

Santa Improvises

By
Muriel Koon Cherriman

"Now, Mr. Fix-it" and "Santa Claus" were among the names affectionately given to Ray Cherriman by intimate friends, for obvious reasons. This car full of young folks on their way to a neighboring town, however, thought they had him stumped, for the car seemed hopelessly delayed in a line of vehicles batted by a washout ahead.

"Now, Mr. Fix-it" challenged Muriel, when they found there was nothing to do but wait for the repairer to get the road passable; and another added, "Yes, Santa Claus, what are you going to do about this Christmas party? It looks as though we wouldn't get to the Merrill's until Christmas day is over."

"You folks just wait," said Ray, stepping out into the sloppy road, and disappearing behind the car at their rear.

When he returned, his friends laughed uproariously, for he was carrying a small spruce branch, and several red and green bundles. Fitting the fir branch into the cigarette holder of the car, he produced three miniature candles which he attached to the tree and lighted. Disappearing again, he came back, chanting, "Jingle-bundle-Ho, there! Make way for Father Christmas!" Re-entering the car, he distributed his gifts.

The girls uttered surprised exclamations on receiving dainty little boxes of face powder, two of the men had packages of cigarettes, and the one who didn't smoke, a handkerchief bearing his initial—all attractively wrapped in colored paper.

"Now," announced Ray—"music and dancing, and then refreshments," with which he produced a pocket comb and piece of paper for orchestra, and made them all rise and do gymnastic exercises to lumber and wobble themselves. Then he passed a box of nutcracker bars, sent by his California aunt, thanking his stars he had brought them along. The fun thus started kept up until the "Jingle-bundle-Ho" signal really surprised them.

Once past the repaired washout and on their way, Muriel said: "Now, Santa Fix-it, tell us how you worked the magic."

"That was dead easy," he laughed. "You can always find what you want."

"If you look long enough, I'd noticed something green by the road, and after I'd munched along back a few rods, I found it was a little spruce tree. I couldn't pull it up, but my trusty blades severed a branch, and—there you are!"

"But the candles—and the cigarettes?"

"Yes, and the powder boxes, fancy paper and all!"

"I simply collected those from the cars back of us. One man was a salesman, with a case of those boxes. A woman in another car had a lot of little candles for her kid's birthday cake, and also some bright paper. The cigarettes are my own, just done up fancy-like, and the hanky it, too—it was just my good luck that the non-smoker of the bunch has an initial the same as mine. The woman with the candles let me into her car and helped me do up the packages. That's all."

"But enough," murmured Muriel, "to prove that the Christmas spirit is still alive."

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Christmas Thought

If deserts can be made to blossom through water that is conserved and carried far afield, cannot the Christmas spirit be conserved and carried through the year?—The American Magazine.

(WNUC Service)

My Neighbor Says:

IF YOUR crutch hammock looks shabby, buy inexpensive cotton and cover the hammock inside and out. Take the ropes out of the corners, also those at the ends. Where the eyelets come, cut a hole in the cotton and sew close to the eyelets or button holes over the eyelets.



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Poppies Tormed Nuisance

Red poppies, that have played so important a part in wartime and post-war literature, are a bothersome weed in spite of their picturesqueness. How much of a weed they are, has been realized as a result of tests conducted at the Rothamstead experimental station in London. Soil from a somewhat weedy field was potted up in pots, having a surface area of about one-fourth of a square foot, and kept watered for several years, until all diving weed seeds had sprouted. Poppies were taken as a sample weed, and only poppy seedlings counted. An average pot yielded more than 1,000 of them. Calculated on the basis of this soil sample, an acre of English field soil would contain more than 300,000,000 poppy seeds.

COMMISSIONERS' PROCEEDINGS

Regular meeting of the City Commission of Farmington held December 21, 1931.

Called to order by Mayor Lamb at 7:07.

Commissioners present, Hamlin, Gildemeister, Osmus, Stamann, Goers and Hutton.

Minutes of the meeting of December 7 read and approved.

Motion by Gildemeister, seconded by Hutton that the audit of the City books ending December 31, 1931 be given to Charles K. Harris and Co., at the stipulated price of \$75.00. Carried.

Moved by Osmus, Seconded by Hamlin, that the bill of Maas & Seebaldt for labor on retaining wall of \$71.10 be paid. Carried.

Adjourned 7:50 p. m.

N. H. Power
City Clerk.

Stellar Distances

The adopted unit of stellar distance is the distance traveled by a light wave in a year. This unit is called the light year. The distance in light years astronomically is then translated into miles, using as a basis the fact that the velocity of light is 186,300 miles per second, and it travels from the sun to the earth in 430 seconds.



To All In Our Community A Merry Christmas

May the spirit of Old St. Nicholas, in his rounds of the warm and cozy homes of our community, bring to you the things you most desire—may he bring you happiness, peace and plenty, good health and joyous companionship.

May he remember each and every one at this good Christmas-time, as we remember the many faithful friends whose loyalty we prize throughout the year.

Farmington Lumber & Coal Co.

Carl G. Hogle, Manager
Coal—Lumber—Building Supplies