

# Significance of Christmas

**M**AKE Christmas a jolly time. The whole significance of Christmas is generosity, charity, good fellowship and consequent happiness, and we must stand in with this spirit of joyfulness or admit ourselves as by no means belonging to the highest types of humanity. If we adopt the Irishman's well-known and philosophical dictum, that "one man's as good's another and some a deal sight better," then we want to be a "deal sight" in most everything, and good fellowship proclaims that loudest and longest.

So, go in for a good time in any old first-class, fine-edged way you can get it, at home or abroad, outdoors or in, upstairs or down, with or without the best means for enjoyment, for the means can be made; if you're determined to make it, there is always a way. If you lack dollars, use pennies; if you lack pennies, use your wits. There are many other things that you have in abundance to spend, and you can spend them by transferring to others and the general atmosphere your optimistic joyfulness over what you have, be it much or little.

### KILLING TWO BIRDS



"I was beginning to think there was no originality in New Year cards, but I was mistaken," remarked Jolbets. "You received a novelty?" "Yes. My tailor sent me a card bearing the usual greetings, but added this line: 'How about that little bill?'"

### NOTE OF HOPE AND HAPPINESS

Celebration of Saviour's Birth Commands Attention of All Nations Regardless of Ravages of War.

On the great feast of the Nativity, Christmas, as it is popularly known, there is always a note of hope and cheer, even when many lands are drenched in blood. It was 1917 years ago that Christ was born, but the message he brought is as fresh and compelling as it was in the years long ago. Over the little town of Bethlehem the heavenly choir sang "Gloria in Excelsis Deo"—"Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good will," or, as some renderings of the Latin text have it, "and on earth peace and good will towards men." That blessed proclamation will go sounding down the centuries to come until time shall be no more.

Professing Christmas welcome today as one of peculiar joy and gladness. The liturgical churches celebrate it with impressive services but all God-fearing people, whether they be connected with the Christian body or that, can but find a thrill and a lifting up of the soul in meditating upon the birth of Jesus and the mighty work the redeemer came to accomplish. Christmas comes to us with its hallowed greeting and with an inspiration for higher purposes and true Christian charity. May this be truly a happy Christmas for one and all.

**The Unbreakable Ornament.** The millennium will be here when somebody invents an unbreakable ornament for Christmas trees.

# Christmas— and Old Loves

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

When I think on the happy days I spent with you, my little dearie, Now what lands between us lie, How can I but be eerie?

**A**S yuletide draws rear, a man's mind is very apt to revert to happy Christmas times that have gone before. There is most always a woman connected with a man's happy times and pleasant day dreams. The man who left the farm to make his fortune in the great city and who has become rich, a bachelor boarding at a fashionable hotel or club, can usually recall some particularly happy Christmas in the long ago—a Christmas dinner in the old home, taking his first sweetheart Christmas eve to a ball in the town hall; the delight of taking her home—a mile through snow drifts on a winter night. He had written to her a few times after leaving home, then the excitement of city life had crowded her out of his memory and his life. As Christmas draws nigh again, thoughts carry him back to the girl he loved when time was young with him. On the impulse of the moment he dashes off a letter to her. He does not know whether she will receive it. She may be married or she may have moved away. The old folks at home had been careful never to mention her even in answer to his inquiries.

How strange it is that the same thought can fill two different minds at the same time. The girl of long ago, still single, knowing he has not wed, picks up courage to send a Christmas card to the boy grown old now who took her to her first ball on Christmas eve. The letter and card cross each other as each flies to its goal. The bachelor finds it in his Christmas mail. The lonely woman standing by a window in a far-off farmhouse has a letter handed to her by a neighboring farmer who kindly fetched it to her from the post office Christmas morning. Simultaneously there is a warm glow in two hearts widely severed. And yet there are people who wonder that there are romances which are revived at yuletide when men and women no longer young sigh for love and home cheer, if they sit alone and lonely listening to the chimes of the Christmas bells.

Christmas day is the time to light the sacred fire upon the altar of old hopes and loves and make the longing and dreams realities. Sending a little Christmas card with a well-chosen kindly verse is sure to find an echo in a lonely man's heart at this time of all others. One should not check the kindly resolve to send one. It can do no harm and it may bring much happiness. To whom are you going to send your "Merry Christmas" card in this year of our Lord 1917? Perhaps I'll find one in my stocking. I'll hang it up and see. I take this occasion to send each and every one of my readers a Merry Christmas, together with the wish that the coming year may be the most successful one of their lives. (Copyright.)

### A Christmas Acrostic

(Compiled from the Yuletide Utterances of Great Minds by Harvey Peake in the Baltimore Sun.)

- A**LITTLE child, thou art my guest, That weary ones in thee may rest. —Martin Luther.
- M**ISTLETOE hung in the castle hall, The holly bough shown on the old oak wall. —Thomas Haynes Bayly.
- E**NGLAND was Merrie England when Old Christmas brought his sports again. —Walter Scott.
- R**ING out ye crystal spheres, Once bless our human ears! —John Milton.
- R**AINY clouds possessed the earth And sadly tell our Christmas Eve. —Alfred Tennyson.
- Y**E who sang Creation's glory, Now proclaim Messiah's birth. —James Montgomery.
- C**HRIST is born, the great anointed, Heaven and earth his praises sing! —J. Caword.
- H**ARK, the herald angels sing: "Glory to the new born King!" —Charles Wesley.
- R**ING the bells and raise the strain, And hang up garlands everywhere. —Susan Coolidge.
- I** HEAR along our streets pass the minstrel throngs, Hark! They play so sweet on their hautboys Christmas songs. —Longfellow.
- S**ING the song of great joy that the angels began, Sing of glory to God, and of good will to man! —John G. Whittier.
- T**HIS day hath God fulfilled his promised word, This day is born a Savior, Christ the Lord. —J. Byron.
- M**AY you have as many happy months As you taste mince pies at Christmas. —Old English Saying.
- A**T Christmas play, and make good cheer, For Christmas comes but once a year. —Tusser.
- S**OMETIMES with oysters ye combine, Sometimes assist the savory chine; From the low peasant to the lord, The turkey smokes on every board. —Walter Gay.

# Greetings

of the

# Season

May the New Year  
Bring You Health  
and Happiness

## JOHN M. MADRA

**CHRISTMAS BANKING CLUB**

**JOIN IT AND YOU GET A BANK BOOK**

**2¢ WILL START YOU.**

**IN 50 WEEKS YOU WILL HAVE \$25.50**

**COME IN, BOYS AND GIRLS, AND ASK ABOUT IT**

Our Christmas Banking Club is to make it easy for those of small means to start a bank account. Children are especially invited to join. The clubs are arranged to fit their ability to pay. 1 cent, 2 cents, 5 cents and 10 cents, or 50 cents, \$1.00, \$5.00 or any club that is desired.

10-CENT CLUB PAYS	\$127.50
5-CENT CLUB PAYS	63.75
2-CENT CLUB PAYS	25.50
1-CENT CLUB PAYS	12.75

Make the largest payment first and decrease your payments each week. This is a very popular way.

Put your children into the club. Join yourself. We add 4 per cent interest.

**THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
LANCASTER, S. C.

# Peace to Men of Good Will

By CHARLES F. THWING

The angels' song, "On Earth Peace, Good Will Toward Men," can also be translated "peace to men of good will." This version is timely, as well as correct for the Greek. For peace can and shall come to men of good will, and it cannot come to men of bad will.

Who is the man of good will? It is he who has a choice of happiness, of righteousness, of goodness for all men. It is he who desires that men may be blessed, and who tries to make the desire effective. The man of good will does not hate. Neither does he incarnate hate in any weapon offensive or defensive. He is free from revenge, and is full of forgiveness for the penitent. He may not forget injuries, but what is more important, he is eager to make injury the occasion for helping the offender to overcome the evil within the heart or will out of which the injury sprang. He is capable of mighty indignations, but he does not suffer himself to be conquered by them. Without being impassive, he is calm in the face of wrong, and he is very patient, being more willing to be the victim than the agent of evil. His hatred of all sin and his love for the man who, despite his manhood, is guilty of sin, are alike strong and lasting. He is free from suspicion, he thinketh no evil. He loves his neighbor, not only as himself, but even more, being more eager to do justice than to receive justice.

The qualities and elements which constitute the man of good will also constitute the commonwealth of good will.

Such a commonwealth is a commonwealth peace. Willing good to others, others will good also to it. Armaments in such condition have no longer any function to play, and they melt away. The battleflags are furled. Wars cease and rumors of wars are not heard. Men become brothers in mutual service and happiness, as they are brothers in origin and destiny.

### A Christmas Prayer

By Frederic T. Cardozo

Most gracious Lord, forbid the sword  
And dull each gleaming blade;  
Be it thy will, tonight, to still  
Each deadly cannonade.  
The straying sheep seek out and keep,  
The blackest ones retrieve,  
That he may kneel, for peace appeal,  
Upon this Christmas Eve.

The winter frost, December's ghost,  
Its spangled robe has spread  
Across the mead, each shrub and weed  
Now lies oppressed and dead.  
From out the gloom a hollow boom  
The season's message tells,  
From metal throats, where hatred glows  
Instead of Christmas bells.

The sentry's boon, the full white moon,  
Which clouds anon conceal,  
Rebukes the light, with silver light  
Of each stern gun of steel.  
It clothes the plain where lie the slain,  
Contented yet serene,  
In garments rare that spirits wear,  
Translucent sheets of sheen.

For deaf the ears of kings and peers  
To sorrow and despair,  
And men still pray in pits of clay,  
Entrapped, like beasts in lairs,  
While over earth the Saviour's birth  
Is heralded once more,  
From placid lea to stormy sea,  
From seared to sheltered shore.

Though peace on earth reigned at his birth  
In David's city then,  
And vale and hill sang of good will  
From Him toward all men,  
Tonight the breath of hate and death  
Is breathed from many a soul;  
Each watchful group and soldier troop  
Has slaughter for its goal.

With upraised arm, still each alarm  
Which shall ascend above,  
Bid thou the age of war's fell rage  
Give way to brother's love;  
And in the night forbid the fight  
That wages day by day  
And lead each race with radiant face  
And firm clasped hands, away.

**The Christmas Spirit.**  
(As the Bystander Finds It.)  
"Gosh, this car is crowded. Wonder they wouldn't have a little heat!"

"And I want to arrange so that if he doesn't like it you'll exchange it after Christmas."

"No, we're not going to give a thing this year, except to people we positively are indebted to."

"Cash! It was a sweet dance, Mayme. And Mr. Fizzleface, he said to me—Cash!"

"Thank the Lord Christmas comes only once a year!"—Exchange.

**Deliberate Extravagance.**  
"What are you going to give your husband this Christmas?"

"I haven't decided. I want to do something really fine for him, though, and if I find that I can afford it I think I will give him eggs for breakfast."

**Remember the Children.**  
Make the children happy on Christmas and one's happiness will take care of itself.

# Santa Claus and Others

There is nothing truer than a fairy tale. It is the quintessence of what Aristotle calls the probable impossibility. The best of the fairy tales are folklore, giving the boiled-down wisdom of centuries of experience, and the truths they teach are the old, old facts of human nature put into visible form for childish minds to grasp. These tales do not teach morals by precept, but truths by example, says Collier's. No amount of teaching about the brotherhood of man, and Christmas kindness, and the rewards of virtue, can have such an effect on the small, objective soul as is produced by the vision of Santa Claus with his white beard and twinkly eyes coming with toys for good little boys and switches for bad little boys, shedding jollity and benevolence all over the place. Long years from now, when every incident of these stories is lost to the memory, the knowledge of fundamental human values will remain. Teach the children fairy tales and you teach them the wisdom of the ages.

# Santa Claus



He comes in the night! He comes in the night!  
He softly, silently comes,  
While the little brown heads on the pillows so white  
Are dreaming of bugles and drums.  
He cuts through the snow like a ship through the foam.  
While the white flakes around him whirl.  
Who tells him I know not, but he findeth the home  
Of each good little boy and girl.

**Origin of Word Christmas.**  
The word Christmas is of comparatively late origin. The word was first used in 1038, its form then being Christes-Maesse, the mass of Christ. Origen, an early father of the church, said that in the Scriptures it was the sinners alone, not the saints, who celebrated their birthdays. Another early writer referred to the fact that the birthdays of the pagan gods were kept by the people. The very first evidence of a feast having been held in honor of the birth of Christ was in Egypt about the year 200. Clement of Alexandria said, "Certain Egyptian theologians over-curiously assign not the year alone, but the day of Christ's birth, placing it on May 25." Another date assigned to the event was March 28.—Exchange.

**Keeping Christmas.**  
Are you willing to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you, and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear on their hearts; to try to understand the people who live in the same house with you? Then you can keep Christmas. —Henry van Dyke.

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