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FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
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Subscribed in presence of and sworn to before me this 25th day of December, 1912. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

It's just like four Sundays in two weeks.

What a lovely time the sultan must have under the mistletoes.

Wonder if Uncle Sam keeps a card index of his ultimatums to Mexico.

Now that they are not wanted so badly, turkeys will probably come down.

Do not overlook the item of careless shopping in reckoning the high cost of living.

Still, the doctor ought to have Johnny around all right in time to go back to school.

Chief of Police Griggs of South Omaha has a right to believe himself fully vindicated.

Now for those mid-winter clearance sales for which every thrifty housewife has been waiting.

One New York suffragette found a husband walking to Albany. Now, watch the influx of recruits.

Failure to teach girls the rudiments of housekeeping is not helping to solve our economic problems.

It seems some one carelessly threw the interlocking directorate switch and wrecked the Mellen special.

"Greece is a liberator, not a conqueror," says the prime minister. Evidently it is not a conqueror, anyway.

While progressive politically, California stands pat on continuing to protect prize fights and Mary Garden's Salome.

A strong pull and a long pull and a pull altogether will put our million-dollar hotel across the line with the new year.

Steel, the industrial barometer, must be all right, or the United States Steel corporation would not be raising wages.

The charge that Mr. Morgan has no feeling is palpably untrue. He told a dentist the other day, "You hurt me like the devil."

The threat of 150,000 garment workers to strike is another gentle reminder that the world has something else in it beside peace and good will.

But our lawmakers cannot insist on drawing increased pay under that new amendment without accepting the twenty-day limit to the introduction of new bills.

Everyone is his calling. Perhaps that's why the personal injury lawyers oppose any automatic plan of certain compensation to workmen for industrial accidents.

Those dirt haulers who are again covering our pavements with the contents of their wagons spilled over or through defective bottoms should be called down harder.

President Mellen of the New England railroad monopoly used to have an expression, "I'll bet my head against a foot ball." Uncle Sam seems to have called "bet."

Report says Champ Clark advised President-elect Wilson that he would never recognize Bryan in the cabinet. As a distinguished financier says, "You can't unscramble eggs."

Mr. Morgan sent a \$10,000 check to a widow washerwoman with thirteen children, with the note that she was a fool for having thirteen children. He, too, evidently believes in signs.

The Hard Coal Situation.

A review of the year shows that it began with a crippled supply of coal and is ending with a record-breaking production, with prices still abnormally high. About the only encouraging feature just now is the steady increase in the per capita output.

Unfortunately the consumer is not yet sharing in the benefits of the unprecedented supply. With him it is a case of "heads I win and tails you lose." Early in the autumn he was assured that the only reason for advancing prices of his winter coal was the shortage in the output, but now that this shortage has been relieved he goes on paying the high price just the same.

Some day the worm may turn; a country blessed with practically inexhaustible supplies of coal, may tire of permitting those in control of the mines to gamble at the expense of the consumers.

Object Lesson for Railway Men.

President Mellen's arrogance toward the public is held responsible for the indictment of himself and two other members of the alleged New England railroad trust.

Age-Gazette, a good friend of railroads and railroad men, says: To get along with their patrons monopolies must treat them even more diplomatically than competing concerns.

Evidently Mr. Mellen thinks no more of the public than was reflected in that famous Vanderbilt exclamation. He is far behind the times in this, for the up-to-date railroad president at least makes a pretense of taking the people into his confidence and consulting their wishes.

The situation Mr. Mellen has helped to precipitate should, as an object lesson, serve the purpose of still further advancing this safer and saner idea that the people who enfranchise and support public utilities should have something to say as to their operation.

Direct Election of Senators.

Senators Bacon and Smith of Georgia have failed in their attempt to induce congress to withdraw the proposed constitutional amendment for direct election of senators because, as they contend, the proposal was unconstitutional, as it was not adopted by two-thirds of the full membership of the house.

The question whether the organic law requires two-thirds of the full membership or two-thirds of a quorum may be settled later, in the meantime the people demand direct election of senators and congress will proceed to respond, as far as it should, to that demand, leaving the democratic houborgs to figure out new methods of resisting.

It seems to be a coincidence that the men now raising the cry of constitutional irregularity are among those who have always fought the direct election of senators. This country has spoken too plainly on the subject to be misunderstood or set aside now on a pretext.

The Happiest Boys.

A Chicago youth of 19, blind from early childhood, experienced the sensation of restored sight on Christmas eve and shouted with a joy he scarcely could express.

What a priceless heritage is an unimpaired body with all natural powers and faculties intact! But it sometimes seems to require affliction to make us duly appreciative of the blessing. Here is this poor boy, permanently deprived of his natural limbs shouting in ecstasy over the gift of unnatural ones, while thousands of other boys with two sound legs that bear them swiftly wherever they wish to go, find something to make them unhappy, which means ungrateful. What would the crippled boy not give for his own feet and legs again? And the lesson is applicable to the old as well as the young.

What shall we do with our would-be presidents is the question that distresses Colonel Watterston and the Brooklyn Eagle. The colonel thinks Mr. Bryan would make a good British ambassador, the Eagle recommends him to secretary of agriculture. We think he will continue to make a dandy generalissimo of the democratic army.

Governor Osborn of Michigan is celebrating his exit from office by giving away his horse and two automobiles so he may get back to nature as a pedestrian. No such dilemma ever confronted an outgoing Nebraska governor.

Taste and Judgment. Indianapolis News. After tasting one of those "sweetened" oranges, Judge Landis of Chicago ordered eight carloads of the fruit confiscated. All of which makes one wish that the judge would taste an artificially ripened storage egg some time.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

Compiled from Bee files DEC. 27.

Thirty Years Ago—

St. Barnabas church was the scene of a swell wedding which made Miss Elizabeth H. Bowdell, a sister of Mrs. E. P. Vining of Omaha, the wife of J. R. Barton of Boston. Rev. John Williams officiated, while the bride was given away by E. P. Vining, George P. Mayer playing the wedding march on the organ. The bride wore a white satin dress with a court train, trimmed with Spanish lace and white grosgrain ribbons.

The first annual ball of the Union Pacific band took place at Masonic hall. The master of ceremonies was A. R. Touzaint. Arrangements committee, William Pfistering, Harry Jackson and Philip Boyesen; reception committee, Charles Ahlquist and Albert Alstrom, and floor committee, Eli Dunn, James Hart and Joe Ahlquist.

The work of putting up the electric wires has begun under supervision of T. A. Fleming of New York.

The Olympic Gymnasium club has purchased the apparatus in the city hall building and rented the room in Euroka hall. Jack Hanley, the well-known boxer, has been engaged as instructor. Members of the police force are all provided with handsome nickel-plated whistles, a Christmas gift from Judge Henke.

Calling cards for New Year's printed in the finest style of art at Peyster's, corner Eleventh and Farnam.

Twenty Years Ago—

Fire played havoc with two big buildings on the northeast corner of Fifteenth and Douglas streets. The four-story brick structures occupied by S. A. Orchard's furniture establishment was entirely gutted and the flames extended to the Continental block on the corner.

District Court Clerk Frank E. Moore was again at his post of duty after an illness of several days. He had been suffering from tonsillitis.

Sheriff Bennett returned from Schuyler with one of two prisoners who had escaped from the county jail.

A delegation of prominent South Omaha citizens made an unsuccessful attempt at the county board meeting to persuade the board to refund money spent in grading L street between Twentieth and Twenty-seventh and one or two other thoroughfares of that city.

Ten Years Ago—

Wing B. Allen, a former Omaha real estate and society man and erstwhile assistant surveyor of customs here, dropped into town from the west, enthusiastic over the Rocky mountain country, his new stamping grounds. He was especially breezy in his tributes to Utah and Idaho.

Raymond Cline, 14 years of age, 1419 Leavenworth street, fell from a train at Boulevard avenue and lost his left hand under the wheels. He and several other boys were taking a ride on the train to South Omaha.

Harry Morrill, marriage clerk of the county court house, complained of a slump in the matrimonial market, yet already this month 106 licenses have been issued, making a total for the year of 1,219, which was only twenty-five fewer than the banner year, 1908.

C. J. Greene returned from Washington where he went to present questions relating to the alleged illegal fencing of government lands. As an attorney interested in the case, he said what he wanted to see was a judicial decision on the question of the cattlemen's right to fence the land and not so much agitation.

It was said at Union Pacific headquarters that when the new pension system went into effect January 1, sixty employees would be eligible to participate in its benefits.

People Talked About

The recent discovery that the Gould-Shepard engagement had its origin in a railroad wreck on a dark night opens up great possibilities for a romance bureau managed by the wrecking crew.

The government has selected Kenyon Cox to design the new currency which is to replace that now in use. The new bills are to be only two-thirds the dimensions of the currency in circulation at present.

What is said to be the world's record in Masonic office holding has been established at Scranton, Pa., where E. P. Kingsbury has been installed as treasurer of Union lodge for the fiftieth time.

"The prospects are rosy for the coal operator," remarks a Wall street organ, "while the consumer is expected to survive as he always has survived heretofore. Rejoice, ye consumers, and keep digging."

Mrs. Francis E. Lee of Denver is being put forward as a candidate for the speakership of the next Colorado house of representatives. She is the wife of a police captain and is described as the most popular woman in Denver.

Miss Elizabeth Fulton, who is head of the domestic science department of the state normal school of Kansas, blames the domestic pie for many of the divorce troubles. Pie makes men morose, working on their nerves, she says, and when they take to eating fruit they will not be half so "mean" and the number of divorces will decrease.

Matching Extravagance. New York World. Admitting that the country, as General Leonard Wood says, pays more for automobiles than for the upkeep of the navy, does the use of national extravagance justify the expenditure of more money for the other?

Food Rots, Prices Saved. New York World. The fact that 119 carloads of cabbages were allowed to rot in Pittsburgh while the market price to consumers was the highest ever known is good evidence that the continuance of high prices is not wholly due to the abandonment of farms or the output of...

THE OLD-TIME CHRISTMAS DINNER

Washington Irving's Description in "Old Christmas."

The dinner was served up in the great hall, where the squire always held his Christmas banquet. A blazing, crackling fire of logs had been heaped on to warm the spacious apartment, and the flames went sparkling and wreathing up the wide-mouthed chimney. The great picture of the Crusader and his white horse had been profusely decorated with greens for the occasion; and holly and ivy had likewise been wreathed round the helmet and weapons on the opposite wall, which I understood were the arms of the squire's warrior. I must own, by the way, I had strong doubts about the authenticity of the painting and armor as having belonged to the Crusader, they certainly having the stamp of more recent days; but I was told that the painting had been so considered time out of mind; and in that as to the armor, it had been found in a lumber-room, and elevated to its present situation by the squire, who at once determined it to be the armor of the family hero; and as he was absolute authority on all such subjects in his own household, the matter had passed into current acceptance. A sideboard was set out just under this chivalric trophy, on which was a display of plate that might have vied at least in variety with Belshazzar's parade of the vessels of the Temple. "Fragrant" cans, cups, beakers, goblets, basins and ewers; the gorgeous utensils of good companionship, that had gradually accumulated through many generations of jovial housekeepers. Before these stood the two Yule candles beaming like two stars of the first magnitude; other lights were distributed in branches, and the whole array glittered like a firmament of silver.

We were ushered into this banquetting scene with the sound of minstrelsy, the old harper being seated on a stool beside the fireplace, and twanging his instrument with a vast deal more power than melody. Never did Christmas-board display a more goodly and green as those rows of old family portraits, with which the mansions of this country are stocked; certain it is that the quaint features of antiquity are often most faithfully perpetuated in these ancient lines; and I have traced an old family nose through a whole picture gallery, legitimately handed down from generation to generation, almost from the time of the Conquest. Something of the kind was to be observed in the worthy company around me. Many of their faces had evidently originated in a Gothic age, and had been merely copied by succeeding generations; and there was one little girl in particular, of staid demeanor, with a high Roman nose and an antique vinegar aspect, who was a great favorite of the squire's. Being, as he said, a dutiful son, he had caused to be engraved all the faces of his ancestors, who figured in the court of Henry VIII.

The parson said grace, which was not a short familiar one, such as is commonly addressed to the deity in these unceremonious days; but a long, courtly, well-words one of the ancient school. There was now a pause, as if something was expected, when suddenly the butler brought in a huge silver vessel of rare and curious workmanship, which he placed before the squire. Its appearance was hailed with acclamation; being the Wassail bowl, so renowned in Christmas festivity. The contents had been prepared by the squire himself, for it was a beverage in the perfect mixture of which he particularly prided himself; alleging that it was too absurd and unworthy for the comprehension of an ordinary servant. It was a potent, indeed, that might well make the heart of a toper leap within him; being composed of the richest and rarest wines, highly spiced and sweetened, with roasted apples bobbing about the surface.

The old gentleman's countenance beamed with a serene look of indwelling delight as he stirred this mighty bowl. Having raised it to his lips, with a hearty wish of a merry Christmas to all present, he sent it brimming round the board, for every one to follow his example, according to the primitive style; pronouncing it "the ancient fountain of good feeling, where all hearts met together."

There was much laughing and rallying as the honest emblem of Christmas joviality circulated, and was kissed rather coyly by the ladies. As it reached Master Simons he raised it in both hands, and with the air of a boon companion struck up an old Wassail chanson:

The browne bowle, The merry browne bowle, As it goes round about-a, PULL, STILL, Let the word say what it will, And drink your fill all out-a.

The deep canne, The merry deep canne, As they'll frost freely quaft-a, Sing, Fling, Re as merry as a king, And round a lusty laugh-a.

The dinner time passed away in this flow of innocent hilarity; and though the old hall may have resounded in its time with many a scene of broader rovel and revel, yet I doubt whether it ever witnessed more honest and genuine enjoyment. How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure around him; and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles! The jovious disposition of the worthy squire was perfectly contagious; he was happy himself, and disposed to make all the world happy; and the little eccentricities of his humor did but season, in a manner, the sweetness of his philanthropy.

"money trust" can be embodied in one man, Mr. Morgan is it. His bodyguard on the trip to Washington consisted of lawyers de luxe each of whom is capable of earning \$100,000 fees. They surrounded him as the old guard did Napoleon.

New York Sun: Those two sisters in the Jersey City Catholic Home for the Blind who calmly led to safety some twenty blind, aged folks and twenty-five blind children when a fire was discovered there early Wednesday morning undoubtedly prefer to have nothing said about it. Their lives are a devotion and a heroism. Still you see the picture, the sisters waking up and wrapping up the sleeping children, the old blind priest saying mass to his little congregation of old and blind, "Crime" and "vice" are in everybody's mouth nowadays. Yet how full the world is of generous spirits, of kindly deeds, of modest self-sacrifice, of fruitful helpfulness.

Boston Transcript: Another addition to the high cost of living is a rise of 50 per cent or more in the price of gasoline, due, say the Standard Oil people, to the law of supply and demand, the former being low and the latter greater by 25 per cent than a year ago. This is probably as good an explanation as any other so long as we have only their word for it, which no one is obliged to believe and very few will. As long as they have the power to fix and maintain these exorbitant prices, what right has the public to ask for their reasons? It is as impudent as was Arthur Clemen's office and he applied at the circumlocution office and "actually wanted to know, you kn

GRINS AND GROANS.

Boy—The coal man says he can't let you have any more coal until you've paid the bill you owe him. You've paid the bill you owe him. You've paid the bill you owe him.

"I would suggest giving our new mayor three cheers," announced an Waflitee at the first meeting of the new town council.

"Make it two cheers," suggested Hiram Waflie, "remember, we are pledged to economy all along the line."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"That man is nothing but a time-server." "He seemed to me to be very independent." "He may be that and a timeserver, too."

"How could he be?" "He's a clockmaker."—Baltimore American.

Upardson—Some men will out your throat for 75 cents. Atoms—Yes, and some won't. The surgeon that opened my windpipe once and took out a fragment of chicken bone charged me \$75.—Chicago Tribune.

Bud—What's the difference between an ordinary coal and a college widow? The coal—One stays forty years and the other stays for years.—The Siren.

"Talk about your long hours, that never stop day or night all the year round." "Impossible! Where?" "On the factory clock."—Boston Transcript.

"That man has given up his experiments in the way of perpetual motion." "Yes," replied Senator Sorubum. "He is now devoting his peculiar talents to an entirely different line of research. He is trying to discover some method of revising the tariff that will make things cheaper to the consumer and at the same time increase the profits to the producer."—Washington Star.

She—When we are married, dear, I must have three servants. He—Certainly, darling. But try to keep each one as long as possible.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"Father," said the small boy, "what is meant by the 'pork barrel' in politics?" "The pork barrel, my son, is an imaginary receptacle supposed to have pork as a completed product inside, with a cannibalistic assemblage of the raw material on the outside."—Washington Star.

Maud—So Jack compared me with some thing sweet, did he. The dear fellow! What was it? Marie—I don't think I should tell you. Maud—Oh, do I insist? Marie—Well, he referred to you as "the human marshmallow." You certainly had laid the powder on thick, dear.—Boston Transcript.

"Walter, you can take these eggs back to the cook." "Yes, sir. Anything else?" "Yes, you might take him also the assurance of my distinguished consideration and ask him if he thinks he is feeding a bigger Indian."—Chicago Tribune.

"How do you manage to pick out a present to suit your wife?" "I'll tell you a store that she tells me of." "Yes." "And ask for a clerk whose name she gives me." "Well?" "And the clerk always has something suitable put aside."—Louisville Courier Journal.

THE DAY AFTER.

Baltimore American. The stockings all are empty and the Christmas tree's a bit the worse for wear.

Good St. Claus has vanished for another year, at least. And his pocketbook is making papa sweat.

The nootors are quite busy making flying calls about.

For Willie and poor Mamie have a pain. But had such fun that in despite of subsequent events, They'd like to have it over all again.

The turkey stuffed and roasted and the toothsome big mince pie.

That made one feel serene and satisfied, When 'round about the laden board the happy family sat.

Till none could eat more good things if they tried.

Have taken dire revenge, and since last night the folks look pale.

And efforts to feel chipper are quite vain.

But still the feeling of that dinner was so good a one, We all would eat it every bit again.

That is the trouble with good times—you have to pay for them.

But then they're worth enjoying while they last; So it is wiser just to take the present when it comes.

And not think what 'twill feel like when it's past.

Perhaps the wise and prudent will dispense with present joys, And shun bright nights with mornings cold and gray.

But then the miles a lot of fun who always look ahead, Let good times go for fear of them next day.

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