

Evening Ledger

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PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1915.

There will be no issue of the Evening Ledger tomorrow, Christmas Day.

THE FEAST OF THE CHILD

CHRISTMAS EVE! What a flood of pleasant memories these words stir to a new life. It is the time of faith and mystery.

And the children wait for him with the same quivering, eager expectancy that kept you awake when you were a little, trustful child.

Where there are children in the family the fathers and mothers are living all this delightful time over again in the experiences of those for whose pleasure they will be perfecting their plans tonight.

Christmas Eve is a wonderful time. We are all as little children then. The mystery of life entices us and we feel the drawing of the tender bond that through the infant connects us with all the past and joins us to the hope of an illimitable future.

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comparing it with the glory of Phaidippides, who raced like fire through a stubble field to report to Athens the victory at Marathon. Tilghman and the Greek were announcers of victory, but Paul Revere was only an alarm bell summoning the farmers to arms.

A CHRISTMAS LITANY

THE citizens of this country have been spared so much in the year which now draws to its end that Christmas, which is predestined for merriment and good cheer, may be neglected as a time for prayer and thanksgiving.

Yet it would be a mistake to imagine that the truth of Christmas can be found elsewhere than within ourselves. With the bitterness and the meanness of the world pressing in upon us each day, marking us irrevocably as partaker of all its deficiencies, we have to retire momentarily from the dust and heat of the struggle to find ourselves, and say that, in spite of all, we know the spirit of large-hearted humanity to be alive, because we have found it where none other can penetrate.

From war and the dire threat of war, from disloyalty and faithlessness, from civil dissension and the enmity of those whom we would cherish most as our friends, from the persuasions of the zealots, from the madness of demagogues, from the cowardice which is false to our lofty ideals, from the heart which is small and the brain which is wily, may the spirit of Christmas deliver our country.

And may it deliver us, ourselves, from all temptation to be ungenerous and petty and unkind, from sloth of mind and constiction of spirit, from lack of sympathy which we disguise as principle, from the smooth phrase for our own weakness and the harsh word for the weakness of our brother, from cynicism and from prejudice, from the envious eye and the clutching hand and the heart which knows not how to give itself, from discontent with the world and from content with ourselves, from envy and spite and perversity, from small illusions and the lack of great faiths, from all things which make the day unlovely and the night to be peopled by terror, and from all things which deny its own goodness—from those may the spirit of Christmas deliver us. Then we will be prepared to celebrate our Christmas—a year hence.

PROMOTION OF A GOOD JUDGE GOVERNOR BRUMBAUGH has earned the gratitude of every friend of justice in the Commonwealth by his appointment of Judge Walling, of Erie, to the vacancy in the Supreme Court. The appointment will strengthen that body.

It is generally understood that it is a personal selection and that no partisan or factional political considerations entered into the matter. This is as it should be. The bench exists for dispensing justice and not for rewarding party workers. Judge Walling is admirably fitted by temperament and training for his new functions. He has the respect and confidence of every lawyer in the State, and his record for fairness and impartiality is without a flaw.

THE KAISER'S ILLNESS IF THE Kaiser is really ill and unable to continue to inspire his troops with his indomitable spirit the war is nearer an end than has been supposed. Whatever the outcome of the conflict, William has already made a place for himself as one of the great masterful rulers of all history. When the test of war came he rose to the occasion. He has been the embodiment of the spirit of victory, a spirit that hangs on and persists and overcomes all obstacles and plans magnificently. The Allies have been weak for the lack of a similar directing genius. They are attempting to strengthen themselves by arranging for a closer relation between the commanders of the different national armies. But Germany under the lead of the Kaiser saw the need of a single commanding spirit from the beginning and provided for it.

William H. Taft is through with politics. What an ideal President he would make. If Zellgewentzending is half as bad as it looks the Kaiser must be a pretty sick man.

Many a young man would be delighted to accept a bride as a Christmas present, but he can't afford to keep even an automobile. Uncle Sam's foreign trade balance of a billion seven hundred million dollars is making the British hustle to pay their share of it.

They now say that the chief topic of discussion at the Gary dinner was Roosevelt's exploration of the River of Doubt. Is he still exploring? Root has joined Hughes and Roosevelt in asking that his name be kept off a presidential preference primary ballot. There must be some one willing to run.

The Turks say that the British could have forced their way through the Dardanelles if they had hung on a little longer; but perhaps their ammunition also was near exhaustion.

The gentlemen who bet last August that the Kaiser would eat his Christmas dinner in Petrograd are shaking hands with the men who refuse to shave until Bryan is elected President.

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Tom Daly's Column

Christmas Eve All aboard! the car for home! Move up by the door—

All aboard! the car for home! Say! what's on your mind? Let your cares blow off like foam; Leave 'em all behind.

That's the conductor speaking. Oh! very well, then, suppose it is just the column conductor. If you should happen to read this while you're riding in the car, just smooth off that last wrinkle on your brow.

In re: Correspondence School of Humor Dear Tom: After going through the business of matriculation for the Correspondence School of Humor would you kindly offer this—

Forward behavior, L. W. H.—As Thomas E. Hill might say, if he were still with us—will get you nowhere. You will wait and get in line with the others, please, and be a matricu—later.

Here's a bit of the same kindly spirit that invented the Santa Claus myth. Blessings on the man who fibs festively!

Dear Sir—You owe me twenty cents! Last night I commenced reading your column on the train and went a half dozen stations out of my way and had to pay two extra fares and stand a scolding when I arrived home for being late. It's an outrage. Please give the twenty cents to the Christmas fund.

For over 30 years, ever since the late Peter Dooner established the custom, there has been a Christmas party for the old folks at the Little Sisters of the Poor. But this year an epidemic of grip has made it necessary to put off the festivities. The old folks can better afford to pass up the party than some of us outsiders, to whom the affair came in the nature of a spiritual filip. Here's a poem that paints a somewhat similar picture in Dublin:

Christmas in the Workhouse It's Christmas Eve, they tell me, but in the Workhouse ward One day is like another an' both is mortal long.

There's paper decorations to hang upon the wall, And scrubbin' and contrivin'—themselves is fearful clean.

Christmas at Court Christmas, since this war began, is certainly not what it used to be, at least so far as joyousness is concerned, in the courts of Europe.

Christmas in the Workhouse Peace and good will the angels sing To every living sinner.

We're Betting He Won't Said grumbling Fred: "Though skates and sled From Santa may be nice, I'd like to bet that he'll forget To bring the snow and ice."

Light the Christ-Child on His Way Last Christmas Eve nearly every home in Minneapolis, responding to a suggestion by the Minneapolis Tribune, placed a burning candle in a front window to light the Christ-child on His way from Heaven to spend another birthday on the earth where He was born.

A fine old custom. We have been doing it in our house for years. Sorry we didn't think to mention it sooner, but perhaps it isn't too late.

WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES TO OTHERS

In the Courts of Europe, in the Homes of Warring Countries, in the Arctic Regions—Customs of Many Lands

CHRISTMAS customs, as observed in any given community, are of many different origins. Few of these customs have come down to us without mixture one with another.

The burning of the Yule log on Christmas Eve is an ancient ceremony transmitted to the British Isles by our Scandinavian ancestors, who at their feast of Junli at the winter solstice, used to kindle huge bonfires in honor of their great god Thor.

Germany, whose people loved the "Schwarzwald," the forests of black fir which so terrified the Latins, brought to the Christian festival the sacred tree. Our Anglo-Saxon fathers knew nothing of such trees, but what would Christmas be to our children deprived of them?

Prussian war losses totaled in Holland from detailed lists now rise to 2,257,083. That ratio would give for the empire more than 3,700,000, with some to add for naval lists and for officers with the Turks and Bulgarians. Entente losses, especially of prisoners, are greater still.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW Not every college, probably, ought to have a course in military science, but its teaching ought not to be confined to strictly military schools—Springfield Republican.

Without passing judgment on the guilt or innocence of any one now in custody, it may not be out of place to point out incidentally that the Hamburg-American Line is about as much a private institution in its relation to the German Government as are the Krupp gun works.—Detroit Free Press.

ARCADIA CHESTNUT Below 10th 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. HELEN WARE

GLOBE Theatre MARKET and JUNIOR STS. VAUGHN'S—Continued 11 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.

CHESTNUT ST. 11TH and CHESTNUT OPERA HOUSE CONTINUOUS NOON TILL 11 P. M.

LYRIC TONIGHT AT 8:15 MATINEE TOMORROW MESSRS. SHUBERT Present AMERICA'S FOREMOST LOUIS MANN

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE METROPOLITAN OPERA CO., NEW YORK TUES. MISS. D'ARNO, KRALIAN, ETC.

TOSCA MISS. D'ARNO, KRALIAN, ETC. CHESTNUT ST. 11TH and CHESTNUT PALACE 10c-1244 MARKET—200 10c-11 P. M.

GRAND Master Gabriel & Co. Most Our Santa Claus in the Broad & Montgomery Lobby, Christmas Tree; Candy Trolls 2:15, 7 & 9

of her subjects. Exceptionally gay is the life of her arrival at Christmas time, Stockholm's ever-popular festival, in which members of the royal family join.

Spain's royalty fervently pays regard to Christmas with all the pomp of religious ceremony and national tradition. Mass is celebrated on Christmas Eve at the chapel royal in Madrid and attended by royalty, and on Christmas Day the adoration of the "manger" takes place, when the King receives high officers of state, social pleasures following.

Christmas in the North In the far north of America the effects of war are little known. Christmas there, however, is interesting to us for another reason. To get the Christmas post in April is an occurrence with which most people are unacquainted, but such is the fate of lonely dwellers in the Arctic regions.

The mail leaves early in December, starting from the growing Western town of Edmonton, and it goes the first part of the way to Lac La Biche by team and sleigh. When that point is reached and the La Biche mail delivered the rest of the journey is performed by the Hudson Bay Company's dog teams.

The Grand Total Prussian war losses totaled in Holland from detailed lists now rise to 2,257,083. That ratio would give for the empire more than 3,700,000, with some to add for naval lists and for officers with the Turks and Bulgarians.

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Knickerbocker Theatre PLAYERS Market and 4th Sts. "The Charity Ball" Mat. Tuesday.

REAL CRUELITIES OF CHRISTMASTIDE

They're Not the Cigars a Man Receives From His Wife, for That Subject Is Not to Be Taken Seriously

CRITICISM of Christmas should be reserved for the Fourth of July; but I can't wait. The real, the fundamental value of Christmas is that it is, by common consent, a suspension of all criticism. Christmas is the great truce. You may have your opinion of Cousin John, but you will send him a box of cigars just the same.

And begins it promptly afterward. Cousin John may have replied to your cigars with an ash tray worth only half the value of the cigars. Or the beggar is just as apt to confuse you by sending you something worth twice as much as your inexpensive cigars.

Why is Christmas? The question is a frightfully bad taste. Nevertheless, let us risk approbrium or jail, and ask it. No day is so cruel as this day of kindness. In giving your gift, and with the kindest intentions, you may be giving a stab instead. Suppose Christmas this year has caught Cousin John short of funds. Conceive, then, how he feels when, having purchased no gift for you, your cigars arrive! Do not, on any account, refrain from giving Cousin John another box next year.

Much of the foregoing is not to be taken seriously. Here follows matter that cannot be pondered too seriously: What though you give more than you get, or ditto vice versa? That's not the cruelty of Christmas. But there is one individual to whom the day is one of exquisite torture. The individual is the person with a large heart and a small purse. Usually he is the father of a family. For days beforehand, perhaps, his children have been ordering things from Santa in no greater volume than they deserve but in greater volume than he can afford.

AMUSEMENTS METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE BOSTON GRAND OPERA CO. IN CONJUNCTION WITH Pavlova Ballet Russe

New Year's Eve, Dec. 31 Madama Butterfly Opera House, Dec. 31 Snowflakes

New Year's Night Pagliacci Zensella Jan. 1 Coppelia

GARRICK—NOW Twice Daily, 2:15 & 8:15 D. W. GRIFFITH'S Massive Production

Last BIRTH of A NATION Times

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