told them what Santa was going to bring them, and they asked their maw when Santa was coming to them. She told them that he wasn't coming; there wasn't going to be any Christmas for them because they were poor.

"That stuck in Billie's craw, and he said he would go to Durbin and get something for 'em, and could still make No. 2 train in the afternoon for home.

"That trail is bad enough in summer, to say nothing about it in winter. One trip a day over that Cheat mountain slope is enough for any man. I don't see how Billie could have been so thoughtless of himself when he always was so thoughtful of others.

"Wal, sir, when he got to Durbin it was high noon. They say it was snowing hard and he was covered with the soft flakes. He never tarried, but as soon as he could get a sack full of dolls, drums, candy, oranges and a sled he started for the hills. It was snowing hard when he came into town and drifting under a light wind when he turned back. And it got awful cold—30 degrees below.

"You know the rest; they found him at the foot of the precipice, leaning, smiling, with the sack on his back—no more than a quarter of a mile from the widder's home. I believe, as the parson read, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these—'

"The lumberjacks are not much for sentiment, but let me tell you, when old Sam had finished his story you could see that it had affected every one of them."—Philadelphia North American.



BRINGING IN THE PEACOCK IN OLDEN TIMES.

nation's holiday bill of fare is becoming simpler with the course of time. An interesting comparison may be made of the Christmas dinners formerly served in England and in this country with those of today, albeit the latter are by no means scanty.

The forbears of modern Englishmen must have possessed magnificent appetites. Their hospitality was conducted on a scale that would make the housekeeper of today shudder. The meal with which they commenced their Christmas day, a mere appetizer to them, was ample enough to rob the modern gourmet of all zest for food for several days. The sideboard of the old English mansion groaned under its Leviathan round of beef, its corpu lent pork pie, the Yorkshire ham, the brawn and chine, while on the table itself deviled turkeys' legs, homemade sausages, cutlets and kidneys sent up a mingled and grateful incense from an environment of piles of hot buttered toast, new laid eggs, honey and fruit.

But this repast, substantial as it was, was trifling as compared with the dinner—the real dinner—that followed not many hours after. The feast was heralded by the boar's head, preceded by servitors who blew resounding flourishes on their trumpets. The boar's head itself was carried, sometimes on a dish of gold or silver, into the banquet hall at the head of a stately procession of guests.

Then came the peacock, which was served even more sumptuously than the boar's head, with its garnishing of rosemary and bays and its tusks ornamented with large apples. This is how they used to prepare the peacock for the feast: When it had been roasted and dressed with a stuffing of sweet herbs and spices and basted with the yolks of eggs, it was sewed into its feathers, its beak was gilded, and it was borne to the dining hall by dames of high degree, accompanied by the strains of minstrelsy.

Other features of the old time Christmas dinner included peese, turkeys, capons, pheasants, sirloins of beef and haunches of venison. That these were washed down with gallons of ale and wine goes without saying. Indeed, another story might be written of the liquid element of the old English dinners.—Harper's Weekly.

