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There will be no lasue of the Evening Ledger to morrow, Christmas Day,

THE FEAST OF THE CHILD

CHRISTMAS EVE! What a flood of pleas-ant memories these words atir to a new life. It is the time of faith and mystery. During the night the rewarder of all good little boys and girls is to come with his sleigh and reindeer. When every family lived in a house by itself he entered by the chimney and found the stockings hanging at the fireplace waiting to be filled. This traditionary method of procedure dates from the time when houses were heated by open fires. Nowadays, with hot air furnaces and steam radiators and when too many families live in strata in apartments, he has been compelled to adjust himself to modern conditions. He has to climb the fire escapes or get into the houses through the cold airbox that supplies the furnace. We do not know just how he enters the steam-heated houses, but he gets there just the same.

And the children wait for him with the same quivering, eager expectancy that kept you awake when you were a little, trustful child. What a thrilling time it was! Father and mother were busy downstairs and you were listening with all your ears for the first faint tinkle of the silver bells that heralded the approach of the visitant from the North Pole. Sometimes you crept down on tiptoe to peek through the sitting room door; but they always heard you and hurrled you back to bed with the warning that unless you were good Santa Claus would know all about it. "And then what a disappointed little boy you would be in the morning! So go to sleep right away." And you minded as well as you could, and when you were not able to keep your eyes open any longer you dreamed about the reindeer.

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. The old, whose families have grown up and gone away, are reliving it in a double recollection, which includes their own childhood and the chilhood of their children. Those to whom children have been denied, either through their own cellbacy or because of an adverse fate, are dreaming, if they would only confess it, of what might have been. They see sparkling eyes and hear eager voices and imagine the sound of pattering feet scurrying about the house. Then they wipe the mist from their glasses and try to read.

Christmas Eve is a wonderful time. We ere 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. And we do not forget the Babe born in Bethlehem of Judea to whom all mankind owes a debt of allegiance. The angels sang when He was born, and their song will be echoed in the hearts of all parents, and they will be the better for it. And some few will recall His remark to those who were trying to keep the children from Him, that "Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, shall not enter therein," and they will get for themselves a glimpse of that kingdom to their own eternal better-

PEACE IN BASEBALL

IT IS possibly only fortuitous that peace in baseball comes so ripe upon the moment when peace is on every man's lips and the hope of it in every man's heart. But it has come, and the fan is loud in his rejoicings.

The case against litigious magnates was finely put by Grantland Rice, who suggested, once, that the thrill of seeing a contract waved in court was triffing beside the thrill of a two-base clout with a man on second. The weariness of fans in regard to the just or unjust claims of the Federal League was due to the fact that the fan has but one interest in baseball, and that is in seeing it played. Here in Philadelphia the fan was spared the distraction of a third league, for which he was truly grateful. Next year he will have the satisfaction of knowing that the blood of the home teams has not been sapped by extraneous demands.

He will also hope that the insolence of player and employer alike has been lessened the Federal's rebellion. There were grievances aplenty, and it would be a pity if the whole unhappy war should end without their settlement.

TENCH TILGHMAN REDIVIVUS

THENCH TILGHMAN, the gallant graduate of the University of Pennsylvania in the class of 1761, is likely to come into a deserved though belated fame through the action of Provest Smith. His Christmas greeting to the alumni in all parts of the world, which includes Huckei's poem on Tilehman's ride from Yorktown to Philadelphis to announce the surrender of Cornwallis, will make the story of that achievement familiar to many who never before knew of it.

New England will not admit that Tilghman deserves so great fame as Paul Reere, but it is likely that the school boys future generations will be detating the men who refuse theirs distinction of their two men and elected President.

comparing it with the glory of Pheidippides, 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. The Greek and the Pennsylvanian have doubtless been enjoying cheerful converse in the fields of asphodel for the last century, while the New England jack-of-alltrades sits on a hummock nearby biting his fingers in chagrin.

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 thankagiving. The arrogance of prosperity is upon us, and we are become slaves to our peace and well-being. It is even possible that the spirit of Christmas, tremulous with wonder and awe, cannot be caught by us in the midst of our contentment. What miracle can we celebrate who do not remember that

our whole life is a miracle? It has been said that they love most who have least cause to love, and it is certainly true that the love of God grows often inte fuller flower in those hearts to whom His power, more than His benevolence, has been revealed. They who harden their hearts, whether with shallow cynicism or with deep thinking, against the true Christmas spirit, are often its most abandoned votaries. They deny, but they desire nothing more than to be persuaded that the overflowing generesity and good-will of Christmas is more

real than the barsh realities of every day. 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. No day has been set apart for this self-searching. None could he better disposed for the purpose than the day which follows Christmas Eve. Its traditional merriment has subsided then into quiet joy, sometimes into sober faith. Then prayer can come.

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 constriction 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 eve 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 these 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

TF THE Kalser 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. Tuft is through with politics. What an ideal President he would make.

If Zellgewebentzuendung is half as bad as it looks the Kaiser must be a pretty sick

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

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

Tom Daly's Column

All aboard! the car for home!

Move up by the door-Ma'amt Object to bundlest No'm! Lots o' room for more. Here, sir, give the child to me. Come! step Hvely, please. Sure! we carry bundles free-Hold it on your knees. But, my friend, you, over there, You must lay that by! Whatf I mean that savage glare Flashing from your eye. That's the only kind of freight That we can't afford. Hurry! lady; we'll be late-Now, then-all aboard!

Say! what's on your mind? Let your cares blow off like foam; Leave 'em all behind. Lots, oh! lots of room we've got For your Christmas cheer; Bring but pleasant burdens, not Business troubles here. You, sir! this is not the place For that frowning brow. Come, ho! solpe it off your face, For the home-folks now. That's the only kind o' fretakt That we can't afford. Hurry! people; we'll be late-

All aboard! the car for home!

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

After going through the business of matriculation for the Correspondence School of Humor would shyly offer this-

Now, then, all aboard!

He-My new Ford car is a poem She-Righto! It's a jingle.

Please send my degree. L. W. H. Forward behavior, L. W. H.,-as Thomas E. Hill might say, if he were still with uswill 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 festally!

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. C. R.

By the way, you don't say what Christmas fund, but it will please you, C. R., to hear that we dropped the twenty cents into the cup of one who could see our faults no better than you. And it might have been only two pennies for all he knew, but his "thank you" was worth as many dollars to us-the two of us-the giver and the proxy. "God bless us, every one!"

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 fillip. 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

One day is like another an' both is mortal long. What sort of grand rejoicings could the like

of us afford, That's poor old pauper women who could

never raise a song? Peace and good will the angels sing To Christianable people, You'll hear the merry bells ring out

There's paper decorations to hang upon the wall. And scrubbin' and conthrivin'-themselves is fearful clane.

From every Dublin steeple.

They're lettin' on it's Christmas Eve, but troth! I'd quit at all

To walk the dirty world outside and see the street again. Peace and good will the angels sing

To every living sinner, (On Christmas Day the Guardians give Plum pudding for our dinner.)

The ould one that's beside me she coughs with every breath, The one beyant, the villyain, her temper's

fearful short; But it's in this place we're gathered, an' like to be till death,

Amn't I praying every minyit to love them as I ought? Peace and good will the angels sing, And let you love your brother;

But angels in a Workhouse ward Wouldn't maybe hate each other. A tidy-living person I was when I was young,

As tidy-living person as ever walked in shoes. But it's quare and bad ch'racters I've got to live among, Wid some that's in it never had ch'racters

they could lose. Peace and good will the angels sing. But here's a world of sorrow, (Och, glory be! ourselves will dine On rale roust beef tomorrow.)

We're Betting He Won't

W. M. LETTS.

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."

C. H. Sykes, the cartoonist, was talking golf yesterday-no uncommon thing, by the way-and he made the statement that "no golf club is really good for anything until it has been exercised." After watching the way most of his clubs behave we think he meant "exorcised."

Light the Christ-Child on His Way 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. There
could be no more beautiful custom in this season of symbolic things. It did us all good to
put them there, it did the passer-by good to
see them there and it did the city good to
have them there.—The Minneapolis Tribuns.
A fine old custom. We have been done.

A fine old custom. We have been doing it in our house for years. Serry we didn't think to mention it sooner, but perhaps it tun't too late. 8

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 Juul at the winter solstice, used to kindle huge bonfires in honor of their great god Thor. In the England of the feudal age the bringing in and firing of a mighty log in the spacious baronial hall was one of the most joyous occasions of the merry Christmas season. The venerable tree, shorn of its branches, was drawn in triumph from the woods, each wayfarer raising his hat as it passed, knowing full well that it was full of good promises and that Its flame would burn out old wrongs and heartburnings, and cause the liquor to bubble in the wassail bowl that was quaffed to the drowning of ancient feuds and animosities. But it boded ill luck to the house if a squinting person entered the hall when the log was burning. Many superstitions are connected with Christmas Day, and in some places it is believed that if the sun shines bright at noon a plentiful supply of apples may be expected in the following year.

The Sacred Tree

Germany, whose people loved the "Schwarzwald," the forests of black firs 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? Into the parlors of the millionaires, sumptuous with the gathered treasures of all climes, the Christmas tree brings a reminder of humble origin, telling of the days when all our Teutonic ancestors dwelt beneath overarching branches as their only ceiling. Back to the "Weinachtsbaum" turn our hearts instinctively, as the soul of the adult always reverts to the scenes of infancy. And when to our Teutonic family was added a strain of Celtic blood, with it came the mysterious mistletoe; no longer reserved for Druidic rites, but hung above the sports and dances and coquetries of our lads and lassies; while as the good faith made its way to the afar north, the holly-that is, the "holy" tree-with its brilliant red berries, took the place of summer's vanished flowers and filled choir and chapel with its winter sunshine.

"Germany without Christmas-or better-Christmas without Germany! For me the one state is as unthinkable as the other," wrote an English woman before the war. "After comparing my experiences I can but come to the conclusion that there is no country in the wide world where Christmas flourishes with so much of its old truth, so much of its own true feeling-in fact, where Christmas is so intensely 'Christmasy,' as in the Fatherland. I do not want to hurt anybody's feelings with this statement, and I must admit that my experience is not very wide. It extends only over England, France, Belgium and Italy, and I have no doubt that, for instance, the Yankees make the season an occasion for great magnificence, the Russians for pomp and ceremonial, and so throughout the whole Christian world, each land imprinting its own national characteristics upon the festival. I always think of the Christmas spirit as a little child, who would be very happy to sing carols be tiny shrub in some poor German garret, but would shrink back invaluntarily from the offer of gems and rich incense. And it is that childish, open-hearted simplicity which, so it seems to me, makes Christmas essentially German, or at any rate explains why it is that nowhere else in the world does it find so pure an expression."

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. Many of the customary festivities will be omitted, probably even in some of the neutral countries. What a difference war makes! We see it by contrast with the Christmases that were. Imagine, if you can, that there is no war. The Kaiser's celebration of Christmas at the royal palace at Potsdam is easily the most brilliant affair in Europe. Punctillously the Kaiser and Kaiserin maintain every iota of the national custom when his Majesty specially plays the role of the father of his people. On the Potsdam estate all the servants receive a gift from his Majesty's hands, his charities similarly being on a munificent scale. With charming taste the Kaiserin arranges the royal Christmas tree, and as Christmas Eve draws on, the royal parents mingle in the frolic of their children by throwing off the cares of state and sharing in the festivities universally observed all over the fatherland. But what of the war? There are potentates and princes, as well as soldiers in the trenches and families in humble homes, all over Europe, who long today, we hope, for an old-fashioned Christmas.

In Denmark, perhaps, the observance of Christmas will be nearer what it was before the war than in Germany The Danish royal family celebrates in the magnificent Amalienborg Palace at Copenhagen. For generations past an enormous Christmas tree, about 20 feet high, has been brought from the woods of Bernstorff and placed in the Knight's Hall, where it is hung with the choicest family gifts. Following an early dinner on Christmas Eve, a procession is formed to the hall, where the young people, attended by ladies and gentlemen of the household, after making inspection of the tree and recelving their respective presents, pass the remainder of the evening in dancing, merriment and congratulations. The royal family of Denmark are singularly devoted and united to each other and avail themselves of Christmastide to express their mutual affection. The court of Sweden makes Christmas

Eve a joyous season in common with the rich and poor of the land. Christman is passed at the castle of Stockholm, and on Holy Eve Christmas trees for each member of the family are prepared in the Queen's sitting room, the scene of the family gathering. The grandchildren bring gifts of their own handiwork, such as wood carving or painting, for paterfamilias. Quite unique, however, in costliness are the presdevoted to philanthropic objects which the King and Queen make to themselves respectively. Her Majesty, likewise, is be-

of her subjects. Exceptionally gay is the ice carnival at Christmas time, Stockholm's ever-popular festival, in which members of

the royal family join. Spanish 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. The court of Spain is alive with benevolence and galety at this period of the year, the royal family excelling itself in functions of benevolence.

But Christmas at the courts of Europe will be sadder than for many years. The exchange of gifts among kings and queenshow the war has affected this custom may be left to the imagination. How the war has affected the giving of gifts among the people-that, too, may be easily, if pleasantly, imagined. But Christmas is still Christmas. It is one standard for measuring the behavior of Europe.

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. These are the whalers who will be wintering in the frozen seas round Herschel Island, off the Arctic coast of Canada. They will not get their Christmas letters till the long Arctic winter is giving place to the brief summer.

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. These are in charge of experienced runners, who know every part of the trail, as it runs over wide plains and frozen rivers. The teams set out northward from Lac La Biche to Fort McMurray. From this place they go up the River Athabasca to Fort Chippewyan, and proceed thence to Fort Resolution, on the Great Slave Lake, long before then covered with thick ice.

That is as far as the carriers can get before Christmas Day. From Fort Resolution the teams continue northward to Fort Mc-Pherson, and onward to the frozen seas round Herschel Island. Here the whaling ships lie ice-bound, and to them will be delivered the long-delayed Christmas mall, which will be the first news they will have had from the outside world since the boats left in July.

THE GRAND TOTAL

Prussian war losses totaled in Holland from detailed lists now rise to 2,287,083. would give for the empire more than 3,709,000, with some to add for naval lists and for officers with the Turks and Bulgarians. Entente losses, especially of prisoners, are greater still. The grand total of perhaps 8,000,000 is too vast to be grasped. Some measure of the suffering en-talled is given by the fact that the Prussian lists alone would fill 100 volumes of 450 pages each .-New York World.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

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

It now appears that the Department of Justice is still in the hands of just such peanut politicians as Mr. Wickersham, who must be dislodged in next year's election at any cost.— New York World.

That during the terrifie and all-absorbing struggle for national life and prosperity now raging in Europe some men's minds are directed toward scientific investigations, not always related to the death struggle, is one of the good things of the day.—New York Sun.

Without passing judgment on the guilt or innocense 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 Ger-man Government as are the Krupp gun works. -Detroit Free Press.

The chief thing that may discourage American capital in building up the shipping industry is the threat of governmental competition. With private capital already undertaking the work there is no excuse for the Government to spend that \$50,000,000 which is so badly needed for other purposes.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

AMUSEMENTS

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REAL CRUELTIES OF CHRISTMASTIDE

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

TRITICISM of Christmas should be be served 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 suspense 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. Not bad cigars, either, The tragedy of those cigars may be that you would like to keep them and smoke then yourself. But at Christmas time you suspend criticism of Cousin John and prove # in the cigars. Everybody suspends critician of everybody else at Christmas time, And begins it promptly afterward. Cousts

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. Confound Cousin John, anyway! Probably the only thing in this world that

is never criticised, can never be criticised, ought never to be criticised, is Christman itself, the day devoted to a total abstinence from criticism. And as now practiced, there is probably no other thing in the world more deserving of criticism.

Why is Christmas? The question is in frightfully bad taste. Nevertheless, let us risk opprobrium or jail, and ask it. No day is so cruel as this day of kindness. In giving your gift, and with the kindlest 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. After all, Cousin John may have been pained less by your cigars than by his Inability to swap even with an ash tray. He may get more than even with you next year when he sends you an ash tray, and you do not reply with cigars. If you are shrewd, you will be prepared with your cigars. For it is better to be kind than be careful. And besides, if no ash tray arrives from Cousin John, you may smoke the cigars yourself.

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. Can't you see that father on Christmas morning, marking the absolutely complete satisfaction of his kiddles with the few things he has bought them? The day has touched them with chivalry. They know they have not all they wanted. But the more cleverly they conceal that, the more polgaantly they touch the heart of their father. It is worth while being in bad taste to cels-

brate that man. On him falls the real cruelty of Christman The real tragedy of this festival is not is getting nothing, nor in being obliged to give The thing that makes Christmas very near a torture for many is in wanting much and B. K. L. having little to give.

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Reg. Matines Saturday
Evening at 6:18

ATLANTIC CITY CHRISTMAS

Tomor., Xmas Mat. ANDREW MACK in "THE IRISH DRAGOON" BEST SEATS \$1.00

STANLEY "THE OLD HOMESTEAD" Coming All Next Week

FARRAR "TEMPTATION" ADELPHI LAST THREE TIMES
LAST MATTINES TOMORROW
PHILADELPHIA'S GREATEST JOY

AFULLHOUSE SEATS NOW ON SALE FOR THE ADELENIATE WEEK-SEATS NOW ON SALE "THE LAND OF THE FREE" A Play every true American my

THE MANAGEMENT OF B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE WISHES ALL ITS PATRONS AMERRY CHRISTMAS

BROAD-Last 2 Evgs. LAST MAT TOMORROW HERPRICE With DUNN Next Wash Wash Bush Beats New. WM GILLETTE Secret Service Week Jan. 3-"Sherlock Holmes."

FORREST-XMAS NIGHT SON FIRST MATINEE WED. DEC. 29 CHARLES DILLINGHAM Presents WATCH YOUR STEP MRS VERNON CASTLE—FRANK TINNST BERNARD GRANVILLE BRICE & KING; HARRY KELLY; 100 OTHERS

AMERICAN THEATRE Olears below sea Commission of the Commission of Trocadero POLLIES OF PLYASURE IN HER