

STAND BY CHRISTMAS.

SAVE for the children, "Merry Christmas" cannot have the usual meaning this year. Yet Americans will do well to stick to the genial old phrase.

No one will misunderstand or hear in it anything save the wish to keep the spirit of the season what it has been for centuries—the floodtide of hope, cheer and human helpfulness.

It cannot be a hilarious Christmas at home. Yet those who are away from home on the brave business upon which the future of the nation depends would be the first to wish with all their hearts a happy, confident Christmas to families, friends and the whole people of the United States.

For our confidence is their confidence, our certainty their certainty. Gloom and misgiving in us can give them nothing. By being uniformly cheerful and determined we can give them everything.

And this—once Americans have calmly considered, collectively and as individuals, what kinds of practical economy and readjustment will actually strengthen the nation for war—applies equally, on the material side, to earning, saving and spending.

The Mayor-elect of New York was right in wishing for this city a "full-spirited New York Christmas," with busy shops and a big holiday trade, "to set an example of activity, of courage, of optimism, of commercial activity, of industrial vigor to this whole continent."

He was right in deploring the misguided efforts of certain thrift specialists who seem to think that an artificially produced despondency will scare the American people into doing their share toward winning the war:

"It is all wrong to preach a doctrine that would wrench our business violently by depriving it suddenly of all support and filling the hearts of the people with vague but mischievous apprehensions."

New York ought to be the last city in the country to set the example of a blue Christmas. It ought to be the last city in the country to let doubt and depression disturb those solid assets of steady industry and well-grounded prosperity upon which the nation depends for its staying power.

Not that New York fails to feel the significance of this war Christmas. Not that it has any mind to feast and forget itself while shipload after shipload of young Americans join those already fighting in France and on the seas.

But no one can say the meaning of this Christmas for any community in the United States is one that calls for bowed heads and wavy hearts.

On the contrary, the deepest spiritual instinct bids patriotism lift its head and smile and be of good cheer in all the day to day activities of life.

The children's claim to a happy day to-morrow is incontestable. But even for older Americans, forgetting nothing of the sternness and the sacrifice, but remembering, too, the quickening of hope and fellowship, the lightening of heart, the season never fails to bring to the people of this free, prosperous nation, it can still be to one another—at home, in camp and at the front—the good old: "Merry Christmas."

Keep Out!

By J. H. Cassel



"Ma" Sunday's Intimate Talks

THE GIRL WHO SEEKS REVENGE

REVENGE is sweet—only in a tielapation! When you get a letter that stirs you to a point of fury, don't answer it for forty-eight hours, then transfer your thoughts to black and white—and tear up what you have written. You will be better off for doing it. Anger takes a whole lot more out of you than any satisfaction that its outlet may give you.

A friend of mine of many years' standing is a quick-tempered little woman, whose black eyes literally snap fire when she is aroused. Another woman reported as her words a statement that was absolutely untruthful. The result was that something very much like the proverbial teapot in a teapot was started, threatening to disrupt the leading Woman's Club in that community, and ending by something approaching a sensational scandal in the newspapers. My friend, to whom the blame for all was given, was absolutely innocent. She was merely the victim of a neighbor who liked to talk—who gloried in peddling whippersnapper bits of sensational gossip. I had not seen my friend for several years, but chanced to be at her home in the midst of all the excitement and threatened disaster to the club, of which she was a leading member.

As I recalled her in earlier years, she should have been due for a volcanic eruption of temper, and very likely a fit of hysterics and a burry call for the doctor afterwards before she "cooled down." But to my amazement nothing of the kind happened now. Instead she sat very quietly in a darkened room for perhaps a quarter of an hour. I knew instinctively that she wished to be alone, that she was fighting out a very intimate problem with herself, and I did not disturb her. When she finally emerged, her face was calm, her hands steady, and there was a new gleam in her eyes. I had never seen her before. I had expected something a good deal like a human cyclone, bent on nothing but destruction, and I stared at her in amazement. She smiled at my look.

"I know what you are thinking about," she said. "But I have learned my lesson since I saw you last. I have learned that my outbreaks of temper hurt me far more than any one else. I have found that there is nothing at all sweet in revenge—in making the other person pay for a real or fancied wrong. I have learned to keep my own head, no matter what happens—and let the other person do the fretting and tinging. It is astonishing what a wonderful tonic that

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

"NOW, if you children will be good and go to bed quietly, you can go and see some of the holiday picture shows to-morrow." At this promise the little Jarr boy and girl began to express their critical opinions of various film stars who are paid a million dollars a year to shed tears of glycerine, perform heroic acrobatics or get hit in the face with custard pies.

The little Jarr girl was strong for the million dollar young film actress of the glycerine tears, the little Jarr boy equally resolute to behold heroic acrobatics and custard pie facial applications. "Is it any wonder I am a nervous wreck?" cried Mrs. Jarr. "Just listen to those children, when they should be sound asleep! After all the money I have spent getting them Christmas things, and now when I promise them, if they'll be good and go to sleep, they'll see the moving pictures to-morrow, little Emma wants to see Mary Pickford, and Willie wants to see Charlie Chaplin or Douglas Fairbanks!"

"Well, you take Emma to see Mary Pickford, and I'll take Willie to see his favorites," suggested Mrs. Jarr. "They won't see any pictures but they'll certainly see stars if they don't keep quiet and go to sleep!" said Mrs. Jarr. And she bounced into the room where the children were now scuffling. "Emma slapped me and pinched me!" cried the boy. "Willie pulled my hair! He pulled my hair!" screamed the little girl. "She said boys was no good and girls were better, and girls were nurses and run street cars, and that girls would vote at elections, and that girls would be policemen and would chase the boys off the streets and!"

"Keep quiet, Willie!" interrupted his mother. "Why did you pinch your brother, Emma?" "He made faces at me, and said girls and sulphuric acids. Tommy Atkins—Popular name for English common soldier. Tommy's Cookey—A special kind of alcohol stove for the trenches. Tovariash (plural Tovariashi)—Russian word for comrade. Used like the "Citizen" of the French Revolution. Train Sankaire—Hospital train. Travers—A detail of trench construction to prevent enfilading fire by the enemy. Trench Candle—Also called ration heater. A short length of newspaper rolled tight, pasted together and soaked in melted paraffin. Trench Feet—A disease of the feet brought on by cold and wet. Turries—German hand grenades. Typewriter—Machine gun. (More Wednesday.)

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

THE Christmas Eve Prayer of a Woman, which is Mrs. Solomon's. Oh, Santa Claus, patron saint of the Foolish and mocker of the Wise, hear now my supplication!

Lo, all the rites and ceremonies which thou request have I performed upon thine altar. Yea, all those things which I vowed I should never do AGAIN I have done, and all those things which I vowed I should never neglect have I left undone!

I have spent mine husband's substance upon trash and folly and nonsense unto the last farthing. I have STRIPPED him—until he cried out for mercy—that I might appease thee.

I have racked my mind until it tottered that I might not forget ONE of those who might "remember" me. I have fought my way "over the top" amid the maddening shoppers; I have struggled in the trenches around bargain counters.

While my right eye was being jabbed out by an umbrella, my left eye bath wildly sought for "something NEW" to give somebody; and while my left foot was being mangled under a hundred heels, my right foot bath continued gallantly on its way to the next counter.

I have lain awake many nights wondering "WHAT on earth" to buy for HIM—and her and them and it! I have arisen in the morning haggard and distraught—and changed my mind.

I have labored until midnight with the fancy tissue paper and the holly ribbons, tying up gawgaws for them whose houses are already overflowing with gawgaws.

I have acquired myopia and writer's cramp from addressing cheery, hearty, happy Christmas cards.

I have decided to wear my last year's hat for two seasons and renounced my desire for all those things which I wanted—in order to bestow upon somebody else fold-de-rols which nobody wanted.

I have set up the Christmas tree with mine own hands and dressed it with the last ounce of my strength.

I have hung the holly and the mistletoe and pretended to be "enjoying myself." Four hundred times have I cried "Merry Christmas" in a ringing voice, until my throat ached.

And now, O Santa Claus, patron saint of the Foolish and mocker of the Wise, I ask my reward.

Nay, I do not ask to find a diamond tiara or a pianola in my stocking; neither do I sigh for rubies and pearls and precious stones, nor a scalekin coat.

Verily, verily, I ask thee only this: That I may have ONE DAY OF REST! That I may still retain my sanity and my reason and the strength to eat my Christmas dinner and to smile!

That I may still find the time and the strength and sufficient funds to write my check for the Red Cross, for mine own delight.

And that, when I arise upon Christmas morning, I may say to my heart: "Lo, it is all DONE and over with! And I, the slave of Custom, am FREE again for another year!" Amen.

Good War Stories of the Day

HE'D LEARNED STRATEGY. A PERSPIRING Tommy, burdened with about five tons of equipment, climbed wearily into a bus outside a London railway terminus. There were no vacant seats, and no one offered the weary man a seat. He was dead tired and so resolutely to get a seat by strategy. He fished from his haversack a small bomb. "This is one of the things we use out there, you know," he remarked to the interested passenger. "See this pin here? When I pull it out like this it should explode fifteen seconds later. They're pretty deadly, too. If I put it back again like this it's harmless." Then, beginning to search frantically, "Gosh; where on earth did I put that pin?" The passengers rose in a body and scrambled for the door, tumbling over one another to get off. Tommy watched them go. Then, putting the bomb back in his haversack, he stretched himself full length on the cushioned seat.

THE DIFFERENCE. An army officer, who is sometimes apt to forget the niceties of military etiquette, relates the London Chronicle. The other afternoon at Victoria Station a commanding officer was spotted by a member of the military police, who reminded the homesome that he was not carrying his gloves. "Gloves?" exclaimed the C. O. "Where I come from you're often liable to appear in trousers!"

HOPELESSLY CONFUSED. The sound of recruits was particularly dense, and the sergeant got more and more exasperated. One man appeared quite incapable of telling his right hand from his left. Said the sergeant at last, "Now, yer bloodin' idiot, hold yer hands in front of yer. Twis' them one over the other. Stop. Now tell me which is yer left hand and which is yer right?" The recruit looked blankly at his hands for a moment. "I'm blind if I know," he said; "you've gone and mixed 'em up."

ESPRIT DE CORPS. The son of the well-to-do family had recently joined up as a private and was spending his Christmas leave at home. Returning from a walk, his mother espied a figure in the kitchen with the household. "Charles," she called to her son. "Mary's got some one in the kitchen. She knows perfectly well that I don't allow followers. I wish you'd go and tell the man to leave the house at once!"

CLARENCE duly departed to the kitchen, but returned in about half a minute. "Sorry, mother, but I can't turn him out." "Can't turn him out?" Why on earth not? "He's my sergeant!"

Shark Skin Shoes Coming

IT LOOKS as though we may wear shoes of fish skin after all. Energetic efforts are being continued by the United States Bureau of Fisheries to establish effective cooperation between tanners who have informed the bureau that they desire to obtain supplies of the skins of sharks and other aquatic forms, and the fishermen and brokers who are seeking markets for the raw products.

Letters From the People

Down With the Dog! Please permit me to add a few lines to the controversy on the canine. A correspondent who wants strict laws for all dogs and sure death for unmuzzled ones shows undoubted leniency in requiring their extermination only if there is more than one case of "dog-gone" (mad). Then, too, he shows distinct impartiality in sweeping away any right of ownership or value of investment and such other frivolous claims as reward for usefulness, need of service, &c. Unselfishly he promulgates his conclusions, live dog, bad dog; dead dog, good dog. If D. W. H. has objected to the midnight howls of some neighbor's dog he has made no mention of it and this leads to the belief that his course is entirely an economic one. In this food crisis it is an admirably economic one. While a muzzled dog cannot eat and a dead one has no appetite, why should an unmuzzled one be allowed to scratch and-covered bones out of the garbage can and feast like a king? Down with the dog that can't live without eating! Let the moon be extinguished, let the opulent car have light in which to bat the warty beams. ANN O'THEER.

How the Civil War Was Won. To the Editor of The Evening World: I was surprised that the editor of The Evening World should know so little about the baked bean and Boston, as indicated in the editorial "Mr. Hoover's Ship." The writer of that article showed that he was ignorant of what he was writing about in telling how Boston had been cooked. Mr. Hoover was right. The bean is parboiled all day Saturday, the oven heated and the bean pot filled. Then a piece of pork is placed on top of the beans with a ham-bone, if the cook is an expert. The pot is placed in the oven and left twelve hours. A tablespoon of molasses improves the flavor. Haked beans were the backbone and sinew of our army in the Civil War, and always a Sunday dish. Bean porridge or cold beans were served as extras during the week. I was born in Maine in 1844 and was in our Civil War. And I believe that brown bread and beans were the mainstay that brought me back to enjoy life. G. R. S.

Dictionary of the Trench

Taking Over—Believing the force in a trench. Tommy Atkins—Popular name for English common soldier. Tommy's Cookey—A special kind of alcohol stove for the trenches. Tovariash (plural Tovariashi)—Russian word for comrade. Used like the "Citizen" of the French Revolution. Train Sankaire—Hospital train. Travers—A detail of trench construction to prevent enfilading fire by the enemy. Trench Candle—Also called ration heater. A short length of newspaper rolled tight, pasted together and soaked in melted paraffin. Trench Feet—A disease of the feet brought on by cold and wet. Turries—German hand grenades. Typewriter—Machine gun. (More Wednesday.)

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