

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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NOVEMBER CIRCULATION. 52,531

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of November, 1914, was 52,531.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 15th day of December, 1914. 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. In time of war prepare for peace.

The house has decided to continue taking its "morning's morning."

King Albert of Belgium is not a bad newspaper reporter, at that.

Be sure and keep a "safety-first" sign on the tree until every danger spot is past.

Speaking of the law's delays, tardy justice is had enough, but uncertain justice is worse.

Secretary Bryan and Senator Hitchcock are for universal peace except between ourselves.

"Do you believe the boot will ever come back?" someone asks. No, too much kicking as it is.

"Let the people think" ought to make equally as good a popular slogan as "Let the people rule."

At least it is too late to do your Christmas shopping early unless you start right away for next Christmas.

Between floods and stray bullets, our soldiers on the Arizona border must be having a tough time of it.

The letter carriers and the postoffice clerks are entitled to special credit marks as Santa's indispensable right-hand man.

Still, the advent of Christmas should not mark the end of your efforts to help the unfortunate by practical charity.

Servia Refuses to Treat with Austria.—Headline. From all accounts, they seem to have been treating with the Austrians rather actively of late.

Our Congressman Lobeck is coming home to spend the holidays, having been away from home for 10, these two weeks past. Great home man.

It would seem that the political pluma are not for the Nebraska faithful this year—at least not for those in disfavor with the honorable secretary of state.

A city ordinance requires property owners to keep their sidewalks cleaned of snow and the police are expected to enforce the ordinances. A word to the wise is sufficient.

The Germans announce that they hold French territory valued at two billions of dollars. Yes, but that is an asset rather difficult to market under present conditions.

Ex-Congressman Shallenberger is chautauking in Pennsylvania. That's far enough away from home to find an occasional audience that has not heard those laugh-provoking stories of his. No charge for this free ad.

After all, what a lot of rot and nonsense creeps into a public debate of the liquor question from both sides, as witness some of the foolish utterances on the floor of the house when the Hobson resolution came up, and Mr. Underwood contributed his share.

Christmas day was duly celebrated by the various churches. At St. Philomena's Bishop O'Connor celebrated high mass assisted by Fathers McCarthy and Murphy, and an elaborate musical program was rendered, under G. F. Meyer, organist; Miss Fannie Arnold, choir leader, and Prof. Hoffman, orchestra leader.

Trinity also had an extraordinary musical program provided by J. Edmund Butler, organist, and Thomas J. Pennell, choirmaster.

The amusement bill at Boyd's was "Uncle Tom's Cabin" by the Boston double company with two "Uncle Tom's" two "Eva's," two "Mark's" and two donkeys.

Mrs. Belle Durlieu held the lucky number which drew the prize drawing case raffled off at G. W. Haxey drug store.

Mrs. E. F. Morse has arrived home from New York greatly improved in health.

W. G. Shriver of Beel & Shriver is eating Christmas dinner with Dr. Shriver of Glenwood, Ia.

Emil Burmeister, son of E. Burmeister, is home from college to spend Christmas with his parents.

G. A. Brewer, the well known banking man of Baltimore, has accepted a position in the Omaha National bank.

Christmas.

Christmas with its peace on earth, good will to men, coming amid the most terrible of wars, deepens the contrast between its own spirit and conditions of the day and finds many men proclaiming the breakdown of civilization. Yet if we witness more want and woe we see also more philanthropy to relieve it and more service for the spirit of Christmas than ever.

This is not the only time Christmas has caught the old world off its guard. According to secular and sacred history, the first Christmas dawned amid conditions unspeakably worse than any existing today. Civilization seated at Rome, never more vaunting in its achievements, was corrupt to the core, reeking in the vilest forms of vice and crime.

Civilization may have halted, certainly has egregiously blundered, but has not broken down. What student of history with faith in the future denies that civilization will emerge from this European eclipse wiser if not stronger for its chastening experience? We look back a half century in the life of our own republic to a day when clouds of doubt overshadowed the promise of America. Then it was more than nation against nation—it was state against state, brother against brother, father against son. But the principle at stake was fought out, the war ended, the union was saved and the nation came forth from the crucible mightier and more compact.

Civilization has survived and will survive the severest tests. World-wide are the effects of this war and universal the demand for mercy. But mercy has caught the call and flung back the response. Never have men and nations more eagerly and extensively taken up the work of humanity. The world moves toward the ideals of Sinal and the sermon on the mount, despite all setbacks and obstacles.

It recognizes the fundamental principles of peace and brotherly love. Neutral nations deplore and condemn the war, belligerents apologize for it. The message of Christmas lives and strives to overcome the baser influence. "I am my brother's keeper," shout millions, who are at this moment offering up their most cherished sacrifices to the dictum that "pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction."

With the Christmas reminder, men may not shut their eyes to all this altruism, even though dazed by the awful spectacle of war.

Patronage Fight Just Getting Good. To a man up a tree, the democratic patronage deadlock in Nebraska looks as if it were just beginning to get good.

Nebraska democrats are fortunate, or unfortunate, in having two distinguished and over-ambitious ambitious leaders occupying high public office, and heading bitterly opposed factional followings. As a consequence we have senatorial courtesy drawn up in battle array against cabinet civility.

Through the president, the secretary can appoint, but cannot confirm, while the senator can reject, but cannot enforce his recommendations. For positions usually conferred as special rewards for party service, the senator has taken particular pains to urge only men known to be personally distasteful to the secretary—in fact, it would take a microscopic search to find any democrats in Nebraska more obviously objectionable, or whose preference would be more humiliating, to the secretary. Instead of being invitations to compromise, the senatorial recommendations for the most part look more like studied insults to the secretary of state, and there are no signs yet of surrender on either side.

If it is to be a fight to the finish, we speak for front seats in the spectators' gallery.

One Mark of Civilized Warfare. Without a formal armistice, the opposing hosts of Europe have planned, each to itself, to observe Christmas day by resting arms, and refraining from battle, thus giving one mark at least of civilized warfare as contrasted with the conflicts of savagery. By no means do all the combatants called into the field profess a religion which makes Christmas their recognized holiday, but despite the divergent religious creeds, they all seem to accord a generous tolerance to the faith of their comrades. In what other war, which history records, can be found a similar voluntary truce respecting a religious festival and its celebration? While so-called civilized warfare may be as relentless as uncivilized warfare in the destruction of life and property, we have here one limit which it sets for itself to heed without overstepping.

Industrial Peace. We want peace in American industry, but we do not want peace at any price. We want peace to rest on those primal rights that are the basic reason for government. A settlement on any other than the happiness and rights of the man I will always protest.—Frank P. Walsh, chairman of the federal commission on industrial relations.

And every sober-thinking man with fixed opinions on the subject will agree with Mr. Walsh. Industry and government are so correlated in human affairs that they must rest upon the same principles of justice or they will not rest at all. A basic principle of free government implies a sense of mutual interest and inseparable welfare. This same rule must govern relations in industry where success and prosperity rest entirely on the point of mutual interest.

Two of the most notable obstacles to industrial peace today, aside from the abstract lack of mutual confidences, are the absentee control of big interests on the one hand and the self-seeking walking delegate, or paid agitator, on the other. Fortunately the menace of both have been brought forcibly to the attention of this commission and will be specifically dealt with in its report to congress.

Surely enough economic power and resources have been wasted in this country on fool devices that keep labor and capital constantly estranged and make distrustful enemies instead of mutual friends of employer and employe, to be ready for a sane rearrangement of the whole industrial system. But let no one be so simple as to suppose that the millennium is to come in a day, or a year, even after this commission completes its investigation and submits its findings to congress, but all the indications point to steady progress in the right direction.

Those electric lighted Christmas trees furnish another argument for lower lighting rates.

Old-Time Christmas Dinner

A Feast Worth While. The following account, somewhat abridged, of the banquet served by the squire in the old ancestral hall is taken from Washington Irving's "Sketch Book."

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 flame 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 same 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 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.

Gorgeous Display of Plate. A sideboard was set out just under the 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: "gigons, 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 two Yule candles, beaming like two stars of the first magnitude; other lights were distributed in branches 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 gracious assemblage of countenances; those who were not handsome were at least happy, and happiness is a rare improver of your hard favored visage.

I always consider an old English family as well worth studying as a collection of Holbein's portraits or Albert Durer's prints. There is much antiquarian lore to be acquired, much knowledge of the physiognomies of former times. Perhaps it may be from having continually before their eyes 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 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.

The table was literally loaded with good cheer, and presented an epitome of country abundance in this season of overflowing larders. A distinguished post was allotted to "ancient sirlin," as mine host termed it, being, as he added, "the standard of old English hospitality and a joint of goodly presence and full of expectations." There were several dishes quaintly decorated, and which had evidently something traditional in their embellishments, but about which, as I did not like to appear over curious, I asked no questions.

The Wassail Bowl. When the cloth was removed 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 skillful mixture of which he prided himself, alleging that it was the staff of life and complex for the comprehension of an ordinary servant. It was a pottage, 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 indulging 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."

Thoughts of the Day

Safety first requires asbestos whiskers for amateur Santa Claus. Red Cross stickers stick just as well tomorrow as yesterday, and do good any old time.

If you can't pour out vocally rindos of happy songs, pour out something or get a machine. Never look the price tag in the face. It is not the quality but the spirit of the gift that counts.

The true Christmas spirit is that which moves men's hearts to higher resolves for better living. Consider the weird shapes that flock unbidden in the glow of the morning after, and be wise before.

Owing to circumstances beyond their control the promised Christmas visits of foreign royalty to Paris and Berlin have been indefinitely postponed. Hearts attuned to sympathy might send a trob or two to Nebraska's democratic faithful whose Christmas socks failed to connect with the political Santa Claus.

Do not repine because the day happens to be one of the shortest in the year. There are twenty-four hours in it just the same, and joy bubbles just as well under the gleams of the Manda. "Under the mistletoe!" How pleasant it sounds! What strings of romance it conceals! But discretion is needed as well as chivalry to imprint the message. Watch out for peeping eyes. Two is jolly company; three may be a mob.

While disposed to hide from the left hand what the right hand does, as a nation we may point with pride to the fact that \$10,000 worth of food has been sent from the United States to the Belgians. Your Uncle Samuel is the emperor of good fellows.

More impressive than any Christmas message sent to war-torn lands was the Christmas Ship and the goods it carried to soldiers' children. It was the visible embodiment of Uncle Sam in the role of Santa Claus. He looked the part, acted the part and filled the part in a way to make good old St. Nicholas scream with joy.

Above all other nationalities the American whose heart is in the right spot has the best ear for hearing and heeding the Christmas message this year. Beyond the nation's boundaries neighbors are gripped in deadly strife, countless homes are destroyed, their occupants scattered, orphans multiplied, and millions dependent on the world's charity. Here peace and good will abide. Back of the hands extending succor to the unfortunate are hearts throbbing with thankfulness for the joy of living in God's country.

People and Events

Cheer up! It is only 116 days to the opening of the base ball season. When doctors disagree, who will decide what is "a state of preparedness?" Don't let your left hand know what your right is doing in behalf of the worthy poor.

Christmas boxes know no law, not even the law requiring a statement of the contents on the label. A New Jersey bachelor, scoffing to his last breath, left a will in which he offered a prize of \$50 to any woman who could prove she was his widow.

Chicago manufacturers are going to send 5,000 pairs of trousers to the French army. No the makers are not members of a donation party. It's business on a cash basis.

The Christmas Muse

Three Christmas Classics. As of us comes the Christmas time I read again, in prose or rhyme, Three classics old of Christmas mirth or joy.

Of varied message, apt, sublime, One told in prose and two in chime Of verse that, like the holly, crowns the year.

The first of these in time and place, Most fit the Christmas eve to grace, Is youthful Milton's wondrous Christmas hymn.

Wherein his genius dared to trace The mysteries of time and space, And soared as on the wings of cherubim, And then I gladly turn to scan On Dickens' tale the miser man, On Scrooge, with heart like London's paving stone.

Thill star's ghost, that for a span On Christmas eve escaped the ban Of dreadful doom, had shown to Scrooge his own.

But when the Christmas spirits thrice, The Past, the Present, the Yet To Be, To Scrooge had shown their visions, made them clear, No longer miser Scrooge was he, But bent around most joyfully With Christmas in his heart throughout the year.

And last I turn again to rhyme, By children loved at Christmas time, And read "A Visit from St. Nicholas." Again I hear his reindeer chiming The snowy road, with silver chime Of bells that soft upon the midnight pass.

O post-boys! So may you find In magic prose and Christmas song Still tell the story of the world's great night.

And may your visions fade prolong Their charm till from the earth all wrong Is banished by the Christmas spirit bright. —H. D. SUDDUTH.

Christmas Carols. (First line of nine carols included.) It came upon the midnight clear, In the little town of Bethlehem, While shepherds watched their flocks by night, A star appeared to them.

Calm on the listening ear of night, Hark, hear the angels sing; Hark, what mean those holy voices? Glory to the newborn king.

Angels from the realms of glory, Sing, O sing, this blessed morn, Once in royal David's city, The Prince of Peace was born. —"BELLVIEW."

A Boy at Christmas. Edgar A. Guest, in Judge. If I could have my wish tonight, It would not be for wealth or fame, It would not be for some delight that men who live in luxury claim; But it would be that I might rise at 3 or 4 a. m., to see, With eager, happy, boyish eyes, presents on the Christmas tree.

Throughout this world there is no joy, I know now I am growing grumpy, So rich as being just a boy, a little boy at Christmas day.

I'd like once more to stand and gaze enraptured on a tinelled tree, With eyes that know just how to blaze, and hear the old folks' tales; I'd like to feel the old delight, the surging thrills within me come; To love a thing with all my might, to grasp the pleasure of a drum; To know the meaning of a toy—a meaning lost to many a man; To be just once again a boy, a little boy on Christmas day.

I'd like to see a pair of skates the way they looked to me back then. Before I'd turned the neighborhood's gates and marched into the world of men; I'd like to see a jackknife, too, with those two little ears, and my right eye; That couldn't rattle or blench with use; I'd like to feel the same surprise, The pleasure, too, of a new alloy, that has forever passed away. When I was just a little boy and had my faith in Christmas day.

Oh, little, laughing, roughish lad! the king that rules across the sea! Would give his scepter if he had such joy as now belongs to thee! And beads of gray would give thee gold and all the honors they possess. Once more within their grasp to hold thy present feet of happiness, Earth sends no greater, surer joy, as, too soon, thou, as I shall say, Than that of his who is a boy, a little boy on Christmas day.

A Question of Faith. Ted Robinson in Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Do you believe in Santa Claus?" Why, yes—of course I do; Your question isn't sensible—and, furthermore, I've never seen him. My answer isn't, either. But unless you're more than dense you contain a lot of common sense.

As long as children long for him, as long as artists draw him, I do believe in Santa Claus, although I never saw him. I never saw this cruel wind that shivers me and shakes me—I never saw a "Tiff Law" but see how poor it makes me!

I never saw a purple cow—but I've a friend that has; (He saw that and a snake, which put him right on the Panama.) I never nursed a young gazelle—I never hope to nurse one— But this I know, that anyhow I'd rather nurse than curse one.

I never saw the gentle Muse that daily doth inspire me; I've never seen The Boas—and yet he's able to fire me! I've not seen Freddie Wilson—but that isn't any cause That he should not believe in me, nor I in Santa Claus!

Pass It On. If some trinket you've been given, Pass it on; Make some other's life worth livin' Pass it on. Do not keep it in the garret, Take it from your trunk and air it. Maybe some poor soul would wear it, Pass it on.

If a laundry list you're hoarding, Pass it on; To some kind soul where you're boarding, Pass it on. Brush from it the flecks of grime, Make it truly serve its time, It has cost some one a dime, Pass it on.

The it's but a hair-receiver, Pass it on; She wakes on—like a beaver, Pass it on; Perhaps your hair's all been received, And that fact your soul has grieved, Don't waste time in being peevish, Pass it on.

RAYOLL NE TRELE.

Christmas Message

Charles Dickens: Look on the merry faces of your children (if you have any) as they sit round the fire. One little seat may be empty; one slight form that gladdened the father's heart, and roused the mother's pride to look upon, may not be there. Dwell not upon the past; think not that one short year ago, the fair child now residing in dust, sat before you, with the bloom of health upon its cheek, and the anxiety of infancy in its joyous eye. Reflect upon your present blessings—of which every man has many—not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some. Fill your glass again, with a merry face and contented heart. Our life on it, but your Christmas shall be merry, and your new year a happy one.

CHRISTMAS CHEER

"Is Bliggins learning to dance?" "No. He says he's too young." "Why, he's 40." "Yes. But he says he won't be rich and leisurely enough to go in for dancing for at least ten years."—Baltimore American. "Does Dr. Pilers enjoy a large practice?" "No. He has to work so hard he doesn't have time to enjoy anything, but Mrs. Pilers enjoys it."—Birmingham Age-Herald. "Yes," said Mr. Crowcher: "I like an early winter. I'd like to crowd the cold weather in so as to get through with most of it before January." "Isn't that rushing things a little?" "Perhaps. But I can't help noticing that the janitor seems more generous about turning on the steam along about Christmas time."—Washington Star. "Don't you think your boy is getting too old to enjoy a Christmas tree?" asked the woman who is always looking for a chance to tell her news. "Well," replied Mr. Warmhart, "maybe he is. But I'm not."—Washington Star. Mrs. McJannish sighed wearily. "That's the 41th cook that has left us in the last 50 years," she protested. "This servant question is getting on my nerves." Whereupon she read of Joseph in bondage and grew envious.—Philadelphia Ledger. "My husband says he would rather fight than eat. Proves it, too." "As to how?" "He always spends the meal hour scraping with the cook."—Louisville Courier-Journal. She—Did you see where a judge in New York says that the husband by the law controls the family finances? He—Any timetables about the house? She—What do you want them for? He—We're going right off to live there. —Baltimore American.

Rare Drugs and Chemicals For Prescription, Hospital and Technical Use

The wonderful advancement that has been made within the last decade or two in pharmacy and chemistry has naturally placed upon the market hundreds and thousands of new chemicals and pharmaceuticals and special foods for infants and invalids. Our system in regard to stocking these articles has been and is now an absolute fixed one. We place in stock EVERYTHING in our line for which ANY DEMAND exists—even by indifference. This policy enforced for 25 years by the same management in the conduct of our business has been productive of the SHEPHERD & MCCONNELL DRUG STOCK OF TODAY which we are quite sure is the most complete stock of Drugs, Medicines, Pharmaceutical Preparations, Mineral Waters, Rubber Goods and Sick Room Accessories to be found in the entire west. We especially solicit orders for Rare Drugs and chemicals and believe we shall in almost every case find the most difficult prescription an easy one for our prescription department.

Sherman & McConnell Drug Co.

Dealers in Rare Drugs and Chemicals. Corner 16th and Dodge Streets—Prescription Room Down Stairs. Corner 16th and Harney Streets—Prescription Room in Rear. Loyal Pharmacy, 207-9 North 14th St. Harvard Pharmacy, 24th and Farnam Sts.

EARLY CHRISTMAS DAY STREET CAR SERVICE

First cars on the various lines as follows: FARNAM LINE—Leaves depot at 3:52 a. m. Dundee 4:20 a. m. 46th and Cuming Sts., 5:45 a. m. HARNEY LINE—Leaves depot 4:20 a. m. 33d and Parker, 4:45 a. m. 6th and Center, 5:20 a. m. DODGE LINE—Leaves depot, 5:05 a. m. 30th and Spalding, 5:35 a. m. PARK LINE—Leaves 24th and Ames Ave., 5:05 a. m. Leaves 32d and Valley, 5:55 a. m. Leaves 29th and Dupont, 5:50 a. m. Leaves Florence, 5:38 a. m. Leaves Kansas Ave., 5:30 a. m. SOUTH OMAHA LINE—Leaves 42d and Grand Ave., 5:20 a. m. Leaves 43d and "Q" Sts., 5:37 a. m. BENSON & ALBRIGHT LINE—Leaves Benson, 5:36 a. m. Leaves Albright, 5:25 a. m. WEST LEAVENWORTH LINE—Leaves School for Deaf, 5:32 a. m. Leaves Elmwood Park, 5:49 a. m. CROSSTOWN LINE—Leaves 24th and Cuming, 5:32 a. m. Leaves West "L", 5:32 a. m.

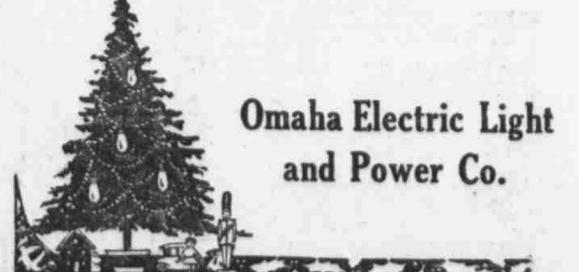
Omaha & Council Bluffs Street Railway Company



CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

To our patrons and those who are still to be our patrons we extend the genuine old-time wish which carries the fullest, truest meaning---

A Merry Christmas!



Omaha Electric Light and Power Co.