

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR. The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor. BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND SEVENTEENTH. Entered as Omaha postoffice as second-class matter. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. By carrier per month. By mail per month. By mail per year.

REMITTANCE. Remit by draft, express or postal order. Only two-cent stamps received in payment of small accounts. Personal checks except on Omaha and eastern exchange, not accepted. OFFICES. Omaha—The Bee Building, South Omaha—318 N. Street, Council Bluffs—101 North Main street, Lincoln—28 Little Building, Chicago—91 Hearst Building, New York—Room 101, 35 Fifth avenue, St. Louis—309 New Bank of Commerce, Washington—714 Fourteenth St., N. W.

CORRESPONDENCE. Address communications relating to news and editorial matter to Omaha Bee, Editorial Department. 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 7th 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.

January 1

Thought for the Day

Selected by Maria Kennedy "If instead of a gem, or even a flower, we could cast the gift of a lovely thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving as the angels give."—George Mc Donald.

Happy New Year!

The same to you, and many more of them.

Father Time declares no moratorium for any of us.

Evidently congress and Hobson had different choices.

Even a blind man can find trouble without looking for it.

A few mistakes in writing the new date are quite excusable.

Climb up, boys; there is room for a few more alongside of the driver.

Speaking of "a good time for saving," there is never a time like the present.

The ice man's motto: In time of wintry chills, prepare for summer heat.

It is a happy New Year indeed to the man who has all his Christmas bills paid.

Among the ships that passed in the night during 1914 was the schooner Bull Moose.

Can you imagine what some of our hungry Nebraska democrats have resolved for the New Year?

How Mayor "Jim" passed up a chance to issue a New Year's proclamation remains an unexplainable mystery.

The year 1915 will also inaugurate for the people of Nebraska a second-term governor for the first time in ten years.

It is too much, however, to expect the rush of holiday mail to delay the transmission of your first-of-the-month bills.

That man Zapata is a hard one to please—he kicks at poor old overworked Villa for not killing off the enemy fast enough.

A graduate adept in the art declares that our Douglas county jail is a dope school. The charge will need corroboration, but is worth while looking into.

As Cole Blaise retires from the governorship of South Carolina, let these 1,500 pardoned and paroled convicts gather around him and sing that fine old song of brotherly, "What the H—ll Do We Care, the Gang's All Here."

The Kansas City Star thinks those city officials of Terre Haute who were caught in the election scandal must have been boneheads at the game as compared with some of the past-masters in that Missouri metropolis. Show us.

A new deal has been instituted at the Paxton hotel, whereby Mr. Kibbe is now cashier and bookkeeper and Mr. Henshaw succeeds him as clerk, with the continued assistance of Mr. Hull.

Announcement is made of the marriage of W. F. Vail, agent of the Burlington & Missouri at Wyome, and Miss Minnie Herb, daughter of Colonel John Herb, the territory taking place at the residence of the bride's parents, 20 North Nineteenth street, with Rev. W. F. McNamara officiating.

H. M. Wilson has been suddenly called home by a message saying his mother in Pennsylvania was dangerously ill.

W. A. Paxton has returned from Chicago.

Omaha chapter No. 1, Royal Arch Masons, have installed the following new officers: J. J. Munnell, H. P. H. C. Ains, K. H. L. Howard, S. E. K. Long, treasurer, and J. J. Pointa, secretary.

The executive committee in charge of the forthcoming charity ball has organized by electing James M. Bays chairman and James F. Murphy secretary and treasurer, and a subcommittee made up of C. P. McFadden, J. M. Ross, Joseph Gorman, Jr., George Brown, and W. W. Bate was named to take charge of all the details. Wednesday, January 14, has been fixed as the date and Boyd's opera house as the place.

THE BEE'S 35TH ANNIVERSARY. The Omaha Daily Bee, founded by Edward Rosewater, on Friday, January 1, 1880, will on Friday, January 1, 1915, celebrate its thirty-fifth anniversary.

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A New Year Vision.

Whether the incoming new year sees the end of the European conflict-at-arms or not, it certainly will witness an unprecedented expansion of the spirit of peace, stimulated by the reflex action of the war.

Daily this impulse is growing and spreading among individuals and peoples, outraged at this hideous horror of human slaughter and deadly destruction. The German crown prince's denunciation of the raging conflagration as the most stupid and senseless war of history is finding approving expression everywhere. Most men see but one recompense, namely, the suppression or repression of pro-militarism to which the cataclysm is ascribed. In the popular mind it is not so much a matter of defeating and humiliating this side or that, as to keep within bounds the spirit of pro-militarism so long dominant in the lands now at war.

And if this is done, even in measure, it means the ascendancy of peace as the controlling power of nations in fact as it has been by pretense. This is the vision which, with the advent of the year 1915, looms up like a giant silhouette against the dark horizon of war. Come what may as between the present combatants, it is certain that nations will be slower to submit their differences to the arbitrament of the sword when this war shall have ended than they have ever before. And that will be humanity's victory and civilization's reprisal.

Efficiency.

The greatest need of the day is for efficiency. It is true of individuals as well as of society. It is true in every relation and sphere of life—in religion, no less than politics, business or the professions. Men are agreed that only a very small percentage of the people come anywhere near attaining the ultimate exponent of their powers; that only the scattest few, if, indeed, any, have reached what might be called their maximum efficiency.

One way to increase our efficiency lies in cultivating the power of concentration. Perhaps the motto of the Apostle Paul might be a good one to follow in this connection—"This one thing I do." Leaving off attempts at half a dozen things and pressing forward toward one mark, one goal, one thing at a time undoubtedly would help mightily in the effort at efficiency.

The habit of scattering one's time and attention is very common today. Many folks are members of numerous lodges, clubs, societies and what not, and naturally feel like trying to keep up with all in addition to looking out for their business and maintaining some semblance of home and possibly church relations, and the result is too often lessened efficiency on the whole. Talents are attenuated, abilities thinned by too much spreading out, thoughts shrouded by over-diversification and efficiency suffers. "Divided forces are easily conquered," the old Romans used to say, and the saying still holds true.

A Thought for the Day.

By way of variety The Bee is inaugurating a new feature which will invite the mind of the reader to dwell for a moment each day upon some ennobling or suggestive thought specially selected from the world's literary treasure-box. This "Thought for the Day" comes with a double commendation in that it represents the inspiration of a great mind expressed in prose or poetry, and also reflects the sentiment of who-soever has chosen it for its appropriateness. We do not hesitate to disclose the fact, either, that in this collection of quotations we have drawn in large part upon the material contained in a striking and unique calendar gotten out a few years ago by the Omaha Teachers' Annuity and Aid association through a committee of its members who put rare judgment and intelligence into its production, and whose work we are only here and there supplementing.

Newspaper Accuracy.

These neutral diplomats who called to ask about the note on American commerce to England were not given a copy of it, but were informed by Secretary Bryan that the first newspaper report of it was accurate.—Washington Dispatch. The significance of this ought to be appreciated by the chronic critics of the press, who like to complain of its notorious inaccuracy. Here is an instance of the gravest importance in which the newspaper report is so entirely accurate as to answer for the State department's exhibit to the diplomats of foreign countries. If reporters can get such a delicate and important matter of news as this straight, it stands to reason they could do as well with relatively trivial matters.

"A tribute to the reporters," someone says. But that is not the point here. The point to be noted is that those who had this piece of information to give out saw to it that the papers got it exactly right. Of course that is usually done at the capital, where news of great importance is handled. But it might also be done everywhere else. Exactly the same factors contributing to the accuracy of this report might be employed by everyone with a bit of information of news value. The newspaper's accuracy would be greatly improved if those with news to give would exercise the good sense of giving it so as reasonably to insure its reaching the paper at its true form. For, while the public may be slow to appreciate it, the fact is that much of the garbling appearing in news columns is often due more to those in command of the news sources than to the reporters. Common sense ought to suggest to anyone that fact is more desirable and valuable to any decent newspaper than fiction, and that the average reporter will get the facts if possible, but is often prevented by the strange attitude betrayed by so many toward the paper and its prime function of printing news.

The Regnant Power.

Reason is the triumph of the intellect, faith of the heart.—Schuler. Which puts faith above reason, as the heart, the throne of love, must be above the intellect. For there is no power or emotion stronger in its possibilities than the power of love. All the wisdom of the world, as Paul, who was both strong and wise, said, becomes as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal without love. The experience of the race has abundantly proven that when it sometimes seems as if reason rules where love fails, it must be only because love has not been put to the test of a full commission.

Life wouldn't be worth living without these January clearance sales, which have come to be the brightest oasis in the householder's desert.

Views, Reviews and Interviews

BY VICTOR ROSEWATER.

UNDER this heading, I am going to contribute periodically a column of observations and comment in the nature of a personal talk with whoever may care to read it. I have selected the caption "Views, Reviews and Interviews" for the particular purpose to afford a limitless latitude in topic selection so that I may deal with whatever happens to strike me as either timely or interesting or both. It goes without saying that what interests me, may not appeal in the same way to others and still I feel that the personal slant may possibly add an illuminating ray and at any rate should not detract anything from a pen picture.

By "Views" I do not propose to be confined to mere expression of opinion, but to include reminiscences, narrative, and informational matter which some current event furnishes a hook to hang on. I was born and raised in Omaha and have attained to the rank of a "pioneer" which makes me one of the connecting links between the Omaha of today and the Omaha of the past and giving the historical setting or background or recalling some half-forgotten occurrence may serve to explain to the comparative newcomers a lot of things not obvious to them on the surface.

By "Reviews" I mean to call attention to books or magazine articles or other literary products that I happen upon and find suggestive or worth noting. I read a great deal—perhaps too much in one groove and too much of the passing rather than permanent kind—but in this reading, I every now and then hit upon something that seems worth mentioning and perhaps commending. A review, too, opens up an opportunity to dissent from or to supplement the author's findings with personal or practical application. I have no intention of going into the field of abstruse or technical criticism—I leave that to the bookworms and the highbrows.

By "Interviews" I am putting a latchetring out to pull in the observations of other people—who may be entitled to be quoted or who supply viewpoints and information with an authority that carries weight because talking of things they really know about. An interview does not always permit of being classified as news, but if of real general interest, it may rightfully seek a channel of publicity through the newspaper.

During the year just closed, the Grim Reaper stalked into the bosom of The Bee family several times and at every coming snapped a chord of friendship whose strength is only realized as it breaks. When he snatched from us Horace Philpott a few months ago, the visitation struck with a suddenness that caused a full stop and a gasp. Philpott was one of those likable fellows who seems to have been born to a nickname of endearment. It was always "Phil" or "Hed" with his associates and I believe it was almost always the same with the officials and lawmakers with whom he came in contact while representing The Bee at the capital. He had been trained to our ways in the home office here before being given the Lincoln mission and he had once or twice wandered away and returned to the beehive. As a matter of fact the last time I talked to him was when he called to tell me in his cheery fashion he would like to return to work and the next time I saw him he lay cold and speechless in the hospital where he had passed away while his tear-faced widow cuddled the toddling boy who was innocently eager to be taken home.

Only last Thursday I attended the funeral of "Jack" Bonner, known to all old-time printers in this section and around whose coffin a group of fellow workers gathered to pay their last respects. I learned to know type myself during a school vacation in the early eighties and I remember him being in irrefragable evidence then. One of the men told me Bonner had learned his trade on The Bee in 1874, that he had it may, he was a good compositor and his own worst enemy. I believe he never quite bridged the chasm between the old hand typesetting and the modern machine composition—he became a machine operator but he never emerged from the shell of the printer. As Mr. Collar who spoke over the remains aptly said drawing on the printer's trade idiom, "He has emptied his last stick, measured his last string. All his lines are not evenly spaced and there were errors caught by the proofreader, but the proof has been read and corrected, the forms made up and sent to press, and the printed sheet of his life lies fully exposed before the Master."

Still another summons served at about the same time, called S. J. Woodruff, a young man who had come to us from Iowa to look after the advertising for our agricultural publication and who went back home with his fatal malady. In the short time he was with us, he proved himself industrious and loyal and made many friends.

Washington must be undergoing today a novel experience through the abandonment of the customary White House reception and official diplomatic entertaining. I have attended two of these occasions—being the social function above all others that puts the stamp of democracy upon our government, for on New Year's day the chief executive of the nation has been wont personally to meet and greet every one who presents himself at the appointed time and place, making no distinction between rich and poor, high and low, black and white. True, officialdom has precedence but all anyone had to do was to take his turn and be in due time presented to the president in the great East Room embellished with its special holiday decorations and pae along out and be mingled again with the throng. I went through this ceremony once while Grover Cleveland was at the head of the receiving line and once again to shake hands with Benjamin Harrison as his successor. My father, Edward Rosewater, in his youth enjoyed the rare privilege of attending the president's reception or "levee," as it was then called, at which Abraham Lincoln received the guests. I was going over his old war-time diaries and from one of them copy this account of New Year's day, 1861, when he was pounding the telegraph key as an operator assigned to the War department, to which he had been called from field duty with the military telegraph corps the previous summer:

"Thursday, January 1, 1861.—The day is clear and cold. Took breakfast at 8 o'clock, and at 11 went out. Considerable bustle on street, not half as much as Christmas. The great feature was the president's levee. Officers of the army under General Halleck met at the War department; navy officers at the Navy department. Army officers dressed up considerably, some captains and lieutenants having epaulettes and cocked hats, while army generals had plain shoulder straps, but the navy officers, who are more intelligent and a finer looking body, invariably displayed full sea dress, cocked hats, spaulders, swords and fine uniforms. Both army and navy officers passed the enclosure to the White House, while a considerable crowd was outside the gates. At the moment of these officers going into the White House the foreign ministers, diplomats and cabinet officers were going off in the fine carriages with differently dressed coachmen, the mistletoes in full dress of the court of their nation. Soon the army and navy officers filed out. Among the navy officers I noticed was Rear Admiral Foote in full dress in a carriage. At 12 o'clock the gates were opened for the civilians. At 1 p. m. I attempted to go to myself. The crowd was large, and old ladies, young ladies, babies, children, soldier and civilians were all mixed and jammed, kept off by a squad of soldiers with bayonets. The metropolitan police were inside the house. Before long I got in. The president looked rather cheerful, his whiskers cut within about an inch of his face, stood in the center of the room and shook hands with every one, and remarked to me, 'How's the baby?' I did not see Mrs. Lincoln, perhaps on account of her being in mourning. The East room carpet was covered up."

This is the historic custom which President Wilson has discontinued but I hope not for long.

The largest insurance risk on a single human life taken since the world war began is a joint policy for \$1,000,000 issued in London. The policy was taken out by a wealthy young Englishman, who paid the first premium of \$6,000.

Poetry for the Glad New Year

The Old Year.

"The gone! Another year has sped! 'Tis mingled with the past! Its joys and sorrows, side by side, are shrouded in the past. Its victories and defeats, its triumphs and its pains, are cast into the ocean's deep, whence they shall never rise."

What are the lessons which she gave before her flight? What were her thoughts? Before time wapt her in the grave for long repose. Or were she and a truthful maxim did her coming bring? To cease from man the sting of death, or terminate his woes.

Thus answered she, with withered lips that gave their parting smile— And truth shall never lose her words from its immortal scroll—"I brought thee an ignis man requires: the process of the soul. The glories of the seasons, with their blessings for the soul."

With these sweet words she spoke her last, and parting, went her way; Now leaving this grand benediction to brighten yours, and crown your days with faith and hope and cheer.

What are the lessons which we draw from her brief presence here? The wise man says "be wise, be wise, for life is but a day. Drop from the burden of some bewildering and eternal sphere." Too precious and too brief a time to mar or waste in play.

The rich man says, "beware, this world is made of loss and gain; And if you catch a glimpse of wealth's chariot her fleeting prize You must endure the want and woe, the hunger and the cold, the howling robes of faith and hope and cheer."

The soldier says, "beware, this world is made of loss and gain; And if you catch a glimpse of wealth's chariot her fleeting prize You must endure the want and woe, the hunger and the cold, the howling robes of faith and hope and cheer."

The farmer sees his golden grain increase a thousand fold. The products of the earth and air are in each kernel bent. And gazing in creation's door he thinks but of the gold— The gold, the gold, but not the gold creation's banker lent.

The maiden with celestial eyes, who to her God gave all. Proclaims she found the golden gold, and all her actions seen Through crystals of the purest light, say Justice and the scales. To grace, to serve her fellow-kind, and love the Nazarene.

The maiden who bestows her heart on man for weal or woe Proclaims, as well, she found the gold in life's immortal store. And staked her heart against whatever dice the ages throw. As vindictive helpmate and sub-architect of man.

Once more the curtain shades are down; the old year passes and is gone. Its joys, its glories and its scars are placed upon the scrolls. Where triumphs and defeats are not considered lost or won. Till screened of all their flossom by the Master of the Rolls.

Now to the virgin year we bid bright welcome and all hail; Although she comes to us with the cold frozen crystals on her breast. The ice will soon with dewdrops feed the soil. All we have to do is wait. Its sweet perfumes and wish new year and all its children hail.

CASHEL MIGUEL.

Looking Ahead. A year is gone forever. But out beyond us lies A year for brave endeavor And splendid enterprise. Where honors are awaiting The worthy and the wise.

There shall be love and mating, And truth shall still be good; There shall be loss of hatings And strife as Vice's tool. And right shall be more clearly And fairly understood.

The new year shall not merely Bring added age to those Who value virtue dearly. And strive as Vice's tool, But justice shall more nearly Field honest men repose.

S. E. KISER.

The New Baby. Well, I never! Look who's here! 'Tis the clever Glad New Year! Future ruthless Old school— Now he's toothless, Ain't he cute?

To our guessing Not averse. He's a hessing— Or a curse! Foeman tricky. Best of chums! Fitty-yucky! Toodleooms!

Most surprising Paralyzing Mystery! In his gracious Brain will grow Deeds—Good gracious! Hear him crow!

Tears or laughter? First or last, He'll take after Years long past. Though of slim age, Fresh and raw. He's the image Of his paw!

Praps he's got us Frisco rich. Maybe what not— Which is which? Maybe pleasure's Our—but my? Did um treasure Want to cry?

"Maybe"—"Maybe" Same old game! Other babies Are like same. Thus we greet you While you're green; Glad to meet you, Wee Flitteen.

GRIF ALEXANDER.

New Year Resolutions. For swearing off my vices few I have no slight intention. For as those weaknesses I view, They're all the sort to stand inspection. They're not the sort to stay in view. It necessary 'er to hide 'em; And as their essence they reveal I find there's little harm inside 'em.

They're what some catalogue as sins So innocent that they are venial. And each one ends, as each begins, In motives altogether genial. I'm not in no sense are they controlling, Yet I should strive to have them go. Because in trouble they're consoling.

I don't parsnip them with much zest. Or, as one might remark, with unction. And each one has at its behest, Some saving shakels of compunction. I keep them in the main, because, The sort that may or may not hurt 'em. 'Tis one of Nature's funny laws That no one likes a perfect human.

Yes, with the new-born year I think I'll wipe to make some new reforming. And while for swearing off I shrink I find the nation rather warming. That, 'stead of knocking off some vice, The sort that may or may not hurt 'em. 'Tis one of Nature's funny laws That no one likes a perfect human.

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Fighting for Spoils

Baltimore American: In the war between the president and the senate, the bombardment of speeches is expected to be very heavy and the verbal artillery attacks unusually severe. As for the losses, there is much lively conjecture.

Boston Transcript: The only legitimate nomination the senate has for rejecting is the conviction of its members that the majority of its members has no right to abandon to any one or two senators the right to render the judgment of the senate as a whole. "Senatorial courtesy" amounts to logrolling in its most obnoxious form. In his effort to wipe out the practice the president deserves the support of the press, the public, regardless of party or faction.

St. Louis City Journal: The controversy has come out of a lack of harmony between the president and several United States senators of his own party. These democratic members of the upper house, including Senators O'Gorman of New York, Reed of Missouri and Hitchcock of Nebraska, have opposed the administration program in congress and may be properly classed as political enemies of the president. The president has recognized their belligerency to the extent of failing to consult them with reference to presidential appointments within their respective spheres of interest. There is talk that if the war continues the senate eventually may be found refusing to confirm any of the president's appointments.

MIRTHFUL REMARKS.

"Have you kept all your promises to your constituents?" "Yes," replied Senator Sorbusum. "That is