

Popular Young Women Guests of The Bee



LIZZIE KENNEDY, MISSOURI VALLEY.



MARY SARGENT, SOUTH OMAHA.



VERAH KRAMER, COLUMBUS.



EMILY WIGMAN, OMAHA.



NORA HARRIS, LEAD S D.



ANNA GUHL, GRAND ISLAND.

Twelve young women whose pictures appear on this page will go as guests of The Bee on vacation trips. They are the winners of the prizes in the third annual contest, the outcome of which is decided by the votes of The Bee patrons. These trips are the best that can be arranged for summer pleasure outings and all things in connection with the journey have been planned for the best of accommodations for the girl who goes and for the companion she will be allowed to take with her.

Much public interest has been manifest in these contests, so that a few words of explanation may not be out of place here. Two years ago The Bee made its first announcement of the Working Girls' Vacation contest, which has now become an annual event, and sent its first delegation of young women who earn their own living to the mountains and lakes for a well-deserved vacation.

While the announcement of the third annual vacation contest aroused no curiosity on account of its novelty, there was altogether as interesting and as sharp a competition as ever before. Everyone has watched the progress of the contest this year and the names of the young

women whose scores appeared each day in the list are familiar to everyone.

In planning the trips which the successful contestants will enjoy every detail has been carefully attended to, so that the best the land affords will be at their disposal. There is very little choice between the different trips and it would be hard to say which one should rank first on the list.

Some of the young women will go to the lakes and some to the mountains and at each resort the best hotel has been selected. In order also that it will not be necessary to take the trip alone and thus be deprived of half of the enjoyment, additional transportation is furnished for a traveling companion on these trips. The

incidental expenses are also borne by The Bee, so that the vacation may be enjoyed entirely without expense to those who take them.

Of course, in a contest like this, every one cannot win, but in order to make defeat less hard for those who were most actively engaged in the contest The Bee added seven consolation trips for those who received over 40,000 votes and were not among the list of prize winners.

The votes registered in the contest just closed form an eloquent evidence of the interest taken. One of the winners had nearly 170,000 votes and another had nearly 120,000. A third had over 100,000, one had 94,000, another 84,000 and another 83,000, while twenty received votes ranging from 20,000 to 80,000. This shows how earnestly the contest was waged.

Nothing could be more fair than the method of collecting and counting the votes. Every detail of the task was given the most scrupulous attention and the winners may congratulate themselves on having honestly and fairly secured the reward they sought.



MAMIE AUMANN, COUNCIL BLUFFS.



JENNIE FERREN, OMAHA.



ALICE HODDER, OMAHA.



JENNIE M'ELROY, DUNLAP, Ia.



LYDIA HARRISON, NEBRASKA CITY.



AMANDA LINDBLAD, OMAHA.

Selections from the Story Tellers' Pack

ONE of the Chicago park commissioners had compelled the park superintendent to put on the pay roll a lazy wardbeeler. The commissioner met the superintendent a week or two later and asked: "Well, how's that man I gave you coming along? Did you find a place for him where he could work according to his ability?"

"Oh, yes," said the superintendent, cheerfully. "I found the place for that man. I didn't think I could at first, but by George, there is one thing that man can do better than anybody else employed in this park."

"Well, well," said the commissioner, brightening up; "I told you he was good for something or other, but you wouldn't believe it. I knew if you tried you could find the right sort of a place for him. What have you set him at?"

"Chasing snails off the walks," replied the superintendent.

The commissioner retired.

Lillian Russell has never made any great fame for vivacity on the stage, but this has not been from any want of a feeling for the humorous side of things, and she has often flashed out a caustic bit of reply when an opening was presented. Not long ago she was a guest at a banquet given to a certain Russian noble, a small gathering, and the noble and Lillian happened to be placed side by side. He was a rather bumptious fellow, with a supercilious sniff at everything American. In his estimation Americans are little better than savages. He found fault with the various dishes served, went near to declaring the cooking outrageous and made himself generally disagreeable.

"Is it possible you eat that stuff?" he asked, when some hot-house corn was

served. "Why, in my country we feed that to the hogs."

"Help yourself, count," said Lillian quietly, sliding the dish toward him. He is believed to have tumbled.

"A few years ago," says a writer in Arcades, "when the new lands in Indian Territory were opened, the small towns which sprang up were filled with a very mixed population and the theaters and traveling theatrical companies were on a par with the towns they visited. One night the writer was in Oklahoma City and stepped into a theater where 'Trilby' was being played. The house was packed from top to bottom with tough characters and the character of the actors and their acting was, if anything, tougher, so that even the audience became restless. The play finally reached the point where Little Billie is supposed to clasp Trilby passionately in his arms, instead of which he held her at arms' length, with as much ardor as he would have shown to a bale of hay, and exclaimed, 'Oh, Trilby, nothing can come between us' whereat a six-foot cow puncher in the gallery leaned over the railing and shouted in tones of supreme disgust, 'Aw, git out! Yer could throw a cow between yer...'"

A Milwaukee woman a few days ago was boasting to a caller of the virtues of her Mongolian cook and she emphasized the latter's systematic methods as his special strong point.

"John finishes his work at precisely the same minute every evening," said she proudly. "I always know exactly where he is and what he is doing at any time of the day."

"Well, what is he doing now?" was asked.

"Let me see. It is 7 o'clock. Well, he has just finished putting the dishes away

and at this moment is sweeping the kitchen. Come, let's go and see if I'm not right."

They started through the dining room and found everything in its place, as prophesied. In the pantry the dishes were neatly arranged in their customary place. Then they opened the kitchen door.

There in the center of the room was John and he was complacently washing his feet in the dishpan!

When General Grant made his swing around the world, relates the Detroit Free Press, among the places he visited was Egypt and the khedive was anxious to make every effort to receive so distinguished a visitor as one who had been commander-in-chief of the American army and twice president of the United States.

It was at a time when a large number of Americans were officers of high rank in the khedive's service, among them Generals Stone, Loring, Sibley and Colonels Long, Beverly, Kennon, Mason and others.

The khedive sent for General Stone and told him that he wished him to receive the distinguished visitor upon his arrival and to be his special escort, but the general informed his ruler there was a certain coolness existing between ex-President Grant and himself, which would make it most embarrassing and appreciating the situation, he was excused.

Then General Loring was sent for. He had known General Grant intimately in the old army and they had fought together in Mexico, but in the civil war Loring had gone with the south and since that time the two had never met.

Then, too, General Grant had won the greatest distinction as a general and had twice been president and Loring intimated that he might have forgotten him, or, if not, his greatness had increased the size of

his hat, so that it would be very embarrassing for him to have to be the one to be his escort.

The khedive, however, was firm and Loring, in no pleasant humor, accepted the duty.

When the time of welcome came General Loring, his staff and his soldiers were there, the former grim and silent, expecting a rebuff.

Soon the boat approached and General Grant was recognized and he was eagerly scanning the faces of the American officers. Suddenly his face brightened and he called out:

"Hello, old Loring! how glad I am to see you!"

And General Loring, who had feared a rebuff, put out his one hand and while his voice quivered, said:

"The same old Grant! God bless you!"

Dr. James P. Tuttle, to illustrate the point that physicians were not always infallible in their diagnoses, told the following story in the New York Times: A Fifth avenue physician received a call from a young fellow who said he "felt knocked out generally." After having him detail his symptoms the physician prescribed for him. As the young man took the prescription from the doctor's hand he said to him:

"Doctor, how much do I owe you?"

"Two dollars," said the physician.

"Well, I can't pay you today," said the young fellow. "You won't mind waiting awhile, will you?"

"Oh that will be all right," responded the physician pleasantly.

"And, doctor, how much will this prescription be?"

"About \$1," said the physician.

"Say, doc, you couldn't loan me \$1 to get it with, could you? I'm dead broke."

"Let me see that again," said the physi-

cian. The young man handed back the prescription. Taking out his pencil, the physician erased a line.

"I had prescribed something for your nerve," he said, "but I see you don't need it."

A Vassar graduate, interested in East Side settlement work, who happened to be in a small town in New York state recently, visited, through curiosity, a primary school, whose pupils were the children of machinists who worked in a nearby shop. The teacher, a tall, thin spinster, whose good work belied her fierce expression, was pleased to recount her difficulties to the city visitor. She told how she not only taught her pupils, but went into their homes and made their mothers clean them up at intervals and despite her efforts they would come to school dirty. This was told in a voice that carried all over the schoolroom and the pupils listened stolidly. When she began to point out individual hard cases, referring to each as a "party," the small boy under discussion would write in his seat and look very uncomfortable.

"You'd never believe, miss," said the teacher, "that children could be so bad unless you saw them as I do. They don't care how they dress. Now, that party there (pointing to a small boy on the back seat) is the worst of the lot. He just won't wear clothes. Probably you will find it hard to believe, but that party came to school yesterday and actually he didn't have 5 cents' worth of pants on, not 5 cents' worth."

The Vassar girl could not control her mirth at this statement and the "party" in question glared at the teacher reproachfully.