

THE ILLUSTRATED BEE.

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Pen and Picture Pointers

WHATEVER may have been its origin, no reasonable excuse can be offered for mistaking the intent of the present Thanksgiving day. It is an occasion on which we are adjured to "lay aside our customary vocations and assemble at our usual places of worship," there to devoutly return thanks to Almighty God for the very many manifestations of His watchful care and benignant providence during the year. It is not especially to our credit as a Christian nation that this injunction is frequently lost sight of in pursuit of less aseptic ways of exhibiting the gratitude we feel. The religious aspect of the day is not entirely lost sight of, but the worldly features of Thanksgiving have grown so that they quite overshadow the devotional. In almost every community of the land some sort of festivity or sport is planned which has nothing to do with giving thanks. Football is quite as inseparable a companion of the day as is turkey, although in the east the sentiment has been strong enough to abolish the big games on this day. In this connection one wavers before deciding as to whether this change was brought about because of a real respect for the devotional phase of the day or because one could not attend a foot ball game and a turkey dinner at the same time. At any rate, in the east the big foot ball games were cut out. In the west, wherever there are enough young men of brawn together, it is likely a foot ball game will be played. All the big western college games come off on Thanksgiving. Any other form of sport suitable to the day is indulged. Yet it is the turkey which gets the most attention. Heads may be bowed while gray-haired grandfathers says grace above the board around which the family has gathered for its annual reunion, but above the thought of divine blessing arises the odor from the steaming monarch of the barnyard, whose trussed form reposes in silent majesty on a huge platter before the carver.

What an air of suppressed expectancy there is about the board, a hush broken only by the ring of the blade against the steel as the knife's edge gets the finishing touch before the carving begins. Then as the strong wrist skillfully guides the keen blade the meat falls in broad white flakes from the breast, joints are deftly severed and the superstructure of the bird gives way before what was once the highest development of social attainment, an expert carver. As the first plate is heaped high with the choice meat and all that goes with it, the spell is broken, conversation bursts forth and from that time until the mince pie and pudding have been tested, the coffee slipped and the nuts cracked, the merriest, most enjoyable feature of American life, the Thanksgiving dinner, is under way. All hail, King-Turkey! We who are about to partake salute you!

Nebraska Swedes have recently entertained one of the most brilliant of King Oscar's subjects, Bishop K. H. Gezelius von Scheele, who with his wife, Gustava Maria, Lady von Scheele, came to America on a tour of inspection undertaken at the instance of King Oscar. His majesty still professes a warm interest in the welfare of his former subjects, desiring to know how they have prospered under the free institutions of

their adopted country, and twice has he sent Bishop von Scheele to America to personally inquire into the matter. His first visit was in 1893, when he made a trip from coast to coast. The present tour extended only to Denver. Naturally, Bishop von Scheele gave his attention more to the religious and educational conditions than to the more material. He especially looked after the Lutheran churches and colleges wherever he went, his time in Nebraska being spent at Wahoo, where the Lutheran college is located. He was the bearer to each of a special greeting from King Oscar and also brought a greeting from his majesty to President Roosevelt. The bishop was also a delegate from Sweden to the Yale bicentenary, and was given an honorary degree, responding when his name was called in an address in classical Latin. Bishop von Scheele is one of Sweden's most scholarly prelates. He was born in Stockholm in 1828. His family was originally German. He was graduated from the University of Upsala in 1856. Seven years later he took his degree as doctor of philosophy. In 1863 he was made doctor of theology at the university, and in 1872 was ordained as a minister. In 1885 he was appointed bishop of Visby, Gotland, and has since been one of the leading bishops of his country. During the time he occupied the chair of theology at the university he was blind for six years, but did not give up his work, memorizing his lectures instead of writing them and delivering each with effect. A most accomplished linguist, he gave a signal exhibition of his qualification in this direction during the religious congress which was held at Stockholm at the time of the exposition. He was called on to preside and whenever a delegate addressed the chair, no matter what country he came from, Bishop von Scheele answered him in his native language. He was also chairman of the sessions of the International Young Men's Christian association conference at Stockholm in 1888. Another distinction he has had was to accompany Emperor William of Germany when he made his pious pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Taking part in the dedication of the Lutheran temple there Bishop von Scheele delivered his address in German.

Lady von Scheele was born at Finspong in 1850. Her parents were very wealthy and she had all the early advantages they could provide. At the age of 18 she was married to the bishop, then docent in the university. In social life, religious, philanthropic and educational work she has been as prominent as her distinguished husband. She is inspector of the Sloyd department for girls, a member of the Protective Society of Princess Eugenia and a member of the Social Purity association of Visby. The bishop and his lady will sail for Sweden on December 4.

Among other distinguished visitors to Omaha recently was Mr. Fred B. Smith, international secretary for religious work of the Young Men's Christian association. Mr. Smith held a series of well attended meetings in Omaha, engendering much interest in the phase of the work under his charge. He is a pleasing, forceful speaker and carries conviction by the earnest directness of his appeal to the young men. "I never heard the matter presented that way," said one who heard him in Omaha. "He gives us old truth in a more attractive style than any man I ever listened to." The result of his meetings in Omaha was most satisfactory to the directory of the Young Men's Christian association.

At present Plattsmouth is paying homage to two of its cultured citizens in recognition of their lyric talent recently displayed in the composition of a song entitled, "At the Old Cathedral Door." Mrs. Letitia E. Burton, author of the words of this song, is the daughter of the late O. F. Johnson, a pioneer of this state, and received her early educational training in the Platt-



BISHOP K. H. GEZELIUS VON SCHEELE OF VISBY, GOTTLAND, SWEDEN, WHO HAS BEEN MAKING A TOUR OF AMERICA.



JAN KUBELIK, THE HUNGARIAN VIOLIN VIRTUOSO.



FRED B. SMITH, INTERNATIONAL SECRETARY FOR RELIGIOUS WORK, Y. M. C. A.—Photo by a Staff Artist.

mouth High school and Bronwell Hall. From early childhood she has evinced a literary inclination and has cultivated her talent in the beaux arts until today she is known among her friends as artist, author and composer of exceptional ability. "At the Old Cathedral Door" has been pronounced by eastern critics to be "one of the greatest sacred song-stories ever written." Mrs. Burton is the composer of words and music of several other songs. Miss Kittle Cummins, the composer of the music of "At the Old Cathedral Door," is a young woman of many accomplishments, the daughter of the late J. C. Cummins—another early settler—and a musician of rare ability. Miss Cummins studied for several years in Chicago under teachers of national reputation, receiving a thorough training in composition, harmony and technique. This is her first essay in vocal composition. Miss Clara Street first sang the song in the Methodist Episcopal church in a very artistic manner, the rendition being particularly effective in the sympathetic contralto tones which give a distinctive individuality to her voice exceedingly pleasing. Miss Edna Marshall delighted the congregation in the Presbyterian church by her rendition of the song. Her voice is a soprano of rare compass and she sang this song with pathos and feeling.

In London last spring a Kubelik party was the very smartest entertainment even a duchess could offer her friends. Indeed, since Paderewski's advent there has been no such lion as this same pale-faced, long-haired, spiritual-looking, Hungarian gypsy virtuoso of the violin.

Kubelik is only 21 years of age and his is not the musical genius that starves in a garret. By a sudden bound he has leaped into the forefront of his profession. It is said that he is about to undertake a tournee, as it is called, for which he will

receive \$100,000. This fortune is sometimes the reward of a lifetime of struggle and hard work, but Kubelik has scarcely emerged from his teens, and he is going to make this sum in the course of a few months in the United States while waiting for the next London season to commence. He plays, too, with an abandon which shows the artist. As one watches him one feels that he has forgotten his audience, that his mind is far away and his soul wrapped in music. It is pathetic to see how the prodigy is guarded and protected from the vulgar mundane crowd. At the parties that he goes to he never touches any refreshments. Nobody is allowed to carry his violin; he has his own accompanist and his own piano. A monarch could not show a higher or more loyal sense of dignity. Yet he is a charming, unsophisticated boy, absolutely unspoiled by the homage that is paid him. There is a touch of pathos about his career, too. Born in a little village near Prague, he had for father a humble peasant, who was also a fiddler, just an ordinary village fiddler, who used to play at rustic feasts. This father taught his boy to play, but the pupil soon outstripped his master. The parent saw that the fates had sent him a genius. To provide a fitting musical education for that genius, to send him to the Prague conservatorium, where he would have Sevek, the famous trainer of geni, for his master, the poor father pinched and, maybe, starved himself. But he was not destined to see the fruits of his unselfishness; he died just before the boy had scraped and slaved for made his first success.

Many's the song that has been sung in praise of the heroic engineer, but few and far between are the words of praise for the man who shares his every danger. People as a rule know little of the life of the

locomotive fireman. He is the engineer in embryo and doesn't get into the lime light until he has crossed the engine to the right-hand side. He is "the man behind the gun" as far as railroading is concerned. His life is a constant round of toil from the time he gets on the big machine of which he is part. His duties are quite simple. All he is expected to do is to keep the steam up to the limit of the safety valve, to keep the water to the safety point, to watch the left-hand side of the track, to take signals and repeat them to the engineer, to keep his lamps cleaned and filled, to keep the oil cans and tools ready for instant use, to see the engine is properly supplied with all things necessary for the trip and to attend to such other little matters as may from time to time come up during the run. His coal may come in chunks as big as the "tank box" or as fine as flour; the "old kettle" may make steam all right and may not, but the fireman must be there with the "putty" when "old eagle eye" calls for it. If he can't "keep her hot" under all conditions he is a failure as a fireman and must look elsewhere for employment. In recent years the improvements adopted on locomotives have lessened in a great degree the arduous duties of the fireman, but the increase in the size of the engines has added much to his labor. That the danger of his calling is in no degree lessened is shown by the results of a terrible collision on the Santa Fe railroad during the last week. Three big passenger locomotives were involved in a head-on collision. Only one engineer was killed, but all three of the firemen lost their lives. Recently the protective board of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of the Union Pacific system held a long session with the company officials in Omaha and gained some substantial concessions both in increase in pay and lightening of labor.

Some Rays of Sunshine that Brighten the Legal Fogs

IF I HAD me job to pick out," writes Philosopher Dooley, "I'd be a judge. I've looked over all th' others an' that's th' only one that suits. I've the judicial temperamint. I hate work."

"Now look here," said the lawyer, shaking his fist at the witness, "I want you to understand that you can't bamboozle me in this court simply because you're a woman!"

"Why?" she asked in her sweetest tones; "is your wife present?"

The Green Bag tells of a lawyer who was about to furnish a bill of costs. "I hope," said his client, who was a baker, "that you will make it as light as possible." "Ah," said the lawyer, "you might perhaps say that to the foreman of your establishment, but that is not the way I make my bread!"

A county attorney in Nebraska had a visitor the other day, who presented a technicality of criminal law in the following language:

"Let us supposition, sah, dat ah bought a chicken; dat dat same chicken was pulhoned from mah lahdeh; dat ah traced it to de residence ob de tief; dat in re-coverin' de bird ah innocently confused it with another fowl and took dat instead of mah own bird. Now, have ah de criminally legal right to enter again into de house of dat tief and recovah mah own chicken, though ah have eaten de chicken ah confused with mah own chicken, an' at de same

time have de tief arrested a ' put in jail?" The county attorney has taken the matter under advisement.

A curious case came up the other day before the court in Caroline county, Maryland, when an ancient resident was charged with the larceny of nine eggs. Extra jurors had to be summoned, and it cost the county \$250 to try the case. The accused was 73 years old. His counsel said he had known the defendant for forty years, and it was incredible that he would steal eggs. He argued that anyhow the state had not shown that the eggs were sound, and nine rotten eggs would have no value at all. The jury stayed out fifteen minutes and returned a verdict of not guilty.

"Who is the patron saint of lawyers?" is a question that might pertinently be asked on a day when both bench and bar attend their devotions prior to the opening of the law courts, says the St. James Gazette of London. According to one old story, a famous Brittany lawyer once appealed to Rome for the appointment of a saint. The pope proposed that he should go around a certain church blindfolded and lay hold of the saint nearest to hand. Following this suggestion, he stopped and grasped a certain figure, crying: "This be our patron saint!" When the bandage was removed from his eyes he found that, though he had stopped before the altar of St. Michael, to his horror he had laid hold, not of St. Michael, but of the figure under St.

Michael's feet, the devil. Hence, of course, the nickname of the Inns of Court Volunteers, the "Devil's Own."

The following complaint was recently filed before a judge in Oklahoma: "The above named defendant, Beta Brown, hereby accused of the crime of throwing hot blackberry juice on one H. C. Clark, for that in Oklahoma county, and in the territory of Oklahoma, on the 1st day of July, 1901, did then and there in the town of Luther and in the kitchen of the Covett hotel, unlawfully, feloniously and with malice intent, take from the kitchen stove of the said hotel a dishpan of boiling blackberry jam and threw the same upon the said H. C. Clark, burning his left arm and also his back, contrary to the form of the statutes in such case made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the territory of Oklahoma."

"While I was in practice," says Judge Gates of Kansas City, "I was before the supreme court on one occasion. While waiting for my case to be called I listened to a lawyer from the southeastern part of the state arguing his case. He was at least six feet seven inches tall and had a voice so deep that when he spoke it seemed like a rumbling of Niagara. 'I will read,' he said, 'from a work with which your honors are no doubt familiar—Blackstone.' The judges did not smile, although there was a decided twinkle in their eyes as they glanced at each other. The man read a

few lines and then said: 'There is reference here, your honors, to a footnote by Lord Granville.' The judges waited expectantly. The lawyer held the book in front of him, glanced at it two or three times and then coughed as many times in rather an embarrassed manner. Everybody waited for several seconds. Finally he said: 'Your honors, I see on closer inspection that this footnote is in Latin, so I reckon I'd better skip that.'"

She Had a Bet

"For a week or two before the election," said a Detroitier to a Free Press man, "my wife seemed to pay more than usual attention to politics. In fact, she surprised me by asking questions touching on the situation, and when I tried to find out what she was driving at she simply put on a knowing look and had nothing to say. The morning after election I got up fully an hour ahead of time to see the paper, as I had a little wager on the result. I was too late. My wife had the sheet and her face was fairly beaming as she looked at the returns. I expressed my astonishment at her interest and she replied:

"I didn't want to say anything to you till I saw how things came out, but I had a bet on the election."

"You don't mean it?" I gasped in astonishment.

"But I do. I had a \$5 bet with Mrs. Baker, and oh, I'm so tickled I don't know what to do. It's my first bet, you know."

"And was your candidate elected?" I

asked as soon as I could get my breath.

"I—I guess not."

"Was he defeated?"

"I—I think so."

"Then what tickles you?"

"Why, he came within 9,000 votes of being elected. Just think of it, Richard. If he could have got 9,000 more votes he'd have been elected and I'd had money to burn and none of the women around here would have dared to bet with me again! I'll bet you the very next time that I make a wager my candidate won't be beaten by over 4,000!"

A Way They Have

It is the custom of certain critics to say of the work of a new author: "He has written a book, yet we do not recall that we ever met with his name before."

And what of that if the work be good work? In the creed of these critics, says the Atlantic Constitution, he is to be d-d because they didn't have an earlier introduction to him. They are not as just as the Georgia landlord in this story:

A traveler, dining at an inn, d-d the food, swore at the waiters and raised a racket generally.

Looking over the register the landlord said to him:

"Sir, I never met with a man of your name before, but I'll give you credit for bein' the d—est swearer in good company that ever shamed God's vittles under my roof!"