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Philadelphia, Monday, December 24, 1917

VICTORY WITHOUT HATRED

IT TAKES some fortitude to measure up to the true Christmas spirit this year. We have been so long a people without enemies and without hates. When this magic season came around at each year's close we could feel free to rejoice without qualms of conscience. When we had given all we could spare to the helpless and healed personal quarrels, there fell no shadow of hypocrisy over our celebration of Life's birthday and its promise of mirth for all of us. Professor Ferrero and Ambassador Gerard, discussing this country at their meeting in Paris, remarked upon the absence of hate in America. Americans seemed never to have learned to hate, they agreed, as European peoples could hate. Isolated, we could feel well disposed toward nations that could not hurt us; we were perhaps too self-satisfied and indifferent to the foreign world; but at least we did not hate.

This even temper is now menaced. Into our Christmas cheer there creeps the chill of bitter feeling. Young children, who think a world at war is the normal state of affairs, having never known any other kind of world, are not easily taught to love their enemies and discriminate nicely between the German autocracy and the German people, especially after hearing some one read with high glee some such dispatch as this from Saturday's newspaper:

> Verwaerts, the Socialist paper of Berlin, in a plain-spoken attack on the system of Herr von Waldow, Food Controller, declares that great masses of German people simply are hungry, but are literally starving. * * * Forty millions of the people are starving and are unlikely to sit idle. We might have within a month an absolute catastrophe in Germany and a collapse even worse than Russia's, resulting in a German defeat and loss of the war.

"Good news! Hurrah! They know they're licked!" But the imaginative child, to whose mind some queer, distorted picture of women with shawls over their heads and ragged babies—a whimsical, but, perhaps, essentially true picture—has penetrated, does not see the joke. Or, it may be, this child does come to think it is a good thing to starve out ragamuffins in general and German ones, for the present, in particular.

It is safe to say that until now there has not been much sympathy in America for starving out the German women and children. If we can trust to our war literature, the speeches, soldiers' letters, books, magazine articles and press comments, the general sentiment is for a swift, clean-cut fight "over the top," with American marksmanship, grit and daring, and not starvation, as the ways and means of victory. Hate and malice have no part in the making of a great soldier. Who could have been more free from them than Grant and Lee? We can easily trust to our soldiers and sailors to maintain a chivalrous temper, hoping not to sneak a victory through Germany's kitchen door, but to win openly in the field against her soldiers.

But here at home it takes strength of heart to put our faith entirely in our manhood, for the simple reason that our best manhood has gone to war. The civilian is always in danger of getting arnished with the "win-in-any-old-way-you-can" spirit, which is a twin brother to the "holier-than-thou" spirit. The average American is no worse than the average German, so far as we can tell. Would the average American make any better fight for liberty than the fight made in the Reichstag? Have we, after all, still to prove that we of this generation are made of the same stuff the forefathers of 1776 were made of? In the year that starts next week we are to be tested in the crucible. We have still to prove that we can fight really as "the people of the German people, as they will soon see us." This ideal is a higher one than we have ever been summoned to. It is only the Lincoln spirit that will bring us safely through the year and make us deserving of another Christmas more than this one.

The worst thing the Germans could do would be to teach us to hate as they hate.

...NATIONALIZATION

...in the fifties and sixties ...century a rebellion in ... It is said, ... enough time to corral legions ...

would be interesting to take a census among college graduates to learn how high the percentage of those ignorant of this appalling episode in modern history may be. We fancy it would be about 90 per cent. "One Million Dead in Famine" in India or China is a headline that has been too often in small type in our newspapers. A glance at the brief cablegram and we turned to more engrossing topics of the day's news!

We were unprepared for the world's war because we were unprepared for the world. Gigantic horrors stalked in the background and we closed our eyes. Provincialism everywhere resulted in chaos. Peoples pigeonholed themselves in their own affairs, and such a little thing as the Atlantic Ocean could make us isolated. In all these years two international movements struggled along valiantly through the gloom. One of them failed, one succeeded. The light that failed was the movement for a peace tribunal. The light that succeeded was the Red Cross. It did help the Chinese when they starved. It did help flood sufferers when most of us forgot to.

It is about time to become internationalized and shake off provincialism. The initial step costs $1, payable at any Red Cross station.

BOLSTERING UP THE MAILED FIST

NEW data continue to pile up about the coming great series of battles on the western front. It is most significant that all the information about German forces from the Russian front pouring through Belgium now comes from German news sources. It is Berlin's latest propaganda, its new "Beware!" Amsterdam, incidentally, informs us that the fresh hordes are crowding, bullying, trampling on what is left of the Belgian population.

It is a new thing under the sun to have advance news of a campaign. But Germany could not keep it secret if she wanted to. It is inevitable. The last campaign of the war is about to start, for the simple reason that there is no other place but the western front left for sustained operations. It is important that, in spite of Berlin's repeated warnings, the attack is so long delayed. Winter is our ally, for one thing, and American troops can be transported overseas while mud, rain and snow delay matters on land. There is a natural explanation of the big talk and small accomplishment by the German staff. These are evidently the preliminaries of a desperate bid for peace. The Kaiser can strike, must strike, but as the whole future of his house depends upon the outcome of the campaign of 1918, he pauses. Though he drove half the way to the gates of Paris, and could drive no further, that would spell defeat in 1919, when our troops are there in maximum force. There is nothing for him to do but to bluff now while the bluffing is good, in the hope that political division in England or France may come to his rescue.

WRITING VICTORY INTO THE POLICY

SPEED does not mean inefficiency; haste does. Speed can be systematic; haste is haphazard. The more speed now the less urgency for haste later in stock-taking of our national assets for the war. The fuel and food administrations, war measures both, are now the subject of congressional hearings. The conduct of the Navy Department is coming up for investigation. The ordnance division of the War Department is under fire. Army supplies, through a quiz into methods and operations of the quartermaster's department, are to be probed.

The more investigations now the scantier need for them later. Reasonable criticism and investigation into this serious business of carrying on a victorious war mean concentration of energy and efficiency for the winning. Under our system of government legislative investigations are inevitable. Let us have them while policies are in process of formulation, not wait till we have made a wrong and maybe almost irretrievable start. England waited too long to put its military and industrial establishments in order. We can learn from her experience and avoid mistakes by taking stock in time, thus preventing misdirection and misuse of energy in remedying errors.

PENNYPACKER'S STEWARDSHIP

FORMER GOVERNOR PENNYPACKER'S graphic recollections of public life have now reached the climax of intense interest. His autobiography illuminating men and measures, viewed "close up," has had all the variety and action of a movie in words. In a few days this newspaper will begin publication of the second part of the Autobiography under the title "My Four Years as Governor." The Sage of Schwenkville gives a typically frank and forthright accounting of his stewardship in the highest office of the Commonwealth.

Governor Pennypacker's governorship was the target of almost constant criticism. In the recital of his gubernatorial career he analyzes the motives that impelled many of the acts that drew the fire of criticism, sets forth his aims and ambitions and states his theory of the functions and principles of executive statesmanship. The second part of the Autobiography is as stimulating as it is readable.

Boston's Socialist vote has fallen to 345, according to unofficial count in the mayoralty election. What has become of pacifism, anyhow?

Rear Admiral Peary joins Congressman J. Hampton Moore in urging speedy operation of the Atlantic intracoastal canal system. He's content just now to link up Maine and Florida, leaving a ship channel to the North Pole for post-bellum consideration.

Senator Reed, of Missouri, who did his consarndest to defeat the food administration act, declares that his food investigation is only an honest attempt to uncover the facts. His refusal to let Mr. Hoover testify is precisely calculated to uncover the facts about Senator Reed.

If German prisoners were less numerous and if their pictures were more like those of supermen we should feel less confident. We seem to remember that Alexander and Caesar lost remarkably few men in battle. World conquerors do not ...

PENNYPACKER AUTOBIOGRAPHY

When Judge Pennypacker Returned From Europe He Found Several Important Cases Waiting for Him to Give a Decision Upon

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The installments of Governor Pennypacker's "Autobiography of a Pennsylvanian" temporarily will appear on the editorial page of the Evening Public Ledger.

CHAPTER IX—CONTINUED

WE CROSSED the ocean from Southampton to New York in the City of Paris. On board were Pillsbury, who had been Attorney General of Massachusetts; Rufus E. Shapley, the Philadelphia lawyer who wrote "Solid for Mulhooly," and the secretary of Chauncey M. Depew. We started in a storm so fierce that the seas swept over the upper decks and the hatchway had to be closed and the passengers locked below, much to their discomfort. At the international concert, whose program was printed on the vessel, I presided and made an address.

When I went to Europe at the beginning of the summer vacation all of the matters before the court had been disposed of, except one, and upon that we had reached a conclusion, and Sulzberger and Wiltbank promised that one of them would write the opinion. The Christian Science Church had applied for a charter. In addition to teaching certain theological tenets they proposed to treat diseases through the instrumentality of "healers," who charged a fee for their services and advertised, seeking business. After discussion all of the three Judges were opposed to granting the charter for the reason that it would be in conflict with those statutes which make it a criminal offense to practice medicine except after study and upon a certificate of the Board of Examiners. We determined to select some good lawyer, disinclined to overlook the technique of his profession, a little set and narrow, closely associated with some one of the orthodox churches, so as to be certain of an adverse report, and refer the case to him as master. We all felt sure that Henry Budd was our man and we made the reference. After long and careful study and a full presentation of the testimony he filed a thoroughgoing report recommending that the charter be granted. Then there was a court in trouble. When I returned in the fall I found the case just where it had been left. Sulzberger protesting that, since he was a Jew, if he had written the opinion it would have been commented upon unfavorably, and Wiltbank, since he was known as a strict churchman, urging similar reasons. The matter ended in my writing an opinion overruling Budd and refusing the charter, and by such a series of mischances I secured a place in Christian Science literature. With the great growth in numbers of these people and with the respectability which comes in two or three generations after the accumulation of such fortunes as that of Mrs. Eddy, there promises to be a future in which I shall be regarded as a sort of nineteenth-century Herod.

A Decision in Bicycling

It was also my fortune to decide one of the very early cases determining the rights of riders of the bicycle. The law is fixed that one approaching a railroad crossing must stop, look and listen. A man riding a bicycle came to a railroad where a train was passing. He did not get off, but rode around in a circle until the train had passed and then crossed behind it. A train coming the other way killed him. His widow brought a suit against the railroad for damages, which was tried before me. I entered a nonsuit and was sustained by the Supreme Court. The newspaper organ of the bicyclers, published in Boston, said there was a great need of new blood on the bench and that the Judges were a lot of old short-sighted and bandy-legged fellows who could not ride a bicycle if they tried and who had no conception of the principles which ought to be applied to its use.

In March, 1898, Albert, who was the prospective heir to the throne of Belgium, made a tour incognito through the United States. He was a young man, neither tall nor short, neither slender nor stout, of no distinctive color or manner, and he made upon the beholder no very decided impression of any kind. I have already referred to the dinner which was given to him at the Bellevue. At that time Henry J. McCarthy, one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas No. 3, had a method of after-dinner speaking which was very taking and altogether his own. He familiarized himself with the events in the careers of the classic heroes—Agamemnon, Alexander, Caesar and the rest—and fitted them upon the men of everyday life in Philadelphia. Colonel Alexander P. Colesberry, a slightly made man, who gave no impression of strength, at that time United States Marshal, was at the dinner. McCarthy made a speech in which he drew a picture of Colesberry, with the language and in the habiliments of Caesar, stopping the riot raised by the recent railway strikers on Chestnut street. Albert listened with amazement, if not with interest.

Made a Mason at Sight

About this time, by a dispensation of the most worshipful grand master of the Masons of Pennsylvania, I was made a Mason at sight—that is, the three degrees of a Master Mason were conferred at one time, which is regarded as a great Masonic honor and has been accorded to but eight or ten men in the State. Among them were included John Wanamaker, James Gay Gordon and Charles Emory Smith.

In 1897 Philadelphia sought to issue a loan of $11,200,000. Some citizens, represented by Alexander Simpson, Jr., filed a bill in equity in No. 2 court to prevent the transaction. I wrote an opinion dismissing the bill and on appeal to the Supreme Court the judgment was affirmed.

On the 3d of March, 1899, my mother died, in her eighty-fourth year, one of a series of events occurring about that period which changed the whole tenor of my life. Since the time of my birth we had been together almost continuously. The early death of my father led to a relation between us, never interrupted, which was more than that of mother and son. The same year, June 17, the Sons of the Revolution made a pilgrimage to Pennypacker's mills on the Perkiomen, where I made an address to them. Peter Pennypacker bought 615 acres at this place in 1747, and there had a grist mill, saw mill, fulling mill and probably a country store. It was the terminus of the Skippack road and is referred to in William Bradford's little book, published in 1754, as one of the noted places in the province. Washington took the Continental army there September 26, 1777, and there held the council of war which determined to fight the Battle of Germantown. After the battle he retreated to the same camp, bringing with him his wounded men. Since the time of its purchase by Peter the property had never been out of the family.

In the fall of 1899 I was nominated by all parties and elected to another term of ten years upon the bench. Said the Evening Bulletin editorially: "The renomination of Judge Pennypacker assures the continuance on the bench for another term of one of the most trusted and sagacious of the Common Pleas Judges. Although among the unostentatious members of the judiciary, Judge Pennypacker's clear-headed, industrious, wise and faithful performance of his duty had long ago earned for him the confidence of all who have occasion either to participate in or to observe the business of the courts."

Valley Forge Commissioner

As events happened very soon afterward, it did not assure anything of the kind and the play of larger forces gave a very different phase to my career.

The same year Governor William A. Stone appointed me a member of the Valley Forge Park Commission. The State had undertaken some years before to secure the grounds of the camp at Valley Forge and preserve them, but not very much progress had been made. Francis M. Brooke, who was at the head of the commission, was very earnest and zealous, but his energy often provoked antagonism. A. Harry Bowen, the superintendent, was a most efficient person and much credit is due him, but it is difficult to overcome the indifference of distant legislators to such movements and the appropriations were too limited to permit much progress. I took the place of John Cadwalader, declining to accept it, however, until assured by him that it was his purpose to retire.

(CONTINUED WEDNESDAY)

CAROLS ON EVE OF NATIVITY

Charming Old Custom of Singing in Christmas Revived in Philadelphia Neighborhoods

PHILADELPHIA will carol the Yuletide in more extensively and melodiously than ever before this year. This most American of American cities, with its traditions rooting deep in the past, has always honored old ways while enterprisingly engaged in progressive activities.

Perhaps no city of the United States can point to so many survivals of the charming customs of old as Philadelphia, such as the masque of the "New Year's Shooters," the burning of bayberry candles in the windows and the Christmas Eve "waits," one of the most interesting and ancient of all.

Progress in the community singing movement during the last year or so will put concerted effort back of the volunteer spirit of previous years. Formerly members of church choirs or individuals banded together went about on the eve of the Nativity singing old rounds, ditties and hymns. This year there will be a good deal of such spontaneous and scattered vocalism and also impromptu singing of organized neighborhoods. Some carols were sung yesterday. West Philadelphia had a big singing festival at Black Oak Park last night and in the afternoon the Philadelphia Community Chorus, augmented by choir singers and residents of Frankford, Kensington and Tioga, held a Christmas song service at the Frankford High School.

The "waits" are so old an institution that the origin and meaning of the word have been lost in the mists of unchronicled days. Thomas Rymer about 1400 speaks of the "wayte that nightelye pipeth the watch," indicating that the "wait" was a person. The medieval "Famous Historie of Doctor Faustus" includes the "waits" among musical instruments. Later the term became indifferently applied to special music sung prior to Christmas and the aggregations of singers.

The most famous of the carols is undoubtedly:

> God rest you, merry gentlemen,
> Let nothing you dismay,
> For Jesus Christ our Saviour
> Was born upon this day,
> To save us all from Satan's power
> When we were gone astray.
> O tidings of comfort and joy!
> For Jesus Christ our Saviour
> Was born on Christmas Day.
>
> Now to the Lord sing praises,
> All you within this place,
> And with true love and brotherhood
> Each other now embrace;
> This holy tide of Christmas
> All others doth efface.
> O tidings, etc.

Of rugged folk-song type is the following, sung by simple swains of the sixteenth century:

> When Christ was born of Mary free,
> In Bethlehem, that fair city,
> Angels sang there with mirth and glee,
> In Excelsis Gloria!
>
> This King is come to save mankind,
> As in Scripture truths we find;
> Therefore this song we have in mind,
> In Excelsis Gloria!

George Nither, seventeenth-century poet, wrote the following somewhat secular carol:

> So now is come our joyful feast,
> Let every man be jolly;
> Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
> And every post with holly.
> Though some churls at our mirth repine,
> Round your foreheads garlands twine,
> Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
> And let us all be merry.
>
> Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
> And Christmas blocks are burning;
> Their ovens they with baked meats choke,
> And all their spits are turning.
> Without the door let sorrow lie,
> And if for cold it hap to die,
> We'll bury't in a Christmas-pye
> And evermore be merry!

The "Star Song," of Robert Herrick, poetical parson of post-Elizabethan days, in its almost oriental imagery is aglow with the spiritual and religious significance of the feast:

> Tell us, thou clear and heav'nly tongue,
> Where is the Babe that lately sprung?
> Lies he the lilly banks among?
>
> Or say if this new birth of ours
> Sleeps laid within some ark of flowers,
> Spangled with dewlight; thou canst clear
> All doubts and manifest the where.
>
> Declare to us, bright star, if we shall seek
> Him in the morning's blushing cheek,
> Or search the beds of spices through
> To find him out?
>
> The guiding light referring to the Star of Bethlehem.

ALASKA'S GOOD WORK

Alaska has evinced a patriotism and generosity in its contributions to the Red Cross out of all proportion to the amount of organization work that has been done there. Thousands of dollars were raised in places where no organization had even been contemplated, and the enthusiasm shown in many parts made it appear that her spirit of patriotism and generosity should, if possible, be made more effective by perfecting organizations in the leading towns.—Robert H. Scott, in the January Red Cross Magazine.

"FRIEND! AND 'GOOD CHEER' IS THE COUNTERSIGN!!"

"THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS—PAST"

Is the Dickens to Be Knocked Out of Holidays of the Future?

SOMETHING over three score and ten years ago Charles Dickens restored to England the epithet "Merrie," which for generations had been lost in wintry fog.

He did it with "A Christmas Carol," conspicuously aided by a fat goose, a rich and aromatically steaming pudding and plentiful bowls of punch. Since that time everybody with an echo of the English traditions whispering in his veins has made more or less of a goose of himself over solid and liquid feasting when the bells of Yule began to swing.

As it would be hard for most of us who know that deathless story to conceive old Scrooge's spiritual rebirth possible without an appeal to the physical appetite, so it's going to be difficult to picture what the "Spirit of Christmas Future" is going to be like in this country when one Edwin Yates Webb, accredited representative to "the Congress," from the State of North Carolina, shall have had his dry way with us.

Possibly some scrawny scrivener preparing his Yuletide essay for this page of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, dated December 24, 1997, will whip his anemic soul into frenzy over the recollection of "synthetic tap-rooms of the twentieth century where, before their total abolition in 1947, the people were permitted to assemble at holiday time and read descriptions of Christmas food and drink."

Why not? "Reading maketh a full man," and so we may come even to the prohibition of that.

Let us not be misunderstood. We are no champion of saturnalia, but we can see no harm in smacking our lips a bit over the good cheer we have seen and heard tell of in this home of all that ever was best in creature comforts.

The Boar's Head

There was an old bachelor of our acquaintance, Joseph Spicer, of Coates street, who passed away in 1887 at the aged of eighty-three, to whom Christmas would have meant nothing if he were not permitted to sit down to a boar's head properly garnished and flanked by pewter mugs of punch. The old fellow had been born, you might say, an antiquarian, and from early manhood had continuously striven to keep old customs young. His boar's head was no more than the forefront of a plain, tame porker before he invested it with poetry and set it before his guests, but it was no whit lacking in savor for that. By way of grace, the old gentleman invariably chanted a stave from an old song:

> *Caput apri defero,*
> *Reddens laudes Domino.*
> The boar's head in hand bring I
> With garlands gay and rosemary;
> I pray you all sing merrily,
> *Qui estis in convivio.*

He would have none of your turkey. He called it a heathen bird. And for tipple he made a potent punch or toddy whose secret probably died with him. Which is just as well, for no man taking an inordinate fancy to it could hope to live to be eighty-three.

Tipples of Old Time

Most older drinks we read about, very likely, sounded stronger in print than they really were. Dan Cullen and Joe Purfield, ex aequo deans of the bartending profession in this town, rather bear out this belief. Certainly, they say, folks fifty years ago never dreamed of the variety and intensity of the Christmas libations affected today.

"Tom and Jerry" was the favorite Yuletide cup, and this is how it was concocted: Eggs and sugar were beaten together into a stiff mush, and to a spoonful of the mixture a jigger of Jamaica rum was added and enough hot water to fill your toddy glass, the whole to be topped with a dusting of nutmeg. If you were in the habit of taking your Tom and Jerry cold, milk was used instead of water.

A Christmas roysterer of the seventies who stuck to that might easily have started with a glass at the American bar, opposite the State House, and repeating the operation, not too impetuously, at the Guy House, the Washington, the Girard, the Continental (be careful crossing the street now), the Markoe (over to the south side again), the St. Lawrence and still reach the Lafayette (or it may have been the La Pierre then) in condition to say "Merry Christmas" to a friend without making "l's" of all the "r's" in that salutation.

There were no cocktails then, such as holiday diners demand now, and the cocktail, when it first came in, by the way, was a morning drink, a pick-me-up. Many of the later concoctions are vice versa. A "Jack Rose," for instance, can't be made to behave with moderation. The Manhattan, the first to come after the old-fashioned whisky cocktail, which, before bitters, the Martini and ... even the lighter Bronx are concoctions of an un-Christian day and might well be denied a part in this most mild and gentle festival.

But, oh! even if we come at length to the uttermost Sahara of prohibition, let us never grow ashamed to read of brave eating and drinking and the good feeling they engender; and to achieve that end—if we may be permitted to quote from our favorite poet:

> Come, gather round the ingle-nook,
> And from its shelf take down the book
> Wherein the Master's genius drew
> Those pictures old but ever new;
> Whose "Christmas carol's" deathless chime
> Beats down the envious touch of Time.
>
> * * * * * * * * *
>
> Tell us of Scrooge and Marley's ghost
> And all our favorites old, but most
> Tell us with tenderness of him
> We laugh and weep with—Tiny Tim.
> We shall not be ashamed at all
> For the frank tears you cause to fall,
> But fervently, with eyelids dim
> And hearts attuned to Tiny Tim
> We'll quote his words when you have done
> And say: "God bless us every one."

T. A. D.

KNITTING IN JAIL

The recommendation of the December Grand Jury that knitting machines for war-aid work be placed in the penitentiary is worthy of consideration. Unless there are objections which do not now appear, it would seem to be an excellent plan. The prisoners will be better and happier for such work. Their output will not compete with industries outside; and there is urgent and increasing need for all the knitted articles that can be produced. It is a recognized glaring defect of our penal system that regular, useful, remunerative work, conducive to the health of prisoners, their good behavior and peace of mind, has been so difficult to find. Certainly no valid objection can be raised to their production of garments our soldiers and sailors and our half-clothed allies need.—Rochester Post Express.

DIPLOMACY

Mrs. Autoun wanted new shoes, so she went into a shop, where an obliging assistant brought out a selection for her to try on.

"That's strange, madam," said he after many vain attempts to fit her. "One of your feet is larger than the other."

Bristling with rage the lady left that shop and sought another. Here, again, the assistant failed to find a pair which would do.

"How curious, madam," he said, "one of your feet is smaller than the other."

And with a beaming smile Mrs. Autoun bought two pairs.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

THE FAIRIES

> The fairies have never a penny to spend,
> They haven't a thing put by,
> But theirs is the dower of bird and flower,
> And theirs are the earth and the sky.
> And though you should live in a palace of gold
> Or sleep in a dried-up ditch,
> You could never be poor as the fairies are,
> And never as rich.
>
> Since ever and ever the world began
> They have danced like a ribbon of flame.
> They have sung their song through the centuries long,
> And yet it is never the same,
> And though you be foolish or though you be wise,
> With hair of silver or gold,
> You could never be young as the fairies are
> And never as old.

—London Punch.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. Who was Florence Nightingale?
2. Where is Triest?
3. Name the new quartermaster general of the United States army.
4. Identify "Old Rough and Ready."
5. What is a pastel?
6. Name the author of "Thanatopsis."
7. Define the molecular theory.
8. What were George Washington's dying words?
9. Who is Leon Trotsky?
10. Which is the Green Mountain State?

Answers to Saturday's Quiz

1. The following Presidents died in office: William Henry Harrison, Zachary Taylor, Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield and William McKinley, the last three named by assassination.
2. Astrakhan is an important city in southern Russia, on the Volga River.
3. Vance McCormick, of Pennsylvania, is chairman of the War Trade Board.
4. The marked characteristic of Tudor architecture is the use of joists, posts, etc., showing on the exterior. They are used for utility in support as well as for decorative effect.
5. A shire is a political division in England, corresponding to the county.
6. James Russell Lowell wrote "The Biglow Papers," a series of satiric poems in Yankee dialect.
7. The derivation of thermometer is from two Greek words, "thermos" (heat) and "metron" (measure).
8. North Carolina is called the Tarheel State.
9. Mahomed V is the present Sultan of Turkey.
10. Mural painting is one executed on a wall surface.

Tom Daly's Column

TO THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY

> Oh, esculent morsel delicious,
> All garnished with marjoram and clove,
> What more could the epicure wish us
> To bring from the warm Christmas stove?
> Our pleasure is born of your sorrow,
> A martyr are you to our greed.
> Your bones will be white on the morrow—
> There are many to feed.
>
> You rambled at will o'er the meadows
> While spring, summer and autumn passed by,
> And few were the clouds or the shadows
> To dim the bright blue of your sky.
> You thrived and grew fatter and fatter,
> Till you were a king-bird, indeed.
> We welcome you now to our platter—
> There are many to feed.
>
> And all your fat sisters and brothers
> Rich cause for rare feasting will be
> On the opulent tables of others
> No whit more deserving than we;
> For little, oh, little of pity
> Have we for our neighbors in need,
> Where, caught in the slums of the city,
> There are many to feed.

ENVOY

> Then all who have good Christmas dinners
> Praise God, who is bounteous indeed;
> Here's food for thought, too, for all sinners—
> There are many to feed.

CHRISTMAS ALL ROUND THE CALENDAR

THERE is no month of the year to which respectable authorities have not assigned the birth of Christ. The word Christmas was not used until 1038. The feast was not among those observed by the early Christians. It was not until the fourth century that there was any agreement on December 25 as the anniversary of the birth. There is even now no agreement on the year when it occurred. According to Archbishop Usher's chronology, Jesus was born on December 25, of the year 5 B. C. But there are chronological theories which place the date in each year from 8 to 2 B. C. The difficulty arises from the uncertainty of the references in the New Testament record. If the vital statistics of Bethlehem were preserved, or if the records of the temple in Jerusalem were not destroyed, it might be possible to establish the date beyond dispute, for the Jews had a careful system of keeping family records. The babies were subjected to certain ceremonial observances at a fixed age, and there is every reason for believing that records were kept.

The critical date on which everything depends is that of the census which occurred at about the time of the birth. Authorities disagree on what census is meant, for there were supposed to be two, separated by a period of years. Dionysius the Little fixed the date of the Christian era as 754 after the founding of Rome. He did this in the sixth century. But scholars refuse to accept this calculation as accurate. Herod was dead in 754, A. U. C., and according to the New Testament he was ruling at the time of the birth in Bethlehem. Chrysostom, in the fourth century, was confident that December 25 was the correct day of the year, for he said in a sermon that the rapidly miraculous diffusion of the celebration of the anniversary on that date was proof that the date was correct. He said further that the census papers of the Holy Family were in Rome, where they could be examined by the skeptical. Christendom has accepted the date, and will continue to observe it even though research should prove it wrong.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

Uncle Joe Cannon believes that with women voting, the handsomest man will win. It doesn't work that way in matrimony.—Capper's Weekly.

It is easier to denounce the food administration for not materially lowering prices than to reflect on what they might be now without its influence.—Newark News.

Judging from his pictures, Comrade Trotzky may not be just the man to boss the international situation, but he ought to be a good man to sell suspenders.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"Cotton is now selling for a better price than for any time since the war."—Darien Gazette. What price did cotton bring in '69, and again in '78? Pretty nifty along then, if our recollection serves us right.—Tattnall Journal.

The Chicago Herald has catalogued ninety different lies circulated by pro-Germans in this country. The Herald's acquaintance with pro-Germans appears to be rather limited.—Boston Transcript.