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POEMS OF CHRISTMAS

THE STAR ABOVE THE MANGER.

(Theo. H. Hill, Raleigh, N. C.)
One night, while lowly shepherd
swains their fleecy charge attended
A light shone o'er Judea's plains un-
utterably splendid.

Far in the dusky Orient a star, un-
known in story,
Arose to flood the firmament with
more than morning glory.

And Heaven drew nearer Earth that
night, flung wide its pearly portals,
Sent forth from all its realms of light
its radiant immortals:

They hovered in the golden air, their
golden censers swinging,
And woke the drowsy shepherds there
with their seraphic singing.

Yet Earth, on this her gala night, no
jubilee was keeping;
She lay, unconscious of the light, in
silent beauty sleeping.

No more shall brightest cherubim and
stateliest archangels
Symphonious sing such choral hymn,
proclaim so sweet evangels.

No more appear that star at eve,
though glimpses of its glory
Are seen by those who still believe the
shepherds' simple story.

In Faith's clear firmament afar, to
unbelief a stranger,
Forever glows the golden star that
stood above the manger.

Age after age may roll away, but on
Time's rapid river
The light of its celestial ray shall
never cease to quiver.

Light! light! from the Heraldic Star
breaks brightly o'er the billow
The storm, rebuked, is fled afar, the
pilgrim seeks his pillow.

Lost! lost! indeed, his heart must be,
his way how dark with danger,
Whose hooded eye may never see the
Star above the Manger!

CHRISTMAS ON THE TRAIN.

(Written for the Editor and Pub-
lisher by Strickland W. Gilliam, Pres-
ident of the American Press Humo-
rist.)

I lounge by the Pullman casement
As the landscape scampers by,
But still it defies the casement—
This picture that fills my eye:
A picture of her and the wee ones
And the cunningest cone-shaped
tree—

How I wish I were one of the free ones
That their joy could be shared by
me!

I am one—poor one, of an army,
Compelled by the fates to roam;
But when I see
A wee
Spruce tree,
My thought run back to my home.

To my home and her that loves me
And to them we both adore;
But the demon of Duty shoves me
Along with a rush and roar,
The hills (they are heartless!) are
taunting
And breaking the heart of me—
For everywhere they are flaunting
Full many a cone-shaped tree.

I am one—bare one, of an army
Compelled by the fates to roam;
But when I see
A wee
Spruce tree,
My heart cries out for my home.

Put I—can I be a Jester,
Who fret and bewail so sore?
A veteran—aye, a Nestor,
In realms of the lightsome lore?
I, preaching to all "Be plucky,
Avaunt with your weight or woe,"
Should think of myself as lucky
For a home to which to go!

So I'm one—brave one, of an army
Compelled by the fates to roam,
But don't let me see
A wee
Spruce tree,
Lest I childishly weep for home.

THE LESSON.

(By R-dy-rd K-pl-ng.)
From the Chicago Tribune.
Thus spake the Sage at Christmastime
—his words were full of heat:
"The only thing I like to get in my
stockings is my feet."

When earth's last present is given,
when the gifts are bundled and
tied
And we've paid the charge to express
them wherever the folks abide,
We shall rest—and, faith, we shall
need it; lie down till we gather
strength,
For we know that our Christmas pre-
sents are coming to us at length.

We know that for every trinklet that
we in despair have bought
That somebody else over our gift in
worry has thought and thought;
That slippers and smoking jackets, and
razors and guns and knives
And holiday sets of Shakespeare have
shortened some other lives.

Thus spake the sage at Christmas time:
"Ah, many men have joked
About the box of gift cigars—such men
as never smoked!"

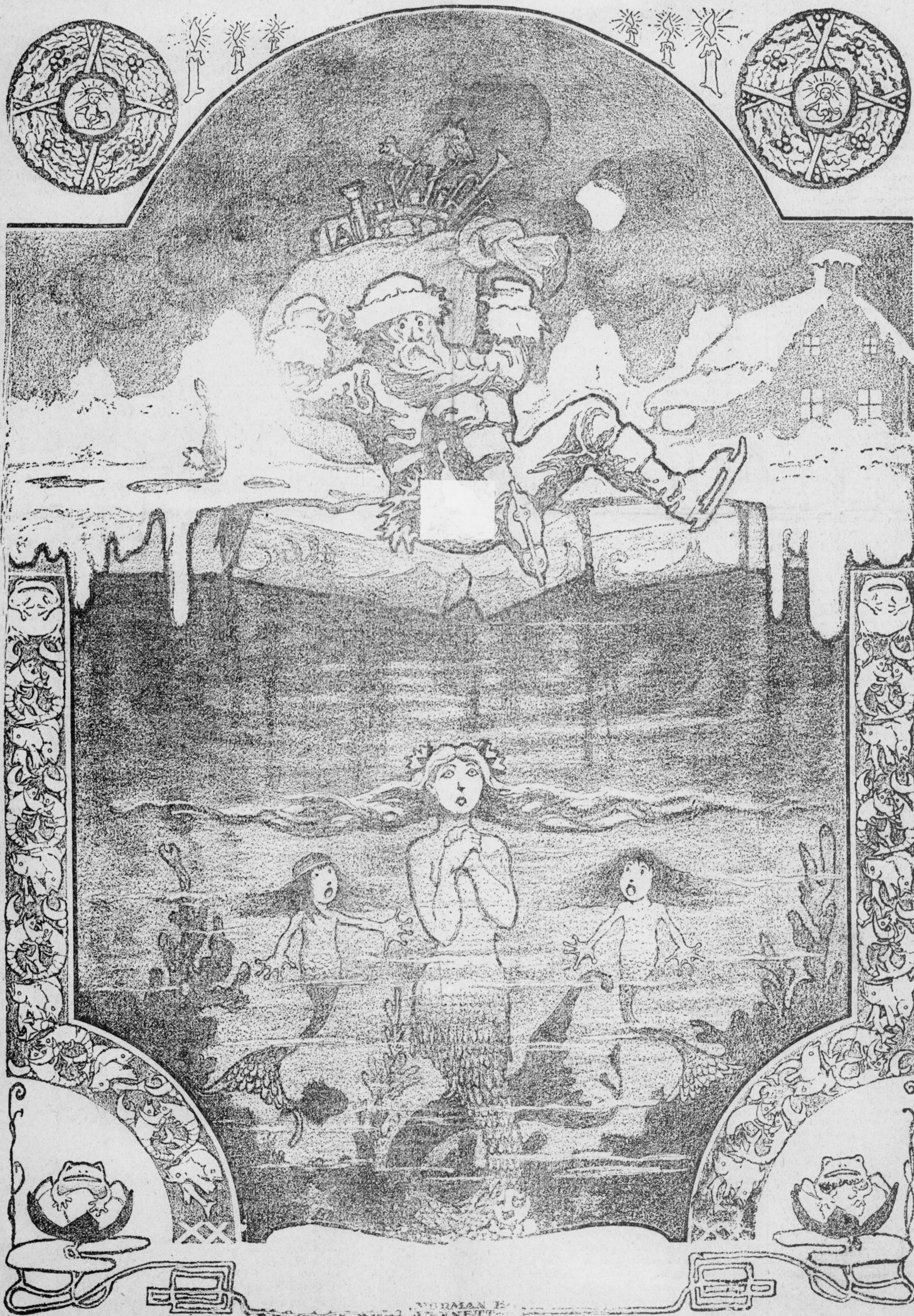
And many shall say they are happy—
they shall sit in a Morris chair
And puff at a Flor de Rubber with a
merry and grateful air;
And each of us rather slyly his flatten-
ed-out purse shall touch
And look at his Christmas present, and
mutter "I spent too much."

Perhaps when the years have swiftly
away to future flown,
Then no one shall give a present, but
each one shall buy his own—
Then each one shall hang his stocking
aloft on his separate star
And pick out the Thing he chooses—
and puff at his own cigar.

Thus spake the sage: At your dis-
tress 'tis not for me to scold;
If you don't like what fills your hose
then have your legs cut off."

"The New Year Resolution will soon
be with us," says a Georgia editor,
"but it won't stay there long!"

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL.



JENNETT'S CHRISTMAS INSPIRATION.

Stanton's Xmas Songs

The Old Time Christmas Feeling.
I.
The old-time Christmas feelin'
It's with us, fur an' nigh—
We see the old-time angels
In the winders of the sky;
An' we hear the old-time stories,
An' the songs of Long Ago,
It's the old-time Christmas feelin'
In the blossoms, or the snow!

II.
The old-time Christmas feelin'—
An' let the weather roll!
The old-time Christmas sunshine
Is a-lightin' up the soul;
Take hands! Tune up the fiddle,
On valley, hill, an' plain:
"Old Times in Georgia,
An' Christmas once again!"

The Same Sweet Song.
I.
"I've been thinking of you in the
Christmas"
I wrote to you long ago,
When the sky was dim with shadows,
And the world was white with snow,
And I'm thinking of you in the Christ-
mas,
That dawns on the world today,
Just as the old, my dearie,
In the beautiful Far-Away!

II.
I'm thinking of you in the Christmas—
Over the waste of years;
And my heart's in the old time gardens
And still keeps time to tears,
God's love from his sweetest heaven,
On your life—from mine apart—
I'm thinking of you in the Christmas,
Just as of old, Sweetheart!

Divided.
(F. L. Stanton.)
I.
Why roam you in the summer isles
Amid the hills of Dreading,
And I where never summer smiles,
Forever northward faring?

II.
Why roam you where the stars shine
bright
And crown the hills with glory,
And I in loneliness of Nights,
With not one star's sweet story?

III.
What bells you hear this Christmas
time
Where hearts fear not to sever!
And I where but the black seas chime
"Forever and forever."

IV.
The Christmas holly wreathes yo-
halls—
The lights above you glisten;
You may not hear a voice that cal-
Or, hearing lean and listen!

V.
But evermore that voice rings true,
Though heard o'er dim seas never,
And sings Love's sweetest song to you
"Forever and forever."

VI.
God keep you in the Christmas lights
Untill, Life's barriers riven,
Through lonely wanderings—soicm
nights
Love leads to Love's own heaven!

De Fiddler is To Pay.
Lots er folks, believers,
Is wise along de way;
Don't believe in dancin'
Ef de fiddler is ter pay!

I.
Pleasure got his own price
(Lissen what I say!)
Don't you cut yo' capers
Ef de fiddler is ter pay

II.
W'en he pass de hat roun'
Mebbe you'll be graz'
En Peace will be de price den
W'en de fiddler is ter pay!

Hooray With the Boys.
Worn of the wind and weather—
Gone are all our joys;
But pull yourselves together,
An' hooray with the boys!

Life's all too brief for sighing—
The sigh the song affrights;
Hear the high stars replying:
"The lights—the Christmas lights!"

Watch Out, Lit' Chillun!
I.
Watch out, lit' chillun,
Better kiver up in bed
W'en de Win' is in a gallop
Cross de shingles on de shed;
He axin' 'bout de chillun—
Better hide yo' lit' head,
En dream 'bout de Chris-mus in de
mawin'!

II.
Watch out, lit' chillun!
Dar's a witch a-waitin' too,
Ter gallop on a broomstick
"Cross de roof dat kivers you!
Go ter sleep—go ter sleep
Twel de Sun say, "Howdy-do"
En dream 'bout de Chris-mus in de
mawin'!"

The Little Orphans.
Santy Claus don't come our way
With them toys of his;
He's forgot the place we stay;
Don't know wher' orphans is!
I wish some angel in the sky,
Would tell him, please don't pass us
by!

He don't remember we're so poor
An' needy, an' all that;
They ain't no number on the door
The place we're livin' at!
An' when the winter nights begin,
The Wind don't knock,—but des comes
in!

Oh, don't we wish that he'd come
back,
Thes like he used to do,
With all them toys in his pack,
An' say: "How's all o' you!"
He's got so much good things to give,
An' done forgot wher' orphans live!

But though he has forgot us so,
With Chris-mus gifts o' his,
We won't be poor in heaven, I know,
Wher' lots o' orphans is!
(I wish some angel, up on high
Would tell him, please don't pass us
by!)