

PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN.

THE TWICE-A-WEEK DISPATCH

A PROGRESSIVE PUBLISHED WEEKLY DEVOTED TO THE UPBUILDING OF AMERICAN HOMES AND AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.

BURLINGTON, ALAMANCE COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1914



Reindeer Palace, Kris Kringle County, North Pole. December 21st, 12:30, 1914

The Twice-A-Week Dispatch, Burlington, N. C.

My Dear Friends:—

I am in receipt of the many letters you have forwarded me from the many nice boys and girls that have written me letters through your paper and I am going to do my best to bring them all something.

I will start from my palace promptly at midnight on Christmas Eve, and I am going to travel in a flying machine this time, the weather has been so bad and the roads are so bad I cannot make time with my reindeer wagon this time.

Now, let all my little friends go to bed and to sleep early Christmas Eve night and if the chimney is too small for me to enter, just leave one of the doors unlocked, and be careful that you do not watch.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas, with Love and Best Wishes, I beg to remain

As ever,

SANTA CLAUS.

P. S.—Do not have a big fire that night, I might get scorched, or your goodies might get spoiled.

DECEMBER THE 25TH. CHRISTMAS GREETINGS. Jack Perfectly Contented

What does it mean to America? And, indeed, to every civilized country, claiming Christian civilization?

Christmas Day is the "Christ Day." What is the "Christ Day"?

It is the day nearly 2,000 years ago, way back in the dim past. In an age of moral chaos, in a desperately wicked age. In an age when God was not considered, known, or worshipped by any nation, not even His chosen people of Israel.

These were startling events and revelations. But these honest hearted shepherds, susceptible of truth, said, (v. 15) "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us."

My sinner friend, let me lay this matter before you, for your consideration. (v. 11) "For unto you is born this day in the City of David, a Savior, which is Christ, the Lord."

Don't thus debase this blessed 25th of December, 1914.

For the Christ Child, the Incarnate Son of God, the Only Savior of the world of humanity (Jew and Gentile) For God incarnated Himself in human flesh and appeared on the stage of human activities as a poor little innocent babe.

Figuratively speaking, in one hand he brought to us, humanity (steeped in sin and all unrighteousness) Light and in the other Life—The two essential elements of the God head—(Life and Light.)

In view of all of this, please let our people everywhere reverently spend this, as a holy day. Not in riotousness, gluttony and drunkenness, but sending portions to bless others. The poor who have no comforts of life to cheer them.

With love to all and malice to none, I am,

Very truly, W. C. THURSTON.

Hurrah for Christmas! Hurrah for Old Santa! May his pack be filled with joy and good cheer, with never a weep or a sigh.

May he leave behind him enough peace and good will to men, from shore to shore and from pole to pole to last until he comes again. And may he take with him all unkind thoughts, words and deeds.

Christmas only comes once a year, and so let's all begin now, to gather up the sunshine lying all around us, and let's have one record breaking good time.

You old horny handed lords of creation, you husbands and fathers, ye men who sit at the head of the table, and ask a blessing when company comes, you are the "Rubes" we are after, and that we are calling with a voice sweet, soft and low.

We want you, every mother's son of you, to go and stand before the looking glass and take one long look at what you see there. Be honest with yourself. Look into your own soul, talk out loud and say what you think.

Tell that reflection in the glass, that if he was once made in the image of his Creator, he has changed most wonderfully, and fearfully, and that it is up to him now, to beat back to his first estate. Tell him he has been mean, meanly, onery, and no good, but that is all in the past, and will not be charged up to him, or against him if he will only wash his hands, his face and his feet, and keep clean hereafter, soul and body, forever and ever. Selah.

We like to see people enjoy themselves. We like fun and frolic, and have lots of it. And while it's clean and above reproach, we have the constitution at our back, for it grants unto all people the right to seek happiness in their own way, but when a certain set can't be happy without white lightning, and gun powder, we think the Constitution is being strained, and in danger of being snapped.

We would like to see one Christmas when the right of the birds, rabbits and squirrels were respected. These poor little creatures of the good Lord's handiwork, don't have any happy anticipations before Christmas, or any joyful memories after, but a few of them survive, whether it is a survival of the fittest, or bad marksmanship, we do not know.

But we do think Christmas without so much "licker" and gun powder, would be an improvement.

Don't spend so much money for ammunition, either wet or dry, and see that your wife and babies, both big and little, have nice presents. Never mind whether it is useful or not, it is the spirit that counts.

The tender thought, the Christ feeling of love, peace and good will to all mankind, either beginning at Jerusalem or home. And then see to it that you keep that good spirit alive in your gizzard all the year.

Don't give a few presents at Christmas just simply because you are ashamed not to, and then draw in your horns, and shut down your shell, like a turtle, until the Lord, or somebody else, lays a live coal on your back, to start you off again.

Be up and doing all ye men of the Old North State, and remember that by sharing your happiness with another, you are doubling it. See that

Jack Sellars Is Enjoying a Peaceful Life at the County Home Near Durham.

Durham, Dec. 21.—Recent visitors to the county home report that at least one of the inmates is happy. This inmate is no other than Jack Sellars. Jack is doubtless one of the best known characters that ever walked the streets of Durham. He is and has been for years demented, although usually harmless. About one year ago he was found lying behind a building ill from the cold weather. He was then taken to the county home where he has since remained. He roams around on the big farm, free from the tortures inflicted upon him by the small boys and men in the city. Also free from strong drink and other harmful surroundings that were his while he lived in the city.

Jack is getting along in years and is willing to remain the remainder of his life at the county home. He doesn't want to leave and states to visitors that he is happy.

There is one thing that makes him just a little happier than the usual run of life and that is a package of cheroots. Acquaintances of the old fellow that happen to be paying a visit to Capt. Tom Mangum's county farm will please him immensely if they will carry with them a package of smokes for Jack.

(Everybody here remembers Jack as a jolly good fellow.—Ed.)

NO DECISIVE GAIN BY EITHER SIDE

Battles Now Being Fought Amid Deep Snow in Bitter Cold.—Contradictory Reports—Germans in Poland Are Making Fierce Attack Toward Capital and Russians Are Opposing Them With an Army Fifty Miles Long; Serious Fighting in Armenia. Germans Steadily Invading Poland.—Turkish Army Said to Be Well Supplied With Munitions of War.

WRONG IMPRESSION.

Some people seem to think that The Dispatch is going to act Santa Claus to all the children who have written letters to Santa. Now, we would be glad to do so, but more than a thousand have written and it would take a millionaire to foot the bill. We are just acting the part of a good fellow by sending the paper containing the letters to Dear Old Santa, who will do the rest.

Lenoir county estimates that is saved \$3,000 the past year by having county officers on a salary.

the poor are fed, clothes are warmed, and on that day see that the sick are visited, ministered unto, cheered and comforted.

Many a home in the good Old North State has been bereft of some loved one since last Christmas, father's seat is vacant, never to be filled any more. Mother's smiling face is gone. Many a dear boy or girl has gone over, and across the great divide, and all around you there are bleeding hearts that crave your sympathy. Search out all and show to them that you sympathize with them. Speak to them words of good cheer, and show to them that you want to help them surmount all their difficulties, and go back to that same glass, and behold that same reflection, and see if there has not been a transformation wrought.

May Christmas joy and Christmas cheer Be with you all the glad new year.

Burlington, N. C., Dec. 18, 1914. go to the Burlington Graded Schools.

Dear Santa Claus:— I want you to bring me a wagon and a baseball bat and a ball and a mit and breastplate and a mask and some oranges and apples.

GLENN CHRISTOPHER.

Burlington, N. C., Dec. 18, 1914.

Dear Santa Claus:— I want you to bring me some candy and a drinking cup and some apples and oranges. I want some raisins. I want a toy wagon and a little violin.

CHARLIE CHRISTOPHER.

Burlington, N. C., Dec. 18, 1914.

Dear Santa Claus:— Will you please bring me a doll with dark curly hair and eye lashes, brown eyes and a little trunk with caps and some apples, oranges, candy clothes in it for her. Bring me a toothbrush and some fruit, candy and nuts, raisins.

I am a little girl six years old and

Your little friend, JUANITA AMICK.

Burlington, N. C., Dec. 18, 1914.

Dear Santa Claus:— Violet Coble said bring her a rocking chair and a wagon and some oranges, apples and candy, and a baby doll and wants some soap.

VIOLET COBLE.

Saxapahaw, N. C., Dec. 18, 1914.

I am a little girl eight years old. My name is Laney Petty. I want you to bring me a doll and some apples, oranges, candy and nuts.

Dear Santa Claus, I have a little brother. He is five years old. His name is Floyd. He wants you to bring him an automatic pistol and some think I ought to have, please bring.

Dear Santa Claus, I have a little sister. She is two years old. Her name is Lueze. She wants you to bring

her a little doll and a doll carriage and a little bed and some candy, oranges and nuts.

Good Santa Clause, if you think this is to much for us, just send us what you think we ought to have.

Goodbye. From LANEY PETTY, FLOYD PETTY, LUEZE PETTY.

A SMART LITTLE GIRL. Burlington, N. C., Dec. 18, 1914.

Dear Santa Claus:— I am a little girl nearly three years old. Mama says I'm mighty smart, says she don't see how she could do without me. I will be good to you, Old Santa, if you will come to see me. I know two little speeches I will say to you.

Now, Old Santa, any thing you think I ought to have, please bring. My name is Mary Letitia Shoffner, but papa calls me his little Tom Boy. I live on R. F. D. No. 1.

MARY LETITIA SHOFFNER.

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