

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

COUNCIL BLUFFS. OFFICE, NO. 12 PEARL STREET.

Delivered by carrier to any part of the city. H. W. TILTON, Lessee.

TELEPHONE-Business office, No. 43; night editor, No. 21.

MINOR MENTION.

Grand hotel, Council Bluffs, reopened Oct. 1. Mayne Real Estate agency, 539 Broadway.

The December term of the superior court will open this morning.

The school board will hold its regular monthly meeting this evening.

The case of the state against Watson, on appeal from police court, is booked for a trial in the district court this morning.

Rev. Alfred Knoll, formerly pastor of Trinity Methodist church of this city, now at Omaha, was in the city Saturday visiting friends.

Regular meeting of St. Alban's lodge No. 17, Knights of Pythias, this evening. Work in the third degree. All members requested to meet at 7 o'clock.

The council will hold another adjourned meeting this evening, and will try conclusions once more with the Union avenue and George Johnson, the third of Deputy United States Marshal Wray's assaults at Albia last fall, is said to be in jail in Kentucky, awaiting an officer to bring him here for trial.

A meeting of the charitable people of the city will be held this evening at the parlors of the First Presbyterian church, for the purpose of devising ways and means of assisting the poor this winter.

Chief of Police Scanlan returned from Des Moines yesterday afternoon with Harry L. Palmer, the Des Moines museum proprietor, in custody. The charge of enticing away a child appears on the book at the police station, and he occupies a cell at the city jail.

We are asked every few days whether we write fire insurance. Of course we do, and in the strongest companies in the world. We will not have any, but the best in our office. Lounge & Towle, 235 Pearl street.

RENNISSON BROS.

Great Holiday Bargains. CLOAKS AT COST. CLOAKS HALF PRICE.

Monday, the biggest bargain day of all. Come early. Ladies' \$3.00, \$4.00 and \$5.00 heavy winter jackets, age 4, 6 and 8 years, only Monday, \$1.25 each.

Ladies' \$10.00 jackets at \$5.95 each. Ladies' \$10.00 jackets at \$3.98, \$5.98, \$6.50, \$7.50, \$9.00, \$10.00 and \$12.50 that formerly sold at \$7.50 to \$20.00.

Ladies' \$5.00 jackets, age 12 to 18 years, \$3.33 each. Ladies' \$20.00 and \$25.00 seal plush cloaks, in small sizes, Monday, \$5.00 each.

Ladies' navy blue \$5.00 and \$6.00 triple cap mackintoshes, Monday, \$3.98 each. Ladies' double texture, \$7.50 and \$10.00 mackintoshes, Monday, \$5.50 and \$6.98 each, in navy and black.

DOLLS! DOLLS! DOLLS! Closing out our entire stock of dolls at less than half price.

100 kid body and dressed dolls, that were \$5e, 50c and 25c, go Monday at 25c each. All our fine china dolls, worth 50c and 75c, go Monday at 39c each.

Children's \$4.00 white Anora fur sets, \$2.49 each. Children's \$2.00 lynx fur sets, 98c set.

Terrific sacrifice of ladies' fine fur muffs and coats.

Finest quality of beaver, mink, marten and Persian fur muffs, Monday, \$6.98 each; were \$10.00 and \$12.00.

Finest quality of stone and brown marten, animal head, fur neck scarf, Monday, choice \$4.98 each.

DRESS GOODS AND SILKS. All our 75c and \$1.00 32-inch figured drapery silks, Monday, 39c yard.

More than a thousand yards of 24-inch plaid in China silk, worth \$1.00, \$1.50 and 65c, Monday, 29c yard.

BENNINGSON BROS. Council Bluffs.

Tremendous Drop in the Price of Coats. Commencing Saturday, December 15, we will sell ladies' garments at prices never before known in the history of Council Bluffs.

To begin the sale, we start with a line of ladies' Newmarket worth from \$12.00 to \$17.00, also a line of ladies' jackets worth from \$2.00 to \$10.00, all in one lot at \$1.00 each. Only one to a customer.

Lot 2 comprises a line of black, navy and tan ladies' jackets, full length and large sleeves, worth from \$12.00 to \$19.00, to go now at \$3.69 each.

Lot 3 is an assortment of capes and jackets; the capes are fur trimmed, extra length, and worth \$25.00; the jackets are made from the best clay worsted, lined throughout with an elegant satin; the old prices were \$22.00, but they have dropped to \$6.99.

At \$7.75 we show a beautiful chinchilla jacket, latest style, a very nobby garment and sold early in the morning at \$18.00.

25 plush garments that would bring in seasonable weather from \$25.00 to \$40.00, to go at the mild weather price of \$12.00 each. All guaranteed Walker & Seale's plishes.

These five items only give you a small idea as to the prices we have made on coats. Call and see other bargains throughout the stock. These bargains are only to be found at the BOSTON STORE.

FOWLER, DICK & WALKER, Council Bluffs, Ia.

Sterling silver. The celebrated Gorham Manufacturing company goods at reduced prices. Tea-spoons at \$3.50 per set. All other goods in the same proportion. Engraving free.

C. B. JACQUEMIN & CO., 27 Main St.

The Encyclopedia Dictionary and all art folios. Browne books, etc., bound at Morehouse & Co.'s.

Opera glasses, 65c a pair, at Wollman's, 409 Broadway.

Washerwomen use Domestic soap.

Council Bluffs Still Inevitable. At an early hour yesterday morning the members of the Council Bluffs Whist club returned from Omaha, where they were the guests of the Omaha club.

The Omaha club, which has been so often torn from the Omaha club by its competitor on this side of the river again adorned the Hawkeye belt, the score being 32 to 1. Shea and I. M. Tremain beat Mickle and Hawkins eight points, Dawson and V. L. Tremain beat Wilbur and Alec ten points, Waterman and Atchison beat Wheeler and Small nine and one-half points, Wickham and Mayne beat Read, Rinkhart, Wacker and one-half points, Barstow and Lutzwasser beat McCague and Heath three points and Pusey and Hendricks were beaten by Weber and Funkhauer one point.

Extraordinary Offer. For a short time we offer choice of our entire stock of exclusive styles of fine dress patterns and French robes at exactly half price.

Choice of our stock of French challs, all wool goods, at 19c a yard. These goods are very desirable for wrappers and well worth 50c a yard.

BOSTON STORE. FOWLER, DICK & WALKER, Council Bluffs, Ia.

Big reduction in black dress goods.

Sheridan Coat. This new coat from Wyoming for sale only by H. A. Cox, 37 Main street, Telephone 48. Ask for circulars.

Gas cooking stoves for rent and for sale at Gas Co.'s office.

Domestic soap outlasts cheap soap.

Bourgeois' music house has few expenses; high grade pianos are sold reasonably, 116 Bismarck street.

Queer People. Bound at Morehouse & Co., 65 cents per volume only.

Only beautiful presents at Crockwell's.

Domestic soap breaks hard water.

Allowed Half the Claim. The Board of Supervisors at their meeting Saturday had up for consideration the claim of the Women's Christian association for \$45 for the care of a number of hoboes belonging to the city.

It is reported that the city board has granted this city last spring. After some discussion

IT WAS DECIDED TO allow half the bill and let the women look to the city for the other half.

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A CHRISTMAS IN THE ARCTIC

Recollections of a Natal Day in the Ice Bound Regions.

MRS. PEARY RELATES HER EXPERIENCE

A Christmas Box from Home Received Up Near the Pole—Good Cheer Amid Arctic Darkness—The Christmas Sports.

(Copyrighted, 1914.)

I cannot say "Christmas damned"—as Christmas stories usually begin, for we had not seen the sun for six weeks. It was the 24th day of October, at high noon, when we last looked upon old Sol's smiling face, and then he bobbed up over South Point for a few moments, filled our little bay with his golden light, nodded a friendly good-night and went south for the winter.

From that date the twilight of midday grew dimmer and dimmer, the hours of its duration less and less, until unchanging darkness enveloped us during the entire twenty-four hours. On December 21 the sun had reached the southern limit of his wanderings and was just on the point of coming north again, so that we were making our Christmas preparations under the weird hour of midnight, and that the midnight of the Arctic night.

The bay had been frozen over for nearly two months, and numerous snowdrifts had thrown over the dark rocks and new bay ice a fleecy covering, which reflected back the meager light of the stars or gave additional brilliancy to the Arctic moonlight.

Every alternate fortnight the moon circled around the heavens gradually gathering her light in the sky until for eight or ten days she never went below the horizon at all, though regularly retiring behind the mountains which surrounded our little bay. Then just as gradually she shortened our allowance of light until for eight or ten days she left us altogether and only the stars gave us light.

The December moon was with us at Christmas time, and as early as the 18th of the month Mr. Peary had taken advantage of the light, and had gone with Eirikin, Carr and Knorr to Kongardluksok, a distance of 100 miles, for a load of dog food. He took a through train—two sledges and thirty-five dogs—and was home again the next day.

The day following, a heavy snow storm came from Kamah, twenty-five miles distant, to bring in more material for the dogs' Christmas dinner, while on the 21st Eirikin and Carr went to Kongardluksok to get a load of midwinter deer shooting by moonlight.

By the 23d every dog had returned from its various trips and was given two days rest, so as to be in good condition for the athletic sports which were to come off on Christmas day.

Our larders were now well filled. In the covered passageway which ran entirely around the house hung a dozen reindeer and bunches of delicious salmon trout fresh from the mountain lake beds of Kongardluksok, where they had fallen victims to the persistent patience and unrelenting energy of the Eskimo spearsmen through holes cut in the ice. Some of the trout weighed between four and five pounds and were gladly welcomed to our table as something that did not come out of a tin can.

The cache or storehouse for dog food groaned—as did every one who had to enter it—under the weight of over 1,000 pounds of the meat of walrus which we had killed the previous August.

So, feeling assured that that most important part of Christmas festivities—a good dinner—would be provided, we turned our attention to the holly branches with their red berries for the festoons of crow foot and the aromatic boughs of pine, which are so suggestive of Christmas cheer. But when I found the wilderness of whiteness, only the bold precipitous brow of Mount Bartlett towered up black and threatening, and even that was lined with white, my heart sank.

Flakes had found a resting place in the marks left, even on that rugged brow, by Father Time. I was confronted by a paradox—nothing green to be had in the way of doors before I turned from the window with a sigh of disappointment. I overhauled my rather scanty stock of finery and discovered some pretty ribbons, which I went up to the house to look after the dinner, which was going to be a very well affair. Mrs. Cross had baked some nice wafers the day before, and we were to have a dinner of cream, milk, and jam, and raspberry juice, plum pudding, with sauce, etc., etc., not the best training diet in the world, but the material for a many a midnight feast.

After the award of prizes it was time to feed our menagerie—eighty Eskimo dogs—and for over three months they had been fed of walrus meat, very ancient and very tough, were cut into pieces weighing from one-half to one and a half pounds each. The dogs were already on the alert, and it needed no cry of "huck! huck!" to bring the snarling, fighting, yelping pack about the heels of the feeders.

Hector and Mike, the two St. Bernards of the station, toward whom the Indian refers to his guard and finds out the hour. By turning the guard around he can tell the order in which the constellations may be expected to appear. The hill people of Assam reckon time and distance by the number of quills of betelnut chewed. It will be remembered how, according to Washington Irving, Governor Wouter van Twiller dismissed the Dutch soldiers by the number of quills of betelnut chewed. It will be remembered how, according to Washington Irving, Governor Wouter van Twiller dismissed the Dutch soldiers by the number of quills of betelnut chewed. It will be remembered how, according to Washington Irving, Governor Wouter van Twiller dismissed the Dutch soldiers by the number of quills of betelnut chewed.

It was fortunate enough to get hold of a piece of meat immediately bolted it whole for fear of catching the cold, and it needed no cry of "huck! huck!" to bring the snarling, fighting, yelping pack about the heels of the feeders.

Every now and then I heard the house and soon I heard such exclamations as "Say, have you got a collar?" "Love! look at this tie!" and the like, from which I judged that the boys were getting ready to go to bed.

Discovering that civilized finery left to take care of itself during an Arctic winter does not improve in appearance.

It was not until the dinner bell rang that we trooped into the dining room a dozen well-dressed gentlemen, with "store clothes" and "shined shirts" galore, as different from the faded blue serge and faded blue serge of the men on the ice in the forenoon as the dining table, with its snow-white cloth and sparkling glass, was from its every-day, shabby, faded self.

A Red Cliff house cocktail was handed each gentleman as he took his place, and, all prepared for the day, they drank to the health of the men on the ice, and then, with many a joke and jest, we went to home, of our Christmas days, of Christmas dinners in general, and of this one in particular, and then, with many a joke and jest, we went to bed.

Mrs. Peary, who presented the following well prepared dishes:

Broiled Salmon Trout. Potato Patties. Olives. Roast Saddle of Venison with Cranberry Sauce. Mashed Potatoes. String Beans. Green Peas. Ice Cream and Cake. Cheese. Champagne. Cigars. Coffee. Cigarettes.

Our spirits rose as the dinner progressed, and we were soon as well fed—as any to be found in the Arctic—as the Eskimo boys. We toasted the flag above us and wound up the merry evening with that old sailor toast, "Sweethearts and Wives," with the accent on the word "wives," and then, with many a joke and jest, we went to bed.

One of the new prizes used by the Italian soldiers sends a ball with force enough to go through five inches of solid oak at a distance of 400 feet.

NEXT GOVERNOR OF IOWA

Jackson's Successor May Be Chosen from Among a Goodly Number.

SEVERAL WHO WANT THE PLACE BADLY

Willing to Take the Chances of the Salary Supporting the Necessities of Life in Des Moines if the Republican Consent.

DES MOINES, Dec. 16.—(Special.)—The letter of Governor Jackson withdrawing from the race for governor has thrown the politicians into a fever of excitement and opened up the political campaign much earlier than usual.

The announcement was so entirely unexpected that the oldest politicians have been literally swept off their feet and a dozen prospective "slates" have been smashed to pieces. The certainty of election is a new factor that will bring into the arena the whole list of gubernatorial aspirants and fully a score of names for this important office may be presented to the next republican state convention. While this is true, it is altogether probable that the contest will be fought out on the established lines and between the various conflicting forces now striving for party control.

In the first place the prohibitionists will make an effort to induce either General F. M. Drake or Lieutenant Governor Dungan, and under good leadership would be able to practically solidify the southern and southern parts of the state on this issue. The young men, as well as the so-called liberal element, would be satisfied with Secretary McFarland, and face fight will likely narrow down to these candidates.

Drake's chief strength lies in his church connection, his extensive acquaintance and his large railroad interests. Dungan has a long record in the legislature as a republican, and especially with former legislators, and will probably draw to his support a large share of the anti-monopoly contingent. His attorney is nearly 70, will be slightly against him.

CHOICE OF THE YOUNG MEN. McFarland, who is now serving his third term as secretary of state, has had a phenomenal career in the state, and has entered the race with the prestige of success in every former political undertaking. He will be loyally supported by the young men, and his nomination would be a date is sprung from that section by the local delegations from the extreme north and east. He has also elements of personal popularity which will draw to him a heavy scattering vote. Polk county, with its nearly 70,000 voters, will go solid to McFarland unless his supporters from the so-called river counties become "too loud" and demagogue and thereby frighten the prohibitionists.

Should a deadlock happen between these three leaders, the dark horse that would enter into the ring are "too numerous to mention." Mayor Isaac L. Hills of Des Moines would be among the first. Ben Clayton of Warren township, Polk county, would be adverse to being considered in this list. Should Mr. McFarland drop out A. B. Cummings of Des Moines, Iowa's famous orator, would develop surprising strength, although his nomination would hardly be acceptable to the extreme prohibitionists.

Taken all in all, the contest is going to be the liveliest political contest that Iowa has taken place in this state for many a day.

ROADS MAY BE BEATEN. While the Board of Railroad Commissioners have given no intimation as to what the present order of business now pending in which the railroads ask for an increase of local freight rates, it becomes daily more and more evident that the result will be a general increase of rates for the benefit of the farming and jobbing interests. The railroads have been utterly unable to make the showing called for by the commissioners, and the recent order of the board to suspend the specific statement, duly itemized and verified, of their local business, has sounded the death knell of their hopes. The jobbers have been represented by the board of the Board of Railroad Commissioner Frank T. Campbell, who has proven more than a match for the skillful jugglers at figures employed by the railroads.

Mr. Campbell has conclusively shown that the railroads in many instances have voluntarily made lower rates than those fixed by the commissioners, and which the railroads' attorneys insist on not paying. In the very beginning of this stubbornly contested case the railroad commission laid down the rule that they would not consent to an increase of rates unless the railroads would agree to the present rates were unremunerative, and the burden of proof was cast upon the corporations.

The most ample opportunity has been given the corporations to make out their case, and on the other hand the jobbers, shippers and farmers have been as freely permitted to present the pretensions of the railroads and show up their fallacious reasonings.

If the hearing had been expeditiously concluded, no one could predict what the result would be, but the case has been so well contested that there is little doubt of the final action of the board. Whatever their findings may be the facts and figures brought forth will be a valuable contribution to railway litigation and ought to be of considerable value to other states in fixing just and reasonable charges for transportation.

Reckoning Time. To ascertain the time at night the Apache Indians employ a gourd in which the stars of the heavens are marked. As the constellations rise in the sky the Indian refers to his gourd and finds out the hour. By turning the gourd around he can tell the order in which the constellations may be expected to appear. The hill people of Assam reckon time and distance by the number of quills of betelnut chewed. It will be remembered how, according to Washington Irving, Governor Wouter van Twiller dismissed the Dutch soldiers by the number of quills of betelnut chewed. It will be remembered how, according to Washington Irving, Governor Wouter van Twiller dismissed the Dutch soldiers by the number of quills of betelnut chewed.

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