



CHRISTMAS MORNIN'.

Oh, the Christmas dawn's a-breakin',
An' the children are a-wakin',
An' their little hearts are achin'
To arise,
An' to know the happy feelin'
That forever comes a-stealin'
Into little hearts a-reelin'
With surprise.

Although clothin' is a blessin',
They have business that is pressin',
An' they take no time for dressin',
Like the rest;
Out of bed they come a-hoppin',
With their nighties all a-floppin',
An' they never think of stoppin'
To be dressed.

To the fire they come a-flockin',
All a-grabbin' an' a-knockin',
To discover what each stockin'
May reveal;
From the leg a doll is peepin',
With her china eyes a-weepin',
An' a Teddy bear is sleepin'
In the heel.

There are candy men a-grinnin',
An' a little top for spinnin',
An' that isn't a beginnin',
I'll be bound;
Hear the toy guns a-shootin',
An' the bugle-horns a-tootin',
An' the little trains a-scootin'
All around.

A CHRISTMAS EDITORIAL.

No doubt I am expected to write something about Christmas. Editors usually do, of course, at this time of year. Christmas is a good subject, all right, but it has been haggled over by so many editorial Jack-knives that I am loth to disfigure it further with any remarks of mine.

It's awful hard to be original when you write about Christmas. Everything seems to have been said, and in most of the Christmas gush there isn't any more originality than there is in a chair's leg. But I will try to call your attention to just a few thoughts that have never had printer's ink smeared over them. These thoughts are not only very original, but they are also very funny. I thought best to tell you this, as you would not be apt to find it out any other way.

This is the time of year that the thirsty inhabitants of prohibition territory are looking for express boxes on every train and the Sunday School girls button-hole a fellow and make him cough up for the Christmas Tree

graft. And when the fruit of the tree is gathered the presents go to a few pets and nobody says "Howdy" nor "Kiss my foot" to the rest of the gang.

We had it hammered into us in our pinafore days that there was an old white-bearded guy who came around at Christmas with a pack of candy and other junk for the kids. He came down the chimney, they said, and it was wonderful to us that he didn't get smutty all over. A few more years brought to us the knowledge that all this was a lie, but as it was a very pretty lie, we didn't make any fuss about it. The myth of the older folks is still the Santa Claus of the children, and maybe it is worth while to keep the old lie going. I don't know.

I guess Santa Claus will come in a flying-machine this time—an aeroplane, perhaps—and just drop the little trinkets down the chimney as he flies over.

But the thirsty will get their express boxes, and that will be Christmas enough for them. The birthday of the Christ will be given over to drunkenness, rowdyism and devilment as usual, and the world will be just one year closer to hell than it was last Christmas. That's all.

UNCERTAIN AS HELL.

I often hear some of the limber-tongued, linguistic lollipops remarking that so-and-so is "as uncertain as hell." Now look here, you shallow-brained, coarse-mouthed, rotten-hearted lump of mortal mud, do you have any idea how uncertain hell is? Life, and friends, and money, and a great many other things may be uncertain. Life is as full of uncertainties as a dog is of fleas. But if there is any truth in the old family Bible—and some of us are fools enough to believe there is—then it occurs to me that hell must be a reasonably sure thing. So if you snotty-nosed sinners don't want your fat fried in the devil's old skillet, you'd better watch out.

"The Fool-Killer" is unique in contents and conception. No one but a misunderstood literary genius could have the audacity to issue it and fill it with such "doggon" unconscious seriousness, artistically blended with such nuctious philosophical humor that it produces such an irresistible desire to read this "goldarn" paper from beginning to end.—John W. Smith, in The Amateurist, New York.

SOME SINGING, DONCHERKNOW?

There is a certain kind of unearthly screeching that they call "fashionable singing." Ever hear any of it? If not, you've missed a treat. Just go into most any city church on Sunday morning and they'll give you a sample of it. Here's how you will know when it's a-coming. You'll see somebody go to the piano or pipe organ and begin to claw over the keys like a puppy digging for a ground-mouse. Then you'll see a young lady march out onto the stage with her arms full of sheet music and her face set like the time-lock on a national bank vault. She stops and gazes over the audience as solemnly as a convict in the electric chair. Then she unfolds her music and begins to pucker her mouth till it looks like the blossom end of a swivelled cucumber. Everybody holds their breath. Something awful is about to happen.

Suddenly the young lady's mouth opens like the nose end of a tobacco sack and you hear a noise that sounds like pulling a yard of Bologna sausage through a tin horn. Her eyes seem to bore through the ceiling like two left-handed gimlets and her throat works like a frog swallowing a June-bug. Her voice seems to have been made in joints and put together with brass rings, and it rattles against her Adam's apple like dragging a log-chain over a bridge.

The audience leans forward and drinks it in like a young cat-bird eating a worm. Of course nobody understands a word of the song, and if they did, the song would be a failure. It wouldn't be "fashionable singing." The only thing required of you is to sit there like a chicken with the gapes and drink it in. Let it run in at both ears and ooze out through the pores of your soul.

The singer stops to get her breath and to wait for the audience to catch up. The organist hits the instrument in the face a few times like a nigger woman beating out peas, and then they sail in again. Lickety-split they go, up and down the scale, like two hound dogs after a rabbit, and all the while the expression on the singer's face looks like a mixture of cramp colic, death agony, a toothache and a sneeze.

Once in awhile the jointed melody comes in such volumes that it almost jars the shingles loose, and then it fades away till it sounds like where

the little end of a cat-fight tapers off to nothing.

And when it is all over, you go home feeling like somebody had run a wood-rasp over your sore tooth. But it is the Fashion, you know, and Fashion is a great old gal.

A POPULAR PREACHER.

A preacher is usually judged by the size of his audience, and if he can get four or five hundred of the brethren and sisteren out to hear him tooth his gospel horn once or twice a month, he thinks he is a pretty bang-up preacher. And each member of the flock is expected to shell out a dollar or two about every so often to help grease the gospel gimlet.

That's all very nice and proper, no doubt, and I haven't a word to say against it; but what I started out to say is this: If a preacher is judged by the size of his audience, then I am some preacher myself, for I am preaching, once a month to an audience of over 10,000 people. And I don't give them just one little sermon and quit, like the other preachers do, but I stay and preach six or eight good sermons on every trip.

And then just think of the price! Your preacher thinks you are mighty stingy and close-fisted if you don't grease his pocket to the tune of ten or fifteen dollars a year, and he will not get mad if you double or treble the amount. But I give you more preaching and better preaching than he does for only 25 cents a year; and if you'll hitch up the wagon and bring several of your neighbors to meeting with you, you can all get your year's preaching for fifteen cents apiece.

Now, can you beat that for a bargain? I think not. There has never been so much good preaching offered so cheap before, and if you ever expect to get the cuckoldburrs of sin carried out of your mane, now is the time. The currycomb of truth which I use will remove the burrs and also loosen up the bark on you old hide-bound sinners. It may hurt considerably, and you may have to squirm and twist like five hundred, but it will be good for you. Delay is dangerous, so don't put it off, but buy your ticket to-day for a year's admittance into "The Fool-Killer" church and tell all your neighbors to do likewise. Help me to get the biggest congregation of any preacher that has ever opened his mouth between the two oceans.