#### ART IN BLACK AND WHITE and one which lingers pleasantly in the

Some Observations by Phil May, the Noted Cartoonist of Punch.

GLIMPSES OF HIS LUXURIOUS STUDIO

Scribbles a Portrait of Himself and Denounces the Law that Makes Caricaturing of Public Men a Punishable Offense.

LONDON, Aug. 1 .- The sirv and enterammatic author of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" has written that "Black and White in England Means Phil May," and the artistic world has fully endersed Mr. Whistler's opinion, which has taken his present position among the greatest comic artists of the age, ranking himself with Cruikshank, Leech, Keene, Tenniel and Du

Born at Leeds thirty-two years ago Mr. May began life as office boy to a lawyer, with, however, scant satisfaction to his employer, for the lad passed most of his time decorating the margins of the dull legal documents which it was his duty to transcribe, with witty sketches and caricatures of the clients. Sir Frank Lockwood, the celebrated advocate, himself no mean arist, was one of the first to discover young May's talent. Seeing him one day sketching in court during the Leeds' assizes he glanced over the lad's shoulder and at once perceived that he was a genius. A little time ago, in speaking of the death of Sir Frank. Mr. May told me that the kindly manner in which his early patron had praised these drawings had illumed his heart with the first rays of ambitious hope.

Having abandoned his legal aspirations young May became attached to a theatrical company at the stipend of 12 shillings and 6 pence a week, in return for which he designed posters and made himself generally useful. But tiring of this mode of life and feeling that there were greater possibilities within his reach at the age of 17 he set forth to seek his fortunes in London and was often without money to buy bed or

In 1884 Mr. May married, and in 1885 went to Australia to take a place on the staff of the Sydney Bulletin. He returned from the antipodes about seven years ago, and after spending some time in Rome, and residing for two years in Paris, where, by the way, he lived next door but one to Sara Bernhardt, he finally settled down in London, and from that time his career has been one of uninterrupted success.

#### As an Illustrator.

When Phil May first came from Australia, where his work had been somewhat buried, and began to break into the English papers every illustrator who saw his sketches perceived at once that a new force had appeared in the field. His style was unique and his ideas original. He had reduced the art of line drawing to the mathematical problem of using as few strokes of the pen as possible. So apparent was this that the untrained observer was inclined to characterize his work as "unfinished," whereas it has absolute finish, in that it represents the highest development of any art-telling something without superfluity.

This is the art of the story teller; should be equally that of the artist, and Mr. May possesses it in the highest possible degree. His ability to catch a type and put it on paper is little short of marvelous. Whether he depicts a cavalryman, longlegged and overcoated; a costermonger in buttons, with a beery leer on his face, or the wrinkled and aged children of Whitechapel, he places the complete picture before the eyes of his audience with the minimum of strokes. In fact, he suggests as much as he draws. For example, the Daily Graphic mend a sketch of the wharf of Yarmouth during the morning fish sale, and this, a half-page affair, was so full of life. types and even of values that it was practically a photograph in ink strokes.

As to originality of ideas, apart from the style he started, there has been no better example than his series of "On the Brain," showing the fads and foibles of prominent men coming out through the tops of their heads, after the "lids" of the skulls had been lifted off. That series, too, gave an inkling of his marvelous ability to catch a

After doing occasional sketches for Punch for about three years, he was taken on the staff of the paper, at an unusually large salary, and his sketches for this famous publication now constitute almost his exclusive journalistic work.

#### Mr. May at Home.

Recently I had three hours' talk with Mr. May, followed by a pleasant lunch with him and his charming wife, at his house, "Rowsin Holland Park road. Of this road, which is now the artistic

center of London, Lord Leighton said to me twenty-five years ago: Come and see me at Holland Park road

Val Princep and I have made it for our-A lane, which is still standing, was then

Leighton and Val Princep built there their houses were practically the only ones of which it boasted, so that they looked upon it as their own. Surrounded by green meadows and pleasant orchards, both mansions backed upon the famous park and residence of Lord Holland, a place still garlanded with all the fairest flowers of poetry, romance, literature and art, for, with few exceptions, every great man of that period, so rich in talent, had met at Holland house in the "salon" of its ambitious, if not always amiable, mistress, Lady Holland.

When Lord Leighton built his beautiful studio house, so often described, with its oriental splendor, its marble floors and fountains, its Moorish lattice work and priceles collection of pictures and bric-a-brac, Holland park still consisted of many broad acres, long since built over, and there were persons then living who remembered the time when bloodhounds were let loose in the park every night to guard it, a gun being fired to give warning that the leashes had been slipped.

Next to the Princep's dwelling stands Rowsley, a two-storied, red brick house, now famous as the home of Phil May. There is in all London no more deceiving residence than this. From the outside it beguiles one into the belief that it is very spacious, whereas save for the noble studio and a dining room of fair proportions, there are but three or four living rooms.

In the square entrance hall, cozy with oriental rugs and curtains, hang sketches by Dudley Hardy, Phil May, E. H. Abbey, American citizen, and Frank Burgoyne. To the left is the dining room, handsomely furnished in old oak. A portrait of Mrs. May and some admirable sketches by Longstaff, an Australian artist, adorn the walls, and, on the occasion of my visit, a white cat with a family of snowy kittens nestled cosily on the rug before a bright fire. But the studio was the bourne of my pilgrimage, a comparison, but he said: and thither I followed a smart maid servant up a narrow staircase, guarded at the top by a full suit of Japanese armor, after which found myself in the quaintest and most

beautiful of "workshops. The well-vaulted roof is crossed by heavy beams of dark oak and a gallery destined for an organ runs across one end of the room. Numerous posters by the great French artist Cherit, of whom Mr. May is of the two countries. I think it is almost a warm admirer; an abundance of Indian equal." tapestry, several fine skins, in one corner a carved wood screen of rare workmanship, the picture which has little or no appli-all placed with artistic effect and perfect cation to the reading matter, and upholds all placed with artistic effect and perfect taste, render the studio a picture in itself

The artist's wife, also born in Leeds, six conths later than her husband, is a graious and exceedingly pretty woman of meflum height, dainty figure, regular features, a delicately clear complexion, a sensitive, perfectly formed mouth, and that rare charm, a sweet smile; the idol of her husband and, as he himself declares, his 'right hand." A clear-headed business woman, to her be entrusts the entire management of his affairs. "If I do anything behind her back," laughed her husband, "It always turns out badly, so you see I have ome to consult her in all things."

Money in Art. I had a fixed purpose in making my call. wanted Mr. May's opinion on various subjects pertaining to his art, as well as some sketches drawn by himself, to illustrate an article. But I had a big contract on hand, so far as the sketches were concerned

"Sketches for an interview by Phil May whom I mentioned my desire. "Do you that the merest touch of Phil May's pencil s worth at least £10 in the market?" But I made the plunge after a little skir-

nishing, and out came my audacious request. To say that Phil May smiled is merely to combed straight across his forehead. Neither say that Phil May was there, for he smiles tall nor short, he is well built, the limbs all the time, but his face assumed an in- are trim and sinewy, the hands and feet tensely comical expression.

tion, tells all the story without marginal explanation. In a word, the joke in the drawing is his ideal.

discussed at length the idea which is somewhat prevalent in parts of the United States, that carlcaturing a public man should be made by law a misdemeanor, punishable by fine or imprisonment, as i libel.

"I should resent any interference with the liberty of the people in that respect,' he said. "Such a measure has never been talked of in England. It is not libel not slander to make a comic picture of a pub lie man. Exaggerating his physical pecu liarities is not the same as putting the story of his foibles or sins into print. The former is never done with the object of attacking the man; it is his principles which are under fire."

Mr. May had never heard of the measur recently brought before the New York legislature relating to caricatures, and was astonished that such a law had ever been conhimself!" exciaimed a mutual friend to templated. He stands firmly for the liberty of these animals roamed the state, says the of the press, and trusts to the artistic sense know what you are asking? Are you aware of proportion to prevent anything like plcture libel.

> The accompanying portrait speaks partly and pale, with dark hair cut very close and small and finely formed, the head well poised



MR. MAY AT WORK.

American papers? I am obliged to decline he looks his listener full in the eyes whilst their tempting offers every day. Principally he converses. because of my agreement with Punch, as I tions for any journal except the Graphic without Mr. Punch's permission. At the same time I am free to produce my own Annual. I also illustrate books, and when obtain permission. I do a certain amount of magazine work. At present I am engaged on sketches for a souvenir of 'The Little Minister' at the Haymarket theater. However. I do not mind doing you a representation of my own classic head." He thereupon took up pen and paper, and whilst he talked drew the picture which accompanies this article. It is a sketch not in any sense a caricature, despite the slight exaggeration of feature, but a portrait full of expression and character.

When we talked about comic art particularly, Mr. May said:

"I want to know just what you call comic art. I presume you mean that which is identified with John Leech Keene and Du Maurier in England, and with Frost in America. I call that comic art pure and simple. Frost is more purely comical than we are, I think, and he and Zimmerman the only approach to it, and when Lord are the best purely comic artists in the world. I do not consider myself purely comic: I have another side.

"I should say," he continued, "that the humor in American sketches is more ex-



aggerated than ours. At any rate, they make me laugh more. I think, however, that American comic artists are elaborate in their execution-too elaborate, perhaps, for my taste, but it is really difficult to compare the two countries in that respect, both being just about as good as they can be. I am dead against color in comic art, and do not like it because it tends to elaboration. A comic sketch ought not to be elaborated any more than a joke. That is the reason I so much prefer black and white for all my

humorous work." On the subject of English and American cartoon:, Mr. May is reticent. According to his idea, it is not an easy matter to make

"I am certain that no one ever has beaten Tenniel as a cartoonist, and 1 do not believe any one ever will. The best American cartoonist I ever knew was Livingstone Hopkins, now a resident of Australia and on the staff of my old paper, the Sydney Bulletin

"As to the apparent technical knowledge of their subject possessed by the artists

Mr. May does not hesitate to condemn the vogue of the sketch which, by its ac- treatment. For sale by all druggists.

Generous and kindly, unassuming in man am bound by contract not to do illustra- ner, unspoilt by his rapid success and constant adulation, it is not difficult to understand why Phil May is a universal favorite. 'As I said farewell and watched the artist nount his beautiful little horse, Punch, I thought of the dreary law office, the theatrical engagement at twelve and sixpence a week, the adventure of the cart, and I said

to myself: "Who shall dare say that genius will not come to the front, and that, too, in the old country, by its own inherent force?"

There is no better dinner wine than 'ook's Imperial Extra Champagne. It helps

#### ligest your food. THE ARNOLD KISS.

How Lieutenant Hobson Was Smacked by a St. Louis Summer Girl. The Arnold-Hobson kiss is now echoing along the corridors of fame. It happened at a Long Island seaside resort. Naturally all other girls thereabouts are jealous. But the men-well, they are willing to out-Hobson Hobson. They are in that condition pletured by Old Sport in the play, except they prefer the lips at first hand.

How it came about is thus explained by Miss Arnold: "Mr. Hobson was receiving to him, 'One would almost wish to be a child again.' Then he kissed me."

Isn't that touchingly pretty and roman tic? Guess yes. Even the average man. though not a hero, would not let a girl suffer. Certainly not a pretty one. And Miss Arnold is accounted the belle of beach. She in motion and not too tall in stature; she possesses abundant hair of a rich, reddish brown, which she wears simply arranged rolled back from a straight, white brow Her eyes are large and brown, and her complexion faultless. She is 22 years old. The news of the kiss was sent broadcast pictured and commented on, and brought few protests from other girls. Here are two samples sent to a New York editor:

"Sir: The young person who so far forgo herself and the reticence due her sex by behaving like a silly schoolgirl at the Hobson reception deserves a scoring, and a scoring she will get wherever sensible men and well behaved women are gathered together. Lieutenant Hobson has the sympathy of every

we saw that St. Louis girl kiss Lieutenant

Six American Girls." Miss Arnold is not worrying herself. circumstances.

Taken along to the Philippines. Those who have relatives and friends in the several expeditions to the Philippine the several expeditions to the Philippine islands will be pleased to know that a good supply of Chamberlain's Colle, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has been taken along and more will be procured from the agency in Hong Kong as required. The great sucess of this remedy in the treatment of bowel complaints has made it standard over the greater part of the civilized world. During the epidemic of cholera in Honelulu it proved more successful than any other

Under State Protection.

WANDERINGS OF ONE SMALL HERD

They Have Been Followed for Many Years-Hunters Have Been After Them Several Times-His-

tory Recounted.

The reports of the discovery of a large the northwestern part of Colorado, whose of Colorado who remember when great herds Denver Republican. W. N. Byers, who has followed the history of the few remaining men and I am glad I am home again, if herds of this state, says positively that the only to tell of them and to write about buffalo discovered are Colorado animals and them. To one of them I am sure I owe it of the personality of the man. He is spare that he has known of them for the last that I am home, that I am alive and able

here is only one other herd of wild buffalo who, despite his nativity, is as good an in the state, and that is the Lost Park herd. Mr. Byers has known of and followed the Frank Martinez is his name, and when he "Do you know," he said, "that I can get and the expression of the strongly marked history of this herd for the last thirty-nine almost any sum I choose to ask for my features frank and open. A bright smile years. He is very much interested in the cymbals in the band of the Thirteenth inwork, and especially for illustrations for lights up the interesting and boyish face as remaining buffalo in the state and urges fantry, U. S. A. remaining buffalo in the state and urges fantry, U. S. A. strongly that the state government give them the best possible protection from hunters. In speaking of the buffalo discovered near Steamboat Springs Mr. Byers said:

"I can give you positive information regarding those buffalo which will show you that they did not come from any other section of the country than that which they are ago as thirty-five years, to my knowledge. At that time they frequented the open part of the prairie and occasionally one or more of them were killed by white men or Indians.

"About 1865 or 1866 they were ranging about the mouth of the Troublesome river, ten miles below Hot Sulphur Springs. At 875 was an exceedingly severe one in the park and large quantities of snow fell, covring the country to a great depth. The of the Muddy river, which Fremont called the Milk river, about thirty miles north of

"In the latter part of this winter, when the snow was still very deep, the herd was discovered by a band of Ute Indians. The Indians attacked them in the deep snow and killed nearly the entire herd, a few mly escaping into the underbrush and in this way avoiding slaughter. In the spring of 1876 three or four men who had settled t Hot Sulphur Springs went up to where he buffalo had been killed and brought back everal loads of tallow from the carcasses of the dead animals. The men reported that the Indians had apparently surrounded the buffalo in the deep snow and had killed seventy or eighty on three or four acres of ground. The men thought that only a few f the herd had escaped.

"The buffalo were next seen on the headvaters of the Troublesome, fifteen or twenty miles from the place of the slaughter by he Indians. The Portor brothers, who had been buffalo hunters on the plains until the buffalo were exterminated, went into Middle park and turned their attention to kill ing game for the market. This was in 1877 or 1878. They found the little band of buf falo on the Troublesome and killed four or five of them. They brought the meat to Hot Sulphur Springs and attempted to sell it. Information was filed against them for killing the buffalo and a constable was sent o their camp to arrest them. They re sisted arrest and drove the constable away at the point of their revolvers. Soon after this they left the country, apparently from fear of prosecution under the game laws of the state in the district court, which was to convene soon thereafter at Hot Sulphur Springs.

"After the episode with the Portor broth ers the buffalo continued to range on the headwaters of the Troublesome and some of them crossed the mountain range into North park. Some of these were seen on the North park slope by Judge Spicer in the summer of 1883. He went up to capture some elk calves, and while there saw about ten buffalo, but supposed that there were more in the neighborhood.

"Soon after that prospectors invaded that section of the country in considerable numbers and their presence drove the buffalo west along the crest of the main range to the neighborhood of where these buffalo are reported to have been seen a few days ago. The last definite report that I have had of the herd was from a young man who was hunting there four years ago this coming fall. He reported having seen, I think, ten buffalo, and he also thought that there were others in the vicinity. That is the last definite report that I have had of them, but I have been given to understand that they are still in the same section of the country.

"It is very gratifying, if true, to learn that the herd has increased to sixty-two. and if it continues to be protected it is lot of children and kissing them. I said probable that it will continue to increase. It is not natural for small, isolated herds to grow much in numbers, the tendency being usually the other way. People who have had knowledge of this herd have not been inclined to publish the fact, but since the announcement has been made by the newspapers I am willing to give this brief hishas a plump, well-rounded figure, graceful tory of one of the two small buffalo herds roaming in a wild state in Colorado. They are being closely watched, and if any one is found hunting them or reported to have done so they will be prosecuted and punished to the full extent of the law."

#### THOSE REGULARS OF OURS. Their Splendid Manliness Amid the

Hardships of the Campaign. You swing so easily into the routine, the unrest, the perils and the fun of army life that you lose that most precious and essential thing a writer can have-and that is his point of view. Nothing seems strange or unusual to you any more, writes the war correspondent of the Chicago Journal. You woman who reads of his embarrassment, get used to hunting for your food and sleep-The young person who caused his confusion ing in the high grass and losing your toothught to be spanked and sent to bed. One brush and making paper caps for wounded such girl as she does more harm than a men and carrying gruel to the sick and tradregiment of Spaniards.-Alida B. Dunkord." ing a pinch of tobacco for half a hardtack "LONG BEACH, N. J., Aug. 4.-Sir: We and drinking from the same canteen that were at the Hobson reception right here and your negro servant drinks from. These things cease to be hardships and you cannot Hobson right before the whole parlor full of imagine that anybody would be interested in people. If she had felt as cheap as the rest their recital. Colonels and foreign attaches us did we guess she would not have done and authors who have delighted the English We think it was horrid of her and we speaking race with their work came to you don't think she ought to have her name for food or cook over your fire and drink in the paper for doing a thing like that .- sparingly from your canteen, and when your food gives out and when your fire is gone you get a return of favors. All this 'Well, I don't care," she exclaimed. "I'd makes for a perfect democracy of feeling. do the same thing again under the same The bluffer and the liar and the boaster doesn't retain the level he won amid the artificialities of civilization. And the good man, the generous, kind-hearted, helpful man, shines out in the most splendid colors. gets to be regarded as the direct ambassador of heaven, because all men during an active campaign in a strange ountry are so dependent one upon the

other. The spirit of helpfulness and kindness prevails all through the ranks of the recruited largely from idle, worthless and of Mr. Stanton under these circumstantes

often dangerous men, ex-convicts, tramps and the like of that. The people who said this may have been justified in what they said, but if they were, then to have lived Two Known to Exist and the Animals Are idly, worthlessly, perhaps wickedly, and to have been imprisoned, is a grand schooling in kindness of heart, unfliaching bravery generosity of spirit and simple, straight-

forward manliness.

What used to delight me particularly about these regulars was their unaffectedness. They never posed before you, whatever your attention, and by the same token they never imposed upon you. They were respectful always, and they were always quiet, deft, and willing. They seemed to have no nerves in the sense of ever being nervous, and no muscles in the sense of ever being tired. They lived quietly, and if herd of buffalo near Steamboat Springs in the occasion demanded it they died quietly. That was a curious fact. I never saw a appearance cannot be accounted for, have dying regular delirious. When it came to made interesting reading for old residents dying they maintained the same taciturn respectful attitude they assumed while liv-

Ah, they are the brave, silent, patient to acknowledge my debt to him. I shall Besides the herd near Steamboat Springs | not forget that little swarthy smiling Italian American as ever lifted his hat to the flag, isn't busy saving people's lives he plays the When the yellow fever broke out at Si-

some two or three miles back in the woods. Thither we who had the fever were taken and thither went Frank Martinez. There were between fifty and seventy-five of us, and he was our only nurse. Without him I do not know what we would have done, now in. These buffalo are the remnant of and yet he was such a little chap, and he a hera that ranged in Middle park as long bad never had the fever, and he was playing with his life in coming near us. He was always awake, always near at hand, always responsive to the faintest whimper of a sick man. There was no cot for him to sleep on and no room for it in the tents if there had been one. So he passed the nights on a box of hospital stores under a tree. I say he passed the nights because that time settlers were gradually moving I don't see how he could have slept through into the park and their advent drove the them. He was never caught sleeping by buffalo back into the hills and toward the any of that sleepless, restless crowd who western rim of the park. The winter of wanted something every hour of the day or night.

He helped us to wash our feverish bodies in the morning, he built the fires and pre buffalo were at that time on the headwaters pared the condensed milk, and buried the camp offal and ditched the tents and carried live coals to the smokers and water to the thirsty. He cheered us up with his merry laugh and his radiant face, and he fetched and carried and ran in rain and shine, in darkness and dawn. He never thought of himself; he would work for hours in dripping clothes, and when we would beg him to strip and wrap up in a blanket he would say: "No, I am too busy. Soon the sun will come, and it will dry me." Then he would rush away to build a fire or to raise the walls of a tent so that a breath of clean air could reach us and we could hear the water chugging in his shoes as he went to and

When I was released from the camp he threw his arms around me and for an instant held me close in his strong, kind arms Then he blessed me in the beautiful Italian manner, and I went my way. As the train slipped down the grade he stood in front of a tent waving goodby.

I could not see him plainly then, for the grateful tears blinded me, but as the days pass there are no tears when I think of him -only a great reverence and love-and so I can behold him clearly. He stands there on the green hillside, little and swarthy, and crect, blue circles of pain and weariness under his eyes, his face pinched and his hand shaking from lack of sleep.

That was my last sight of Frank Martinez. I do not know if he is living or dead. But and that men are rising up and calling him blessed.

And if he is dead-well, there's a land that is fairer than day, and for such as him was

LINCOLN AND STANTON DISAGREED.

Renewal of an Executive Order that the Executive Had Annulled. It was one of my duties in the War department to receive the reports of the officers of the secret service in every part of the country, writes Charles A. Dana in McClure's. The afternoon of the 14th-Good Friday-I got a telegram from the provost marshal in Portland, Me., saying: "I have positive information that Jacob Thompson will pass through Portland tonight, in order to take a steamer for England. What

are your orders?" Jacob Thompson of Mississippi had been secretary of the interior in President Buchanan's administration. He was a conspicuous secessionist, and for some time had been employed in Canada as a semidiplomatic agent of the confederate government, organizing all sorts of troubles and getting up raids, of which the notorious attack on St. Albans, Vt., was a specimen, I took the telegram and went down and read it to Mr. Stanton. His order was "Arrest him!" But as I was goprompt: ing out of the door he called to me and said: 'No, wait; better go over and see the president."

At the White House all business was over and I went to the president's business room without meeting any one. Opening the door there seemed to be no one in the room, but as I was turning to go out Mr. Lincoln called | me from a little side room, where he was washing his hands:

"Hello, Dana!" said he. "What is it? What's up? Then I read him the telegram. 'What does Stanton say?" he saked.

"He says arrest him, but that I should refer the question to you." "Well." said he slowly, wiping his hands, 'no: I rather think not. When you have got an elephant by the hind leg and he's trying to run away it's best to let him

With this direction I returned to the War department. "Well, what says he?" asked Mr. Stanton.

"He says that when you have got an elephant by the hind leg and he is trying to run away it's best to let him run." "Oh stuff!" said Stanton.

That night I was awakened from a sound sleep with the news that Mr. Lincoln had been shot and that the secretary wanted me at a house on Tenth street. I found the president with a bullet wound in the head, lying unconscious, although breathing heavily, on a bed in a small side room, while all the members of the cabinet and the chief justice with them, were gathered in the adjoining parlor. They seemed to be almost as much paralyzed as the unconscious sufferer within the little chamber. The surgeons said there was no hope, Mr. Stanton alone was in full activity.

"Sit down here," said he, "I want you." Then he began and dictated orders, one after another, which I wrote out and sent swiftly to the telegraph. All those orders were designed to keep the business of the government in full motion until the crisis should be over. It seemed as if Mr. Stanton thought of everything, and there was a great deal to be thought of that night. The extent of the conspiracy was, of course, unknown, and the borrible beginning which had been made naturally led us to suspect the worst. The safety of Washington must be looked after. Commanders all over the country had to be ordered to take extra precautions. The people must be notified of regular army. I can remember the time the tragedy. The assassins must be capwhen I used to hear that our regulars were tured. The coolness and clear-headedness

Mr. Lincoln lay dying. remained with Mr. Stanton until perhaps 3 o'clock in the morning. Then he said, "That's enough; now you may go." When I left the president was still alive. breathing heavily and regularly, though, of se, quite unconscious. I went home and to bed. About So'clock I was awakened by a rapping on the lower window. It was Colonel Pelouze d the adjutant general's office, who said: "Mr. Dans, the president is dead, and Mr. Stanton directs you to arrest Jacob Thompson."

#### THE WHISKERS LEAGUE.

How it Rose, Flourished and Fell on the Way from Omaha. The Whiskers league is the unusual title of a "dreibund" which was formed and last Sunday during the period occupied in making the return trip from the Omaha exposition to Kansas City. The members of employed in one of Kansas City's commission houses, and the story of their brief allience is told by one of them in the Kansas City Journal.

Omaha," said he, "without getting on a boney an isolation samp was established pretty good 'skate,' and, of course, after we got started we had to do something to enliven the journey. It didn't take long to form the league and draw up constitution and by-laws, which were to the effect that every man wearing a beard who came into league disbanded." the car was to be accosted by each of us in turn, and inform him that he had caught a straw or something in his whiskers. We drew lots to decide the order in which we should begin our campaign, and agreed to change the order on each new man, for we still had sense enough to know that, while the first one of us might be thanked graciously for his kindness, the last one others. The result is kept a strict secret, change the order on each new man, for we would be running the risk of receiving bodily harm.

"Well, Batt had to start it, and I came second. The train was just leaving a little station, when a big, old farmer with a thick brown beard squeezed his way through the door and began looking down the car, over

were most remarkable. I remember that the tops of other people's heads, for a vaccint one of the first telegrams was to General seat. He didn't find any, of course, and Dix, the military commander of New York. Datt edged up to him and remarked that the notifying him of what had happened. No car was crowded. There was nothing in clearer brief account of the tragedy exists that remark to arouse the farmer's sustoday than this, written scarcely three hours picions, and when Batt apologized for takafter the scene in Ford's theatre, on a little ing the liberty, but informed him that there stand in the room, where, a few feet away, was something caught in his whiskers, his services were very gratefully acknowledged, After another pleasantry or two Batt disappeared in the crowd. It was my turn

> next. "I got in range of the agriculturist and asked him some question about the country we were passing through, and how the crops were, and then, glancing at his bushy chin covering, said: 'Excuse me, sir, but there straw hanging to your heard."

"A what? asked the old man, rather suddealy backing off to get a better view of me, and at the same time brushing suspiiously at the imaginary straw. I didn't wait to explain, but resigned my place to Herrick, who was getting anxious to distinguish himself. We watched the old man carefully inspecting his offending lilacs over by the window, and then Herrick made his debut. He ventured some commonplace reflourished and fell on a Burlington train mark or other, which the old man didn't potice, and then, deftly touching his hirsute ornamentation, excused himself with the remark that it was just a piece of string that the league were three telegraph operators | had blown in at the window. The farmer squared himself. " Looky here, young feller, do you be-

long to that dodgasted gang of unlicensed whiskers inspectors that's infestin' this You see, we couldn't think of leaving train? He didn't say any more, but he closed with a swift gesture that Herrick was able to only partially dodge, as one of the old man's horny knuckles peeled off a strip of hair just above his ear "The next man wearing a beard who en-

tered the car was the conductor, and the

#### Woodworkers Stand Firm.

OSHKOSH, Wis., Aug. 15 .- The predicted break in the ranks of the striking wood-workers did not occur this morning, as exected, and the mill men are correspond but no developments have occurred.

Crops Destroyed by Hall. FARGO, N. D., Aug. 15 .- A hailstorm lestroving 20,000 acres of grain has swept over the western part of Foster and Eddy countles. The crops of many farmers are a

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Purity, Perfect Brewing, Proper Age, Giving piquancy, zest, satisfaction, true refreshment.



# ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N

"NOT HOW CHEAP: BUT HOW GOOD"

Is the Association's Guiding Motto. Good, pure, clear, healthful Beer, made of selected grains, costs more to make than the indifferent kinds, therefore commands a higher price. Anheuser-Busch Beer is served on all Pullman and Wagner Dining and Buffet Cars, all Ocean and Lake Steamers, and in all the best Hotels, Cafes, Clubs, and families.

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### The Omaha Bee's

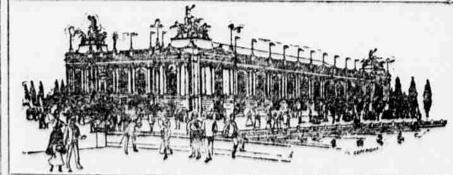
**べんきんんんんんんんんんんんんんんんんんんんんんんんんんんんんんんん** 

## Photogravures of the Exposition

No Exposition has excelled the Trans-Mississisippi in architectural splendor and artistic beauty-yet before the snow files it will be only a memory, were it not for the aid of the photographer's art. In all its varied beauty, the splendor of the Grand court and the fun of the Midway-all the many scenes of the Exposition have been re-

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5-Scene in Streets of All Naflons. Grand Court, Looking West. 7-Hagenback's on Children's

8-Grand Court, Looking Southwest. 9-Fine Arts Building. 10-Nebraska Building. 11-Grand Court, Looking East. 12-Section of Fine Arts Hidg. 13-Grand Court at Night. 14-Main Entrance Horticultur-

### at Building. 15—Scene on North Midway. 16—Marine Band at Grand Plaza. 3 For 10 Cents With a Bee Coupon.

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