

NORTH SHORE NEWS-LETTER

H. P. DAVIDSON, Proprietor.

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Christmas Giving.

We are entering upon the last few days before the Christmas dawn, when friends will receive the gifts which we have worked and planned so hard to get ready. During the Christmas season so many gifts exchange hands amid such a whirl of excitement that we must be careful if we would not lose the true meaning of the day. We suggest the following pledge from the Congregationalist, if we wish to make Christmas a happy time for ourselves and others.

I will not be carried off my feet by the whirl and excitement about me.

I will not give a single thing simply because others are giving and I dislike to seem different from them.

I will not give to somebody else simply because he or she will probably give to me.

I will not give for fear I will be thought mean if I withhold.

I will not run into debt in order to give.

With every gift I will give a bit of my heart.

A Nashville Incident.

A grimy little urchin with a bundle of newspapers entered a Nashville suburban drug store on whose doors flamed out the bright red crosses which were used as the symbol of the Red Cross Christmas Stamp last season.

Rather diffidently he approached the clerk and said, "Aw, say, Mister, have you got any of them stickers I see on the door? Them with the crosses on them?" "Why, yes," answered the clerk. "What do you want with them? Got many Christmas things to send off, or many letters you'd like to seal with them?"

Sadly the little boy shook his head. "No, no letters and no Santa Claus packages. We ain't had no Christmas at my house since my daddy went away, and I can't write much, noway. But, say, Mister, will them stickers go cure consumption? Somebody told me they do and what can I get just one for?" The sooty little hand reached for his pocket. "I want one to cure my mamma; she's got consumption."

A Large Order.

This story comes from Washington, D. C., in the corridor of the postoffice of which city the District of Columbia Red Cross Branch had a Stamp Booth.

A tall, distinguished looking and nicely dressed gentleman sauntered up to the booth which was attended at that time by several officers of the Red Cross Branch, and requested to be informed as to the use and price of the stamps, and the manner in which the proceeds of sales would be expended. Scouting a ten or twenty dollar sale, the ladies vied with one another in telling him "the story" and duly impressing upon him the great good the stamps would do and the privilege he was enjoying by contributing to the anti-tuberculosis work.

He seemed duly impressed. He put his hand into his trousers pocket and, picking a penny from a handful of change, said, "I'll take one."

Our Outlook

UNIVERSAL HOPE

FOR PEACE.

In the days when man fought against man, city against city, and ruler against ruler, when the air was continually shaken with the clamor of war and the rumors of wars, then it was that the wearied ones best loved to sit at the feet of the poets and hear of that golden age, long past, when over all the world was peace; when men tended their flocks and reaped their harvest unafraid, and youth watched the golden moon rising over the sweet-smelling orchards; when the ear was not affrighted by the screaming life and groaning drum, but the night was made precious by the song of the nightingale, and the lark saluted the pale and dewy morn, and the hum of the hive made restful the golden noon.

Peace, then, as always, spoke of gladness, rest, abundance, safety. War then, as always, spoke of hardship, waste, sorrow, and death. But the fabled golden age was only a poet's dream. It had never been. Will it ever be?

It will come just so surely as the human heart continues that throbbing which each of us has received through an innumerable chain reaching to the very dawn of creation.

Man lives by his dreams. His thoughts are the things which endure. All else of man perishes. He has been called a fighting animal. Through all the infinite change of the past the marvelous animal, man, kept himself alive, but by the dawning of what we call mind. In eating, drinking and fighting man is common brother to the brutes. In strength they surpass him. By thought alone he has come thus far, and by thought alone he will progress still further. Man has but one predominant passion; the will to live; and from this are born his two vital ideals: Freedom and Peace. Man craves freedom that he may live his life in his own way and develop his own individuality after his own desire. Freedom is part of the instinct to live. He craves peace that he may enjoy life and dream those dreams which sooner or later he makes come true. Peace is also part of the instinct to live. In the countless millions of years he has lived, man has never failed in the accomplishment of the ideals which were vital and necessary to him; which were part of his instinct to live; and peace is one of these; and that is why we believe that surely the friendship of nations will come.

Peace is one of the universal hopes of the human heart. It is in every philosophy; in all poetry and in every religion. The heaven of the American savage, or of the fierce Viking, or of the poetic Greek, or the contemplative Buddhist—every heaven ever born out of the longings of man's heart is an abode of peace. He that thinks man has not struggled very far on the road toward his ideal, knows very little of the history of man. Whether one turn to China, or Japan, or to Europe, one can within the period of history begin with the time when every stranger was an enemy; when every country was held by numerous feudal chiefs engaged in constant warfare; when every city was walled about against the attacks of the rest of the world; when every petty province was hostile to its neighbor; when every man, no matter what else he was, was a soldier, and no man could feel sure of peace from one day to the next. Trade was stagnant; property was insecure; cities were swept out of existence, their inhabitants massacred and sold into slavery; the arts, the sciences, were smothered, or glimmered feebly, and the world was sunk in a barbarism because the world was in a constant state of warfare, and these were truly called the Dark Ages.

Picture that day and this and you will see, without argument, that not only has there been a steady and tremendous insistence on peace; but that the greater advancement of mankind has been wholly due to the greater peace of the world. War is destructive. Peace is constructive. Peace is the period of mental and commercial activity. In peace men accumulate that wealth and knowledge which they waste in war.

The friendship of the nations means the uplift of the masses; it means that burdens and shackles will fall from those who are weary and oppressed. It means that the human hive, undisturbed, will hum with industry, investigation, and a wholly new impetus will be given to the life of man. New dreams will arise within him. There will be other and greater poets. Other and greater heroes and a higher uplift toward the true godhood in man. Nation will join hand with nation until the world will be circled by the nations, each finding what is best in each, until there will be such an acceleration of human progress that no imagination can picture the outcome.

With the countless ages yet before him, with his race just begun, with the leaden fetters of war and destruction taken from his feet; with all the world mingling in unity and striving in peaceful rivalry; with all the powers of Nature subdued to his bidding and palaces like visions of Heaven and fields like fairyland arising under his touch, man will be indeed a god, and life to all men beautiful.—Charles Erskine Scott Wood in the Pacific Monthly.

Needed the Knife

Speaking of table etiquette some time since, General E. Burd Grubb told a story about a man who was justified in eating pie with a knife. Smith was standing in a hotel lobby one day, according to the General, talking to Jones, when the conversation turned to a dinner that had been given at the home of a mutual acquaintance named Brown.

"You should have seen Barton," remarked Jones, referring to one of the guests, "I thought he had better table manners. When his pie was served he actually ate it with a knife."

"I don't blame him for that," was the startling reply of Smith.

"You don't blame him?" repeated Jones in amazement.

"No," smilingly rejoined Smith. "I have eaten pie at Brown's myself, and it is a wonder to me that Barton didn't take an ax."

At Regular Rates.

Poet—Will you accept this poem at your regular rates?

Editor—I guess so—it appears to contain nothing objectionable. Go to the advertising department and ask what the rates are. How many times do you wish it inserted?

Useless Argument.

The eloquent and humorous Dr. Parkhurst, when abstruse theological arguments arise, is fond of silencing the disputants with a story about a little girl.

This little girl said to her father: "Papa, can God make stones?"

"Yes, darling," her father answered. "Can He make big stones?"

"Oh, yes."

"Could He make a stone as big as a mountain?"

"Oh, yes, of course."

The little girl frowned and said: "Well, then, could He make a stone so big he couldn't lift it?"

"That was Dr. Pondrus who was talking to you a little while ago. He's a very learned man."

"He must be."

"Why, how do you know? He was only talking to you for a few minutes."

"Well, it was long enough to make me very tired."

"They were both broken up by their separation."

"But I understand they've effected a reconciliation and are now re-paired."

Autumnal Verse.

The autumn odor's in the air—
Nay, nay, not that of rotting leaves,
Nor harvest odors rich and rare,
Nor bonfire odors—which so grieves—
The autumn odor's in the air,
I find it not in open fields,
But indoors where its bliss it yields—
The moth ball odor's everywhere.

Advertised Letters

The following unclaimed letters remain at the Highland Park Post Office:

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Gavigan, Agnes Miss

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Lee, Virginia Dorcas Miss

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