

Published Weekly by The Bee Publishing Company, Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.

Price, 5 cents a copy—per year, \$2.00.

Entered at the Omaha Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matter.

For advertising rates address Publisher.

Communications relating to photographs or articles for publication should be addressed "Editor The Illustrated Bee, Omaha."

## Pen and Picture Pointers

As a frontispiece this week we print a home picture of Mrs. Draper Smith, the newly elected president of the Nebraska Federation of Women's Clubs, who fills that office as the unanimous choice of the club women of Nebraska. She is a native of Ohio, having been reared near Toledo, and though not a college graduate, she is widely informed and her public spirit and ability have made her a valuable factor in local affairs wherever she has lived. Mrs. Smith came to Omaha fourteen years ago, and, though devoted to her home and family, she says she missed the activity that had formerly been hers in local affairs, and when four years later the Omaha Woman's club was organized she became a charter member. Since that time she has been prominently identified with its work, serving two years as secretary and one year as secretary of the State Federation, declining a second nomination because of her election as president of the Omaha club, which office she filled during 1898 and 1899. Few women in the State Federation are better qualified to act as its president.

Rev. A. C. Hirst, D.D., LL. D., the new pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church of Omaha, has been in the ministry for the last thirty years. He has filled lead-



REV. A. C. HIRST, D.D., LL. D.—NEW PASTOR OF FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

ing pulpits in Columbus, Chillicothe and Cincinnati, O., Pittsburg, Pa., and was called from the pastorate of the Trinity Methodist church, Cincinnati, to the presidency of the University of the Pacific. He was then four years at Simpson Memorial church, San Francisco, and was transferred to Centenary church, Chicago, where he remained five years and from which charge he comes to Omaha. Few clergymen of the Methodist denomination have had better appointments, more prosperous pastorates, or more successful careers. Dr. Hirst is a profound scholar, a clear, vigorous, up-to-date thinker, a graceful, eloquent and forcible speaker and a preacher of great power. He is also a lecturer of rare accomplishments and his platform work has met with unstinted praise. The community and the First Methodist church are to be congratulated upon the acquisition of this gifted preacher.

This week we print an array of beauty that cannot help but interest the women readers of The Illustrated Bee. The pictures of four of the most prominent leaders of fashionable society in Fort Dodge, Ia., are reproduced in a neat, artistic design which is very effective in bringing out the different styles of beauty. The sweet little miss, sitting on her royal throne holding a scepter in her hand, is Miss Alice Brooks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, who was crowned queen of the floral parade at Lincoln, Neb. Miss Ute McKay, queen of the recent floral carnival at Missouri Valley, Ia., is one of the most charming young women of that city. She was born and reared in Missouri Valley, being the daughter of B. A. McKay, who for years has been a well known and successful business man of that city. Miss McKay will graduate from the high school with the class of 1901.

The men composing the legislative delegation on the Douglas county republican ticket are introduced to the readers of The Illustrated Bee by their portraits. They are all so well identified with the different interests of the county that they need no further introduction.

Frank G. Carpenter writes of China's great conspiracy to drive all the foreigners out of the country. This movement was headed by the empress dowager and most of the high Chinese officials were implicated in it. The conspiracy, which has

been hatching since the close of the Chinese-Japanese war, might have resulted in the massacre of every foreigner if it had not been precipitated by the Boxer uprising.

## About Noted People

Simon Napoleon Parent, the new premier of Quebec, has gone from the bottom to the top of the political ladder in the province in the last ten years. In 1890 he was known to only a few of his fellows at the bar and his clients. Four years later he was elected mayor of Quebec and so well pleased the citizens that when he was chosen premier they presented him a silver service.

Daniel A. Sell of Gettysburg, Pa., claims the distinction of being the smallest fireman in the United States. "Danny the fireman," as he is called, is 3 feet 8 inches tall, some 25 years old and has for some time been a member of the Gettysburg fire department. At a firemen's parade in Reading two years ago he received a badge for being the smallest fireman in the state and has been similarly honored on other occasions.

Once a premier of Italy, Signor Crispi is not much in the public eye now. This is something of a blessing, one would think, for, when in office, the signor had several narrow escapes from assassination. After the last, in 1894, he took to wearing a coat of mail under his clothes and had his carriage transformed into a miniature arsenal. He also took the precaution of having his own monument erected in a Naples cemetery, and it is still to be seen, with its simple inscription—"Crispi."

Bishop Coleman of Delaware, who has just returned from his annual tramp incognito, says that one man told him stories about himself, and that he was taken for a peddler, a shoemaker, a carpenter, a school teacher, a look agent and the advance man of a circus. One young woman thought at first he was "a bum," and admitted as much. Children ran after him, shouting "Old Kriss!" On top of a mountain he met an aged farmer who quoted Schiller.

While the American Bankers' association was in Richmond it had the doubtful pleasure of listening while Rev. John D. Jasper delivered his famous sermon on "The Sun Do Move." The venerable colored preacher, who is now nearly 90 years of age, consented to deliver the sermon and was rewarded by having such a congregation as he had never before seen, consisting of the bankers, with their fashionably dressed wives and daughters. He was listened to with close attention, though his hearers at times had some difficulty in restraining a tendency to smile at his quaint sayings.

Lord Wolsley, the retiring commander of the British army, is not tall, but compactly and neatly made, with a slight, boyish figure. He has a large head. Except for a small mustache, he is clean shaven and his face is notable for its high cheek bones and bright blue eyes, which meet the world with a straight and frank expression. He is keen and alert and his dress is correct and "smart" in every detail. He has had an amazing amount of good fortune. If he had not fallen into a covered pit while leading a charge of his men during the second Burmese war in 1852 he would most assuredly have been shot down, for not a man in the front ranks escaped death. In the trenches before Sebastopol in 1854, after a hard day's fighting, a friend came across his insensible body among a heap of corpses awaiting burial. Anxious to see his comrade properly interred he carried the supposed corpse to his hut, where, thanks to the warm wood fire Ensign Wolsley presently gave signs of returning life. On one occasion a ball passed through his forage cap without injuring him. He has been wounded in no less than twelve places by shell splinters and in the Crimean war a bullet passed literally through his body and out, causing a wound of no importance. It was healed in a few days.

## Tries to Be Honest

George Resoner of Muncie, Ind., has received a 5-cent check from the Treasury department at Washington, D. C., in payment of an excess settlement made by him fourteen years ago, when he was postmaster of Wheeling, a small town four miles northwest of that city. At that time Resoner made his usual monthly report and settlement through the Cincinnati

postoffice. He sent in 5 cents too much once, but did not know it until yesterday, when the check came, accompanied by a letter of explanation. This was the first time that Resoner ever knew he had given Uncle Sam too much money. He says the government will still be indebted on its accounts to the Wheeling postoffice, for he does not intend to cash the check, but will have it framed and hung in his home as a souvenir of Uncle Sam's squareness and honesty.

## Woman as Iceman

The latest field of industry, heretofore supposed to belong exclusively to the male sex, to be invaded by women is that of the iceman. At Kensington, one of Philadelphia's pleasant suburbs, Miss Mary Morris is engaged in supplying the people with cooling cubes for their refrigerators and is one of the most prosperous of her guild. So accustomed have the people of Kensington become to Miss Morris and her fine large team that the matter has ceased to be a wonder, and rain or shine the housewives look forward to her daily trips. This was not the case, however, when the innovation was begun. Often cold looks met the courageous young woman. Some even went so far as to say, "The audacity of it—a woman peddling ice." In two or three little communities the matter was even adjudged by the term "scandalous," but all these comments have ceased long ago. All of the old customers of Miss Morris' aged father remained and new ones have been almost daily acquired.

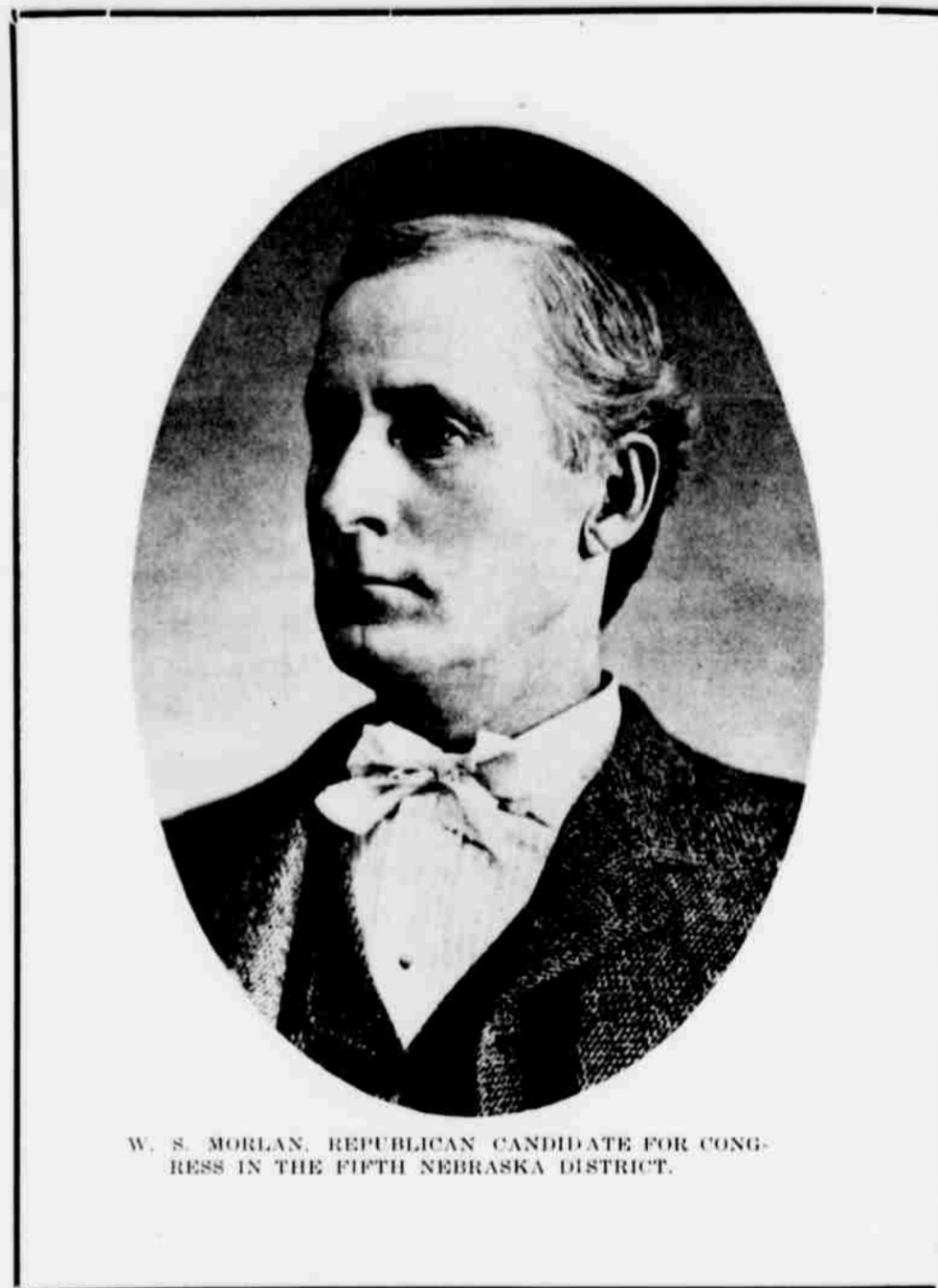
Mary Morris is 19 years of age. She is well known in the vicinity of her home, where she was born and where her father, John Morris, and her mother passed their lives. Her education is above the average. Always bright in school, her natural quickness stood in good stead and her pleasant smile aided in making many customers during the first season.

After her father's illness, which has confined him to his home for some two years, Miss Morris found that his business was fast dwindling away owing to the neglect of employees. So she resolved to attend to its details personally. So, in company with her 13-year-old brother she undertook to supply patrons. At the close of this season she finds, instead of the deficit that stared her in the face last year, a handsome profit to her credit. "As a rule," she said the other day when speaking of her work, "everybody has given me the kindest treatment. Only two customers were angry because I took the route and after expressing their views about a woman who would do such a thing, quit. It is but fair to say that neither of these two was among the first-class customers, persons buying large bills. Once my feelings were somewhat hurt at the theater in Kensington when two young men cried out, 'How would you like to be the ice girl?' but after thinking over the matter I decided they were only 2-cent theater duds and it didn't make any difference."

"Yes, I am happy—happy because I didn't fail and helped my father and the rest of the family. Papa has been bedridden for six months and my older brother is also an invalid. My younger sister does the housework and Willie goes with me on the trips. A stable boy takes care of the horses. We all work. Father also carries on a coal business, but the men drive the two wagons and I merely look after the accounts and see that the customers are properly treated, and this end of the business has also kept up."

## A Smooth Drummer

A French commercial traveler was expecting a large order from a country tradesman, but had the misfortune to arrive in the town on a fete day. Finding the shop closed, he inquired as to the whereabouts of the proprietor, and ascertaining that he was attending the fete, about a mile out of the town, set out after him. When he arrived there a balloon was on the point of ascending, and he saw his man stepping into the car. Plucking up courage he stepped forward, paid his money and was allowed to take his seat with the other aeronauts. Away went the balloon, and it was not until the little party was well above the tree tops that the "commercial" turned toward his customer with the first remark of, "And now, sir, what can I do for you in calicoes?"



W. S. MORLAN, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR CONGRESS IN THE FIFTH NEBRASKA DISTRICT.

## Hon. W. S. Morlan--

## Candidate for Congress

W. S. Morlan, the republican candidate for congress in the Fifth Nebraska district, started right in life by being born in Ohio, near Bucyrus, in Crawford county. This event took place on April 19, 1849. His parents were Quakers, his father tilling the soil for a livelihood. Four years after the birth of young Morlan the family moved to Cedar county, Iowa, where they remained for two or three years, when they located on a farm west of Marietta, Marshall county, Ia.

The early education of W. S. Morlan was secured in the district school, which was supplemented by his attendance upon the Iowa Lutheran college during the years from 1864 to 1866. Coming to Nebraska in 1869 his first work was as a laborer on the Burlington road between Plattsmouth and where Pacific Junction, Ia., is now located. He spent the month of June holding scrapers, but when the harvest time arrived he returned to the harvest field. In 1870 he taught summer school in the Snyder district in Cass county and in 1871 taught winter school in Louisville, Cass county. He commenced the practice of law in Crete, Saline county, moving from there to Lowell, Kearney county, where he lived until he removed to Arapahoe, Furnas county, in 1874. After 18 years residence in Arapahoe he moved to McCook, Red Willow county, where he has since made his home.

From 1883 to 1887, while Judge Gaslin was on the bench in the old Eighth district, he was district attorney. He has been attorney for the western division of the Burlington railroad since 1888. Of sturdy, honest and industrious lineage, absolute integrity and boundless industry have characterized his whole life, bringing him into the highest repute with his fellow men and winning him the largest success in his professional career. With such facts before them it was but natural, and exhibited

the very good judgment of the republicans of the Fifth district, that in looking about for a man to represent them in the great political contest this year, they should unanimously settle upon W. S. Morlan, who by birth, experience and sympathy is better endowed than any other man in the district to represent all classes ably and honestly in the national legislature.

## Pointed Paragraphs

Chicago News: Industry is the mother of good luck.

It is a poor brand of charity that sticks to the fingers.

When the spider captures a fly he considers it net gain.

Ceremony was invented by a wise man to keep fools at a distance.

It's difficult to keep your circle of acquaintances on the square.

Solitude is better than company—when the company is not congenial.

Umbrellas are great bluffers; it's a case of put up or shut up with them.

When it comes to wrestling with his first mustache the youth is apt to get it down.

Most men worry over their trials, but the lawyer worries when he doesn't have any.

The candidate who is unable to dodge issues had better give up the job and go to work.

Some people are so constituted that they are unhappy unless they have something to worry about.

A man should have plenty of backbone for himself—and plenty of ham bone for the rest of the family.

Matrimony frequently resembles a besieged city; those who are out want to get in and those who are in want to get out.

Always speak to your barber when you meet him on the street. If you don't he may get even by cutting you when in his chair.

The average woman is not averse to being looked after, for she is nearly always conceited enough to think she commands every man's admiration.

Prepared to Back it Up

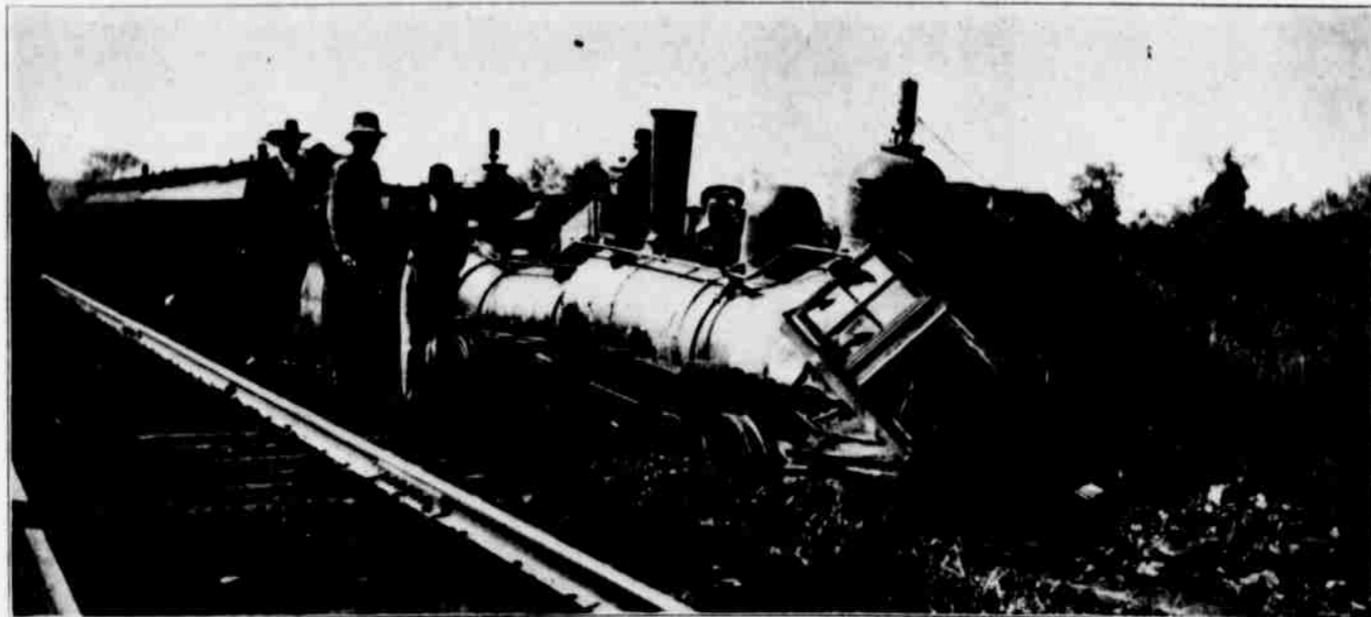
Chicago Tribune: The hypercritical stranger with the banged hair stepped inside the shoemaker's shop, on the window of which was the sign:

"Deformed Feet a Specialty. We Guarantee a Fit."

"I presume," he said, "you carry on two separate kinds of business here—supplying the demand for deformed feet and giving fits to anybody who may happen to be out of fits."

"No, sir," replied the shoemaker. "They both go together. Abner," he continued, turning to a club-footed boy who was dozing near the stove, "throw a fit for the gentleman."

Which Abner at once proceeded to do, with a realism and verisimilitude that filled the strange caller with horror.



WRECK AT PACIFIC JUNCTION, Ia.—Photo by Walter Deming.