

## Christmas Quatrains

By GEORGE CREEL

**A** GAIN the star dawns in the eastern sky  
Again we hear the shepherd's startled cry  
As waking from his midnight sleep he sees  
The camels of the wise men sweeping by.

The years have worked their measure of decay.  
Where are the inn and stable? Who can say  
"This is the spot" or "There the very place  
Where Lord Christ came into the light of day?"

No more chants Calphas his vengeful song,  
And scattered to the winds are all the throng  
That clamored for Barabbas, only held  
In memory by reason of their wrong.

The weak souled Pilate long has passed away;  
Great Caesar, too, is now at one with clay.  
Their mighty Rome forgotten save as theme  
To keep the grumbling schoolboy from his play.

But still the scent of frankincense and myrrh  
Steals down the centuries, and as it were  
But yesterday, so sweet and new it seems,  
Did Virgin Mary bear the Harbinger.

Let fools with much pretense of wisdom scout  
The truth and wag their heads in owlish doubt  
Of Great Jehovah's all embracing scheme  
Because there is a door they stand without.



THE CAMELS OF THE WISE MEN SWEEPING BY.

Content are we, the children of his hand,  
To wait, nor insolently demand,  
Assured that in God's own good time  
He will Unlock the door and let us understand.

Of all thy gracious gifts, O God Most High,  
The dearest of them all is this clear eye  
Of faith with which we shrine the miracle  
Of faroff Bethlehem and time defy.

O Virgin, wert thou eyes less unafraid  
Or didst thou shrink, sore startled and dismayed,  
When first thou felt that life within  
And learned On thee God's precious burden had been laid?

What must have been thy happy, sweet amaze

To see the aureate halo blaze  
And from the wide flung gates of paradise  
To hear the mighty harmonies of praise!

Loud sang the golden throated cherubim  
And all the wheeling hosts of seraphim,  
Whose snowy pinions changed to canopy  
Of virgin white the heaven's sapphire rim.



HUMILITY DIVINE! A MANGER BIRTH—  
Hosanna! Glory to the Son of Man!  
O happy moments ere his work began  
Of lifting from the world its weight of sin  
And making straight salvation's tender plan!

No hint of Pontius Pilate's last decree,  
The lonely horror of Gethsemane;  
No prescience of thorny diadem  
Or shadow from the hill of Calvary.

Humility divine! A manger birth—  
The humble stable bathed in holy light—  
The Babe upon a truss of straw—the mild  
Eyed kine awaked to wonder at the sight!

Alas, still lingers issue of that kine,  
The thick of wit, who can detect no sign  
Of God in Christ's dear birth nor understand  
The marvel of the holy bread and wine.

And sons of doubting Thomas still abide  
With us on earth and still the truth deride  
Because they cannot grasp his nail torn hands  
And see the blood gush from his pierced side.

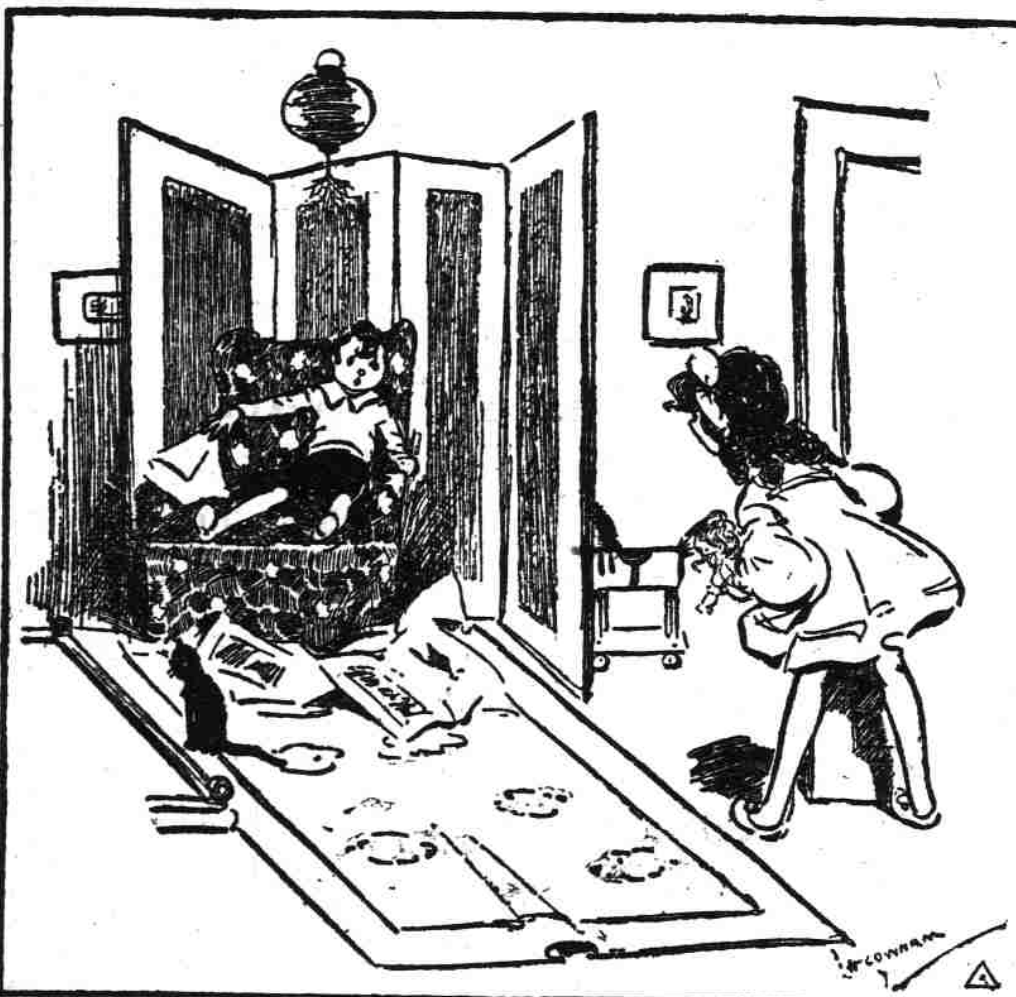
O shame of shames! The wise men saw on high  
God's guiding star gleam in the eastern sky  
And straightway journeyed forth across the world,  
With ne'er a question of where or why.

Thy place within the heavens ever hold,  
O blessed star, and like those men of old,  
May we have faith and hope to follow on  
And at our journey's end the Christ behold!  
—Kansas City Independent.

This Unromantic Age.  
"It shol' do look," said Miss Miami Brown sadly, "like dar war no mo' romance dese days."  
"What's de trouble?" asked Erastus Pinsky.  
"I takes notice dat when you asks a gemman to a Christmas dinner he doesn' 'splay no interest in whethuh dey's gwine to be mistetoe in de pahlor, but keeps hintin' aroun' to fin' out how 'bout de turkey an' fixin's on de dinner table."

A Word of Holiday Caution.  
Little Grace—I don't think my new doll is quite as nice as your new doll.  
Little Ethel—Well, I don't think you ought to say much about it, 'cause it might hurt Santa Claus' feelings.  
—Brooklyn Life.

### After the Christmas Pudding.



Dolly (in wild excitement)—Tommy, here's the doctor to see you Tommy (sadly)—Oh, tell him I'm too ill to see him!

The old fashioned way of dosing a weak stomach, or stimulating the Heart or Kidneys is all wrong. Dr. Shoop first pointed out this error. This is why his prescription—Dr. Shoop's Restorative—is directed entirely to the cause of these ailments—the weak inside or nerves. It isn't so Shoop, to Heart or Kidneys, if one goes at it correctly. Each inside organ has its controlling or inside nerve. When these nerves fail, then those organs must surely falter. These vital truths are leading druggists everywhere to dispense and recommend Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Test it a few days, and see! Improvement will promptly and surely follow. Sold by Cornelison & Cook.

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## Ladies' Long Coats.

\$15.00 Quality,	\$9.98
25.00 "	15.69
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12.50 "	9.69
11.00 "	7.98
10.00 "	7.69
8.00 "	5.98
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Ladies' Shoes, \$2.50 quality,	1.90
Ladies' Shoes, \$3.00 quality,	2.35

Men's Patent Leather Shoes,	
\$2.50 quality,	1.90
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1 piece White Table Linen at	19c yd
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50c Table Linen at	39c yd
65c " "	43c yd
1.00 " "	89c yd
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