

OMAHA 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 to "Editor Omaha Illustrated Bee, Omaha."

Pen and Picture Pointers

The advent of the new year marking the usual season of good resolutions and bright prospects finds Omaha, the state of Nebraska, and the entire west enshrouded with signs full of promise for their future. The bountiful crops and good business during the year just closed have placed the people in position to venture upon new enterprises and enlarge their business operations as never before. Time was, and not long distant, when a new year started with dubious forebodings as to what it would bring forth, but the present turning point is passing with everyone confident and hopeful. The Bee wishes everyone a happy new year and a prosperous new year as well.

The frontispiece of The Bee this week is characteristic of the season. The bright little girl extends a New Year's greeting for us all and betokens the joyousness of youth. The little miss who has consented to deliver New Year's greetings to the readers of The Bee is Louise Rogers Bennett, daughter of W. R. Bennett, one of Omaha's enterprising merchants, and as may be seen from her portrait is a ray of sunshine for all with whom she comes in contact.

Is the new year which is just beginning the first of the twentieth century or the last of the nineteenth? That is the question which has been puzzling hundreds of thousands of people for several weeks past. The same question has been raised over and over again every time the calendar has changed from one hundred year period to another and each time without bringing forth any conclusive settlement. The whole question depends upon where the count begins, as the measurement of 100 years must



THE OLD APPLE WOMAN—A FAMILIAR FIGURE IN OMAHA'S OFFICE BUILDINGS.—Photo by Louis R. Boetwick.

cover the same time period in one century or another and in all lands.

The Omaha High school boasts of two girl literary societies which contribute materially to the intellectual development of the institution. One of them, known as the P. L. S., is composed exclusively of girls who belong to the senior class. This year the society has eighty-two members and holds its meeting on the first Tuesday of each month, at which meeting parliamentary rules prevail and literary subjects are explained and discussed. Occasionally a social Saturday is spent by the members at the home of some one of them. The president of the society, whose portrait is given, is Miss Ruth Wilson, chosen on account of her popularity, the other officers being Miss Briggie McArdle, vice president and treasurer, and Miss Henrietta Rees, secretary. In connection with the society a choral club is maintained, whose work is frequently a feature of High school programs.

The junior girls on the other hand have their society under the name of the Sigma Phi Literary society. Its president is Miss Mary Beth Willis, while the vice president is Miss Alice C. Towne, the secretary, Miss Amy W. Cooper; the treasurer, Miss Nellie Painter. The junior society is only of recent origin and is intended to develop the oratorical, dramatic and literary ability of its members. It has already about thirty members, with a busy program outlined for the remainder of the year.

These two societies now cover the entire

field since the disbandment of company Z, which formerly monopolized the social features of the school so far as the girls were concerned.

About Noted People

John W. E. Thomas, the colored lawyer and politician of Chicago, who has just died, was the wealthiest man of his race in the city. He was elected to the Illinois legislature in 1877, where he served three terms and became prominent, being the author of the civil rights bill, which passed in 1885, and one of the 103 in the historic senatorial fight in which General John A. Logan defeated W. R. Morrison after 118 ballots. Mr. Thomas supported Senator Logan from first to last. He was a member of the judiciary committee during his service in the assembly. He was elected South Town clerk in 1886 and served one term. Mr. Thomas long had been a leader of his race in Chicago. He was identified with the Olivet Baptist church for over twenty-five years and at the time of his death was the president of the Chicago Sumner club.

"Silver Dollar" Smith, who died a few days ago, was one of the picturesque char-



GIRLS' SOCIETIES AT THE OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL—MISS RUTH WALLACE, PRESIDENT OF THE SIGMA PHI.

acters of New York politics. He had been seriously sick for several days. When he realized that his condition was critical he sent for some of his friends and announced that he wanted no flowers sent to his funeral. Instead he would be obliged if people who might have sent flowers would spend the same amount of money in buying Christmas gifts for the poor. Smith's real name is said to have been Goldsmith and in his early days he was a cigar peddler. He had the reputation of being "handy with his dukes" and was several times arrested for assaulting men who differed with him in political matters. He started in political life as a republican, but soon found that Tammany was more congenial.

Now that the eyes of the world, or a good many of them, are turned in the direction of Ladysmith there is a revival of stories about the gallant Sir Henry Smith, after whose wife the place was named. He was governor of Cape Colony fifty years or so ago and led a number of exceedingly arduous campaigns against the Kaffirs. Returning from one of these he held a review of his troops, who were in a most dilapidated condition, barefooted, ragged, half-starved and generally unkempt tatterdemallions, and lavished all manner of compliments upon them, dilating upon their bravery, endurance and smart and soldierlike appearance. This final commendation was the last straw which broke down the patience of an old color-sergeant, one of the general's particular favorites, who was in an especially evil case. Stepping forward from the ranks he saluted most respectfully and exclaimed: "Begging your pardon, Sir 'Arry, we don't want no gammon, we want boots."

The Philadelphia Record says: When old Jacob Willoughby died last week Kensington lost one of its unique characters. Previous to the Centennial Exposition of 1876

Mr. Willoughby was seized with a fear that the millions of visitors who were expected in the city would deplete the food markets of Philadelphia and that a famine would ensue. So firmly did he become convinced of the truth of his prediction that he immediately laid in an enormous stock of edibles, mostly canned goods. The cellar of his house was piled high with preserves, potted meats, canned vegetables and nearly every other article of non-perishable foods. Of course, the anticipated famine did not materialize and Mr. Willoughby was left



GIRLS' SOCIETIES AT THE OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL—MISS RUTH WILSON, PRESIDENT OF THE P. L. S.

with his stores on his hands. He might have disposed of them, but that would have meant admitting his mistake and so he kept them. For twenty-three years, according to well authenticated reports, he has fed his family and his guests on the aftermath of his Centennial stock and when company came there was great rejoicing in the family, for then the stuff went faster. At the time of the old gentleman's death there was still a portion of it left.

Told Out of Court

A judge in a recent opinion says: "One of my associates, Judge C., is very sure we are wrong in this proposition, and very likely we are, but that is what we hold."

Congressman Brosius of Pennsylvania is telling a story about the advice given by an old Lancaster county lawyer to his son, who was about to practice law. "When the law is against you," he advised, "tell the jury they must regard justice; when jus-

tice is against you, direct the jury's attention only to the law." "But if both are against me?" asked the son. "Then talk around," said the father.

A Pennsylvania judge, discussing a man's sanity, says: "That he took a homely woman, not quite right, to church and afterward said he would leave because she threatened him with a breach of promise suit, while a circumstance, is in itself not sufficient to warrant the deduction of insanity."

Ex-Judge Augustus Van Wyck was an able and popular member of the supreme court bench, relates the Philadelphia Post. Though always dignified when presiding in court, he occasionally waived the rule by a little quiet fun. A pompous and loud-voiced lawyer rose one morning in chambers.

"This, if the court please, is a curious case. I am retained in it—" here he paused for a word. There was a painful silence, ended by the magistrate's inquiry: "Is it curious for you to be retained in a case?"

Judge Clark of the North Carolina supreme court had to open court at Oxford one winter. When he got to Henderson he found a deep snow on the ground and the railroad from that place to Oxford in those days did not run in such weather. So the judge set out in a buggy, with a driver whose customers had theretofore been commercial tourists. He took the judge for a drummer and tried to beguile the tedium by talking over the hardware line. Not finding him exactly well posted on that he



A HOLIDAY BRIDE—MRS. JOHN P. CUDAHY, FORMERLY MISS EDNA COWIN OF OMAHA.—Photo by Rinehart.

took up the dry goods business. Not doing much better with that he successively tried him on notions, groceries, liquors and others. Having exhausted all the "lines" he could think of he finally asked: "You are a drummer, are you not?" "Yes," said the judge, "I am somewhat in that line." "Well, what is your line?" said the driver. "I am a drummer for the state penitentiary." The driver, saying to himself, half aloud, "You are the first one in that line that ever came along here," drove the rest of the way in silence. When the conveyance drove up to the hotel in Oxford the landlord ran out to greet his guest. When the driver heard his passenger called "Judge" the point dawned on him and he dashed round the house, scattering a cloud of snow with his wheels.



OMAHA MEDICAL COLLEGE 1899 FOOT BALL TEAM.



NEBRASKA SHERIFFS IN CONVENTION AT OMAHA.

Pointed Paragraphs

Chicago News: For that tired feeling take a street car.

It's a short street that has no turn for the organ-grinder.

Learn to do with diligence what you would do with ease.

In silence danger is concealed. Women are seldom dangerous.

Unless a man has some knowledge of figures he doesn't count.

When a tall man finds himself short he is naturally embarrassed.

The widow's mite is used too often as an excuse for small contributions.

Some words on the end of your tongue should be allowed to remain there.

It is easy to discourage a man who realizes that he isn't entitled to anything.

A man must feel awfully upset when he finds himself heels over head in love.

The one trouble with a lot of poets is they are unable to make the feet to kstep.

Don't seek to know too much. That was where Mother Eve made her great mistake.

No matter how careful a woman may be she invariably loses her name at the marriage altar.

Some people never succeed in finding out which side of their bread is buttered until they drop it.