

THOSE WERE THE GREETING CARDS!

BY JOSEPHINE TICHE WILLIAMS.

AMID the treasure trove in the Library of Congress are bound or jacketed original copies of New Year "greetings" or "addresses" of many years back, handed to subscribers by faithful newsboys—hopefully in exchange for small silver offerings. These loose-leaf greetings, sometimes known as "broad-sides," carefully preserved and indexed, are to be found in jackets in the manuscript division, but more often in bound files of their particular newspapers in the periodical division of the Library.

"Take from your friends 'The Star' And what remains?
A night, drear glooming far
O'er desert plains;
A wild, surf-beaten shore,
Moaning and chill,
Which phantom clouds glide o'er
Picturing ill.
"But give 'The Star' and lo!
The desert smiles again,
The ocean's sand, aglow,
Laughs to her isles!
At every step are shells
With rainbow hues,
And each, in whispers, tells
Some strange, sweet news.
We are the children of 'The Star,'
Who bring its lights on rapid wings,
That so, the sun gone down,
No darkness veil the town!
Is well our mission done? Your kind eyes say:
That shall be answered on New Year day."

A careful search of files, jackets and index shows that not more than 10 of the local "Carriers' Greetings" have been preserved to Washington posterity. And that The Evening Star is the only Washington newspaper represented in either bound or jacketed files at the Library of Congress. The greeting or address in question, a loose-leaf one, was given to subscribers on December 16, 1865, when the newspaper was exactly 13 years and 15 days of age. There were verses, and appended are extracts selected from it:

"Late in the afternoon or early night,
In Summer courting some luxurious shade,
In Winter, warm before the coal fire's light,
Do we invade your quietness with ever welcome noise,
'Great Union Victory,' cry the carrier boys!"

Almost as far back as American newspapers can be traced, it was customary to publish, on January 1, a calendar of the ensuing year. This was done whether or not the carriers' greeting was run as a broadside or had place in news or editorial columns. These "greetings" were often used to lambast an administration, wordily chastise a mayor and, on at least one occasion, promote marriage. But, little by little, art obtained over literature until today's greeting is an artistic poster, portrait or scene, which contains a calendar and sometimes a short verse or two. Perhaps a century from now some other reporter will be digging in the Library of Congress files for an article on the greeting calendars of long ago.

THE oldest local "greeting" was found in a jacket in the manuscript division of the Library. It is a well-preserved broadside headed, "News Carriers' Address to the Subscribers of the George-Town Weekly Ledger for January 1st, 1792." One hundred and forty-two years have passed since that particular greeting was printed and distributed, and how old the custom is, a careful search fails to reveal. Indeed, the editor or poet of the George-Town Weekly Ledger is uninformed on the subject when he writes:

"Kind patrons, your newsboy with heart most sincere,
Presents you his wish for a happy New Year;
'Tis custom established, I know not how long,
Most typos to open the year with a song.
So according to custom I take up my quill
To show that I bear you a hearty good will."

This rhyme attacks or lauds conditions in George-Town and elsewhere and plaintively states:

"But here is no Congress our market to aid,
Our produce consume and encourage our trade,
But subscribers like these we have in view
Our present dependence is placed upon you."

In 1792 James Doyle was printer-editor of the George-Town Ledger, and perhaps no editor, before or after Mr. Doyle, has pushed or promoted for circulation as did he in the following last four lines of his 1792 greeting:

"May each bachelor take an old maid by the hand,
And no longer neglect an important command,
And join with the rest to replenish the earth
And give to some hundreds good customers' birth."

In "Verses by the Carrier Addressed to Their Patrons on the First of January, 1824," the writer used 120 lines to express himself in the Washington Gazette. His introduction was novel when he wrote:

"All hail this welcome day, my patrons kind;
My task pursuing, while methinks you curse,
And cry, 'Good heav'n, is this what he calls
verse?'"

From there he travels with Greeks, avenues of poplars, Spain, sires, France, freedom and despots, ending sunny side up with:

"That's right, your purse is coming forth I see,
And by your looks there's something good for me.

Good day, my worthy friend, the best of cheer
Be yours, both this and each returning year.
Through each vicissitude in life, your barrier
Be even, while I remain your faithful carrier."

The Evening Star "Carriers' Address" of 1865 Is One of the Treasures of the Library of Congress—And There Was a Day When Local Editors Resorted to Rapier Thrusts in Their Poems.

GARRIERS' ADDRESS.

"EVENING STAR."

Washington City, January 1, 1865.

I.
Hail the New Year, that brings
Joy on its snowy wings!

II.
Peace to the Old Year, dead;
Green laurel crown his head!
Back through his reign we look,
And, in the solemn book
Of History, write his deeds,
Which, still, through many an age,
From page to kindling page,
Shall teach that right is strong
To crush the boastful wrong!

III.
But the Old Year is History's now, not ours;
We with the present, only, have to do,
And dedicate, in full, our humble powers,
Dear friends, to you!

IV.
Late in the afternoon, or early night—
In summer, courting some luxurious shade,
In winter, warm before the coal-fire's light—
Do we invade
Your quietness, with ever-welcome noise:
"Great Union Victory!" cry the Carrier Boys!

V.
Then what cigar so fragrant, to detain
You longer lounging in the dreamful rest?
What wine, what game, what book, though sought again,
What charming guest?
Yes, the good wish herself and playful child,
Are to your rapt, deep reading recouced.

VI.
Not this alone, though still supreme is this;
Of all things have we very much to tell:
No corner of the busy world we miss,
Where pleasures dwell,
Or profits that may render you more gay,
More wise, more rich, in each declining day!

VII.
Take from our friends "THE STAR"
And what remains?
A night, drear glooming far
O'er desert plains—
A wild, surf-beaten shore,
Moaning and chill,
Which phantom clouds glide o'er,
Picturing ill!

VIII.
But give "THE STAR"—and lo!
The desert smiles!
The ocean's sand, aglow,
Laughs to her isles!
At every step are shells,
With rainbow hues,
And each, in whispers, tells
Some strange, sweet news!

IX.
We are the Children of "THE STAR," who bring
Its light on rapid wing,
That so, the sun gone down,
No darkness veil the town!

X.
Is well our mission done? Your kind eyes say:
"THAT SHALL BE ANSWERED ON THE NEW YEAR'S DAY!"
The Carrier Boys.

"Carriers' Address" of The Evening Star newsboys in 1865. Photograph of original preserved by the Library of Congress.

THAT same newspaper, one year later, in its New Year greeting, declared that the lark was not more gay

"Than newsboy is on New Year day,
Altho he rides not on pegasus
He will not deign to speak of asses.
He pushes forward on his poney,
To act the part—and take the money."

The National Intelligencer, published in Washington by Gales & Seaton, greeted their subscribers in a broadside on January 1, 1832, with 47 verses of six lines each. A few extracts are appended:

"Hail patrons! As the clock struck twelve last night,
That crazy clock that ne'er was right before,
A blooming year was born—an infant, bright."

And then he proceeds to "take a look at Congress, stating that:

"Tho their speeches often seem quixotic,
This only proves them doubly patriotic,
Their precious country—it is all their care,
And so they speechify from morn to night,
Touching their theme at random, here and there,

While all their thoughts are like the scattered flight
Of hostile birds—in which no two agree
To keep each other goodly company.

"I saw two fight, and ne'er from me will fade
The grand impression that their pistols made.
It was a thrilling sight—the bullets hissed
From out their fiery barrels—
But both escaped with life, one narrowly,
The burning ball passed through his ample skirt."

Very evidently the poet of this greeting witnessed the famous duel between Henry Clay and John Randolph of Roanoke, when Mr. Randolph's life was saved by "an unseemly garment," his flannel dressing gown, which he had worn to the field of honor and which made it impossible for his antagonist to locate the body of the thin, swarthy Senator. In any

event, the creator of the 1832 carriers' address had quite enough of the code duello and proceeded to poke fun of it in the following six lines:

"I would advise those who intend to fight
A duel, when they feel their honor picked,
To use the popgun, 'tis so very light,
And what is more, so safe—none ever kicked
Or burst unless it had too thin a shell
And then the little thing does just as well."

HEREWITH is reprinted in part a "Carriers' Address" written for New Year day, 1871. They went in strong for poetry back in those days of Gov. Shepherd and a District Legislature, and saw to it that their patrons got plenty. The author of the dramatic lines is today unknown. There was no art connected with the route boy's greeting except the fancy border of the printer. Today the subscriber gets both poetic and pictorial effect, together with a fine calendar.

"I fly! I fly!" So sings old Time,
And Youth, impatient, chides the song:
"Oh when shall come the day sublime,
The day I languish for so long?"
"I fly! I fly!" And Age looks up,
Awary of the languid years;
"Now would I pass away the cup,
That still o'erbrims with bitter tears!"

Let all rejoice today!
The world rolls on!
Those who would bid it stay,
Sink, and are gone!
Brave world, that ever so
Strikes the oppressor low!

And ours—The Evening Star!
Long hath it shone, and far!
Cheering the closing days,
How all men seek its rays!
When faint its light arose,
Struggling through clouds of foes,
The few who answered, "Hail!"
Whispered the sad rhyme, "Fail!"

Just here, there enters such a clamorous throng
Of royal youths—we cease, perforce, our song.

"Well, in good time!" cries one. What need to sing
Old songs still over? CARRIERS! That's the thing!

If so you please, what hinders you, we say,
To puff yourselves on every mortal day.
While we, who need the more some hearty cheer,
Can bring our merits up but once a year!

In the heat of the Summer,
The Winter's cold,
Sure and swift-footed,
Eager and bold,
Out through all weathers—
Nothing annoys
In the line of their duty,
The Carrier boys!

Thousands are waiting,
Street looks to street—
Hark! 'Tis the music—
The Carriers' feet!
How the day's trouble
Their coming destroys!
Life is worth living,
With—Carrier boys!

Here, then, we are, again—
Jolly, all here!
Wishing good wishes!
HAPPY NEW YEAR!
Double and treble
All of your joys
Something o'erflowing—
For CARRIER BOYS!

Widow of Lenin

Continued From Fourth Page

revolution. His second wife, a 19-year-old office secretary, not being conspicuous in the Communist party, never once appeared in public. In fact, the public was hardly more than conscious of her existence until the time of her state funeral in 1932. There are rumors that Stalin has married a third time. But not even members of the government are sure.

EVEN getting a picture of the late Mrs. Stalin was a most strenuous undertaking, for she resolutely refused to be photographed. With her two children in government schools, just like other Communist children, she was free to go, just like other Communist women, to a textile academy, where she studied the process for making rayon. Frequently she walked home alone from the academy to her apartment in the Kremlin. And not one person in a million recognized her.

But the Associated Press correspondent had sharper eyes. He got her spotted, and after several weeks of efforts and defeats finally took a snapshot of her as she stood on the sidewalk, waiting for the traffic light. This is the only picture of the wife of Russia's dictator ever published. Mrs. Stalin felt she was just one more member of the Communist party, had as yet done nothing to distinguish herself, and consequently deserves no public attention whatsoever.

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I was sallow and sort of logy



Everything I ate seemed to give me gas—I just couldn't get my system regulated properly. My little boy suffered from constipation, too, and didn't like the taste of castor oil. His teacher advised me to give him FEEN-A-MINT. He thought it was just nice chewing gum and took it without the usual fuss. It gave him such a prompt and complete movement that I chewed one myself. That was over a year ago and I want to tell you that FEEN-A-MINT has been a welcome friend in relieving constipation. I wouldn't have any other laxative in the house.

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