

LOVE, WAR AND CHARITY ARE MENTIONED IN WEEK'S NEWS

Congressman's Marriage, Belgian Relief Committee, Monument Unveiling, Aviator's Paper Suits, National Defense Programme, Discredited Consul and Popular Diplomat Are Discussed.



Prayer Opens the Sixty-Fourth Congress at Washington, D.C. Dec. 6. Underwood



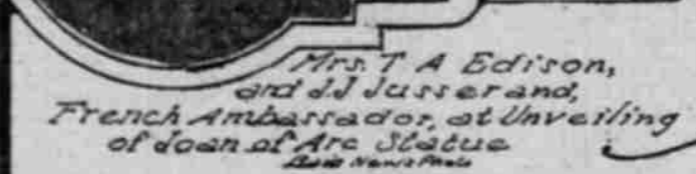
Belgian Delegation, Arriving in New York. (Left to right) John Walter Thorne; Aloys Van de Vyere; Mrs. Carton de Wiart; Baron Ernest de Cartier and Chevalier Edmond Carton de Wiart. Bain



Joan of Arc Statue Unveiled in New York, Dec. 6. Bain News Photo



Aviator in Suit of Paper. Underwood Photo



Mrs. T. A. Edison, and J. J. Jusserand, French Ambassador, at Unveiling of Joan of Arc Statue. Bain News Photo



John Gaffney, Formerly United States Consul General at Munich. Underwood



Mrs. Rockwood Hoar Formerly Christine Rice, Widow of Congressman Rockwood Hoar. Bain News Photo



Fred H. Gillett, of Springfield, Mass. Bain News Photo

ADVICE GIVEN ROBBERS HEADED AFTER 5 YEARS

P. E. Sullivan Meets Holdup Man With Whom He Talked Philosophy and Who Learned Truth of Remarks While Waiting in Prison at Salem.

BY WILL G. MACRAE. CHRISTMAS is as old as the centuries and as new as the smiles of an infant. It is in no sense the holiday of a limited class. Christmas has risen above any narrow faith or creed, and its significance is less religious than humanitarian. As a holiday it is a pagan institution which antedates the Christian era. It was adapted to the use of Christianity as a religious feast and celebration. To the sincere it is a day for friendliness, for fellowship, for kindness and love. It was such thoughts as these that P. E. Sullivan, editor of the Catholic Sentinel, had in his mind five years ago, as he walked home, arms laden with Christmas gifts and toys for the wife and the kiddies. It had been raining. The night winds had dried the streets, but the night was dreary dark. Argument Planned Aforehand. There was a lonesome bit of street between the carline and Mr. Sullivan's home—just the setting that holdup men selected to ply their trade. Mr. Sullivan had often thought of holdup men, and, in his philosophic way, he knew the path of the holdup man had but two outlets—death or the penitentiary. He also knew that if ever he was held up and had a chance to argue the finer points of his philosophy, he would tell the holdup men how futile their calling was. It happened that, on this evening five years ago, Mr. Sullivan got just the chance he was looking for—to argue the case with the robbers. Pat was held up and robbed of his money, but the Sullivan brand of philosophy, delivered on the curbstone of the sidewalk, late in the evening, saved

him his gold watch and a pocket knife that had his wife's picture on the handle. It also happens that as a result of that curbstone-heart-to-heart-Christmas-Christian-fatherly talk, one of those holdup men presented himself at Mr. Sullivan's place of business one day this last week, and accepted the side that Mr. Sullivan said he would give any time either of the men came to him to ask. Experience Kept Secret. Mr. Sullivan did not run to the police with a lurid account of the holdup. In fact he did not tell of the experience until years after, even though he did know that a short time after the hold-up both men were arrested. In making a confession of the various robberies the holdup men told of holding up a "queer duck" that had talked them out of taking a watch and knife, because the victim had explained the watch had his name engraved on it, and that the knife had his wife's picture on the handle. It is not a matter of record that Pat is a member of any society of ethical agitation. Just the same, his advice must have breathed patience in the grapple with hard times and fidelity to the broad life that was outlined on prison walls. He told them that it wasn't worth while. "Boys," said Mr. Sullivan, as the gun of the holdup man was thrust into his misadventure, "there's nothing to this sort of thing. You're welcome to what little money I have. It won't get you far. Why not stop now?" and his voice became confidential with a large, quiet friendliness. "You, and what you are doing, represent the first coherent philosophy of life—a philosophy based on dishonest gain, breeding a conscience of calculation, whose standard is the broad gauge road that leads inside of prison walls. I am tired, let's

sit here on the curb and talk it over." And they sat on the curb, the two holdup men and Mr. Sullivan. It was there Sullivan said: "Look here, boys, quit now. If you're short at any time and want a place to sleep or something to eat, come and see me. I am P. E. Sullivan. No trouble to find my address." The pair was arrested shortly after. The one who came to Mr. Sullivan the other day for help explained that they had been sent away for five years. The meeting between Mr. Sullivan and the holdup man the other day did not have the dramatic setting of five years ago, although the ex-convict holdup man was almost as abrupt. Monday Mr. Sullivan was in his shop when a man came in. The stranger, clean but cheaply dressed, asked for Mr. Sullivan. When Pat appeared the stranger said: "Do you recall being held up five years ago and talking like a father to the two men while they went through your clothes? Well, I'm the guy. I've been away for five years. Things happened just as you said they would. I'm trying my best to go straight. It's again Christmas time and I'm broke. I remember what you said about if ever I needed help, I didn't come until I'd tried hard to help myself and I don't want to go wrong again. I've learned up there at Salem what I could never have learned in books." Put Sullivan had a chance to give a human a real Christmas present. He took the ex-convict to a hotel and arranged with the landlord for a few weeks' room and board. Rooster's Peck Brings Tetanus. RENVILLE, S. D., Dec. 14.—The 13-month-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Maass was pecked behind the ear by a rooster while playing about the yard, and as a result is suffering from tetanus. Only a slight abrasion was made by the rooster and nothing was thought of it until a couple of days

later, when swelling started. Two days later lockjaw developed and the child was hurried to the hospital at Madison, Minn. Confession to Looting Mails of Nearly \$1000 Is Reported. CHICAGO, Dec. 13.—There has been a series of mysterious thefts of mail matter from the Canal substation of the Postoffice during the last eight months. Six months ago inspectors Adam E. Otto and E. L. Jackson were assigned to the case. Nicholas H. Taber, a clerk employed at the substation, was arrested charged with taking three letters which were found in his possession. He was taken before Commissioner Mark A. Poota. Taber waived examination and was held to the Federal grand jury in \$2500 bonds. According to the Postoffice inspectors, Taber admitted having rifled the mails. He said he had obtained nearly \$1000. WARDS NOW HELP OTHERS Charity Cases of Last Year Are No Longer on Books. CHICAGO, Dec. 13.—A prosperity story was told in the appearance of Jerry O'Rourke, Town Supervisor and Postmaster of Harvey, before the members of the County Board the other day in regard to charity appropriations. "As you gentlemen will remember, last year I was asking for an extra \$5000 on account of the neediness of the residents in my territory," he said. "The same people to whom I was

giving checks in charity last year are this year swamping me with money orders for the folks in Europe." ECZEMA BURNED AND ITCHED Spread Rapidly All Over Body. Could Not Sleep. Suffered Terribly. Face Disfigured. HEALED BY CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT "For many months I had been troubled with eczema. It broke out in pimples and it burned and itched so that I could not resist scratching and spread it very rapidly all over my body. I could not possibly sleep, and my clothing aggravated the eruption on my body and I suffered terribly with it. My face was disfigured. "I used creams and other remedies, but they did no good. I saw Cuticura Soap and Ointment advertised and I went for a free sample, and then I bought more. I first washed the affected parts with warm water and Cuticura Soap then applied the Ointment, and I was completely healed inside of two months." (Signed) Miss Genevieve Skir, 305 Eureka St., San Francisco, Cal., March 31, 1915. Sample Each Free by Mail With 32-p. Skin Book on the treatment of the skin and scalp. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston." Sold by druggists and dealers throughout the world.

who had no other place to rest his head in the early days of Fall, but the park bench, wrap himself in newspaper, and wonder why? Ever see newspaper stuck over the front of an automobile and wonder why? Well the answer is simple. Just to keep warm. Paper being a non-conductor, prevents the cold from entering, and prevents the heat from escaping. Because of its non-conductiveness, the idea was obtained for a suit of paper to be worn under the outer garments of aviators—who find it almost impossible in making flights at any altitude to keep warm. The material is very thin paper which can be washed and dried. The outfit consists of coat and trousers and paper socks, with a cap and ear laps of the same material. As an excuser of cold, there is nothing to equal this paper suit. Uppermost in the minds of the members of both houses as they convened in the Sixty-fourth Congress, were the National defenses, for the movement toward "preparedness" seems to be a popular one. Practically every seat in the gallery was occupied long before the session opened. Brand Whitlock, of Toledo, Minister to Belgium, who has distinguished himself during the war by the aid he has given to Belgians, English and Americans, returned recently on the Rhynadam and was greeted by the Mayor-elect of Toledo and a committee of citizens. T. St. John Gaffney, the United States Consul-General at Munich, whose resignation was demanded by President Wilson, returned aboard the Scandinavian-American liner Oscar II November 27. Ever see a "poor down and outer"