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## Pen and Picture Pointers

Nebraska will shortly have its third governor of the new century. It is understood that Mr. Dietrich will soon lay down the cares of the executive office, in which he succeeded Governor Poynter in January, and Ezra Perin Savage, lieutenant governor, will assume the functions and title of governor. Mr. Savage is one of the men who have conquered the west and made the wild and woolly wilderness a successful pastoral country of happy homes and well-kept farmsteads. His fifty-nine years of life have been spent altogether in the west, he having been scout, farmer, merchant, stockman and lawyer. This latter he called an occupation for him, as he studied



GEORGE DAILEY—APPOINTED CADET TO WEST POINT FROM NINTH IOWA DISTRICT.

law and was admitted to practice in both state and federal courts more as a recreation than with any intent of following the profession. He has always been active in politics, serving as a member of the Seventeenth General assembly and as the first mayor of South Omaha before being elected to the office of lieutenant governor in 1900.

The late Colonel D. B. Dailey of Council Bluffs was a gallant officer in the great volunteer army of the north during the civil war, and his military ardor was certainly transmitted to his sons, two of whom served with the Fifty-first Iowa during that regiment's campaign in the Philippines. A third, who was too young to enlist, followed the regiment to Manila and managed to keep with it until it was returned and mustered out of the service. He has just been appointed as cadet to West Point from the Ninth Iowa district. His fondness for army life has been demonstrated and his standing on examination was such as to guarantee his future as a soldier.

Oratory as a fine art is gaining a firm footing in the Nebraska public school system. Several associations, made up of various high schools and minor colleges, have been formed, and carry on annually interesting contests to test the merits and decide the supremacy of the young folks as public speakers. The old-fashioned Friday afternoon affairs, when each member of the school was expected to "speak a piece," has given way to "rhetoricals," and the instruction in the use of the voice is as careful and thorough as that given in any other branch. The interest in the affairs of the several associations is always keen, and the winner of a contest is the recipient of many congratulations and some envy. Recently one of these events was held at Norfolk, Neb., the occasion being the annual meeting of the North Nebraska High School Declamatory association. John Neumarker, the 18-year-old son of Rev. R. Neumarker, won the first prize in the dramatic class. His training has been altogether in the public schools. Lydia B. Shultz, a 16-year-old miss of Schuyler, won the first prize in the humorous class. She, too, has had all her training in the public schools.

What to do to vary the monotony of card parties is always a source of cogitation and worry to the woman whose social instincts lead her to become hostess about once every so often to a little coterie of friends who have banded themselves together for the purpose of killing so many evenings each winter by cinch or pitch or some similar game. The sameness of proceedings at these affairs palls on all at times, and to break in upon it with a pleasant diversion is the ambition of the woman who is to "entertain" next. It was this spirit that led an Omaha card club recently to meet in the garb of Indians. The costumes were singularly accurate and striking, and the effect was brightened by the decorations of the room, and the fact that the pale faces for the nonce disap-

peared behind the ochre of the red man. As a novelty in card parties the affair was unique.

Miss Lora Holmes is a young woman in whom the people of the Lincoln take deep interest. She is possessed of a contralto voice of uncommon excellence, and has become very popular in the musical and social circles of the Capital City. Recently a benefit concert was given at one of the Lincoln theaters, under the patronage of the leading women of the city, for the purpose of raising funds to enable Miss Holmes to complete her musical education.

## About Noted People

An interesting story is told in connection with Aguinaldo. The governor general of the Philippines offered \$25,000 for his head. Aguinaldo wrote him: "I want the money badly. I will deliver my head to you myself." Later a priest appeared at the palace. "Benedicite," he said, and turned the key in the lock. He threw back his hood. A man with a sword stood before the governor general. The man was Aguinaldo. "I have brought Aguinaldo's head," he said. "Take it, and pay me my reward. Be quick," he added, "for I am in a hurry." The governor general paid.

In speaking the other day to a retiring senator of his early hopes and ambitions Senator Hear said: "Before I came to congress I had built up a law practice that brought me an income of \$20,000 a year, and I had every reason to believe that the practice would grow to \$50,000. I had saved from my income about \$100,000 and I believed I could keep my practice and still attend to my duties in congress. After more than thirty years in the public service I find myself at 75 with my law practice gone and the accumulations of my young days dissipated. It is impossible to remain in congress and attend to one's duties and at the same time to continue an outside business."

When John Pierpont Morgan travels he has a train of five most elegantly appointed coaches at his disposal. Instead of merely a private car he has a whole train that is under his exclusive control. When he was at Washington a few days ago to visit Senator Hanna and other friends his train remained in the union station. There were only eight persons in the financial magnate's party, but they kept the large force of servants continually employed. Although most of the time the Morgan party was at a hotel, the chef prepared the meals and had them ready at the appointed time. More than



LORA HOLMES—LINCOLN'S FAVORITE CONTRALTO.

once the only persons who enjoyed the delicacies prepared were the servants comprising Mr. Morgan's personal entourage.

Captain J. M. Brooke, who designed the Merrimac, is now professor emeritus of physics at the Virginia Military academy, Lexington, Va. He enlisted in the United States navy as a midshipman in 1841 and was graduated from Annapolis in 1847 with the first class sent out from the Naval academy. During his term of service at the Naval observatory in Washington he invented the deep sea sounding apparatus which has since been generally used, and in 1858, while in command of the United States vessel Fenimore Cooper, he made the sounding in the so-called "Brooke deep," off the coast of Luzon, which was the first of the deep sea soundings. He was the inventor of the Brooke gun.

Turf, Field and Farm tells this story about the late Charles P. Clark, formerly president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad: "When the late Robert Bonner purchased Maud S. he sent her to Charter Oak park to be trained. One day a friend of Mr. Bonner left New York to visit him at the park, but found that the train did not stop at that station. The conductor was polite, but said that he could not go against orders. At New Haven a halt was made, and Mr. Bonner's friend tried to bribe the engineer with a \$10 bill, but in vain. He was then told that President Clark was on the train and he went to him. 'Why don't you see the conductor?' asked Mr. Clark. 'I have, but he will not disobey orders.' 'Why not then go forward and bribe the engineer?' 'I tried bribery at New Haven, but it would not work.' The absence of evasion was the best policy. Mr.

## THE ILLUSTRATED BEE.

Clark not only gave orders to have the train stopped at Charter Oak, but promised some day to see Maud S. He had witnessed the little attempt at bribery, and the frank confession of the offense seemed to please him."

Colonel A. J. McClure, who has just resigned from the editorship of the Philadelphia Times, does not intend to be idle. "I think," he says, "that I will have all the chance to write that I want. For some time I have been solicited for a great many more articles than I could undertake, and that is the sort of thing I am most apt to get at now. I have no idea of trying a book. I have my name on five, but I never intended to write one; they are all of them books by chance, not intention. The first two are made up of letters I wrote from the Rocky mountains and from the south to the New York Tribune, while my work on Lincoln, which I suppose is the most pretentious of them all, is composed mainly of a series of letters which I addressed to ten papers throughout the country in my dispute with Nicolay over the stand which Mr. Lincoln took in the matter of Hamlin's renomination. As for that last one about the making of presidents I can only tell you that I began the articles almost against my will, and was urged into writing three, and then five, and then seven, and then nine stories before I fully realized how the number of words would total up."

## Stories About Preachers

The preacher's theme was "Daniel," relates the Chicago Tribune.

After the benediction one of the strangers in the congregation asked an usher what the pastor's name was.

"His name is King," said the usher.

"Will you introduce me to him?"

"With pleasure. What is your name?"

"Daniel."

The usher introduced him.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. King," said the stranger. "I'm your subject."

John Fox, jr., in his study of "The Southern Mountaineer" in the April Scribner, relates that a travelling evangelist Mr. Barnes, once stopped at a mountain tavern and told the story of the crucifixion.

When he was quite through an old woman who had listened in absorbed silence asked:

"Stranger, you say that that happened a long while ago?"

"Yes," said Mr. Barnes, "almost 2,000 years ago."

"And they treated Him that way when He'd come down for nothin' on earth but to save 'em?"

"Yes."

The old woman was crying softly, and she put out her hand and laid it on his knee.

"Well, stranger," she said, "let's hope that hit ain't so."

One of the southern bishops enjoys telling the following story on his own daughter. Strongly imbued with her father's doctrine she had grown up a strict Episcopalian and had never attended a revival or camp meeting in her life, although, as her younger brother remarked, "The woods were full of them."

When she was about 16 she went to visit an old friend of her mother's in New York and her hostess, after much persuasion, prevailed on her to go to hear Tom Harrison, the famous boy evangelist.

"But, Mrs. Burnett," she had finally objected, "suppose he would speak to me, I'd be so frightened I shouldn't know what to say."

"Why, Virginia," her hostess had replied, "the church will be so crowded that nothing is more unlikely than he should single out either one of us."

But the girl's fears were realized.

As the great preacher left the pulpit and passed down the aisle, exhorting first this

one, then that one, he paused at the pew where the bishop's daughter was seated.

"My dear child," he said earnestly, "are you a Christian?"

"N—no, sir," she replied, "I'm an Episcopalian."

With a twinkle in his eye the evangelist passed on without another word.

"One morning," says the Rev. David M. Steele of Brooklyn, "a man came to me with a letter written on stamped paper and signed with the name of a clergyman of my church in a town in Massachusetts. His story, told in great embarrassment, was that he had run away from home. According to the letter, his aged mother was dying with grief, and the appeal of his rec- tor was to the man to come back at once. The minister's check for \$8, drawn on a bank in this same town, was inclosed with which to pay car fare. He was distressed and was anxious to go, but the difficulty was he had been in New York only five days, knew no one and could not be identified at any bank. Would I cash the check? I told him to come back in a couple of



JOHN NEUMARKER—WINNER AT NORFOLK ORATORICAL CONTEST.

hours, and meantime I telegraphed inquiries to the Rev. C—. The answer came: 'Do not know any such man.' When the fellow returned he was arrested, and in his pocket a neatly kept memorandum book was found containing the name of nearly every clergyman in Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Pittsburg and Philadelphia. This had been his route. On each page of the book there were four columns, headed, 'name, date, amount and remarks,' and in these were such entries as, 'The Rev. R—, \$4. Got after an hour's work.' 'The Rev. S—, no good. Can't work.' 'The Rev. T—, \$6. An easy mark.' The dates ran back through three years."

## Prattle of Little People

One of the young women connected with Hull House, Chicago, was recently showing a collection of photographs of classical pictures to a street urchin, and when she came to a copy of the "Sistine Madonna" she asked: "Do you know what that represents?" "Yes," said the boy, "that is Jesus and His mother." "Did you notice," continued the teacher, "how beautiful their faces are? You cannot find such beauty of expression in any other picture." "But it's the rims around their heads, ma'am, that gives them away," interrupted the boy.

"Pa."

"Yes."

"That Mrs. Filpley was here today, and guess what she said about you."

"Oh, I can't," the old gentleman replied.



LYDIA SHULTZ—WINNER AT NORFOLK ORATORICAL CONTEST.

beginning to get interested. "What was it?" "She told ma she thought you were such a handsome-looking man and held your age so well."

"She did, eh?" he replied, pushing out his chest and pretending that it didn't make any particular difference to him what she had said.

"But," the sweet child continued, "ma told her she ought to see you in the morning before you put in your false teeth and got that side hair slicked up over your bald spot."

A popular Cleveland doctor tells this story of a bright boy, his own, who had reached the mature age of 9 after an early career marked by many wild and mischievous pranks.

His restless nature has made him something of a torment to his teacher at times, and one afternoon not long ago she kept him after the others were dismissed and had a serious talk with him. Perhaps she was a little afraid that her admonitions were falling on stony ground. Anyway, she finally said:

"I certainly will have to ask your father to come and see me."

"Don't you do it," said the boy.

The teacher thought she had made an impression.

"Yes," she repeated, "I must send for your father."

"You better not," said the boy.

"Why not?" inquired the teacher.

"Cause he charges \$2 a visit," said the scamp.

## Pointed Paragraphs

Chicago News: Shaking hands is a social pressure.

Query—Can a pretty woman be a plain cook?

The blackboard is the original board of education.

Better a dinner without meat than a domestic broil.

The average girl's ideal man is one who will propose.

Giving advice is like kissing—inexpensive and pleasant.

It is truly a fine art to wear new clothes unconsciously.

When fortune is on our side popularity always bears her company.

It's a wise plan to try on your good resolutions before passing them.

A man never seeks a woman's society because he thinks she needs him.

"All flesh is grass," remarked the hungry vegetarian as he tackled a juicy steak.

Those who do not depend upon good luck.

The luckiest people in the world are



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