

Songs Of The South And Quaint Philosophy

By
Frank L. Stanton

Christmas Visitors.

The folks'll come for Christmas—
I'm authorized to state:
They'll strike us sorter early,
An' sit up with us late;
The Joneses and the Jinkinses,
The Butterworths and Browns—
The old-time folks with old-time jokes,
From all the old-time towns.

You'd better stretch the table out—
If any room's to spare,
An' add a corner to the house,
An' buy some crock'ryware;
An' your mother says she's comin',
So we'll build a pulpit next,
An' I reckon that means preachin'
From the old, familiar text!

It sorter seems unnatur'al,
An' takes a feller down,
That we never have big kinfolks,
Till Christmas comes around!
An' then they're with us early,
An' then they linger late;
But thank de Lord, ther's turkey
For every pious plate!

But let us stretch the table out—
If any room's to spare,
An' pile the plates with plenty—
Since it's smilin' everywhere;
An' since your mother's comin',
We'll build a platform next,
For we're pretty sure o' preachin'
From the old, familiar text!

Log Cabin Sayings.

Money can't buy yer way into
heaven, but all de same it makes de
collection basket jingle like de angels
wuz serenadin' you.

Don't think dat it's a long jump ter
Happiness. Sometimes it's only a
short step in de rosy road.

You must let your light shine befo'
men. Don't be afraid of it; it won't
be big enough to set a house on fire.

Ef you'll quit growlin' long enough
ter be happy, you'll find dat de Lawd's
runnin' de worl', an' all you got ter do
is run along with it.

Many a man will be mightily sur-
prised w'en he hits de pearly gates of
de Hereafter ter diskiver dat dey
wuzn't expectin' him dar at all.

W'en you hear folks say dey don't
believe in Satan, it's ten ter one dey
is de very ones what is raisin' de
devil ever' day in de week.

Wind That Rumbles in the Chimney.

Wind that rumbles in the chimney—
He's just like a growler grum;
Holidays don't satisfy him,—
Don't want Christmas time to come.
Cold, from roamin' all about,
Yet he'd put the fire out!

Through the lonesome night I hear—
All the time he wants to storm;
Why should he be always growlin',
If the chimney keeps him warm?
Cold, the snowy hills about,
Yet he'd put the fire out!

A Holiday From Trouble.

Just leave the growlin' yonder—on
the tip-top o' the shelf;
Take a holiday from Trouble an'
congratulate yourself!

Wipe yer weepin' eyes,
An' fix yer wings to rise
To the hilltops that are closer to
The Halleluia skies!

The boss that is the swiftest—he'll
clear the Trouble-bars;

An' don't you pick a banjo fer the
Tribulation-stars.

Raise yer happy eyes,
An' fix yer wings to rise
To the hilltops that's closer to the
Halleluia skies;

"When Plenty's in the Pie."

W'en Christmas come, an' de roads is
white,
An' Plenty's in de pie,
An' de music's goin' left and right
De day's so long dat he takes up de
night,
An' de Promise Lan' is nigh!

Den it's "Swing yo' ladies —
Swing 'em all!
Des make de music fly!
Han's all roun' in de happy hall,
Till de stars dance in de sky!

Chunk date fire till de oak-log blaze
An' de light shines 'cross de snow;
Dis is de place whar de good time
stays;
A dram ter drink an' a song ter
raise,
Don't let de good time go!

Den it's "Swing yo' ladies—
Swing 'em all!
Don't pass de good time by;
Han's all round in de Happy Hall,
De Promise Lan' is nigh!

The Rare Ride of the Sheriff.

"Just when we were looking for-
ward to a happy time during the holi-
days," writes a Billville editor, "we
glimped the sheriff coming down the
road, and we were shortly made aware
of the fact that his mission was the
foreclosure of a forgotten mortgage.

"'Won't you light?' we called, as
we courteously opened the front door.
'I will,' said the sheriff. 'That's the
very thing I'm a-doin' right now.'

"'And up the steps he came.
'I've some business with you,' he
said, blowin' his fingers, 'but I can't
git all the papers till I've warmed up.'
'Inwards, or outwards?' we asked,
suggestive like, 'for we'd got four gal-
lons of circus-seelin' lick'er by express
that very mornin'.

"'Well,' he said, 'as you well
know, I jined the prohibitionists no
longer than three days ago, but I'm
free to confess that my inwards air
as cold as my out'ards, an' a little
dram of anything you've got would
do no harm.'

"'None in the world,' we said, an'
the kind I'm goin' to give you is as
old as the oldest mule you ever levied
on."

"We poured him out about six fin-
gers, as he wasn't particular about
sayin' 'when,' and he didn't make
more'n one long swallow of it, after
which he smacked his mouth so loud
that our good lady hollered from the
hallway: 'Don't slam that door so.'

"Two more drams came easy to
him, an' he clean forgot what he come
for, and paid us \$2, which he said a
cousin of his owed for the paper.
Then he said he must be goin', and
after he'd got on his mule backwards,
and grabbed the animal's tail by mis-
take for the bridle, he nearly fell off
bowin' an' wavin' good-bye, an' went
a-rippin' and tearin' through the main
street on that old mule, in that back-
wards condition.

"Before they stopped him an' got
him down from that undignified posi-
tion he had run over four peacefu
citizens and a law-abidin' superior
court judge—for tryin' to drive that
mule with its tail, of course he could
not see anybody or anything in front
of him; and, in addition to the dan-
gers we mentioned, that scared an-

mal ran into the new Post Office,
where it kicked out seven letter boxes
and dislocated the shoulder of our
leadin' congressman, who had come
home to vote to continue himself in
office.

"Needless to say, we had no idea
the stuff would act that way, or we
might have restrained him from ab-
sorbin' so much of it; but what's
done cannot be undone, and it wasn't
our fault that the sheriff forgot to
levy on us; and we still have a little
of the brand left, and stand perfectly
willin' to treat all our enemies in the
same sociable way."

Where Charity Counted Wrong.

"Yes, yo' honor," said the prisoner
to the justice, "it wuz out o' de char-
ity o' my good feelin's dat de turkey
you is talkin' 'bout wuz missin' f'm
de roost. He looked so col' an' lone-
some dar dat I says ter him, I did:
Honey, I gwine ter take pity on you,
an' interdoce you ter good company.
An' at dat I took holt o' him an'
tucked him up snug an' warm, under
my ol' overcoat, an' made him wel-
come in my own house, an' wuz in de
very act o' pettin' him, an' makin'
much o' him, w'en here come de sher-
iff an' took him an' me right back ter
whar I fust made dat turkey's ac-
quaintance. But, it's de way o' de
worl'. Kindness an' sociability is no
mo' 'preciated in it."

The Boy's Opinion.

De boy seen Sandy Claus
Come down
An' stan' by de
Chimbley-place:
'He looked so black
As he sat down his pack,
He b'longs ter de Cullud race."

Wonder-Working Weather.

The people saw a wonder
The weather brought about:
It snowed the growlers under,
An' none would dig 'em out.

The Giddy Old Year.

"'Not so young as I used to be,'
The old Year laughingly said,
But play that music right for me,
And I'll dance the world to bed."

A Toast.

Now may the beautiful bright days
Your sweetest songs employ:
Leave the dim land where trouble
stays
And travel on with joy.

A Log Cabin Holiday.

It's mighty lonesome when de banjo
takes a holiday. Besides, ef you kin
manage ter keep folks dancin' dey'll
never do a harm's turn in de world'.

De great man has got ter be digni-
fied, an' de more dignity he has ter
carry, de less happiness is in his
Christmas stockin'. W'en de holiday
music is in de a'r, it's hard fer Digi-
nity ter keep his foots still.

Satan is in de holiday season same
as any other time, but people not only
winks at him, but feel so good dat dey
excuse him fer his meanness.

Dar's enough happiness in de worl'
ter go roun', ef folks wuz only willin'
ter pass it f'm han' ter han'.

It's only a fool dat apologizes ter de
hilltop fer even havin' had ter live in
de valley.

Even de arthquake has got ter rest
up some time. It would be a fool of a
worl' ter try ter swaller itself.

How the Creetur's Celebrate.

"De Holiday season," said Brother
Dickey, "puts me in min' o' de time
w'en it so happend dat nobody wuz

runnin' fer office, an' dar wuz sich
good feelin's all 'roun', de Creetur
got together to consult 'bout how ter
spend de Chris'mas time.

"It had been sich a year o' Plen-
ty dat de las' one o' 'em wuz des rollin'
in fat. Fer instunce, w'en Br'er 'Pos-
sum laughed, he laughed all over—de
wrinklein' wid de fat! An' ez fer
Br'er Rabbit—he almos' runned 'way
f'm de Lookin' glass w'en he kotched
a glimpse o' hiss'ef, takin' up de whole
o' it—he had growed so out o' his
own knowledge!

"Even Br'er Wolf, who use ter be
so lean dat his shadder didn't stay
long 'nuff fer him ter git a look at it,
an' he'd 'bout decided ter sell hiss'ef
fer a walkin' stick, begin ter 'feel his
oats, an' strut 'roun' lak' he had a
fust mortgage on de earth, wid de
moon throwed in fer good measure;
an' I did hear tell dat of Br'er Bar-
sent a note ter Br'er Elephant, say-
ing he'd match him, des any time he
sald, fer de job o' Fat Man in de fust
circus dat com' long.

So, ez I sald befo', dey all 'lowed dat
dey never had had no sich chance ter
celebrate de Chris'mus season ez dat
partickler time, an' dey sho' whirled
in ter celebrate right an' proper! Dey
belt a holiday meetin' in de woods,
an' Br'er Elephant wuz 'pinted ter be
what dey calls 'temporary chairman,
an' mighty temporary he wuz, too,
kaz time he sot down be broke de
chair all ter flinders, an' relied on de
groun' an' de laugh wuz at his ex-
pense, which he jined in so hearty da
you could hear him half a mile!

"Den Br'er B'ar stood up on his las'
legs an' made a talk 'bout how Gin-
rul Prosperity wuz come, an' it wuz up
ter de crowd ter have de time o' de
lives; but whatter do, he sald, ter hav
dat time, wuz mo'n what he could tel
'em; onless dey all had a gin'ul hand
shakin' on de subject of feelin' so good
over it.

"Den Br'er Fox riz up an' 'lowed
dat he felt spry 'nuff ter dance, an'
happy hands-all-roun' would be de
very thing. Dat kotched de whole
crowd, an' de motion wuz put an' car-
ried ter it, but right dar trouble com-
in: Br'er Rabbit tol' 'em dat yo
couldn't dance, fer ter call it dancin'
widout music, an' der warn't a fid-
or a banjo in de whole crowd! C
Miss Scratchowl told 'em dat singin'
wuz mighty liftin' ter de feelin's, s
dey could have a hallululia time
each raisin' a tune, 'cordin' ter de
hibbits; but as dey'd hearn a'r sing
fo', dey voted her down, an' out
cider.

"Howsoever, de proposition took ho
o' lots o' 'em, an' de majority rul
de day.

"Fust off, Br'er Elephant blowed
his trumpet so loud date folks in
settlement clost ter whar de Creetur
wuz, thought dat Judgment Day h
sho' come at de wrong time o' ye
an' ever 'possum what wuz sett
close ter him wuz blowed c'far up
trees! An' de wust of it wuz dat
lak some human folks, what loves t
hear der'selfs perform, Br'er Elepha
didn't know de crowd had 'nuff, s
kept up de note, as ef he done sign
a contract ter beat a blizzard blo
in'!

"Dat sot Br'er B'ar ter growl
'bout de res' o' 'em not havin' t
show; an' Br'er Wolf, wantin' to sho
off his voice, thought he better try t
git a word in edgewise, an' de w
he howled wuz a caution! Up ter
time ol' Man Lion had kep' 'way
on de fur edge o' de meetin' 'feeli
his dignity,' so ter speak, but he s
ter hiss'ef dat it wuz now or nev
ter show what wuz in him, an' he g
a roar dat shook all de 'possums
o' de trees.

"An' den, one attar another f'm

(Continued on page 90)