



Peace On Earth.

Millions of stars hang twinkling above millions of babes tonight, millions of wise men from the East, and from the West, the North and the South are bending in rapturous worship above the cradles where sweet innocence lies wrapped in the swaddling garments of untroubled slumber. Gifts, gold, the frankincense of parental love are lavished in unstinted measure upon those sleeping cherubs. Countless angels hover in ecstasy in all the glittering pulsing heavens and sing the gloria in excelsis that burst from the celestial choir nineteen hundred years ago. “Peace on earth, good will to men!”

For nineteen centuries that song has fallen on the ears of the awed shepherds watching their wayward flocks on the hills of time---“Peace! peace!” Spears, battle axes, catapults, arrows, stuttering flintlocks, percussion guns, rude cannon, iron shells freighted with death, machine artillery, mammoth cannonry dealing death and destruction miles away, have blown the black hot breath of hate in the face of heaven’s messengers of peace and good will. All down the centuries the din and clamor of war’s red legions has sought to drown the song of triumph that first woke the echoes among the dumb, frozen crags of Judea’s hills. But with unwavering confidence and constancy the song has not wavered in a single tone. God Almighty gave the word to the angels to proclaim peace on earth, and it will surely come.

A merry Christmas to all, peace in your hearts, in your homes, in the nation and in all the world.

Christmas at Stony Knob.

Wal, crissmus is over agin and the fesstle seezun has left me all but busted finanshully and morrelly & fizzickly imbareist so to speek. We sellabrated on thursdy nite owin to figgerin out the date by a last yeers awmanick, & so we wuz a little ahed ov Sandy Claws’ skedule, but it diddent seem to make no diffrunce with the eez & fasillity with witch my last summer’s incum trickled out thru the hoals in the bottom ov my jennesosity.

When the shadders ov nite begin to spred thairselfs around the landskape on crissmus eve, Dry, and Fredercky, and the 2 twins (whitch composes my fambly surkle ov offsprings), thay ondress thair feat & proseeded to hang up thair stockins. Jest to help out the deluzion, i pulled off my boot and hung my sad and sollum old sock longside ov ’em. Dry went to look at the artistick effectt ov the row ov hoshiery, and wundrin how the display wood strike the fancy ov old Saint Nickodeemus, when he begin to back off and hold his noas as if thay wuz sum offensiv fragrunce illuminatin the atmusfeer.

“Now see heer pa,” sez ’e “It wunt never do to hav yure old sock hangin up thare in that row ov airomattick foot jackets, wy it smells wurse ’n a hungairian hobo drest in wet korderoy britches with poal-catter ov rozes on his hangkerchiff. Sandy Claws cant git within a rod ov it. It has got to cum down,” and he got the broom and poaked it down and throd it in the stoav. I wuz mad to hav my clothin creemated like that and wuz goin to giv the fresh yungster a good warmin when all to wunst the smoak poord out ov the stoav fillin the room with a smell that droav us all out doars. The dog staid in, but he koffed up his supper. I hild my breth and dasht in like dockter Kook makin a dash for the big nale. I coodent find wot wuz the rip till

I yanked the stoavpipe chimbley, and then i sear hoal wuz chuck full ov ded ebly swallers whitch had bin sukated with the fumes ov foot & mowth diseez from my wooling sock. I pawed ’em out, stuck the pipe back in and peece and harmony wuz restoared. Dry wuz lookin at the ded burds and sed thay had bin asfixiated. I sez, i dunno, mabey so, but after examinatin ov ’em, i coodent see no sines ov thair bein fixt in enny sutch a manner.

Wal, the stuffin ov them stockins and the givvin ov menny uther presents is wot nocked the bunghoal out ov my finances. I dug up my last nickle for to git my neffew Rastus Rott a set ov boan collar & cuff buttons, and i node dum well he’d ruther be ketcht in bed with a nigger than to ware a collar or cuffs. I need a set ov britches mitey bad myself. When I go to meatin or to the ladys ade, i hafto do like a injin on the ralerode runnin into a stub switch; thay haint no way to git out oanley to back out.

But it doant make no diffrunce how bad we need things, presents must be giv or crissmus woodent be no wurse than ash wensdy. I got a fue usefull and ornamental presents as follers: a pare ov 15 sent galluses jest haff long enuff, a cake ov tar sope, a bottle ov lid-dy pinkums vejitable kompond, and a campane push buttun to ware on my cote barein the im-midge and sooperskripshun ov Willyum Jinnins Brine.

I must acknollej that i wuzzent tickled to deth with my presents, but i hav got the supreem consolashun ov knoin that i haint the oanley feller that’s drawed a booby prize out ov Sandy Claws’ grab bag. Thare’s Dock Kook hoo expected a north poal in his stockin, but the Coopenhagen geezers giv him a frosty icikle. & thays uthers to numrus to menshun. How about yu?

TOMM Y ROTT.