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Pen and Picture Pointers

One of our many inheritances from the vikings is a love for water, or rather sports on and in the water. It has been this love that has led the Anglo-Saxon race to develop the aquatic sports to a degree unknown to any other people. Yachting and boating of any kind are followed with an avidity that marks no other form of sport. Wherever rowing is maintained in its pure amateur form it is most popular. Nowhere has the spirit of true amateurism been more zealously conserved than by the Iowa State Amateur Rowing association. It is true its members would hardly come up to the Henley standard, for they nearly all depend upon their own exertions for their livelihood. For this reason, therefore, they are the true sportsmen, because out of their earnings they pay their expenses. They row for glory alone, the medals awarded being of little intrinsic value and only serving to call simple attention to the owner's achievement. They have entered into the sport in the truest of spirit, and for eighteen years have carried it on in the clearest of fashion. Out of it has come a rivalry that is as keen as any that ever existed between universities, and the interest in the outcome of the annual contests, while confined to a narrower circle, is as intense as any that may attach to the result of the greatest of "varsity" races. The recent regatta at Council Bluffs brought out prominently this feature, when two members of one club gave over their chances of winning honors in individual events that they might make sure of securing a triumph that would be shared by the club. Such sport is always relished, and there are those who will devoutly wish that the Iowa regattas may outlast even Kilby's perennial youth as an oarsman.

Very little pomp and circumstance surround the visit of the secretary of war to the army posts of the west. When the secretary travels half way across the continent to personally inspect the buildings and equipments of a fort or a series of forts, it is generally business and not a desire to see the troops parade which brings him out. Secretary Root has some entirely new problems to solve in connection with the future administration of his department. Prior to 1898 the standing army was small and was scattered all over the country at various minor posts. Especially was this true in the west, where the army was used as a sort of police force to guard the confines of the Indian reservations. Now there is little if any likelihood of an Indian war, but the experience of the last three years has taught the necessity of a larger force in the general establishment. How to care for this increase in numbers, to secure the most advantageous disposition of the troops among existing posts and to provide additional quarters that will be needed for the accommodation of the soldiers are the questions now confronting the secretary. In working out the details of this plan he paid a visit to the Department of the Missouri recently and personally looked about several of the more important army posts which will figure in his scheme for taking care of the soldiers who will soon be sent home from the Philippines. Along with Secretary Root were several officers high in the administrative department of the army. Mr. Bestwick got two good pictures of the party while they were in Omaha.

Another thing which the west is doing for the east is furnishing instructors for the big universities. Three Nebraska men will enter during the coming fall on their duties in connection with the faculties of as many eastern schools of wide repute. Dr. Herbert E. Gregory will be assistant professor of physiography at Yale. He was graduated from Gates academy at Neligh and taught two years at the Chadron academy. In 1896 he was graduated from Yale and received his degree of doctor of philosophy in 1899.

Herdman F. Cleland, now teaching in the summer school at Cornell, and who will with the opening of the winter term become professor of geology at Williams college is a Nebraska boy. His home is at Pierre, where his father was for a number of years engaged in business. He attended Gates college at Neligh, where he was graduated. After graduation he took a special course at Oberlin and then returned to teach sciences in his alma mater. Later he went to Yale university, where he took a post-graduate course and has since continued his studies, largely in the field.

George C. Matson, B. Sc., has been appointed to an assistant professorship in the department of geology at Cornell university. He is also a Nebraska product, but has studied outside the state. He was lately principal of the High school at Raymond, Neb.

The state indeed has a big task on its hands when it attempts to do what parents have failed to do in the training of their offspring. Such a work is being carried on quite successfully at the Nebraska Reform school, located about two miles west from Kearney on the high tablelands north

of the Platte river. The lands of the school comprise 320 acres, which have been opened up as a farm and thousands of forest, fruit and ornamental trees have been planted out. Several hundred more acres are under lease to the state and are farmed by the inmates of the school. Recently the staff photographer of The Bee made two snapshots on the farm. One shows a number of the young boys at work weeding in a bonfield, while several of the older boys are turning on the water from the irrigation ditch. These young men are not only being taught how to gain an honest and inde-



HERDMAN F. CLELAND, WHO GOES FROM NEBRASKA TO WILLIAMS COLLEGE AS PROFESSOR OF GEOLOGY.

pendent livelihood, but are also given instruction in the school department which is in every way equal to the course of instruction given in the public schools. John T. Mallalieu is the present superintendent. While it is necessary to govern an institution of this kind with firmness, still severe modes of punishment are not resorted to. A kind but watchful eye is ever over each inmate and by this law of kindness little trouble is created and many of the inmates are fast becoming transformed into good and noble-minded boys and girls, who, when again allowed to mix with the outer world, will possess not only a liberal education, but will also have a knowledge of some occupation by which they can earn a respectable living and become useful citizens.

About Noted People

Edward VII has conferred upon his royal consort, Queen Alexandra, the most noble Order of the Garter and on the first formal appearance she will be expected to wear it upon her arm instead of elsewhere. This recalls a quaint little story concerning Queen Victoria, who was invested with the same dignity when she was a girl in her teens. She blushed the deepest crimson, and turning to Lord Melbourne in her embarrassment, she whispered: "My lord, please tell me where I shall wear this garter."

Walter D. Wilcox, of Washington, the writer on geographical subjects, is on his way to the Rocky Mountains, where he will spend six weeks in scientific research. Mr. Wilcox expects that on his return he will be in possession of such data as will enable him to fill out a certain part of the map of the American continent which is at present a blank. The section of the Rockies to be explored lies to the north of Idaho, between the borderland and the Canadian Pacific railroad. There is a strip of mountains there about 200 miles wide, the greater part of which is now unknown territory.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie's dollar-scattering campaign in Great Britain has brought to light the alleged existence of a romantic debt which the iron philanthropist's family left behind when it emigrated to the American land of plenty fifty-three years ago. Mr. Henry D. Lennox, a resident of Glasgow, claims that his aunt lent Mr. Carnegie's mother 11 shillings (\$2.75) to help defray the family's ocean passage, receiving a promise of repayment when fortune smiled on the canny Scot. Mr. Lennox calculates that at the rate of 5 per cent compound interest the little obligation now amounts to £8 16s (\$41) and suggests that if Mr. Carnegie can spare the change he might be disposed to remember his friends. Mr. Henry Wellington Wack of London, general manager of the company whose services as a collection agency Mr. Lennox enlisted, said that the matter had been seriously investigated by Mr. Carnegie during his recent visit to Skibo castle and he has decided to settle a very comfortable endowment on the heirs of his family's benefactress.

A woman who is of high social distinction in America was presented to the kaiser at some dinner that was not attended with royal state. She was talking to him when she was offered a famous German salad. It was handed on her right and the kaiser was on her left, which put her in a predicament. She did not dare turn her face from the emperor to help herself to the salad. The situation was too much for her. The emperor, seeing the condition at a glance, looked at her for an instant and laughed as he said: "A kaiser can wait, but a salad cannot."

Those who know Governor W. H. Taft of the Philippines can scarcely believe that he is a fighter of renown, for he has the appearance of being an unusually mild-mannered man. While a student at Yale



HERBERT E. GREGORY, PH. D., WHO GOES FROM NEBRASKA TO THE YALE FACULTY.

he was the most popular member of his class and a leader in sport, having special skill in the lighter athletics and sparring. These last accomplishments were probably unknown to the editor of a scurrilous Sunday sheet in Cincinnati, who, soon after Taft had come home from college, published an anonymous letter purporting to have been written by a woman of high social position in Washington and saying many things which no well-bred woman could have put on paper. Mrs. Taft, mother of the present governor, was in Washington at the time and in an editorial article the editor, by a devilish ingenuity of innuendo, contrived to throw out a broad hint that she was the author of the letter.

The next day the sanctum was visited by two young and sturdy men, who first assured themselves that they had found the man responsible for the editorial and then cleared decks for action. The editor, seeing what was coming, called lustily for help, but the elder of the two visitors, also a Taft, held the crowd of assistants at bay while William attended to the case of the arch offender. In the course of five minutes there was just enough of the rascal left to carry to a hospital, where the physicians had to work on his case for about a fortnight. When he was able to be on again he decided to let well enough alone and forbore prosecuting his assailant. Young Taft was careful to keep himself where he could be found at any time if the authorities cared to arrest him, but as the whole community approved his conduct nothing further came of the incident.

One of the most fortunate men in this country has been Daniel Lamont, who was first known to the public as the private secretary of Grover Cleveland when that gentleman was governor of New York, who became the same official's secretary at the White House, afterward was secretary of war and is now one of the leading capitalists of New York.

The story of how Lamont first won Cleveland's confidence and rose through Mr. Cleveland's favor and his own ability from the position of a private secretary to the governor to a place in the president's cabinet is an interesting one.

When Mr. Cleveland was nominated for governor Lamont was connected with the state democratic committee. He had never met Mr. Cleveland. Evidently he saw great possibilities in Mr. Cleveland's friendship. Every night he wrote out a report upon the political situation in the state, based upon the latest information which had come to the committee, and mailed the report to Mr. Cleveland at Buffalo. When Mr. Cleveland was elected governor he chose Lamont for his private secretary over many aspirants. On the day of the inauguration Mr. Lamont asked the governor what time he would expect him at the executive mansion the next morning.

"Oh, long about 5 o'clock," said the governor. When Mr. Lamont went home that evening he told his wife to see that breakfast was ready at 7:30. He was at the executive chamber at 8 o'clock.

"I had not been in more than ten minutes," says Mr. Lamont in telling the story, "when he walked the governor."

A man from Georgia, one of the delegates to the Industrial convention, reports the Philadelphia Record, was talking recently about Hoke Smith. "Down in our state," says the Georgian, "the name of Hoke Smith is held in veneration. Apropos of this they tell a story about a couple of 'crackers' who were sitting on a fence talking politics. It was when Hoke Smith was serving as secretary of the interior in Cleveland's cabinet. 'Hoke Smith's a man, suh,' said one cracker. 'Yas, he's a great man, but he ain't as great a man as Grover Cleveland.' 'Wall, Ah reckon he ain't as great a man as Gen'l Robert E. Lee.' 'Ah reckon he ain't as great a man as Jefferson Davis.' A long pass followed and each chewed meditatively. 'Hoke Smith ain't es great es God,' remarked the doubting cracker. This argument seemed a cincher, but the other cracker proved equal to it. 'Mebbe not, mebbe not Hoke Smith's a young man yit.'"

A Jersey Specimen

Probably the largest child in the United States for his age is Harry Egberts, son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Egberts of 307 West Kinney street, Newark. He is 2½ years old, is considerably taller than children of that age and weighs 155 pounds. Mr. and

Mrs. Egberts are very proud of him and of his baby sister, Grace, who is only 21 months old and weighs ninety-two pounds.

Mrs. Egberts says that the children were not weighed at birth, but she thinks Harry weighed about twenty pounds when he came into the world. He is now as tall as an ordinary child of six years, and aside from his excessive fat is normal in every way. He is mentally bright, is physically active and has a good appetite.

Both the father and mother of the children are of ordinary height and build. Mrs. Egberts is, in fact, rather slim, but

shape of the bay. As it narrows from the broad reach between Cape Sable, Nova Scotia, and the coast of Maine the waters heap up upon themselves. This simple theory seems to be borne out by the increasing rise and fall of the tide toward the various heads of the bay, which are even more narrow and trouglike, and thus repeat the tidal phenomena on a steadily growing scale until we reach the sixty square miles of mud flats at low water at the head of Minas basin, the reversing falls of the St. John river and the hurrying tidal "bore" at Moncton.

How to Wash Fine Glass

Standing in water, or allowing water to remain in cut glass, no matter how clear, robs the cutting of luster, and puts it almost on a level with pressed glass. Still, one must make haste slowly. No matter if there is but a single bowl, wash it apart from everything else, and in perfectly clear water. If it is caked and sticky inside, from standing after use, fill it with warm soda water and shake vigorously for a minute, then repeat until the glass begins to show clear.

With any very fine or fragile glass, especially pieces that have slender stems, necks or handles, set the pieces securely in a broad, shallow tray, covered with a double cloth, and place it upon the table at the right of the dishpan. If the sink is some way off, set a basin for rinsing in front of the pan and a pitcher of moderately hot water between the basin and the tray of soiled glass. An agateware pan is best. Fold a soft, wide, clean towel in four and lay it at the bottom of the pan. Then pour in half a gallon strictly boiling water to three quarts of cold for about the right temperature. Put a tablespoonful of ammonia to the gallon. Use also a little white soap. Never let the yellow soap touch glass of any sort—the resin in it makes a cloudy, dull surface.



GEORGE C. MATSON, B. Sc., WHO GOES FROM NEBRASKA TO THE CORNELL FACULTY.

she says that every other member of her family is stout.

Famous Tides of Fundy

Every schoolboy has heard of the Bay of Fundy and its remarkable tides. But when he gets out of his geography it is only on rare occasions that he sees any reference to the subject. Yet in the Bay of Fundy, almost at our very doors, relates the New York Herald, may be witnessed some of the most phenomenal tidal manifestations in the world.

It is not as if you had to devote extraordinary study or to go up there with a microscope to see these phenomena. Go to the Bay of Fundy and they are patent on all sides—in the wonderful cliff carving on the island of Grand Manan, which lies at the mouth of the bay, between Maine and Nova Scotia, opposite Eastport, where on Campbell's island they have worn away a huge rock to the shape of a "frier's head," almost anywhere in the vast difference between the water marks on the various shelves of high and low tide; in the land of Longfellow's Anabaptists, in the broad sweeps of dyke lands rich alluvial intervals over which the waters of the bay are occasionally allowed to flow by means of floodgates; but most notable of all in the wonderful reversible falls of the St. John river, near St. John, N. B., and in the famous bore, or tidal wave, at Moncton, N. B.

Imagine a perfectly placid surface of water, so placid that it mirrors all the surrounding shores, suddenly converted into a raging torrent and tumbling waterfall. Go to St. John, N. B., cross to the Carleton shore, walk a short distance along the latter and you need not imagine this phenomenon. You can see it with your own eyes if you reach the spot just before the change of the tide. The St. John river, or rather the harbor, contracts here to a beautiful rocky gorge, spanned by two handsome suspension bridges. Above this gorge the river broadens out again. But during the twenty-four hours there are only four intervals of twenty minutes each when shipping can pass through the gorge. On each change of tide there is at slack water a period of twenty minutes during which the water in the gorge is on a level with that of the harbor and the river and perfectly placid.

During those twenty minutes the shipping buries through. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, without so much as a tremble or quiver of the surface, a streak of white flashes across it, and a second later a roaring waterfall and cataract is pitching headlong into the harbor from under the bridges if the tide be running out, and into the river above if the tide be on the flood. Such are the reversing falls of the St. John river. I doubt if a more dramatic change occurs with such unvarying regularity anywhere else in nature. It is made all the more impressive by the beauty of the landscape. The suddenness with which this landscape, as reflected in the placid water, disappears is like the ruthless smashing of a mirror.

The reversing falls are caused by the difference in level between the harbor and the river above the gorge, the natural level of the river being some twelve feet lower than that of the harbor. The incoming tide rushes through the gorge until it has filled up the river to a level with the harbor, the flood then heaping itself up upon the river. Then, when the tide has emptied itself out of the harbor sufficiently, the heaped up waters of the river come dashing through the gorge. So great is the tidal rise and fall in the Bay of Fundy and so swift the tidal currents in places that in deep water the buoys swing to from 60 to 100 fathoms of cable, and as buoys swinging to such long cables are apt to shift position the length of the cables is specified in the notices to mariners.

The tidal phenomena of the Bay of Fundy are explained by the peculiar trouglike

Put in the glass, piece at a time—thus alone is one insured against chipping or cracking. Have a clean, soft wash cloth, also a very soft brush. Wash the glass quickly, using the brush on all the cutting; then pass it through the pan of rinsing water. The rinse water needs to be a little hotter—one-half, fully boiling and the heat kept up by adding more water from time to time. Do not keep the glass in it longer than a minute; wash it vigorously about, then turn upside down over the pan and set, still upside down, upon the draining board, covered like the pan bottoms with a folded towel. Let it drain until the next piece is ready for the board, then take up and plunge in a deep box of fine sifted sawdust—either oak or white wood. No resins or gummy woods give dust fit to use. If the dust is hot, all the better. It should be kept in a clean bag and hung over the stove, or laid inside a warm oven some little time before it is wanted. After use it must be dried, bagged and put away for next time. The sort known as "jewelers'" sawdust is always safe. The best jewelers use it for drying fine metal work after it is washed and polished. Take the glass out of the sawdust, brush with a very soft, thick brush and polish with a clean, soft cloth. If there is no sawdust, wipe and polish after a few minutes' draining. Glass must by no means be allowed to get cold while damp. Use dry towels all the time—wiping with a wet towel is worse than no wiping. New towels are too hard and wiry to take up every bit of moisture—old ones shed lint, leaving their mark wherever they touch. The very best linen crash, specially softened by several washings and bleachings and kept solely for glass, is the thing to use.

To clean decanters and claret jugs drop half a dozen buckshot inside, with half a pint of warm soda water, and shake vigorously. If the decanters are much crusted fill with soda water to the stoppers and let stand six hours. This will remove the crust, but must be followed by a little vinegar, shaken well around. Fragile, deeply cut bottles must be cleaned with alcohol and coarse brown paper. Cut half a dozen squares three inches across from the stiffest, roughest paper. Fold them lightly and crowd them down the bottle neck, then pour in half a cupful of alcohol, put in the stopper and shake hard. Pour off the alcohol—it can be used again—fill with clear water, half boiling heat, shake hard, let stand a few minutes, then shake and wash as directed.

Pointed Paragraphs

Chicago News: Cheerfulness is the offspring of employment.

No man is strong who is unable to conquer himself.

Pawnbrokers prefer customers who have no redeeming qualities.

Some men, like the back of a clock, are always behind time.

As a man advances in years he realizes the limits of his ability.

There are times when loquacity tells nothing and silence tells much.

Affliction and physic should be judged by the effect rather than by the taste.

Neighbors are people that the average woman considers undesirable associates.

The man with but a single idea always has an exalted opinion of himself.

Figures may not lie, but there is always more or less doubt about the veracity of the figures on a gas meter.

An Irishman, in speaking of an acquaintance, said he was condemned to be hanged, but saved his life by dying the day before he was executed.