

The Charlotte News.



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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1914.

NO PAPER TOMORROW.

Neither edition of The News will be issued tomorrow.

The custom of suspending work on Christmas day has been with us one of long standing.

This is the only holiday we take of the 365 and we do not think readers will begrudge us this brief respite from work.

We wish for all of our many readers a truly happy Christmas.

AMERICA'S CHRISTMAS.

While the greater part of the world's population is at war America is at peace with all nations. What deep meaning this fact should carry! How it should add to our observance of the happiest period of the year!

Some one has estimated that there are thirty million homes in Europe where fathers are missing; a hundred million children who will open their eyes tomorrow to a Christmas saddened by the absence of father.

It is almost impossible for us in this land of peace to take in these enormous figures, to comprehend the real meaning of the war which has bathed Europe in blood, or to thoroughly appreciate our cause for joy and thanksgiving on this Christmas eve.

Ere another Christmas rolls around it is the universal prayer that peace shall have been restored, and in the restoration of peace our own country is destined to play a noble part.

We can best appreciate our own situation by comparison, and while many of us are out of work and are facing hardships, we have but to look to the butchered thousands, across the water; to lands desolated by war; to homes wrecked and to the millions who suffer and our own lot, bad as it may seem, will appear fortunate in comparison.

We are blessed above all other peoples of the earth and on the blessed day we should remember the "Prince of Peace" and thank God that we shall enjoy Christmas in a peaceful land.

A last thought: business has been stunted; many men are out of work; many children will know little of Christmas happiness unless we do our duty.

Let us all take a look around the corner and carry sunshine to some darkened home.

LUCK TO YE, BOYS.

As we approach the happy day we pause to wish a merry Christmas and a happy New Year to the following more or less famed or defamed celebrities:

- The Sage of Sagamore Hill; Caine, Cowan, Gonzales and Dr. Cook; And all other "inmates" of the Paraphraser's Union; Em. Pankhurst; Generals Apathy and Debility; Harry Thaw; Bill Sulzer; Cole Blaise and the South Carolina penitentiary; William of Wied; Old Col. Buttermilk Fairbanks; Female suffrage; Tender hearted Bill Collectors; Joe Cannon and Vic. Huerta; And the Ice man.

To their credit it may be said that the colored people of Charlotte have done a noble working in relieving conditions of suffering where found. Not only have they contributed liberally to the Associated Charities but they have conducted relief work among their own people in a comprehensive and generous way.

If there is any one thing we like better than Harry Thaw it is like Harry Thaw.

Another still has been destroyed near Asheville. If this iconoclasm continues that vicinity will shortly be robbed of all of its rustic charms.

A twelve million dollar brewery concern has failed because of diminished for beer, but neither Wilmington nor Asheville can be blamed for such a state of affairs.

The Passing Show

By The Looker-On.

Christmas.

December 25 is not different intrinsically from any other day of the year. On that day one may live properly or sinfully. One may treat one's fellowmen with that kind consideration to which they are entitled or they may make life unpleasant to all with whom they come in contact.

They may live close to Christ or they may sin against heaven. There is nothing in the day itself which makes for good or evil. But there is a sacred sentiment connected with the date which does appeal to millions and should appeal to Christian people the world over, and that is that on this day Jesus came to earth on His mission of love and life and light.

The Looker On intended making a few observations upon the proper observance of the day itself, but in today's mail he received a message which has turned his thoughts to the sacredness of the day.

After expressing an opinion of the value of this column, the writer says: "I want to ask you to do one thing—most people of all classes in using the word Christmas will write it XMAS. Now I think that the XMAS way of spelling it is irreverent, unbecoming and wrong. I took the advice years ago of a minister and I always spell the word out in full, Christmas. Insert this in your column and beg the public to spell the word in full and not write XMAS. The word is too sacred for such abbreviation."

"Yours most sincerely, G. EGGLESTON WOODRUFF." The Looker On admits the corn. He makes use of the abbreviation oftentimes, especially in writing headlines for news items. He has done this for the sake of expediency, and at the time he has considered the X as typifying the cross upon which Christ died to save the world from sin. At the same time it may appear to some that it is irreverent as it does to his correspondent.

But the point is this, that there are so few people who realize the sacredness of the day. As these lines are written there is passing along the sidewalk in front of the window where the Looker On is working, a steady stream of people from the Express office carrying in almost every instance a package of liquor with which to "celebrate" the birth of Christ tomorrow. Of course they do not have in mind that this is a most inappropriate manner to celebrate this greatest of holidays. They do not stop to think that it should be more holy than any Sunday that ever came, not even excepting Easter, since the coming of Christ on Christmas day made Easter Sunday an absolute necessity.

They do not think for a moment that they are giving insult to the Creator. They think nothing of the sacredness of the day, and look forward merely to a holiday.

The day is sacred. It should be held so by every one. And even to the spelling of the word. It should not be abbreviated, if that act constitutes a failure to properly observe the spirit of the day.

ASHEVILLE FARM LIFE SCHOOL By Associated Press. Asheville, Dec. 24.—Damage to the amount of \$40,000 was done by flames which destroyed the main building of the Asheville farm school, a short distance from this city yesterday afternoon. Other buildings were saved after catching fire on several occasions. The institution is the property of the home mission board of the Presbyterian church, U. S. A., which founded it 23 years ago. A new building will be built on the site of the burned structure, it was announced last night.

EUROPE WANTS MUCH BARBED WIRE By Associated Press. Pittsburg, Dec. 24.—Demand from European belligerents for barbed and plain wire reached high pressure today in the wire mills of the Pittsburg district. Orders aggregating 125,000 tons, of which 25,000 tons are specified as barbed wire of special design recently have been made, the only point at issue being the time of delivery. That business is worth approximately \$4,000,000 and will keep the mills going for several months.

England, France and Russia have been large customers of the Pittsburg wire mills since the war began.

F. D. A.

In this season—"from your heart put every grudge"—all malice—envy and so let the King of Peace possess the tabernacle—then Joy will encircle the earth—The Heavy hearted will be cheered—the downcast encouraged and Heaven and Earth brought nearer.

Alexanders

F. D. Thos. L. Wish you CONTENTMENT

Annie and Willie's Prayer

'Twas the Eve before Christmas, "good-night" had been said. And Annie and Willie had crept in to bed. There were tears on their pillows and tears in their eyes. And each little bosom was heavy with sighs. For tonight their stern father's command had been given That they should retire precisely at seven. Instead of at eight, for they troubled him more With their questions unheard of than ever before. He had said he thought this delusion a sin— That no such being as Santa Claus ever had been, And he hoped after this he would never more hear How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year. And this is the reason that two little heads So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds.

Eight—nine—and the French clock on the steeple tolled ten. Not a word had been spoken by either till then, When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep And whispered, "Dear Annie, is you fast asleep?" "Why, no, Brother Willie," the sweet voice replied, "I have tried in vain, but I can't shut my eyes; For, somehow, it makes me sorry because Dear papa has said there is no Santa Claus, And we know that there is—and it can't be denied, For he came every year before mama died. But I have been thinking that she used to pray, And God would hear everything mama would say. And perhaps she asked him to send Santa Claus here, With his sack full of presents he brought every year.

"Well, why taint we pay dist as well as mama did den, And ast him to send us some presents adin?" "I've been thinking so, too," and without a word more, Four little feet bounded out on the floor. Four little knees the soft carpet pressed, And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast. "Now, Willie, you know, you must firmly believe, That the presents we ask for we are sure to receive. You wait just as still 'till I say the Amen," And by that you will know your turn has come then.

"Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me, And grant us the favor we are asking of Thee. I want a wax dolly, a tea set and ring, A beautiful work box that shuts with a spring. Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see That Santa Claus loves us far better than he. Don't let him get angry and fretful again, At dear brother Willie, and Annie, Amen."

Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads, And with hearts light and cheerful, again sought their beds, And were soon lost in slumber, both peaceful and deep, And with fairies in dreamland were roaming in sleep.

Eight—nine—and the clock on the steeple tolled ten. Ere the father had thought of his children again. He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sobs, And see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes. I was harsh with my darlings, he eventually said, And should not have sent them so early to bed. But—then—I was troubled, my feelings found vent, For bank stock today has gone down 10 per cent. I know they have forgotten their troubles ere this, And that I denied that the thrice-asked-for kiss. But just to make sure, I'll steal up to the door, For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before.

So saying, he softly ascended the stairs, And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers. His Annie's "Bless papa" draws forth the big tears; And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears, I'll atone for my harshness he inwardly said, By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed.

Then he turned to the stairs and softly went down, Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing gown; Donned hat, coat and boots and was out in the street, A millionaire facing the cold, driving sleet. Nor stopped he until he had bought everything, From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring. Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store, That the various presents outnumbered a score. Then, homeward he turned with his holiday load, And with Aunt Mary's help the nursery was stored. Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree, By the side of her table spread out for her tea. A work-box well filled in the center was laid, And on it the ring for which Annie had prayed. There were balls, dolls and horses, all pleasing to see, And birds of all colors were perched in the trees. While old Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top, As if getting ready more presents to drop. And as the good father the picture surveyed, He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid; Strange, strange, he said with a sigh, How I longed, when a child, to have Christmas draw nigh.

As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun, Put the darkness to flight, And the stars one by one, Two little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide. And at the same moment their presents espied; They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee, And shouted for papa to come quick and see, What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night; Just the things that they wanted and left before light.

Then Willie told in soft whispers how Annie had said, That their dear, blessed mama, so long ago dead, Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair, And God up in heaven had answered their prayer. "Den, we dot up and payed, dist as well as we tood, And Dod answered our prayers, now wasn't he dood." I should say that he was if he brought you all these, And knew just the presents my children should please."

MILAND'S CHRISTMAS LECTURE.

(Written for The News.)

Had you got yo' Christmas liquor, From de spress, well dat's 'er shame; And you s'ist am a low-down nigger; To call dat stuff sech a holy name.

Sot dat ug down on de table; Tell me what is Christmas morn, Has you done forgot dat stable; Whar yo' Blessed Lord was born?

Shet yo' mouf and stop yo' smacking, Sam you nasty ole black thing, Ain't dat a nice way to be acting, On de birthday ob a King?

Is yo' heart sot on betraying Yo' Blessed Lord, well yo's got spunk. What you think dat He'd be saying? To come 'erlong and ketch'er drunk?

Sambo does you love yo' pigeon? Gib you ole black wife a hug; But, if you got a speck o' ligan, Leave dat liquor in de ug.

Put it off Sam 'till terrorrow, If you must drink then you may; But save the name of Christ from sor-row, And pass it by on Christmas Day.

J. HOPE SMITH.

The highest power may be lost by misrule.—Syrus.

"Doctors do not bleed people as they used to." "Humph! Easy to see you haven't been getting any doctors' bills lately."—Baltimore American.

Holiday Gifts.

- Manicure Sets \$1.00 to \$12.00 Mirrors . . . . \$2.00 to \$5.00 Brushes . . . . . \$1.50 to \$5.00 Traveling Sets . . \$3.00 to \$5.00 Ladies Hand Bags \$1.00 to \$3.00 Tooth Brush Holders, Talcum Powder Boxes, Box Paper, these are a few of the many nice articles for Christmas Gifts.

Independence Drug Store

219 S. Tryon St. Phones 265 and 266.

Embroidered Crepe de Chine Handkerchiefs 25c.

Plenty of the Red, Navy and White Tam O'Shanter 50c.

Special Fur Sale Today.

Join the Crowds Today at BELK BROTHERS

The People's Great Economy Store.

This year is the year of all that you want to make your money go farthest. The crowds that have packed our aisles during the final days before Xmas Shopping ends, are a living proof of this store's immense popularity.

Our Sales This Week For The Same Number of Days Are Greater Than Last Year.

We regard this as a wonderful triumph. We accept the results as the verdict of a discriminating public.

Greater Value Giving. Better Values For Same or Less Money

Keeping step with conditions. That's the secret of this store's success. We quickly realized that this year our customers would not have so much money to spend. We immediately brought pressure to bear and used our cash buying power to obtain merchandise of the highest character and to purchase same at price concessions that would enable us to offer greater inducements for your patronage. That we have achieved success is evidenced by this week's immense cash sales.

Everybody is Shopping To-day at the Big Store, Where the Purchasing Power of Your Dollar is Greater.

SERVICES AT ST. MARK'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.

North Tryon street, between Seventh and Eighth. Christmas matins at 6:30 a. m., with sermon by Mr. W. P. Cline, jr., theological student. Sunday school service and Christmas tree at 4 p. m.

Reason is the mistress and queen of all things.—Cicero. An honest heart possesses a kingdom.—Seneca.

YOUR COLD IS DANGEROUS BREAK IT UP—NOW A cold is readily catching. A run-down system is susceptible to Germs. You owe it to yourself and to others of your household to fight the Germs at once. Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey is fine for Colds and Coughs. It loosens the Mucous, stops the Cough and soothes the Lungs. It's guaranteed. Only 25c at your Druggist.

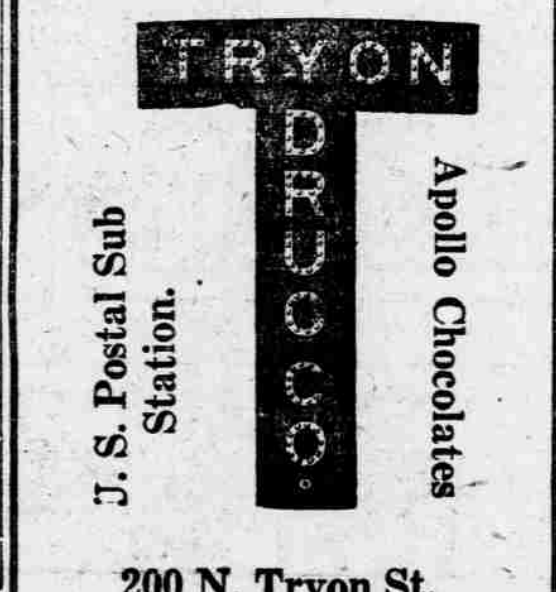
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Convenient Schedules, PULLMAN SLEEPING AND PARLOR CAR SERVICE. Tickets on sale Dec. 16th-25th, inclusive, also January 1st. Final return limit, Jan. 6th, 1915. Ask nearest N. S. R. ticket agent for complete information. H. S. LEARD, G. P. A.

German Aeroplane Brought Down. By Associated Press. Paris, Dec. 24, 4:30 a. m.—A German aeroplane trying to reach Paris Sunday, says the Journal, was pursued and brought down by the French air patrol at Pontoise, 19 miles northwest of Paris.

GIVE US A LOOK

We want you to inspect our complete line of Holiday Gifts. Large line Parisian Ivory, Manicure Sets. Nunnally & Apollo Chocolates in Xmas Boxes. Cigars, etc. Give us a look.



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Come in at once and we can arrange to have the piano in your home for the celebration. If you wait, we may not be able to. May we see you today, or to-morrow?

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