

In the PUBLIC EYE

March Now on Retired List



Maj. Gen. Peyton C. March, chief of staff of the United States army during the great war, has retired from active military service.

It frequently is said that General March was the Stanton of the War department during his term of duty as the chief of the general staff.

In war times some one in the War department must be an autocrat. March unquestionably was the military autocrat of the department during the war.

Naturally, he made enemies. Today it is known that some of the officers cherish bitter feelings because of the things which he did.

General March was given the Distinguished Service Medal for his conduct of the great staff department in the days of the war.

"Really, My Dear Watson—"

Senator Thomas E. Watson of Georgia (portrait herewith) certainly started something when he said in debate in the senate:

"How many senators know that a private soldier was frequently shot by his officers because of some complaint against officers' insolence; and that they had gallows upon which men were hanged, day after day, without court-martial or any other form of trial?"



Senator Wadsworth of New York, chairman of the military affairs committee, demanded that Senator Watson appear before that committee and substantiate his statements.

The Georgian replied he defied the "demand." He would debate it out in the senate. He intimated that he had no confidence in the committee and that his witnesses would be in danger.

General Pershing made a statement declaring the Watson charges to be "without foundation." The Georgian warned Pershing that a general who called a senator a liar could be called before the senate and reprimanded.

Hull Succeeds White



Cordell Hull of Carthage, Tenn., was chosen chairman of the Democratic national committee to succeed George White of Marietta, O., following refusal of Edward F. Gohra, committee man from Missouri, to resign to make way for Breckinridge Long of St. Louis and Washington, D. C.

Mr. Hull is a lawyer and a former judge. He was a member of congress from the Sixtieth to Sixty-sixth congresses. He is a Spanish-American veteran and is unmarried.

"We shall make every possible effort to develop the Democratic national committee into the most militant and efficient organization within our power."

Macnider, American Legion

Hanford Macnider, the new national commander of the American Legion, is an American fighting man of fine physique and appearance.



After the outbreak of the World war he entered the officers' training camp at Fort Snelling and was commissioned second lieutenant.

Macnider was elected commander of the Iowa department of the Legion in September and has been commander of the Clausen Worden post of Mason City.

The Old Folks' Christmas



The Old Folks decided that it was time for them to be young again. So they set up a Christmas tree in a corner of the big dining room.

Santa Claus came bustling in and began to make things pleasant. Tied to his belt there was an alarm clock.

First, he called the roll, to see if they were all up and awake. Then, he began to pick the presents off the tree.

Soon the room was gay with dolls, horns and jumping jacks. A doll was riding in her carriage, squeaking and rising up every few feet as she rode along.

There was a talking doll, too. She sang and talked when they pushed the buttons on her dress.

The Old Folks all played with their presents. They blew on their horns, and amused themselves with the jumping-jacks, and sent the moving toys running about the room all at once.

But, after all, the Old Folks thought it wasn't so very much fun because there were no real children there. So they sent out to see if they could find some.

They found Lucy, Peter, Billy, Mary, Sally, Hilda, Ruth, and some other children, who all came to see the Old Folks' Christmas tree.

Lucy told the Old Folks the story about her dog Trump.

Trump was a tramp dog, but he could do some tricks. He loved to be dressed up in a blanket, with a belt.

Peter said that he did not know any stories, but once he carried the flag for the big boys' baseball team, and they let him go in to see the baseball game, free.

Then Billy told a story. He said that once he sat up all night, waiting for Santa Claus to come and fill his stocking.

Billy said, too, that when he woke up in the early morning and found that Santa Claus had forgotten to fill his stocking, he was going to throw himself on the floor and pound his heels on it and holler.

Mary told about the songs she sang to her doll.

Sally thought that it was a long time since she had known a story.

She said they had to send the old donkey on ahead to make the little donkey hurry.

Then she remembered about the cats at her grandma's house.

Hilda told a story about a little blind boy she once saw.

When she said her evening prayer that night, her mother said to her: "What are you going to say, in your prayer tonight, about that poor little blind boy you saw to-day?"

So Hilda asked God about him. The very next day she took the little blind boy a big orange.

"Once I asked a little girl if that was her sister," said Ruth. "The little girl said: 'It ain't a sister. It's a baby.'"

"Another man asked him: 'What are you making such a fuss about? Weren't your dolls for sale?' and everybody laughed except the doll man."

The Old Folks were having such a good time listening to the stories that they thought the children ought to have a good time, too.

Every boy and every girl had a toy and a box of candy—Lucy, Peter, Billy, Mary, Sally, Hilda, and the others.

Then, all the young Old Folks and all the children marched around the dining room singing.

They sang "Merry, Merry Christmas," and so the fun ended.

But I guess it didn't quite end then, either. For, as the young Young



Every Boy and Every Girl Had a Toy. Folks went out of the door and down the street, the young Old Folks could hear them laughing, long after they turned the corner.

Besides, the young Old Folks have been talking about their "Old Folks' Christmas" ever since.

FESTIVITIES OF OLD TIMES

The Lord of Misrule was an important functionary at the Christmas festivities of those long-ago times. An account of this important personage has been preserved by the historian and antiquary, John Stow.

"In the feast of Christmas," writes Stow, "there was in the king's house, wherever he lodged, a Lord of Misrule or Master of Merry Sports, and the like had ye in the house of every nobleman of honor or good worship, where he spiritual or temporal.

At Cambridge university the Lord of Misrule was a master of art, elected to superintend the representation of Latin plays by the students, besides taking charge of their games and diversions during the Christmas season.

In the Inns of Courts in London, where the barristers had their offices and belongings, a Lord of Misrule, reigned with great splendor.

On the Twelfth day he abdicated his sovereignty, and we are informed that in the year 1635, this mock-representative of royalty expended in the exercise of his office about two thousand pounds from his own purse.

Instead of always frying up any leftover potatoes, why not use them for hot tea scones? They only take a few minutes to make.

God and persuading concerning Jesus (vv. 23-31). He pointed out a real kingdom—the Messianic Kingdom with Jesus as the King.

If you want to live in this world, doing the duty of life, knowing the blessings of it, doing your work heartily, and yet not absorbed by it, remember that the one power whereby you can so act is, that all shall be consecrated to Christ.—Alexander Maclaren.

Now, my God, let I beseech thee, thine eyes be open, and let thine ears be attentive unto the prayer that is made in this place.—II Chronicles 6:40.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. F. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.) Copyright, 1921, Western Newspaper Union.

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 4

PAUL IN MELITA AND ROME.

LESSON TEXT—Acts 28:1-31. GOLDEN TEXT—I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also.

REFERENCE MATERIAL—Mark 16:18; Rom. 1:8-17.

PRIMARY TOPIC—The End of Paul's Journey. JUNIOR TOPIC—The End of a Long Journey. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Paul Living in Rome. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Paul's Ministry in Rome.

(v. 1-10). Through the storm they lost their bearings, and when they were safe on land they learned that the island was called Melita.

1. The hospitable reception of the natives (v. 2). They built a fire and made them as comfortable as possible from the cold and the rain.

2. Paul gathering sticks for a fire (v. 3). This is a fine picture of the world's greatest preacher and missionary not above picking up sticks for a fire.

3. Paul bitten by a venomous serpent (v. 3). With the sticks that Paul gathered there was a serpent.

4. Paul heals Publius' father (vv. 7-10). These people are now getting some return for their kindness.

11. Paul Arrives at Rome (vv. 11-16). When Paul landed at Rome Christ's charge to the disciples was fulfilled.

After three months' stay at Melita, Paul departs for Rome in the ship Alexandria, whose sign was Castor and Pollux.

At Puteoli he found brethren, at whose request he tarried seven days. At Appollonia and at the Three Taverns brethren from Rome met him.

From Puteoli the news went before Paul's coming, and so interested were the brethren that they came more than forty miles to meet him.

He greatly encouraged him, for which he gave God thanks. No one, perhaps, ever enjoyed more close fellowship with God, and yet no man ever enjoyed more and derived more benefit from human fellowship than he.

111. Paul's Ministry in Rome (vv. 17-31). 1. His conference with the leading Jews (vv. 17-22). He did not, as usual, wait for the Sabbath day to speak to the Jews.

They had delivered the presents and were now passing the same church. Inside someone was practicing on the organ. That was doubtless the organist practicing for the music for the service in the morning.

"I wish," Howard said, "that he stop practicing the Christmas music and play us a wedding march." "Perhaps he would," said Elizabeth.

"Do you mean it?" Howard shouted. "Oh yes, my dear, of course I mean it. You've not said a word about marrying the last four times I've seen you and I've been about to do it myself. The people—they tried to keep me from seeing how wonderful you were by talking about you, making you what they saw in you—not giving me a chance to see for myself."

"Merrie Christmas!" everyone wished them. But Elizabeth answered: "We don't need to be wished Merry Christmas," but we thank you all for

Christmas Wedding Bells

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER Copyright, 1921, Western Newspaper Union



ELIZABETH had always, it is true, admired Howard.

"You're foolish not to take him," they said. "We all know you have the opportunity to do so every time he goes to see you."

"I don't know about that," Elizabeth would laugh. "They could get something out of her."

"We wish you two would get married. We're tired of seeing you courting all the time."

"Howard smiled. 'It's up to Elizabeth,' he said. One woman spoke to Elizabeth one day in a very serious fashion.

"The trouble with you," the woman said, "is that you've always had so much attention. Not only Howard, but everyone has been charmed by you, and you think that will go on to the end of time. You'll find it won't. They'll stop, and then, where will you be?"

"I don't want to be married so as to escape being an old maid," Elizabeth laughed. "I've seen too many happy ones to be afraid. What more—I think a lot more of a person who is faithful to someone they've loved than to marry for the sake of marrying."

Lots of the "old maids" are that. Some of the married ones have been so afraid they'd be thought unpopular and unwanted that they've married out of sheer cowardice."

This was very puzzling. Had Elizabeth loved someone in her earlier days—perhaps when she had gone away on a visit? No one knew. But everyone was puzzled. So much puzzled that they asked no more questions. They stopped telling her she should marry Howard.

"I thought perhaps you'd not mind if I went with you when you took around the presents," he said. "I knew it was just about your time. How lovely it was outside. The snow was falling, the air was so clear and cool, and here was Howard."

It was snowing hard. Elizabeth was getting together her Christmas presents when the door bell rang. Outside stood Howard.

They were speculating on which it it could have been when the mystery occurred. And had the mysterious man married or had he been already married and so Elizabeth, as a nice, quiet girl had quickly taken herself home and out of the way?

They had delivered the presents and were now passing the same church. Inside someone was practicing on the organ. That was doubtless the organist practicing for the music for the service in the morning.

There was much beautiful music all ways for Christmas! So many wonderful hymns, and such an atmosphere about it all.

"I wish," Howard said, "that he stop practicing the Christmas music and play us a wedding march." "Perhaps he would," said Elizabeth.

"Do you mean it?" Howard shouted. "Oh yes, my dear, of course I mean it. You've not said a word about marrying the last four times I've seen you and I've been about to do it myself. The people—they tried to keep me from seeing how wonderful you were by talking about you, making you what they saw in you—not giving me a chance to see for myself."

The organist played the wedding march. The clergyman came on hurriedly to marry them, bringing witnesses with him.

"The Christmas bells and the wedding bells are joining together for us," Howard said a little later. They took the basket which had had the presents in it back home. Then they announced to all the people what they had done.