

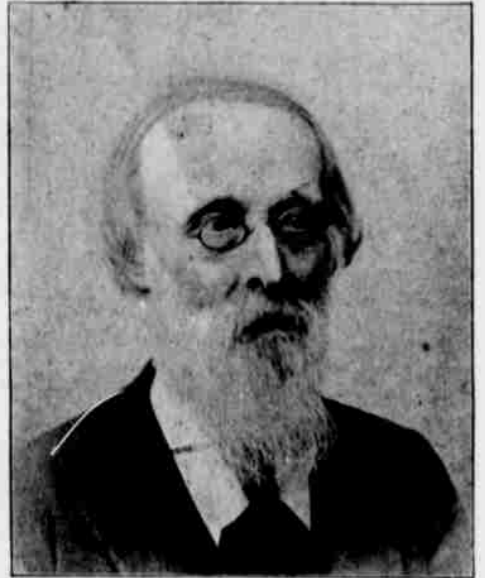
OMAHA ILLUSTRATED BEE.

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 "Editor Omaha Illustrated Bee, Omaha."

Pen and Picture Pointers

Among the Boer sympathizers in America none are so outspoken in their expressions as the Irish-Americans and the various meetings and hospital subscriptions in the interest of the Boer cause have found many of their chief promoters among this class of our citizens. The recent meeting in Omaha for the benefit of the Boer hospital fund gave prominence to Miss Maud Gonne, who has been devoting herself largely to this work and who addressed the meeting while in Omaha. On her several visits to this city Miss Gonne has taken special pains to make a visit to the grave of General John O'Neill, the great Irish leader, who was buried in the Holy Sepulcher cemetery here. Our frontispiece shows Miss Gonne laying a floral tribute in honor of this great Irish patriot.

The withdrawal of Fred Hedde from the editorship of the Grand Island Independent means the retirement of one of the veteran editors of Nebraska. Mr. Hedde was born in Schleswig-Holstein, September 11, 1818, and is now in his 82d year. He has been one of the most constant and consistent champions of anti-monopoly in the state. He started the Anti-Monopolist in the beginning of 1883 and at the end of that year bought the Weekly Independent, published at Grand Island, and established the Daily Independent at the beginning of 1884. In his valedictory he says: "After long years of work and expense my age and doubtful health have advised me to step out of the place which with work and care taxed my strength too much. I shall always thankfully remember the kind-



FRED HEDDE, THE VETERAN EDITOR OF GRAND ISLAND, JUST RETIRED.

ness and assistance my friends have given me through days of sickness as well as of health, knowing that I am forever greatly obliged to them, and I hope they are convinced that during the seventeen years of my newspaper life in Grand Island I have done my duty as well as I could. I am sorry that the results were not greater, but the obstacles were too great and I shall continue in the future trying to accomplish a little more as circumstances will permit. I do not go out of public life, but I give up the conduct of the paper. I shall be a good citizen as long as I live." Editor Hedde may be certain that he retires with the good will of friends and acquaintances throughout the entire state and particularly of the newspaper fraternity, of which he has been an honored member.

The Bee takes pleasure in presenting the portrait of Judge G. S. Robinson of Sioux City, Ia., who has been recently appointed a member of the Iowa State Board of Control by Governor Shaw, after considerable contention over the place. Judge Robinson is a man who stands high in his profession and in the community in which he lives and is recognized by all as a happy choice for the place which involves such great responsibility and requires energy and ability.

Few people understand how widespread is the interest which attaches to the letters written by Frank G. Carpenter for The Bee during his present tour of the Philippines and the far east. The number of new subscribers who write for back issues containing the earlier installments of this series is steadily increasing. These letters are intensely interesting and promise to grow better as they go on. We are sure that no other one feature of The Bee suits so many different classes of the public.

The election which has just passed off in Omaha resulted in an overwhelming victory for the republican candidate for mayor and substantially the entire ticket, notwithstanding the fact that it took place in the worst days of March and under weather conditions ordinarily adverse to republican success. The scenes at the polls give a good picture of life as it is in a great city and The Bee



RECENT CHARITY FAIR AT SEWARD, NEB.

will reproduce several photographs made at the voting places election day in its next issue.

New departures in athletics and outdoor sports take their hold in America in the east first and work their way westward. The game of golf, which has been popular in the east for several years, promises to be on the crest of its popularity in the west during the coming season. The number of golf devotees in Omaha and vicinity is increasing steadily and we are sure they will be pleased with the article accompanying the illustrations of the North Omaha golfers, who have been practicing the game on links near Kountze park.

About Noted People

Not long ago a public man who had been made the central figure in a rather cutting cartoon complained to Mark Hanna about the illustration, saying he was half inclined to sue the paper for \$25,000 damages on account thereof. "I wish you would," said the burly Ohio boss. "If you can get \$25,000 for that picture it will insure my getting about \$25,000,000 for all the cartoons that have been printed about me."

Only one man in American history—Justin S. Morrill of Vermont—had a longer public career than that to which John Sherman can point. Mr. Sherman was for forty-three years prominent in national office. He was secretary of the whig convention which nominated Taylor for president in 1848. His career on the national stage began with the birth of the republican party in 1854, when he was first elected to congress.

Secretary Porter has just had completed, at great expense to himself, a valuable collection of crayon portrait photographs of his predecessors at the White House. These portraits were worked up in crayon from photographs secured by Secretary Porter from all quarters and in all kinds of ways. The enlarged crayons will be hung in Secretary Porter's office, and in the years to come will be increased by the faces of future secretaries.

Judge Henry Clay Caldwell of Arkansas, who is talked of as a running mate for Bryan, was appointed to the United States district court of Arkansas by Lincoln in 1864 and held the place for twenty-six years. He was made a circuit court judge by President Harrison. He was born in West Virginia, but grew up in Iowa, and was colonel of the Third Iowa cavalry in the war of the rebellion.

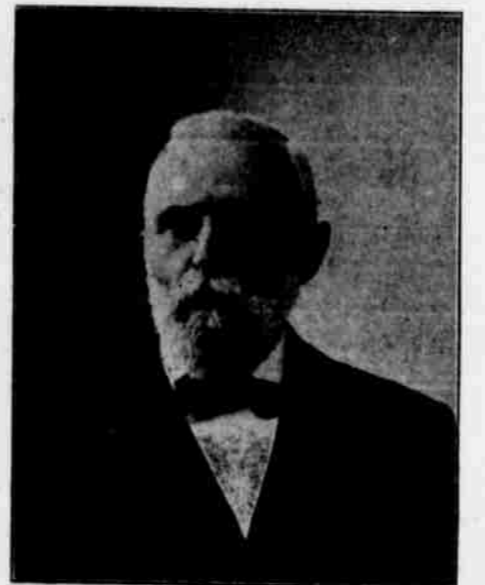
How little Ruskin was known among the people in the lake country of England, where he passed so much of his time, is illustrated by this incident: A London tourist entered a book store at Brantwood and asked of the female attendant if Ruskin's books were in great demand. She answered in the negative, adding that the people thereabouts didn't seem to trouble much about "the old gentleman who only had a clean collar once a week."

Maurus Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, has resigned the presidency of the Hungarian union. In the letter of resignation he states that all calls for support made by the union on the Roman Catholic prelates and nobles have been fruitless, and he can only believe the refusal is due to their disapproval of him personally, a belief which has been strengthened by the declaration recently made in the upper house by a member of the clerical party that the Catholic clergy is not only not permitted to support non-Catholic individuals in their public career,

but it is its duty to oppose them with all possible power.

John H. Macomber, chaplain, U. S. A., who has just been retired on account of age, first left the life of a civilian in 1862, when he enlisted as a private in the First Vermont Heavy Artillery. He served in the civil war with such gallantry that he earned successive promotions, passing through the ranks of corporal, sergeant and first lieutenant. At the battle before Petersburg he was shot through the body and severely wounded in the head, and was later brevetted captain for gallant and meritorious service. He became a chaplain in the regular army in 1880, being stationed at that time at Fort Custer, Mont. In 1887 he was transferred to Fort Sherman, Idaho, and in 1893 he was sent to Angel Island. During the last year he has been stationed at the Presidio.

"Twenty years ago," says the Chicago Tribune, "Charles M. Schwab went to work in the Carnegie Iron works at Pittsburg as stake driver at a salary of \$1 a day. Now he is president of the Carnegie Steel company, limited, and draws a salary larger than that of the president of the United States. And he is only 37 years old. As the executive head of the great Carnegie interests Mr. Schwab is just now prominent in the public eye. He was born in Pennsylvania, and had only a common school education. At 15 years of age he went to work, and he does not believe in a college education for a business man. For a year or two he drove a mail wagon and clerked in a grocery store. In his 17th year he got a job with the Carnegie company. His first work was to drive stakes for the foundation



G. S. ROBINSON, NEWLY APPOINTED MEMBER OF IOWA STATE BOARD OF CONTROL.

of a new building. His rise was so rapid as to be phenomenal. He became chief engineer in 1887, general manager a little later, and in 1896 a partner in the company. Years ago he was offered a salary of more than \$50,000 a year to go to England and take charge of some English iron and steel works. This offer he declined at once."

Reflections of a Bachelor

New York Press: Every manly man is a boyish one. Nothing helps a man sometimes so much as a hindrance. When a woman cries it relieves her; when a man cries it shocks him. A man may manage to get a woman with-

out lying, but he can't keep her long without it.

No man can entirely fill a woman's life. The average man hasn't been married six months before his wife gets to taking candy to bed with her.

If man hugged his delusions as long as woman does he would never hug woman. A clever girl is very seldom pretty. That is generally the reason why she is clever.

An old bachelor is the only one who never fails to get a lot of satisfaction out of marriage.

A girl almost always has objections either to a man's business position or his family connections—till he asks her.

When a woman quarrels with a man she may admit that she was to blame, but she will always claim it was all his fault that she was.

Bunch of Short Stories

The first candidate in a Georgia election rose and said: "I fought for you, my friends, and today the bones of my right arm are bleaching among the hills of Tennessee."

The second candidate followed with: "My left leg, friends, lies listless in the shadows of the Virginia vales."

"Both of my legs," said the third candidate, "are in the Mississippi."

Then the fourth man rose and said: "I went through the war without a scratch. Here are two strong arms to uphold your rights and two live legs to kick until you get 'em."

The acting vice president of the United States, Hon. W. P. Frye of Maine, is something of a joker. In the March issue of Success he is described as utterly impervious to the allurements of the magazine man.

A representative of a leading magazine offered him \$400 for an article to be written by him in a reminiscent vein.

"Tisn't enough," declared the senator.

"How much more?" asked the pleader.

"Twenty thousand dollars." The magazine editor nearly fainted.

"And then," chuckled the wretch, "I wouldn't write it."

"Whenever I buy anything," said Mr. Russell Sage, in telling the story, "I make it a rule to talk with the salesman. I am a member of a great many different boards of directors in a great many lines of investment and I often find this information of great service. Some time ago I went into a large clothing store to buy a suit of clothes at a low price that I had seen advertised. I bought the clothes for \$14, I think, and in talking with the clerk I found the lot had been sent to his store from a big manufacturing concern to be sold on commission. I got them for less than cost. Now, I have kept a general store and understand that business and there is no money in that sort of thing.

"A few weeks afterward this manufacturing concern applied to one of the banks I am connected with for a large loan. Their credit was apparently all right, but on the strength of what I had learned I held up that loan and a short time later the concern failed."

Speaker Henderson is extremely quick at repartee—almost as noted in this regard as his predecessor. His shafts, however, lack the biting irony of Mr. Reed's, says Leslie's Weekly, and he never makes a point at the expense of wounding some one. At one of Mrs. Henderson's recent receptions there were among the visitors two sisters, whose striking resemblance to each other and their mother is widely commented upon. "How much Mrs. X. and Mrs. W. look

alike," remarked the speaker to Mrs. Henderson. "Which is the handsomer?" spoke up some one standing nearby, much to the embarrassment of the ladies. Quick as a flash Mr. Henderson turned to the mother of the women in question, a noted belle in her time and still a woman of much beauty. "Their mother is more beautiful than either," said the speaker, gallantly, than which there could have been no happier reply.

Senator Mason is a ready and captivating speaker, says a Washington letter. He is a wit and can construct an epigram as well as John J. Ingalls, William J. Bryan or Jonathan P. Dolliver. I never saw him disconcerted but once. It was this way:

The senate was considering the internal revenue features of the Dingley bill, and Lindsay had offered an amendment, taxing wood alcohol. The protectionists with characteristic hypocrisy said that alcohol was a raw material, and they regarded it strange that a democrat should wish to tax it. Lindsay retorted that wool also was a raw material, but that he saw no disposition on the republican side to leave wool on the free list.

And then Lindsay proceeded to make a sledge-hammer argument such as only he could make in all that senate. Mason addressed the chair: "Mr. President, will the senator from Kentucky permit me to ask a question?" And then a colloquy something like this occurred:

Lindsay—Certainly, I will hear the senator's question.

Mason—Is not the tax on spirituous liquors based on the fact that they are luxurious?

Lindsay—I think so.

Mason—I will ask the senator if wood alcohol is a beverage?

Lindsay—I understand it is—in Chicago.

The big Kentuckian was as solemn as a clock when he sent that shot, but the senate threw dignity to the winds and laughed audibly. Mason fell into his chair and laughed, too. It was the first time he was ever completely knocked out.

Pointed Paragraphs

Chicago News: Luck seldom comes when you expect it.

The surest way to get along in life is to grow old.

A horsey man and a nagging woman make a well-matched pair.

Catch-as-catch-can is the matrimonial motto of some girls.

There is a strong resemblance between the onion and the leek.

Time never hangs heavy on the hands of a boy with his first watch.

A run on a theater enriches it, but a run on a bank is somewhat different.

If there weren't so many mean men in this



RECENT MEETING OF POPULIST NATIONAL COMMITTEE AT LINCOLN—NEWTON GRESHAM OF TEXAS—Photo by U. G. Cornell.

world fewer good men would be under suspicion.

Actions speak louder than words. Lots of men never say die—but they all do it sooner or later.

A woman's idea of a perfectly lovely hat is one that looks to a man as though a cyclone had struck it.

Some girls do not appreciate the offer of a man's hand in marriage unless it holds a well-filled pocketbook.

The earth has a revolution every twenty-four hours, but in some countries they inaugurate one twice a day.

Some men are never satisfied. After having their limbs broken, head smashed, etc., they go to law and try to get further damages.