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Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of **Chas. H. Fletcher** and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

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(Published by Request.)

THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS.

Thank God He Lives and He Lives Forever.

Several years before his death, Charles A. Dana, the famous New York Sun editor, published the following letter and has passed it on to me:

Dear Fletcher:—I thought years ago, "Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus." Papa says, "If you see it in the Sun" it is so. Please tell me the truth: is there a Santa Claus?"

VIRGINIA O'HANLON
115 W. Ninety-Fifth Street.

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's are lute. In this universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus; but even if they did not see Santa Claus, that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus! The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not; but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders that are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there's a veil covering the unseen which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. It is all real! Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else so real as this.

No Santa Claus! Thank God, he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, may ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

AUNT'S CORRECTION.

Reference in a Washington club was made to the happy faculty that some people have on rising superior to an embarrassing situation when this anecdote was fittingly related by Senator Lee S. Overman:

Some time since little Bessie was taken on a railway journey by her young aunt and aunt's fiancé. Everything ran along as monotonously as all railway trips until the train entered a dark tunnel, and then suddenly there came the delicious smack of a sweet kiss and the voice of a child.

"Oh, aunt," appealingly exclaimed innocent little Bessie, "please kiss me, too!"

Some situation, but aunt was quite equal to it. Before the passengers could break into a nickled titter she was calmly addressing the child.

"It is incorrect to say 'Kiss me, too,' Bessie dear," said she. "You should say 'Kiss me twice.'"

"If girls would eat more onions they would have fewer calls from physicians," says a scientist—also from other young men.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

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Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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WELDON, N. C.

THE KISS GOOD-BYE.

The kiss good-bye when the loved ones go,
All that it means we shall never know,
All that she sees through her dreaming eyes
As her soldier waves her last good-bye—
Sweeter than youth is the love that dreams
Through a kiss that is more than a mere kiss seems:
Good-bye, good-bye to a soldier,
And we'll hold her up to the train
That their lips may meet in that kiss so sweet—
For she may not kiss him again!

The kiss good-bye when the mother of tears
Stands bowed by her lad in her nameless fears—
Ah, what meaning, what wonder it bears
To the mother of men, with her whitening hairs,
And her aching heart and her struggle to smile
When she wants to be weeping the longest while:
Good-bye, good-bye to a soldier,
And we'll leave them together, and go,
That their lips may meet in that kiss so sweet—
For she may not get over her woe!

The kiss good-bye when the boys entrain,
And the lips meet now that may never again—
We will hold them up to the window-sill
That their eyes may meet in that loved glance still,
That their arms may clasp and their bosoms heave,
For the hour has come that the lad must leave:
Good-bye, good-bye to a soldier,
And blessings upon them, and love
For the lips that meet in that kiss so sweet
While he bends from the window above!

The kiss good-bye when the wife stands there—
All that it means is a burden to bear,
A shadow upon her through all the days
That the dark war dips in the butlerays;
And alone in her sorrow and grief and care
For the joy her lad come back she prays:
Good-bye, good-bye to a soldier,
And we'll hold her up to the train
That their lips may meet in that kiss so sweet—
For they never may kiss again!

—Folger McKinsey, in the Baltimore Sun.

AFTER.

After this war is over, this nameless curse of the ages—
When a man is lashed with a whip that cuts and stings—
After the Hun has soiled with blood all of history's pages,
Will the soul of man not turn to holier things?
Or, will the curse of the war degrade the hearts and homes of men
And take us back for a thousand years to the age of sin?
Will men be braver, because of the year's slow turning
They have spent, where the sound of the busy guns kept pace;
Or, will they return with ghostly fears and yearning,
With the pallor of death still fresh upon their face?
Will they come back from the fields where the demon laughter
Of dying souls, has filled the air with dread—
Their hearts all seared with hate, for the long years after,
Wishing their fate had been the fate of the dead?
Methinks when the shot-scared remnants return to their homes again,
Back to the waiting bosoms, back to the tear-stained eyes,
That a song will thrill in the pulsing of the hearts long used to pain;
That a prayer will rise in the voice from earth to the skies—
Methinks Gethsemane's suffering, through which these left have trod,
Will turn each soul of the warrior to the holier path of God.

THE SENTRY.

Melvin Lostutter, formerly a reporter on a Columbus newspaper, is now in the United States marines somewhere off the coast of South Carolina. He sends back the story of a green sentry who was on duty a few nights ago.

Three persons appeared in the darkness and in true military style the sentry demanded:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Captain, wife and child," was the answer of the officer the sentry had stopped.

"Advance, Captain, to be recognized," commanded the sentry. "Mark time, wife and child!"

—Indianapolis News.

Soon Over His Cold.

Everyone speaks well of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy after having used it. Mrs. George Lewis, Pittsfield, N. Y., has this to say regarding it: "Last winter my little boy, five years old, was sick with a cold for two or three weeks. I doctored him and used various cough medicines but nothing did him much good until I began using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He then improved rapidly and in a few days was over his cold."

PERMANENT.

"A girl can now have a permanent wave put into her hair and her cheeks enameled so that the color will last for several years."

"Dear me, the poet of the future will sing of enduring young charms."

THE TIME IS SHORT.

In View of the Brevity of Life None of Us Have Any Time to Waste on Non-Essentials.

We never realize the truthfulness of this text till it is too late. Time in her flight is so swift and noiseless and we are so busy getting ready to live, that we do not note her passage until we see the middle mile-post of life's pilgrimage, it seems but yesterday that we were children playing around hearthstone, listening to mother as she hummed some old tune which we have never forgotten. We could hardly believe that we are this far on the journey if the calendar and mirror did not establish the fact. Even those who survive to what is termed "old age" do not live long, and the most of their time is spent in getting ready for living, but just when they are ready to take life a little easy, they are old and the next station is death, and the roof that sheltered them and the trees that gave shade to their tired forms will serve other weary travelers.

In view of the brevity of life none of us have any time to waste on non-essentials, none to harbor some old grudge or wound that we may have received by the way, no time to throw away in looking at the ugly things and listening to the discords of the world. There are too many worth-while things in which we may engage for us to spend our time on the useless trifles and counterfeits of this world. Our good intentions must be carried out today—tomorrow may never come. The boys and girls, and the young men and women, who expect to fill positions of honor and responsibility to-morrow must lose no time in getting ready for soon the preparation period will be gone. They must use every minute—"Old Time is still a-flying, and that same flower that blooms today, tomorrow may be dying."

And while we consider this serious subject, we must not forget the most important lesson of all—that when the time ends, eternity begins. The Bible tells us that when the rich fool thought he was ready to live for many years, he was with him ended, and he went out into eternity, leaving his barns and farms behind and entering the other world a pauper.

Every marble shaft that marks the resting place of the body of a departed friend and fellow citizen, is God's reminder that soon we shall lie by his side in the city of the dead, where tongues are silent, eyes are sightless, and the frail dust returns to Mother earth. Knowing that to such an end we must all come sooner or later, is it not the part of wisdom to be ready so that our last breath will not be spent in wailing out the soul's bitter lamentation, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." Well did one of old say, "There is but a step between me and death." If tomorrow or this week is to be our last on earth, what would we change? If there is anything we would change, and can change, it is the part of wisdom to change it at once, for the time is short." Is there some one you would forgive if this were to be your last week on earth? Then you had better forgive him now. Would you go to church next Sunday and worship God in his sanctuary? It is possible that this will be your last week on earth, then had you better not seek the smiling face of your Lord in the forgiveness of your sins?

WENT TO HIS HEAD.

"He is building castles out of clouds, and some time his creditors will come and gently coax him onto the boundless space of desuetude, where the whang-doodle wears a night cap and daddaw swings by its tail from the swisswus tree like a pendulum with whiskers on it."

It is with these words that the "State Press" of the Dallas News describes the fate of the country publisher who continues to try to conduct a newspaper at a loss. How awful such a fate is may be imagined by the reader—and the words of the "State Press" are not exaggerated.—Houston (Texas) Post.

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