

The Bee.

PUBLISHED AT 1109 "I" St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

W. CALVIN CHASE, EDI-OR.

Entered at the Post at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter.

ESTABLISHED 1882.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy per year..... \$2.00 Six months..... 1.00 Three Months..... .50

A Suffrage Convention.

THE BEE at this time appeals to the loyal negroes of the United States to advocate a call for a national suffrage convention to be held in the city of Washington...

A national suffrage Convention will do a great thing to suggest means for the protection of the negro in his ballot. THE BEE would suggest that the Convention be a delegated one...

Since the State of Virginia has made such a noble fight for human rights, THE BEE would suggest that the first move be made by that State. Let us not delay. Let it be understood that no traitors need take part...

Not Surprised.

THE BEE is not surprised, when Mr. Fortune announced from Honolulu, that it was the place for the America Negro. He left there and went to the Philippines...

A Mistake.

The depositors will find out that they have made a mistake by placing the Capital Savings Bank in the hands of receivers. Had they remained quiet for a few days, the bank would have resumed business...

Mr. Fortune's recommendation didn't surprise THE BEE.

The administration ought to have cablegrammed information in the Philippines.

A coal famine has reached Chicago. The Bee sympathizes with the nations.

There are only two men who can be elected in this country on the republican ticket.

It is quite evident that the next national republican convention will make no mistake.

It is the opinion of the friends of the administration that the lily whites should be retired.

Those negro representatives who assert that the President is like Lincoln do not mean it.

THE BEE congratulates the negro in the north for their manhood in organizing for self defense.

The meeting of the Academy of Negro science is to be congratulated on the success it met with.

Mr. Clarkson may have been very good at one time in organizing the negroes south, but conditions have changed since.

Social organizations in any community should be headed by those of character and influence. The idea of those of a suspicious and questionable reputations posing on the merits or demerits of applicants.

Some colored people are never happy unless they see their fellow man on the downward road. There are hundreds of colored people in this city very happy because the Capital Savings Bank has suspended.

Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. W. D. Montague is the assistant District assessor, a white man was designated to fill his place last week caused by the sickness of the assessor Mr. Darnell. There are many negro haters in the District government. Some time ago the community was informed that Mr. Aldridge Lewis had been promoted to the position of an inspector in the water department at an increased pay. Mr. Lewis has been in the department several years and has proved himself thoroughly competent. He does the work of a clerk although a messenger. The fact is, he has not been promoted and so long as the democratic head of the water department remains there he will not be promoted unless the engineer commissioner takes a hand in the affair. Perhaps neither man will thank THE BEE for calling the attention of the commissioner to a necessary discrimination, and if they do not, either or both may hand in their resignation and make room for those who would prove of what THE BEE has said.

WHAT I SAW AND HEARD.

I am of the opinion that the political occupation of Prof. Booker T. Washington has gone. He is the one individual who has attempted to convince the President that he is the whole push.

Speaking of colored attorneys, I want to say that they are the most divided set that you will find in the business.

It is a notorious fact that a few colored men are now drawn as jurors. The occupation of the Negro is on the decline in every avenue of life.

There are many candidates for the judgeship of the upper branch of the Police Court. The President intends to appoint a young man as the successor of Judge Kimball. I don't know a man more capable for the place than Judge J. L. Pugh.

Just when the Senate will confirm the nomination of Mr. Beach is not known. There is a stubborn opposition to his confirmation. He is of the opinion that he will be confirmed next week.

The Capitol Savings Bank has had three receivers appointed to investigate it. The depositors want their money.

There was a cut and dried slate prepared before it received a crack in court on last Tuesday. There are a number of colored people who believe in white lawyers and almost every depositor had a white man. Had that been a bank conducted by white men, no Negro attorney would have been considered in it at all. However a certain class succeeded in securing two colored receivers. The Negro, in business, has a lot to learn.

Latest Thing in Meters.

A telephone meter has been invented by Thomas Baret, of Sydney, N. S. W. It begins to record time the moment the telephone is used, and ceases when the receiver is hung up. The object is to make each patron pay for the exact time he has used it, and not for the number of messages.

Town of Morphine Fiends.

Morphine is used extensively in the town of Juana Diaz, in Porto Rico. It is estimated by the insular board of health that out of the 2,547 inhabitants, 1,000 are victims of this terrible habit.

BAILEY SEEKS WIFE.

Made a Bet to Marry If Elected Governor of Kansas.

Chicago Friends Recall His Courtship in Illinois Twenty Years Ago - Was Jilted by a Girl He Loved Deeply.

Chicago classmates of Gov.-elect Willis J. Bailey, of Kansas, when he was attending the University of Illinois at Champaign away back in the early '80s, have recalled a college love affair of the first gentleman of Kansas that, in their minds, at least, explains why he has never become a benedict, and makes it fair to presume that when he does seek a wife he will give Illinois a wide berth.

Mr. Bailey, it seems, fell in love during his freshman year with a very pretty and likewise very charming co-ed, and soon the brawny young Kansan was her devoted slave. All during his college course he was a most attentive Lothario, and the young woman seemed to reciprocate his affection. It is said that before Bailey graduated their troth had been plighted. He went back to Kansas to his father's ranch, and the young woman remained at the university to finish her education. All during the vacation after his graduation the two lovers corresponded voluminously.

But when the fall term began a new star dawned upon the vision of the young co-ed. Another young chap, not so handsome as Bailey, but with the advantage of being on the ground, courted her assiduously. She gave her heart to him, and wrote Bailey a letter that made him swear, it is said, never again to trust a woman. An invitation to the wedding of his erstwhile fiancée and his successful rival followed shortly afterward. The couple now live in

HON. WILLIS J. BAILEY, Governor-Elect of Kansas Who Seeks a Congenial Wife.

Florida, where the bride is a successful railroad man.

Since he was jilted by this field little co-ed Mr. Bailey has had no eyes for womankind. But of late years he is said to have softened his heart. At any rate, he made an ante-election bet that if he was made governor of Kansas he would choose a helpmate. And his Chicago friends and classmates say that he will keep his word, but they fear that he still smarts from the jilting of the co-ed, and will pass Illinois by when he goes wife hunting.

Whether the memory of the sting left by the announcement of the marriage is still fresh in the mind of the western state executive is a question that has presented itself to a number of Chicagoans by the failure of Gov. Bailey to find a wife in Kansas to suit him.

Although the winner of the matrimonial election bet, who originally stipulated that he must marry a Kansas woman, has waived that condition and the governor is free to choose from any state in the union, he still reports that he cannot find a wife to be mistress of the \$70,000 executive mansion.

Whether, remembering the past, he really wants to get married is the question.

To this George L. Douglass, a Chicago lawyer with an office in the Association building, who was speaker in the Kansas legislature in 1889 while Mr. Bailey was a representative, makes the following defense of Gov. Bailey:

"If Willis Bailey made a bet that he would marry if elected he will marry—that is all. He is a man of his word and would go through fire and water to keep it. Of course, the story of the bet may all be made out of whole cloth. But I knew him in Kansas and saw him lift himself from stock raising to statesmanship. I never knew him to fail to make good a promise."

Gov. Bailey is known to many Chicagoans. He was the guest of honor at a Kansas reunion at the Union League club when he came to the city as a delegate to the trust conference.

A description of the man who is seeking a wife with an unlimited field to choose from is given as follows by his admirers here:

Tea Sold in Pill Form. Pills formed of tea are sold in some of the groceries. About 14 of them weigh an ounce, and each pill makes a generous cup of tea.

Our National Beverage. The greatest coffee drinkers are the Americans. Last year the importations of coffee cost the people of the United States \$52,000,000. The greatest tea drinkers are the English, the greatest wine drinkers are the French and the greatest beer drinkers are the Germans.

A MIDNIGHT TRAGEDY.

Farmer Roused from Sleep by Mauled Wife to a Struggle for Life or Death.

Stealthily hiding a large kitchen knife in the folds of her nightdress, Mrs. Otis Finhart, wife of a farmer living two miles northwest of Grand Meadow, Minn., retired to bed the other night. In the middle of the night the woman suddenly attacked her husband. She hacked his neck with vicious blows, while he struggled in a frenzy of fear to overpower her. She clung to him with furious strength, but his efforts were effectual in diverting the blows she aimed at him. Suddenly wrenching himself free, he sprang from the bed, snatched



DASHED OUT OF THE HOUSE.

up their two children, and dashed out of the house into the snowstorm, attired only in his nightdress. The children were likewise thinly clad. Finhart, stung by the cold and fearful for his little ones, ran barefooted through the storm and the snow to a neighbor's house, a quarter of a mile away. There he left the children and was given some clothes.

Refusing any attention for himself, he started back home, the blood still running from the gashes on his neck and his feet and hands numb with the frost. When he came within sight of the house it was in flames. Mrs. Finhart had set fire to the structure in several places, and the blaze was spreading rapidly.

Dashing into the fire, Finhart sought to rescue the crazed woman. He could not penetrate far and was forced to retreat. The house was destroyed.

Then he saw his wife on the road, making her way, wailing and moaning, toward the house of Chris Nelson, about half a mile distant. Finhart ran after her and found that she was fearfully burned.

Her fit of insanity seemed to have passed and she was taken to the house where her children were. She will die. Besides being badly burned, her feet were frozen. Her health is said to be the cause of her mental collapse. The Finharts are well to do and respected in the community.

LAI D TRAP FOR HENS.

Inordinate Fondness for Chickens Cost a Wolf, Which Had Been a Pet, His Life.

Jim Sturdevant, of Steam Hollow, Pa., walked into the county commissioner's office recently with a wolf's skin, claimed the bounty and told this remarkable tale:

The wolf, captured in Potter county, when a cub, had been raised in his home and was as tame as a dog. But he had one evil habit, he



JIM TELLS HIS STORY.

was fond of chickens, and would devour the farmer's poultry.

When the wolf's food was given him he would scatter it about him, and then lie down with his head on his paw, feigning sleep. Soon the hens would surround him to eat his food. Woe to the one that came within reach of his paw! She was devoured in a minute.

For this crime the wolf was condemned to die. Sturdevant fired a charge of shot at the beast, but only wounded him, and he ran to the woods. The farmer and his two men followed the animal two miles and shot him again. He crawled into a thicket, and the hunters, thinking he was dead, went home.

The next morning the wolf came to the kitchen door when the family were at breakfast, and scratched for admission. The farmer's son was delighted. He and the wolf were great friends, and together they had a happy time all day.

Sturdevant resolved to spare the wolf for the boy's sake, but the very next morning the beast set his trap for chickens and devoured two. The boy was filled with lead and the bounty claimed on his head.

THESE CROWS CROW.

Clarion of New Jersey Flock Is Caw-ouk-a-doodle-do.

Hunters Were Surprised When They Heard the Strange Call, But Scientific Men Say They Shouldn't Have Been.

A New Jersey correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean writes that James Lafferty and Samuel Byles were rabbit hunting recently in McFarland's swamp, up near Rocky hill. They didn't bag any game, and it was getting toward dusk when they came out of the swamp on the north and started to walk along the edge.

The crows were flying in from the fields for the night, but Lafferty and Byles didn't notice them particularly until they got to a knoll near the road, which is thick with underbrush and half-dead trees. Then their attention was drawn to four birds perched high up on the limbs of a weather-beaten sycamore. The crows, the Rocky hill hunters assert, were actually crowing, almost exactly like barnyard cocks. Their notes did not possess as much volume as those of a full-grown cock, but were a good deal better sample of crowing than many young roosters give when they are learning to use their pipes.

On paper the crows which Lafferty and Byles heard crowed something like this: "Caw-ouk-a-doodle-do."

It has been noticed that the crows in the swamp stay in two flocks, one living in the east end of the woods, and the other in the west, and it is thought that the crowing crows are getting together.

Now that the story has got around many incidents also are being recalled which are thought to have a bearing on the phenomenon. George Fennimore Washington, Joe McFarland's colored hired man, tells of an incident he saw last summer. He was scattering corn over a 20-acre lot near the woods, so that the crows, instead of pulling up the young plants and eat-



THEY ACTUALLY CROWED.

ing the soft kernels at the roots, would take the corn on the surface. As he was engaged in the work he saw a cock chasing a crow across the field. The crow, he said, would fly a little way and the cock, which was a brown leg-horn, would rush after it with wings spread out, neck extended, and feathers ruffled. The crow would wait until the cock got close and then would take to its wings again. Each time, as it sailed off, the rooster would stop and crow, and each time also the crow would answer in the cock's own language.

It is, according to a professor in the school of science at Princeton, not at all impossible for crows to crow.

"In my opinion," said the professor, "the song of a bird is not entirely the result of inherited characteristics. It is partly the result of imitation. A bird inherits its call note and a strong tendency to sing, but it builds up its song by imitation. In the case of the crow the call note is its regular caw. To acquire, in addition to this, the cry of the cock, it would probably have to have an environment especially adapted to the cultivation of the sound embodied in the cry. The Rock hill crows, if they are crowing, undoubtedly learned the cry originally in confinement. Whether their offspring under natural conditions also would acquire the cock cry by imitation is a question that is hard to answer."

The professor cited several instances that had come under his observation, where birds had learned their songs and calls by imitation, one instance being that of two orioles from the same brood that sang entirely different tunes; another of a bluejay that sang like a cardinal; another of a duck that imitated the call of the turkey, and a fourth of a blackbird that crowed like a bantam cock. The blackbird was hatched under a hen, and when young was shut up in a barn.

Plants Travelers.

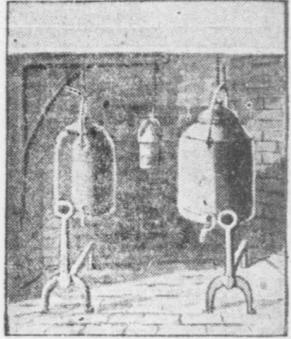
Plants travel to astonishing distances. The seeds stick to this or that article and are carried by ships, and by those that go down to the sea in ships, from one end of the world to the other. Sir Joseph Hooker relates a striking instance of this seed-carrying, which is perpetually going on. "On one occasion," he says, "landing on a small uninhabited island nearly at the antipodes, the first evidence I met with of its having been previously visited by man was the English chickweed, and this I traced to a mound that marked the grave of a British sailor, and that was covered with the plant, doubtless the offspring of seed that had adhered to the spade or mattock with which the grave had been dug."

MAS. BOWDOIN HALL.

Old Bowdoin Building Longfellow's Fire Cooked Many a Meal.

When the sons of Bowdoin gathered at the old college in Brunswick, Me., in June, on the occasion of the celebration of the completion of its first century of educational work, many a fading memory of schooldays was refreshed and many a good story brought again to mind by the sight of the ancient buildings that formed the college settlement in years long past, and that appear so shabby now among their new and handsome neighbors.

First in interest among these old structures is Massachusetts hall, the original building of Bowdoin, which, at the opening of the college in 1802,



FIREPLACE AT BOWDOIN. (Where Longfellow, When a Student, Cooked Many a Meal.)

housed the faculty, the eight students of the first entering class, the library and all the other belongings of the institution. This little brick building, says the New York Tribune, has a peculiar attraction for those who admire the poet Longfellow, for here, as a student, he roomed, studied and prepared his own meals. In a room on the first floor is an spacious fireplace, which has remained unchanged since the day the first logs blazed upon its broad hearth, and it was at this yawning gap in the old hall's chimney that Longfellow did his cooking.

Whether or not the poet was a good cook does not appear in any of the records of Bowdoin, but he had the best facilities then afforded at the college, the fireplace, with its turning spit, swinging crane to support the kettles and pots and its glowing beds of coals for broiling being considered superior to the stoves of those days. Strangely enough, no photograph was taken of the old fireplace until this summer, although thousands of visitors have called to see it, and until recently few outside the college have been aware of the interesting fact that it was once utilized by Longfellow for the toasting of bread and the browning of flapjacks.

CHIEF OF THE CREEKS.

Indian Statesman Who Was Respected by His People as Well as Government Officials.

Isparachar, the noted chief of the Creek Indians, who has just passed away in Okmulgee, Indian territory, at the age of 90, was probably the most remarkable full-blooded Indian of recent times. He was born in the old Creek nation in Alabama and went westward with his tribe. He fought in the Indian home guards. After the war he served as a judge of the Creek nation. Overthrown in 1833 by Chekottah, he organized a revolt which had to be put down by the United States



CHIEF ISPARACHAR. (Head of Creek Nation Who Has Just Died, Aged 90 Years.)

army. Thereafter he lived quietly with his people.

Isparachar weathered many storms in his long life, for his people have not been peaceable at all times, and he has had difficulty at times to keep the struggling elements together. He was six feet tall, weighed 200 pounds and was a full-blooded Indian. He lived in a boxlike hut in Indian territory. He was born in Alabama. He was elected chief of the Creek nation in 1895.

Has Things His Own Way.

The ameer of Afghanistan imagines himself one of the greatest men alive. He likes to have his own way in everything; and when he thinks it necessary to silence a disagreeable adviser whom he cannot convert to his views he cuts off his head. That settles him and makes other meddling disputants change their opinions at once, or emigrate.

Family Filled the Car.

A family of unusual size recently passed through Kansas en route from Iowa to Oklahoma. It was composed of Michael Streckendorfer, with 15 sons, two daughters, and grandchildren enough to almost fill a car.