

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 The Illustrated Bee, Omaha."

Pen and Picture Pointers

A very good likeness of the York High school track team is presented in this edition of The Illustrated Bee. This is the team that defeated the Omaha High school team recently at the interscholastic field day at Lincoln. The York boys are all youngsters and their showing at Lincoln was a surprise to all. The 220-yard hurdle and running broad jump records for the state are now held by the York team.

The picture in this column is that of Mr. John Moser, one of Ashland's business men. It represents him as he appears with his latest catch—a fine catfish weighing fifty-two pounds. Mr. Moser is one of those fortunate individuals who generally land whatever he goes after, whether it be the finny tribe or the festive water fowl. Moser's luck is one of the bywords in Ashland and the accompanying illustration is a sample of it. The fine catfish that he has in hand was caught in Salt creek.

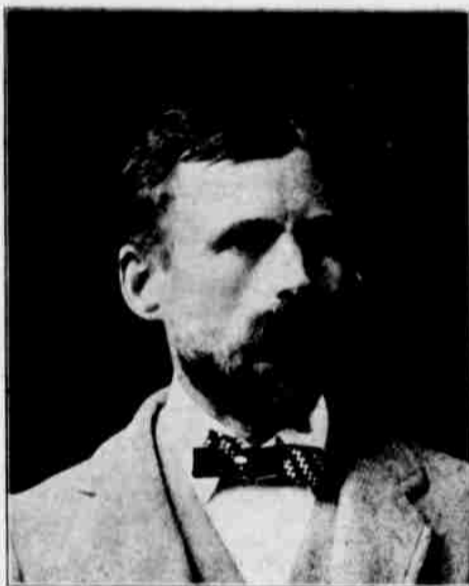
Rather slender, of about the middle height, quietly clad, with a strong, thoughtful, bearded face, the manner suggesting the scholar—that is George Horton, the literary critic and author of "The Unspeakable Turk," a story depicting life in the European Orient, now appearing in The Sunday Bee.

Mr. Horton is 41. He became a writer through what might almost be termed an accident. Like a large proportion of the present generation of American literary men he was a country boy, the village of Fairville, in Wayne county, New York, being his birthplace. He took his degree at the University of Michigan and immediately after graduation went to California, where he taught for some time in the public schools. The years spent in this way were years of growth and valuable experience to Mr. Horton, but it became clear to him eventually that the instructor's calling was not the ideal one for him and he decided to give it up and come east. He brought with

this led to a talk with the driver. He said so many interesting things that Horton forthwith wrote out a report of the talk which he headed "Sunstroke of Horses" and took it to the office of the Chicago Daily Herald. It was fresh, timely, written in unconventional style, and it pleased the city editor so well that Horton was at once made a member of the city staff. At first his duty was that of night police and fire reporter, and, with the exception of six years, he has been connected with the Chicago Herald ever since. These six years were passed in Greece, whither he was sent as consul by President Cleveland.

As a consul Mr. Horton was highly successful, largely because he began to study the language and character of the modern Greeks immediately upon his arrival in the country. His mastery of the language is remarkable. He was able to converse fluently with a Greek knowing no tongue save his own in a surprisingly short time; before ending his sojourn in Athens Mr. Horton had acquired the accent and native idioms so completely that he was often taken for one of their own by the Greeks themselves.

From time to time he made trips to the interior of the little kingdom, and in that way familiarized himself with the habits and customs of the people. Naturally, his close study of language and conditions, primarily undertaken that he might perform his consular duties acceptably, has been of great benefit to him when writing on Grecian topics, and no one can read any of his books without perceiving that he knows his ground thoroughly. His novel, "Constantine," indeed, was written in the Greek and originally appeared as a serial in the Athens Asty, where it was read with great interest. In Athens, also, he wrote, "In



GEORGE HORTON—FOR SIX YEARS UNITED STATES CONSUL AT ATHENS—AUTHOR OF "THE UNSPEAKABLE TURK."

Unknown Seas," a little volume of verse which elicited remarkable praise from William Dean Howells in the columns of Harper's Weekly, and drew from the late Mr. Gladstone a letter congratulating the author upon his "true gift." "Aphroessa, a Legend of Argolis," was also written in Athens and published in London, where it met with pronounced success. "Constantine" followed in English in book form and then "A Fair Brigand," both as a serial in the London Gentlewoman and in book form. This last work has been on the market only a short time, but, judging from advance sales, it promises to be a really popular success in England.

Mr. Horton is now the literary editor of the Chicago Times-Herald. Besides his more serious productions he has written much short verse and a number of these "fugitive" pieces were collected in and printed for private circulation by his friends in 1892 under the title of "Songs of the Lowly." When Mr. Cleveland was succeeded in the White House by Mr. McKinley a concerted effort was made to have Mr. Horton retained as consul to Greece, the effort taking the form of a memorial to the president, signed by William Dean Howells, Edmund Clarence Stedman, James Whitcomb Riley, Richard Watson Gilder and many others well known in literary circles but the exigencies of politics demanded a change and William McKinley of Wisconsin was made consul to Greece in Mr. Horton's place.

Among Mr. Horton's pleasantest recollections are those of some time spent with Walt Whitman not long before the good gray poet's death. He had seen some of Mr. Horton's verses in a Camden newspaper and wrote the author, asking for the visit. Mr. Horton's latest story soon to be published is entitled "The Unspeakable Turk." He gathered the material for it during a visit to the island of Crete just after the Mohammedan uprising. The Christian quarter of Canea had been burned by the Moslems and the smoke was still rising from its ruins, in which the Christians were searching for the bodies of relatives and friends on the day of his arrival.

Mr. Horton has made as close study of Grecian and Cretan history as of the people and the language of today. The main incidents in "The Unspeakable Turk" are historical, but the theme of the story is love and the plot is purely imaginative. Mr. Horton maintains his familiarity with the ancient classics by reading a little of the old writings every day. His favorite authors are Theocritus, Mimnermus and Pindar. He has spent much time over Sappho and his translation of the poet's



ROSIE AND MAMIE LANK, OMAHA—JUVENILE VIOLINISTS, AGED 7 AND 9 YEARS—Photo by Lancaster.

major fragment called out a letter of commendation from Andrew Lang, the well known critic.

Stories About Preachers

Dr. Patton, president of Princeton university, is more noted for the logic of his sermons than the wit of his speeches. But he can be humorous on occasion, says the Saturday Evening Post. In an after-dinner speech, discussing the advisability of advocating local prohibition in Princeton, he said: "Local prohibition would only create a market for corkscrews." Last summer he decided to shave off his side whiskers, which he had worn for many years. After shaving on the left side he went to his bedroom, where his wife was sitting, and said: "My dear, I shaved off one side. If you like it I'll shave the other."

Clergymen of the past often had traits of individuality which are perhaps not so common at the present day. Archbishop Sumner was once holding a confirmation in an English parish church when he observed that a number of persons were standing in the aisle, although several pews were empty. He stopped the service and asked the reason. "The pews are private property," answered a man, "and they're shut up."

"There can be no such thing," said the bishop authoritatively. "Let the pews be opened."

"We can't open 'em," shouted one.

"Is there a locksmith here?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Very well. Let him remove the locks. A hymn shall be sung meanwhile."

So the locks were removed, the audience seated itself and the confirmation went on.

A Protestant friend of Archbishop Ireland and an admirer of his many fascinating qualities was struck one day at finding a gray haired priest whom he well knew to be an exceedingly learned and able man officiating in a small parish in one of the country districts.

"How is it, your reverence," he asked, "that so wonderfully capable a man is kept laboring in so unproductive a field as that in which I find him?"

"Ah," retorted the archbishop, rubbing his hands and smiling in the unctuous manner peculiar to him. "Ah, my dear friend, the very man for the place—the very man for the place."

There was a moment's pause and then the archbishop added, as though from an afterthought, "and the very place for the man, my dear sir—the very place for the man."

The right reverend gentleman's non-Catholic friend afterwards found that he had unwittingly discovered an example of

church discipline. The learned priest in the country parish was undergoing what is known in ecclesiastical circles as "a vacation in the woods."

In reciting the experiences of "A Missionary in the Great West" Rev.

Cyrus Townsend Brady tells this anecdote in the Ladies' Home Journal:

"The train on which we were riding rushed around a curve and we came in sight of the Missouri river. My little nephew clapped his hands and exclaimed: 'Oh, uncle, see the river, see the moon shining on those things in the water. What are they?'"

"Those are sand bars," I replied, "and that is a miserable sort of a river anyway, my boy."

"Yes," said the brakeman, "I heard a man say 'other day there were just two things God A'mighty didn't take no notice of; they were too wicked for him. One was Kansas City and the other the Missouri river.'"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"

"The Missouri river,"



DAVE AND HATTIE LEWKEWIZ—WINNERS OF THE CAKE WALK PRIZE AT OMAHA POLICEMEN'S PICNIC.

first prolonged vacation that he has taken in fifty years of prominent service in railway affairs. He has visited the Holy Land, penetrated the upper regions of the Nile, made an exhaustive study of railway methods in southeastern Europe and spent a month at the Paris exposition.

The shah of Persia, who is making a tour of Europe, will pay his respects to Queen Victoria early in July. This is the monarch who on a former visit to England expressed a desire to witness an execution at Newgate prison. No subject being on hand, the oriental monarch courteously offered any member of his suite to serve as an object lesson. He was disappointed, because the officials of the jail declined with thanks his courteous offer.

Hugh L. Shepard of the senior law class at Harvard has broken all records in taking examinations. He passed eleven in June, receiving the honor grade of B in each. The law courses at Harvard are by many regarded at the most difficult in the country and the ordinary student thinks he has done well if he takes five in a year. Mr. Shepard, who hails from Kansas, Mo., worked his way through college doing odd jobs, tutoring, etc., which makes his success all the more wonderful.

Pointed Paragraphs

Chicago News: Getting up a concert is a sound undertaking.

A soft corn is nearly always a hard thing to bear.

Better throw stones at random rather than idle words.

Sunday is a day of strength; the other six are weak days.

Your deposit in the savings bank is an object of interest.

When the mist turns to rain the umbrella is very often missed.

Wise is the individual who backs his friends and faces his enemies.

Steam may be a good servant, but it occasionally blows up its master.

If a stitch in time saves nine, that solitary stitch must also be a time saver.

You have doubtless observed that it is only sensible people who agree with you.

An old bachelor says the greatest curiosity ever discovered was found in a woman.

Theory may be well enough in its way, but lawyers and physicians prefer practice.

Hope is faithfully portrayed in the wag of a dog's tail when he is waiting for a bone.

One-fourth of what a man eats enables him to live—and the other three-fourths enables his physician to live.

Many a good man's reputation is due to the fact that he gives publicly and steals privately.

A Mean Reporter

Philadelphia Press: Mr. Hilton—Here's a description in the paper of the gown you wore at last night's affair.

Mrs. Hilton—The impudence! I told that reporter he mustn't do it; that if he must say anything he might simply say I was clothed in my right mind.

Mr. Hilton—Very clever of you, dear.

Mrs. Hilton—Yes, I fancy it took him down a bit. But what does the paper say? I hope they got it right.

Mr. Hilton—It says: "Mrs. Hilton's gown was a wonderful creation in very fine gauze."



REPRESENTS FOUR GENERATIONS.
Mrs. George Sparks, Sioux City;
Mrs. M. C. Long, great-grandmother, Council Bluffs; Mrs. H. P. Niles, grandmother, Sioux City;
(Baby Lucille Sparks.)



JOHN MOSER, ASHLAND, Neb.—WITH HIS LATEST CATCH.

him the models of several toys which he had invented and patented. He had such faith in these contrivances as profit makers that he used up virtually all the money he had saved while school teaching in attempting to manufacture them and place them on the market. But for some reason the enterprise couldn't be made to work and though it went against the grain he finally gave it up, deciding to go west again and perhaps resume his place as school teacher.

This plan fell through, however. He started on his western way without enough money to see him through, and at Chicago decided to break his journey for the purpose of raising the needed cash. He had only \$15 in his purse when he stepped off the train and he hadn't the least idea as to what he should turn his hand. It was hot weather and as he walked away from the station he noticed a horse wearing between its ears a wet sponge placed there by a merciful driver.

This suggested the idea that horses might be subject to sunstroke as well as man and