

Evening Public Ledger PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY CYRUS H. KURTZ, President...

Member of the Associated Press THE ASSOCIATED PRESS is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches...

THE CENSUS MAY TIP US OFF THE census-taker candidates who are now being examined in this district will, if chosen, doubtless perform their task in the usual routine way...

A THRIVING INDUSTRY SINCE the beginning of the year 2049 automobiles have been stolen in this state, or more than forty a week. It is estimated that the cars were worth \$2,000,000...

HE WAS RIGHT WHEN an eighty-year-old man fights an armed highwayman because he was confident that he had work still to do and that his time to die had not come...

EUGENIE AND HOHENZOLLERN THE aged Empress Eugenie is back in Paris, quartered across the street from the site of the Tuilleries...

dan birth. Perhaps that accounts for the dignity and respect with which, in the end, she has been enabled to hedge her personality.

UNIVERSAL PEACE ARRIVES FOR ONE DAY EVERY YEAR

If Statesmen Would Climb Down and Mix With the Christmas Crowds They Might Learn How to Make It Permanent

WHEN Bolsheviks sat down in a solemn council and moved to abolish Christmas, it was clear that Russia is still in a bad way. The demagogues hold Russia, and if there is one thing that the Christmas season does it is to relieve the world for a glorious interval from the tyranny of routine minds.

At heart people are generous. They wish to be charitable, to be adventurous. Warning fingers are raised against them wherever they turn. They are implored to be cautious and to be reasonable.

Russia has gone mad by staring at formulas. It is the last nation in the world that can afford to abolish Christmas.

Our own Senate would be better if it could be thoroughly saturated with the spirit that interrupts the hard course of common thought and action at seasons like this.

It will be difficult to hate any one very greatly. The rich will loosen up. They will loosen up amazingly and their limousines will bear gifts to humble doorways.

The prospects for a merry Christmas are good. After a reading of the dispatches from Indianapolis and Washington, Paris and London, a happy new year becomes a matter of some doubt.

Obviously the crowds are spending too much money. They always do. They seem to have an instinctive knowledge that economists have not.

Christmas is educational if only because it makes us think of the poor and revise some of the current definitions of poverty.

There is something the matter with a time in which to be poor is to be ignominious. Poverty is a blight. It is waste. But troubles and griefs are the common lot.

It may be a bone-dry Christmas for all we know—the first in the history of America.

of the world. Plum pudding and mince pie are disastrously involved in the crusade for a dry planet.

A declaration of war on Christmas would be unthinkable. Sheriffs delay evictions at this season. People spend more money than they can well afford to buy delight for little children.

ENLIGHTENMENT—A PEACE KEY

WILLIAM McFEE, British novelist of distinction and sound critic of life, declared some months ago in this newspaper that very few Englishmen, indeed, had the least notion of what the Louisiana Purchase was or of its profound bearing on the course of world events.

It is hinted that perhaps one of the new professors will write a book explaining to his compatriots why the descendants of those Englishmen who moved westward severed allegiance with home and what they did after the separation.

There are, of course, some Americans who misinterpret England, but, on the whole, our educational facilities are not blameworthy.

With all due deference for our shortcomings, it must be said that we know more about England than she knows about us.

Armenia is neither a pros perous nor a happy country. Its history is one of outrages and hardships. War has left it virtually without any currency.

Speaking of Coal Conservation If the men laid off to conserve coal are idle long enough they won't have money to buy coal...

Fuel Administrator Garfield, on hearing of a suggested compromise of 25 per cent advance for miners in Ohio, declared the government had no objection—provided there was no increase in the price of coal.

It was a philosopher who anticipated prohibition who amplified Shakespeare's "Much virtue in an 'if' with 'but' superior efficacy in a 'but'."

Perhaps sugar is not so great a food necessity as we suppose. Our forefathers waxed strong without it.

The President's mind is clear as a bell, as Fall told it. Now let us hope the senatorial sickroom snappers will ring off.

The dance of death the coal strike is trying to teach the country is an involuntary shivery shiverny.

FEWER CIGARS BEING MADE

But Anti-Tobacco Crusade is Not Responsible; It is a Matter of Labor Scarcity

By GEORGE NOX McCAIN FRED H. BELTZ, the cigar manufacturer who has nine or ten factories scattered all the way from the Lehigh county line to the lower end of York county...

As a consistent churchman and the father of three sons who were in the service, Mr. Beltz is, courteously speaking, of course, of the private opinion that the anti-tobacco crusaders are chasing moonbeams when it comes to barring a well-made cigar from polite society.

GEORGE M. DALLAS was the only Mayor of Philadelphia who ever reached a seat in the United States Senate, Edwin H. Fitch, before he became Mayor, tried for it but failed.

This was in 1885, when the independent spirit ran high in the Republican party. Don Cameron had the inside track, and his most formidable opponent, prior to the caucus, was General James A. Beaver.

At the eleventh hour Beaver withdrew, and it was always understood that he did so on the pledge of the Cameron government that he would be given the nomination for Governor the ensuing year.

ROBERT P. SMITH, of Cambria county, who as a member of the late federal food administration was in charge of the division of trade distribution, regards the present critical sugar situation from a different angle from that of the ordinary citizen.

Mr. Smith is of the opinion that there are considerable amounts of sugar hoarded in the state; not particularly by business houses, but by thousands of housewives.

REPRESENTATIVE JAMES FRANKLIN, of West Philadelphia, emits a semi-occasional inward groan over the disheveled condition of the avenues of his native city.

Where the Yangtze-Kiang Meets the China Seas ON THE stinking Yangtze-Kiang, where it meets the China Seas, there's a little junk that's moored along the side.

It's a palace on the water, is that little junk of mine, (though it's really but a bungalow in size.)

Independent Socialists in Leipzig have adopted a program declaring for the soviet system in Germany—evidently on the principle that a crime more or less can make little difference on a Red calendar.



THE CHAFFING DISH

The Schuylkill I SAW the Schuylkill river greasy-gray, The grimy grays drifting slow there, And grunting through the dim and dingy dawn.

THE great gas-houses loomed cylindrical By lofty chimney-stacks befrosted; An alley cut slunk by a battered wall, And bridle pups came down the river, dead.

AT EVENTIDE I crossed the bridge again; With damasked domes, with gilded windows set, Rose up each hundred city minaret, And chilly breezes blew on boneward men.

A WINTRY orange flames out in the sky; I thought of other days, and rock-rose-rye. ALEC B. STEVENSON.

Scheherazade has sent us a poem about a barren. After having it on our desk for a couple of weeks and looking at it a number of times, we have decided not to print it.

There seems to us a deal of unconscious humor in the agitation of some senators lest the President should not be able to cope with them mentally.

A man looking for a pair of ears hates to run up against a mouth. ROBERT H. DAVIS.

A man in Chicago has invented a new kind of internal combustion engine which can be run by castor oil or whipped cream.

Through the mad turmoil of shipping, while the coolies sweat and scream, There's a little craft that's floating calm, And while river-mists are rising in a lazy, hazy dream.

It's a palace on the water, is that little junk of mine, (though it's really but a bungalow in size.)

Now, you'll please excuse my raving, as I'm going to leave you soon, For I know a plant waist I'd like to squeeze; Pretty soon I'll whisper nothings in 'a junk beneath the moon.

Our genial friend McArone was remarking on the number of spirit messages passing between this world and the next.

SANCTUARY

OH, KEEP me close to Thee! The sorrow lies So very heavy on my soul tonight; I know Thy way is best, but to my eyes The tears unbidden creep, and dim Thy light.

Oh, keep me close to Thee! The long, long strain, Known but to Thee, has left me strange; chill; Thy active world of color and delight, Dreams not its harshness to the weak and ill.

Oh, keep me close to Thee! The little things, The small vexations that one scorns to heed, Loom large because my heart no longer sings, Too burdensome for one in utmost need.

Oh, keep me close to Thee! Draw once again Into Thy arms Thy weary, broken child, As Thou hast done in many an hour of pain, Since Thy light shone, and Thy love on me smiled.

True statesmanship consists in pronouncing a problem grave and then proceeding to bury it.

What Do You Know?

- 1. Name an ornithological symbol for happiness. 2. What is the correct pronunciation of Arkansas? 3. What is a cheetah? 4. What is the name in England for a railway switchman? 5. What character in Greek mythology had 100 arms? 6. What was the Battle of the Thames in American history? 7. Where is the Black Forest? 8. In what year did William Jennings Bryan resign as secretary of state? 9. Who painted the picture the Mona Lisa? 10. Where was Emma Goldman born?

Answers to Saturday's Quiz 1. The ex-Empress Eugenie is ninety-three years old.

1. The ex-Empress Eugenie is ninety-three years old. 2. The name she is adopting in France is the Comtesse de Pierrefonds. 3. Aecilia is a cloth and surliness. It is also a mental disorder marked by apathy and melancholy.

THE CHAFFING DISH

Beauty I AM sweet, oh Mortals! as granitic dreams, And on my breast all men at last are slain;

Toward me the poets' altar jets and steams, Me, mute and deathless in my mortal face, I bend sane-pallor with a heart of snow; All frenzy hates me as a thing untrue; I have no tears, nor laughter do I know!

THE poets, bent before my gesture high, That I have stolen from the noble stone, With waste of chaste devotion, live and die, Adoring me, adoring me, alone; All! scarce these mirrors loveliness to see, My eyes, my eyes' eternal clarity! RICHARD DESMOND.

Happy Days in the Schoolroom Sally waved her hand wildly, Sally, whose ignorance of Genesis had been so appalling! The question which Miss Clarissa was asking was, "What are the laws which warn us what not to do and where are they found—well, Sally?"

"We shall not jar-walk nor shall we hink-cross—found on the front of the trolley cars!" exclaimed the triumphant Sally. FLORA.

But What Does His Stenographer Say? My vocabulary too has increased. Whenever I see a striking word or expressive conversation, this has put sparkle and pulling power into my conversation and business letters. From an advt. of a Memory Course.

Alas! We Didn't See Them Dear Socrates—I clipped your "College Life on the Screen" for my brother-in-law, Yale, '05. Did you see Mary Pickford in Daddy Longlegs? Her college study might have been duplicated in any Trading-Stamp Premium Parlor, and she wore, to pore over her Latin lexicon, crepe de chine pajamas and a pearl collar.

Our Hungry Clients Dear Socrates—I quite agree with you that 365 dinners should fall to the lot of all of us; but don't you think it would be good fun to make one of that number get together? Perhaps this is "presumption" on the part of so new a contrib as myself; but I'm sure a Chaffing Dish supper would be a real affair. I'll bring an escort and an alibi—and I know a dandy chopstick. CECILIA.

Roy Helton, who knows more about Philadelphia than any one we have met, tells us that back in the seventies the town was enhanced by a coachman-poet called Suthill. The only trouble with his poems, Roy says, after studying a volume of them at the Mercantile Library, was that they didn't live up to his name.

We wonder whether any one remembers him? We would like to know more about him.

We are delighted to hear about that old brown sweater the President is wearing. It is a good sign, for when a man is given a chance to wear his old clothes it shows he feels better at once. And anyway an old sweater seems a natural reaction on the part of one who lived so long in New Jersey. Socrates.

The cinder cifer grows in importance as the coal strike continues.

In traveling westward around the world a day is gained at the international date line in the middle of the Pacific ocean.