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Monday, December 24, 1917

**RIPPLING RHYMES**  
By Walt Mason

**PLAYING THE GAME.**

The men who've studied things like those, who've studied them in forty ways, say we can help things over the seas by having sundry needless days. They say, "Come out the wheat bread, one day a week, and eat corn pone; lap up less sugar when you're fed, and help to make the foeman groan." It isn't much to ask, gads-zooks, and refuse them were a shame; so let's instruct our gifted cooks to read the rules and play the game. I eat a rooster once a week, which braces me to play my harp; again I go down to the creek and haric a cod or carp. When to the table I repair, in solemn state, three times a day, and see a loaf of white bread there. I sternly order it away. I say to nephew, aunt and niece, "Go slow on butter and on lard; the allies now are needing grease—we must not eat it by the yard." The government is most polite; it asks us kindly to retrench, and help our own men in the fight, and eke the British and the French. Yet some there are who give no heed, who laugh polite requests to scorn; they don't propose to curb their greed, and live on hens and fish and corn. They hang around in every town, you'll see them anywhere you look; and Uncle Sam is writing down their surnames in his little book.

**THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.**

In the midst of the greatest war in the annals of history, Christmas comes. The one day in the year dedicated especially to the thought of peace—quiet, gentle, happy peace.

The flower of American manhood is wearing the uniform of the Soldier of Democracy. He is in the trench and in the camp. Here in the home land, every day, the pages of current story are eagerly scanned for the flashes of news from "somewhere in France." When the bells ring and the choirs sing, the Christmas anthem music will fall upon hearts depressed and anxious.

May this be the last "war-Christmas." This prayer will ascend from millions of hearts. But with it there will be a companion prayer, not until the principles for which American boys have consecrated their blood are accomplished shall the roar of gun and bursting of shell cease.

The spirit of Christmas—good-cheer. Even in the time of war, in the day of anxiety, the spirit of Christmas is the spirit of good-cheer.

May the rising of Tuesday's sun bring blessing, brightness, joy, peace, happiness to every reader of THE TIMES, to every home into which this newspaper shall go, to every individual within reach of this community, and even into every heart in this wide world.

**SAVE THE COAL.**

The fuel administrator has ordered that two nights in the week, Sunday and Thursday nights, be "lightless nights"—that is to say that on those nights all lights except those absolutely necessary be turned off. Why not go a step further and save coal by turning off all unnecessary lights at nine o'clock every night except Saturday night? The electric advertising lights and the "white way" are attractive and under normal conditions there is a good reason for using an unlimited amount of electric light in every town and city, but just now when the entire country faces a serious shortage of coal for fuel, it would be sensible to economize in the matter of electric current, even to the point of a less attractive looking city.

Let us work and try to stimulate every business enterprise in Canton by giving it all the friendly encouragement we can, thereby uniting our industries, intelligence and capital in one common cause for the good of the town.—Canton Observer.—That is the right sort of talk. Build up your town.

**SILENCE THE GOSSIPER.**

Every few days some new rumor gains currency. Rumors that have the earmarks of German propaganda. Some of the stories are so unlikely that it would seem that no person would believe them and in some instances the rumors are so far from the truth and so palpable false that it would appear ridiculous to even deny them. Notwithstanding the absolutely foolish appearance of some of these stories, there are always those who will repeat them and always some people who accept them.

Even the Red Cross, that organization whose work is out in the open has been attacked. Absolutely false and hurtful statements have been made and sometimes taken as true by uninformed people. The Young Men's Christian Association war work campaign was forced to struggle against untrue accusations. The Liberty Loan campaign was a fruitful season for the pro-German propagandist.

Recently the attacks began on the Food Administration and Herbert Hoover was the target. The Philadelphia North American prints some of the statements made and answers the gossipers briefly but clearly. That newspaper commenting on the false statements made of the food situation, said:

"That Herbert Hoover, federal food administrator, gets a salary of \$18,000 and lives in luxury. It is a lie. He gives his services to the people without salary and lives simply."

"That at Camp Dix or Camp Meade quarters of beef are thrown away or burned. It is a lie."

"That tons of vegetables, principally potatoes, are rotting through carelessness of soldiers. It is a lie."

"That whole car-loads of foods are decaying on the railroad tracks in this city because the commission men want to get high prices. It is a lie."

"That the government intends to seize all the canned goods that the patriotic women put up during the summer. It is a lie."

"That French army officers have been shot for selling American wheat to Germany. It is a lie."

"That Canada is holding its wheat, so that it can demand a high price when the American crop is exhausted. It is a lie."

It is time that the fault-finder was silenced. The boys of the United States are facing the trenches of Germany. They are defending American principles. Their lives are at stake. That class of folk, here at home, who give no other evidence of their loyalty than the promulgation of false charges against the several departments of war work should be silenced. If rebukes do not have effect then let the government find some other and more severe way of treating the individuals who are giving aid and comfort to the enemy by the circulation of such false stories.

**SAVE THE GASOLINE.**

Among other anti-waste campaigns is that which looks toward the conservation of the supply of gasoline. Arthur Reeves, general manager of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce says, "according to the estimate of the petroleum division of the United States bureau of mines, 959,000 gallons of gasoline a day will be required for the use of army, navy, and aeronautical operations during the coming year. The total daily gasoline production is 6,849,000 gallons; so with a campaign against waste it can be seen that the warneeds should be cared for easily and still have ample for our industrial needs."

The Council of National Defense urges a "don't waste gasoline" campaign and certainly every power of an automobile should be willing to eliminate as far as possible any needless consumption of the product so important for war operation.

**TOO DELICATE!**

Here is an instance of the "mother love" and also an illustration of the disposition of some people to shirk the call of the nation at this time. A woman living at Fresno, Calif., has written to United States Marine Corps headquarters in Washington, asking that the young man be discharged.

"He is too weak and delicate to be in the service," she wrote, "he is a blacksmith's helper by trade, and I would prefer him to stay at his last job."

The mother was informed that, for the time being, her son must remain a Marine.

The municipal fuel administration is enjoying a rush business. In the meantime, the local coal dealers have been able to avoid the embarrassment of declining to sell coal when they have none to deliver.

"To the men who think they can run a newspaper," the Columbia State refers to "the Congressional Record, the most colossal failure that amateurs ever made."

**CHRISTMAS, 1917.**

"...my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth...."—John 14:27.

A fourth Christmas will dawn tomorrow on a world in the grip of forces the Satanic opposite of the ideal that the birth of Jesus Christ brought into the earth. Force is still dominant, cruelly has increased with the progress of knowledge and this hour seems the darkest of civilization.

To America especially, engulfed in a war that was not of her seeking, comes the temptation to declare that the peace on earth good will to men which was heard in angelic carol over the quiet Judean hills was an hallucination of simple shepherds, and that faith in a world governed by the principles of Jesus is no more than a beautiful dream. At this time the question of the centuries comes again with despairing insistence. Why is all around us as if some lesser god had made the world and had not power to reform it?

Whatever may be the dilemma in which such a proposition may place abstract theology and philosophy, the soul which has divined the real mission of Jesus will not be dismayed by the persistence of evil and by the seemingly drawn battle between Jehovah and Baal.

Jesus did not come to establish peace once for all by miracle. His failure to destroy evil in the social and political systems of his day proved a stumbling block to faith then and has continued to puzzle some of his followers to this day. But He came to develop in the soul the power to transform itself and society and to work out in the long ages of God the victories which men fondly believed He would perform in the twinkling of an eye. He came to glorify human life but its ability to suffer and sacrifice for an idea and to await the spreading of the leaves which He placed into the chaotic lump of human affairs.

The world into which Christ came was ruled by might. Autocracy then (as it does now nearly 2,000 years later) raised its arrogant head to demand the homage of men. The world was selfish and lustful, as it still is. The peace which Jesus possessed in that environment and which He gave to the world was the peace which comes to those who are willing to fight for the triumph of right over the powers and principalities of this world.

The peace which the world gives is too often peace at the sacrifice of justice and righteousness. In government it is the peace made at Berlin in 1878 by which so-called Christian Europe left the Turk to misgovern and massacre the Armenians, and nations and tribes were torn asunder to preserve the fetish of the balance of power. In individual life, that other peace is that which comes from soft pacifism in the face of wrong, or from atrophied conscience in the face of duty. The peace which Jesus brought into the world was that which he achieved in battle with evil forces, a battle which cost Him His life. It was a peace which helps to explain His own saying, "I came not to send peace, but a sword."

The carol which the angels sang at the birth of the Redeemer was followed tragically soon by the weeping of women as they saw the Master take his way through the Damascus gate toward the skull-shaped hill where he was to die between two thieves. That Jesus suffered no illusions as to the nature of the revolution his life and sacrifice was to work in history is plain in His answer, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children." He foresaw not only the destruction of the Holy City by Roman and Saracen; He saw the struggle of the ages between right and wrong, good and evil.

That struggle is still going on. Its brute strength has broken loose in our time consuming violence and diabolical fury. But His last words to His disciples rise now, and better still, are heard, above the roar of guns in the trenches of France in the plains of Palestine and are beginning to be heard anew in the homes of America. "... my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth."

**What Others Are A-Saying**

**Honor to Whom Honor is Due.**  
(Raleigh News and Observer.)

It was very fittingly too that Hon. W. J. Bryan should have been so co-recipient with Mr. Webb of congratulations after the vote on the prohibition resolution. No man has wielded so powerful an influence for a dry nation as Mr. Bryan. Since his resignation from the office of secretary of state he has given much of his time to the prohibition movement and his influence has been immensely valuable to the cause. The action of congress is further vindication of his wisdom and foresight and his work for prohibition will rank in value and importance with that which he has done for the election of senators by the direct vote of the people, the income tax, tariff and banking reform and other legislation aimed to benefit the rank and file of the people.

**Pains and Aches Caused by Kidneys**

Many women attribute ailments and suffering to some disease peculiar to their sex, when often the pain and misery is caused by weak or deranged kidneys. Housework, office work or factory work may start the trouble, and dizzy spells, puffiness under eyes, sore muscles, stiff joints, discolored or scanty urine, sleep disturbing headaches, rheumatism or diabetes may result.

When the kidneys are strong and healthy they filter out from the blood the poisonous waste matter. When they are sluggish or overworked they need a medicine to clean them out and invigorate their action. Foley's Kidney Pills are prepared expressly for the purpose of dissolving all poisonous substances and uric acid that lodge in the joints and muscles and to cleanse and strengthen stopped-up, inactive kidneys. Thousands of men and women in all parts of the country testify to the wonderfully satisfactory results they have had from taking Foley's Kidney Pills.

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Capital \$1,250,000.00 We Invite Your Business

**BITS OF BYPLAY**  
By LUKE McLUKE

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You Know Him.  
An awful lark is Oswald Lear.  
And he is not content;  
He says he'd rather have free beer  
Than have free government.

The Reason.  
"I see that old Slopoke has failed in business," said Strick. "What kind of a store did he run, anyway?"  
"One of those places where they are always out of what you want, but will have it next week," replied Brown.

Ouch!  
Fair woman often makes us grin.  
And men will all agree  
That she is quite consistent  
Her inconsistency.

Abbreviated.  
"See here," demanded the City Editor, "what does this line in your story mean? You say here: 'The girl wore an "skt"'. What the Heck do you mean by 'skt'?"  
"An abbreviated skirt, of course," replied the Bright Reporter.

Kind Hearted.  
"The poor bedbug is cold," said Ned.  
"And it is only right;  
That he should crawl into my bed  
And cuddle up at night."

Oh!  
"It says here that wooden cars are responsible for most of the railroad accidents," said the Old Fogey.  
"That so?" commented the Grouch.  
"I always thought it was wooden heads."

First Thing.  
"What would you do if you were in my shoes?" asked Ignatz Dine.  
"I answered with a cheerful grin:  
"I'd go and get a shine."

Wood—Wade  
The engagement of Jennie Wade of Smithville, Tenn., and William Wood, of Maryland, has just been announced.

Bent.  
By nature he is bent towards theft,  
I speak of young Bob Hookitt;  
In other words, some people say,  
His natural bent is crooked.

Is That So!  
"Yes," said Mrs. Malaprop, "I find Luke McLuke highly diverting. I am very fond of that column he writes headed 'Bits of Horse Play.'—Ball Crank.

Police!  
You can see a jay walker in almost any large city. But you have to go to Nelsonville, Ohio, to see a J. Rider.

To a Girl on a Magazine Cover.  
Darling, you are growing bolder.  
You will drive a man to drink,  
In your wealth of hair I notice  
Purple threads among the pink.

Watch Us Grow!  
Rush Harris and Leaf Lard have joined the Lebanon Tent, branch of the Club.

Names is Names.  
Edwin Fell lives in Coldwater, Ohio.

Our Daily Special  
A Spoiled Boy Usually Develops Into A Fresh Man.

Luke McLuke Says.  
A small boy often promises himself that when he gets old enough to be boss his meals will consist entirely of dessert.

Most any man can make a woman change her name. But mighty few men can make a woman change her mind.

It doesn't matter how often she gets married, a woman is always surprised to find that matrimony is different from what she expected.

When a woman wishes to retire from the world she enters convent. When a man wishes to retire from the world he either marries a famous woman or gets himself elected Vice-President.

The old-fashioned man who thought it was impossible to live on air now has a son who makes big money as a chauffeur of an aeroplane.

When a girl is selecting a husband it seldom occurs to her that a good dancer may make a poor provider.

The lads in the trenches are not entitled to all of the sympathy. The man who is trying to support six children nowadays on a small salary is entitled to some of it.

When a man's pipe gets clogged up he raises more Cain than if it was his throat that was clogged up.

One of the joys of married life is that the later you get to bed the earlier your wife will get you up to explain how it happened.

Sometimes the children get the idea that Father is mean and grouchy when the truth of the matter is that the poor devil is merely hard up.

We never knew of a man who was so ornery in life that someone wouldn't throw a bouquet on his coffin when he died.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who was afraid he might be buried alive and who had his grave rigged up with signaling apparatus as a safety first precaution?

"Here on this tremendous errand far from the Christmas joys at home we shall be cheered to the task that is before us by your strength and by your patience. Your will and ours must join to fortify us in the sacrifice we must make and the blood we must give to the end that there may be restored peace on earth, good will to men."

PERSHING.

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