

The Charlotte News

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Christmas Eve, 1937

Christmas Holiday

In keeping with a time-honored and wholly worthy custom, The News will not issue tomorrow.

In the first place, regular, work-a-day pursuits, such as reading a newspaper, ought to be foregone on no rare a day as Christmas.

In the second and more appealing place, it is done that the employees of The News may have the day and the evening before to day to spend with their families.

So let the metal pots cool. Let the staccato typewriters grow quiescent, and hush those infernal clattering groups on clays of 300 on which no printer's devil and let's see for once what he looks like.

Special Christmas Greetings From The News

We who work here at The News are conscious, day in and day out, of the obligation we are under to two groups on clays of 300.

Letters to Santa Claus

Imagine, if you will, that the scene is Christmas headquarters at the North Pole.

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ing friendly as his bulging mid-section. "MAYLO! MAYLO! I never heard of that before. And they want—good heavens, what's this?—a new goat! But if they want a new goat, they must have one already. Oh, I see! They had got rid of him. He ate up to much good white paper."

And then Santa set to searching through the pile of letters remaining, as though looking for one in particular. He looked and he looked, saying sotto voce to himself, "What is this Jimmy May's letter? All of a sudden he sat himself back in his chair and a sly grin spread over his face. "Oh," he said, "oh! I almost forgot. Jimmy has already had his present."

FAITH MUST BE REVIVED

WASHINGTON.—The coming of Christmas into the world nineteen hundred and thirty-seven years ago did untold good for the relations between individuals. But it did even more. I think, for the relations between groups.

Among people in communities and, hence, for all relations between nations. Mothers loved their children better. Christ came, friends were faithful and all men were teaching and crust.

The effect of even half an acceptance of that in the long run was bound to be some change in the idea that the word "stranger," as among nations, was an equivalent of the word "enemy."

It required a long time for that to work. There were too many disruptive forces afloat. Christianity took its time in the Empire but too late for it thus to take the world as a whole.

What he meant, of course, was all those things we know best in the pages of Washington Irving—the creature delight of sitting warm and snug by the fire while Winter reigns outside.

But over and behind all that, though not in conflict with it, is something else—that this of all days is the day which is dedicated to the great simplicities which are the great mysteries.

What we associate with Christmas the familiar, the simple, the domestic that linger with their peculiar awareness. There come to us memories of sparkling eyes, childish voices, of families reunited around a glowing fire, and lighted trees with tinsel and toys.

International law was just a name of things. The law that linger with their peculiar awareness. There come to us memories of sparkling eyes, childish voices, of families reunited around a glowing fire, and lighted trees with tinsel and toys.

When it crashed in 1914, it was not first set back by arms. The job had been done over thirty years by a thinly disguised cult of a new paganism principally in Germany, and also elsewhere in Europe.

Hitler's worship of a revived Valhalla of old German gods is merely a repetition of the pagan worship of the gods of the Teutonic super-tribes. The loss of peace in the world was first, not of a religion of truth and humanity to the world.

It is no good. The world must awaken in this slumber, and that it is no good and go back to Christ—good on earth—good will toward men—all three synonymous.

Sense of Fitness (Ohio Material) His first day on the job, the colored janitor dashed excitedly up in the register.

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To Be Like A Child Is True Yuletide Test

Only By So Doing Can One Enter Into The Basic Feeling Of The High Holiday.

Dear Sir:—A long time ago there walked on the shores of Galilee the greatest of all teachers, who once said that men must become as little children before they could enter the kingdom of heaven.

On Christmas Day we celebrate the birthday of the courageous and triumphant Son of God, whose humility before men likewise imparted to them the faith of children and the devotion born of that faith.

The Christmas spirit softens and chastens emotions that have been strained and broken; it subdues fierce passions and runs like a warm current through the coldest natures; it melts distrust and hatred into love and sympathy.

The years have been many and long since that first starlit night when the Mother Mary bent low over the infant Jesus while holy choirs sang glad hosannas.

But through the centuries, that single, dominant faith of Christ has ever signified the love that we now express at Christmas. It is the essence of it that we seek His comfort and kindly ministrations.

That first Christmas brought rejoicing into a world oppressed by fear, grief, and ignorance. The birth of Christ was like a ray of pure light bursting into a Stygian cave of darkness.

The joyous songs of praise that welled into the velvet sky above the shepherds have never hushed. The glad tidings that to the house of David a Saviour had been born have reached every clime and people. The star whose dazzling ray looked down into a rude manger where the new-born King lay, continues to shine undiminished in brilliance in this far-off day.

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The Christmas Story

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of a heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, and good will toward men.

And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.—II Luke 15-16.

A Lamb Is Born

THE host of heaven and the angel of the Lord had filled the sky with radiance. Now the glory of God was above, and the shepherds and the sheep stood under dim starlight.

They laughed at him and said, "What should this voice say in your ears?" He was silent, and they pressed about him and shouted mockingly.

"I am a saviour," said Amos in a loud, strange voice, "and by my hundred I am a saviour."

And when the din of the angry shepherds about him slackened Amos pointed to his forehead.

"See my flock," he said. "See the fright of them. The fear of the bright angel and of the voice is still upon them. God is busy in Bethlehem. He has no time for a hundred sheep. They are my sheep. I will abide."

Another then broke in. "Because the hills stand and the sky has not fallen it is not enough for Amos. He must have something louder than the voice of God."

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Earlier Days

News of 75 and 100 Years Ago From Files in the State Library at Raleigh

DECEMBER 21, 1862 75 YEARS AGO FROM THE NORTH

The Northern papers are full of lamentations over the loss of Fredericksburg. The burg and her demagogues of somebody fill the columns of all of them.

The New York World says it is the most terrible disaster in the war, and the loss will rather exceed that of Antietam.

The World says: "Heaven help us! There seems to be no help in man. Our cause is perishing—hope after hope has vanished—and now the only prospect is the very blackness of death."

Disaster has overtaken the naval preparation that recently sailed under Gen. Banks. A violent storm has disabled many of the vessels and driven them to seek safety in some of the ports along the coast.

MR. CLAY A writer from Washington to the Richmond Whig, in relation to Mr. Clay's absence from the meeting of Southern members mentioned in our last issue.

"Some intonations of dissatisfaction have been made as to Mr. Clay's not joining in the Southern constitution. At the first I thought the complaint well-founded, but a moment's reflection satisfied me he was right."

With the morning the others came up the road from Bethlehem, and they told Amos of the manger and of the wise men who had mingled there with the shepherds.

Amos told them, "Now my hundred are one hundred and one," and he showed them a lamb which had been born just before the dawn.

"Was there for this a great voice out of heaven?" asked the eldest of the shepherds.

Amos shook his head and smiled, and there was in his face that which seemed to the shepherds a wonder even in a night of wonder.

"To my heart," he said, "there came a wisdom."

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Visiting Around

CHRISTMAS: HERE ARE COMERS.—They Had to Hide 'Till All Was Quiet.

Christmas cheer is coming into the office of county welfare officer in large quantities, according to Otto B. Mabry.

Especially During the Depression (Project Item, Monroe Journal) Guess you Journal scribbles are expecting a big Christmas. I am. We are planning to spend Christmas with Grand-mama, Mother, and Father.

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