

THE ILLUSTRATED BEE

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

Price, 5 cents per 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

Mrs. C. E. Allen of Omaha, who is just completing her second biennial term as a member of the board of supreme managers, Royal Neighbors of America, was unanimously endorsed for re-election at the convention of the camps of Nebraska, recently held in Lincoln. The next biennial supreme camp meeting will be held in Springfield, Ill., in May, 1901. In her capacity as supreme manager Mrs. Allen assists in the checking and auditing of all the society's books and accounts. She is also a regular contributor to the monthly magazine of the society. Mrs. Allen was born in Stephenson county, Illinois, May 8, 1861. Her maiden name was Susie Grounds. She was educated in the public schools, and during her early life was a very successful school teacher. Mrs. Allen came to Omaha in the year 1881 and was soon after married to



MRS. C. E. ALLEN, OMAHA—MEMBER OF SUPREME BOARD, ROYAL NEIGHBORS OF AMERICA.

Cassius E. Allen. Omaha has always been their home. Mrs. Allen is also a prominent worker in the Methodist church, never forgetting her early love for children and always engaging in that part of church work which relates to children.

About Noted People

Half a dozen senators were in the republican cloak room one day last week listening to a good story when Mark Hanna came in.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," said the Ohio man.

No one paid any attention to him, all being intent on the story.

"Humph" grunted Mark. "I see I have miscalled you," and he stumped out again.

Congressmen Sulloway of New Hampshire, Patrick Henry of Mississippi and Berry of Kentucky "took something" together in the house restaurant the other day.

"Mighty near twenty-one feet of congressmen there," said an observer, and he was right.

Each of the men named stands far over six feet tall, Mr. Sulloway overtopping the others with his six feet eight inches.

A bronze bas-relief tablet in memory of Hamilton Fish, jr., who was killed in the Spanish-American war, has been erected in Columbia university. It was provided by subscriptions by his friends and classmates. The tablet, which is the work of Albert Jaegers, is at present in College hall at Columbia, but on the completion of Memorial hall, now being constructed, it will be placed there.

Daniel R. Magruder, an ex-judge of the Maryland court of appeals, is a constable in Annapolis. To the protest of the citizens that constables had not been appointed the board in charge of the matter replied that it could not find men to accept the office. When Judge Magruder stated that plenty of good men could be found it was banteringly suggested by a prominent politician that the judge should accept, and he did.

Among holders of the coveted congress medal of honor is Marcus A. Hanna—not the Ohio senator, but a man who served as sergeant in Company B, Fiftieth Massachusetts infantry. He earned the medal on July 4, 1863, by voluntarily exposing himself to a heavy fire at Port Hudson in order to get water for his comrades in the rifle pits. After considering the matter for thirty-eight years Uncle Sam has concluded that Sergeant Hanna was a hero and has therefore given him a medal.

Attorney General John W. Griggs, writing in Success, says of John Marshall: "Nothing more can be said in praise of Marshall than he has himself said in his judicial capacity. There, the crystalline clearness of his intellect, the high standard

of integrity and steadfastness of purpose are written in letters of gold. Let the young and ambitious read his life and profit by the lessons written therein. If the centenary of Marshall's appointment to the supreme bench inspires our youth to imitate his great virtues it will, indeed, be a worthy tribute to one of the noblest as well as one of the most learned men in our history."

When in 1881 President Garfield succumbed to the bullet of an assassin, after a long period of suffering, Queen Victoria wrote a personal letter to Mrs. Garfield, saying: "I have watched during the last few sad months with admiration the patience and Christian fortitude of your gallant husband, and learn with great grief that he has passed away. I, too, know the sorrow of such unhappy desolation, and I ask you to accept my deepest sympathy in your bereavement. President Garfield was a good and noble man. May God sustain you in your hour of trouble."

Ex-Consul General Herman Kreismann, who recently celebrated his 70th birthday in Berlin, took an active part in the famous senatorial campaign of Lincoln and Douglas. Mr. Kreismann also figured in an important way in the presidential campaign of 1860, in those districts in which the German vote predominated. In return for his services President Lincoln appointed him secretary of the legation at Berlin. Mr. Kreismann's nomination being one of the first sent to the senate after those of Lincoln's cabinet. Mr. Kreismann held this place and that of United States consul general for twenty years, under Lincoln, Johnson, Grant and Hayes. On resigning his official place he became the chairman of the board of directors of the great Berlin Tramway company, which office he held for a number of years.

Told Out of Court

One day Judge Marshall, engrossed in his reflections, was driving over the wretched roads of North Carolina, relates the World's Work, on his way to Raleigh in a stick gig. His horse turned out of the road, and the sulky ran over a sapling and was tilted so as to arouse the judge. When he found that he could move neither to right nor left, an old negro, who had come along, solved the difficulty.

"My old master," he asked, "what fer you don't back your horse?"

"That's true," said the judge, and he acted as advised. Thanking his deliverer heartily, he felt in his pocket for some change, but he did not have any.

"Never mind, old man," he said, "I shall stop at the tavern and leave some money for you with the landlord."

The old negro was not impressed with the stranger, but he called at the tavern and asked the keeper if an old gentleman had left anything there for him.

"Oh, yes," said the landlord, "he left a silver dollar for you. What do you think of that old gentleman?"

The negro gazed at the dollar and said: "He was a gem'man, for sho," but patting his forehead—"he didn't have much in here."

Justice Brewer is happy, reports the Chicago Record. He has a new story. He looks like an Athenian sage. Wisdom and justice radiate from his classic lineaments. Inside he has a fountain of fun and he is never so happy as when he gets a joke on his colleagues of the supreme court. This time he has them all and is making the best of it.

When one of the justices of the supreme court goes on the circuit it is customary for the marshal of the district in which he is sitting to pay his traveling expenses and hotel bills and to furnish him with a carriage whenever he needs one. This practice dates back indefinitely and therefore a certain distinguished member of the court was surprised the other day to receive a bill of \$52 for livery hire at a certain place where he had recently been sitting on the court of appeals. He forwarded the bill to the United States marshal (a new appointment) for that district, who explained that the comptroller of the treasury had refused to allow it on the ground that there was no appropriation to pay carriage hire for justices. As no objection had ever been made before, an inquiry was instituted, which resulted in the painful discovery that the United States marshals throughout the country had for years been paying the traveling expenses of the honorable justices of the supreme court out of the funds provided by congress "for the transportation of criminals."

The story of a fee told by one young lawyer of Milwaukee is one of the kind where a lawyer does not like to have his name mentioned, but it probably wasn't his fault. A visitor was in the bachelor's den of the young lawyer, when he noticed an engraved spoon hanging by a ribbon among some photographs, as though it might be a relic of some sentimental collegian's love affair.

"That spoon is a fee for clearing a client one time," said the owner of the decoration. "I had that given to me after I defended old Bill Bradley, the burglar."

"When I was practicing up north," said Judge W. H. Halsey, to a Milwaukee Sentinel reporter, "I had a fee in kind that I appreciated as much as I have \$500 fees at other times. I had defended an old farmer in a small suit, though I did not expect to get any pay from him. The suit was declared in our favor and the old farmer and his wife went home. Some months afterward the two came into my office with a package and a bundle tied up in a handkerchief. The package was a roll of butter, the handkerchief bundle

was hazel nuts, and from the old farmer's pockets came two big rosy-cheeked apples. That butter, apples and nuts fee was as satisfactory to me as any I ever received."

"For ten years I have never paid to have an umbrella mended," said one lawyer.

"The rich landlord of the story book style wanted the store the old crippled umbrella man was using for a shop, and started to force the old fellow out. I fixed him so nice that he was allowed to stay, and ever since that I have taken my rain shields to him for free mending. That was all the fee I received for that case, too."

"I had the secrets of my own lodge offered me as payment for a service," said one attorney who belongs to several secret orders. "I was sitting in my office one day when a well-dressed woman came in and wanted advice. Her husband, to whom she was but recently married, was a member of a secret society.

"I think it's perfectly horrid of him, too," she said, "to have secrets and not to tell them to me. When he married me he said he would share everything with me, and the first thing I ask, almost, he won't do. Can't you make him?"

"I asked her to what lodge he belonged and she told me the name of an order of which I myself was a member. Then she went on:

"I tell you what, if you will make him tell them to me, I will tell them to you to pay you for making him do what I want. That's fair, isn't it? I should think you would like to know such things. Need them in your business, you know."

"I didn't accept that fee."

Short Stories Well Told

Adlai E. Stevenson, whose sense of humor is keen, says that at a town in southern Illinois, where he was speaking during the campaign, when he began to talk he discovered that a bevy of young women in high spirits had seated themselves just in front of him. Mr. Stevenson endeavored to get the attention of his audience and to impress the dangers of imperialism, militarism and so on, but the girls giggled and carried on as if the foundations of the republic were not being sapped. Mr. Stevenson labored and was beginning to wonder what he would do, when a local leader of the party who was sitting on the platform arose, stepped forward and said appealingly:

"Gals, won't you keep still and give the old man a chance?"

Mr. Stevenson says he turned to the local leader in his most grateful manner and said:

"I thank you, sir."

Much of the excellence of "Private" John Allen's stories is lost when they are paraded in cold print, relates the Washington Post: They lose his unctuous humor, his graphic style, his facial expression, his droll tone. He is especially clever in negro dialect stories, one of which he told the other night when he had assembled his friends for the hog and hominy feast. It was a conversation between two darkies on his plantation.

"Mose," said one of the negroes to the other, "do you know them niggers down on Catfish Point?"

Catfish Point, Mr. Allen explains, is a bend in the river.

"Sure," says Mose.

"Do you 'member the gal I was paying my civilities to?"

"Sut'nly."

"Dey has been tellin' dat gal that I am the sneakiest, onerariest nigger that ever came down to the P'int."

"Um," says Mose.

"And they tells her, too, that I am the laziest, triflingest nigger that ever was."



ATTRACTIVE COSTUME IN WHICH BIG UNDERSLEEVES AND A RIBBON SASH ARE CONSPICUOUS.

PLAIN BLACK CAMEL'S HAIR WITH GOLD BRAID—L'AIGLON COLLAR AND NEW SLEEVES.

"Did they tell dat gal that you was dat kind of a nigger?" asked Mose.

"Dey sut'nly did."

"Well," said Mose, "dey has got you located sho' enuff."

"I wish some one would tell me what has become of 'Jim' Wardner," said Charles A. Wood of Boise City, Idaho, to a New York Tribune man the other day. "Jim' Wardner had as much to do with the development of the far northwest as any other man. Every new mining camp in the last thirty years has known him, and in the course of his adventurous career he has made and lost half a dozen large fortunes. He made them in mining and lost them in land deals. Then he tried a change and made them in land deals and lost them in mining. But he found the result was very much the same, and the end of it all was that poor 'Jim,' just entering into old age, found himself flat, dead broke, and forced to once again woo the fancy of the fickle goddess. The Alaskan gold fields were exciting the west then and to Alaska 'Jim' went. He was last heard of at Cape Nome, and from there, his luck not being of the best, he started for some new gold field that had been discovered further toward the frozen north. Since that time I have heard nothing and fear something may have happened to him. In the words of 'The Barbarian,' a paper formerly published in the Coeur d'Alene:

"Oh, where, oh where has 'Jim' Wardner gone?"

Oh, where, oh where is he—

With his tales of gold and his anecdotes

old,

And his new discoveries?"

Governor Leslie M. Shaw of Iowa is a very practical man. He began life at the bottom of the ladder and has climbed as nearly to the top as most men. Thirty-one years ago, when 21 years of age, he left the Vermont farm of his father and went to Iowa, determined never again to see his native state until he had won some measure of success. Seven years later he was practicing law in Denison. A score of years after he was joint proprietor and president of two banks and interested in a loaning business, the record of which was but one foreclosed mortgage.

The governor's entrance into politics was brilliant. His name was brought forward

three weeks before the convention, and he was nominated on the fourth ballot over a field of ten candidates.

There is one story which the governor takes delight in telling when called upon to speak to young people, for it is indicative of the policy which has characterized his success in life.

While in the banking business he had occasion to hire an assistant bookkeeper. A business man in an adjoining town recommended a young man and wrote a strong personal letter in his behalf. But below the signature was the following:

"P. S.—He plays in the band."

The young man did not get the position.

A few days later, when the future governor met his friend, he said: "Why did you write that postscript? What did you mean by it?"

"I was afraid you'd hire him," was the reply.

"You can do but one thing at a time," concludes the governor in telling the story.

"The man who has time to play in the band hasn't time to be a first-class bookkeeper in a bank."

Pointed Paragraphs

Chicago News: Sure things are more or less uncertain.

Stimulants seldom hurt a man—if he leaves them alone.

The sharper a man is the harder it is to make a fool of him.

Probably its many feet enable a gas bill to run up so rapidly.

Greatness is never thrust upon the man who leads an aimless life.

The sun is unselfish: it shines for all, but stands in its own light.

A stag party would be much more enjoyable if a few dears were invited.

When looking for game it is useless to visit the bargain counters of humanity.

The lion may be the king of beasts, but the cow bosses the barnyard just the same.

Wise men of ancient times were probably no wiser than other men, but they talked less.

Some men never do things by halves. They go out to get a tooth filled and come back full all over.

Lots of men who have college diplomas in their pockets don't know where their next meal is to come from.

Whether it causes a woman more pleasure to hear herself praised or another woman run down is still a question.

The man who says he wants but little here below is the first to kick when he gets into an overcrowded street car.

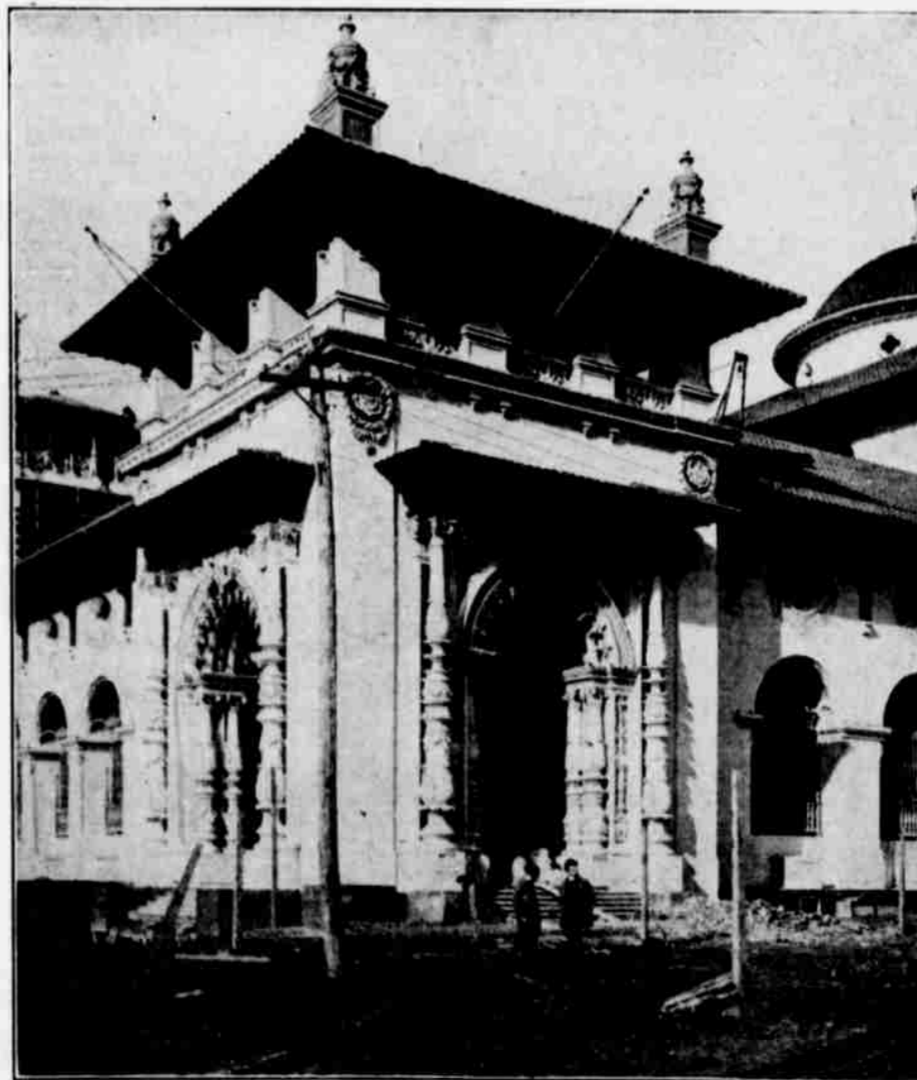
When some men balance their accounts with the world they find it necessary to subtract what they own from what they owe.

Slang Was Astonishing

The young matron whose husband is a confirmed and inveterate user of slang and who, from association, has involuntarily fallen into his methods of speech, was attending a somewhat formal luncheon given by a woman friend, at which were present a number of visiting women from Boston and other Massachusetts cities. The hostess, relates the Washington Post, mentioned a legacy which had lately been left to a pretentious, socially ambitious, but impecunious woman friend, who was not present at the luncheon, but who was well known to all of the Washington women present.

"It was quite a windfall," said the hostess. "I understand that the amount bequeathed to her by her uncle was something like \$30,000."

"What in milk tickets or rain checks?" incredulously inquired the young matron whose husband is a slangist, and then her countenance suddenly went red enough to match her cerise silk waist, as the visiting women from Massachusetts stared at her as perhaps Emerson would have stared at "Chuck" Connors had they ever met, while the hostess, with a reassuring smile of sympathy for the unfortunate wife of the hurler of the pave patois, hastened to change the subject.



CORNER OF THE MACHINERY AND TRANSPORTATION BUILDING, PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION, BUFFALO.