A CHRISTMAS FOR EVERYBODY.

How the Various Classes of People Celebrate the Day.

MAKES KIN THE CHRISTIAN WORLD.

The Glad Proclamation of Peace and Good-Will, Good-Will and Peace, Peace and Good-Will to All Mankind.

Christmas comes but once a year, it is true, but, thank Providence, it comes that once to everybody, high or low, rich or poor, millionaire or tramp, king or beggar. Even to those who have no turkey nor mince pie, nor even where to lay their heads—even to the poor little waifs and strays of childhood who have no kind friends to fill their suspended stockings with toys and bon-bons, or who have no stockings to suspend—the day itself comes just the same, and upon the saddest heart and the poorest, most blighted life it sheds something of that sweet feeling of peace on earth, good will to all mankind, which it ushered into the world nearly nineteen hundred years ago, when a lovely baby boy was born away over in Bethlehem and his beautiful young maiden mother cradled him in a manger.

Whether it be in all the warmth and light of the stately mansion, where the brightly blazing fires reveal through the windows the preparations for a cosy dinner, and from out whose massive portals all the children of the house are running into the snow to meet their married sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles and aunts, and be the first to wish them a merry Christmas; whether it be in the loneliest hut or hovel of mud and stone upon the bleakest moor, where some aged peasant, worn out by privation and toil, is singing a Christmas song; whether it be up in the great light-house, built upon a reef of sunken rock a league or more from some wild shore, or aboard some mighty ship away out upon the bosom of the great ocean, we shall find that the beneficent influence of Christmas is felt, and that every actor in these widely different scenes upon these strangely diverse stages, no matter how old or how young, how rich or how poor, has hummed a Christmas tune, or had a Christmas thought, or spoken in a whisper of some bygone Christmas and the hones belonging to it, upon each recurrence of that wonderful day when the Christ child came into the would.

But while the whole Christian universe keeps Christmas, while even heathen nations have holidays closely resembling it in their observances and associations, yet there is a wide difference in the manner in which Christmas is kept, not merely by different races and nationalities, but by people in different stations and walks of life. The Christmas of emperors and kings, the soldier's Christmas, the thieves' Christmas, the convict's Christmas, the Indian's Christmas, the tramp's Christmas, the street gamin's Christmas, the millionaire children's Christmas, the working girl's Christmas, the Chinaman's Christmas and the Japanese Christmas—for both the Chinamen and Japs domiciled among us, though heathen, keep our Christmas after a fashion—present many points of salient interest and emphasize more forcibly then almost anything else in the life of each the wide differences that exist among them.

ROYALTY'S CHRISTMAS.

Emperors and kings can hardly be said to have much of a Christmas, for the extra good cheer, pleasures, privileges and gifts which Christmas brings to most of us are enjoyed by them on every day in the year. Before the downfall of the last French empire, as we are told by one of the empress ladies in waiting who has written a book about it, Napoleon III. and his Eugenie, with their prime favorites, sat down at the Tuilleries to fresh, green peas, strawberries and peaches every day in the year, these luxuries being freshly plucked each morning from the vines and trees in the hot houses at Versailles. What could you offer in the way of an extraordinary gastronomic treat on Christmas day to a man who had fresh, green peas, strawberries and peaches on all the other 364 days of the year, together with all other things in keeping? And then presents. How could anybody hope to select a gift that would afford pleasure to a man or woman who is already supplied with everything that a royal income wrung from a tax-oppressed empire can afford, and who values diamonds no more than you or I do cobblestones? From even the greatest of all Christian pleasures—that o' presanting gifts—they are debarred for we never known the real joy of giving in its highest, best firm unless our gift has cost us some self denial and what self denial in that way is possible to sovereigns who have such a suplus of everything desirable that they are glad to give some of it away if only to be rid of it, and who can give presents every day in the year if they wish to without ever feeling the expenditure?

THE SOLDIER'S CHRISTMAS.

Very different is the soldier's Christmas. Away out on the frontier, miles from any railroad, in a lonely little fort, surrounded by Indians, our army officers and their wives have no long rows of elegant shops from whose great supply of "holiday goods" they may select gifts for each other and their little ones as well as for the dear friends they have left behind them in their far eastern homes. They have no great array of market stalls loaded down with poultry, fruit and game, where they may purchase material for the Christmas dinner For Christmas gifts and Christmas cheer they must depend entirely upon their own ingenuity. But what a wonderful genii that same ingenuity sometimes is, and what pretty things and pretty dishes he often evolves out of seemingly nothing, almost equaling in this respect the famous genii of Aladdin's wonderful lamp. In a little frontier post away out on the trackless plains of the far west where not a shrub or tree of any kind could be seen even beneath the scorching suns of summer, I have known quite a respectable Christmas tree to be "faked" by splicing together several walking sticks, fastening them upright through a hole in a soap box and covering them with green tissue paper obtained from the post store, where all sorts of odds and ends accumulate in the course of years. The branches were formed by winding the central portion of long, stiff pieces of heavy wire about the trunk, formed as above, and allowing their ends to project. That same Christmas night we had a ball at the commandant's quarters, and everybody in garrison, including not a few Indians, gathered around our improvised Christmas tree which seemed to afford as much delight to the oldest person present as to the fairy-like little maiden of five years—the commandant's daughter and the idol of the fort—for whom it had been fabricated.

THE INDIAN'S CHRISTMAS.

I shall never forget one Christmas dinner and ball which I attended many years ago. It was given to its Indian hunters and trappers by the Hudson Bay company, that great commercial power that once practically monopolized the fur trade of the northwest, and it took place at what was then called Fort Erie on the Saskatchewan river in that great uncultivated wilderness which forms part of the British possessions in North America which lies to the north of the Canadas and which is sometimes even now called the Hudson's Bay territory or Rupert's Land. What juicy roasts of buffalo beef we had; what enormous buffalo steaks; what delicious venison pastry, and what glorious marrow bones, not to mention tongues and hearts, and grouse and similar viands. How those Indians did eat! The squaws as much as the men. It seemed as though they had engaged in a determined struggle to prove beyond future cavil the gastronomic supremacy of one sex or the other. One old, seemingly toothless squaw ate and ate till to my alarmed vision she seemed like the young woman alluded to by old Tony Weller in the "Pickwick Papers," to be "swellin' visibly before my very eyes." After the adult Indians had finished the little folks—the papooses—were turned loose on the fragments and soon no trace of the menu was left.

Then came the ball. Our only ladies were the squaws. Indian women are not remarkable for beauty, cleanliness or grace, poor things, but they enjoyed the ball just as much as any lovely dudine of fashionable society ever enjoyed lounging languidly through the lancers and german in shimmering silk and sparkling diamonds. They did their best to dance, too. Such dancing! They seemed to have no joints, but stood up stiff as ramrods and jumped awkwardly from side to side, on "the broad of their feet," as an Irishman would say. The only music we had was a pine wood fiddle with strings of deer skin sinew on which some one tried to scrape time without regard to tune, while another beat upon an Indian drum. The fiddle scraping became unbearable after a time and we finished the ball to the liquid notes of the drum.

THE STREET GAMIN'S CHRISTMAS.

The street gamin's highest ideal of spending Christmas is to pass both its afternoon and evening at some variety theater. Long before the hour for the doors to open great crowds of these little fellows may be seen outside of every one of these establishments waiting in a long line extending from the gallery entrance far up the street, those in the front row having their noses flattened against the closed doors by the pressure of those behind. They will thus stand shivering in the cold for hours in order to secure a front seat. The moment the door opens there is a pushing and crowding and fighting and swearing that beggars description. Each is determined to have a place in the front row.

How do these boys get the money for their Christmas celebration? By selling papers, or blacking boots, or working some ingenious "lay" with all the finesse and skill of a veteran crook. On the principal thoroughfare of one of our largest cities on the day before Christmas last year, I saw a ragged urchin take up a piece of mud-covered bread from the gutter and apply his teeth to it just as a philanthropic-looking, richly-dressed old gentleman was passing by.

"My poor boy," said old Benevolence, halting abruptly in his afternoon stroll, "are you hungry?"

"Yes, indeed, sir. I haint had nuffin to eat all day. I haint got no 'ome, nor no fadder nor no mudder. I gits my livin' in de streets."

"You don't say so!" said the old man as he drew a shining silver dollar from his trousers pocket. "Take that and go and buy yourself a good hot meal," and the worthy old philanthropist resumed his walk, his face glowing with the consciousness of a good deed done. But the boy went around the block and on the next corner I saw him work his "lay" again on two fashionably attired ladies. He was foremost in the crowd I noticed waiting outside a variety theater for the gallery door to open on Christmas afternoon.

THE CHILDREN OF THE MILLIONAIRE.

The merriest Christmas of all—the ne plus ultra of merry Christmas—is unquestionably enjoyed by children whose parents count their wealth by the millions and are therefore able to shower upon their little ones everything that money can buy. We can not observe a typical Christmas of millionaire childhood than in the home of Cornelius Vanderbilt, an eighty times millionaire, who carries a weight of wealth and complicated interests that would seemingly make it impossible for him to devote so much time as he does to his children.

Of these, William H. Vanderbilt, a lad of eighteen years and the eldest, comes home from boarding school for the Christmas holidays. His brothers and sisters, with intervals of two or three years between them, are Cornelius Vanderbilt, jr., a handsome boy; Gertrude, a charming, hazel-eyed little maid; Alfred, a boy of ten; Reginald, aged seven, and Baby Gladys, just budding into the rosiest type of four-year-old beauty. These youngsters hang up their stockings in the big nursery on the corner of Fifty-seventh street and Fifth avenue. Then when all are snugly tucked up in bed, papa and mamma arrange the Christmas tree, and such a tree! There is nothing that Kris Kringle, St. Nicholas, Knecht Rupert, Santa Claus, and all the other saints, spirits and fairies that preside over Christmas, ever thought or read or heard or dreamt of in the way of any thing that can add to the beauty and attractiveness of a Christmas tree that you can not find on that one.

After the little ones have "Oh! ed" and "Ah! ed" and gone into raptures generally over their tree and gifts on Christmas morning, off they go to the Christmas treat at St. Bartholomew's Sunday school on Madison avenue, where they are among the most regular attendants. Then they come home to spend the day and evening in general merry-making with their numerous cousins, or they are in turn entertained by those same cousins, the other little Vanderbilts, sons and daughters of their father's brother, William K., and the little Sheppards, the little Webbs, or the little Sloanes, all children of their father's sisters.

THE THIEVES' CHRISTMAS.

Thieves keep Christmas much the same as honest people, but it is by no means a holiday time to them. Like actors, who have to perform on both Christmas afternoon and night, professional crooks work harder at Christmas than any other time. The great crowds in the streets and shops present as golden opportunities to the pickpockets as do the Christmas wares, so lavishly displayed to the shoplifters. The latter are the happiest of all crooks at Christmas time, for then they reap their greatest harvest of the entire year. When stores are crowded with holiday buyers and clerks are busy with hand and brain, what is easier than to slip a piece of rich lace or a diamond bracelet beneath the friendly Newmarket or into the largest skirt pocket! Stealing from shops at Christmas time is made so tempting and easy by the careless profusion with which holiday goods are displayed, that many a woman has thus been tempted to commit her first theft.

THE CONVICT'S CHRISTMAS.

In prisons where the inhuman "solitary system" is unknown, the convict's Christmas is not so gloomy as one would presume it must be. The pleasantest and best days of many convicts are those passed in prison. From their birth many of them have known only the cold, wet, shelterless midnight streets, the foul and frozen dens where vice is closely packed and lacks room to turn; the haunts of hunger and disease, and the shabby rags that scarcely hold together, and surely to these unfortunates the comfortable clothing; the regular, wholesome food; the warmth and protection from wind and weather that a well regulated prison fare affords, must seem luxury even though paid for by the loss of personal liberty.

The state provides an extraordinary good dinner for the convicts Christmas, and in many penitentiaries entertainment, in which he is to participate, is given for him in the chapel.

It was my good fortune on Christmas day, 1888, to be present as the guest of the warden at an entertainment given by the convicts in the Ohio state penitentiary at Columbus. The performance—entirely by convicts—comprised musical and other specialties, and a sensational drama, in which, as a matter of course, vice was punished and virtue triumphant.

And what a sight it was to watch both performers and spectators A difficult violin solo was well rendered by a blind man serving a life sentence for murder. The man who enacted the most virtuous character in the play, had chopped off his mother's head when a boy of twelve years, and his death sentence had been commuted to imprisonment for life on account of his youth.

The spectators always received the villian in the play with hisses and loudly applauded the triumph of the virtuous characters. After it was over an old convict who had spent three-fourths of his life in prison, said to the warden and myself in a voice quivering with suppressed emotion, "My God! What a Christmas this has been. It is the first ray of real sunshine that has come into my life in thrty years."

THE TRAMP'S CHRISTMAS.

Tramps and kings are a good deal alike in keeping Christmas. A tramp cannot make any more change in his ordinary habits and customs in honor of the day than can a king. A man who keeps every day as a holiday by abstaining from all labor can scarcely appreciate the value of Christmas as a season of rest and recreation. True, the tramp might celebrate Christmas by working a little, but few tramps could survive the shock of so violent a method of observing it. Still, most tramps keep Christmas after a fashion—generally in some cheap lodging house displaying the legendary transparency: "Lodging 10 and 15 Cents Per Night."

The most unique of all these places I strolled into from Ratcliffe highway, London, one Christmas eve. Two ropes extended the entire length of a long, narrow, filthy apartment. Narrow strips of coarse bagging stretched across the ropes, which were six feet apart and three from the floor, comprised the beds. No covering was furnished. The price for one of these "beds" was 2 pence—4 American cents—per night. At 6 o'clock in the morning the ropes were let down and the lodgers suddenly wakened by coming sharply in contact with the floor. Had this not been done they would have been there all day, and the lodging house keeper would have precipitated a riot if he had attempted to eject them, but being thoroughly wakened up by the letting down of the ropes they all got up and walked quietly away to celebrate Christmas by eating one of those Christmas breakfasts or dinners which charitable people provide for tramps in various parts of London.

THE HEATHEN CHINEE'S CHRISTMAS.

Though the heathen Chinee and the son of Japan domiciled among us have no faith in the wonderful story which is the foundation Christmas, they observe the occasion as a day of general good feeling, suspending business, donning their silks and seeking pleasure. In China, December 19 (November 29 in Chinese chronology) is a holiday similar in observances to our Christmas, save that parents receive presents from their children instead of making them to the latter.

November 19 is the principal holiday in Japan. It is "Flower Day or the Feast of the Chrysanthemums. Flowers are given by all to all and are everywhere displayed.

GEOFFREY WILLISTON CHRISTINE.

THE IMMANUEL HOSPITAL.

A New Charitable Institution That is Ready for Occupancy.

To the Editor of THE BEE: About two years ago the building of the Immanuel hospital was commenced on the beautiful hill in Monmouth park, in the northern part of this city. It proceeded slowly during some delay and many great difficulties. To complete a public institution of this kind by individual efforts has been no easy task, but in spite of everything, by a most wonderful providence and through the liberality of some of Omaha's best people, it has been successfully accomplished.

The Immanuel hospital will be conducted on the same general principles as most of the best hospitals of this country. It is no poor house, no pest house and no home for incurables. It is a general public hospital, which will receive medical and surgical cases without reference to creed, color or nationality. All who can afford it will have to pay from $5 to $7 per week in the wards and from $10 to $15 per week in the private rooms. The sick poor, however, will be received and treated with the same skill and kindness, as far as the resources of the institution will permit.

As it costs only $250 for the maintenance of a free bed for one year, we trust that friends of the poor will soon endow some beds for the benefit of the suffering poor.

The following well known doctors constitute the board of physicians and surgeons: Consulting physicians, J. H. Peabody, R. C. Moore and George Tilden. Attending physicians: B. F. Crummer and W. F. Milroy. Consulting surgeons: V. H. Coffman, W. J. Galbraith and E. W. Lee. Attending surgeon: J. E. Sumers, jr. Oculist: H. Gifford. Pathologist: H. L. Hewetson. Resident physician and surgeon: W. T. Mason. Any regular physician has permission to take his patients to the private rooms of the hospital as long as there is any room vacant; but all the patients in the wards will have to be attended by the staff of the hospital.

The nursing in this hospital will be done with skill and Christian kindness by deaconesses and Protestant sisters of mercy. They are no hirelings, have no salary, but have given themselves up to this cause of God and suffering humanity. These sisters talk the English, German and Swedish languages, and will therefore be able to address most of the patients in their mother-tongue.

To start this institution at this particular time can almost be considered as a great risk. The income will at first be very small, but the expenses are heavy. We need many things just at present. All kinds of groceries, table and bed linen, large loose night dresses for the sick, slippers for patients and sisters, cotton and linen cloths, bandages, flannels in garments, cloth or pieces, underclothing for men and women, a good many window shades, more furniture, medicine, medical and surgical instruments, etc. These are some things we need. Besides, we are just now in the greatest need of money. Bills to the amount of $5,000 are due and we have nothing in the treasury. This looks somewhat disheartening, but God will provide. The good people of Omaha will not let us fail in this work of true charity. We trust that Christmas will bring us a great many donations of all kinds of goods and what we most need—money. But we have no time to visit anybody and ask for donations unless we are called up by telephone. Those who desire to help this cause will also know how to send in their donations to the hospital.

We are exceedingly thankful for all that has been received and for what will be received. Receipts of everything received by us will be acknowledged as soon as possible after New Year. The Immanuel hospital telephone number is 1525. Very respectfully, yours,

E. A. FOGELSTROM,
Manager.

PEPPERMINT DROPS.

The master of the situation—the employer.

Printers govern their tempers. The most irascible of them is careful never to get out of sorts.

The artist finds that drawing on his imagination doesn't save paper.

The bounding billows—board jumpers.

In Shakespeare's time the apparel proclaimed the man; now it often announces the dude.

A man who is always talking about men and measures—the tailor.

Gatherings that should be suppressed—boils.

Where you will find the girls and boys industriously paring—at the apple bee.

"This is a put up job," as the pawnbroker remarked to his partner.

Slipshod—the skater.

Left blooming alone—wall flowers.

"What do you do for a living?"

"Breathe."—Life.

"You seem to regard me as a great trouble," said the collar to the necktie.

"I do," replied the latter uneasily, "and that is why I am constantly trying to rise above you."

Reputation is a queer thing: some spend a great part of their lives in living up to it; others in living it down.

Any man born with a strawberry mark on his body will always be a marked man.

Mrs Brown—Who are these forty immortals we hear so much about?

Brown—Those French duelists.

Harper—Howells says that if Dickens wrote novels now he wouldn't be read.

Scribner—Poor Howells! I don't suppose he would.

"Do you consider eight hours of sleep a necessity over in your town?" asked the New Yorker.

"Well, we don't put it that way. Our doctors recommend at least twelve hours of wakefulness every day," returned the Philadelphia man.

A supervisor in Genesee, Mich., in writing a report which he sent to the county clerk, feelingly alluded to a gentleman who had died of "information of the brain."

A dude, who was greatly averse
To anything "slow," spent a purse
On a snuff colored vest,
Which he wore with him west,
And they carried him off in a hearse.

Mrs. Cumso—What are you going to give your husband for a Christmas present, Mrs. Gazzim? Mrs. Gazzim—Really, I don't know. I thought of giving him an umbrella, but I can't find one that I would like to carry for less than $7.

Baldwin—Rambo, you are looking very rocky. Go and take a Turkish bath. I have just had one.

Rambo (steadying himself with a great effort)—Gl-ad t'hear it, my 'steamed fr-friend.

First Yale Student—Have you telegraphed to the old man for money?

Second Yale Student—Yes.

First Yale Student—Got an answer?

Second Yale Student—Yes. I telegraphed the old man: "Where is that money I wrote for?" and his answer was: "In my inside pocket.

Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bldg.

Sensible Christmas Hints.

Buy no more than you can afford.

Give no gift where you do not delight to.

Shop no more than you have the strength for, writes Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in the Ladies' Home Journal.

Entertain only within your means.

Keep your Christmas nerve and muscle, and heart, and hope, and cheer, first for your own home, your own fireside, your dearest, your closest, your sweetest—and then for the homeless, the fireless, the unloved, the "undeared," and be true, true, true to the last Christmas card that goes to your postoffice, or the last "Merry Christmas" that crosses your lips.

We are a generous people and a happy people, and a Christian people, and we must keep our festival with sincerity, honor, intelligence and good sense, if we would keep it alive and "in His name."

WORK OF NEBRASKA WOMEN.

How It Will Be Collected and Exhibited at the Columbian Fair.

ORGANIZATION OF THE LADIES' BOARD.

An Interesting History of the Movement by a Member From This State, Mrs. J. S. Briggs of Omaha.

THE BEE, some days ago, addressed a letter to Mrs. J. S. Briggs of Omaha, a member of the ladies' board of the world's Columbian commission, asking for her views regarding the result sought to be obtained by placing women on the board; what was done at the recent meeting of the ladies in Chicago; and what she proposed to do in her official capacity and have the women in Nebraska do to give this state a creditable representation in the coming world's fair.

The lady's reply will be found below:

In pursuance of the act of congress the World's Columbian commissi on provided for the appointment of a board of lady managers, consisting of an equal number with the commission, and nine additional from the city of Chicago. In Section 6 of the act of congress we find the following language:

"And said commission is authorized and required to appoint a board of lady managers of such number and to perform such duties as may be prescribed by said commission. Said board may appoint one or more members of all committees authorized to award prizes for exhibits, which may be produced in whole or in part by female labor."

This section of article 11 covers the whole ground, and prescribes by the law the duties of the board of lady managers, which, carried out in its entirety, involves a vast amount of work. As we now understand it, after the articles are entered and properly classified it will be the duty of the board of lady managers to examine all such entries and to ascertain what exhibits entered for prizes in the several departments have been produced in whole or in part by female labor. Each article entered for prizes must be accompanied by a written statement from employer or manufacturer, stating exactly the proportion or whole amount produced.

While it may be interesting to some of the readers of THE BEE to know the real object sought by placing women on the Columbian fair board, it would alike be very interesting to some of the lady managers to know just that and nothing more. Led by a few gallant and far-seeing ones of their number like Commissioner Smith of New Jersey, and Governor Waller of Connecticut, who saw immediately the justice and propriety of the demand of a national organization of women, in behalf of the women of the nation, and who knew that congress had said, "this board must be national," the body declared in effect that there should be no dissenting voice. The result is the women stand for the first time in the history of this country in a national movement, so authorized by an act of congress.

In vindication of the fact that the ladies are there, and for great good, we reproduce the sense as nearly as we can of Governor Waller's after dinner speech at the banquet tendered the ladies' board and commissioners at the Washington Park club house November 22.

"The manner in which the ladies made their organization, the good sense and judgment shown in the selection of officers and the manner in which they conducted every part of their organization, shows that the women of America could have a convention of their own on any serious subject and could carry it right straight through."

With these "serious" congratulations on the part of the gentleman towards us, we feel that if the ladies, brought together in this convention from all ever this country, should do nothing more than they have done, their record would justify the act of congress in recognizing them. It will justify, in the estimation of all the women of this country, the suggestion that was involved in our gathering, and it behooves them to see that this grand opportunity be not thrown away.

"Another grand residuum of placing women on the Columbian fair board," said President Palmer, "will be a united country," and one of the best results to be expected from the exposition is the unification and reconciliation of the ladies of the north with those of the south." We may safely say this has already been effected by the ladies of the commission, for, when the time of parting came, it was with feelings of sincere and deep regret.

What was done at the recent meeting in Chicago? The board of lady managers convened at high noon at Kinleys hall, November 19, and elected temporary presiding officers as follows: President, Mrs. W. H. Felton of Georgia; secretary, Miss Cora D. Payne of Kentucky.

Permanent officers were elected as follows: Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago, president; Miss Phoebe Cozzens of St. Louis, secretary.

The following committees were then appointed by the chair: Committee of ten on permanent organization, of five on conference, of eight on by-laws. Reports of some are herewith submitted:

The committee on permanent organization reported as follows:

1. The rules of order and proceedure of this board shall be the same as those adopted by the commission, to be found on page 151 of the official manual.

2. The officers of this board shall be a chairman of the board of lady managers, whose title shall be president of the board of lady managers, six vice presidents, whose titles shall be first, second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth, a secretary and treasurer, who shall perform the usual duties incident to these offices.

3. There shall be twelve standing committees to correspond with the departments prepared by the committee on classification (to be found on page 5 of the pamphlet on classification), who shall have power to elect a member to represent them on the executive committee of the board of lady managers.

4. There shall be an executive committee composed of twenty-six members with a chairman of its own election. Its members shall consist of the president and secretary of the board of lady managers, ex-officio, and of the twelve members of the standing committees chosen by them to serve on this committee, and of such others as the board of lady managers may choose to elect from their own number. such election to be by ballot.

ISABELLA B. HOOKER, Chairman.

REPORT OF THE CONFERENCE COMMITTEE.

1. We request a liberal construction of the act of congress which creates this board of lady managers and leaves its duties to be prescribed by your commission.

2. We do not request a separate building for woman's work.

3. That the Columbian commission fix the salaries of the chairman and secretary of the board of lady managers.

4. We request that a suitable building be provided and placed under the control of the board of lady managers for official and other purposes.

5. That this board be allowed to work in conjunction with your commission in efforts to interest the people of the respective states and territories in the success of the Columbian exposition.

6. We further request that the executive committee formulate its instructions to the board of lady managers so explicitly that there may be no misunderstanding of them.

MRS. WILLIAM H. FELTON,
MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN,
MRS. VIRGINIA C. MEREDITH,
MRS. JOHN S. BRIGGS,
MARY E. BUSSELLE.

The committee on judiciary and by-laws was the only permanent committee appointed by the chair, and is composed of the following ladies: Mrs. Darby, South Carolina; Mrs. Ives, Connecticut; Mrs. Briggs, Nebraska; Mrs. Cantrill, Kentucky; Mrs. Grinnell, Virginia; Mrs. Houghton, Washington; Mrs. Thatcher, Illinois; Mrs. Lynde, Wisconsin; Mrs. Bradwell, Chicago.

Not having the official proceedings of the above committee at hand we can only furnish you a synopsis of their report as follows:

"Mrs. Mary Preston Darby presented the report of the committee on by-laws. It provided that the title of the body should be the board of lady managers of the world's fair Columbian commission, and that the quorum should not be less than a majority, alternates to be recognized in the absence of their principals, but not to act on standing committees. The report also provided that the officers should be nine vice presidents and secretary, and that the executive committee should have twenty-six members, each standing committee to be there represented, and alternates to be allowed to serve in the absence of their principals, the quorum to consist of ten. The president was therein empowered to call a meeting at the written request of the executive committee or one-third of the members of the board. The report also contained a number of provisions already recommended by the committee on permanent organization and before adopted.

"It was decided to go over the report seriatim. The clauses 1, 2, 3 and 4, relating respectively to the title of the organization, the quorum, the powers of alternates, and the number of officers, were unanimously carried. The fifth clause, referring to the number of the executive committee, excited discussion. Mrs. Logan moved that the number be reduced to eight, and Dr. Dickinson made an amendment to the amendment proposing fifteen. Both were put to the house and lost. The section was read and finally carried. Article 6, relating to full power of the president and the calling of meetings, was put and adopted. Articles 7 and 8 passed. Article 9, providing for the vice chairman of the executive committee, was amended by Mrs. Logan to read that the vice chairman be elected by and from the executive committee, and should perform only such duties as may be designated to her by the board or its executive committee. After a short discussion this and the remaining clauses were quietly passed.

There were nine vice presidents elected as follows: First vice president, Mrs. Trautman of New York; second, Mrs. Burleigh of Maine; third, Mrs. Price of North Carolina; fourth, Miss Minor of Louisiana; fifth, Mrs. Wilkins of Washington, D. C.; sixth, Mrs. Ashley of Colorado; seventh, Mrs. Ginty of Wisconsin; eighth, Mrs. Salisbury of Utah; ninth, Mrs. Russell Harrison of Montana.

We would not have Nebraskans think their state had been slighted in making up the slate of vice presidents, as our accomplished colleague, Mrs. Langworthy of Seward, who makes a good impression, with her gentle dignity, emphatically declined the nomination of fourth vice president in favor of Miss Minor.

In reply to the conference committee of the board of lady managers, ex-Governor Furnas of Nebraska, chairman of the sub-committee, of the executive committee of the world's Columbian commission says:

"The commission accords to the ladies the use of a room at the commission headquarters, and an amount not to exceed $500 a year to defray expenses. The commission recommended that, for the time being, the board provide an executive committee of twelve with full power to act in all matters pertaining to the work of the board. The ladies are to receive their duties at present from the executive committee of the commission. There was no salary fixed for the president. Two thousand dollars per year was the salary fixed for the present for the secretary. The ladies are to be given a separate building, and it was recommended that they should work with the commission in promoting the exposition enterprise in the various states and territories; that both should work with congress for a special appropriation to defray the expenses of the board of lady managers.

This board closed with compliments, and God-speed for the ladies' board by President Palmer and the executive committee.

NEBRASKA, AT HOME;

"Twas ever thus, Nebraska, she's the fairest,
And in production she's the rarest."

We know that the members of the incoming legislature will be very zealous in the matter of guarding the state's funds, but we hope, in view of the fact that the majority of that body will be constituted of farmers or alliance members, and that as the appropriation asked will be almost wholly in their interest and for their benefit, they may deem it proper and right to give us such an amount as will enable us to put Nebraska in the front rank at the world's Columbian exposition. What the appropriation should be is a matter for intelligent consideration and we would suggest that the various newspapers throughout the state take up the matter and discuss it; also let the county boards of agriculture throughout the state call mass meetings, at which the members, and all other citizens, may express their opinion as to the proper amount to be appropriated, and forward the result of their deliberations to the Columbian commissioners of this state.

"What do you propose to do in your official capacity in this state, and have the women of this state do to give Nebraska proper representation?"

We would suggest to divide the state work into congressional districts. See that every town, city and farm is visited; call parlor meetings, get two or more women in each town to receive communications direct; visit every house that we may learn of any new industry, so that any woman making anything peculiar to herself may be represented, and visit manufacturers, have them make a schedule of what women in their employ can do.

Our president, our secretary, the Chicago nine and their alternates. We might consume a whole page of your valuable paper in discussing these alone. Mrs. Potter Palmer is truly a woman possessed of an American heart and sympathetic mind; her face is matured wisdom.

Miss Cozzens, well, we shall harmonize forever. The congeniality of the Chicago ladies did more to produce fraternal sentiment than the casual observer supposed, and in the "spirit of the act of congress" we exclaimed with Mrs. Trautman of New York: "Chicago, with her able mae, is not only ready to welcome all of our states, but all of the world."

MRS. J. S. BRIGGS.

The proprietors of Salvation Oil, the greatest cure on earth for pain, will pay a large reward if any certificate published by them is not found genuine.

Tom, Dick and Harry appear again with their grandmother's recipes for coughs, etc., but the people know Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup too well.

Do You Want a Happy Christmas?

Do you want to make a happy Chistmas for yourself and for other people? Then give, and give royally, says Edward W. Bok, in the Christmas Ladies' Home Journal. Royal giving means generous bestowing of the best that you have to those least used to possessing.

Your royal gift may be but a loving message, but be sure if it is given in the name of that little Child it will bring happiness wherever it goes, and, like the water of the fountain, it will return to you with its virtues a thousand times greater, and you will be made better and younger by it. In your joy remember the children, not just your own—they have you to look after them—but think of the little ones whose homes are bare, where life is like a tossing sea.

Remember the sick children. Think of the joy of a beautiful toy, a great, round orange, a big bag of candies only to be looked at, will bring to the little ones whose limbs are tied down forever. Think of the great picture-book over which the eyes will open wide—eyes, my friend, that may soon be closed in death; and of the great and intense delight felt when a wonderful tree is recognized or a bird's name is known to the little boy whose life has been spent in the close streets. These are gifts that you will never regret. Give of them—give of your plenty and from your heart and be sure that to each little one of your own will come special happiness because you have remembered the sufferers among the babies. When that Divine baby sleept so quietly in the stable, the great kings of the earth thought it worth while to bring presents to Him, and surely as you consider the least among these, He will remember you. Let the bells ring out then, on Christmas morning and let your heart beat in unison as you know that you have brought joy unto His little ones. Children are God's own angels sent by him to brighten our world, and what we do for these messengers from the sky, especially at that time of the year which belongs to them, will come back to you threefold, like unto bread cast upon the waters.

Remember the first Christmas gifts were laid at the feet of a child—a poor child of humble parents. Give your gifts, then, to the humble, to the poor, to the helpless, and thus will your own Christmas be a happy one.

Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bldg

EVERY WOMAN THAT HAS ANY SENSE,
AND MANY THERE BE WE HOPE,
WILL SPEND HER CENTS FOR A USEFUL CAKE
OF FAIRBANK'S·SANTA·CLAUS·SOAP.

1890

How to get a Christmas Present for Nothing.

Commencing Monday morning, December 1st, to every loaf of GARNEAU'S BREAD, there will be attached a red tin tag. Save these tags, deliver them to our office, and get a premum.

Your grocer will give you a circular containing a list of premiums to be awarded buyers of our bread and holding tin tags, in the quantities named.

These premiums are suitable for grown persons as well as children. In striving for these premiums you not only get a full pound loaf of bread for 5c, but also a tag which, when the proper quantities are collected entitles you to a premium.

You may take your choice of any of the articles noted on the circular, providing you have the necessary number of tags.

One person may get enough tags to receive two or more premiums.

Do not delay; this chance won't last very long.

Be sure you get a tin tag stamped "Garneau's Bread" on every loaf.

Premuims awarded every Wednesday and Saturday, between three and five o'clock.

JOS. GARNEAU CRACKER CO
12th and Jackson Streets.

"WHAT A TERRIBLE BREATH
That Person Had. I Could Hardly Talk With Him."

There is not a person who reads this that has not both heard and made a similar expression to the above, perhaps many times, yet few ever think what the cause is. Nine cases out of ten a bad breath is caused by decayed teeth. These cavaties of decay form recepticles for the accumulation of food which becomes decomposed, hence the offensive odor. One decayed tooth will often make the breath almost unbearable to those with whom you converse. It being a sensitive subject to mention between friends frequently one goes in ignorance of how offensive their breath may be. This is not all. The decomposed matter in a cavity of decay is constantly being swallowed and is frequently the cause of diseases of the stomach, which in many cases bring on other complicated diseases of the general system. How important it should be then, to keep your mouth in a clean and healthy state, for so much of your health, comfort and happiness depend upon it. Visit

DR. BAILEY, The Dentist,
And have your mouth looked over. Examination and advice free.
Office 312 Paxton B'ldg. Telephone 1085. 16th and Farnam Sts.

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Seventeen years experience. A regular graduate in medicine, as diplomas show. Is still treating with the greatest success, all Nervous, Chronic and Private Diseases. A permanent cure guaranteed for Catarrh, Spermatorrhœa, Lost Manhood, Seminal Weakness, Night Losses, Impotency, Syphilis, Stricture, and all diseases of the Blood, Skin and Urinary Organs. N. B. I guarantee $500 for every case I undertake and fail to cure. Consultation free. Book (Mysteries of Life) sent free. Office hours—9 a. m. to 8 p. m. Sundays 10 a. m. to 12 m.

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THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. Refuse Substitutions and Imitations. All pills in pasteboard boxes, plain wrappers are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Madison Square, Sold by all Local Druggists. PHILADELPHIA, PA.