

HARRISBURG TELEGRAPH

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

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SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 23

Do not blame yourself cruelly, nor think of escaping from yourself; but pardon your failures, and quietly keep trying till you succeed in gaining that full self-possession in equilibrium which is at once happiness and religion.

CHRISTMAS—1916

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;

East, West, North and South, let the long quarrel cease;

Sing the song of great joy, that the angels began,

Sing of glory to God and of good will to man.

—WHITTIER.

In getting the Christmas tree ready to be trimmed it is sometimes best to send the children to the roof, your wife to the cellar and then make the room soundproof by stuffing rags in the cracks.

YOUR LAST SHOPPING ITEM

NOW that the last bit of shopping has been done, the last gifts selected, the turkey chosen, the candies purchased, wouldn't it be wise to tuck a little small change in your purse to invest in the best kind of Christmas cheer—the Red Cross Christmas seals?

Figures on the results of Harrisburg's 1916 sales campaign will not be available for several days, but it is generally expected that the number disposed of this year will be close to the half-million mark which had been fixed by the committee headed by Dr. C. R. Phillips.

Generally speaking, to-day should be the last day upon which one can purchase Christmas stamps, but because arrangements have been completed for a big benefit concert and drill by Zumbo band and patrol of the Mystic Shrine next Friday evening in Chestnut Street Auditorium the committee has decided to keep the Yuletide "stickers" on sale until New Year's Day.

But one will have a final fling as a Red Cross Christmas seal spender this evening down town; a big company of theatrical folks kindly "loaned" for the purpose by Manager C. Floyd Hopkins will entertain at a street cabaret and between acts will sell Red Cross stamps. Now, then, keep abreast of the times!

The man who gets drunk at Christmas time may be a helpless inebriate, but the probabilities are it's simply the hog blood in him showing up.

TRULY PATRIOTIC

ALL the patriots are not serving in the army. All capitalists are not money-grubbers. Profits are not all there is to business. Industrial leaders' thoughts are not necessarily confined to the mere accumulation of wealth and the earning of dividends.

Charles M. Schwab in his New York speech Thursday night said that the Bethlehem plants are now greater than Krupp's, in Germany, and that they have capacity to manufacture a million rounds of heavy ammunition a month, and added:

"This I feel to be a great national asset for the Government. In the event of the time comes that it is needed, it shall be placed at the disposal of the Government as it is used as the Government sees fit, and the Government itself shall name the price to be paid for the material produced."

How many of us, we wonder, would be ready to volunteer in such fashion? How many at the sound of the war alarm would be willing to say to Uncle Sam, "Here is my business. Take it. Do with it what you like. Pay me just what you see fit." It's a big sacrifice, this giving away of the creation of a lifetime. It is a large order Mr. Schwab has given himself, but no doubt he would "deliver the goods." He has a reputation for living up to his words and of not speaking lightly.

The offer is all the more remarkable because the Wilson administration slandered Bethlehem shamefully and is even now bent on taking millions of dollars a year away from it by the erection of a federal armor plate mill. Mr. Schwab might have been excused did he feel a trifle bitter toward the federal authorities. Perhaps he does, but if so, he is able to discern between

the mistaken policies of a few political jugglers and the needs of the nation itself, and to govern himself accordingly, which statesmanship-like quality one might wish some others in prominent places possessed in like degree.

Bless the man who arranged the calendar so that Christmas occasionally falls on Monday.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

MERRY CHRISTMAS! Merry Christmas! What a wonderful feeling of good cheer the words engender! Past animosities vanish, present worries cease, business troubles automatically disengage themselves from weighted shoulders, and the spirit of unadulterated happiness that mother and the children have revealed in for weeks past settles upon the breadwinner, too, and so becomes universal.

Even in the trenches Christ's birthday is not forgotten. The soldiers of each camp mutually agree not to disagree for the time being, and they who but a few minutes before were hurling death at one another will forget for a time their hostilities. We in America this year can thank God that the flower of our manhood can gather about the hearth in the sacred family circle, except for the comparative few who are serving their country on the Border. And Santa Claus, unsung by the flame of war, is free to stir to ecstasies the innocent heart of childhood. Surely, Christmas in America, with the opportunities for giving to the poor and those less fortunate than ourselves, will truly represent and exemplify the spirit of Christ on earth.

A friendly handshake, a cheery nod, a smile! Suppose you don't know him and will never see him again. Perhaps he has a wife and youngster at home and wishes, oh so yearningly, that he were with them on Christmas. Or, possibly, his little one is in another country, where sorrow is unknown! In any case, the expenditure of a little of your own supply of happiness will pay richly in dividends of reflected happiness. Conventional barriers are down at Christmas time. All the world rejoices together. "Merry Christmas!" resounds in the air and "Merry Christmas!" comes floating back. "Foehliche Weihnachten!" "Joyeuse Noel!" "Gla Delig Jul!" "Buona Natale!" The spirit is the same, Merry Christmas to all!

Politics in Pennsylvania

By the Ex-Committeeman

Senator William C. Sprout, of Delaware, last night declared that he did not mean his speech of the night before in Delaware to be considered as an announcement of candidacy for Governor in 1918 and about the same time National Committeeman A. Mitchell Palmer, the Democratic leader of the State, who had been industriously boomed Vance C. McCormick for another try two years hence, said that he thought McCormick would be a good candidate if he would accept.

Senator Sprout's declaration and the Palmer expression of doubt whether McCormick would care to embark in another campaign ended a good bit of the talk about gubernatorial sideights for a day or so. However, everyone realizes that the speaker contest will have a tremendous bearing upon the selection of the successor to Governor Brumbaugh.

"I have explained my attitude on the governorship many times. No man can be insensible to the greatest honor in the Commonwealth. As I have said before, I would rather be the State Senator from Delaware county, and have the good will and confidence of my home folks, than be Governor," said Senator Sprout. "If ever I am Governor, Senator Sprout went on, and I would like to be, to please my own folks here, I will be a regular Republican Governor. If a regular Republican Governor is not good enough to win the confidence of the Republicans of this county, then I am not good enough to be your Governor."

BATHHOUSES AND BATHING

Thus, from the depths of his wisdom, speaks Commissioner William H. Lynch.

"We have given them (the people) a dam: Harrisburg has the best river front in the country; what more do they want?" questions Mr. Lynch.

Laying aside the thought that Council has given the people nothing that the people have not either first demanded or for which they voted a loan, it may not be amiss to ask the commissioner, in turn, of what good is a dam and a fine river front if they are not put to use?

A bathhouse a luxury! Perhaps among the Eskimos, but certainly not in Harrisburg of a hot day in mid-summer.

The city provides golf links for golfers, and courts for tennis lovers, and all manner of athletic fields for all manner of athletic sports, and camps for campers, and concerts for music-lovers, and playgrounds for little children, and public bathing places for boys and girls on an inadequate scale. This is all very proper, and Council will make the customary appropriations for these purposes this year. With these facts staring them in the face one wonders how councilmen can fall to recognize the claims of a recreation in which people of all conditions and ages can, and do, indulge. For that is what Mr. Lynch's interview means—opposition to the Gross item in the budget of \$5,000 for bathing houses and beaches. Council—a part of it, at least—doesn't want to give money for the purposes desired. That much is very apparent.

The Harrisburg Navy should realize the situation; unless it gets busy at once, the bathing item may fall of passage. The people in general want bathhouses, and if they don't get them bathhouses and bathing beaches will become an issue of no mean importance of the next municipal campaign in Harrisburg. The river basin is going to be made the great play place of the residents of this city, even though it may be necessary to make that the biggest factor in the election of a City Council.

"Uncle Sam aspires to be peace-maker," says a news dispatch. Also, peace-maker.

As Briggs would say—when you have gone clear down your Christmas list and back again and discover that all the gifts have been bought and wrapped—"ain't it the gr-r-r-and, gl-l-lorious feeling!"

Something tells us that we and the calendar hanging over our desk are soon to part company.

Take an hour off and read the opening chapters of George Randolph Chester's great novel—"The Enemy." Opening chapters in the Telegraph of this issue.

The Days of Real Sport



CHRISTMAS IN CHRISTMAS LAND IS SORRIEST FOR CENTURIES

By the Religious Rambler

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EVERYWHERE, everywhere, Christmas to-night! Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine, Christmas in lands of the palm tree and vine; Christmas where snow-peaks stand solemn and white, Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright; Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay, Christmas where old men are patient and gray, Christmas where peace, like a dove in its flight, Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight; Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

For the Christ-child who comes in the night, No palace to great and no cottage too small; The Angels who welcome Him sing from the height, "In the city of David a King in His might." Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

Then let every heart keep its Christmas within, Christ's pity for sorrow, Christ's hatred of sin, Christ's care for the weakest, Christ's courage for fight, Christ's dread of the darkness, Christ's love of the light; Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

So the stars of the midnight which compass us round Shall sing of a glory, and hear a sweet sound, And cry, "Look! the earth is aflame with delight, O sons of the morning, rejoice at the sight." Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

—Phillips Brooks.

Without The carriage waits without, my lord, "Without what, gentle sir?" "Without the left-hand running board; Without the French chauffeur, Without drop of gasoline, Ten nuts, the can of oil, The outer coat of Brewster green, Two-spark plugs and the coil; Without the brake, the horn, the clutch; Without the running gear, One cylinder—it beats the Dutch How much there isn't here! The car has been repaired in fact, And you should be right glad To find that this much is intact; Of what your lordship had, The garage sent it back, my lord, In perfect shape throughout; So you will understand, my lord, Your carriage waits without." —C. H. D. in Northwestern Candle.

Impossible Husband (after the theater): Well, how did you like the play? His Wife: Very well, indeed. There was only one impossible thing in it. The second act takes place two years after the first, and the family still have the same servant. —New York Sun.

Newspapers Suspend Newspapers in Oklahoma have been suspended for a week by the high prices and shortage in news print paper. Twenty-eight of them have been compelled to suspend during the past year and many former 8-page papers have had to reduce to as low as four and sometimes even to two pages.

Life's Little Jolts I watched a lady buy a hat A tiresome occupation, that; I said: "I guess I'll have to wait 'Till all these hats are out of date— She'll take a week to pick out one— When suddenly I heard a shout! I saw the lady pay the girl, The papers sent it back, my lord, While others swooned upon the floor— SHE'D ONLY "TRIED ON TWENTY-FOUR!!!" —Skiatone Chronicle.

Congratulating a Kansan [From the Topeka Capital.] "Lucky" Collins, who was married last summer, has a new overcoat. God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform

A Christmas Carol

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OUR DAILY LAUGH

WHY WAIL? A gloomy day, Well, don't you fret So long as you Aren't getting wet.

AN INDICATION. Insurance Doctor—Any insanity in your family? Cholly—Only—the pate-thinks he's the head of the house, ye know.

DO YOU KNOW That Harrisburg rolls plates which have been used for stand-pipes for big western operations?

HISTORIC HARRISBURG John Harris ferry was last used in the War of 1812.

MERRY CHRISTMAS By Wing Dinger Friend, it's been some weeks, I know, Since I've penned a rhyme—That's because my work has robbed Me of my play time.

But there's one time in the year When, aside I lay, Work and trouble and all else, To a friend to say: "Merry Christmas, lots of them, God's rich blessings, too, Be your lot from year to year"—That's my wish to you.

Ebening Chat

Members of the lower house of the next general assembly are coming here for the biennial allotment of the seats in the chamber of the representatives, and numerous changes in the locations of the legislators are likely. The seats are allotted by Resident Clerk W. S. Lick who has been grouping men by counties and their political affiliations. A slight variation of the seats in the political faith as far as possible. The Democrats will occupy the seats on the east side of the big gold and blue chamber and the Republicans will have the rest. There is a larger number of Republicans than usual in the next House and they will overflow into the Democratic block. Demands for aisle seats have run, as usual, far above the number possible to give, and it is estimated that about one-third of the membership has expressed preference for aisle seats. Most of the older members have been given the seats they have requested, although some of the more desirable seats have been held in reserve for them. The Philadelphia contingent will be on the western side of the chamber and Allegheny in the center. Representative Richard J. Baldwin, who has had No. 1 for the last three sessions, has been allotted it again and Representative Edwin R. Cox and George W. Williams, also candidates for reelection, have been given their choice. Representatives F. C. Ehrhardt, Lackawanna, the oldest Republican in continuous service, and John M. Flynn, Elk, the oldest Democratic member in point of service, have been assigned their old seats.

The popular winter pastime of this particular part of the Christmas season is attempting to hide the "kiddies" gifts, where they will not find them, at least before the children are asked for them. The Philadelphia contingent will be on the western side of the chamber and Allegheny in the center. Representative Richard J. Baldwin, who has had No. 1 for the last three sessions, has been allotted it again and Representative Edwin R. Cox and George W. Williams, also candidates for reelection, have been given their choice. Representatives F. C. Ehrhardt, Lackawanna, the oldest Republican in continuous service, and John M. Flynn, Elk, the oldest Democratic member in point of service, have been assigned their old seats.

Probably more officials of the State government will spend Christmas here than usual. Governor and Mrs. Brumbaugh will be in the mansion next day in honor of the Chinese minister. Secretary of the Commonwealth Cyrus E. Woods is residing in Harrisburg. Commissioner of General Stewart, Commissioners Jackson and Alney and Superintendent Rambo are residing here. Commissioner Black will make his home here after January 1.

If a little incident may be used as a criterion, the joy of Christmas must certainly lie to a great extent in anticipation of the day. It is not to a humble home several days before Christmas, at an unearthly hour in the morning. Out of the machine stepped a bulky truck driver with an enormous hand clutching a tiny hobby horse. He rang the doorbell and there appeared a wan little lady with worn hands and shabby dress, but oh, what a smile! The husky truckman evidently unused to such transformations as joy made on the face of the little mother, handed in the package and bowed for Christmas. She rolled up a matted curse that was almost a blessing and dashed the back of his huge hand across his face. But as the machine rattled on up the street, a look of gloom rolled over his emotion—concealing frown, lighting up the early morning dusk like a sunbeam.

James Auler, who will hand out the candy to the Harrisburg youngsters at the Executive mansion in behalf of Governor and Mrs. Brumbaugh, has been making an important function for twenty-three years. He has given away tons of candy and kept in line thousands of youngsters.

WELL KNOWN PEOPLE

—Mayor Armstrong expects to welcome the 14th infantry to Pittsburgh on Christmas day.

—T. J. Dowler has been elected secretary of the Braddock lodge of Masons for the 43rd consecutive time.

—Thomas Boswell, prominent Baltimore coal operator, is planning to open a coal tract near Johnstown.

—Captain R. L. Russell, commandant of the League Island Navy yard, says the building of the new battle cruiser, will take 1,000 more men.

—Mark K. Edgar, Scranton Board of Trade secretary, well known here, has been re-elected and given an advance in salary.

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