

Published Weekly by The Bee Publishing Company, Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.
 Price, 5 cents per copy—per year, \$2.00
 Entered at the Omaha Post Office 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

The home-coming of Major Church Howe, who has been representing the United States four years in its consular service, first at Palermo and more recently at Sheffield, gives occasion for the presentation of his portrait as the frontpiece of this issue. Major Howe received a welcome in the form of a reception by his fellow citizens, reflecting their gratification at the honor that has been bestowed upon him and the creditable manner in which



CHARLES E. PICKETT, WATERLOO, Ia.—GRAND EXALTED RULER B. P. O. E.

he has performed the duties devolving upon the position. A committee of prominent citizens of his home town, Auburn, and of Nemaha county waited upon him at Omaha and escorted him on the last stage of his journey. Upon arrival at Auburn, last Tuesday, he was met at the station by a large delegation of his neighbors and friends, followed by a demonstration participated in by several thousand people, irrespective of politics. For the addresses of welcome, over which Mayor Darrah presided, Judge W. H. Kelligar spoke on behalf of the city and ex-Governor Furnas on

behalf of the county and Governor Savage on behalf of the state. Church Howe is too well known as a figure in Nebraska public life to require a detailed sketch of his life as an introduction. Although born in Massachusetts in 1839, he has spent the greater part of his life in the west, and more than twenty-five years in Nebraska. He achieved his first special prominence perhaps as one of the leading spirits in the famous Grainger movement and has occupied various public positions leading up to his appointment by President McKinley, in 1897, to his present position as consul for the United States.

Charles E. Pickett of Waterloo, who is now grand exalted ruler of the Elks, won that office one year ago in New Orleans, when the convention was held there. At least that is what an admiring friend claims today. He records how Pickett secured an opportunity to deliver an address to the convention. His talk was on the laws of the order—something to do with the routine of governing the big body of initiated gentlemen—and was in general of a nature which would have been dull and prosy when handled by the general run of orators, but when Pickett gained the platform and began to talk there was a sudden craning of necks of the delegates and a leaning forward to hear what the man from Iowa had to say and when he was through speaking it was a good guess that Iowa would furnish the next grand exalted ruler of their body and that his name would be Pickett. The new chief of the Elks is an Iowa boy by birth. He is a native of Kossauqua in Van Buren county, is 36 years of age and still a bachelor. He has never held office, but has been prominent in the councils of the republican party of the state. As an Elk Mr. Pickett has long stood at the head of the body of best people in Iowa. He is almost as prominent in Pythian circles as in the realm of Elksdom, and has held several important offices in the grand lodge of that order.

In adapting scientific methods to agricultural pursuits modern educators have performed a real service for humanity. All too frequently has the course of scientific research taken a way that lies apart from the needs and understanding of the people, producing results of service only to the esoteric circles and of doubtful if any practical value. Instruments which will rule millions of lines to the inch on strips of glass to be used in spectroscopic analyses are told of in glowing articles of praise and columns have been given to the exploitation of mechanism that is so delicate that its operations must be observed by means of a telescope. While these things are doubtless of deep interest to the world of science and have some bearing more or less remote on the ultimate determination of the problem of human existence, they can scarcely be said to have aided to any



BERT LA QUET, 9-YEAR-OLD CHOIR BOY IN HOLY TRINITY EPISCOPAL CHURCH, LINCOLN.

material extent in the solution of the questions of immediate importance. On the other hand the instruments that have been invented for the testing of soils, food products and the like have had very little general attention, yet they have produced results bearing directly on the welfare of the race. It has been the work of the scientist connected with the agricultural college to analyze soils, determining their constituents; to examine seeds, to test grains, to experiment with grasses; to study the anatomy, physiology and hygiene of the lower animal world, and to apply the results of his inquiries in detail to the great industry of food production. He rarely astonishes the scientific world by adding a new element of gas to the growing list, but he has taught farmers how to combat chinch-bugs and grasshoppers, how to get rid of the codling moth and San Jose scale, how to cure Texas fever and blackleg and in time may solve the mystery of hog cholera and potato blight. He has added new articles to the list of food supplies and has taught the farmer new and better methods of producing the old ones. While less showy, his achievements are certainly as valuable as those of his scientific brother

who discovers a new gas in the spectrum of Sirius or the absence of a suspected element in the composition of Allebaran.

William Miller Beardshear is one of the educators whose life has been devoted to the addition of knowledge concerning the way things grow out of the ground. His work at the head of the great Iowa college at Ames has attracted widespread attention and the results he has achieved have brought him much credit. As an educator he has long taken an active part in the councils of the school world, and his standing is attested by the fact that he was elected at Detroit to be president of the National Educational association. He has an article in this number of The Bee that will be of great interest as explaining what the agricultural college and experimental farm have done for the farmer.

Prof. Beardshear was born in Dayton, O., on November 7, 1850. His boyhood was spent on the farm. He attended Otterbrien university, taking the degree of master of arts and doctor of laws, and also studied at Yale. He was president of Western college, Toledo, Ia., from 1881 to 1899; was superintendent of the Des Moines city schools from 1899 to 1901, and has since



GEORGE J. KLEFFNER, PRESIDENT OMAHA CENTRAL LABOR UNION.

native of Omaha. He was born in this city January 16, 1863. After attending the public schools he learned the trade of cigar-making and later became an employe of the Willow Springs distillery. While representing a union of the distillery workers he became a charter member of the Omaha Central Labor union, which was organized in 1886 and chartered February 2, 1887. As a member of that body he has long been a member of the law committee, which has done much to secure the passage of laws favored by the labor unions. For his work in securing the enactment of the free school book law and the Australian ballot law he was made a life member of the Central Labor union. Since March, 1888, Mr. Kleffner has been a letter carrier at the Omaha postoffice, carrying route No. 10, which covers that part of the city bounded by Twentieth, Twenty-fifth, California streets and Capitol avenue.

Interest in the volunteer fire department and its doings is never displaced. Too much depends upon its organization and efficiency in the towns which are unable to support a paid department. In this way the drill of the volunteer fireman has become extended and some notable athletic feats are recorded among the accomplishments at the annual tournaments. Then the volunteers meet to vie in exhibitions of skill, speed and strength. One of The Bee's pictures this week is of a champion coupling team from Seward. These young men made the standing coupling in one and one-fifth seconds, ran fifty feet and made a coupling in four and one-fifth seconds, and ran 100 yards and made a coupling in thirteen and three-fourths seconds.



WOODS AND MILLER SEWARD, Neb.—CHAMPION HOSE COUPLERS.

then been president of Iowa College of Mechanic Arts and Agriculture at Ames. He was president of the Iowa State Teachers' association in 1894, and served as a member of the United States Indian commission in 1897 and 1898.

George J. Kleffner, the newly elected president of the Central Labor union, is a

Timely Gossip Concerning People Now Before the Public

GOVERNOR GEER of Oregon has again refused the offer of a great number of his admirers to buy him an executive mansion. "I am too poor to accept it," he says. "I am living comfortably in the house I rent and to buy a fine house for me to furnish would be laying too heavy a burden on my shoulders."

Slim, alert and always perfectly groomed, Joseph Chamberlain, the English politician of varied career, looks about 50, though he is fifteen years older. He feels an occasional twinge of gout, due, he thinks, to the fact that he never takes any more violent exercise than walking upstairs. The last two or three years have just touched his raven locks with gray.

Lieutenant Victor Blue, the daring South Carolinian who achieved fame by riding a mule around Santiago during the war, when the country was infested with Spanish soldiers, and discovering Cervera's fleet at anchor in the harbor, has been invalided home from the Astoria station for treatment. He has been on the Astoria station for more than a year and is suffering from a fever contracted in Chinese waters.

One of the first decorations that greet the eye of the visitor to the reception room of Dr. Parkhurst's New York home is a mammoth tiger rug, spread across the floor, its vicious head, savage eyes and cruel teeth cleverly mounted by one who must have been an expert taxidermist.

Said a facetious friend to the doctor, "I should think you, of all men, would be the last to keep the emblem of Tammany Hall so prominently displayed in your home." Dr. Parkhurst smiled and replied: "I keep the tiger here to constantly remind me that my enemy is always near. Then again I keep the tiger here to walk all over occasionally."

"I notice a long scientific article in one of the evening papers," says a Buffalo letter, "declaring that under the influences of climate the American is becoming more and more like an Indian. I do not know how that may be, but if the writer would visit the Indian show at the Pan American he would conclude that the Indian is becoming more and more like a white man. Take the old chief, Geronimo, for instance. After the Indians have given their theatrical performance in the council house, this bloody old enthusiast will take a stand by the door, and with hat in hand beg for dimes and nickels like an American. No sum is too small to be thankfully received.

It seems strange that a "big chief like this will stoop to beg, but he doesn't seem to see anything out of the way about it. He needs the money and goes after it with the same determination he used to show in raiding for settlers' scalps."

Edison and Tesla, the electricians, are both much averse to music and each experiences a feeling of positive discomfort when within the reach of melodious sounds. It is recalled that other men of acknowledged genius have been similarly afflicted. For instance, Byron has no ear for music and neither vocal nor instrumental afforded him the slightest pleasure. Edmund Burke, whose oratory was music to his audiences, hated music. Charles James Fox, another

great orator; Daniel O'Connell, still another; William Pitt, a third; Robert Peel, a fourth—all of these ran away from the sound of music.

Apocryphal of Pierre Lorillard's repeated assertion that no gentleman can live well on an income of less than "\$1,000 a day and expenses," a Union club associate says in the New York Times: "There are today in New York at least a dozen men whose living expenses exceed those of Pierre Lorillard at the time he made the remark, a score of years ago. Europe has had several spendthrifts, not on the 'Judice Juggins' or 'Little Sugar Bowl' type, but of good social position, who have thrown away their principal and

income at that rate within the decade. Now, as it to prove that Mr. Lorillard was not far out of the way in his estimate, comes the staid and conservative London Spectator with an article published before poor Pierre's death, trying to show that a man cannot possibly live well in a good social position on a yearly income of less than £50,000. The very wealthy seem to be coming around to Lorillard's estimate, particularly in America.

Mark Twain has taken up his summer home on the borders of Lake Saranac, in the heart of the Adirondack mountains. Far from the noises of New York, within the depths of a forest primeval, he lives the life of a recluse. The circle of his

society is narrowed to the members of his own family, consisting of his wife and two grown daughters. He reads no daily papers. Even his mail is left stacked up and uncalled for at the nearest postoffice.

Seated in a little tent beside the borders of the lake, Mark Twain spends the largest portion of his time in work. Systematically brooking few interruptions, he applies himself from four to seven hours each day.

After writing steadily from 10 in the morning until 2 in the afternoon he partakes of a luncheon in his house. The remainder of the day is devoted to reading and recreation. At one time he will patronize a hammock, which swings between two trees far back in the woods. At other times, either accompanied by his daughters or alone, he will take a canoe trip on Lake Saranac. Very frequently his afternoon is spent with some favorite book by the lakeside. Here, sitting on some old moss-grown log, he will spend hour after hour, reading at times, at others gazing in reverie out over the waters of the lake. After his dinner at 6 o'clock he sits on his veranda till bedtime—about 10 o'clock.

Pointed Paragraphs

Intolerance is to the mind what rust is to iron.

Charity and bookbinders cover a multitude of faults.

Teeth are like verbs—regular, irregular and defective.

Deliberate long before doing what it is impossible to undo.

Most men get married before they are old enough to know better.

Tell a boy to do as he pleases and he will do it without a murmur.

If a girl is really displeased with a man she doesn't tell him so.

Probably the man whose wife owns a pug dog has the sympathy of the dog.

The amateur pickpocket is always waiting for an opportunity to get his hand in.

Young widows, like industrious gardeners, are anxious to get rid of their weeds.

The woman who does washing by the day is willing to hang out almost anywhere.

If a husband and wife are unable to go away for the summer they can start a quarrel at home and have a little outing.

There is one redeeming feature about a folding bed, even the most timid female doesn't have to look under it before retiring.



(Queen Wilhelmina is the second figure standing from left to right; to her right is her husband, Duke Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. On the lower left is Queen Emma, Wilhelmina's mother; next, Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.)
 GRAND DUCAL PARTY AT LANSCHAN, GERMANY, THE RESIDENCE OF DUKE HENRY—TAKEN JUST AFTER HIS ENGAGEMENT TO QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND.