



**The City's Christmas Tree.**

A woman, they say, thought of the first community Christmas tree. It was erected in Madison square, in New York city. There was something stimulating, something highly infectious, in the idea, for now cities and villages all over America are erecting Christmas trees in their public squares, says the Dellineator.

They are wonderful things, these community Christmas trees, not for their beauty alone, but for the spirit they arouse in the towns where they are found. They are the village center for Christmas joy. Christmas services, without sectarian barriers, are held about them. Christmas carols are sung at their bases. None so poor or so world worn or so hurried but he must see, must thrill with friend and stranger alike to this tree for all the world. It brings the child in the manger to every soul in the community.

The Christmas tree is essentially a symbol of the north and of the home. Yet it is inextricably blended in our minds with our faith, which is desert bred.

Most of the great religions of the world were born of some solitary spirit who sought the lonely sand waste and there wrought out that which made the desert of his soul "blossom like the rose." He who gave us the great faith went again and again out into the burning yellow barrens, where the tender, brooding, violet sky awaited him; where all the desert world, so fearful in its emporment, so overwhelming in its solitude, found focused in him all its pulsing radiance, as though in him were centered the heartbeat of the universe. In the verdureless, sand driven, star hung desert the Babe with his listening ear heard, with his dreaming eyes saw, with his throbbing heart felt, the faith that turned men's faces forever from the clod to the cross.

Why, then, should the fir tree stand in our public square, sign and symbol of that desert birth? Whatever its physical history, why should breathless thousands, hungry of body or of spirit, looking on the great pine tree hung with electric bulbs, backed by skyscrapers, topped by smoke, find in its incoherent beauty the urge set in motion by the desert bred Babe?

One would have said of the home Christmas trees that, after all, it was the gifts that gave them their glamour. There are no gifts on the community Christmas trees, yet thousands and thousands of us look on them with the thrill that belongs to faith alone. One wonders why.

Perhaps this is the reason: The community Christmas tree symbolizes that which the home Christmas tree does not. It symbolizes Christmas for all the world. It means that the dawn of real brotherhood is tinting our horizon. It means, and particularly this Christmas it means, that in spite of poverty and bloodshed, in spite of greed and despair, there are in increasing numbers in the world those who would share with the world all that sacred beauty and hope that are the individual's holy of holies, the most difficult of all one's spiritual riches to share.

It is the symbol of green forest beauty, of the druid's wild faith, of the Teuton's largess and always of giving, giving. Not strange that forever in our minds it should be inseparable from the birthday of him who gave supremely; not strange, but utterly soul satisfying, that finally we have joined our hands and placed the Christmas tree in the market place—symbol that, at last, man may give himself to man.

"God bless us!" said Tiny Tim on Christmas day. "God bless us every one!" Dickens dreamed of a Christmas festival that should belong to all. His Tiny Tim, lame and wistful, might have foreshadowed the joy starved world that now crowds around the market place tree, saying as he said, "God bless us every one!"

**Washington's City Christmas.**

"Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men." This sentence, blazing from a brilliantly lighted electric placard raised almost to the dome of the capitol, reflected the predominant sentiment of thousands who assembled at the capitol plaza to celebrate Washington's "community Christmas." A giant Norway spruce, illuminated with glimmering red, white and blue electric bulbs; the Marine band, a huge electric star of the east and a chorus of 1,000 singers, with the capitol itself outlined as the background against the dark curtain of the sky, made a scene of impressive beauty. Tableaux representing the story of the Nativity were presented in the improvised amphitheater. In the audience were many men and women well known throughout the country, including high government officials.

**ON CHRISTMAS EVE**



**What the Chimes Say**

"Do Good! Do Good!" They Ring Out at Christmas.

How plainly the Christmas chimes seem to ring out to all, both rich and poor:

"Ye who would be truly happy, do good, do good! Live not for yourselves, for there is no joy in selfishness. Dispel the grief and want you see everywhere around you. Give freely of what you have and thereby lay up treasures in heaven."

Thus chime the bells, and he who hears their solemn warning while merrily they ring may have his Christmas blessing if he will.

Happiness! It is a divine gift, and man is godlike, if ever, when he fills some human heart with joy.

What was it but a laudable desire to render all mankind joyful at Christmas which impelled people in the olden time to open their homes and their hearts as well to all alike at Christmas that all might enter and share the Christmas feast? Friend or stranger, it mattered not, the master welcomed all, and all men who would partook of his bounty. No man sat down alone beside his Christmas fire, wrapped in his own selfishness and careless of others' comfort. No; the great Yule log was brought with pomp and much rejoicing from the wildwood, a mighty fire was kindled upon the hearth, and the whole neighborhood gathered around to share the genial warmth, while bright eyes danced with glee as the Christmas boughs cracked merrily in the ruddy blaze. The flush of joy was on every cheek, and every honest heart throbbled with gratitude and homely pleasures. The wassail bowl went round, lilike carols were sung, and merry lads and maidens danced under the mistletoe boughs.

Christmastide, which was also called Yuletide, lasted a fortnight, and everybody had leisure to spare until the Christmas revels ended with the masques, the plays and the mad frolics of Twelfth Night. But nowadays how things are changed! Even the week between Christmas and New Year's is full of industry, and few are those who devote all their time to enjoyment. The great hearthstones of ancestral halls have disappeared. There are no wide chimney nooks wherein the brownies may lurk in cozy comfort, and heaven only knows where our penates hide—perhaps in the piano box or up in the chandeliers.

**Plays on Christmas Eve.**

A Christmas custom of ours and the one possessing the greatest antiquity is that of presenting plays the evening of the 24th of December. This was first noticed in the west of England. For several hundred years "St. George and the Dragon" was the most popular. The actors, always children, were fantastically dressed and decorated with ribbons, brightly colored paper and wooden swords. The theme was war and love. There were debate, battle, death and mimicry and a physician ever ready to restore the dead to life. This custom sprang from the ancient crusaders, consequently the feats of chivalry and the romantic extravagance of knight errantry that are preserved to this day in a modified degree.

Masking, which is practiced to some extent among Scotchmen, is derived from the Roman Saturnalia, when people disguised themselves and practiced tricks upon their neighbors. This is now but scantily indulged in, but such of it as exists has been preserved since the fifth or sixth century. The Survey of London mentions a splendid "mummerie" which was performed by the citizens in honor of Prince Richard, son of the Black Prince, in the year 1377.

We do not hear very much nowadays about the lord of misrule or the waits, but both are remembered. The former had license to do everything he could think of to keep up the jollity during the "twelve days," and the latter referred to wandering minstrels, who serenaded houses and waited until food and wine or, more acceptable, money was bestowed upon them.

Our games on Christmas night of cards, billiards, shuffleboard, musicians, dancing and the tales that are told of knights, ladies, lovers, queens, kings, giants, dwarfs, witches, fairies, goblins and the rest were played and indulged in so long ago that the remotest historian has been unable to ascertain the correct date of their beginning.



**Christmas Time**

When grandpa sits a-reading in his big, old rocking chair, I creep along so quiet-like and jump and pull 'is hair, And then he jumps and hollers as if he's scart to death And acts like he ain't goin' to ever get 'is breath.

But I 'ist hug and kiss 'im and laugh up in 'is face And say, "Grandpa, you can't read now 'cause you 'ist lost the place."

Then purty soon he'll sit up straight and say he guessed he'd know

I'd want to hear 'bout Santa Claus a-comin' through the snow.

Then a-lookin' out the window, where it's awful dark and still, He says it's mighty lonesome away out on the hill.

And sometimes 'at there's robbers wot steals most half the toys,

And that's 'ist why they ain't none for some poor little boys.

And grandpa says it's funny, but it's a'ways most the case, They never take the rich boys' toys, but leaves 'em in their place.

And when old Santa turns around and sees wot they has done He ain't got nothin' left at all for the poor little orphan one.

But grandpa says it ain't so long 'fore Santa 'll take 'is trip And travel round at Christmas time in a great big airship,

And 'at 'll make 'im happy, fer he'll bring a big lot more And stop at some boys' houses 'at he'd never been before.

—Harry G. Burns.

Pay up your subscription now and help a friend in the auto contest.

**His Capacity.**

"Do you know, Bill would be awfully helpful to the Germans on the front." "How so?" "They might just get him to talking about his fishing exploits when they were filling their gas bombs."

**Christmas Gift Suggestions From "WHITE'S" "Augusta's Christmas Store"**

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- Boxed Handkerchiefs, 25c to \$3.00
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- Pianos, \$250.00 to \$1,500.00
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- Madeira Linens, 19c to \$50.00
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- Hemstitched Scarfs, 19c to \$5.00
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- Venetian Laces, \$1.98 to \$10.00
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- Electroliers, \$2.35 to \$18.00
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- Kid Gloves, \$1.25 to \$1.50
- Silk Sweaters, \$5.00 to \$12.00
- Boudoir Caps, 50c to \$2.50
- Fur Scarfs, \$5.75 to \$23.50
- Writing Desks, \$6.50 to \$25.00
- Dining Gongs, \$3.50 to \$15.00
- Cut Glass, 25c to \$30.00
- Brass Coal Hod, \$4.50 to \$15.00
- Brass Andirons, \$6.25 to \$15.00
- Dinner Sets \$1.75 to \$212.00

**FOR HIM**

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- Desk Lamps, \$2.75 to \$6.75
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- Victor Records, 75c to \$7.50
- Military Brushes, \$5.00 to \$10.00
- Suit Cases, \$1.50 to \$35.00
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- Golf Sticks, 20c to \$3.50
- Golf Bags, \$1.39 to \$7.50
- Tennis Rackets, 98c to \$10.00
- Collar Bags, 79c to \$2.50
- Leather Purses, 50c to \$4.00
- Cigarette Cases, \$1.00 to \$4.00
- Sterling Knives, 50c to \$1.50
- Cameras, \$5.00 to \$25.00
- Thermos Bottles, \$1.50 to \$3.00
- Slippers, \$1.75 to \$2.50
- Smoking Jackets, \$5.00 to \$10.00
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- Morris Chairs, \$10.00 to \$25.00
- Roll Top Desks, \$22.00 to \$50.00
- Victrolas, \$15.00 to \$250.00
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- Gift Books, 50c to \$1.50
- Smoking Stands, \$2.00 to \$15.00
- Arm Chairs, \$7.00 to \$25.00
- Boxed Handkerchiefs, 75c to \$2.50
- Bath Robes, \$5.00 to \$35.00
- Gloves, 50c to \$3.00
- Hosiery, 25c to 75c
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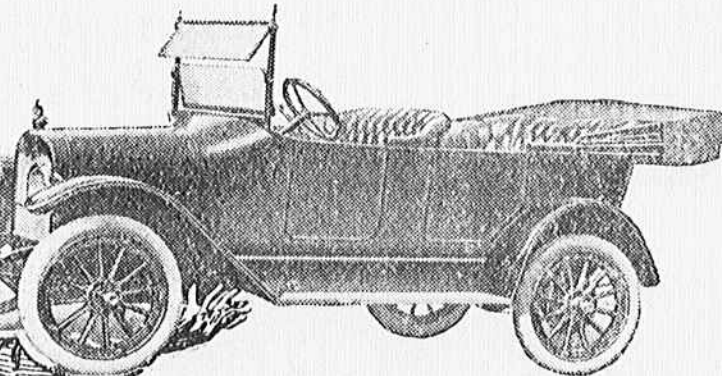
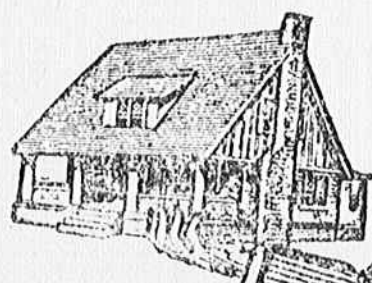
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