

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 to Editor, The Illustrated Bee, Omaha.

Pen and Picture Pointers

In a half-page group we print a number of exceptionally fine flashlight pictures of the members of the Creighton University Dramatic circle, as they appeared in "The Celebrated Case" in the university auditorium Wednesday evening, December 12. The increased attendance over former years has caused the managers to determine upon seeking larger quarters in the future. The proceeds of the entertainment will go to aid in maintaining the students' library and reading room. The faculty of the university manifested their appreciation of the work of the Dramatic circle by tendering the members a banquet. The following are the



MISS MARIE SWANSON—GRADUATE OF OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL WHO HAS DISTINGUISHED HERSELF IN CHICAGO MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Officers of the organization: President, Daniel J. Hurley; vice president, John A. Bennewitz; secretary, James E. Woodard; treasurer, Francis Ballman; business manager, James P. Lane; stage manager, William P. O'Keefe; property man, Weir D. Coffman.

Frank G. Carpenter, the special correspondent of The Bee in the Orient, writes about China's female slaves. They number millions and are bought and sold in every province. Women are sold at the price of pork, girls bringing from \$10 upward. Girl babies are sold to founding asylums, which buy them at 20 cents apiece. The slaves of the imperial palace number 3,000 and are all eunuchs.

No den or study is quite complete nowadays without a stein rail or shelf well filled with drinking mugs. The collecting of these mugs originated stein dinners, or

stein parties, which have become a recent fad. Each invited guest is expected to bring a mug or a stein upon which his name has been previously engraved, which he surrenders at the door. When the good things are served his stein is returned to him, filled to the brim with whatever beverage the hostess may choose to serve, his portion depending upon the size of his own drinking mug. When the dinner is over and the toasts are said the drinking mugs are presented to the hostess. A stein rail can be had at any planing mill and the mugs can be had from 5 cents to \$50.

About Noted People

In the new British cabinet the men, from a physical point of view, are splendid specimens of the race. Half of them are over six feet high and only one could be called small. The latest recruit, Mr. Hanbury, is the tallest, but Lord Balfour of Burleigh is a close second. The premier carries more weight than any.

The expenditure of the shah in Paris and in Vienna has been so lavish that it is estimated that by the time he gets back to Teheran his tour will have cost him upward of \$500,000. The shah has fully decided to return to Europe next year for about three months, and half of that time will be spent at Marienbad.

Among the inmates at the Soldiers' home at Hot Springs, S. D., is Rev. P. Daly, who, from reading a newspaper biography of the late Marcus Daly, is convinced that he and the Montana millionaire are brothers. They were separated when very young and never again found one another. Rev. Mr. Daly often read of the western Croesus, but never imagined it was his little brother who left home penniless.

William Richardson, who succeeds General Wheeler in congress, was once sentenced to hang as a confederate spy. He was a soldier at the age of 17, was captured, escaped and was making his way back to the confederacy when he was found by the union troops in the company of a notorious spy, and was sentenced to be hanged with the spy. An unexpected attack on his captors by General Forrest resulted in his rescue.

No one knows how Andrew Lang gets through such a stupendous amount of work. He never works in the morning, generally takes a stroll in the afternoon and dines late. The reason is that he can write anywhere on anything. A story is told that he once borrowed a farmer's hat in the train, wrote an article on the crown of it, and at the same time conducted an elaborate argument on the subject of ghosts.

Michael G. Mulhall, whose death is reported, was probably the highest individual authority on statistics in the world. His computations regarding trade, industry, finance, etc., were always received with the greatest interest and taken to be about as accurate as it was possible to make such figures. Mulhall was born in Dublin in 1836 and was educated at the Irish college in Rome. He was distinguished as the founder of the first English newspaper to be printed in South America—the Buenos Ayres Standard, which appeared in 1861. He was a member of numerous scientific societies, the author of several books and a frequent contributor to the magazines.

Major General Ralph A. P. Clements, who has lost eighteen officers and 555 of his men in the action with the Boers at Matallesburg, went out to South Africa as the commander of the Twelfth brigade of the South African field force. He has been more or less prominent in the fighting before and since he entered Colesburg last spring. Clements has been considered one of the

best officers in the British army. He won the distinguished service order and was aid to the queen in 1891. He wears a medal with clasp for gallantry in the Kaffir and Zulu wars, and a medal with two clasps for his noble bearing in the great Burmah campaign. In 1896 he was commander of the South Wales Borderers, and just before the Boer war began he held the titles of actual lieutenant colonel and brevet colonel. He has been in the army since 1874.

When Robert T. Stewart was governor of Missouri it was in the days when everybody drank whisky, and the governor was no exception to the rule. Years ago, when the prince of Wales was on a visit to this country, they gave a grand ball in his honor in St. Louis. Governor Stewart came down from Jefferson City to honor the event with his presence. In the course of the evening the enthusiastic governor drank rather too much. He became enthusiastic. He and the prince were seated on the platform, while the beauty and aristocracy of St. Louis swept past in gorgeous review. Stewart's feelings and bosom swelled. Eventually, in a mighty impulse of glow and glory, he administered a tremendous slap upon the prince's back, exclaiming with intense animation: "Say, prince, don't you wish you were the governor of Missouri?"

Told About Preachers

The bishop of London, as becomes a gentleman of the cloth, is a patient man under ordinary circumstances, but has no toleration for a windy speaker. At a recent public gathering he was wearily listening to one of these afflictions when he turned to a fellow sufferer and said: "Who is he?" "I don't know," was the reply. "I do," said the bishop savagely. "He has many aliases, but his real name is Thomas Rot."

A Scotch divine took one of his parishioners to task for his non-attendance at kirk; the man said:

"I dinna like lang sermons." The parson, with some wrath, replied:

"John, ye'll dee, and go to a place where ye'll not have the privilege of hearing long or short sermons."

"That may be," said John, "but it winna be for lack o' parsons."

A good story is told on Rev. Mr. Hageman of Oxford, Mich. At the annual meeting of the Congregational church the question of hiring a preacher comes up. At the last one, when the question came up, Hageman was rather anxious. The chairman, a good old deacon, arose, saying:

"All those in favor of retaining Elder Hageman for another year—at the same salary—will please rise."

Not one rose, and Hageman felt about as mean as mortal man could feel, but the chairman rose again, putting this question: "All those in favor of keeping Rev. Mr. Hageman at an increase of salary will please rise."

Every one rose. When it dawned upon the good elder that they had been only joking with him, the scowl on his face broke away into a broad grin—as an icicle breaks away in sparkling water before the beneficent rays of a warm sun. Some of his best friends had planned the scheme, which worked to perfection.

He was a Scotch minister in a small country parish, relates Lippincott's, and he was sometimes put to it for fresh pasture wherewith to feed his flock. One day, however, he bethought himself that he had never thoroughly exhausted the subject of Jonah and his heart rejoiced. Jonah and the whale was the sort of thing whereby you could easily drag out of a sermon its allotted two hours. He was in full career



STEIN PARTIES, LATEST FAD—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.

and had reached triumphantly the anatomical peculiarities of the case.

"An' what feesh do ye think it wad be?" he cried in stentorian tones. "Aiblins ye think it wad be a haddie? Na, na, it cu'd nae be a haddie for to tak a big mon like you in his belly. Awee, aiblins ye think it wad be a salmon, for deed I doubt if they ever see salmon yonder. Aweel, aiblins ye're thinking it wad be a big cod—"

Here an aged and weary voice piped up from the body of the church:

"Aiblins it was a whale?" "An' the deil hae ye, Maggie Macfarlane, for takin' the word out o' the mouth o' God's meenister!"

Pointed Paragraphs

Chicago News: Pride is the fog that surrounds insignificance.

The history of mankind is an immense volume of errors.

It is a woman, and not her wrongs, that needs to be re-dressed.

To keep a house warm in winter give it an extra coat of paint.

A school teacher says he whips his pupils to make them smart.

All the world's a staircase, on which all men go either up or down.

Honor follows those who precede it, but it flees from those who pursue it.

A man who is the unhappy victim of

home rule says he would gladly exchange his better half for more satisfactory quarters.

Unless the whole mind is given to a task it cannot be accomplished well.

Great motives cause great efforts and great efforts result in great happiness.

There is beauty in a wrinkled face, providing it is not wrinkled by selfishness.

A druekard's nose is a lighthouse to warn others of the little water passing beneath.

No matter how important you may think you are today should you die tomorrow the busy old world wouldn't even miss you.

It is folly for a pair of fond lovers to gaze into each other's eyes in public and try to persuade themselves that the observing public isn't next.

A Distinction

Chicago Post: "You're wrong in calling her a new woman," asserted the man's wife. "She doesn't belong to a lot of clubs, she isn't crying for suffrage and she doesn't want to invade man's field of labor."

"True," answered the man, "but it's the only adjective I can well use. I dare not call her an old woman and she certainly isn't a young woman, so I use new in the comparative sense. She's not so old as some others."



BUYING THE CHRISTMAS HOLLY—Photo by Louis Bostwick.



TWO LITTLE TOTS AND SANTA CLAUS.



A NEWSBOY'S CHRISTMAS FEAST—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.