

When Christmas Comes on Sunday

By LOUIS E. THAYER

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To us little fellers Sunday's mighty different
From all the other days that's in the week,
Cause you've kind o' got to creep around on
t'pote
And you've sort o' got to whisper when you
speak;
If you don't, your pa or ma is sure to scold you
And call you bad and sacrilegious boys,
For Sunday days were made for thought and
worship,
But they wasn't made for romping and for
noise.

AND to think that Christmas day's to come
on Sunday!
Why, somehow, seems it hadn't orter be,
Cause where's the good when you can't laugh
and holler?
Say, it's pretty hard on little chaps like me,
And if a feller jes' forgets the quiet,
And bubbles out
a little, who's to
blame?
It's pretty hard
when Christmas
comes on
Sunday,
For I know the
day will never
seem the same.

I KNOW jes' how
'twil be when,
In the morning,
I find my stock-
ing filled brim-
ful of toys.
I seem to hear my
father say,
"Well, John-
ny,
You may look at
them, but don't
make any
noise."
And ma, perhaps,
will bring me
out a trumpet
And say, "Well,
Johnny, it is
Sunday now,
you know."
Say, it's pretty hard a-waiting for tomorrow.
What good's a trumpet that you dassen't blow?



I WISH they'd print the calendars all over
And make our Christmas come some other
day,
Jes' so us little chaps can have some freedom
And romp and shout and whistle at our play.
There's lots of things that ain't jes' as they
should be,
And 'cause they ain't it seems to me a shame,
It's pretty hard when Christmas comes on Sun-
day,
For I know the day will never seem the same.

TELL you what, the day will jes' blow over,
And we won't hardly know that it's bees
here.
Christmas eve will be about the only Christmas
That we will have a chance to know this year.
Another thing that makes the whole thing hard
Is that we have a Sunday every week,
While we have to go and have our only Christmas
When we almost have to whisper as we
speak.

WHAT GOOD'S A TRUM-
PET THAT YOU DAS-
SEN'T BLOW?
Say, it's pretty hard a-waiting for tomorrow.
What good's a trumpet that you dassen't blow?

I TELL you what, the day will jes' blow over,
And we won't hardly know that it's bees
here.
Christmas eve will be about the only Christmas
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Is that we have a Sunday every week,
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When we almost have to whisper as we
speak.



"DON'T MAKE ANY NOISE!"
NOW, if a little feller don't remember
And laughs out loud and hollers jes' a bit,
And if his feet get running as they oughtn't,
Say, who should scold and threaten him for it?
Jes' make believe that you are young and little—
Say, have you got the heart for words of blame?
It's pretty hard when Christmas comes on
Sunday,
For I know the day will never seem the same.

Christmas Twice a Year.
Madagascar is probably the only
place in the world where Christmas is
celebrated twice a year and where

there are also two New Year's days.
Since the influx of missionaries the
queen issued an edict that the Chris-
tian year should be followed. But in
commencing the year the date of the
first day was set some time in October
or November. Since the natives have
been converted to the Christian reli-
gion they observe Christmas on the
25th of their own December, but also
have made a holiday out of the day in
their year which corresponds to our
Christmas.

The Christmas Carol

THE Christmas carol as a feature
of the holiday observances is
an English rather than an
American custom, and the "waits"
who sing them under the windows of
English houses or on street corners are
quite unknown with us. Yet the Yule-
tide carol plays some part in the
Christmas exercises of almost all our
churches, one in particular, the favor-
ite, "God Rest You, Merry Gentle-
men," being used in all Episcopal
churches. It is included in the hymnal,
but lest any one may have forgotten it
we give it here:

God rest you, merry gentlemen;
Let nothing you dismay;
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born upon this day.
To save us all from Satan's power
When we are gone astray,
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was
born on Christmas day.

Curiously enough, carol singing at
Christmas time came in part from
heathendom. The Anglo-Saxon Gule,
or Yule, was an ancient pagan festival
which in the wisdom of the early mis-
sionaries was retained with a new sig-
nificance when Britain was Christian-
ized. The season's merrymaking then
had its influence upon the carols,
which developed into two classes, one
of joyous expressions of the Saviour's
birth and the other singing of wassail.
Though carols are said to have been
sung in the primitive church, the ear-
liest one extant is of the thirteenth
century. Its manuscript is now in the



THE "WAITS," ENGLISH CAROL SINGERS.
British museum. It is written in An-
glo-Norman, and the first stanza, freely
translated, is as follows:

Now, lordings, listen to our ditty,
Stranger: coming from afar,
Let poor minstrels move your pity;
Give us welcome, soothe our care;
In this mansion, as they tell us,
Christmas wassail keeps today,
And, as the king of all good fellows,
Reigns with uncontrolled sway.

A modernized form of their carol was
used at Oxford up to a recent time.
Another carol which was sung at the
beginning of the sixteenth century and
which shows a true religious feeling is
this:

When Chryst was born of Mary fre,
In Bethlem, in that fayre cyte,
Angellis song ther with myrth and gie,
In Excelsis Gloria.

Herdmn beheld thes angelles bright,
To hem apperyd with gret light,
And seyd "Goddys sone is born this
night"
In Excelsis Gloria.

Among the many carols of later date
are many of exquisite beauty—Nahum
Tate's "While Shepherds Watched

their Flocks by Night," Isaac Watts
"Joy to the World, the Lord Is Come,"
Charles Wesley's "Hark, the Herald
Angels Sing" and Phillips Brooks' "Oh,
Little Town of Bethlehem." Of an-
other age are these Christmas verses
of Robert Herrick, the quaint old Eng-
lish poet:

Tell us, thou clear and heavenly tongue,
Where is the Babe that lately sprung?
Lies he the lily banks among?
Or say if this new Birth of ours
Sleeps, laid within some ark of flowers;
Spangled with dew light? Thou canst
clear
All doubts and manifest the where.

Declare to us, bright star, if we shall seek
Him in the morning's blushing cheek
Or search the beds of spices through
To find him out?

Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity" must,
of course, be ranked among the best of
Christmas songs, while the "Gloria in
Excelsis" of the King James Bible will
always be sung wherever the English
language makes its way.

His Christmas Luck

"WILL there be any Christmas
for me?"
The man who spoke these
words was plodding along over a coun-
try highway, and he shivered as the
icy blast whirled the snowflakes about
his head.

"Shall I hang up my stocking on
Christmas eve as in the days of yore,"
he mused as he bent his head to the
blast, "or shall I try to forget that I
was ever rich and happy and had a
loving family about me? Tens of thou-
sands of stockings will hang in the
chimney corners, and tens of thou-
sands of people will be made happy,
but as for me?"

A lump gathered in his throat and
tears in his eyes, and the toes peep-
ing out of one of his shoes took on a
deeper red. It was only three days to
Christmas. The farmers were mark-
ing down the fattest turkeys, geese
and pigs to be killed for the festive
occasion, and farmers' wives were
making pumpkin pies and cranberry
sauce and smiling as they thought of
the gifts they had hidden away.

"No; Christmas and its happiness are
not for me," sighed the man as he
turned his back to the storm for a mo-
ment to get his breath. "It is my busi-
ness to feel bad and suffer, to be hun-
gry and ragged, to remember all the
joys of the past and not to think of the
future, with its sorrows, and I will be
brave to the end. Perhaps when they
find my stiff frozen body on the high-
way and observe the pitiful expression
on the dead face they may smooth
back my grizzled locks and wish they
had been kind to me, and perhaps
they may only use me for a Yule log in
the fireplace and joke about me as
they sit around toasting their feet. It
can make no difference to me, how-
ever.



"IS YOUR NAME WILLIE?"
er. There is no fat goose with sage
dressing for me, no pumpkin pie and
fried cakes, no Santa Claus to drop a
gold watch in my stock."

"Is your name Willie?" asked a
voice at his elbow.
"It is," replied the wayfarer as he
turned and saw a man with a silver
star on his breast and a club in his
hand.

"Weary Willie?"
"The same."
"Then come with me. Santa Claus
has got something for you after all."

W. W. followed the silver star to
the village and was lodged in a house
where all the windows were barred
and the doors locked to keep burglars
out, and early the next morning he
was taken before a benign looking old
man, who benignly asked:

"My dear man, are you expecting
anything for Christmas?"
"Not a thing," was W. W.'s sad and
sorrowful reply.

"Then I have a little surprise for you.
I am going to give you three months in
jail, and if that don't cure your
trouble I'll make it six next time. Re-
move the prisoner and see that he gets
plenty of ice water to drink."

And the man who thought the world
was against him did not get left after
all.
A. B. LEWIS.

Shepherds in Modern Bethlehem.
From the greatest height in Bethle-
hem a distant glimpse of even the
Mediterranean sea may be perceived
on a clear, bright day. The strange
beauty of the surroundings of Bethle-
hem, viewed from the town itself, as
well as from all the neighboring
heights, may have inspired in the
young shepherd, King David some of
those inspiring psalms which have
been the comfort of the afflicted
throughout all ages.

In a beautiful valley near Bethle-
hem are the "fields of the shepherds"
of sacred memory. These fields are
still used as pasture lands, and many
a young David may be seen tending
his flock with the same care as the
shepherds of yore. When he rests in a
shady place during the sultry hours of
the day the sheep gather around him
and chew the cud. If there happens
to be a wounded one or a little weak
one he carries it on his shoulder or in
the wide bosom of his long white shirt.

LOG CABIN INN.
Sited on Spring Mountain
Near Tryon.
BUILT AROUND PINES.
Only One Suggestion of Politics—
a "Yellow dog" Named
Roosevelt.

"Log Cabin Inn." Words which fasci-
nate you by reason of their suggestiveness;
they smelt of the primeval forest; they are
vibrant with the ringing blows of the sturdy
woodman's axe; they are full of the vigor of
a strong, young life, untouched by the weak-
ening finger of civilization. There are log
cabins and log cabins, some of the \$15,000,
or \$20,000 affairs—hollow imitations, sham
things, make-believes, that fool no one and
please no one.

Here on the top of Spring mountain, nine
miles from Tryon, the little station at its
feet, can be found the real thing, a genuine
old log cabin, built by a real mountaineer,
and of good solid logs which have rolled de-
fiance at time for no one knows how long.

One day 10 or 15 years ago a western man
with the western spirit of investigation and
a pocketful of western money, found the
cabin and bought it and the whole mountain
on which it stood. It is called Spring
mountain, because from every crevice clear,
cold water gushes out.

The man who bought the mountain loved
every green and growing thing, and would
have nothing destroyed. It became neces-
sary to enlarge the cabin. Tall pipes stood
in the way. "Cut them down," said the
builder. "Let them be," said the master;
"build around them some way," and so they
did, and today the piazza of the new part
puts its arms around the trees and they re-
pay the friendly embrace by spreading a
green roof over it, which is very picturesque
and sweet and delightful in every way.

If you are tired of a strenuous life of buy-
ing, of selling, of teaching, of preaching
come to the Log Cabin. If you are weary
of "culture" that is of the modern, "up-to-
date," boastful kind, come to the mountain,
where true culture like true charity, "vaun-
teth not itself," and "doth not behave itself
unseemingly." Criticism, "high or low,"
has never lifted up its voice on this moun-
tain to find fault with the symmetry of the
trees, the curve of the vines or the color
scheme of the flowers. Nature has had her
own way, and a very sweet way it is, though
often a wild one.

If you are tired of books the mountain is
the place you are after. It is true that there
are a few volumes of natural history lying
around, a few pages of geology scattered
here and there on the rocks and cliffs, and
nature's wonderful story book, not yet com-
pleted, but unequalled so far as it goes, lies
ever open. But you don't have to read un-
less you want to. Nature does not believe in
compulsory education, forces no one to
master her vocabulary, compels no one to
scientific research in her laboratories. Her
proposition is, "My son give me thy heart."
The question she asks is not "understandest
thou me," but "lovest thou me."

If you love the sweet faces of her flowers;
their fragrance and their bloom, she scatters
them at your feet, little caring that you
know not one part from another, glad per-
chance that you do not analyze in cold in-
difference these darlings of her heart.
There is no politics here. Oh, blessed

thought! The only thing that savors of it
is a "yaller dog" named Roosevelt. And
tho' from his wise look, we know that he
has his own opinions on the "race question"
and other "issues of the day" he never dis-
turbs the peace of the cabin by giving ex-
pressions to them. Are you dull? And is
it fun and frolic you are after? "You want
the stars to play with, the moon to run
away with?" They are at your service, for
you're in "The Land of the Sky," and these
bright creatures are your "nearest neigh-
bors." To pick a handful of stars is quite
as easy as to gather a handful of chestnuts
and everybody up here knows how easy that
is.

Are you young and sentimental, and would
you like a man to "keep company" with in
the evenings, as they do down there in the
"Settlements?" There's the man-in-the-
moon, the safest and the best in the world
as every mother knows. He is in the "trust
business," too—has had a monopoly of soft
speaking and love-making ever since there
was one to make love to. For what is love
but moonshine, anyhow, just as soft and just
as bright and just as lasting!

There is one thing troubling the moun-
tain. Not long ago when Uncle Sam was
viewing his possessions thro' the big glass in
Washington he spied this mountain, and on
one pretext and another he is sending men
up here. The truth is that Uncle Sam has
so many men that the question of employ-
ment is becoming such a nice one that the
employment itself cannot always keep pace
with it.

There is a man up here with a search
warrant after the bugs. They are being ar-
rested for killing the trees—trees that are
older than Uncle Sam can ever hope to be
(though they show a modest reticence on
the subject which some people, women espe-
cially, would do well to follow), and which,
as yet manifest no symptoms of decay. Gen-
erations and generations of bugs have turned
their fiddles and danced right merrily in
their green branches, and there was never a
complaint until Uncle Sam made it.

We saw one of his men the other day.
He came riding right up to the door of the
Log Cabin, care-less and easy like. His hair
was red, his skin was white, his eyes were
blue—as far as color went, he "qualified all
right," as Mr. Dooley would say, but not as
to clothes. He was not in full dress as we
would expect one of Uncle Sam's men to
be, but then he didn't know that anybody
was up here but the squirrels, and tho' they
are very neat themselves, being always well-
brushed and well combed, they don't care a
bit whether you are.

He rode right around our lovely serpen-
tine drive, watered his horse at our trough
without as much as saying "by your leave,"
an ugly way Uncle Sam has gotten into of
late, they say. The vehicle in which he
drove was full of curious instruments. It is
rumored about that has mission here is not
to elevate, but rather to debase. They say
that he is actually trying to cut down some
of these mountains.

It is whispered that he has already taken
a great slice off Saluda mountain, and now
he is at work on Tryon peak, one of our
neighbors. Three thousand five hundred
feet it has always measured with its boots
off. Ever since Skynga, the great Indian
chief, disdaining the use of instruments
measured it with his lofty eye, it has stood
3,500 feet and we have no reason for believ-
ing that it has shrunk any since then; 3,500
feet it stands in the artistic posters of the
Southern railway, in the tourist's guide, and
in all the literature which was for its lofty
subject, the "Land of the Sky," 3,500 feet,
and every school boy knows that "figures
never lie," and if Uncle Sam says it is not
3,500 feet, why Uncle Sam is mistaken.
(Used that word out of respect for the flag.)

If you want to be convinced of the height of
Spring mountain just come up. The
road is a lovely one, Nature's royal high-
way, and a very high way it is, demonstrat-
ing ever that those who would gain anything,
even pure art and echanting views, must
climb to get the a higher and higher the
road climbs up. You ask the driver,
who has eyes for nothing but the
road and no words except exhortations to
the horses, how much higher you have to
go, and he points with his whip to a white
spot outlined against the blue sky, and you
are so lost in wonder at the apparently unat-
tainableness of the goal that you, too, are
silent.

Once upon a time, in your first primer
days, you used to pronounce with ecstasy the
meaningless words, "Do we go up?" and
then the equally fascinating and emphatic
response, "We do go up," and now you
fathom the depths of meaning which lie hid-
den in these meagre words. You know now
that some such rich and rare experience as
you are passing through found expression in
them. And then you gaze into a precipice,
so deep, dark and gruesome that you shut
your eyes and pray that you may always "go
up," and never "down."

the pines, and then again a silvery gray
with touches of palest green, and again
she wears a robe of many colors; and always
she is so sweet and pretty, so merry and so
gay that you are gay, too, and look down in-
to the precipices without fear, and up at the
"spot" to which you are going and are sorry
that it is getting so near, that it is taking on
definite form and outline.

Another abrupt turn in the road and the
smile dies on your lips, you hear the sound
of gentle weeping. Nature in tears, such
tears! Millions and millions of them, a
bright and silvery shower slipping softly
down the great rocky face of the mountain.
There are many kinds of grief in this world,
and many kinds of weeping. This soft cry-
ing of Nature is like that of the little child
who weeps in sympathy with another's grief,
yet knows not why he does. The sadness,
the softness, the tenderness of it, makes your
heart tender. You long to put your face
against that rocky, tear wet face, and whis-
per, "I know all about it, for I have wept,
too."

The soft sobbing follows you for many a
mile as you go up and up, but it is a sooth-
ing sound as if the very weeping had brought
comfort to the heart that wept.

It is not long now before you are really up
and can look down on the world at your
feet. As you rejoice in the beauty, the
purity, the simplicity of the Log Cabin
which crowns the mountain with its home-
liness and comfort you thank God who put
it into the heart of man to buy this moun-
tain and let others enjoy it with him. It
would be a great pleasure to go into details
of his work here, to tell of the fine roads he
has built, of industries begun by him, and
best of all the great work of education which
he has inaugurated for the benefit of the
children of these mountains—the splendid
school house, with its complete equipments
in Columbus, the little town at the foot of
the mountain. But to do this one would
have to write up the mountain, the Log
Cabin, the school and the man who is at the
bottom of it all, and this might not be agree-
able to the mountain, the inn or the man.
Once when the school was being built some-
one said to him, "You will get no thanks
for this." "I do not work for thanks,"
said he, "I work for the children."

If you want to know about the mountain
you must come up to it, there is no other
chance of finding out. No newspaper men
with ready pen have ever invaded its peace-
ful glens (heaven grant they never may!) No
tourist's guide describes it, the iron grip of
the Southern railway has never been laid
upon it, it is still in the hands of its friends,
and there let us leave it.

MINNIE MACFEAT
CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY
EXCURSIONS RATES
Via
SOUTHERN RAILWAY,
1904-1905.

On Account Christmas and New Year
Holidays, Southern Railway will sell
tickets at extremely low rates.
Dates of sale of tickets to the general
public, December 23, 24, 25, and 31 1904
and January 1, 1905, with final limit Jan-
uary 4, 1905.

Dates of sale of tickets to students
and teachers, upon presentation of Cer-
tificate signed by the Superintendent,
Principal or President of Schools and
Colleges, December 17 to 24, inclusive,
with final return limit January 8, 1905.
For information as to Rates, Sched-
ules, Sleeping Car Accommodations,
etc., ask Any Agent, or

R. L. Vernon, T.P.A., J. H. Wood, D.P.
Charlotte, N. C. Asheville, N. C.
S. H. Hardwick, W. H. Taylor,
Pass Traffic Manager, Gen'l Pass Agent.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Wrong Way.
"You are an hour late this morning
Sam."
"Yes, sah; I knowed it 'sah."
"Well, what excuse have you?"
"I was kicked by a mule on mah way
here sah."
"That ought not to have detained you
an hour, Sam."
"Well, you see, boss, it wouldn't if he
had only kicked me in d's direction, but he
kicked me de other way."

HUB SHOES

This Brand of a Shoe means some-
thing! If you want the BEST for your
money, call for "THE HUB."