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# The Greatest Birthday in All History

The Whole World Celebrates It Regardless of Religious Belief.

Nineteen hundred and seventeen years ago, a beautiful young Jewish woman, forgetting her poverty, not seeing the animals about her in the stable, seeing nothing but the tiny face of the baby in her arms, was made eternally blessed by that child.

And blessed have been the world's mothers since that day, by the work that the child of Mary has done in the hearts of men through the long centuries.

Christmas is a blessed birthday, it is the birthday of **HUMAN KINDNESS.**

Christ preached, lived and **DIED** for the poor, for those that had no friend but himself.

For the sake of the poor, He died a condemned criminal and despised. And He lived among the poor as one of them.

*"THE FOXES HAVE HOLES AND THE BIRDS OF THE AIR HAVE NESTS; BUT THE SON OF MAN HATH NOT WHERE TO LAY HIS HEAD."—Matthew* 8:20.

Many lessons that Christ taught are still to be learned. The world **WILL** learn them and live eventually according to his teachings.

With war and murder waging, we **KNOW** that in the end this earth will have peace, perpetual, and that the holy Sermon on the Mount will rule the human race.

The earth is filled with hatred, intolerance.

Low superstition among so-called Christians, here as well as in Europe, hates and persecutes the Jews.

But the day will come when this injustice will disappear and men will realize that to the Jewish race we owe the mother of Jesus, the care she gave to her child, and that the Jewish religion was the basis of Christ's religious teachings.

Vicious, ignorant hate has sought to perpetuate race and religious bitterness by representing the crucifixion as a Jewish punishment inflicted by Jews on the founder of Christianity.

Crucifixion was a Roman punishment, unknown to the Jews, detested by them, inflicted by Romans upon criminals, inflicted by a Roman government and a Roman governor in Jerusalem upon Christ as upon the thieves crucified on either side of him.

It was not a Jew, but Caesar, the great Roman, who exultantly testified that he had caught and crucified pirates that once held him prisoner on their ship.

That should be taught to the children, that crucifixion was a punishment of Roman pagans, unknown to the Jews, and one historic lie will die.

The historical lie that the Jews crucified Christ will die with other lies, including "the divine right of kings" lie, and many another.

Among the Jews a few of the privileged, powerful, and dishonest hated Christ, as with us the most powerful hate any man that defends the poor and attacks selfish privilege.

Those for whom Christ lived and died loved him, among the Jews in his lifetime, and since then throughout the world.

*"And the common people (Jews) heard Him gladly."—Mark* 12:37.

Until hatred dies out between nations, individuals, religions, and classes, Christ's work will not be complete.

*"If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.*

*"If a man say, I love God and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?*

*"And this commandment have we from Him, That he who loveth God love his brother also."—John,* 1 *Epistle, Chap.* 4.

That is the teaching and the law, about all there is of the law—and no man can dodge it whatever his color, race, religion. The only exception is the man whose God is **MONEY.**

To all of our readers we wish a happy day and a happy, prosperous, and useful New Year.

Make good resolutions today, and **KEEP** them.

He who **WILL** succeed, **CAN** succeed.

# Why Not Make the Insects Economize on Food?

Protecting the Lives of Birds and Destroying Cats Would Do It, and Save a BILLION DOLLARS EVERY YEAR.

Mr. C. L. Marlatt, assistant chief of the Bureau of Entomology in the Department of Agriculture, gives facts on the cost of feeding our insects that ought to interest anybody with a brain bigger than that of the smallest of those insects.

First, observe what the insects do.

While we are told to economize in the use of grain, insects destroy millions upon millions in grain as part of their yearly diet.

It costs at least **ONE BILLION DOLLARS** a year to feed the insects. And determined action by Government, with proper protection for birds, would eliminate 90 per cent of all this destruction.

It costs the United States fifty million dollars yearly to feed its grasshoppers, sixty millions to feed the Chinch bug.

The Hessian fly costs us forty millions yearly, the cotton boll weevil, eight millions; the potato bug eight millions; the army worm, fifteen millions, and even the small destructive cabbage worm eats up five million dollars' worth of cabbages a year.

The harm that insects do in destroying food crops and killing cattle is only part of the damage.

They do an amount of harm that cannot be calculated in dollars, in the carrying of disease.

(Continued in Last Column.)

# He Preaches It and Laughs, BUT---

1918 Will Make Him Live Up to It.

# Be Stern But Just, Says Elizabeth Jordan

She was a wonderfuly baby to look at. She had tight yellow curls, vividly pink cheeks, eyes as blue as the waters of Bermuda, and a shy, adorable smile. For the moment she was quiet, playing contentedly with her doll. Those around, feigning to ignore her, regarded her with secret rapture.

Within fifty seconds the peaceful scene changed.

"Come, darling," said the baby's mother. "It's time for your nap."

The baby's lips set in a straight line. "No," she remarked firmly, without looking up.

Her mother's face took on a careworn expression.

"Oh, dear," she remarked to her callers, "I do hope she isn't going to be stubborn!"

But she was. That was made clear at once.

"Come, dear," repeated the mother, coaxingly. "The dollies will come, too. They want a nice nap."

**The Spoiling Process.**

"No," said the baby, again, and this time the word came out with a shriek. Simultaneously the child hurled herself backward.

Her little mouth formed an .O. Her face turned purple. Her yells could have been heard in the street below. Her mother rushed to her side.

"Hush, darling! Don't cry, don't," she begged. "Mother won't make her baby take a nap if she doesn't want to! Come, sit up—that's a good girl. Let mother wipe baby's eyes."

The child yielded to the impelling hand. Her shrieks subsided into gurgles.

"No nap," she sobbed, brokenly. "No nap."

Her mother thrust a doll into her arms.

"No, indeed," she comforted, hurriedly. "No nap. Just be a good girl and play with dollies. No nap."

The baby resumed her play. Before she did so she cast a glance at those around her. She was a few months more than two years old—but in that glance lay triumph and a sense of power.

"Did you see me?" the glance seemed to ask. "*That's* the way I get what I want."

Half an hour later the episode was repeated. Again the mother suggested a nap. Again the child threw herself on the floor and yelled until the suggestion was recalled.

"No! No! No!" she shrieked—each "No" louder than the last.

The mother looked at her callers.

"Think of it," she said, helplessly. "I have never yet heard that child say 'yes.' She says 'no' to everything we suggest, unless she especially wants it. If she wants it, she nods."

"She's as determined as my little Mabel," contributed a second mother in the group. "We had to put Mabel to bed the other evening in her street coat and bonnet. She simply would not go unless we put them on over her little nightie. Children are so strange," she added, lightly.

Neither of these women realized the fact that she was spoiling her child. The one thing she did realize was that she had trouble with the baby unless she allowed the infant to have its own way. She was, therefore, consistently allowing it to have its own way; and, in doing so, she was laying a firm foundation of future unhappiness for that child.

For life, unlike these unwise mothers, does not often give us our own way. Neither do the child's future associates give it its own way. Thus the child, selfish and undisciplined at home, gets many hard knocks when it leaves home; and the fact that it needs these hard knocks and is benefited by them does not make them any easier to bear.

But the most important point of all for the too indulgent mother to remember is that others actually *dislike* her spoiled child. They also dislike the spoiled man or woman that child may develop into. And this again makes life very hard for the spoiled individual.

Some of the unhappiest men and women I know are the victims of too-indulgent parents. They do not realize the source of their unhappiness. They only know that they don't "get on with people;" they cannot understand why.

**Still a Spoiled Child.**

I know one woman, sixty years of age, of whom it may safely be said that in all her life she has never once unselfishly considered another human being. If the plans of others fit in with her own, all right. If they do not, she will ignore without scruple the conveniences of a dozen persons.

In many ways the woman is a fine type. She is a generous friend—when she can be generous without sacrificing her own comfort or convenience. She despises gossips and talebearers. She is a devout Christian. Yet, with all this, she is a mass of selfishness.

Once, when her selfishness was especially flagrant, her sister studied her in silence for a long time. At last she said quetly:

"Mary, hasn't it ever occurred to you that sometimes—if only once in a long, long while—you ought to consider others first, instead of yourself?"

Mary stared at her resentfully.

"I don't know what you mean," she answered.

She spoke truly, for she did not know. Her own family had always considered her first. Like every spoiled child she expects the same attitude from the world's great family. She exacts this attitude where she can. When she fails—and she fails often—she is surprised and grieved.

Life is an affair of give and take. We must put into it the equivalent of what we take from it. In our associations with others we must consider them at least as much as ourselves.

But this reflection rarely occurs to the unhappy "spoiled children" of the world.

# Mothering Hens Show Human Traits

**By Winifred Black**

The neighbors have some new chickens—white ones!

They're as pretty as they can be, so neat and trim and orderly—but, oh, how they do amuse me!

They're so in love with themselves, so pleased with their own appearance and so perfectly contented with their own brains.

"Cluck!" said the white hen, when I was looking at them this morning. "Cluck, do for goodness sake look at me—see how neat I am! Have you noticed the way I pick up my feet, and what other hen in the world ever had such a nice pair of wings?"

**A Hen's Vanity.**

"Look at that old Cochin China strutting around. You'd think he owned the whole barnyard—great, big, clumsy, overgrown thing! Just wait until my husband gets ready—he'll show him, but in a perfectly proper way, of course. We think everything of etiquette in this family.

"Cluck, cluck! I am so glad I was born a white hen!"

I was rather cross with my neighbor for buying hens, but, since he has bought them, I wouldn't give up the fun I have watching them for worlds—they're so much like people that they keep me reminded of my friends all the time.

Mrs. Goodhearted is the name of the Cochin China hen. She's a big, blowsy, careless, good-natured, friendly creature, without an unkind thought in her head—and more trouble to her husband than a dozen malicious, venomous, wicked creatures could possibly be.

She never hears him when he calls her to breakfast. She's always so busy trying to help him get breakfast that she doesn't see him at all, and by the time she has come to from her trance in which she's dreaming of glorious worms and gorgeous flies for the whole family the rooster from the other flock has come over after her breakfast, and her own rooster has to fight for his life to keep a morsel for her.

She's absent-minded and forgetful and easy-going; she never gets to the water pan till all the other hens have begun to spill the water. And then she's a frightful gossip. She doesn't mean a bit of harm, you can tell that, but every time she gets to chatting with the Brown Leghorn there's a perfect family upheaval and Mr. Cochin China has to apologize to Mr. Brown Leghorn—and she's so puzzled and confused about it, too.

**Dark Future.**

She never can see why everybody is always mad at her, poor thing. Sometimes she's so much like a woman I know that I feel like sending her a ticket to a lecture on "Why Don't the Poor Get Rich?" or inviting her to tea to help talk over the new minister and the kind of wife we really ought to find for hm.

I know she's going to have an awful time with that white hen and her friends. They'll never understand each other, never in the world. She'll try to be kind and neighborly, and the white hen will think she's pushing and call her a climber, and then, my dear, the way she keeps house, and the feathers she wears, and that unfortunate husband of hers, poor dear!

There's going to be trouble in the chicken yard, and I know who'll get the worst of it.

Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck! I wonder if they ever look over the fence and talk us over together.

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# A Christmas Editorial

**Not a Word About Christmas In It. But If the Spirit of the Time Would Get to Work Among the House Owners There Might Be a Different Tale.**

By EARL GODWIN.

It is a patriotic duty to rent vacant rooms, but it is profiteering and disgraceful to rent a single room for more than it is worth. To rent rooms for $50 apiece, when $15 would be a high price in peace time, is taking advantage of the most cruel war history has known—taking advantage of it to screw a profit out of some one who probably can ill afford it.

BILLY SUNDAY could do no better service than help scourge the room and house rent profiteers from this city. I have given much time and thought to the question of rent pirates in Washington and have reached the conclusion that nothing will shame them from their cruel positions; that they should be classed with the usurers and those whom Isaiah the prophet spoke of as "grinding the faces of the poor."

The common-sense real estate brokers, the big real estate men who handle hundreds of thousands of rents, do not approve of the attitude of some of their clients. The real estate men know full well that the grab-all ideas of some of the individual property owners here will react to the disadvantage of the real estate business and the city. Charles W. Fairfax, president of the Real Estate Men's Association, is the authority for saying that the representative real estate men have gone to extremes in endeavoring to impress their clients with the advisability, from a merely practical business standpoint, of not raising rents. Also he is authority for the statement that the worst cases of rent profiteering are found in tenants who sublet their apartments or houses at enormous profits.

Costs increase in war times, and landlords who are called on by tenants to paint and paper will find they cannot continue renting their property at the old prices. The average necessary rental increase is not a large one, but when a poor workman suddenly gets notice to pay $30 a month for his house instead of $18, there is a Shylock in the deal. This specific instance is an actual one, now under investigation.

Big real estate offices which have furnished me with information on this subject have proved that in scores of cases apartments and houses have been rented for another year by old tenants who have agreed either to go without papering and painting, or have agreed to pay for these repairs themselves. The rent has remained the same.

I mention this to show tenants that the real estate men themselves have endeavored to play fair with the public. The individuals who make wartime profits and the room and house rent pirates who are gouging the poor are not organized and are fairly well hidden. However, plans are now afoot to see to it that some of these profiteers receive a bath of publicity sooner or later and also a dose of increased taxes.

## HEARD AND SEEN

I saw POLICEMAN ORIANA arresting a poor celery peddler because he had no license. Oriana was doing his duty. What I would like to impress on the city is that the old-fashioned license law is as obsolete as a prison ship. Men who sell food ought NOT to be required to BUY a license. They can be regulated without being charged for it. Sellers of food ought to be encouraged, not discouraged. Every license charge goes right back into the cost of the food, which is made up from the pockets of the people who buy it.

CHARLIE TRACEWELL tells me that the Civil Service Commission sent out notices that a blacksmith is needed at St. Elizabeth's Hospital. Down in the body of the notice is the statement that nobody who has lost two arms or two legs need apply.

B. O. DOADY makes the timely suggestion that street car congestion could be helped if everyone in an automobile picked up people wherever they are found waiting for street cars. All right, let's start the movement tomorrow.

W. H. MORAN, who will head the Secret Service, LOOKS like a detective and that isn't all. He IS one.

When you bought a turkey, did you remember the optimistic newspaper reporter who wrote that the price would be less than 40 cents a pound?

I received today for a Christmas present a pair of pants from MAX KAUFFMANN.

These pants are hundreds of years old, I believe. There is no other pair on earth like them except those worn by BEN GUNN in Treasure Island.

I was fishing with Max in New Hampshire last spring:

"Gee I wish I had a pair of pants like those," I said, "There is not another pair like them."

So today I received them as a tender offering, along with a sweet little Christmas card.

Thanks, Max.

Merry Christmas to all Washington.

# Why Not Make the Insects Economize On Food?

(Continued from First Column.)

The tick, which destroys cattle entirely in many States, is carried by insects from one animal to another.

The stomach worm that destroys sheep and makes it impossible to raise sheep in certain districts comes from a parasite that lays its eggs on the grass.

Mosquitoes carry yellow fever and malaria—eliminate mosquitoes and malaria and yellow fever will disappear.

Hundreds of thousands of men are made worthless by malaria.

The backbone of this difficulty could be broken, if the country would protect its birds—

First, by preventing the murder of birds on a gigantic scale for sport, or for money making, by those that shoot the birds to sell.

Second, by eliminating the CATS that destroy the birds and do NOT destroy mice and rats.

Back in April, 1913, the Government started the work of bird protection and insect extermination.

Senator McLean suggested that the President propose to governments of other countries a convention by which the different countries would agree to protect and preserve the migrating birds. This Government adopted the resolution.

Great Britain and Canada took it up and passed the necessary laws.

The Senate did whatever was necessary. The President proclaimed the treaties.

Now, backed by the National Grange, the National Farm Alliance, the National Association of Game and Fish Commissioners, and even by the organized sportsmen of the country, the bill is waiting for action in the House. It ought not to wait very long.

Nobody, we presume, thinks that this country can afford to spend fifty million dollars feeding grasshoppers, for under such conditions the grasshopper does, indeed, become a burden—to say nothing of spending a billion dollars on the total bill of fare of the insects.