



Christmas Quatrains

By GEORGE CREEL

A GAIN the star dawns in the eastern sky;
Again we hear the shepherd's startled cry
As waking from his midnight sleep he sees
The camels of the wise men sweeping by.

The years have worked their measure of decay.
Where are the inn and stable? Who can say
"This is the spot" or "There the very place
Where Lord Christ came into the light of day?"

No more chants Caiphas his vengeful song,
And scattered to the winds are all the throng
That clamored for Barabbas, only held
In memory by reason of their wrong.

The weak souled Pilate long has passed away;
Great Caesar, too, is now at one with clay,
Their mighty Rome forgotten save as theme
To keep the grumbling schoolboy from his play.

But still the scent of frankincense and myrrh
Steals down the centuries, and as it were
But yesterday, so sweet and new it seems,
Did Virgin Mary bear the Harbinger.

Let fools with much pretense of wisdom scout
The truth and wag their heads in owlish doubt
Of Great Jehovah's all embracing scheme
Because there is a door they stand without.



THE CAMELS OF THE WISE MEN SWEEPING BY.
Content are we, the children of his hand,
To wait, nor insolently demand,
Assured that in God's own good time he will
Unlock the door and let us understand.

Of all thy gracious gifts, O God Most High,
The dearest of them all is this clear eye
Of faith with which we shrine the miracle
Of faroff Bethlehem and time defy.

O Virgin, wert thou shine eyes less unafraid
Or didst thou shrink, sore startled and dismayed,
When first thou felt that life within and learned
On thee God's precious burden had been laid?

What must have been thy happy, sweet amaze

To see the aureate halo blaze
And from the wide flung gates of paradise
To hear the mighty harmonies of praise!

Loud sang the golden throated cherubim
And all the wheeling hosts of seraphim,
Whose snowy pinions changed to canopy
Of virgin white the heaven's sapphirine rim.



HUMILITY DIVINE! A MANGER BIRTH.
Hosanna! Glory to the Son of Man!
O happy moments ere his work began
Of lifting from the world its weight of sin

And making straight salvation's tender plan!

No hint of Pontius Pilate's last decree,
The lonely horror of Gethsemane;
No prescience of thorny diadem
Or shadow from the hill of Calvary.

Humility divine! A manger birth—
The humble stable bathed in holy light—
The Babe upon a truss of straw—the mid
Eyed kine awaked to wonder at the sight!

Alas, still lingers issue of that kine,
The thick of wit, who can detect no sign
Of God in Christ's dear birth nor understand
The marvel of the holy bread and wine.

And sons of doubting Thomas still abide
With us on earth and still the truth deride
Because they cannot grasp his nail torn hands
And see the blood gush from his pierced side.

O shame of shames! The wise men saw on high
God's guiding star gleam in the eastern sky
And straightway journeyed forth across the world,
With ne'er a question of where or why.

Thy place within the heavens ever hold,
O blessed star, and like those men of old,
May we have faith and hope to follow on
And at our journey's end the Christ behold!

—Kansas City, Independent.

This Unromantic Age.
"It sho'ly do look," said Miss Miami Brown sadly, "like dar war no mo' romance dese days."
"What's de trouble?" asked Erastus Pinkly.
"I takes notice dat when you asks a gemman to a Christmas dinner he doesn' splay no interest in whethuh dey's gwine to be mistetoe in de pahlor, but keeps hintin' aroun' to fin' out how 'bout de turkey an' fixin's on de dinner table."

A Word of Holiday Caution.
Little Gracie—I don't think my new doll is quite as nice as your new doll.
Little Ethel—Well, I don't think you ought to say much about it, 'cause it might hurt Santa Claus' feelings.—Brooklyn Life.

The Christmas Stocking

A Parody by FRANK J. BONNELLE



How dear to this heart is the stocking of childhood when fond recollection presents it to view! On Christmas St. Nick came from frost whitened wildwood with every loved toy which my infancy knew. The wide spreading chimney, the sled which stood by it, a horse and some books—I remember them all—a doll for my sister, and baby house high it, and then the full stocking which hung on the wall—the Santa Claus stocking, the bountiful stocking, the Christmas morn stocking which hung on the wall! The well stuffed envelope I hailed as a treasure as early that morning I opened my eyes and found there the source of an exquisite pleasure, the purest and sweetest that nature supplies. How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing and back to my white sheeted bed went with all, then soon, with the emblems of love overflowing, was happy in what to my lot did befall—the Santa Claus stocking, the generous stocking, the Christmas morn stocking which hung on the wall! How sweet through its round open top to explore it as poised on my knee it inclined to my view! Not a hot, tempting breakfast could make me ignore it for longer at most than a minute or two. And now, far removed from the loved situation, the tear of regret will intrusively fall as fancy reverts to my youth's habitation and sighs o'er the stocking which hung on the wall—the Santa Claus stocking, the plethoric stocking, the Christmas morn stocking which hung on the wall! But grown people find there's a later sensation as grateful as any they felt long ago. It comes when they witness the glad exultation which on Christmas morning their own offspring show. And now, dear old Santa Claus, let me petition your favor for children, both large ones and small. Bring all the bright hopes to the fullest fruition that rest in each stocking which hangs on the wall—the wealthy child's stocking, the poor urchin's stocking; yes, fill every stocking which hangs on the wall!

BEAD CHRISTMAS TREES.

Novelty Invented by German Woman Approved by Kaiser.

If nature's supply of Christmas trees gives out, as some people have feared it might, there will still be Christmas trees as long as a German woman in this city remains alive. Out of green beads, wire and tiny waxen ornaments she constructs miniature trees which have been thought pretty enough to grace the court of Ludwig of Bavaria in his time and to amuse the children of Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany. That was when the inventor was living in her native country. Since coming to America she has made them for various well known people.



BEAD CHRISTMAS TREE.

One of the advantages of these trees, she says, is that they are almost indestructible. They may be bent, crushed, packed into small compass, and when they are wanted again it is only necessary to straighten the branches out into the original shape.

When the inventor was a girl, fifty-five or sixty years ago, in Munich, she went to one of those schools where German girls are taught to do, as her daughter says, "everything mit the hands." It was having to make wreaths out of beads that suggested to her the notion of making beaded Christmas trees. She set to work and fashioned innumerable tiny loops of green beads, each at the end of a long, slender wire. She bound the loops together in threes, making trefols, and the trefols into branches and the branches into a tapering trunk, the trunk being formed of nothing at all but the individual wires, massed together. Then she trimmed the tree with candles and those tiny waxen figures which the Germans are adepts at making and fixed it in a pot of sand and melted wax. Her parents were quite proud of it. Her father, who was director of the Hofgarten in Munich, showed it to his royal master, and King Ludwig immediately ordered one for the Christmas festivities at court.

After coming to this country she sent one to President Roosevelt and was grieved and surprised to find that he

could not accept it.
"I expect he thinks he gets some dynamite," said the daughter.—New York Tribune.

Christmas Caution.
"Is it customary to hang up one stockin' or de intiah pair on Christmas eve?" said Mr. Erastus Pinkley.
"Only jes' one," answered Miss Miami Brown. "If you happens on to de mate you isn' takin' so many chances on somebody he'pin' hissef' to foot-wear 'stid' o' leavin' presents."—Washington Star.

Robins Nest in Waistcoat Pocket.
A pair of robins have built a nest and hatched a family in the pocket of an old waistcoat which had been left hanging on the wall of an unoccupied cottage at Lodsworth.—London Standard.

TONY PASTOR AS SANTA.

Veteran Actor Was the Friend of the Stage Children.

There are at present engaged in different capacities on the stage and in the theaters about 400 children to whom the holidays usually are days of toil, and many of these little folks are breadwinners for younger brothers and sisters. It was for them that the late Tony Pastor and his wife, Mrs. E. L. Fernandez, and "Aunt Louisa" Eldridge, now dead, inaugurated the Christmas festival which has become a perennial affair.

The little ones, all less than twelve years old, provide the stage entertainment on these occasions, and there never is any interference by the authorities. Christmas, 1907, was Tony Pastor's last appearance as the children's Santa Claus, and this year they will miss his genial face and kindly attentions. Last year he was master of ceremonies and introduced his tiny "top liners." At the end of the act he presented to each of the girls a beautifully dressed doll and to the boys boxes of candy or appropriate toys.

Admission was by invitation only, and when the programme began the house was crowded to the doors, the balcony being given up largely to poor children of the east side. Some of the actors were mere babies, but they went through the business like veterans, and the gravity of most of them when singing their comic songs was immensely amusing.

One of the players was presented as Baby Esmond, a perfect cherub, who piped a love ditty and danced with one foot held in the air. Mr. Pastor said she was of "this year's crop," and when she had ended the performance he asked her to tell the audience her age. Without shrinking from the question, as her fellow actresses do, she lisped, "I'll be four next January."

Another of the same mature years was "Miss Miriam Jackson," if you please. She came out with a Teddy bear in her arms, sang a song and did such clever capering that every woman in the audience wanted to hug her.

Lillian Tobin, herself no bigger than a doll baby, sang "Poor John" and invited the audience to join her in the chorus, which it did with a will. At the end of the programme Mr. Pastor announced that a banquet was awaiting the children in the basement of Tammany hall.

After the little ones had been satisfied in that respect they were sent up to the main hall of the building, and there the really big feature of the evening took place. On the stage stood three Christmas trees, bending over from the weight of pretty things, while the stage itself was heaped with toys.

After that there was a second distribution for stage children only in the committee room of Tammany hall. Most of the children had written requests for certain articles, and as they appeared one by one and gave a name corresponding with that on Mrs. Fernandez's list the present asked for was delivered. Some of these were of costly quality, having been purchased with money donated to the cause.

Mrs. Fernandez said the children of the stage nowadays ask for useful things rather than for playthings. Since these events were inaugurated it is estimated that more than \$50,000 has been spent for gifts.—New York Herald.

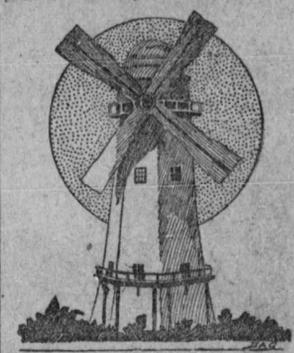
List your real estate for sale with J. F. ELLIS.

MONSTER CHRISTMAS CAKE.

It Was Seven Feet High and the Largest Ever Made.

Reproduced below is a picture of a mammoth Christmas cake, said to be the largest one ever made. It was seen last Christmas in a shop in Leytonstone, England. Some idea of its size may be gauged when it is stated that it stood seven feet high and weighed no less than 1,600 pounds.

Those who may desire to turn out a rival cake may be interested to learn that the following ingredients were used in its manufacture: One hundred and fifty-two pounds of butter, 152 pounds of sugar, 325 pounds of flour, 110 pounds of raisins, 110 pounds of sultanas, 110 pounds of currants, 3,000 eggs, 35 pounds of citron peel, 35 pounds of lemon peel, 35 pounds of orange peel, 40 pounds of almonds, 30 pounds of milk (15 quarts), 120 pounds of almond paste, 100 pounds of icing sugar, 5 pounds of fresh lemon juice, 21 pounds of mixed spices, 1 pound of nutmegs and 1 pound of essence of lemon.



"BARKING WINDMILL" CAKE.

Fortune For Toys For the Poor. The poor children of Pittsburg and Allegheny are to benefit through the expenditure of an estate valued at \$31,000, left by the late George B. Nutt. The will provides that the estate shall go to the wife during her lifetime and then is to be divided among his children equally. If the children all die before their mother, at her death the estate is to be spent for the purchase of gifts and playthings for poor children, especially those in institutions. It was the wish of the decedent that the money be expended in small sums, to distribute it over as large an area as possible and benefit as many children as possible.

Origin of the Christmas Tree.
There is a legend in Germany that when Eve plucked the fatal apple immediately the leaves of the tree shriveled into needle points and its bright green turned dark. It changed its nature and became the evergreen, in all seasons preaching the story of man's fall. Only on Christmas does it bloom brightly with lights and become beautiful with love gifts. The curse is turned into a blessing at the coming of the Christ Child, and we have our Christmas tree.

Pessimism.
The pessimist thinks the streets of the New Jerusalem are paved with near-gold.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Hitchcock*
The Kind You Have Always Bought

When You Visit Nashville
STOP AT
THE NEW CENTRAL HOTEL,
The most centrally located hotel in the city; on Sixth Ave., North, near corner of Church street. All cars from Union station pass within two doors of the house. Delightful Rooms, Splendid Table and all the comforts of home. No better place for shoppers. Fine double rooms for convention parties. Within 2 blocks of capitol.
RATES REASONABLE.
Special Rates to Parties of Four or More.
Dining Room in charge of Mrs. O. G. Hille, formerly of Hopkinsville, Ky.

New Addition
The Best Home Butchered Meats of All Kinds.
QUALITY, Our Motto
B. B. RICE,
HONES: Cumb. 27, Home 1127.