

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 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

The frontispiece this week was made by our staff artist near Weeping Water, Neb., on the line of the Missouri Pacific railroad. The engineer of the special train, Mr. L. T. Burton, had been asked to join the party at the rear of the train for a picture. Senator Hanna, stepping off his car, caught the engineer's hand as he passed and said: "I am the engineer of the republican party; you are the engineer of this train, I run the party, you run me." Senator Hanna is an average-sized man, the engineer, Mr. Burton, being somewhat small of stature, making the senator seem unusually large in the picture. Mr. Hanna has a clear skin, deep brown eyes and an exceedingly genial and cheerful disposition. He has over 6,000 men in his employ and has never had a strike. There was great curiosity to see him, due to the cartoons of the press, and vast numbers of people expressed surprise to find him such a nice, genial looking elderly gentleman. One of the most enthusiastic republicans in Red Oak, Ia., is Master Mark Hanna, who was born during the St. Louis convention.



MASTER MARK HANNA, RED OAK, Ia.—BORN DURING REPUBLICAN CONVENTION IN 1896—NAMED IN HONOR OF OHIO SENATOR.

June 16, 1896. His father, Newton Hanna, is a prominent citizen and admires President McKinley no less than he does Senator Hanna. The boy's mother is a relative of the late General Sam Houston of Texas. Mr. Newton Hanna has preserved a copy of the letter which four years ago he mailed to the chairman of the national republican committee, which was as follows: "Unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given; his name of necessity must be Hanna, and in honor of your great victory for McKinley we have deemed it not improper to prefix the word Mark and call him Mark Hanna. He has good blood in his veins. His mother is a Houston and his father—well, you know the Hannas are all good men." Congressman Charles Dick, who was in 1895 secretary of the national committee, replied to this letter, and in conclusion said: "Mr. Hanna directs me to thank you for the compliment and to say that he wishes your son a useful and happy life and will expect to hear good reports of him in the future." Young Mark is about as lively a republican as is his great namesake and during the intervening four years has grown to be a really handsome baby boy, as can be seen by the accompanying picture. He is very bright mentally and in disposition is cheery and buoyant as the famous senator ever was.

Mrs. Emma L. Talbot of South Omaha was chosen president of the Rebekah assembly of Nebraska at the meeting held recently in York. Mrs. Talbot is a native of Ohio, having been reared in Champaign county. She was a school teacher for nine years and married in Columbus, O., coming directly west with her husband, Claude L. Talbot, to Cheyenne, Wyo., and St. Paul, Minn. In 1889 she moved to South Omaha, where she became identified with the Rebekahs, filling nearly every position within the gift of her home lodge from captain of the degree staff for six to eight years to the highest—representative to the state assembly—and for three years past has held the offices of grand warden, secretary and vice president in that body, and today holds the highest office within the gift of the Rebekahs of the state. Although devoted to her home and family,

she is an active worker in the church, secretary of the South Omaha Hospital association, past matron of the Eastern Star, president of the King's Daughters society, lady commander of the Maecabees, a member of the Woman's Relief Corps and has also been an active worker in the Omaha Woman's club since 1895.

A Nebraska girl who is winning fame and a name in the musical world is Miss M. Lou Ormsby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Ormsby of Central City, Neb., who



P. C. JOHNSON, HOLMESVILLE, Neb.—NEW GRAND MASTER OF NEBRASKA INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.

in recent public appearances in Paris came into prominence by finding favor with talented audiences of musicians and musical critics. Miss Ormsby early displayed a talent for music and remarkable powers of voice. After exhausting the resources for musical training at her home she entered the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, from which she graduated with honors in June, 1895. Later she studied in Florence, Italy, under the noted Vaucellini, and then went to Paris and is finishing opera under the French teacher, Marchesi, being the only Nebraska pupil with Marchesi. She has a dramatic soprano voice and sings French, German and Italian with a perfection of accent that has been a surprise to her teachers. Next June Miss Ormsby completes her studies, when she will make her debut as an opera singer and is looked upon in Paris as one of the coming stars.

About Noted People

Frederick Lyons, the Milwaukee millionaire and pioneer, who recently retired from active business, came from England to Wisconsin in 1845. The Layton Art gallery, which he gave Milwaukee, cost \$275,000 and contains one of the best collections of pictures in the middle west.

Dr. R. O. Doremus, the veteran president of the Philharmonic society of New York, who recently celebrated the golden anniversary of his wedding, received upon his election in 1867 a most noteworthy distinction, the entire society visiting his house immediately after and serenading him. No other man in New York has ever received such a serenade.

Among the stories being told of Joseph Chamberlain is one to the effect that while in Paris some time ago he saw an exceedingly rare orchid. Mr. Chamberlain, who is an enthusiast in the matter of orchids, asked its price. "Twenty pounds (\$100)," said the florist, "and it is the only specimen in France." Chamberlain paid over the money and tore up the beautiful flower, saying: "I have a duplicate in my own collection and I object to a Frenchman owning this."

Rev. Edward Everett Hale has uttered a shout of jubilation over the fact that five of the heroes selected for enrollment in the Hall of Fame were Boston Latin school boys. "One in six," he says, "ought to satisfy even Latin school pride; and this is a list which can afford to leave out John Hancock, Henry Knox, Lothrop Motley, Wendell Phillips and Charles Sumner."

Verdi celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday recently at his villa in St. Agate, Italy. His first opera, "Oberta," was produced in Milan sixty-seven years ago. He is the author of twenty-six operas. The venerable maestro is devoting his time at present to erecting a home for superannuated Italian artists of all classes. It is being built in Milan and will furnish shelter for 100 inmates.

George Francis Train lives in a very small room at one of the Mills hotels in New York and has not left the building for months. He gets out of bed every morning between 4 and 5 o'clock and spends nearly all his waking hours in reading newspapers. About 6 o'clock in the evening he is ready to retire for the night. The former millionaire says that when the Transiberian railroad is completed he will "belt the world in thirty days."

Frederick Macmonnies, whose great work, the fountain at the World's fair, was among the attractions of the Jackson park exposition, has determined that next spring he will take up his residence in New York and will temporarily give up mallet and chisel for palette and brush.

He is now in Paris at work on the equestrian statue of General Slocum, which is to be set up in Brooklyn. When that is completed he will for a time abandon sculpture for painting.

"The public has somehow got the idea," says Joel Chandler Harris in a recent interview in the Atlanta Daily News, "that I am too modest to be healthy, but that is a great mistake. With the exception of a big apple dumpling, with a bowl of butter sauce close by, I know of nothing nicer than to sit in a large armchair and hear your friends say kind things about you when they think you're not listening."

Told Out of Court

"You ought to be able to tell a straight story about the affair," said the lawyer to a witness in an embezzling case. "I don't know about that," replied the witness. "It was a very crooked proceeding."

Some time ago a well known barrister had under cross-examination a youth from the country who rejoiced in the name of Sampson, whose replies were the causes of much laughter in court, reports London Spare Moments.

"And so," questioned the barrister, "you wish the court to believe that you are a peacefully disposed and inoffensive kind of person?" "Yes." "And that you have no desire to follow the steps of your namesake, and smite the Philistines?" "No I've not," answered the youth, "and if I had the desire I ain't got the strength at present." "Then you think you would be unable to cope successfully with a thousand enemies and utterly rout them with the jawbone of an ass?" "Well," answered the ruffled Sampson, "I might have a try when you have done with the weapon."

The absent minded lawyer that was the subject of a humorous recollection by one of Detroit's veteran members of the bar furnished him with another interesting reminiscence.

"This lawyer," said he to a Free Press man, "was quite bald—in fact, he was the most peculiarly bald man I believe I ever saw. The baldness began at his eyebrows and furrowed it way clear back to his neck. The growth of hair on each side was quite luxuriant by contrast, so that with his hat off he presented a peculiar type of manly beauty that had to be cultivated by degrees, like the taste for mushrooms or Limburger cheese. He was quite sensitive about his personal appearance, and when on the street wore his hat well down over his head to hide the rear skull ex-



MISS M. LOU ORMSBY—NEBRASKA YOUNG WOMAN STUDYING MUSIC IN PARIS.

posure. Though clever and prominent in his profession, he had also the reputation of being rather unscrupulous and 'tricky.' "One day when court was not in session he strolled into a basement in his absent-minded way. He was in a deep study and his hat was well down over his eyes, leaving the rear cranial surface prominently exposed. "Oh, mamma," chirped a little girl, 'at man's got two faces.' "What a precocious child!" remarked a lawyer noted for his fund of dry humor and whose knowledge of the absent minded one's shady doings was intimate."

Happiest Class of People

In writing of "The Happiest Class of People" in the Woman's Home Companion for October, John Gilmer Speed arrives at the following conclusion: "I have told you who are the unhappiest men, and now it is my pleasant duty to speak of the happiest state. Solomon indicated it in his petition, 'Give me neither riches nor poverty.' There is in that, as in most of the proverbs, both definition and description—neither riches nor poverty. I need say little more. We all know what the alternative is—that middle state where the income safely exceeds the expenditure. Then a man can be happy—and he have a good temper and a robust digestion—it does not make much difference what goes on around him. He is safe, and for the time being at least his family is secure. The best thing about this happiest state is that it has within it such a tremendously large class. It is not only a man here and there that belongs within it; the



GENERAL DANIEL E. SICKLES—A VISITOR TO OMAHA DURING THE LAST WEEK.—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.

men are legion. In this country it embraces all of the great middle class. And the very great majority of them do not even know that theirs is the happiest state; they do not dream how well they are off. Some of them, being wrong-headed men, envy their richer neighbors; some others throw away their valuable sufficiency in the endeavor to get richer; some others get richer, and then are not as happy as they were before. Let those who are in this happiest state continue in it if they can, for the world at large and the country at home has great need for them. They constitute the great conservative force—the force which prevents the democratic country from going pell-mell to smash; they represent the solid honesty which stands midway between the madness of a too rapid social reform and the insatiable greed of the unscrupulous who look upon the whole world as a gold mine that belongs to them by right of inheritance or purchase. Happy should be the land where this class is very great; and it is greater in the United States than anywhere else in the world."

Small for Its Age

London Spare Moments: Pat called as usual one morning at the Cow and Pail for his three-pennyworth of whisky, when the following conversation ensued between the landlady and himself: Pat—This is good whisky, mum? Lady—Yes, Pat. Can you guess the age of it? Pat—No, mum. Landlady—Well, it's thirty years old. Pat (eying the three-penny worth)—Olm a-thinkin' it be mighty small for its age, mum.

He Made a Shrewd Deal

"It is all right to talk about the robber railroads, but we get robbed once in a while ourselves," said the right-of-way agent to a Detroit Free Press man. "The railroad that I am working for has been engaged for some time in straightening out the curves on its line and the work has kept me busy getting the necessary right-of-way of the farmers whose land we run through. There is nothing that will increase the value of a farm so much as an impression that a railroad will need some of it. But I got along fairly well until last week, when, to straighten out a bad curve, I found that we would have to buy a few feet from the farm that adjoins our right-of-way. The moment I set eyes on that piece of ground I saw that I was going to have trouble with the owner, for upon it was a newly made grave. I hated to approach the man, but a railroad can't afford to be sentimental; so I put the case before him. "What!" he cried, 'disturb those hallowed bones?' "I am sorry," I answered, 'but it is absolutely necessary that we have the land that the grave is on.' "Well, the old man protested with tears in his eyes and threatened to take the matter into court, the last thing that I desired to do, as I wouldn't care to say what a jury would do after a lawyer was through with them. I argued with him and finally got the land that we desired by paying him five times what it was worth. "Now," said I, after the papers were passed, 'I suppose you will remove the remains at once?' "Guess not," said he. "Well, I guess you will!" said I, sharply, 'that land belongs to us now.' "Wul," he drawled, 'I don't suppose the

ol' hog what's buried thar cares whether he is removed or not.' "Say! that old sharper had buried nothing there but a measly hog and then shed tears over the hallowed bones till I weakened. "Well, it was on me; so, after advising the old fellow to be careful in the future and not bury any more of his relatives near our right-of-way, I left."

Pointed Paragraphs

Chicago News: Egyptian mummies are dry subjects. The product of a tight shoe or of an oak tree is a-corn. The average lazy man is too lazy to worry about his laziness. A heart full of grace is better than a head full of notions. A woman will pardon want of sense quicker than want of manners. There is more style about some boarding houses than there is grub. If you would be paid according to your own idea of your worth, get necessary. Some people talk a long time before you can get at what they are trying to say. With the exception of a neglected husband



MRS. EMMA L. TALBOT, SOUTH OMAHA—NEW PRESIDENT OF THE NEBRASKA REBEKAH ASSEMBLY.—Photo by Petersen.

(there is no sadder spectacle than a neglected wife. The hand that rocks the cradle can seldom throw a brick to hit anything in sight. Never judge a man by the silk umbrella he carries; he may have left a cotton one somewhere in its place.

The Sultan

Detroit Journal: "What," asked the sultan, casually, "is the meaning of dun?" "Done," replied the imperial tutor in English, quite misunderstanding his majesty, "is a principal part of do." "Ah, I begin to understand!" muttered the monarch, starting violently. "The powers imagine if they dun me enough they will eventually do me!" Then the royal brow darkened and the order went forth that the sultan would personally review his troops in a sham massacre later in the day.