

THE ILLUSTRATED BEE

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Pen and Picture Pointers

As a frontpiece we print a fine picture of Charles H. Dietrich, United States senator-elect from Nebraska, to fill the short term caused by the death of the late Senator M. L. Hayward.

The fair held during the last week at Metropolitan hall, Omaha, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to Temple Israel, was a decided success. The Military Mollie drill attracted much attention.



JESSE S. LANCASTER, YORK, Neb.—WON SECOND PLACE IN EXAMINATION AT BEATRICE, Neb., FOR ADMISSION TO WEST POINT MILITARY SCHOOL.

Treasurer: Mrs. J. L. Brandeis, honorary president, Mrs. A. D. Brandeis, Mrs. Abram Simon, Mrs. Henry Hiller and Mrs. H. Unverzagt, entertainment committee.

Jesse S. Lancaster of York, Neb., who won the second place in the examination recently held at Beatrice, Neb., for admission to the West Point Military school, was born October 10, 1883, at Chatham, Adams county, Ill.

About Noted People

Senator Everts' dairy farm up in Vermont was a hobby that only a lawyer at the head of the bar could afford to keep up. It was when offering his guest a little good cheer that the senator, pointing to the champagne and the fresh milk, cheerily remarked: "Take your choice; take your choice. They're both refreshing, and they cost me the same."

President Diaz is 72 years old, but he takes excellent care of himself. When some Chicago gentlemen were there not long ago they were shown through the gymnasium of the military school, and were surprised to see the aged executive grasp a rope in the gymnasium and climb, hand over hand, to the roof, forty feet above their heads.

Lemuel Quigg addressed the Yorkville Republican club, New York, one evening recently, and while he was talking a man in the audience arose and walked out, to the obvious annoyance of the speaker.

In reply to some one who asked him whether he read a great deal, Lord Kelvin a little while ago made the rather startling reply that he had not read a book for thirty years. "I read nothing but the daily papers. Well, perhaps that is an overstatement; it may not be thirty years, but it is a long time. Of course I am continually referring to books, but I have not the time for steady reading, except the daily papers, and I feel especially bound

in crises of our history to study the course of events."

Mr. Whympet, the Alpine climber, who was the first to ascend the Matterhorn, has arranged to visit Canada this summer with a view to climbing some of the unconquered peaks in the Canadian Rockies.

A writer in the Boston Transcript gives this reminiscence of the Rev. Dr. Elijah Kellogg of Harpswell, Me.: "One Sunday, before his sermon, the doctor announced from his pulpit: 'The widow Jones' grass is getting pretty long. I shall be there with my scythe, rake and pitchfork at 4 o'clock tomorrow morning, and I hope every male member of the congregation will be there, too.' The next morning they were all there, and among them Captain Griggs, 6 feet 2 in his stockings, with a weight of nearly 250 pounds.

Stories About Notables

Once, when twitted on his small size by a statesman of the strenuous type, relates the New York Post, Mr. Everts retorted: "That remark proves what I have always asserted—that in your eyes measures were more important than men."

To another critic, who found fault with his habit of stringing out a whole paragraph without a break, by the use of parenthetical clauses, he said cheerfully: "I have noticed that criminals object to long sentences."

Philip D. Armour, like J. P. Morgan, would never hire a clerk for less than \$1,000 a year. One day, relates Success, a young man applied to Mr. Armour for a clerkship.

"Well, sir, how little do you want for your services?" asked Mr. Armour. "You must understand that times are hard. We are only killing 8,000,000 hogs and 5,000,000 bees a year."

The young man said: "Mr. Armour, I would not be here if I did not know times are hard, and I'll be easy with you. I'll begin at \$10 a week, if you will agree to increase my salary \$1 for every 100,000 bees you don't kill under 5,000,000 and \$1 for every 200,000 hogs you don't kill under 8,000,000."

With his little, shrewd eyes, Mr. Armour looked sharply at the young man, then said, abruptly: "As a rule, I dislike precocious youngsters; they don't last. But I'll let you start in at \$25 a week, without conditions. I do it, too, with some fear that in a few years you will own the business."

Harrison was so devout a church member that many persons have refused to believe that he had ever been profane. Only one instance is recalled, says the Boston Transcript, and that is substantiated, like a corresponding incident in George Washington's career, by the testimony of ear-witnesses.

It was in the Atlanta campaign in 1831, when, as colonel of the Seventieth Indiana volunteers, he took a conspicuous part in the battle of Peach Tree creek. The regiment was lying under cover, with strict orders to hold its fire until the command was given. One man, too excited and nervous to lie still, sprang up and fired. Colonel Harrison seized his blanket, which was done up in a roll and fastened with a strap, and, jumping up, hurled it at the excitable soldier, at the same time shouting out a loud, hearty, rotund "Damn!"



"THE MOLLIE MILITARY DRILL CORPS"—TEMPLE ISRAEL FAIR.

The blanket struck the soldier full in the face, and either that or the unexpectedness of the profane word from his exemplary colonel laid him flat on his back, ready to obey orders for the rest of the campaign.

Profanity seemed to be in the air that day, for General Hooker, riding down the line after the fight, seized the young colonel's hand and wrung it as he shouted: "Harrison, by G—, I'll make you a brigadier general for this!"

And he was as good as his word.

Twenty-five years ago Joseph E. Whiting, who played last week at the opera house, played in Cleveland at the old Academy of Music, reports the Leader of that city. He played in "Henry V" and portrayed the same character then as in Mansfield's production last week. Mr. Whiting tells a story of an occurrence a quarter of a century ago at the Weddell house as follows:

"I was learning a new part. The lines were long and after the performance one evening I went up to my room to learn them. I rocked back and forth in a chair, mulling the words. There were many such expressions as 'O Lord,' 'I pray to you,' etc., in the part. Next morning the clerk said to me: 'Mr. Whiting, the man in the next room asked who you were. When I told him he said that you delivered the longest prayers before going to bed that he ever before heard.'"

The struggle recently pending in the United States senate to defeat the ship subsidy bill recalls an instance in which a filibustering campaign defeated the passage by that body of the so-called "force bill." Senator Berry of Arkansas, the on-legged "rebel brigadier," who has developed into such a clever debater as to attract attention to his tilts with the giants on the republican side, was a very prominent figure at that time. His prominence was due altogether to what he did outside the senate chamber. When there is a roll call to see if there is a quorum it is the duty of the sergeant-at-arms to hunt up absentees and bring them into the chamber. It is his duty to arrest them and drag them in if necessary.

But no sergeant-at-arms who knows his business will ever attempt any dragging or even arresting in the case of Berry. That was tried in 1892, but Berry was not either arrested or dragged. The sergeant-at-arms met the Arkansas senator in the corridor just as he was starting for home.

"Aha, senator, I'm glad I saw you. I won't have to go to your home after you. You're under arrest."

At the same time the sergeant moved toward the Arkansan to lay hands on him.

In an instant the spectators were horrified to see a revolver's glittering barrel pointing at the head of the sergeant.

"Keep your hands off me and get out of my way," thundered Berry. "Now, go quick or I'll shoot!" There was no shooting, no arrest, no official report.

Proposals Not Necessary

A party of women were talking the other day—and women will talk sometimes, it would seem—and marriage proposals was the theme under discussion. Someone wanted to know whether the proposals in novels were anything like the proposals of real life. The young girls said they must be and the matrons said they were not. Two of the latter confessed they had never received proposals at all from their husbands. That shocked the girls, who imagined dreadful things about leap year proposals. But there was nothing so romantic as that.

"I don't know when my husband first began to think of marrying me or when I thought of marrying him," said Matron No. 1. "I had known him for such a long time that I never seemed to have thought of anything else. We always seemed to have known that we should marry each other. He did ask my father, but he certainly never asked me."

"My husband never proposed to me," said Matron No. 2. "We simply knew we were to be married. There was nothing strange about it. It would have been strange if either of us had thought anything else. Other men? Well, other men than the right ones make a proposal of marriage as they would any other proposal of less romantic kind. Then there are proposals by letter, but any man who proposes by letter when he can ask by word of mouth deserves to lose the girl. It is a cowardly thing to do. But, then, if you cared for the man—oh, well, it makes all the difference in the world."

"But one of the happiest marriages I ever knew came about in a strange way and with what most girls would consider the least sentiment and even without proper consideration for the conventions. I knew both the man and the woman when I was young. He was a thoroughly good fellow, belonging to a good but ordinary family. He was brilliant in a way, but he was a man to be liked and respected. She was as pretty a girl as I ever saw and a woman who has grown handsomer as she has grown older. The man had been in love with another girl, proposed to her and was refused. This my girl heard. Such things do get round, though no one ever tells. 'What a shame!' she said, indignantly.

"He is a nice fellow; if he should ask me I would marry him."

"This remark also got out without being told, the young man heard it, took the girl at her word, asked her if she meant it, she said she did and they were married and lived happy ever after, for I have known them during all the 'ever after.'"

Pointed Paragraphs

Chicago News: A great mind is always a generous one.

Economy supplies old age with an easy chair.

Why isn't a homely actress a case of stage fright?

Many a laboring man's down in the world—digging gold.

He who calls all men fools is right in at least one instance.

The man who does a little and does it well does a great deal.

It's a wise cook that knows enough to leave well done alone.

A dude dressed out of sight is very apt to be out of mind as well.

The fly that loafs around a blacksmith shop isn't afraid of a hammer.

The bore who is looking for nobody in particular should look in the mirror.

The less veracity a man has of his own the more he admires it in other people.

The finished performance of an actor is often a great relief to the audience.

Youth has a perseverance all its own, but the trouble is it never knows when to stop.

Probably thieves are near-sighted and unable to distinguish other people's property from their own.

A rural editor in writing of a new addition to the village church choir says: "Her voice is as soft as butter in August and as tender as a pair of \$1.98 trousers."

A Bachelor's Reflections

Any girl over six feet tall ought to get into heaven without having to be good.

New York Press: It's a funny thing that none of the old maids ever die of heart failure.

Probably every old bachelor at some time in his life thought of proposing to some girl until she proposed to him.

As soon as the average man hears a woman talk about altering the marriage service he quits wanting to marry her.

Men are more self-respecting than women are. No man's bosom friend ever knows how badly his wife treats him.

Half the time when men hold a girl's hands they are doing it because they are afraid of what she might do if they didn't.

Every woman has a terrible longing to find out about her husband's old love affairs and a terrible fear that maybe she will.

No woman ever wrote a novel where at least seven men didn't propose to the same girl, who was too good to flirt with any of them.

The best way for a woman to make her husband believe in her religion isn't always to pray out loud for other women's husbands.

Probably Noah had to keep his wife locked up all the time of the flood for fear she would forget and shoo the two flies off the ark.

A woman has the advantage over a man; when she laughs when she ought not to have acted sorry she can always claim it was hysterics.

'Til she is 20 a girl's ideal of a lover is the one in the best novel she has read. After that it is the last man who has made love to her.

There are only two possible things that a woman can do if a man proposes to her, but there are more than 2,000,000 she can do if he doesn't.



REPRESENTATIVE BOOTHS AT TEMPLE ISRAEL FAIR.