

# Evening & Ledger PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY

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PRILADELPHIA, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1915.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

### THE SECOND CHRISTMAS

The ninteenth wave of the ages rolls Now deathward since thy death and birth. Hast thou fed full men's starved-out souls? Hast thou brought freedom upon earth? Or are there less oppressions done In this wild world under the sun? -Swinburne

T WILL be a great temptation to thinking and feeling men and women at this Christmas time to turn their eyes away from the tragic miseries and misfortunes of the world at war. It will be easy to rejoice in our security, threatened, but not shaken, and to soothe our souls with fervent hope that peace may soon come. A demoniac hand has sundered the world, and we, pitying onlookers at an agony we are impotent to abate, have been asked whether it would not be a sacrifice and a mockery to celebrate Christmas in blood and hatred. We have been reluctant to answer.

But the question must be answered. We must fix our eyes steadfastly on horror and seek to understand it, but we must not be overwhelmed. We speak of this as "the second Christmas," as if in the long toll of the years these two alone must be the standards by which Christianity and civilization will be judged. We forget that the fifty years in which nations, ostensibly at peace, preaching and practicing Christianity, have been lusting for war were more terrible than this crisis in which the world cries out for peace. It is true that the nineteenth wave of the centuries has beaten upon the shore of eternity since the Birth, which makes this time holy, and peace is not yet. But it is not true that the love of peace is dead, nor the love of justice, which is the peace of the soul.

It has not been enjoined upon man that he shall be afraid to die, nor prefer a shameful peace to a glorious war. We talk of peace as if it could be obtained at a price, whilk foul injustice and oppression were unrebuked. But peace must be won by war, and the patient travail of mankind through the centuries must be marked by black destruction. A. nations emerge from war, weakened and infirm, but resolute of purpose and with quick consciousness of their ideals, so mankind passes through war as through a terrible purgation and the Christ toward whom it goes is more white in the dreadful dawn. He was not the prophet of slovenly contentment, but of an everlasting struggle for peace, and the sword with which He came must not be sheathed until His Kingdom is established. Can we reconcile this trust with the bare brutality which fills each hour and each day of the present war? Does the sapper fight for Christ or the murderer of the innocent further the cause of Christianity? Does civilization progress when lands are laid waste and eternal hate inflames the outcast and the exiled? It is easy to answer "No" while the pressing fact weighs upon our hearts. But the truth of our faith, clear-eyed and unfaltering and strong, must be that even through these things, Christ prevalls.

grantly and shamelessly, they are often enwith a tolerable degree of frequency. On the other hand, it is adduced that the kiss, a mere symbol of affection, signifies nothing. Indeed to some of our foreign critics, It is so dulled by repetition here that whatever meaning it may have had is now staled by usage and withered by time. So Camden must be watched. No one

doubts that the order will be obeyed. If marriage continues brisk in the market, it will become known that the long series of attacks on kissing have at last reached their desired end.

## WHERE THE BABE HAS LED US

ALL the civilized world was embraced in the Roman Empire when the angels sang "Peace on earth, good will toward men." The Mediterranean was its centre, and the lands surrounding that inland sea were governed from Rome. Roman power had also been extended to the north until it covered what is modern France and England. But England and France were not civilized. Roman culture was confined to the Mediterranean districts, including Greece and part of Spain, as well as Italy. Syria, although under the rule of Rome, was Jewish and restive under the yoke of the conqueror.

There had been a primitive democracy before Augustus gathered into his own hands all the powers of the Government, but it was so different from what we call democracy that its restoration would not be tolerated. The father was the head of the family, with the power of life and death over its members. When a child was born he decided whether It should live. If it were defective there was no question of its fate. And if it were a girl and the father wanted sons, the infant was allowed to die of exposure. These social practices were much modified as the years went by, and at the beginning of the Christian Era they had been virtually abandoned, but new customs arose that destroved the family and left society rotten. Women held about as high a place as in modern China. Force was glorified and spiritual virtues were unknown. The Roman citizen existed for the State. He had no rights which his rulers felt bound to respect; and democracy as practiced today was unthought

The centre of the world's present civilization is in what was the barbarous Europe of Augustus, and in America, which was not dreamed of by the geographers of the first century. There were wars then, but no one thought of going to the relief of the devastated country. No fund for feeding starving Belgians was raised in Rome. No hospitals for treating the wounded in Gaul were fitted out of subscriptions from the generous in Jerusalem. War meant unmitigated devastation and death to the conquered. Eighteen centuries of Christianity have changed the world to such an extent that when we go to the relief of suffering we say that we are responding to the dictates of humanity. But non-Christian humanity was conscious of no such impelling force.

Founded on the Christian teaching about the value of a human soul there has risen a great superstructure devoted to saving life. Growing out of the oriental Hebrew teachings in which woman was of little account, there has sprung the bellef in the equality of women. And the spiritual democracy, in which all human beings are equal before God, has produced the political democracy which will ultimately reduce all kings to the rank of commoners and raise all commoners to the position of sovereigns. Europe, laid waste by war, is a very different place from any part of the world at war in the first century. Life is a more precious thing than it was then. Women hold a higher place because of the Babe born of a woman, and democracy is a reality where it was once only a word. There was never less reason for pessimistic doubtings signifier there f the influ year of grace and conflict just drawing to a close.

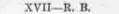


• A CHIM Chimas Tars Yoord. I'm just a little bay. Borri, ond day like You. And a bir unday. Lee But my wirthday comes in spring. When the days are long. And the robin in the tree Wakens me with song Since the birds are all say. Lord, when You are born. Let, your angels waken me On Your birthday morn Kord, i'm just a little bay. Hidden in the right; Let You? angels say me out Long before it's light. Let Wolf angels for me out Long before it's light. How ou be the first to wake. And the first to wake. In this cit house of ours Bengs of love and puiss. In this quice house of ours Bangs of love and puiss. You shall hear me first, dear Lond. Blow my Christimas harrin Let Your argels waten me On Your birthday marn.

#### Near It

Two mild-looking men were talking coming 'n m the train this morning. "I think my wife is going to give me a sew-ing machine for Christmas," said one. "A sewing machine?" queried the other. "Yes, one of those with a flat top. I told her I needed a writing table."

The "For-It-Was-Indeed-He" Club



Take a slant at the lid On the lap of this kid! He was one o' the "regular fellies" In the long, long ago-Eighteen-Eighty or so-When our youth wore those comical Kellies. But this lid that he wore In those brave days of yore, Though we laugh at

R. R. The "boy orator" grew To a swell singer, too; world-renowned cut-up, Ralph And this

Bingham For it was indeed he-

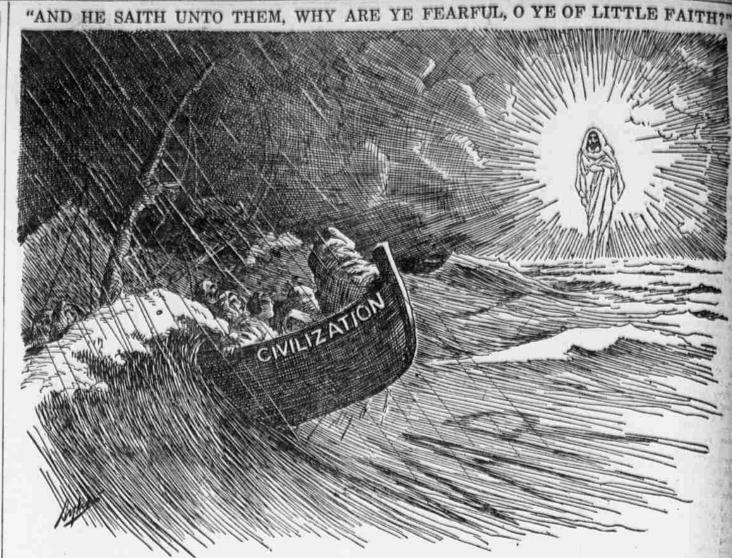
Used to say: "Hully chee! When I can't speak my pieces I sing 'em!"

And besides, Ralph Bingham has been famous for as many years as we care to remember for his annual impersonation of Kriss Kringle at the Pen and Penell Club's Christmas celebration. That affair this year is to be most claborate and it will be one of the big joys prepared for the city's poor children. Another will be David Burpee's distribution of candy to the youngsters of his neighborhood, following the practice of his father, the late W. Atlee Burpee

Little Polly's Pome

ON SANTY CLAUS, I once believed in Santu Claus And O! how I did love him But note I simply can't because There are two many of him. And when you go upon the street There seems to be no stopping The number of him you will meet When you are Christmas shopping

For only Friday morning when



## "THE O'MALLEY" OF PHILADELPHIA

A Man of Many Distinctions in Literature, Law and Medicine and a Family Tree With

Clann Mhallil of the sea-sent treasure • • • \* \* A tribe of friendship and of brotherhood.  $\mathbf{V}^{ ext{ERSATILITY}}$  of talent and of genius is found in many a family, not so often in an individual member of the family. It wouldn't be quite correct to say that the variety of Dr. Austin O'Malley's accomplish-

able to publicity, but entirely conservative These NP. would be the statement that his fame, because of the work on which it chiefly rests, is International rather than local. The subjects in which he has specialized and in which he is a recornized authority are, in several instances, subjects in which only a few men in each coun-

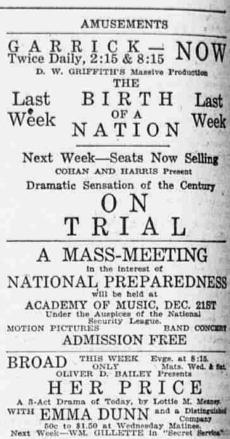
try of Christendom Photo by Gutekunst. are acknowledged to DR. AUSTIN O'MALLEY be masters. By corre-

spondence and by the publication of pamphlets and books these men exchange their ideas, sometimes in Latin, sometimes in Spanish, or French, or German, or English, and Doctor O'Malley-he is doctor of philosophy and doctor of laws as well as doctor of medicine -meets them all on their own ground, with

can convince you as easily that Virgil was a Celt. He can show that all modern melody emanated from Ireland. "Irish," "Celtic," "Gaelic"-these words have their own denotation and connotation, which very likely convict me of error, but the doctor is a man with a sense of humor, and I only crave his pardon if I have made any mistake.

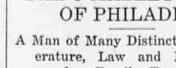
I have certainly described the doctor as Irish, and there's no harm in that, but it's high time for another description. The "subject" of this sketch-he's my patient just now-is a delightful cosmopolitan, a worthy citizen of the world. He has seen much and been nearly everywhere. Three years he studied at the Gregorian University in Rome; other years he studied in Berlin and in Vienna. He has visited Europe on many different errands. Everywhere he made friends with the great and the little. Liszt he knew intimately. He is, by the way, a proficient student of comparative music and the history of music. But this fact, like most of the others here set down, you would never learn from the modest doctor.

Verily, the variety of this man's accomplishments defles a calm enumeration. There is only one way left to get the matter straight and that is to try chronology. Austin O'Malley was born in Pittston in 1858. He was graduated from Fordham in 1878, received the degree of Ph. D. from Georgetown University in 1888, and from the same institution the degree of M. D. in 1893. For a time he was bacteriologist of the District of Columbia and did notable work in tracking and taming the diphtheria bacillus. Then he went to Indiana, succeeding Maurice Francis Egan as professor of English literature. Here it should be noted that Doctor O'Malley has a solid reputation as an authority on the sonnets of half a dozen languages and has written some pretty good ones of his own-in English, anyway, for I haven't read the others. He is the author of a numher of books: "Pssave in Pastoral Medicine (in collaboration), "The Cure of Alcoholism," and when I called on him the other day he was busy with the manuscript of a new volume, "Morals in Medicine."



50c to \$1.50 at Wednesday Matines. Next Week-WM GILLETTE in "Becret Ferder" ADELPHI LAST SEVEN TIMES PHILADELPHIA'S GREATEST JOY A FULL HOUSE SEATS NOW ON SALE FOR THE ADELFH NEW YEAR'S EVE, MATINEE AND NIGHT NEXT WEEK-SEATS READY THURSDAY "THE LAND OF THE FREE"

A Play every true American must s



a Remarkable History

it now and deride Wasn't funny one bit When compared with the wit That was stored in That was stored in the coco inside it. ments is news to Philadelphia, though his studious manner of life is far from favor-

## FRUITS OF FOLLY

TWO months ago the Administration recgenized a Government in Mexico and reestablished the embargo on arms and munitions of war. Today there is no organized revolution in Mexico. There is no formidable opposition to the established power,

To what depths has superhumanitarianism brought that unhappy country! Within two and one-half years it has been dragged to the verge of ruin. Thousands of young and old men have been murdered and butchered, thousands of women have been outraged, millions in property have been destroyed, industry has been wiped out, good citizens have been exiled or of their own accord have left the country, and where there was once peace and happiness there has been disorder, pillage and chaos. All of this could have been avoided had not Washington fallen in love with an ideal and attempted to wish it into a reality. In tryag to be humane the Administration plunged humanity into the abyss. So much for experimental government and puerile statesmanship.

The net result is the substitution of one set of brigands for a former set of murderers. Mexico itself has gained nothing. "The "outs" have become the "ins," but otherwise bleeding Mexico is no better off. The United States is the beneficiary to this extent -it obtains Villa as a resident.

### OSCULATORY PROPHYLAXIS

THOSE who are interested in that form of Lentertainment known as statistics should watch, with careful and eager eye, the matrimonial records established in Camden within the next few weeks. They will be of touching interest and will contribute much to the knowledge of the human heart.

The Board of Health of that thriving city us decreed and published broadcast its order that he who runs for a ferry may read, that there shall be no more kissing until the grip departs from the city. It has been held, on leient evidence, that kissing and matrimy go somohow together. Observers, but not profound, have pointed out that when persons kins, publicly and fin- | Ford is overlooking a bet.

## PARADOXES OF BENEVOLENCE

YMPATHY for suffering grows by what D it feeds on. It does not seem to be possible to exhaust it. The appeal of Belgium and Serbia has made our ears more sensitive to hear the cry of need from Poland. The President's proclamation calling on all kindly disposed persons to contribute to the relief of the Poles will doubtless provoke a generous response.

Nothing is truer than the spiritual paradox that he that sayeth his life will lose it and he that loseth his life will save it. The selfish thrift that ignores need too often defeats itself. Human sympathy cultivated and expanded by use broadens the outlook on life, and stretches all the faculties until a man becomes able to win in his business much more than enough to reimburse him for what he gives in charity. So even from the point of view of enlightened selfinterest, it pays to be benevolent.

But the paradox asserts itself again in denying to the man who is charitable only because it pays all the recompenses that accrue to him who goes to the relief of suffering without regard to the consequences.

## WE ALL KNEW THIS BEFORE

T WAS unnecessary for the newspaperman I who has been talking with Colonel Roosewelt to report that if a stand-pat reactionary machine Republican is nominated by the Chicago Convention the men who bolted in 1912 will lead a revolt in 1916. This has long been so certain that no one, unless it be those who can never learn anything, has been in doubt of it.

The mention of Knox, Hughes and Hadley as men of the type that will satisfy those who believe that the work of the Republican party is not yet finished ought to be helpful. And the very names indicate that there is no disposition to be proscriptive by excluding men who remained loyal to the party ticket in 1912.

Teutons are aiming at Egypt, it is said.

Those new Skoda guns must be wonders.

Great naval victory! Some German ships went a little way out to sea and got back without being seen.

The Montenegrins, it is charged, are treacherous. In this case that does not mean they will be given iron crosses.

At 11:55:30 on December 10 they finished the one millionth. The oneth is said to be still running. Detroit is a wonderful place.

Conversions in Syracuse cost about \$2.50 a sinner, according to the statistics furnished by the recent Sunday campaign. At such i rate there would be no sinners left in the world could the money being spent for war be diverted to the uses of Mr. Sunday. Mr.

I went downtown with Mother I saw him on one corner then Right off upon another, And worse than that another day When it was stormy weather Inside a sheltered passageway I saw him twice together. Perhaps it may be done for fun Or just to be amusing But for a trusting little one It surely is confusing. And once I thought if I would count They might be maybe thirty Or very nearly that amount, And most were awful dirty And just as skinny as could be And very dull and sleepy. No Santy Claus like that for me, Indeed he makes me creepy And so when I beheld a child That knew not any better Addressing one in accents mild To tell him what to get her I ran and told her "Wait my dear And do not speak to that one But in this store right over here There is a clean and fat one.

Keep Santa Claus like that and then I'm sure we all could love him But nobody can do it when There are two many of him.

#### Hands All 'Round

"The groom," says the report of a wedding the Milford (N. H.) Cabinet and Wilton in the in the Milford (N. H.) Cabinet and Wilton Journal, "was attired in black, while the bride was fancifully gowned in light and carried a bouquet of choice flowers. After the ceremony refreshments were served, followed by gener-ous slices of the huge wedding cake, cut by the bride, and cigars from the hands of the groom. Melodious tones of music from a violin and plano responded through the house at intervals made by the hands of Charles Dichard and Miss Christine Weismer."

| E  | veryfamily   | 's Christmas   | 1   |
|--|--|--|---|
| L<br>On<br>Christmas<br>Each<br>Year<br>Hearts<br>Fill<br>With<br>Cheer,<br>Mom<br>Knits,<br>Sis<br>Sews;<br>Glifts<br>Come,<br>Coah | 11.<br>Give<br>Freely,<br>Bury<br>Hate;<br>Trim<br>Trees,<br>Sleep<br>Late.<br>Girect<br>Girect<br>Gifta<br>With<br>Similer;<br>Shop<br>Early,<br>Walk | IIL<br>Packing<br>Paper<br>Pjled<br>High;<br>Plum<br>Pudd'n<br>Mince<br>Pie,<br>Hair<br>Brushed,<br>Hang<br>Clean,<br>Early<br>Bed<br>Xmaa | IV.<br>Kida<br>Don't<br>Sicep<br>Right,<br>Watch<br>Most<br>All<br>Night.<br>Xmas<br>Then<br>Comes<br>'Long.<br>Make<br>Merry,<br>Shout |
| Goes.  |  | E'en,<br>Questions:  | Song.<br>A. A.<br>"Ledger   |
| Sir-Fve tr   | Dom  | tinies to call   | upon you  |

How do you manage to avoid me? and just where is your office located?

The Lowell (Mass.) Sun, reprinting from this column the verses "To a Violinist," gave us a rapturous moment by making the first line road: "Applause! A suplurous duret."

their own weapons, in their own tongue.

It's a remarkable family, too. One of Doctor O'Malley's brothers is Frank Ward O'Malley, whom a good judge of newspaper men has called "the best reporter in America"; another is Captain William Ambrose O'Malley, on the retired list of the United States Navy. The third member of the fraternal quartet died not long ago: he was Dr. Joseph O'Malley, of St. Agnes' Hospital, a famous diagnostician. The O'Malleys of old followed the sea. So did Captain William, but the wanderlust of Doctor Austin has manifested itself principally in foreign travels in search of information on divers subjects. The O'Malleys of old, moreover, were the chieftain family of the clan, none of your immigrants who came from other parts of Ireland, settled on the clan lands and received the name of the clan. And that is why the doctor on South Broad street is called "The O'Malley."

#### Victory Over the Normans

The genealogy of Doctor O'Malley is the history of the clan and goes back to "Circa 190-Crimthann Cuilbuide, King of Aicill and Umhall-Conn of the Hundred Battles Living-The Fir Cralbe in Umhall." Thus the record saith. In ancient times the chieftain family and its clan held three baronles and a group of islands in the west of Ireland, and the chiefs were ex-officio admirals of the King of Connaught. Along in 812 the Normans made their first descent upon the coasts of Ireland, and who but the great Irish sea fighters of that time and place, the O'Malleys, drove them off! The news was spread all over northern Europe, and a ship was inserted in the O'Malley coat-of-arms in token of the victory. In the days of Queen Bess a famous sea-raider of the clan was Grainne Uaile, a woman who lived aboard ship for forty years, and in 1591, in the brief language of the annals, "chased some Scots to the Hebrides and chastised them." If only there were sufficient space an interesting story might be told about Irish genealogies, how and why they have been kept so carefully from time otherwise immemorial.

Doctor O'Malley, I understand, is an "aboriginal Irishman," by which is meant, presumably, that his ancestors came from the Mediterranean Basin. He could enlighten me on this point, as well as on any point relating to Irish history, for this subject is one of his hobbles. Learned institutions, including the College of Heralds, at Dublin, are all the time consulting him on such matters. The Irish Irish, if I may risk the expression, are to be found today in the greatest racial purity, not in Ireland, but in southeastern Spain and the Sabine hills. Maurice Hewlett has lately identified the Homeric Greeks as Celtic, but Doctor O'Mailey anticipated him by many years. As the doctor has told me, Greek civilization was Celtic, like the civilization of much of Europe in later times. An accomplished student of comparative literature, Doctor O'Malley can prove to you, by many facts and quotations. cited offhand, that the Homeric sagas and the Irish sagas are of identical origin. He

## Dr. O'Malley in Latin

Medico-moral problems are the hobby which has now become his principal line of work. He has been at it for some time now: indeed, he has always been considerably interested in the subject, but today he is a recognized authority in the field. A moral philosopher and doctor of medicine, he brings to bear a splendid training for the difficult, complex and profound questions with which he has to deal. They are practical questions. too, such as bring him many inquiries from clergy and physicians. Famous moral theologians argue with him in Latin and quote him with confidence. If one of them has devoted a Latin volume to "the iniquities of Doctor O'Malley," it only goes to show the extent of his reputation and the importance attributed to his opinions.

But for the majority of us his little book of aphorisms is the most interesting. We will, therefore, conclude with a few taken at random:

Busy souls have no time to be busybodies. An Irishman is a human enthymeme, all extremes and no middle.

Humor and humility are elsters. The perjurer's mother told white lies.

The novel you like is like you. Some men's brains are so hadly crowded with books that nothing can move therein. An army in peace is like an overcoat in July-not useful, but not to be thrown away.

A goat-Christian is a baptized person that A goat Christian is a days in the week, strays about town six days in the week, but strays in the shed on Sunday cating R.H.

ISLAM'S WESTERNMOST OUTPOST In Tangier is a Protestant church, standing In ranger is a Protestant called, standing guard over the great mirket place, and a Span-ish Cathedral where the Bishop of Fessea pre-sides. Spanish priests have pushed their way to all parts of the country. But the measure towers of Islam, watch-towers they are in real-ity, still stand sentinel-like, overlooking every village and town. Many a path ends at a little dazzlingiv white shrine of some saint where the dazzlingly white shrine of some saint where the passer-by pauses a moment to do reverence ry town of any size holds scores of these

All Morocco still repeats its salat five times day, facing the east and the sacred city. Most of its people still pause now and then in the day's work to say du'a or voluntary prayer. Mosques are still being reared, and saints shrines multiply-but the trenches of Christianity are there, valiantly held by a handful

Trench warfure is slow, but the Cross is mov-ing forward.-The Christian Herald.

### AMERICAN PATRIOTISM

AMERICAN PATRIOTISM The American patriotism must be uncor-rupted by those contempts for one's own which sometimes cast native sons of America into the hyphenated realin that exists on the fringe of the Brittsh empire. If the American spirit conquers anywhere, it must conquer at home. It must convince all comers from the world beyond our borders that this land is no tooger the happy hunting ground of nationalistic dynasties or race oligatchies struggling to con-sume one another. The pure and unsullide spirit of an America one and indivisible, now and forever—that is the ideal today fully, as much as it was in Webster's time.—Springfield Republican. Republican.



Not Greatly Bir-Does it interest you to learn that I counts seven restaurable and hunchrooms within sight the station at Ply-mouth, Indiana? Ted.