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TRIMMING THE TREE

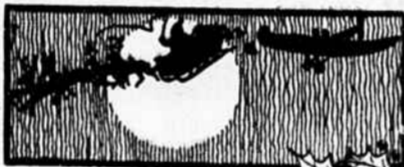


Santa Claus in the Movies

By GENE MORGAN

YOUR information is in part correct," said Santa Claus, receiving the interviewer in the library of his ice palace. "It is true that I have received several flattering offers to star in moving picture productions. But it is true that I have accepted any one of the propositions. I am in doubt as to whether it would be the proper thing. "I have my duty to the children of this world, and I must not impair my health or my power of service to them by the strenuous work demanded by the movies. No doubt I would be a very popular star at the children's matinee."

does not lie. I am sure it will not tell falsehoods about the appearance of kings and potentates. Every child in the world thinks of me as a very handsome old gentleman. Some of them may have an idea that I am inclined to be a little stout—but a good many others imagine I have as graceful a form as that of a young soldier. They think I curl my whiskers and have a beautiful wave in my long, silky locks.



"Your Uncle Santa is Getting Fat."

"They are not aware that your uncle Santa is getting so fat that there isn't room in the sleigh for himself and the larger toys. Nor that my noble mane of hair isn't what it used to be. If people ever sent me presents—which,

of course, does not occur to them—I should like to murmur a little wish for a bottle of hair tonic.

"One moving picture firm wants to put me into a play. The plot is something like this: I am driving my reindeer over the treetops, when I am set upon by a band of aeroplane pirates. The pirates make me hold up my hands and then divest me of my stock of toys. Just when the banditplane is about to fly away, leaving me in distress, the chief of the robbers makes a discovery.

"Amid the pack of toys he finds a rag doll. By the tag around its neck he sees that it has been addressed to his little daughter. My thoughtfulness in remembering his little girl, despite her father's profession, touches the bandit's heart. He weeps, and then to the astonishment of his pals, he orders them to lift me into the aeroplane.

"Now, Mr. Claus," he says, according to the subtitle, "we are going to deliver your toys for you all over the world tonight. Give us directions and we will fly wherever you command."

"So at my direction, the bandit's aeroplane starts delivering the toys, making much better time, let me tell you, than my poor reindeer who were left behind. Things are going along fine. Our aeroplane toy conveyance has covered Canada, the United States, Australia and South Africa, when suddenly, to our dismay, we find that we

are being pursued.

"The police had found my empty sleigh and my reindeer. They were on the trail of my captors. The pirates are very much afraid that if arrested, they will be hanged at once. The police craft is gaining upon us. In order that the pirates may escape, they decide they must throw all of my toys overboard. The vicious crew demands that your old friend St. Nick be thrown overboard too, as I am pretty heavy, besides being the cause of all the trouble.

"The race continues through the sky.

"I want to raise the white flag as a token of surrender. I pledge myself to the captain of the pirate aeroplane that I will plead the cause of himself and his crew and secure their release from the police. I tell them that the police will do them no harm, after I have explained their kindness in carrying my toys all over the world.

"The police craft is now so close that escape seems impossible.

"Give me a white flag," I cry.

"There isn't a white flag on board—nothing but black flags," says the pirate. "Hurry up and do something. You have no time to lose. If you don't surrender they will shell us. And in that case, we will have to throw you overboard, St. Nick."

"My mind works quickly. I have no white flag. My handkerchief, like those of the pirate's is a red bandanna. What am I to do? Whiz! Another shell rips past our airship.

"Ah! I have it. It is the scheme that saves the day."

The interviewer at this point leaped to his feet and shouted in excitement:

"Well, what do you do to have your life?"

"I wave my white whiskers at 'em," replied Santa Claus, proudly. "It is the signal of truce. Our lives and our precious cargo of toys are spared. What do you think of that idea for a play? They want to name it, 'Santa Claus in High Life.' Do you think I would make a hit as the star? Well, I'm glad you think so."

Filling the Stockings



This Page is given over to a message of cheer and good will to all our readers at this, another Holiday Season. This paper wishes for each reader, little and big, old and young, rich and poor, the merriest of merry christmases. Let us forget for a season the hardships and disappointments of the year, and give ourselves over to a few days of joy and gladness, not forgetting as we do so that the merry making season is intended to be one of honor to Him of whom it was said: Fear, not for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.

Joys and sorrows have come alternately upon us during the year which is closing, but no matter what the nature of our adversities has been let us now forget it. Let this be Christmas in the true sense of the word.

Liquor and carousing have no place in the proper celebration of the birth of the Prince of Peace. Of all times in the year the Christmas season is the time when our minds should not be clouded with alcoholic beverages. Let this be remembered as the Christmas when the people refused to get drunk.

Again this paper wishes you a season of unrestrained joy and happiness. A Merry, Merry Christmas to all.

