

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE.

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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Table with 2 columns: Circulation category and number. Total: 1,300,890. Returned Copies: 15,428. Net Total: 1,285,462. Daily Average: 49,515.

Subscribers in my presence and sworn to before me this 20th day of November, 1910. M. F. WALKER, Notary Public.

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

Howdy, Santa! Welcome to our city! No Evening Bee Monday. Merry Christmas to one and all. Today there is joy enough for all.

Now, just a moment. Has Santa Claus missed anybody? Even Mr. Hobson can afford to join in the rising anthem of peace.

Peace on earth was preached before Andrew Carnegie took it up as his slogan. If this keeps up, Medicine Hat will have to get a pair of earmuffs out of the pack.

Mr. Carnegie is a lover of birds. "I love my eagles, but oh, you dove of peace!"

Nothing to stop anyone starting in right away on Christmas shopping for next year. "Amateur volcano shows up in Kansas."—News item. Trust Kansas to strive for the best, anyway.

Champ Clark ought to be certain those mules have kick-back straps on before starting them up the avenue. If Dr. Cook would prepare a new lecture on "How I Bounced Them," he might possibly revive the box office receipts.

At any rate, England's prejudice against American dollars did not keep Mr. Waldorf Astor from being elected to Parliament.

The New York Tribune discusses "Murphy's Motives." Whoever thought before to question the motives of a Tammany chief?

Ever hear of the democratic national committeeman for Nebraska making a motion to keep the party purged of crooks?

Texas newspapers boast that Texas now raises more mules than Missouri. Yes, but Texas cannot drive a span up Pennsylvania avenue.

Only five of those New York babies were left in Houston, the Post tells us. Well, that partly atones for taking the entire number to Texas.

Is the press report trying to be funny when it says that "This plan of the Spanish premier meets the approval of King Alfonso?"

The extravagance of these times has begun to show itself in our water supply. The Mississippi river is lower than it has ever been at this season.

Former Secretary Olney should come west, then he would see that this reign of lawlessness, which he laments in New England, does not extend far.

Although he says he is not seeking another nomination for president, Mr. Bryan, wants it distinctly understood that he proposes to write the platform again.

Judging by the formidable character of the program for the New Year's receptions at the White House, President Taft will have to qualify in the strenuous class at least for a day.

The Spirit of Christmas.

Christmas to all means joy. The peal of the shepherd song that broke upon the Judean hills has never died away. Caught up from the angel host, it reverberates still triumphant, the one transcendent note that harmonizes human hearts.

"Peace on earth, good will toward men." And the angel cry is echoed by Him it proclaimed more than thirty years later: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you."

Purity is breathed in every thought of Christmas. It is first the purity of babyhood; life at its source—the Perfect Man. Outwardly it is sensed in the aroma of the frankincense and myrrh, the gifts of the wise men, and it comes to fullness in the life to follow.

Through the ages mankind waited patiently for the coming of its King. Infinitely waited for the fullness of time to complete its great plan. The three wise men, led by the star in their long, lonely vigil, are emblematic of patience. Even the humble shepherds, leaving their flocks on the hills, crept closer in patient hope, to "see this thing which is come to pass."

The world in the intensity of its practical life today needs more peace, more purity, more patience. It can find the lesson in the real spirit of Christmas without losing any of its joy and merriment. Giving and receiving presents is not all there is to this festival.

Fortunes of the Future. The Rockefeller and the Carnegies evidently are not insensible to the belief that personal fortunes of \$500,000,000 and \$600,000,000 are not creditable in the people's eyes.

In the minds of many this has much to do with the strenuous campaign of giving which our multi-millionaires are carrying on with such consistency. Of course, it is impossible to tell just how far the moral principle of justifying the possession of fortunes like theirs actuates them, but it is not inconceivable that it has its effect.

And yet, of course, in all ages there have been powerful rich and powerless poor people, and probably always will be. It is even a question if the disparity is so much greater today than it has been at other periods in history.

Mothers of Then and Now. The "popular" writer who beavals what he assumes to be the fact that the "old-fashioned" mother is no more is liable to defeat his own purpose if that inculcating in children the highest possible regard for their parents.

It is worth while observing that Mr. Carnegie does not delude himself with the idea that the banishment of war will in itself prove to be the panacea for all human ills.

But every age brings its new problems and new abuses to be reformed and every forward step shows higher altitudes to be reached.

Dr. Cook now frankly admits he was in a delirium when he sought the North Pole. Some people believe that is the only state of mind in which any man could undertake the mission.

In the early days of the republic members of congress got together and

advantages of progress and development

which time offers it would be a race of weaklings that did not lift life to higher planes with succeeding generations. And no one dare say that life is not on a higher plane today than it was fifty years ago.

British Nomination Methods. An article in the Outlook calls attention to the peculiar methods of nominating candidates for parliament in England, so essentially different from those in the United States.

The crying need of the present day is a realization that we live too fast; that we work too fast; that we strive too intensely; that we feel too keenly.

Switzerland proposes to revise the calendar, giving us one more day. We do not care how the division is made, just so they make that extra day a pay day.

"Boss" Murphy of Tammany will continue receiving applications of would-be senators during the holidays. He insists he has not yet made his selection.

The Jingo Millenium. Our Washington jingoes won't sleep well until one-half of the able-bodied men in this country are supported by the other half.

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Judge John F. Dillon, until recently head of the law department of the Western Union, was born December 25, 1831, in New York state. He was a judge on the bench over in Iowa when Jay Gould took him to New York to be his legal adviser.

Eldridge T. Gerry, head of the Gerry Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, is 72 years old today. He is a lawyer by profession and has a private library of 20,000 volumes.

Thomas McCague, head of the well-known McCague family in this city, is celebrating his 86th birthday today. He was one of the pioneers of Omaha and before that a missionary worker in Africa.

Frank Walters, general manager of the Northwestern lines west of the Missouri, with headquarters at Omaha, is just 42 years old this Christmas day. He was born in Cedar Falls, Ia., and made his start in the railway business in 1882.

Dr. E. A. Van Fleet, practicing physician in the McCague block, was born December 25, 1866, at Randolph, Wis. He is a graduate of the Omaha Medical college and has been practicing in Omaha for eight years.

there will still be useful purposes to

which the peace fund can be applied, and the realization of this fact is proof that Mr. Carnegie is not obsessed of one idea, but has a broader and more far-reaching vision than the founders of most of our philanthropies.

The Craze for Insanity.

People might become alarmed over the disclosure by Dr. N. Allen Starr of New York that insanity has increased in the United States during the last ten years 103.9 per cent were it not that they had been previously informed by an eastern college professor that within 100 years everybody would be crazy.

But the census returns and Dr. Starr's comments appeal to the serious consideration of people. He is unquestionably right in his contention: The crying need of the present day is a realization that we live too fast; that we work too fast; that we strive too intensely; that we feel too keenly.

The Missouri section of Kansas City sends a Christmas message to its partner across the border announcing that after the first of the year church raffles will be included in the list of gambling offenses.

The tenth annual Christmas box of the Manitoba Free Press of Winnipeg is a little roll of newspaper paper sent to the brethren south of the line as a reminder of Western Canada stock of wood pulp from which the bigger rolls are drawn with such regularity and soot as to make the publishers' cash box scream.

Lincoln was different. Ambassador Reid's Measure of the Martyr President. Minneapolis Journal. Ambassador Reid has been telling the English what manner of man Lincoln was.

Will the English believe Mr. Reid, will Europe? The Europeans think, of course, in European terms, and judge by European standards. So that to reach their judgment Mr. Reid was forced to make comparisons.

We should agree at once that Lincoln was far greater than Gambetta or Mazzini, greater also than Ito. We believe it is a fact that he was greater than any man in Europe since Napoleon, with the exception of Bismarck, who is one of the half dozen great figures of history.

The ambassador put his finger on Lincoln's distinction. "There is but one key—save events—to the character of this strange, uncouth, self-educated, gifted and ambitious son of the common people. His nature from childhood was one of absolute truthfulness, with himself as well as with others; of absolute honesty, with himself as well as with others; and of an absolute courage that would face the stake if need be for his convictions of duty."

We realize Lincoln's intellect and his genius, which are peer of the greatest. But do we realize the greatness of the man's character, his justice, his lack of egotism, his truth? Therein he differs from the great men of Europe, the dethroner he is American. What Coleridge deplored as so infrequent and praised as so fine, Lincoln was—"the great, good man."

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Earnest Pilgrim—Please send a large bunch of red roses to this address and charge it to me. Clerk—Yes, sir; and your name? Earnest Pilgrim—Oh, never mind the name; she'll understand.—Harvard Lampoon.

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SERMONS BOILED DOWN.

Love never listens to fear. It's a long way to heaven by the back door. You do not gain strength by posing for sympathy.

When a sin suits us it usually becomes insignificant. Happiness and holiness take turns at being cause and effect. "They will be done" calls for co-operation as well as resignation.

When the preacher is elevating himself he is lifting no one else. When you see a saint floundering around you may be sure he is tripping over bowed garments of piety.

Many think that it is trust in Providence that enables them to remain calm in the face of the disasters of others.—Chicago Tribune.

CHRISTMAS POETRY. The Way to Bethlehem. The way to Bethlehem is flower-strewn. Where children lightly run. Bearing gay garlands to the manger, rude. For Him, the Holy One.

The way to Bethlehem is fragrant-fair. With lingering odors, sweet. Where loving ones bear myrrh and spike-nard. To lay at Jesus' feet.

The way to Bethlehem, O'er vale and crest, Echoes with carols, far. As hope's glad pilgrims on that pathway bleed. Follow the Beacon Star. REBECCA PARSON MCKAY. Chicago, December 5, 1910.

When Santa Comes to Town. We may be old and wrinkled. We may be crippled, too. We may have aches and pains galore. As many of us do. But somehow all these pesky things And smiles replace each frown. And all our ills get limbered up. When Santa comes to town.

We may be young and foolish. And shoulder lots of blame. There may be habits we must break. And tempters we must tame. But somehow all these pesky things Far to the background hike. And all the snags get straightened out. When Santa hits the pile.

We may be—oh, so homely. Our faces fairly alicy. The beauty doctors may refuse Our stubborn case to take; But somehow features are transformed. And uncouth nose and chin. Acquire proportions beautiful. When Santa's train rolls in.

We may have joined the tightwads. All year, and dodged expense. We may have skimped and shaved and saved. Each day with diligence. But somehow pursestrings loosen up. And bills long treasured break. And melt into a million joys. When Santa drives his stake.

We may have called each other names. And spoken our thoughts out freely. But we were hastily then and rash.— (We loved each other, really)— But now we mind our Ps and Qs. And words and actions sweet. Make life take on a rosy tinge. When Santa's on his beat. Omaha, 1910. DAYLLE NE TRELE.

Useless Mistletoe. We read in song and story of the maiden coy and fair. Who takes a sprig of mistletoe and sticks it in her hair. And then eludes the fellow who would claim the precious kiss. And giggles as he follows. She may be a pretty miss. But care not for such pleasure as emment. The girl who doesn't need the mistletoe's kiss is one for me. Let others fasten mistletoe upon the chandeliers. And, screeching, seek the corners every time a man approaches. Let them run and let them giggle, let them dodge and dare and tease. At their wishes may be altering, they may have the grace to please. But I care not for such pleasures as to flirt with them may be. The girl who doesn't need the mistletoe's kiss is one for me. —T. E. M. in New York Telegram.

SPICED PLEASANTRIES. "Do you believe in Santa Claus?" asked one small boy. "Yes," replied the other. "I nearly saw him one night, only father caught him and he turned out to be a burglar."—Washington Star.

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Comfort for skin tortured babies and rest for tired, fretted mothers. A warm bath with Cuticura Soap, followed by a gentle anointing with Cuticura Ointment, is generally sufficient to afford immediate comfort in the most distressing forms of itching, burning and scaly eczemas, rashes, irritations and inflammations of infants and children, permit sleep for child and rest for mother, and point to permanent relief when other methods fail. Peace falls upon distracted households when Cuticura Soap and Ointment enter. No others cost so little and do so much. Sold everywhere. Send to Potter, Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, for free book on the skin.

A Merry Christmas to All Our Friends for we count all Omaha as our friends and we thank you for the generous patronage accorded us. Store will be closed all day Monday. Browning, King & Co. R. S. WILCOX, Manager