

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1918.

Peace Christmas.

Peace Christmas! Two happy words! So like the first Christmas in old Judea! There's a Young Child lying in a manger now as then. There's a Bethlehem Star shining now as there was then.

The world is today seeing the other side of Christmas—the God-side—beyond the angel's song, and the message of peace on earth and good will among men.

It is seeing, for the first time, the great heart of our Heavenly Father, who gave His only begotten Son that the world might be made safe for democracy.

For that's what the angel's song meant. It meant much more; but, if it meant less, it would mean nothing at all.

The world has passed through four of the bloodiest years in history. Millions of our sons have been sacrificed. They have entered into the fellowship of suffering with Christ.

They have brought nearer the day of which the angels sang, because world-democracy is closer at hand.

After this, the rest of us dare not cheapen the thing bought at such fearful price; that purchased by God through the sacrifice of His only Son and that purchased by His children through the sacrifice of their sons.

This means that we shall have to be better Christians and better citizens.

The Christmas message now means that neither class, nor creed, nor race, nor color shall divide the sons of men. The tidings of great joy were for all people.

It is only as men themselves erect barriers that the world is robbed of Christmas joy.

And it is the barrier that is first erected in their own hearts—covetousness, hatred, envy, strife—that shuts out the spirit of Christmas, which is love, joy and peace.

Christmas, 1918! There never was a Christmas like unto this. Heretofore, Christmas, to most men, meant merely the receiving of gifts. We have at last learned that it means the giving of our best to the world.

And that, after all, is the great thing of which the angels sang; it was because God gave His Son that Christmas was made possible.

As a new spirit of good will came to the world on that faraway Christmas 1918 years ago so a new spirit of generous giving has come to all this Christmas of 1918. Witness the gifts to suffering nations, to neglected children everywhere, to the halt, the maimed, the blind of war.

The Christmas spirit the young child brought to Bethlehem, "least among the cities of Judea," has lived through the centuries, through the storms of hate and bloodshed, and today fills more hearts than beat in all the world in that faraway time.

You may change the maps of the world; you may fill the skies with battle-smoke by day and light the night with the flames of war; you may rock the foundations of civilizations in temblors of fury, but you can't change or kill Christmas!

Christmas always is and always will be the high day of the young child.

In the joys of the child the cares of age are lost. In the joys of others we lose our own griefs. Christmas always softens sorrow. "Peace Be With You."

Spray to Stamp Out "Spanish Flu"

Contact spreads "flu." It doesn't travel in the air. It isn't a bit like "grip" of twenty or thirty years ago. These are the opinions of doctors in signed interviews in the New York Medical Journal. They say the disease spreads from person to person. Parents working in offices, shops and factories get it and carry it home to their children. It spreads easily in a crowd. You can't stop all the crowds. To do so would paralyze and enervate the nation. What can we do, then? Follow common sense—use disinfectants. Get a "sprayer" at any drug store. Get a good, safe germ-killer from doctor or druggist. Spray your nose and your throat every night and every morning. Do the same for the children. Spray! Sick or well, "exposed" or not, spray! If you can't get anything better, use diluted cider vinegar as a spraying solution—half water. But spray!

The Herald Poems Have Wide Reading.

The poem "The Red and White Flag," by Edmund Vance Cooke, published in The Washington Herald some time ago was the first (and as far as we know the only) recognition of the Czech-Slovak cause by an English-writing poet. It was copied widely and translated into Bohemian, finding publication both in the original and in translation in the Czech-Slovak magazine "Bratsky Vestnik," and others.

Now comes "La Revue Hebdomadaire" (the Weekly Review) from Paris, France, with an article on "Mothers of France," the original poem in English and an adaptation in French. "Mothers of France" is also a Washington Herald poem by Edmund Vance Cooke.

Don't Let Hohenzollern Escape!

If William Hohenzollern escapes trial by committing suicide it will be a miscarriage of justice! This man ought long ago to have been arrested and put under guard like any other felon. Holland isn't watching him closely enough. Keep him alive to face his judges!

A news head reads: "What American Women Are Doing." What aren't they?

"Ty Cobb safe at home"—after the longest round trip hit ever made in baseball history.



Special Correspondent of The Washington Herald, New York, Dec. 24.

- I went with a friend. To one of those. Jazzy tailor shop. Just off Fifth Avenue. With no signs. Over the door. That makes you feel. Once you get inside. It will be expensive. And he rang a bell. And a butler. In a powdered wig. Opened the door. And took our cards. On a silver tray. To the boss tailor. And there was a wait. And plush curtains. Were drawn aside. And a little man. With a Van Dyke beard. Stood there. Looking very much. Like a U. S. Ambassador. In his ambassador suit. And he shook hands with us. And not once. Did he discuss trade. That is very vulgar. But he rang a bell. And a salesman came out. And took us into a room. With hidden lights. And rang a bell. And a flunky in gold braid. Began to bring samples. Just one at a time. And my friend selected one. And got on an elevator. And went up ten floors. And a troupe of tailors. Pounced upon him. Three for the pants. Three for the waist. And six for the coat. And then they served tea. And cigarettes. And I left. And on Broadway. I saw a suit on a dummy. In a window which said: "Take me home for \$11.88." And I did. And it took me five minutes.

"SCHOOL DAYS"



G. P. O. NEWS NOTES

At the last meeting of the Government Printing Office Council, National Union, the following officers were elected: Daniel I. Leane, president; John M. Barr, vice president; Philip Nachman, sr., speaker; Stanley H. Ridings, secretary; John J. Pepper, financial secretary; C. P. Boss, treasurer; R. W. Burgess, usher; J. W. Hughes, chaplain; H. J. Frank, sergeant; W. L. Jenkins, doorkeeper; E. W. Davis, C. T. Hartman and J. G. Roberts, trustees.

CHRISTMAS DINNER

WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO YOU?—AND WHAT IT MEANS TO THE MILLIONS OF STARVING.

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD. (Formerly Correspondent in Petrograd.)

Don't read this story until after dinner today. It is to follow the Christmas pudding.

I have been hungry in Russia, and now, while you are filled, I want to tell you how it feels to be hungry; how perhaps 11,000,000 people in Russia feel at this minute. I want to put down the cold, bare facts. People in Russia are not starving like foodless men in an open boat on the high seas. They always find something to eat; most of them.

HOROSCOPE.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1918. Mars and Neptune rule strongly for good this day, according to the reading of the stars.

Both on land and sea peace should reign, for the planetary sway makes for harmony and serenity. While Mars is in a place promising benefits to all who fought for right, Neptune is read as assuring great commerce.

Mars is in a place that presages supreme achievements for engineers, iron workers, and all engaged in steel construction. Much building in this country as well as in Europe is foretold.

The configuration today indicates that humanity will gain supreme benefits and that the rules of life taught by Him whose birth is commemorated will be put into practice more widely than ever before.

In this connection, however, the seers declare that India and Africa are to be blessed by the benefits gained by the western world, or there will be another upheaval of the nations.

All the influences this day tend toward broader relations of humanity and away from the personal. Spiritual vision should be made clearer by this away of the stars which is held to diminish selfish ambitions and to reveal the higher possibilities.

Venus is adverse, a fact that causes astrologers to remind the world that the theater, dinners and the usual entertainments are not subject to an encouraging way.

There is a sign promising inspiration and enthusiasm for public meetings, patriotic assemblies and family reunions.

Great benefactions and wise administration of funds for alleviating suffering are forecast. Persons whose birthdate it is have the augury of an active year in which they will gain much in wisdom.

By DWIG

Bureau of Engraving-Printing Notes

There is no more patriotic man in the Bureau than Ed. Leahy, foreman of the machine shop. In addition to being responsible, in a large measure, for the success of the different Liberty bond drives, he planned and organized a club in the machine shop, which pledged itself to support five orphan children of France for the duration of the war.

The plumbing shop has another one of Uncle Sam's fighters back on the job. Michael Redman has returned after several months service.

Miss Marjorie Dorsey, of Section 16, night force, printing division, resigned last week.

Miss Alice A. Smith, examining division, night force, is on leave for the holidays.

Fillow, of the carpenter shop, has been absent from work for several days. His wife underwent an operation recently and he is at home nursing her back to health.

Miss Margaret McMahon, printing division, night force, is visiting her home in New York for the holidays.

Miss Maran King is on leave from the numbering division for the holidays.

There was a great time in section 16 on Monday when all the employees joined in a Christmas celebration. A real Santa Claus was on the job and he handed out appropriate gifts to each of the crowd assembled around the tree.

There was a Christmas toast from the bindery: "Here's hoping the Public Printer succeeds in getting a new building, and in the new structure will be a lunchroom, to save us many minutes of time and many a case of indigestion."

Through this column, which has become so popular with the employees of the "big printshop," Ernest R. Taylor, of the ruling room, sends this greeting for the fifth-floor workers: "I wish for all of you a very merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

The night bill force on the third floor celebrated Christmas Monday night at lunch time with a beautifully decorated tree, in which everyone on the floor participated.

Robert T. Anderson, of the library branch bindery, is spending the holidays at his old home in Philadelphia.

Sergt. Robert Brooks, who was formerly sales clerk of the public documents division, visited his old friends last Saturday. He says he hardly expects to receive his scarlet chevrons for many weeks yet.

F. C. Crews, of the Library branch composing room, has received a copy of "The Stars and Stripes," a very new paper published in France for the soldiers. It is the official paper of the American Expeditionary Forces and boasts of 400,000 circulation, selling for 10 cents a copy.

Thomas M. Dent, son of James A. Dent, machinist in the night linotype section, was a victor in a contest recently held at the Madison School. Young Dent delivered the prize essay on the work of the Red Cross, and was presented with a beautifully decorated diploma signed by the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, George Creel and the principal of the school.

The girls down in the press room decorated a Christmas tree Monday, which was much enjoyed by both forces. Everyone received a present, some getting tin horns and some getting monkeys on yellow sticks, and everyone thoroughly enjoyed the occasion.

J. Walker Miller has been transferred from the day to the night proofroom.

Dr. Eugene T. Stevenson, formerly of the linotype section, has returned to this city after several months in Colorado for the benefit of his health. Dr. Stevenson feels that he is entirely recovered, but before resuming his practice contemplates visiting in Baltimore and New York.

Well, here's hoping you are enjoying the visit of Santa Claus and his daughter, Mary Christmas.



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