

CHRISTMAS FORTY YEARS AGO.

The Approaching Yuletide Brings to Mind Old Times in Lancaster.

To the Editor of The News:

Now that the Christmas season is with us again, I thought it might be interesting to the children of today to know something of the Christmas of forty years ago. Lancaster was then a small town of perhaps five hundred people. It had few laws and they were not rigidly enforced, which enabled the children, as well as grown-ups, to do pretty much as they pleased in the way of exploding fireworks and even fire arms when and where they willed. There were several "commons" in and around the town where all kinds of games could be played. Some of these places were the "Patty Hunt" lot, where Mr. T. Y. Williams now lives, the "Muster field," extending from the cotton oil mill property southward to the street leading to the cotton mill; the old field between White, Market, Arch streets and Chesterfield avenue, on which the Baptist and A. R. P. churches stand, the old field comprising the territory south of Elm street and extending to French, as well as many other places within the present limits.

In those days we usually had crisp, cold weather and frequently there was snow on the ground from four to twelve inches deep. On the night before Christmas there was usually a battle royal with fire works and fire balls on Main street, participated in by the boys and young men of the town, the contending forces arraying themselves to the north and south of Gay street. Birds were plentiful then and it was royal sport shooting the robins from the Chinaberry trees in town. We would set traps and dead falls in our front yards and gardens and catch red birds, snow birds, cat birds and beyond the town limits in the nearby woods and fields, field larks, doves and partridges.

Then, as now, "stockings were hung up by the chimney with care, in hopes that St. Nicholas would soon be there." But it seems to me the belief in him was stronger then than now. As a child, I believed in Santa Claus and now that I am in the "sear and yellow leaf," I still believe in him, and to tell the truth I haven't much respect for anybody, young or old, who doesn't believe in him. If they have doubts about the matter it is because their hearts are not right. After hanging up our stockings (or rather our mother's because hers were larger and longer than ours and would hold so much more, the hardest thing was to get to sleep because it had been instilled into us that Santa Claus would not come until we were sound asleep. We were usually up next morning by 5 o'clock and after getting down our stockings and seeing what we had, would then proceed to catch father and mother "Christmas gift." From then on until mid-day it was a continual "Christmas gift, Christmas gift." The darkies on the place, too, would slip into the house, crying "Christmas gift, Marster, Christmas gift, Missus." Although then free, the negroes of those days continued to use the old way of addressing their employers.

Before breakfast the old-fashioned egg-nog was prepared and the children had their little cups filled along with the grown-ups. This, too, was the season for hog killing and our hearts' desire was to get the bladders, blow them up, put cowpeas in them and make a noise. And what fun we used to have coasting down the snow covered hills in chairs with the backs to the snow. What roaring fires we used to have in those days. Blw hickory back logs and dogwood and white oak. In those days wood could be delivered to your yard for a dollar a cord and such things as coal and heaters were not in use. The different ministers were always remembered, not only by individual gifts, but were "pounded" almost beyond recognition. Then the county paper was "The Lancaster Ledger." It was delivered to the patrons in town by a little boy known as the "devil" or "carrier." No paper was published Christmas week, but instead a "Carrier's Address," usually written for him by the late Dr. R. E. Wylie, your great grandfather. It was taken to the homes of the subscribers of the paper and the devil was rewarded with a small stipend of from five to twenty-five cents and occasionally more, which put life into his heels for many days thereafter. But I am trespassing too much on your space, Miss Editor, and will close with Tiny Tim's prayer, "God bless us every one."

SANTA CLAUS' PARTNER.

BAPT IS A GREAT PEOPLE.

Some of the Things Done at the Convention Held Last Week in Bennettsville.

The State Convention of the Baptists was held in Bennettsville last week. The various boards made excellent reports, indicating the substantial growth of the denomination in this state.

The secretary's statistical report showed that there are nearly one hundred and fifty thousand white Baptist church members in South Carolina.

During the year, the Baptists contributed \$50,000 to foreign missions; \$40,000 to home missions; \$42,000 to state missions; \$30,000 to orphanage work; \$9,000 for aged ministers; besides the cost of maintaining the 1,000 local churches, a vast amount for building new houses of worship, and the like.

Fifty-five thousand dollars was given to Greenville Female College; \$40,000 to Anderson College; \$15,000 to Furman University; \$66,000 to Coker College; and smaller amounts to Orangeburg College, and the five high schools of the convention during 1913.

The convention heartily re-endorsed the proposed Baptist hospital, which is to be located in Columbia, and authorized the trustees to go ahead and establish the institution. Thirty thousand dollars is already in

'Twas the Night Before Christmas.

Published by Request of S. M. Barnett.

'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse,
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there,
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter nap—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a luster of midday to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick,
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder, and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas, too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof,
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His eyes how they twinkled, his dimples how merry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

hand for the purpose, and there is much more promised.

The convention asked the churches for \$25,000 cash for Greenville Female College by January 1st; for \$75,000 for Furman University by July 31st; for \$2,000 for the theological seminary during next year; \$15,000 for the education board; \$10,000 for ministerial education in Furman; \$150,000 for missions; \$30,000 for orphanage; \$10,000 for aged ministers and appropriate amounts for other religious objects.

A gift of a \$10,000 house for aged ministers was received from C. C. Brown, the house being located in Beaufort, overlooking the sea. It is expected that ministers temporarily

resting will also make their home there.

The Baptist convention employs nearly 150 missionaries, men and women, in South Carolina; there are more than 1,000 churches, and about 900 preachers.

The convention next year will meet in Charleston.

Getting the Particulars

"Oh, have you seen your Christmas present to me, dear?"
"No," he answered, "what did I give you?"
"This beautiful cabinet for the dining room."
"It's beautiful, isn't it? How much did I pay for it?"

Cabbage Plants

You can't buy better cabbage plants. There are none raised with so much care, and I don't know of any which will head as well on the average. All varieties. The price is most reasonable considering the quality. Price 75 cents for 300; \$1.00 per 1,000; 5,000 and over 85 cents per 1,000. Jouannet's Early Giant Argenteuill Asparagus Roots 75c per 100; \$4.00 per 1,000. Satisfaction guaranteed.

ALFRED JOUANNET, Box 18, Mt. Pleasant, S. C.

Old Santa Claus

—IS AT—

J. B. MACKORELL'S

Again in all His Glory.

Toys, Dolls and then some toys and dolls of all kinds. We can suit your taste, pocketbook and quality. For Xmas presents we have anything that you might want. Come and see and don't wait for the rush as the very thing that you might want will be gone. My line is larger than ever before and I can supply everybody, but don't wait, we will run out of some things. Make your wife a present of a FIRELESS COOKER, or an OIL STOVE, or a set of Aluminum Ware. Xmas don't come but once a year, why should you care. China, Cut Glass and Silver Ware of all kinds. Come and look. How about a boys or girls' bicycle, rifle or shotgun?

Come in and let old Santy fix you up.

J. B. Mackorell

FOR SALE AT AUCTION Choice Farms

1120 Acres of Land, 650 Acres of which is heavily timbered, Five Miles West of

Heath Springs, S. C.,

Known as the W. K. WILLIAMS LAND.

MON. DEC. 22
10:30 O'clock
Concert by Brass Band

FREE DINNER

Also 9 Extra Fine Mules will be Sold at same time; Farming Tools too numerous to mention.

VALUABLE Prizes FREE

Southern Realty & Auction Company

E. M. ANDREWS, Mgr. Greensboro, N. C.