

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR. BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND 17TH. Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

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ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.

Merry Christmas to all. Did you see him come down the chimney, children?

Considering her age, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young puts up a pretty good fight.

Here is hoping it is the best Christmas vacation you ever had, Mr. President.

"New Freedom" is now in effect for just two weeks with members of congress.

Looks like Underwood at bat, Chairman Glass on first and Hobson in the hole.

If those knocks on the Charly ball really turn out to be boosts, no hard feelings will be harbored.

Eggs are said to be used down in Arkansas as the price of admission to moving picture shows. Now, there is an idea!

This is the day General Villa was to eat his Christmas hash in the banquet hall where Huerta sits. Are you there, Sanchez?

But there's nothing in the Baltimore platform pledging the president to make a stump speech every time he signs a bill.

As a good citizen, Dr. Anna Shaw refuses to pay her income tax, because as a suffragist she proposes to hurl a few legal bricks at the law.

"While the Lights Hold Out to Burn, the Vildest Sinner May Return," even the one who tried to make the little kids believe there is no Santa Claus.

Still, it was not exactly our democratic United States senator's fault that Santa had the currency law under his arm when he debarked from the chimney.

Plans are under way to copy in Kansas City what is known here in Omaha as "The People's Church." Yes? but how about the marriage bureau annex?

The day may come, in the course of human events, when the school book concerns will not care who is superintendent in Chicago or elsewhere—but not soon.

For a moving picture of superlative meanness the camera ought to have caught the burglars who robbed that Christmas tree of its toys for which the children were waiting.

Even what is left of the republican party seems to find difficulty in keeping together.—Buffalo Courier.

Remembering that this is Fingy Connor's own personal organ explains it all.

The late Montgomery Ward's business is said to have reached a maximum of \$40,000,000 a year, gross, but the inventory shows his estate to be worth only \$5,000,000. Discrepancy or merely exaggeration?

The bankers are figuring hard on "what they must pay" into the regional banks under the new currency law. As most of it, however, will be their depositors' money instead of their own, they should worry.

Evidently the president knew of or cared nothing about that letter of George Fred Williams pronouncing the Wilson "History of the United States" a "joke," for he did not recall the appointment to the Grecian ministry.

That democratic United States district attorney up in Sioux City to whom President Wilson wired "fired" when he refused to resign, may have what consolation he can get out of a similar deprecation of a Nebraska district attorney by President Roosevelt.

The Democracy of Christmas.

Why is Christmas so popular? The church gave Christmas to the world, and nothing else that the church ever gave has been so eagerly taken by so great multitudes.

The time has come when everybody celebrates Christmas. Not all, to be sure, keep it worthily, for some use it for indulgence and display.

Then if the church has succeeded so well with this one element of its mission, why not with the others? The Continent, a fearless church advocate, offers this very frank answer:

The church has never quite prevailed on itself to be as free with the other elements of its message as it has been with the Christmas message.

That puts the fault on the church and not on any inherent weakness or lack of appeal in the other elements. Or, more to the point, they have been, in part at least, concealed from the world, as light hid under a bushel.

This is a strange and unwarranted thing for the church to do, not only because of the stimulus to greater effort that should come from its universal Christmas, but also because it has no claim of exclusive proprietorship upon any part of its message.

It is nothing new that men must be urged into the groove of religion. It was so in the ministry of Jesus and His vision of the future, as the parable of the feast indicates, and as churchmen realize.

No Over-Night Transformation. While the bankers are figuring out just where they are at under the new currency law, the ordinary man who owns no bank stock, and deals with his bank only as a depositor and borrower, may rest assured that all he need do is to wait for things to adapt themselves to the new conditions.

The adaptability of business to changes decreed by law-makers is, as a matter of fact, one of the marvels of our commercial vitality.

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Reports indicated a growing interest in the candidacy of John L. Webster of Omaha for the vice-presidency.

Charles P. Greene and N. P. Dodge, Carroll G. Pearce, city superintendent of schools, said as to the publication of The Bee of a telegram from Milwaukee, indicating that he was to be invited there as head of the schools.

William H. Crane with his "Spenders" took in a large harvest at the Boyd theater with two performances, afternoon and evening.

Doing good once a year is merely following the fashion. The real test of goodness lies in making it a continuous performance.

A bunch of rascals at Worth, Mo., who ducked a bridegroom in a nearby pond because he wouldn't "set up the cigars" are collectively chewing the bitter end of a fool joke lined up as defendants in a suit for damages.

An organ grinder and a monkey are conspicuous features of the Christmas celebration at Ridgewood, N. Y., and are given the right-of-way in a \$5,000 limousine.

This is not a season for tears, but some cannot resist a sprinkle. Pennsylvania coal barons are lamenting the mildness of the winter which forces them to store coal and lose bunches of money.

John Lynn, a farmer of Belleville, Md., became sick and fell unconscious in his barnyard. A flock of geese was frightened and kept up such a noise that the family was aroused and the man's life saved.

C. J. Wendall of Salem, Mass., is suing his sister, Mrs. M. E. McDonald, to compel her to surrender to him a patent of nobility granted his ancestor, C. A. Wendall, in 1800 by Carolus V, king of Sweden.

Orville Wright's fool-proof flying machine may possibly check business in that line, but the foolkiller has such a variety of business pressing upon his energies that he is not worrying about a little thing like that.

The newspaper at Evanston, Ill., that is to be conducted by women will interest women especially. The most interesting thing in the world to woman is rough-shod man, and all that he says and does. He's the rock-face wall she likes to run over.

James G. Powell, who recently celebrated his ninety-third birthday in Providence, R. I., enjoyed the unique distinction of being the only democrat in the Rhode Island state senate when elected to that body in 1881. It was six years before another democrat was elected to keep his company.

Getting down your youngsters' geography and look up the location of Pass Christian, Miss.

That is the remote corner of Dixie land to which the president of the United States has resorted for refuge from the exactions of his great office.

Otherwise we might never have thought a second time about the existence of a place known as Pass Christian. As students of geography we owe much to our presidents and presidential candidates, for in running down the list of spots thus made famous let us not omit Esopus, N. Y.

Although Alton B. Parker's name may all but have faded from the mind as a presidential aspirant, Esopus, having paid the price of dislodgment from its otherwise secure isolation, deserves to be remembered along with Beverly, Oyster Bay, Sagamore Hill, the Myopia Hunt Club, Cornish and dear old Buzzards Bay.

All honor and hail, with the compliments of the season to Pass Christian, and President Wilson for finding it on the map and raising it from oblivion. In name, at least, it is just the place one would expect a sturdy Scotch-Irish Presbyterian elder to select for his retreat.

Looking Backward

This Day in Omaha

DECEMBER 25.

Thirty Years Ago—Christmas was marked by suspension of newspaper publication.

The day is thus described: "Instead of the bleak and chilling December, the clear sky and bracing breezes of spring were here, and as we listened we could almost hear the chirp of the robin."

At both the Millard and Paxton elegant dinners were served with menus card tastefully gotten up. At the Paxton a fine roast of beef was served with the following card attached: "This roast beef was cut from the carcass of the imported Hereford steer, 'Marion,' the prize in the fat stock show at Chicago exhibited by George Lehigh, and slaughtered by George Ford, Chicago, compliments of P. E. Her."

Andy Borden, the accommodating ticket agent of the Baltimore & Ohio, was presented with a beautiful gold-headed cane by his admirers.

Adam Morrell, the Millard hotel barber, was also the recipient of a gold-headed cane from his employees, handed over by Phil Jerold, the foreman of the shop, who made a neat little speech.

Captain Bourke, aide to General Cook, and Mrs. Bourke, formerly Miss Mollie Horbach, returned from their wedding tour. They have been absent in Europe four or five months. A reception is to be given them at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Horbach.

Mrs. W. L. Van Aylstone is visiting her brother, J. H. Winterstein.

Twenty Years Ago—Eugene Anderson, a mulatto of 22, residing on Walnut Hill, was seriously if not fatally hurt on South Eleventh street when his skull was fractured by another man.

Two hundred telegraphers sat around a banquet table at Metropolitan hall and had a jolly Christmas feast. William Henderson acted as toastmaster and read telegrams from the craft in New York and elsewhere, one message being from George Francis Train and of unique Train style.

After the banquet a ball held forth with J. J. Dickey and Mrs. W. R. Fordyce, Mr. Fordyce and Mrs. Dickey, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Sutherland, Jules Lombard and Mrs. Henderson leading the grand march.

J. E. Strattmann of Chicago was spending the Christmas season with his parents at their home, 264 North Twenty-fifth avenue.

The information that Postmaster Clarkson of Omaha was all right and would successfully run the gamut of criticism against him and hold onto his federal position.

At the conclusion of a Christmas program at Castellar Presbyterian church, the pastor, Rev. J. M. Wilson, announced Miss Grace Anderson as the winner of a contest for committing to memory the largest number of scriptural verses and winning the prize, an Oxford Bible.

Ten Years Ago—Christmas was a big day for all in Omaha. Homes, societies, churches and even prisons and hospitals shared the cheer of the festival.

Reports indicated a growing interest in the candidacy of John L. Webster of Omaha for the vice-presidency. Invitations for a general meeting in Omaha, the next week for the perfection of preliminary plans in his behalf were sent out bearing the names of John L. Kennedy, Charles P. Greene and N. P. Dodge.

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The Bee's Letter Box

A Christmas Wish.

OMAHA, Dec. 21.—To the Editor of The Bee: Christmas is here again as a reminder of that great present which the absolute and eternal mind gave man as a token of His love.

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many; of which all men have some.—Charles Dickens.

Good Christmas, whom our children love. We love you, too. Lift us up above. Our cares, our fears, our small desires. Open our hearts and stir the fires of helpful fellowship within us.

Round the bright ingle let our songs mingle. Never note but be happy and gay. Let care and sorrow wait for tomorrow; Santa Claus comes with delight for today.

The happiness you wot of is not a hundredth part of what you here and now enjoy.—Charles Ruxton.

Drink, every one; pile up the coals. Fill the red bowls 'round the old tree. And let the brother far away, Though it be but once a year.

Yet each of our kin at Christmas time Still keep good Christmas cheer. And drink to the brother far away, Though it be but once a year.

Really, as much valor is to be found in feasting as in fighting.—Robert Burton.

Real friendship includes all relations, and yet is above all. It is the golden thread that ties the hearts of all the world.—John Evelyn.

As the purse is emptied, the heart is filled.—Victor Hugo.

Let others take pains and gold. And trifle with it as they please. But give back my old belief In Santa Claus again.

Let us not forget that an act of goodness is itself an act of happiness.—Maurice Maeterlinck.

A time for smiles and play, and yet withal a day for thoughtful deeds and good-of-brotherhood.—J. K. Bangs.

Remember, cheeriness is the bright weather of the heart.—Samuel Smiles.

So let us greet those in our houses and those we pass on the street, those who serve and those who rule, the friend, the homeless stranger, the enemy, each and all.—"A Merry Christmas"—M. O. Bigelow.

Twice Told Tales. Dad Wasn't Thankful. They were talking at a recent dinner about the youngsters, when Senator Duncan U. Fletcher of Florida was reminded of a certain small party named Jesse.

One afternoon little Jesse was permitted to visit a friend of the family and stay for dinner. When the dinner hour came those at the table bowed while the head of the family proceeded to reverently say grace.

Evidently the small visitor was not accustomed to a ceremony of that kind at home, for she looked from one to the other with an expression of wonder.

"Mr. Smith," asked the little girl when grace was finished and the host began to hand things around, "why did you do that just now?"

"We were thanking the Lord for giving us this bread to eat," kindly replied Mr. Smith with some surprise. "Doesn't your father give thanks?"

"Oh, no," was the quick rejoinder of Jesse, "we buy our bread at the bakery."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Dream Sandwich. The late Edward Morris, the Chicago meat packer, was worth over \$50,000,000 and contributed every year to charity as much money as he spent upon his home.

Mr. Morris, like most charitable souls, had a host of anecdotes that threw a quaintly pathetic light on poverty. Thus, at a Christmas dinner in Chicago, Mr. Morris once said:

"Every eater of a Christmas dinner should think of the little urchin who stood in front of a rich man's basement kitchen, inhaling rapturously the rich odor of roast turkey that gushed forth from the open window, and muttering over and over to himself:

"Gee, I wish I had a slice 'o bread to go with that there smell."—Chicago News.

CHRISTMAS POEMS. The Caravan. By Rebecca Farson McKay. They journeyed on to Bethlehem From eastern lands away, And followed far a silver star That lit the desert way.

A King they sought, a royal One, By prophets long foretold; A treasured mirth and frankincense They bore, and gifts of gold.

The star stood o'er a stable-stall, And there, mid sweat-breathed kine They knelt in adoration, all, Before the Child divine.

Far pilgrims they to Bethlehem, And ever since that day, A glad and glorious caravan Has held the starlit way.

The Vision of the Tree. By Wilbur D. Neabtt. The tree was all a-twinkle with its candles here and there, And with a merry tinkle awayed the gifts it had to bear.

And all was now completed for the morn'row that should be, With joyous welcome greeted by the children round the tree, When I may have dreamed it so, But the grace of long ago Came through the hush of midnight and bided there with me.

Christmas Cheer

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I sighed, as does a sleeper when dreams hold the heart of him; The shadows grew the deeper till the tree was green and dim— Then marvelously glowing as of all the stars and suns With a heavy heart all knowing, with the majesty that stuns, I took a cross of jewel-flame That crossed the shadows came— And softly came a chanting: "To these, the little ones!"

Strange glory held the trifles that hung upon the tree; The marveling that stifles all speech laid hold on me; I felt the impulsive olden that led the way; To come with treasures golden and precious offerings Of the centuries ago, When all earth thronged with music and beat of angel wings.

SPICE FOR THE FEAST.

"In spite of what she says, I believe Mrs. Smith's husband is addicted to cigars from the force way in which she denounces them.

"Where did the phrase 'The longest way 'round is often the shortest way home' originate?" "I don't know," replied the man with a motor. "Probably with a traffic policeman."—Washington Star.

"Your kid old enough not to believe in Santa Claus yet?" "He's old enough not to believe in Santa Claus all right, and just at that age to keep me and his mother believing that he does."—St. Louis Republic.

"Do you believe in perseverance?" "No—certainly do. Why, I knew a man who lived to be 100 and if he'd given up when he was a youth he wouldn't have lived twenty-five years."—Boston Transcript.

"Why are June weddings so popular?" "Because of the natural tendency of conditions to adjust themselves. People shouldn't be expected to buy wedding presents and Christmas presents all at the same time."—Washington Star.

"I fear me these so-called holiday seasons are convivial times." "Yes, I notice even the thermometer is taking a drop."—Baltimore American.

"What's the coolest between you and Wombat?" "He asked me to take care of his parrot this summer." "That may have been asking a great deal in a car yesterday and never offered me his seat, though I looked right at him; so I just decided I would get even."—Boston Transcript.

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