

## Waiting For Santa Claus



### A Feel In the Christmas Air

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY  
**THEY'S** a kind o' feel in the air to me  
When the Chris'mas times sets in  
That's about as much of a mystery  
As ever I've run ag'in.  
For instance, now, whilse I gain in weight  
And ginerah health, I swear  
They's a goneness somers I can't quite state—  
A kind o' feel in the air.

They's a feel in the Chris'mas air goes right  
To the spot where a man lives at!  
It gives a feller a appetite—  
They ain't no doubt about that!  
And yit they's somepin—I don't know what—  
That follers me here and there  
And ha'n'ts and worries and spares me not—  
A kind o' feel in the air.

They's a feel, as I say, in the air that's jest  
As blamed-on sad as sweet.  
In the same ra-sho as I feel the best  
And am the spryest on my feet  
They's allus a kind o' sort of a ache  
That I can't locate nowhere,  
But it comes with Chris'mas, and no mistake—  
A kind o' feel in the air.

Is it the racket the children raise?  
Why, no!—God bless 'em, no!  
Is it the eyes and the cheeks ablaze,  
Like my own wuz long ago?  
Is it the bleat o' the whistle and beat  
O' the little toy drum and blare  
O' the horn? No, no! It is jest the sweet—  
The sad-sweet feel in the air.

"Three Finger Sam says he can beat you playing poker with one hand tied."

"Sam's apologizing. After seeing Sam handle a pack of cards, the boys in Crimson Guich won't play cards with him except on them precise conditions."—Washington Star.



**Your Wife's Work**  
is just as trying and important as your own and perhaps more tedious—but her strength is great!  
Women who are nervous and fretful and easily fatigued promptly gain strength and natural energy by taking Scott's Emulsion afterwards because it is essentially nourishment—not a drug that stupefies or alcohol that stimulates—there is pure, rich medical nourishment in every drop which nature appropriates to enrich the blood and rebuild the latent forces of the body.  
Probably nothing is more popular with physicians for just such conditions than Scott's Emulsion.  
Avoid substitutes called "wines", "extracts" or "active principles"—they are not cod liver oil.  
**Insist on the genuine Scott's**  
AT ANY DRUG STORE

### Saving Up For Christmas

A well dressed man in a Market street car tendered the conductor a one dollar bill in payment for two fares and, receiving his change, carelessly selected the ten cent piece and placed them in a separate pocket. "From the 1st of September until Christmas I never spend a dime," he explained to his companion. "Every time I get one I keep it separate from my other change, and when I get home I deposit my dimes in one of those savings banks that don't open until they contain \$10. I am one of a very large family addicted to the Christmas present habit, and sometimes I am obliged to give as many as thirty or forty gifts. By not spending my dimes I create a Christmas fund without really feeling it. I have done this for several years and find it an excellent plan."—Philadelphia Record.

### Why She Shops Early.

"I'm going to start my Christmas shopping right now and get it over with," said Mrs. Jones at the breakfast table.  
"Ah, to aid the poor, tired shopgirl and help the movement for early deliveries!" her son remarked in tones of commendation.  
"Never thought of that," was the disconcerting reply. "I'm going to buy all my presents at Smart & Co's, and shops like theirs have handsome delivery wagons. I want all the neighbors to see the wagons stop at my door. Last year I bought a lot of these things at expensive shops, and dark parcels was delivered until after dark. For all the neighbors know they might have come from those gay by the week stores in unmarked wagons."

### CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY.

**A Day of Cheeriness and Happiness Throughout the Fatherland.**  
The German Christmas has local differences in various provinces. The Christmas tree is universal, for this is its home. At many places the whole family go to early service, at 5 or 6 o'clock, as the custom may be, and in some parts of the country every one carries a lighted candle. These candles, placed on the backs of the pews, sometimes make the only light in the church. At some places when the clock strikes 12 on Christmas eve the bells ring and every house and church is quickly lighted up.  
Christmas is a day of cheeriness and happiness throughout Germany. The presents are usually simple. Men and angels and many kinds of creatures are fashioned in gingerbread. It is twisted into many grotesque shapes, and sometimes it is gilded. Hans Christian Andersen's story of the "Honeybread Soldier" will be better understood by any one who has spent a Christmas in Germany.  
In Hanover, just when the candles on the Christmas tree are dying out, there will be a mysterious rap on the door and a bundle will be thrown into the room. It contains a little present for every member of the family and come verses for some of them.  
In Oberammergau there is a more distinctly religious tone given to the whole holiday. The Christ Child is the guardian angel of the time. It is he, they say, who brings the Christmas tree. He comes down from heaven on Christmas eve, holding it in his hands. Two angels bearing presents fly before him and two behind. He puts the tree on the table, rings a bell and flies away. He brings a blessing to the children that have been obedient.  
To the children of Oberammergau St. Nicholas is an angel in disguise. He goes about from house to house in ragged clothes and with a bag on his back. He gives a loud knock at the door and asks, "Are the children good?" If the answer is "Yes" he leaves fruits and candies. If the answer is "No" he leaves a stick.

**A CHRISTMAS LETTER.**  
**DEAREST PHYLLIS,** pray remember when you're making up the list of your presents for December (unless I am to be missed)  
That I've slippers, picture brackets, smoking sets of various types, Half a dozen smoking jackets, thirty-seven meerschaum pipes.  
Twenty patent "kid glove menders," collar boxes by the score,  
Of embroidered silk suspenders, forty-seven pairs or more;  
That each year since I was twenty I've received a paperweight.  
Have pen wipers, instants plenty, paper cutters—twenty-eight;  
That I've Browning and Longfellow by the hundred—every kind  
Shakespeare—black and blue and yellow; Milton (I'm nearly blind).  
So there's just one present only that I'm waiting in this year  
Of my bachelorhood so lonely—that's yourself, my Phyllis, dear.  
—James Courtney Challiss.

**Little Jack Horner and His Christmas Pie**  
With Variations In the Style of the Poets  
By CALLY RYLAND

**LITTLE** Jack Horner sat in a corner Eating his Christmas pie,  
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum,  
And said, "What a good boy am I!"  
If Edgar Allan Poe Had Written It.  
See Jack Horner in his corner With his pie.  
Where's his ma? Will no one warn her? Lazily alive and open mouthed he sat,  
Feeling the pastry tickle at his lips. Yet scarcely knowing how to fathom it.  
When of a sudden—oh, the fellow's keen!— Occurred his thumb to him, whereupon Straightway he plunged it in the sweet. "Good boy!" quoth he, and pulled out a damp plum.

**Robert Browning Might Have Done It.**  
Pastry's all or nothing; it is not mere dough  
Pounded and pulled and puzzled over, sir.  
For whiteness or for lightness—and this pie  
Was of the very stuff of life, sir.  
None of your blundering bits of work, but infinitely estimable. Well, Horner sat there Ruminating. 'Twas Christmas, ruminating time.  
You say, and you are right, sir.  
Lazily alive and open mouthed he sat,  
Feeling the pastry tickle at his lips. Yet scarcely knowing how to fathom it.  
When of a sudden—oh, the fellow's keen!— Occurred his thumb to him, whereupon Straightway he plunged it in the sweet. "Good boy!" quoth he, and pulled out a damp plum.

**This Would Be Walt Whitman's Style.**  
I sing the Christmas pie,  
The flour, the lard, the butter that compose it;  
The richness of its stuffing,  
A divine nimbus exhaled from it.  
It attracts with fierce, undeniable attraction.  
I am drawn by its breath no less than Jack Horner, who holds it upon his knees.  
I am one with the plum concealed in its mammoth vastness.  
I loosen myself, pass freely and am at the door of Horner's lips, snacking to taste its ingredients.  
But he does not know how to get at you, pie.  
He sits, sleepily considering the pose of his head, his puffed out lips, betraying his gluttony.  
Presently a fine smile comes on to his face. He lunges into the pie with firm thumb. Its crust yields.  
He possesses himself of its richness.  
Oh, young men, I would not have you sit in a corner considering pie stuffings.  
Be bold. You—whenever you are—allowed the eternal purports of a pie. (I loved a certain Christmas pie ardently, and it gave me indigestion.  
Yet out of that I have written this song.)

**In the Great William Shakespeare's Style.**  
"Sweet pastry, do not scorn me, do not gibe  
And frown at me with crusty surliness.  
I know that in your faky depths is hidden  
A mammoth plum, which, 'Ods my little life!  
I'll have it if I must swing for 't.'" Thus Jacques.  
Who, thereupon, with swashing stab of the thumb  
Smote through the crispy lid, which erst held tight.  
And with triumphant shout, "'Ods bodikins,  
A good lad!" withdrew the sought-for plum.

**Algernon Charles Swinburne's Style.**  
Here where the world is quiet,  
Here upon Christmas day,  
With plums and a pie for diet,  
In a corner sat Horner.  
No feast was ever sweeter,  
No fonger was ever flecter  
To yank a plum with glee to  
A mouth that gapes away.

**Attractive Bed Sets.**  
Bed sets, consisting of spread, pillow covers and valance, are always a welcome addition to the nappy closet, and what color to select need not worry the donor, as the smart thing in these outfits is white scrim trimmed with eyelost embroidery or fillet insertion, edging and motif. Blankets may seem a homely gift to send at Christmas time, but any housekeeper will be glad to have one in thick, soft Australian wool, in pale blue, rose or mauve, and bound with satin ribbon.  
One of the nicest things to send to a housekeeping friend is a set of towels. It is a happy idea to furnish a dozen of extra large sized and heavy Turkish bath towels, hemmed in the color of her room and marked with her individual initials.

## ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure  
Absolutely has no substitute

Many mixtures are offered as substitutes for Royal. No other baking powder is the same in composition or effectiveness, or so wholesome and economical, nor will make such fine food.

Royal is the only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

**WILL MEET IN RALEIGH.**  
Baptists Accept Invitation to Coarzene at Capital. Will Not Abolish Football.  
Sheiky, Dec. 13.—The session yesterday afternoon of the eighty-third annual convention of North Carolina Baptists was given over to the discussion of temperance, aged ministers relief and obituaries. The reports were read and adopted. The aged ministers relief fund has been increased the past year but still larger offerings are necessary if the proper relief is given the aged men.  
In the morning session the convention promptly and practically by a unanimous vote tabled a resolution to ask the board of trustees of Wake Forest College to abolish football. The resolution was not discussed at any length. The sentiment was entirely too strong against the adoption.

**Sunday School Secretary Middleton, speaking to the report of the Sunday school committee, urged the organization of the distinctive Baptist Bible classes as provided for in the report. These classes are a part of the distinctive denominational program as mapped out for the future Sunday school work.**  
In the United States the Sunday school enrollment is less than 50 per cent of the membership of Baptist churches. In the territory of the Southern Baptist Convention the percentage rises to 55 per cent, but in North Carolina the Sunday school enrollment is 75 per cent of the church membership.  
Prof. J. Henry Highsmith, of Wake Forest College, presented the importance of the Baptist Young People's work in a splendid address.  
The session of the convention for 1914 will be held with the Baptist churches of Raleigh, the invitation those churches having been accepted. The annual sermon will be preached by Rev. E. T. Carter, D. D., of New Bern, Rev. G. T. Lumpkin, of Oxford, will be the alternate.

**Clearing out your throat every day, all day. That is what you have been doing for months. Possibly years. A little mucus covers the pharynx.**  
If you were to go to a doctor he would tell you that you have pharyngitis. If you were to look into your own throat you would find just back of the soft palate a red, lumpy, granular appearance of the back part of the throat. Pharyngitis the doctors call it.  
Perhaps he would call it, follicular pharyngitis. It causes you constant annoyance. You are always finding slight disturbances when seated in an audience. Can't hold your throat still. Stringy mucus bothers you. Worse in the morning.  
A-hem! A-hem! A-hem! That is the way you are going nearly all day. Sometimes in the night when you wake up. You ought to gargle your throat with salt water every morning. Cold salt water. That clears out the throat perfectly and makes it ready for treatment.  
Peruna is the treatment. Begin with a teaspoonful before each meal and at bedtime. Try it for a week. You will be convinced. Of course, Peruna will not entirely relieve you in a week. That is too much to expect of any remedy. But it will benefit you so much you will be convinced. Yes, it will. It has done this many times.  
Follicular pharyngitis. Big words. Almost as bad as the disease. But if you take Peruna for one month regularly, you may forget that you ever had such a disease. Then you will have a perfect right to forget the big words too.  
People who object to liquid medicines can now obtain Peruna Tablets.  
Ask your druggist for a Free Peruna Lucky Day Almanac for 1914.

The Commonwealth a year for \$1 00

## LOVE IS BLIND



—Ketten in New York Evening World

### Notice of Land Sale.

By virtue of power vested in me by that deed of trust executed to W. A. Dunn, Trustee, on the 29th day of February, 1892, by Granville Savage and wife, Mary, which may be seen by reference to Book 96, Page 461, in the Register of Deeds' office of Halifax county, I will, on Saturday, the 17th day of January, 1914, sell at public auction, in the town of Scotland Neck, at 12 o'clock, for cash, to the highest bidder, that tract of land hereinafter described, lying, being and situated in the county of Halifax, State of North Carolina, and being that tract of land lying on the right-hand side of the public road leading from Greenwood to Palmyra, and bounded by the lands of the late Joshua Bell and Joe Watson, and containing ten acres, more or less, and being a portion of the land which the said Granville Savage died, seized and possessed of.  
This 15th day of December, 1913.  
NOAH BIGGS,  
Ex'r of W. A. Dunn, Trustee.  
S. A. DUNN, Atty.

**A. N. DUBOIS**  
Textile and Office and  
Laboring 108 N. 9th St.,  
Wilmington, N. C.

Analysis of anything, particular  
analysis of anything, particular  
analysis of anything, particular

**PARKE'S HAIR BALM**  
The Best for Itchy Scalp

**D. A. C. LIVERMON,**  
DENTIST  
Office hours from 9 to 1 o'clock  
and 2 to 5 o'clock.

**Dr. A. D. MORGAN**  
Physician and Surgeon  
Scotland Neck, N. C.  
Office in the building formerly  
occupied by Dr. J. P. Wimberley.

**CHAS. L. STANTON,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Scotland Neck, N. C.  
Practices wherever his services are  
required.

**ASHBY DUNN**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law  
SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.  
Practices wherever his services are  
required.  
Money to loan on approved security.

**Dr. R. L. SAVAGE**  
OF ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.  
Will be in Scotland Neck, N. C., on  
the third Wednesday of each month  
at the hotel to treat the diseases of  
the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, and fit  
cases.

**DR. O. F. SMITH**  
Physician and Surgeon  
Office in The Crescent Pharmacy, Inc.  
Scotland Neck, N. C.

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