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9 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK

The Millionaire's Christmas

By Strickland W. Gillilan

Somehow I've pattered round until I've got myself made rich
By honest means or otherwise—I sometimes wonder which.
When Christmas comes I realize that I have more by far
Than childhood's dreams had shown me, yet there's something come to mar
The pictures that I painted when I was a big-eyed boy.
I've all I thought I wanted then, but not a trace of joy
And I would spurn this loathsome wealth for which I've struggled so
To feel as then when Christmas Eve crept over my world of snow.

These latter years it's mine to give with lavish hand to all
Who live upon my bounty, but such lavish gifts palL
No sweetening self-sacrifice goes with the gifts I give,
No long-felt wishes gratified are in the life I live
And those to whom the costly things I purchase are supplied
Send formal thanks that grate upon a wealthy pauper's pride.
For I am poor—am starving for the joy I used to know
When Christmas Eve crept over my world all blanketed with snow.

Then all was in the future, and my life was in its prime
The dark that settled o'er my world brought not a hint of gloom.
For Hope and Youth are playmates—and I had them both to keep
A loving vigil o'er me when my day-dreams turned to sleep
And though I knew when morning glowed across the glowy earth
My stocking by the mantle would show of costly things a dearth,
Yet now I know the prospect held such bliss as none may know—
When Christmas Eve crept o'er my world all carpeted with snow.

The country poor—God bless them! When He passed His robes regaled
He gave to them the choicest that in Heaven could be found
He made them rich in hunger, so that even the very least
Of all these things we such as I on would be to them a feast
He hung their eyes on limbs so low that, stretching upon tip
They seized the finest fruitage and enjoyed it every whit.
But sweetest of the pleasures that were given them to know
Came with the blessed Christmas Eve across their world of snow.

Last night I was in Heaven, for I dreamed I was a lad
In that old, humble homestead where such ill things as I had
I dreamed I saw them I mean as at least I dared hope
And yearned to satisfy his hunger in my [illegible]
I dreamed of hand in pressed in pale Lethean sleep kings by the [illegible]
To live that dream I'd forfeit all I hope to have or am
But in the days that dream recalled, alas! I did not know
How blest I was when Christmas crept across my world of snow.

His Claims to a Halo

"AND why do you think a halo's due you?" asked Peter of the philanthropist [illegible] ing a [illegible] at the gate.

"Because I gave tracks to the same of [illegible] relegated and neglected," he answered, ruffling [illegible] his hands with an air of consequence in his [illegible] right of way.

"Want an itemized account," said Peter.

"All right. I sent every fall two cars of straw hats to the unfortunate in Greenland."

"Go on," said Peter.

"Instead of selling my winter overcoat to the old-clothes man in the spring I put it in a box for the Filipinos."

"Go on," said Peter.

"The day after my automobile killed two women and [illegible] it and turned over the money to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

"Go on," said Peter.

"I killed fifty [illegible] and [illegible] to a wholesale [illegible] and bought my way into the membership of an Anthropic Club."

"Go on," said Peter.

"I [illegible] ten cents a gallon [illegible] that [illegible] much water in it as [illegible]

"Go on," said Peter.

"I [illegible] and sent the difference to the Vanderbilt [illegible] for sick infants in tenements."

"Go on," said Peter.

"I got ten dollars a month more for rent [illegible] seven families into a tenement where there was room for only six and gave half to the Fresh Air Fund."

"Go on," said Peter.

"I shaved eighty passengers into one forty-passenger street-car and gave a tenth of the surplus to the summer-excursion fund."

"Go on," said Peter.

"I [illegible] ten cents a pound on food [illegible] with [illegible] and so paid my annual subscription to the Free Food Society."

"Go on," said Peter.

"I made fifty thousand dollars [illegible] every transfer and gave a thousand to the Anti-Bribery League."

"Go on," said Peter.

"I made five thousand dollars [illegible] church interest and spent the [illegible] tainment given to my friends."

"Go on," said Peter. "I've heard you [illegible] several times. What [illegible] that would [illegible] Go on! Go on! Go on!