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Pen and Picture Pointers

WAITING for Santa Claus. How many bright eyes will struggle against the Sand Man's encroachments, while drowsy little heads nod defiance to his efforts to overcome the busy brains that have determined to once and for all make sure of the existence of old Santa by giving him welcome when he comes. But no one knows better than that dear old fellow that the most determined of these watchers will not long resist the demands of nature, and that eyes will close and heads will nestle in the pillows, and that his way through the house will be unwatched, at least by the little ones to whom he is so much. Some will wait in vain, but not many, for, fortunately, the spirit of Christmas does not wait for the effects of the pudding before visiting the Scrooges in these modern days. More or less organized effort takes hold of the matter early enough, so that the home is indeed poor and neglected where no Christmas comes. None of those expectant little ones have ever yet seen Santa Claus, but he is a hopeless inconceivable indeed who would deprive the child of the fond excitement of waiting for the old boy's visit.

Hanging the Christmas holly is nearly as important a function as hanging the Christmas stocking. Christmas is hardly Christmas without the green and red that has come to be a part of the day, and the help that mamma gets from the "littlest one" is probably the most appreciated of any. It isn't very long until other things will take up the baby's attention, and her decorative fancy will be directed along other lines than the hanging of holly, and

her wait on Christmas eve will be for some other than Santa Claus.

Christmas is essentially a children's day. Grown-ups have a part in it, to be sure, both in its religious and its secular functions, but it celebrates the birth of a child, and to children it is peculiarly sacred. Its songs are to a Babe and its mother, and its sentiments are those that Babe taught and exemplified in His after life among men. Its memories are the most cherished of childhood recollections, and its spirit is intimately linked with the little folks. All its lessons are to the exaltation of childhood and motherhood, for "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God like a little child shall in nowise enter therein." Homilies may be written and sermons spoken on the topic, and the mind of man may be led to the contemplation of that divine tragedy whose opening scene is laid in a stable at Bethlehem, but on Christmas day the thought of the dourdest or most sage will hark back along the track of memory to the days before the grasshopper became burdensome. And it is well that it is so. It is good to have one day in all the year when the busy man and the tired woman can turn aside from the sordid cares of every day life, and become again as a little child. So, "Merry Christmas to all."

Carleton A. Pierce, who recently died in Omaha, was a man well known to the traveling public, owing to his long service in connection with the Union Pacific. He came to the Overland from the Erie in 1872, beginning as an engineer, and serving in that capacity for a number of years. He was always noted as a careful and successful runner, and for this reason was selected to "pull" the famous Jewett & Palmer special in its flight across the continent against time. He made a record even at that early day of which the company is still proud. After serving for a long time as engineer, Mr. Pierce entered the train service as conductor, and for many years had charge of one of the great transcontinental trains out of Omaha. In this way he became known to many thousands of patrons of the road. He was a thrifty and studious man and accumulated a handsome competence, so that his last few years of life were divided between his duties in connection with the railroad service and travel



VERY REV. CAMPBELL FAIR, LATE DEAN OF TRINITY CATHEDRAL, OMAHA.

abroad. He was married not a great while before being stricken by the malady that proved fatal and had settled down to a life of peace and contentment. Mr. Fair was a native of New York, his birthplace being Cattaraugus county, where he was educated in the common schools and had taken part of a college course before entering the service of the Erie road as an engineer. He was 54 years of age.

Very Rev. Dean Campbell Fair, D. D., who died in Omaha on last Monday evening, had spent thirty-seven very active years in the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal church. He was a native of Ireland and a graduate of Trinity college, Dublin, taking his theological course at St. Adam's, Birkhead, England. After taking orders he first served in several capacities in the work of the church in England, but finally was attracted to America, where he had charges at New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Grand Rapids and finally at Omaha, whither he was called on the death of Very Rev. Charles H. Gardner, who preceded him as dean of Trinity cathedral. During his five years of work in



CHAPLAIN BERNARD KELLY, U. S. A. (RETIRED.)

Omaha Dean Fair was very active in works of charity, taking a leading part in all concerted moves and doing very much on his own initiative. His health was poor for many years, the result of terrible injuries sustained in a railroad accident when he was yet quite a young man, but he labored as long as he had strength left. He was 57 years of age.

An interesting character who has left a lasting impression upon the religious and political life of the west in the last twenty-five years is Chaplain Bernard Kelly, who after a service of a little more than five years as chaplain in the United States army, with rank of captain, has been retired on account of the age limit. Chaplain Kelly was assigned to the Tenth infantry in 1901, and with that command went from Fort Crook to the Philippines. He was granted leave of absence a few months ago and returned to Kansas, where he now resides, at Topeka, where he will in future make his home. The appointment Mr. Kelly received in 1897 was not the first commission which he had held from the United States. During the civil war, be-



CARLETON A. PIERCE, THE WELL KNOWN UNION PACIFIC CONDUCTOR, WHO DIED RECENTLY AT HIS HOME IN OMAHA.

fore he had entered the ministry, he made an enviable record as an officer in the One Hundred and Third Illinois infantry. He entered that regiment as a first lieutenant October 2, 1862, and the following May was commissioned as captain, which position he held when the regiment was mustered out in October, 1864. After the civil war he entered the ministry and removed to Kansas a few years later. He soon took rank as one of the most able and untiring ministers of the Methodist church in that state. His efforts were not always devoted to ministerial work, he being one of the ministers who believe in working at the polls for the reforms which are demanded from the pulpit. In a short time he became a political factor in the state and many a republican politician had his hopes blasted or inspired by a word from his lips. As a church worker, as well as a politician, he is a master of organization and devoted his talents to strengthening the church in the state, so that it will ever show the result of his work. Mr. Kelly is a native of Virginia, and was appointed to the regular army from Kansas.

Gleanings from the Story-Tellers' Pack

MARSHALL P. WILDER tells of a certain Irishman, famed for hard drinking, who was asked why he did not take just one drink each day and let it go at that. "Shure," answered Pat, "what good would one be? A bird can't fly with one wing."

During the campaign in Indiana Senator Fairbanks was scheduled to make a speech at 2:30 o'clock one afternoon at Princeton, Ind. He missed the connections at Terre Haute. There was no other train that would get him in, and he hired a special engine, paying \$90 therefor, to take him through. As he got out of the cab at Princeton, begrimed but triumphant, for he was on time, he looked around for the reception committee. No one was in sight. Finally a man he knew wandered into the station.

"Show me the way to the meeting, quick!" said the senator.

"Meeting?" replied the man. "Why, haven't you heard? They postponed it until 8 o'clock tonight."

Who says that a woman has no sense of logic? Yesterday a woman got on board of a trolley car in East New York, tugging two children with her, reports the Brooklyn Eagle. They were over the age when they could ride free and the conductor promptly asked the woman for the fares. She as promptly placed in his hand a dime and turned to look out of the window.

"You owe me a cent," declared the conductor, still holding out his hand.

"What for?" asked the woman, with a beautiful appearance of innocence.

"Two of them fares is half fares—that makes 6 cents—and you must pay 5 for yourself," said the conductor, with a bored expression.

"Not much; I don't owe you a cent," said the woman, stoutly. "One fare is 5 cents, ain't it?"

"Cert," said the official.

"Well," was the triumphant reply, "ain't two halves equal to one? G'wan, now; that's all you'll get."

And it was.

Three Irishmen were discussing the merits of various fighters in an Atlantic City saloon, says an exchange, and in conclusion one said: "Yes, gentlemen, the Irish are the greatest fighters in the world." After they left the place a little German, who was contentedly sipping his beer and smoking his pipe, listening to what the Irishmen had to say, remarked to the bartender that he did not think the Irish were such great fighters. The bartender said they proved themselves fine fighting men.

"Vell, I don't think they vas any goot as fighters," the German stubbornly contended. "Vy, only last week me and my brudder, Gus, and anuder fellow, whipped one of dem."

Not like the buds of spring you flower,
Nor like June's radiant roses;
But time in winter's frosty hour
Your beauteous self discloses.

Good Father Time was kind, my dear,
And doubtless had his reason
To make your coming out this year
And in this Christmas season.
Perhaps he thought Saint Nick would do
Too little for our pleasure;
So for himself he added you
To make the fullest measure.

Perhaps with you he left the task,
Believing it was in you
To choose, from those of us who ask,
The right man who may win you.

If this be so, and you're in doubt
Just who will stand inspection,
I'll be most glad to help you out
In making your selection.

I know the very man! Yet I
May not reveal the same, dear.
So stubborn is my modesty,
You'll have to guess his name, dear.

—TOM MASSON.

To a Christmas Debutante



the New York Times. It is that Travers once got in line at the window of a railroad depot and, when his turn came, began: "Gi-gi-give m-me a-t-t-t-t-ticket for—fer—"

"Oh, get down to the 'oot of the line!"

impatiently yelled the busy ticket seller. "Perhaps by the time I've waited on the rest you'll know what you want."

Travers meekly retired and, when he reappeared at the window ten minutes later, he said:

"Just s-s-send m-m-me by-by t-t-freight."

"What do you mean? Why do you say that?" asked the ticket seller.

"Well, you s-s-s-ee," explained Travers, "I-c-c-can't express m-m-myself."

Current Gossip About Well Known People

A FEW months before Thomas Brackett Reed was attacked by the illness which precipitated his death he concluded that he had made enough money for his family out of his law practice in New York and had about made up his mind to quit active work. It is believed, in view of this fact, that had he lived he might have gone into politics again, but not in New York, for he never liked life in a large city.

Charles James Fox was on one occasion a guest at a dinner party at Horace Walpole's, where at the last moment Charles Selwyn, the readiest of wits, whose strange weakness was attending executions, strolled in. "George looks as cheerful as though he had just come from an execution," remarked Horace Walpole, and Fox said, smilingly: "A namesake of mine was to be hanged at Tyburn today. I suppose you were in at the death, Selwyn?" "No, my friend," said Selwyn promptly. "I make a point of never frequenting rehearsals."

There are now three former secretaries of war in the United States senate—Mr. Proctor of Vermont, who served from March, 1889, to November, 1891; Mr. Elkins of West Virginia, who succeeded Mr. Proctor and served till the close of the Harrison administration, and Mr. Alger of Michigan. General Alger is modest in his movements about the senate. Most of the time he keeps at his desk. He dresses in dark clothes and looks as trim and neat as a new boy in school. He seems to find it more pleasant listening to the proceedings than in joining the cloakroom groups in front of the glowing grates.

Judge Morrow, of the federal bench on the Pacific coast, tells this story: "A consular vacancy occurred in one of the group of islands of the South Pacific. I commended a friend for the vacancy; he was appointed, and, as it was imperative, he should reach his post at the earliest possible day, he sailed from San Francisco with the understanding that his commission should follow him, and that he should take the oath of office before a local magistrate after he had arrived. Well, the new consul sailed, and it was six months before the State department heard from him. He reported there was no local magistrate, and inquired of the secretary if he could not take the necessary oath before the king. The secretary wrote him in the affirmative, and it was several months later when another letter came, this time by sailing ship, after going around the world. It contained the graphic information that the aforesaid king had in the meantime gone to an adjoining island and taken to the brush. Should the consul follow him? Again he was given an affirmative answer. The archives of the State department will show that he eventually located this South Sea island king in the brush, was sworn in, and, after the lapse of nearly two years from the date of his appointment, was fully qualified to enter upon his consularship."