

New Year Wishes

By CHRISTOPHER G. HAZARD

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ADVICE

WISH you the very best things
We wish you that everything
Will come your way,
That you will have good
And everything to do.

SOMETHING NEW

WISH you the best of the year,
Because the best of the year,
Think God for something new and good,
And may the year end of the year,
Bring you all the good you need,
And may you be all right.

NINETEEN TWENTY-THREE

WISH you the best of the year,
With words of blessing and good cheer,
I wish you happiness and health,
To come, to stay, to delight and cheer!

New Year's Eve

And here we stand on our "Good-bys"
And here we stand on our "Good-bys"
And here we stand on our "Good-bys"
And here we stand on our "Good-bys"
And here we stand on our "Good-bys"
And here we stand on our "Good-bys"
And here we stand on our "Good-bys"
And here we stand on our "Good-bys"

HERE we stand again on the
borderland of Welcome and
Good-bye. There is so little be-
tween them and so much either
side of them.

When the great bell of time
strikes the midnight hour, and
1922 passes into the land of long
ago, there is one simple resolu-
tion that we can all make with
pretty good surety that we can
keep it till the next midnight
chimes—that we will be a better
man or woman in the next year
than in the last.

That won't be a hard resolution
to fulfill in some degree, and if
everyone is even a little better,
there will be a heap more good-
ness, kindness, success and love
in the world when 1923 rings out
than there is now.

The untold year brings with it
another chance for all—a chance
to make good where we have
failed—another chance to benefit
by what we have counted as failures
in the year that is passing out.

The old year has been a difficult
one for many. Some have lost
heart. The new year, which gives
promise of so much that is better,
will bring new courage and hope
to them.

If we can let the unhappy part
of the past year go with it, and
only remember the good, it will
help insure all that is best in the
new.

One of the best things that we
can hope for the untold year is
that it will be a busy one for
everybody. Work is the best pro-
moter of goodness and happiness,
and the best cure for trouble and
sorrow that there is.

When the solemn, happy bells
"ring out across the snow," let
them ring out with them the best
things and ring in all that is good
and true and beautiful that is
within the power of each one
of us.

ANIMALS AND NEW YEAR'S DAY

Oxen, Cows, Sheep, Goats and Pigs
Blessed in Churches of Italy,
Spain and France.

IN ITALY, Spain and France more is
made of New Year's day than
Christmas and on St. Sylvester's eve at
the last day of the year is called the
strange joyousness prevails. Even the
animals are blessed in the churches.
A correspondent who attended one of
these quaint ceremonies, writes:

The priest lifted high the host and
said some words of benediction at
which the people fell on their knees
with a response. An acolyte with a
holy-water sprinkler passed through
the columns of animals daffily throw-
ing the sacred water upon them. The
oxen and cows were then blessed first,
then the sheep and goats and lastly
the pigs. A man nearly full glistened
high above the mountain stones and
combined with the light from the can-
dles revealed the long, polished horns
and hooving sides and sleek coats of
the oxen and cows and the white
woolly sides of the sheep. The acolyte
passing among them, blessed them
and their bellowing, bleating and
squealing arose to a tumult. But, high
above all, the voice of the priest was
heard, as he chanted these words:

"My children, God in his goodness
wants us, his unworthy servants, here
to bless your flocks, according to the
ancient custom of our mountains, so
that these animals by whose aid you
live may join in our religious cere-
monies which usher in the New Year.
Let us then sing a loud hymn of
praise to the ever-mighty Lord so
kind and so strong."

NEW YEAR CALLS PAST

The American custom of New Year
day calls, so prevalent in the social life
of this country in the Nineteenth cen-
tury, is little practiced today.

NOT A CHANCE

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS

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Of all the sad words of tongue or
typewriter, the saddest are these:
"Not a chance."

At any rate that's what Walter R.
Byron, humble clerk in the office of
the monster Acme Manufacturing
company, thought when he dreamed
of one day marrying beautiful Ruth
Smythe, daughter of the multimillion-
aire owner of the company. To all
appearances Ruth was about as far
above Walt as the Washington monu-
ment is above an ant hill.

But—you never can tell.
And Walt was a plunger.
Because Walt was a plunger he one
day boldly broke all the office preced-
ents and stalked into Smythe's office.
Ruth, looking more adorable than
ever, was sitting on her father's desk.
Walt's heart leaped at sight of her.

"What the— What are you do-
ing here?" demanded Old Man Smythe,
with a furious display of the vicious
temper for which he was noted.

"I just came in to say I'm quitting,"
said Walt coolly. "For two years I've
worked here and you've paid about as
much attention to me as the dust un-
der your feet. Now—"

"Get out of here—quick!" yelled old
Smythe volcanically. "I—"

Smythe half rose from his seat as
though about to use physical violence.

Walt went. He was not cowed nor
awed nor frightened, but discretion
was the better part of valor and he'd
done what he wanted to do—bounced
the old man in his den and made an
impression on Ruth.

As Walt left the office, a handsome
couple at the curb caught his glance.
He knew it to be Ruth's.

An idea came to him. He tore off
the back of an envelope, penciled the
following note and then attached the
note to the seat of the coupe:

"I had no chance with you when I
was simply one of your dad's many
employees. Now that I'm as good as
any man, is there a chance?"

"The Man Who Quit His Job in
Your Father's Office."

But here fate smiled cynically.

It wasn't Ruth who got and read
the note but her dad, who accom-
panied her to the car and entered the
car first.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Walt, incog-
nito, from the vantage point where he
had been watching for Ruth to enter
the car. "I better get out of town."

Walt did get out of town, via stolen
rides on freight cars.

The town to which he finally came
was a raw, new town where Old Man
Smythe was putting up an immense
new factory and where things were
bubbling.

"There ought to be a good chance
here," said Walt to himself.

Investigation showed him that in
the town there was but one restaurant
to feed hundreds and even thousands
of men. So being a live wire young
man in spite of his two years of com-
parative inactivity in Smythe's office,
Walt started up another eating house.
His business grew immensely. Soon
he put up a rude frame hotel. Then
he started a drug store. In a short
time he was booming along on the
high road of prosperity.

It was shortly after Walt had been
switched by the side of his bank
roll that Ruth came to visit the fam-
ily of the plant's superintendent.
Through the superintendent Walt met
her.

And because Walt was very much
in love with her and was energetic
and resourceful in his love making,
it was not surprising that he eventually
succeeded in winning Ruth's love.

"You must tell dad about us," an-
nounced Ruth to Walt one evening.
"He's coming here—tomorrow."

Walt's heart sank. This was the
end of his dream. Old Man Smythe
would never stand for him as a son-
in-law.

But to Walt's tremendous surprise,
Old Man Smythe greeted him cordial-
ly. "Glad to see you," said Old Man
Smythe. "I hoped my daughter would
pick you when I sent her out here."

"What?" gasped Walt.

"Yes, that day back in my office,
when you quit your job you struck
me as being an up-and-coming young
man. That noon you meant my daugh-
ter to get, confirmed this opinion. I
had you traced. When I found you
were making good out here, as I ex-
pected you to, I sent Ruth here. And
now—well, I'm mighty glad."

"You want me to marry your daugh-
ter?" rasped Walt. "Why?"

"Well," smiled Old Man Smythe,
"your career appeals to me—immense-
ly. You see, it was under almost
identical circumstances when I was
broke and with no prospects, that I
fell in love with Ruth's mother and
then made good and married her many
years ago."

Sapphire Natural Thermometer.

It was a wonderful apparition, so it
is said, that led the celebrated Doctor
Smythe to the discovery of the nature
of the liquid sometimes found in-
fused in the cavities of crystals. The gem
in question contained a tube-shaped
cavity a quarter of an inch long and
an eighteenth of an inch in diameter,
which was so regular in its bore that
it served by means of the liquid par-
tially filling it, for a thermometer.

The contained liquid half filled the
bore at 30 degrees Fahrenheit and
completely filled it at 60 degrees. A
study of the rate of expansion of the
liquid led to the conclusion that it
must be carbonic acid.



Interesting Facts

106,327 Ford Cars and Trucks Retailed in November

Approximately the same number scheduled for delivery this month

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

This volume of deliveries to actual owners is entirely unprecedented for this time of the year—

It has taxed the manufacturing ability of the Ford plants working at full capacity—

It indicates a volume of business during the rapidly approaching months of "heavy demand" which will be far beyond the maximum production schedule which the Ford Motor Company has set—

And that means a Ford shortage even more acute than the one which existed last Spring and Summer.

Dealers' stocks all over the country are low—there are no reserves to draw upon to meet the demands for delivery—

There is no way in which dealer reserves can be built up, as deliveries have been made to customers as fast as Cars could be manufactured since last April.

The only way you can protect your desire to obtain prompt delivery of a Ford even at this time is to place your order immediately.

This emphasizes more strongly than anything we could possibly say the necessity of your making prompt arrangements with a Ford Dealer for the listing of your order, particularly if you are contemplating the purchase of a Ford Car or Truck for use this Spring or Summer.

We believe you are entitled to know these facts as they actually exist.

Ford Motor Company

Detroit, Michigan

We are your Local and Authorized Dealer. See us at once. A small deposit and easy payments if desired.

The Manassas Motor Co., Inc.

MANASSAS, VIRGINIA

ESTABLISHED 1885

The Manassas Journal

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

D. R. LEVIER, Owner and Publisher

Entered at the post office at Manassas, Va., as second-class mail matter

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FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 29, 1922

NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS

THE JOURNAL—the established newspaper of the county—will soon enter upon its twenty-ninth year, and what measure of success it has met with has been due to the liberal support accorded to it by the citizens of Prince William county. We have always endeavored to merit the confidence of the people into whose homes THE JOURNAL goes each week, our policy being to give the news in a plain matter of fact way, and to refrain from anything bordering on the scandalous. THE JOURNAL is a family newspaper and we do not want anything to appear in its columns that is not fit to be read by every member of the family.

We thank our patrons for helping to make THE JOURNAL all that it is as a newspaper; and to them, whether they be in Prince William county or elsewhere, we extend hearty greetings and our most sincere wishes for a prosperous New Year.

TOWN COUNCIL SHOULD ACT

The tragic and untimely death of four young men in a crossing accident here on Saturday night must bring forcibly to the minds of all the urgent need of better protection at our grade crossings, and while the danger to life and property is so fresh in mind it is to be hoped that the town council will pass necessary measures to insure the public the best possible protection. It is conceded, of course, that no human agency can absolutely prevent rail accidents. But in so far as the town of Manassas is concerned, conditions can and should be bettered.

In the first place, every crossing in the town should be guarded night and day. All of the crossings are at grade and there are obstructions at each one of them making a view of the tracks impossible to users of the streets. In this connection we are reminded of the custom of the railway company in standing freight cars so near to the edge of the street line. Frequently cars can be seen so standing for days at a time, and it is not an infrequent occurrence that they are placed partially over the crossing.

Through the good offices of the town authorities, with the cooperation of the citizens, the railway company ought to be induced to remove what is known as the north storage track to a location between Grant avenue and the coal bin. With the north storage east of the crossing at the Catholic Church, trains must shift over every crossing in the town in order to place cars on this siding. The train that caused the accident on Saturday night was backing from the north storage track where a part of the cars making up the train had been set off. The removal of this siding would, we believe, materially lessen danger of accidents.

The employees of the railway company have become most negligent in failing to observe what we are informed is a rule of the company prohibiting the shifting of cars while passenger trains are putting off or taking on passengers. It is a common occurrence for the exit from southbound trains to the depot to be entirely blocked by freight trains, and passengers are not infrequently put off on the narrow space between trains, there to await the clearance of the northbound track before the depot platform can be reached.

These are some of the evils which ought to be corrected as soon as possible. THE JOURNAL has seen Manassas grow from a straggling village to a well developed town. The measures for protection which obtained twenty-seven years ago will not do for the town at the present time. Manassas has not ceased to expand, and as improved facilities for the protection of human life at our crossings will most certainly have to be provided at some time, why not let that time be NOW?

The town council has the power to pass necessary safety measures, and to longer delay this needed local legislation will be most unjust to travellers on the public thoroughfares, to say the least.

VIRGINIA'S HEALTH WORKERS

Attention was called in these columns yesterday to the Census Bureau's report of a nationally declining death rate. The report noted especially the progress that has been made toward conquest of diseases which may be described as the major causes of death in the country—heart troubles, pneumonia and tuberculosis.

The gains here shown are in nowise attributable to mere chance; they are the fruit of patient, scientific effort on the part of a comparatively small group of American men and women, a group whose contribution is no less noteworthy because it is being made without display. To this body of earnest and intelligent Americans, whose single purpose is the conquest of disease, Virginia has given some of the most distinguished members. The present conference of Virginia health workers in Richmond offers an occasion for referring with pride and satisfaction, though, of course, without complacency, to the part our own State has played in the common fight for human safety.

National leaders have come to leaders in Virginia's health work, and which is vastly more important than individual recognition—the response of health workers throughout the State to superior leadership has been such as to hasten unmistakable achievement. The guardianship held by workers in the field of public health service is rather more likely, unhappily, to attract attention when its obligations are met with the highest competence and devotion. Prevention of disease, from its very nature, is not a spectacular enterprise. Those who save us from being sick confer a benefaction for which we are seldom appropriately grateful, since we are so infrequently conscious of any service at all. Reflection, however, and even a superficial analysis of the progress that has been made against many destroyers will bring partial comprehension of the great contribution our enlightened sanitarians have made to the common welfare. They should be esteemed and sustained accordingly.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

GROESUS LOSES

By MARGARET MORAN

(© by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

Betty Baxter had been educated by nature to rule in a sphere of wealth and luxury. Bred among simple country folk, her fitness for such rule had never been put to the test. Her youthful years had known the want of the finer pleasures of life—while others had played, she had toiled at the farm she called home. Even at college, to which her father, gathering together his slender savings, had sent her she had forsaken the pleasant paths of proms, excursions and the rest. Neither she nor her people could afford these pleasures. Then came graduation and work—hard work.

Four years passed. She was twenty-four now, beautiful in her womanhood. Success had crowned her efforts. Yet she had never given in to her insatiable desire for luxuries—her money had flown homeward to the farm.

This same motive of filial devotion which prompted such renunciations, moved her to spend a few days each month at home. She would have greatly preferred to pass these days alone with her father. But success creates friends and aptly-matched overcome distances, and shortly it became very noticeable that one, in particular, visited her at every homecoming. Always on each of these occasions would his high-powered machine be seen before the farmhouse. Kinner had it that he was the son of a multimillionaire, and that he had a "terrible crush on the Baxter girl." For once Kinner was right.

Only yesterday, this millionaire's son, by name Sidney Bacon, in passionate language had asked Betty to become the co-heir to his father's vast fortune. Betty knew what this meant—the end of all her struggles—the beginning of that rule for which nature had destined her. She had been stirred by his proposal but, strange to say, it had not been the stirring of her heart. So she had replied to him, "I cannot answer."

Today she took herself to the village. It was a good distance away but she loved the country air and sunshine. It was all so beautiful. Returning home she almost ran into an old friend, John McAnley.

John McAnley had been the companion of her early years. After high school had come the parting of the ways, but during John's vacation from the agricultural college they had been much together. Come graduation and the signing of love, and it had been agreed that in five years they should be married.

But as time progressed John forgot the agreement of four years back and upon Betty's willing ears came the offer of immediate marriage.

"I haven't much to offer you, Betty, dear, now. It will mean hard work for a few years. But in the end success will come—"

Betty was strongly silent. For in her mind flashed the picture of herself as the wife of Sidney Bacon—wealth—power. She loved them. Work—till—hardship—she had had her fill of them.

John read her face.

"You have changed, Betty?" Betty bowed her head.

"Good-by, Betty," he said, bravely crumpling his hat in his hand. Bacon came again that night and took her for a ride. Bacon was a fine type—she thought to herself. He was so kind—so devoted. He was in a position to give her everything. As his wife life would be worth living.

Her meditations were brought to an end as she checked the screen that rose to her lips. For barely a hundred feet away a child played in the center of the road. They were going too fast to bring the car to a stop. She clutched at her heart, her nails cutting into her palms. Then a sob broke from her as the child, with a terrified scream, fell and the car passed over him.

"You have done it!" she cried. But Bacon, white-faced, and caught on the car wheel nearby.

"What," she screamed, "you are not going back?"

"No," he answered wildly. "I've killed him. I can't stand the consequences. Nobody will know. It wasn't my fault."

"Coward—coward—oh, how I hate you. If you don't stop I shall throw myself out."

He stopped, and back to the scene of the accident they hastened. The little body was gone from the road. Betty hurried to the house.

"Where is he?" she cried, and not heeding the mother's screaming-maledictions upon her, she was at his side. The little fellow opened his eyes.

"The old right, manner."

"I'm so glad," Betty cried, kissing him and helping to bind up his little bruises.

For an hour she remained, comforting, quelling. Bacon still wept. But with a look that spoke volumes, she spurned his offer of the city, and walked until she came to John's farm, a few rods distant.

"Will you take me home, John, please?" she humbly asked.

"They 'diverged' humbly, but John was unyielding.

"John, dear," she sobbed, looking up at him.

John smiled. "Yes, Betty."

A Prosperous New Year To All

National Bank of Manassas
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Manassas, Virginia

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THE MANASSAS JOURNAL

BRIEF LOCAL NEWS

Mr. John M. Kline has accepted the position as manager of Ben Leonard farm. Rev. and Mrs. R. L. Lewis, of Troy, Pa., are visiting Mrs. Lewis' parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Birkett. Miss Katherine Lewis, of New York, is enjoying the holidays at the home of her mother, Mrs. Margaret Lewis. Mrs. Etta Brown and family, of Washington, were holiday visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Davis. Rev. Edgar Z. Pence, pastor, will preach at Bethel Lutheran Church Sunday at 11 a. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Mr. and Mrs. I. I. Anderson and son, Lester, were Christmas day guests at the home of Mrs. E. F. Matthews. Mr. Cuniff Williams, of Raleigh, N. C., spent the holidays at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Williams. Owing to failure to get a quorum Wednesday night, the town council adjourned to meet Tuesday night of the coming week. Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Bass and baby daughter, Mary Elizabeth, of Washington, are guests at the home of Mrs. Mary Moran. The Ladies' Aid Society of the Baptist Church will meet at the home of Mrs. Weatherall, Tuesday, January 2, at 2:30 p. m. Mr. Shirley Leachman, of Alexandria, was a visitor at the home of his father, Mr. C. C. Leachman, during the holidays. Messrs. Irvin and Gordon Moran, of Washington, were Christmas day guests at the home of their mother, Mrs. Mary Moran. Mrs. E. L. Hornbaker and Miss Elsie Rosenberger, of Herndon, were the guests of relatives here for several days this week. Mr. and Mrs. C. A. S. Hopkins had as their guests this week Mr. and Mrs. C. Maurice Hopkins and son, Julius, of Washington. Mr. and Mrs. George Maddox, of Takoma Park, Washington, were guests this week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. LeRoy Byrd. Mr. and Mrs. Herman Lunsford, of Washington, were the holiday guests of Mrs. Lunsford's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Doggett. Capt. Howard W. Jamison, who is connected with the United States Department of Justice, is spending his annual vacation at his home here. A union watch meeting will be held in the Methodist Church at 10:45 p. m., Sunday night, December 31. Everybody cordially invited to attend. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Flaherty and children, of Roanoke, were holiday guests at the home of Mr. Flaherty's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Flaherty. The monthly meeting of the Manassas Chapter, U. D. C., will be held at the home of the president, Mrs. W. A. Newman, Wednesday, January 2, at 3 p. m. Mrs. G. G. Allen was a patient for several days this week at the Episcopal Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital, Washington, for treatment of her eyes. Mrs. William Dinges and daughter, Miss Edna Dinges, of Middletown, are guests at the home of Mrs. Dinges' son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Bushong. Mr. G. D. Gray, formerly with the State Highway Engineering Department here, but who is now attending the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, spent the week-end with friends in town. Mr. Clarke Johnson, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. C. Johnson, who is a student at the University of Illinois, Champaign, Ill., is at the home of his parents during the Christmas holidays. Rev. J. Halpenny, by request, will preach at the United Brethren Church Sunday, December 31, at 3 p. m. His subject will be, "The Unity of the Human Race, and the Universality of its Redemption." Little Miss Walter Conner entertained a number of her little classmates at a Christmas party last Friday afternoon from 2 to 5 o'clock, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Conner. Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Hooff and two children, of Charles Town, W. Va., are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Smith. Mr. Hooff spent Christmas day with his own and Mrs. Hooff's relatives in Manassas.

Mr. John H. Burke was a Washington visitor Thursday. The Mt. Carmel Baptist Church was so generous with their many Christmas gifts, on December 24th, to their pastor, Rev. Westwood Hutchison, that the gifts had to be expressed to his home in Manassas. Independent Hill Council, No. 34, Order Fraternal Americans, will hold a memorial service, Sunday, December 31, at 2:30 p. m. in their hall at Independent Hill. Rev. J. A. Goldthwaite's subject will be "Fraternity." Everybody welcome. Messrs. R. E. Lee and Russell Alexander, of Weyer's Cave, are spending the week-end with friends here. Both of these young men have many friends in this county, they having at one time been clerks in the Hibbs & Giddings store. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union will celebrate Madam Willard's birthday by holding a Mothers' Meeting at the home of Mrs. A. E. Spies, Wednesday, January 3, at 3 p. m. All mothers are most cordially invited to attend. Manassas Lodge No. 182 A. F. & A. M. has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: C. A. Sinclair, worshipful master; James R. Larkin, senior warden; George B. Coker, junior warden; W. M. Hayden, junior deacon, and R. M. Jenkins, senior deacon. Mrs. George D. Baker entertained at dinner Wednesday. The guests were, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Metzger and little daughter, Mary Jean, of New Brunswick, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. John Willis Metzger and little daughter, Rachel Sophia, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hornbaker. The banks will be closed Monday, January 1, the day being a legal holiday. The post office will be open from 9:30 a. m. to 11 a. m. and from 5:30 p. m. to 6:30 p. m. The rural routes will not be served Monday. The telephone switch board will be open all day Monday. Miss Martha Matthews, a teacher in Drayville School, Loudoun county, passed through Manassas Wednesday morning on her way to her home at the Stone House, where she is spending the holidays. On her trip from Loudoun, Miss Matthews stopped for a visit of several days with her sisters in Washington. The Boards of Directors of the National Bank and the Peoples National Bank of Manassas have declared the regular semi-annual dividends to the owners of stock in the respective institutions. The dividends will be paid January 1. The regular annual stockholders meetings of the banks will be held Tuesday, January 9. The regular December meeting of the Patrons' League of Bennett school was held at the school Thursday afternoon, December 21. The primary department gave a very interesting program, consisting of songs, recitations and a play. After this the league held its business meeting. Refreshments were served and the meeting was adjourned to meet Friday, January 29, 1923. Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Lee entertained at dinner on Christmas day, at their home, "Herritage" near Greenwich. Among those present were; Mr. and Mrs. Keith Cooke, of Gold View; Rev. J. R. Cooke and sister, of Greenwich; Mr. A. W. Triplett, of Warrenton; Miss Margie Middleton, of Baltimore; Miss Carolyn Lee and her friend, Miss Lodesa Bunch, of Washington; Messrs. R. Harry and Frank Lee, of Arlington, and Mr. Billie Middleton, of Manassas High School. ATTEMPTS ASSAULT ON LADIES Preston Waters, Negro, In Jail On Serious Charge. Preston Waters, 20 years of age, a negro with a bad reputation, having served a two year sentence in the Maryland penitentiary for killing another negro, is in the Culpeper jail charged with both attempted robbery and assault on two white ladies on the streets of Culpeper about 7:30 o'clock Monday evening. He covered the ladies with a pistol, but in both cases was frightened away. Waters was arrested on a description given by the ladies, at his home near the Chair Factory and identified. The arrest was made by Sheriff Nash and Sergeant Bowers and he was a prisoner in the county jail within two hours after the attempted hold-up. One of the ladies approached by Waters was in front of the Reaquer residence on East street and the other was near the Jones residence on Commerce street. The prisoner was given a hearing before Magistrate Hill on Tuesday morning and bound over to the grand jury.—Culpeper Star. THE JOURNAL—\$1.50 the year—and worth the difference—compare!

A QUESTIONNAIRE By HATTIE OXFORD (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) "Jerry Mayfield is just about so-so." The head of the office force briefly and carelessly summed up the ability of the man who had been working a few weeks in a minor clerical position for the Stockgood company, manufacturer of electrical goods. "So I should judge," the superintendent assented easily. He wasn't going to worry; there had to be a certain number of "about-so-so" men in a minor capacity in his employ anyway. For a few weeks more, this same Jerry kept on his "about-so-so" way with a sleepy conscientiousness; and then, without warning, he changed his habits and became a puzzle that neither superintendent nor head of the office force could solve. Instead of smoking and fooling away his time during the noon hour, he began to study. A history of the American Indians kept him occupied for several of these noon hours; next, transportation from its crudest forms to its present amazing development; next astronomy. It presently seemed that there was no subject in the universe that Jerry did not intend to get acquainted with. And his studying did not interfere with his efficiency in the office; indeed, it even raised it to a grade higher than the "about-so-so" grade. Sometimes in the office, when there came those moments of nothing special to do, Jerry would talk over what he had been reading in such a simple, interesting, vivid way that he compelled the attention of all within hearing, including the superintendent. The latter discovered to his surprise that Jerry had a fertile brain; the ideas he put into it from his reading would sprout, grow and bear an original, spicy kind of fruit. Later a rush of delight came over him when he learned that Jerry had been looking into the history and the make-up of the Stockgood electrical appliances until he knew more about them than the superintendent himself. Why this change in Jerry? his associates questioned. "Ah, ah," stammered Jerry, his cheeks growing red when the question was put to him straight. "I ran across a big idea one day and it got me hard. I'm preparing to answer a questionnaire. It's being given in installments and it will be the stiffest kind of a test. A man able to answer it proves himself educated, brainy and resourceful. Don't know as I can do it, but I'm going to try." "Edison's?" queried one. "No." "Some Harvard professor's?" "No, I'll tell you sometime. I want to see how it works out first." The questioner had to be satisfied with that. Jerry had been keeping on with his self-improvement course about a year, when one day the superintendent called him into the office. "Mayfield, you're wasted where you are. I'm going to make you assistant to our advertising manager; you know the goods so well." He named the salary. After a while Jerry came to sufficiently to stammer his thanks and ask a few questions. He burst in on his wife that evening. "Say, Mildred, we can have an electric stove and a washer and—" "Why, no we can't, Jerry; I'd love them, but we can't afford them." "We can; I tell you we can," he sang joyfully. "We can afford heaps and heaps of things; electric toys for Harold and—I'm going to earn—" he whispered in her ear. "Jerry, you're not either; you've gone crazy." It was a few weeks later at a picnic of the Stockgood local constituency. "Say, Mayfield, loosen up and tell us the author of the questionnaire that brought your promotion," commanded a former office associate. "I will," agreed Jerry, promptly and cheerfully. "Twas this way." The whole company sprang to an attitude of attention. "A magazine article on 'Child Training' convinced me that I was criminally negligent of my nine-year-old Harold because I didn't answer his thousand-and-one questions fully and accurately, and also that my job as a father was bigger than my Stockgood one. After that I tried to treat the boy's questions seriously; but, go white! He mopped his brow. 'To answer fully and accurately the questions of any youngster from four up to the teen age, when he knows more than all his elders put together, is some job.'" Many in the audience laughed sympathetically. "Well, I've just been educating myself along the lines of Harold's interests. He just had to know all about the company's goods for one thing. Mind you, I don't say I've been able to answer all of the questions, some were too stiff to answer, but some demanded my best thought and I tried to give it. The questionnaire is oral, so he continued indefinitely. Harold is the author." Vinegar From Apple Parings. To make vinegar from apple parings follow these instructions: Pour clear water over the parings, stir and let stand over night. In the morning press, strain and add a cake of yeast foam to the liquid. It may be kept in a stone jar covered with two thicknesses of cheesecloth. When fermentation ceases, get a little mother of vinegar and add to it.

NEWSPAPER CHANGES HANDS According to an announcement which appeared in the last issue of The Prince William News, that paper has again changed ownership and will be under new management after January 1. Mr. J. R. Meadows has sold the paper to a Mr. Van Duzer, who was at one time a member of Congress from one of the Nevada districts. The announcement of the sale indicates that Mr. Van Duzer will have a partner associated with him in the publication of the paper. The announcement states: "The policy of the paper will be along the line of up-building and betterment of the community and maintaining the same high character of democracy that has made it the representative paper of the past." PURCELL The Christmas entertainment at the school house last Friday night was a decided success. The house was crowded, many being compelled to stand. The first part of the program was Christmas songs and recitations. The last part, a play "Mrs. Santa Comes Into Her Own" was a side splitting affair. The children deserve great credit for their part in the performance, and the audience great credit for their courteous behavior. At the close of the entertainment popcorn was sold and a collection taken realizing enough to get the balance of the window shades and some other necessary equipment. WOODYARD-KLINE The home of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Kline was the scene of a very pretty wedding on Christmas evening, at six o'clock, when their daughter, Miss Orpha, and Mr. John R. Woodyard were united in holy matrimony, Rev. J. M. Kline, uncle of the bride, officiating. Little Miss Evelyn Woodyard, sister of the groom and Helen Kline, sister of the bride, were license bearers. The attendants were Miss Ruth Bucher and Mr. Alvin Kline. The bride was handsomely attired in a dark blue suit. After the ceremony the guests were invited to the dining room, where light refreshments were served. Those who attended the wedding from a distance were Mr. and Mrs. Shiflet, of Pennsylvania, grandparents of the bride, and Mr. and Mrs. Ira Miller, of Oaktown, Va. The house was tastefully decorated with ferns, holly and running pine. NOKESVILLE Mrs. Mabel Harrell and son, Edmund, of Washington, are spending the holidays with Mrs. Harrell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Free, Jr. Miss Franciska Jonas and Mrs. Bodine, of Washington, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Jonas. Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Free, Jr., are spending the holidays with Mrs. Free's parents, Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Mark. Mr. and Mrs. Henry King and children are visiting Mr. King's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. King. Misses Ethel Snider and Fleta Wilkins, Messrs. Frank Parr and Hoy Fitzwater were guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Flickinger Monday. Miss Gladys Wine, who is attending Stewart's Business College in Washington, is spending the holidays with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Wine. Messrs. Harold Swartz, Grant McWhorter, Joe Furr, Alfred Schaffer and Frank Fitzwater, all of Washington, are visiting at their respective homes. Mr. Frank Parr, of Frederickburg, has been spending a few days in Nokesville with friends. The public school opens Tuesday, January 2. Mr. Ernest Spittler has purchased the Bodine property including the garage and has opened his place of business in his new property. Mr. Wade McCarthy, of Washington, spent Christmas day at his home near Gettysville. Miss May Hooker, who is teaching at Bridgewater Academy, is spending the holidays at her home here. Mrs. Charles Rhodes is visiting friends and relatives in Washington. Mr. E. H. Berry, of Norfolk, is spending a few days with friends here. Miss Hinesgardner, of Washington, was the guest of her parents during the holidays. Nine Stills, Men and Women Taken. Nine stills, 7,900 gallons of mash, thirteen gallons of whisky and the paraphernalia of many parts of stills were found in the Scone Dam section recently by county, State and Federal prohibition officers. The officers also landed four men in jail and summoned two women to appear before a justice of the peace last Thursday on charges of violating the prohibition laws.



We wish everybody happiness not only on New Year's day but every day of the year and for years to come. To be happy you must feel right. To feel right, you must live right, and if you get a little out of gear, right yourself with the right medicines. We sell and compound the right kind of medicines—always pure, fresh and full of strength. We carry everything a first class drug store should sell. COME TO US FOR IT.

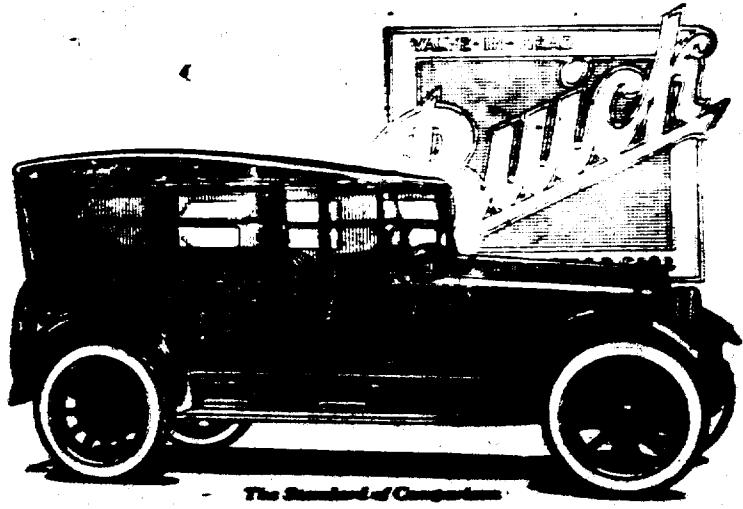
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The Buick Line for 1933 comprises fourteen models:

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Will you allow us to extend our thanks and appreciation to our patrons for the liberal patronage given us in the past year. We assure you that the same motto will be abided by in the coming year, Science, Service and Satisfaction. We wish you the most happy and prosperous New Year.

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THE SPOOK

By LOUISE H. ADDELSON

It was Delphine's fault, really. If she hadn't left the house without permission the thing would never have happened. Besides, it was Delphine who brought ghost stories to Annabel, tempting her with the promise of fearful enjoyment.

Annabel was twelve, and if she did not exactly believe in ghosts, she had her moments of doubt. You never could tell. Frequently—and apprehensively—she would find herself peering over the top of Delphine's nearest neighbor, lest some spectral visitor, without warning and without invitation, intrude upon her privacy. And very shortly this habit became known to Jack, sixteen-year-old bully next door, and terror of little girls far and near.

Jack had a few scores to settle with Annabel, who had his dignity at times by refusing to dance with him at their school affairs. Evidently he had vengeful vengeance, and rejoiced exceedingly when chance placed the instrument for retribution in his hand.

On the memorable evening when father and mother and sister Theodora left home to attend some private theatricals in which she had not been invited, Annabel inspected Delphine's heroic library, selected a hair-raising volume, and, it being a warm evening, settled herself comfortably on the porch to read.

Delphine, the upper story being disposed of, joined her directly.

"What are you reading, Miss Annabel?" she asked, curiously.

"None of your business," snapped Annabel, angry at being forced to spend a dull evening at home while others frolicked and enjoyed life. Delphine was silent a few seconds. Her mistress would not want her to leave Annabel alone, but there are moments in life when mistresses mean little, and such a moment had come into the life of Delphine. A few hours away she had a friend in whose family was a young man to whom she was more than partial.

"Do you mind, honey," said Delphine, "if I go to Mrs. Brown's for a few minutes? I won't be long."

"Oh, go ahead," said Annabel, crossly. She was just at the point in her story where the murdered lady's ghost came to torment her servants.

Delphine smoothed her hair and went. Annabel read on, her face pale, her eyes brilliant with excitement. She had reached the place where the ghostly lady leaned over her victim, her icy hand touched his brow—when a sound caused Annabel to look, suddenly, and this time she did not laugh at herself for her pains. Her heart stopped for her pains. Her heart stopped for her pains. Her heart stopped for her pains. Her heart stopped for her pains.

Annabel tried to summon up her courage. After all, there was no reason why a ghost should haunt her. In the corner, leaning against the porch railing, was a heavy, knotted wooden stick, used for mounting climbing. Her mind closed over it. If the ghost were really a ghost, the weight of the knotted stick would do it no harm. Delphine's books all agreed that blows aimed at spirits were quite ineffectual. If, however, the ghost were not a ghost, he would be thoroughly disconcerted. She, Annabel, would expose him.

Almost fainting with terror, she lifted her wooden weapon, which in her fear and excitement, she did not realize could inflict lasting injury to a creature of flesh and blood. It descended on the creature's head. A very unappreciated sort of aerial agency issued from its mouth, and a fainter voice shrieked: "Annabel, don't strike. It's me, Jack!"

But Annabel, in her belief at not being haunted, will march. Like a little demon she struck again and again, punctuating her blows with words of no complimentary nature.

"You coward! You bully! Take this! Wanted to scare me, didn't you?" The ghost, hampered by the flowing garb in which he was enveloped, found himself unequal to the task of self-defense. Only when Annabel was entirely exhausted, and the ghost had stumbled down the steps, still yelling, did she release her weapon, after which she satiated quietly as the conscience-stricken Delphine came rushing along.

"Do you know," said her father, gravely, when she had been pointed and shamed over considerably the next day. "That Jack is pretty badly hurt?"

Annabel jumped in there. "Is he going to die?" Her father kissed her and smiled gently. "It would have been his own fault if you had killed him. But you shouldn't worry. He's banged up quite a little, but he'll be all right in a couple of days. And I wager he won't go round frightening little girls again."

"Little daughter, if you promise not to read any more ghost stories, father and mother will take you to the seaside for a couple of weeks. How about it, darling; is it a bargain?" Annabel smiled and dimpled. "It's a bargain. I'm sick of ghosts all round, and it will be lots of fun at the beach."

One Sealed Electric Cycle Car. A one-sealed one-half horsepower electric cycle car, which can be charged by ordinary electric current through a transformer. It being made in Japan.

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As winter approaches, so increases the fire hazard. You will hear of numerous fire losses, with the usual question, "WAS IT INSURED?" Property owners as a whole do not give this subject the careful thought and consideration which it justifies.

In acquiring property you will have a legal adviser pass upon the title before accepting and paying for it, the chances are you will then insure this property without investigating the kind of policy given you (of which there are several classes), each of which are priced in proportion to their actual worth. Your fire policy is as good as the company behind it, irrespective of purported claims. In event of loss it will be adjusted according to the printed conditions of the contract itself.

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The amount carried under present policies written by this agency total \$1,725,000—the payment of any losses which may occur are guaranteed by the companies herein, with combined assets of \$350,000,000—among which are the largest to be had. We represent only STANDARD stock companies which are the only class universally accepted as being standard. We are in a position to handle your insurance problems of any nature, at any place and respectfully solicit your inquiries, without obligations.

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The Season's Greetings

Once again on Beacon Hill the Christmas candles throw their beams into the darkening night. Once again the ringing of the bells, ushering in The New Year—usurping out The Old. How swiftly the milestones come and go. Our eighteenth year as a business firm is nearly spent. Eighteen years of amicable dealings with a host of loyal friends and customers. While paths do not lie side by side in our journeys each day, it is a pleasure to pause at this time to note a fellow-traveler's progress and to wish him A Happy New Year with God-speed for the rest of the journey.

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"Everything on Earth to Eat"

There Are Discriminating People

In every community who want to purchase the best. These are our friends. They have made our business—our reputation.

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Write or Phone C. H. WINE MANASSAS, Virginia

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We have just received some of the VECTOR HEALTH EXERCISE RECORDS. Come in and hear them. A set for \$2.00. We get NEW RECORDS THE FIRST OF EACH MONTH.

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IF YOUR WATCH NEEDS ATTENTION, LET US SEE IT. WE CAN REPAIR IT, FOR THAT'S OUR SPECIALTY. GIVE US A CALL.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

Fauquier Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

This is one of the oldest Mutual Fire Insurance Companies in Virginia. It has been in operation for 37 years.

On account of a recent revision of its Constitution and By-Laws and Classified Rates, which are so low, enables us to quote you such rates that are sure to interest you.

You can't afford to carry the risk. We will carry it for you. We are ready to serve you.

YOU BETTER HAVE IT AND NOT NEED IT, THAN TO NEED IT AND NOT HAVE IT

We pay three-fourths appraised value. Come to see us or have us come to see you and we will tell you all about it.

Call on or write to any one of the following directors nearest to you:

- JNO. H. KLINE, Manassas, Va.
- W. E. VARNER (Brentsville) P. O., Bristow, Va.
- A. S. ROBERTSON, Wellington, Va.
- C. S. SMITH, Midwayville, Va.

President, J. S. CORRELL, Manassas, Va.
Secretary-Treasurer, W. A. COWNE

MAIN OFFICE—MIDLAND, VA.

YOUR "LITTLE NEW YEAR"

By MARTHA E. THOMAS
THE "Little New Year" is a very eager youngster. He jumps into view overnight; in fact, one second's difference in the margin between his being nothing at all and then appearing as something very definite to reckon with. From the minute he clasps his eyes on you, he belongs: he is your "Little New Year" and you've got to decide pretty quickly what to do with him. There is no possible way of engaging this parenthead. He's going to stick to you like a burr for 365 days, every minute, every hour. It's really quite alarming.

Are you going to bring up the little fellow on undecorous resolutions?

Are you going to make him a present of malnutrition by feeding him on irregular meals of procrastination?

Are you going to ruin his character (and maybe your own) by rows and rows of pleasant fits to prevent a feeling of discomfort about his growing up into a harem-consumed boy? Like human children, he needs watching and guiding and discipline. You'll never have the opportunity of "raising" this particular lad again. He will slip from your fingers on the night of December 31—your "Little New Year" grows into whatever manhood you've permitted him.

Let's send him out a line, sturdy fellow!
© 1922, Women's Newspaper Club.

HOW JAPAN GREET'S NEW YEAR

Customs of Oriental Countries is to Give Special Performances in the Play Houses.

THE Oriental methods of greeting the New Year differ greatly from ours. In Japan, as well as in other Oriental countries, special performances are given in the theaters.

In the temples and shrines priests and attendants entertain the people with special dances. The Kagura, or Sacred Dance With Music, is the favorite, for while it is being given prayers are offered for the continued happiness of the nation during the coming year. This very old dance is performed by young girls, while the priests are the musicians. All are in appropriate costumes.

Another ceremonial, which has been handed down for centuries, is the Shushu, or Dance of the Industrial Ministry. This is given within the palace by the imperial family on January 2, and it celebrates the founding of the imperial house, centuries ago.

A NEW YEAR'S CARD

Now what is here
A word of cheer
To herald in another year;
May all the days be days of pleasure,
A little sadder than your last;
May all the hours be hours to conduct
A little better than your best,
And all the joys within its scope
A little brighter than your hope;
And may each year be found, when past,
A little sadder than the last.
—Arthur G. Chapman in Women's Magazine



Annual Stockholders' Meeting!

To the Stockholders of the National Bank of Manassas:

Please take notice that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the National Bank of Manassas, Manassas, Va., will be held at its banking house in the town of Manassas, Va., on Tuesday, January 9, 1923, at 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of electing directors and for the transaction of any other business that may properly come before the meeting.

HARRY P. DAVIS, Cashier.
December 15, 1922. 21-4

Annual Stockholders' Meeting!

To the Stockholders of the Peoples National Bank of Manassas:

Please take notice that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Peoples National Bank of Manassas will be held at its banking house, in the town of Manassas, Va., on Tuesday, January 9, 1923, at 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of electing directors and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

G. RAYMOND RAYCLIFFE, Cashier.
December 15, 1922.

Manassas Transfer Co.

W. S. ATNEY, Proprietor.
Buggies, Furniture and all kinds of merchandise or other commodities promptly transferred or delivered.

JOB WORK IS OUR SPECIALTY.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF LAND NEAR BRISTOW, VA.

By virtue of a certain deed of trust, dated Sept. 20, 1920, and recorded in the Clerk's Office of the Circuit Court of Prince William County, Va., in Deed Book 75, pages 37-38-39, from Luther Champ and Lucelle Champ, his wife, to the undersigned trustee to secure the payment of a certain promissory note in the sum of \$450.00, dated Sept. 28, 1920, and payable two years after date, with interest from the date thereof, default having been made in the payment of the said note, the undersigned trustee, at the request of the holder of the said note, will offer for sale at public auction on

Saturday, January 13, 1923, at 11 o'clock, A. M., of that day, in front of the Peoples National Bank of Manassas, in the town of Manassas, Virginia, all those two certain adjoining tracts or parcels of land, being the same on which the said Luther Champ resided at the time of his death, situate in Brentsville Magisterial District, Prince William County, Virginia, near the village of Bristow, and described in the said deed of trust as follows, to-wit:

First Tract: Beginning at 1, a stone, corner of Champ; thence S. 39 degrees W., 37.8 poles to 2 in Marsteller's line; thence with said line N. 51 degrees W., 75 poles to 3, Mrs. Woodon's corner; thence with her line N. 49 degrees E., 37.8 poles to 4, a stake west of road twenty feet wide; thence with the west side of the said road S. 51 degrees E., 75 poles to the point of beginning, containing 17 acres, 1 road and 12 poles.

Second Tract: Beginning at a stone in the Milford Road near a small cherry tree, corner of the Cottage tract; thence with the line of the said tract N. 52 degrees W., 42 poles to a stone in the said line; thence N. 37 degrees E., 37.8 poles to a stone on a hill; thence S. 63 degrees E., 42 poles to a small pin oak on the west side of the Milford Road; and thence along the west side of the said road S. 37 degrees W., 38 1/2 poles to the point of beginning, containing ten acres.

Terms Of Sale: The said land will be sold for cash, the conveyance of the same to be at the cost of the purchaser.

30-4 T. E. DIDLAKE, Trustee.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

Under and by virtue of a decree of the circuit court of Prince William County, entered at the December, 1922, term thereof, in the pending chancery cause of Rush Hereford et al. vs. Annie Davis Hereford et al., the undersigned commissioner of sale shall offer for sale to the highest bidder, upon the terms hereinafter set forth, in front of the Peoples National Bank Building, in the town of Manassas, Va., on the 13th day of January, 1923, at about 11 o'clock a. m., the real estate of which the late C. S. Hereford died seized and possessed, consisting of about 40 acres of land lying and being situate near Groveton, Prince William County, adjoining the lands of Dogan and others. This land has a small dwelling house and stable thereon.

TERMS: — One-third cash, the balance in two equal installments evidenced by interest bearing notes, payable one and two years after date, respectively, and title retained until payment in full. The purchaser will be given the right to anticipate the deferred payments.

C. A. SINCLAIR, Commissioner of Sale.

J. P. KERLIN, Act'ry.
I. L. Ledman, deputy clerk for Gen. G. Tyler, Clerk of the circuit court of Prince William County, do certify that the bond required of the commissioner of sale in the above cause has been duly executed.

L. LEDMAN, Deputy Clerk for Gen. G. Tyler, Clerk of the circuit court of Prince William County. 31-6

SMART FOOTWEAR

Fashions sought for by those who insist on distinction and high-grade work. Style Book sent on request.

RICH'S
1801 F. Street, Corner Fourth, Washington, D. C.

THOROUGHFARE

The Civic League met at Thoroughfare school on Friday afternoon, December 22, at 2:30 o'clock. The president, Mrs. O. M. Douglas, presiding. A very interesting Christmas program was rendered by the school children, consisting of songs, recitations, dialogues and readings, which were very much enjoyed by all present, as also was a splendid talk given by the Rev. Beard, of Gainesville, after which presents were distributed and all the children were generously remembered.

Mrs. G. Disowoy was a Washington visitor last week.

Mr. I. C. Jacobs was a recent Warrenton visitor.

Rev. V. H. Council, of Clifton, was the week-end guest of Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Douglas.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Jacobs and small son; Mr. Moss Jacobs and Mr. J. H. Shumate, of Broad Run, spent Christmas at "Foster Hall."

LOWER LOUDOUN AND LOWER PRINCE WILLIAM

Mrs. Wanda George, of Hickory Grove, was operated on Sunday at her home and she is doing nicely.

Mrs. D. D. Clark, of Lenah, has moved to the home of her aunt, Miss Annie Ratana, for the winter months.

Mr. Henry Thomas, of Washington, and Miss Margaret Thomas, of Charlottesville, are spending their vacation at their home near Watson.

Mrs. Park Wilson and Mrs. Alice Hutchison, of Little River, were called to Manassas Sunday on account of the sudden death of their nephew, Taylor Weir.

Mrs. Carroll Hutchison, of Lenah, left Saturday to visit relatives and friends in Fluvanna county.

Mrs. Stuart Burton, of Lenah, is home after several weeks of protracted illness at her parents.

Randall Armstrong, a student at the Aldie high school, left Saturday

to visit relatives and friends in Fluvanna county.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Gulick, of Little River, entertained Christmas day. Covers were laid for twelve. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Gulick, Mrs. Fannie Hutchison, Misses Ella, Mollie and Alice Gulick, Messrs. Benjamin, Sanford, Jr., Beverly and Milton Gulick and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gulick, of Lenah.

BUCKHALL

The entertainment at the Methodist Church last Sunday night was a decided success. A large audience was in attendance.

Miss Elsie Evans is visiting relatives in Washington.

The Chandler family spent Christmas day with Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Winslow.

Mrs. Gus accompanied by her son, Ferris, visited her father, Mr. H. H. Chandler Wednesday.

Mr. Herman Lund, of Dayton, Va., is visiting his parents during the holidays.

Mr. John Woodyard, of Bradley, and Miss Orpha Kline of this place were married at the home of the bride's parents Christmas day. We wish them happiness and prosperity in their wedded life.

Mr. and Mrs. Hilteary Speakes and little Minnie are visiting Mrs. Speakes' parents in Loudoun county during the holidays.

Mr. Will Kline has rented the farm belonging to Mrs. Stella Larson for the coming year.

"FAMOUS BLOCKADE RUNNERS"

The Magazine of The Washington Star, Sunday, December 31, will contain one of those thrilling fact narratives by Dr. E. W. Shufeldt—"Blockade Runners of the Civil War." It is a story you cannot afford to miss, so order your copy of The Washington Star from your newsdealer today.

Is your subscription paid in advance?

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT

Mrs. Emily Tyler Lawler fell quietly asleep at Providence Hospital, Washington, D. C. in the early morning hours of December 18, 1922.

Her body was brought to Manassas, and after funeral services from Trinity Episcopal Church, Rev. A. Stuart Gibson officiating, she was laid to rest by the side of her husband and son in the Manassas cemetery. The pallbearers were: Messrs. Charles Armistead Sinclair, C. J. Meetsie, Winston Payne, D. J. Arrington, G. Raymond Ratcliffe and E. B. Giddings.

Mrs. Lawler was born at Haymarket, Virginia, January 16, 1860. She was the daughter of the late John Chesley and Sarah Tyler Bronaugh, both of whom were natives of Prince William county. She was united in marriage to Mr. Winston Carter Lawler in 1892, who died nine years ago. Six children were born of this union—Mr. Tyler Bronaugh Lawler, whose death occurred February 20, 1922; Mr. Robert A., of Detroit, Michigan; Mr. J. Chesley and Sidney T., of Manassas; Mrs. Clyde C. Moler, of Winchester, Va., and Miss Mildred C. Lawler, of Manassas.

Besides her children, Mrs. Lawler is survived by a step-mother, Mrs. J. C. Bronaugh, of Washington, three sisters, Misses Rose, Georgia and Jennie Bronaugh, of Washington, and three brothers, Mr. Tyler Bronaugh, Haymarket, Virginia; Dr. Alfred T. Bronaugh, and Mr. M. Frank Bronaugh, of Washington, D. C.

The funeral services were attended by her sisters, Misses Rose and Jennie Bronaugh and brothers, Mr. Tyler Bronaugh and Dr. Alfred Bronaugh and a number of other sorrowing relatives and friends.

Of a rather timid and retiring disposition, it was only those who knew her best who could best testify to her faithfulness and devotion as wife, mother and friend.

It was the writer's privilege to have known Mrs. Lawler for a number of

years, and with many others in her circle of friends will feel for many a day that life is less full by the loss of her ever ready smile, unchanging friendliness and true neighborliness. A FRIEND.

Couple to go to Mission Field.

A newly-wed couple, Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Pinkerton, of Charlottesville, have dedicated their lives to self-sacrificing social and religious service and will leave there early in January to enter the missionary field in Central America. Their work will not be under denominational auspices, but will seek to meet crying moral and religious needs in a field the Protestant denominations have not entered. Mr. Pinkerton, for two years a medical student at the University of Virginia, was taught the lesson of humanity's need and the meaning of heroic service by first-hand experience in France during the World War.

Mrs. Pinkerton is one of the most active young members of the High Street Baptist Church, and her pastor arranged for a farewell service last Sunday night, when both she and her husband told of the convictions which prompted them to volunteer for work in a foreign field. A representative of the Sunday School, where Mrs. Pinkerton taught, and of the E. Y. P. U., over which she presided, and the pastor spoke briefly. Mr. Pinkerton is a Presbyterian.

Little Girl is Burned to Death.

Dorothy Paul, young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. Paul, of Hanover county, was burned to death recently when her clothing became enveloped in flames while playing with fire. The little girl, with two other children, were playing at a stove at the Paul home, near the Spotsylvania line. She was fatally burned before her flaming clothing could be extinguished.

Is your subscription paid in advance?

1922 ————— 1923

Friends in business are as precious as friends in social life. With the dawning of a bright New Year we feel a deep gratitude to our friends for their spirit of co-operation and mutual helpfulness.

Sincere good wishes to you for a Prosperous New Year.

Byrd Clothing Co.

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RUST & GILLISS
HAYMARKET, VIRGINIA
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

Open 8:00 A. M., Close 6:00 P. M. Saturdays, 11:00 P. M.



Open 8:00 A. M., Close 6:00 P. M. Saturdays, 11:00 P. M.

Start the New Year Right

WITH A SUIT OR OVERCOAT FROM US

We Still Have a Complete Line of Suits and Coats at Reduced Prices for Men Women and Children

Hynson's Department Stores

"THE QUALITY SHOP," MANASSAS, VIRGINIA