

THE ILLUSTRATED BEE.

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Pen and Picture Pointers

Man is still pugnaclous. All the softening influences of civilization have not served to eradicate his primordial tendencies in the direction of trouble, nor to dampen his ardor when he gets into a row. Individually and collectively, his predilection for the military is as strong now as when the profession of arms was the highest to which man might attain, only the evidence thereof is not so patent to all. One of the best proofs of this assertion lies in the fact that the United States, or rather the individual states, have never had any trouble in securing bright young men for the maintenance of the citizen soldiery. Probably no state has a higher developed contingent of the National Guard than Iowa, one brigade of which was encamped near Council Bluffs during the last week. Many of the men and nearly all the officers of the two regiments composing the brigade are veterans of the Spanish-American war and one



DR. F. W. PORTERFIELD OF ATLANTIC, IOWA.

regiment, the Fifty-first, saw long and arduous service in the Philippines. That the members of the regiments who saw actual service did not give over the life of the citizen soldier is further proof of the attraction of military glitter for the young men. The camp was carried on strictly according to military discipline and many problems in tactics were worked out in practice marches, drills and other maneuvers. Governor Leslie M. Shaw and staff reviewed the regiments on Tuesday, when an unusually large crowd of visitors was attracted to the camp.

Nothing so cynic as a skeptic as seeing. That is why The Bee this week publishes a picture made from a photograph taken in a Nebraska cornfield about two weeks ago. It is about as good a refutation of the stories set afloat during the drought period as could be asked. The man shown in the picture is Anton Borra, a farmer of Cumby county, who, exasperated by the reports of burned-out crops and the like, had a photographer visit his farm and take some views in the immense cornfields. One of these The Bee reproduces today. It is not only a good answer to the drought stories, but an excellent example of the sort of corn that grows in Nebraska year after year.

One more Omaha girl has won a prize by industry and intelligent effort. Miss



MISS FLORENCE M. PARMELEE OF OMAHA.

Florence Parmelee has been awarded a free scholarship in the Grand Institute of De-

mestic Science at Worcester, Mass. She will enter upon her new work September 1. Miss Parmelee is a daughter of E. A. Parmelee, clerk at army headquarters, and was graduated from the Omaha High school with credit.

Knights of Pythias have recently held their annual convention in Iowa, the grand lodge meeting at Cedar Rapids, where a great deal of business of interest to the order and its members was attended to. One of the features was the election of grand lodge officers for the next year. Dr. F. W. Porterfield of Atlantic was chosen to be grand chancellor.

Much is said by the busy business man or the impatient professional man when the mail is late, but few thoughts are ever given to the men whose occupation in life it is to take care of the dispatch of letters from point to point. This week The Bee calls some attention to the railway mail clerk's life of toil and danger. His is certainly the strenuous life. How often it is he works is shown in the regularity with which tons and tons of mail matter, including millions of missives, packages and parcels of all kinds, are handled every day in the year, with almost no loss and the minimum of mistakes. The pictures accompanying the article were taken by a Bee staff artist during the recent convocation of railway mail clerks in Omaha.

From Office Boy to Head of a Great Corporation

SAMUEL R. CALLAWAY has risen in less than forty years from the obscure position of office boy at the age of 13 to the presidency of the American Locomotive company, the greatest concern of its kind in the world. And yet there is no romantic glamour about his life or his works. Nothing surrounded his early efforts but the stern realities of railroad affairs and because he conquered those early difficulties, mastering the details thoroughly, his advance in late years has been rapid. Mr. Callaway is pre-eminently a self-made man. He has attained his present high position in the transportation business through his own diligence and intelligent efforts and by no other means. Nothing but absolute merit has placed him where he is today. Gentility and graciousness, broad-mindedness in every sense, kindness of heart and freedom from ostentation are among Mr. Callaway's distinctive characteristics which enable him to win respect and esteem. His judgment is conservative, yet decisive. His grasp of all matters relating to executive administration and transportation management is prompt and absolute. Altogether his qualities of mind and

heart are those which make him a railroad man of the highest and best type. President Callaway was born on December 24, 1859, at Toronto, Ont. He entered railway service in 1863 and from then until 1869 was in the offices of the auditor, chief accountant, secretary and treasurer of the Grand Trunk railway. From 1869 to 1871 he was chief clerk to the superintendent of the Great Western railway, and from 1871 to 1874 private secretary to the general manager of the same road. In 1874 he became superintendent of the Detroit & Milwaukee railway, leaving in 1878 to accept the general superintendency of the Detroit, Saginaw & Bay City railroad, which he held until 1881. The latter year saw him the general manager of the Chicago & Grand Trunk railway and president of the Chicago & Western Indiana railroad and Belt Line railway, from which he resigned in 1884. September 1, 1884, he was appointed second vice president and general manager of the Union Pacific railway and controlled lines and remained until June 29, 1887. Then he became president and receiver of the Toledo, St. Louis & Kansas City railroad until January, 1895. He was president of the New York, Chicago & St. Louis railroad from that time until August 18, 1897. The

next day he accepted the presidency of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railway and held it until he resigned April 27, 1898, to take a similar place with the New York Central & Hudson River railroad. He left the latter road on June 1, 1901, to take charge of the American Locomotive company. Well-remembered by Old-Timers. Old-timers on the Union Pacific remember Mr. Callaway well. During the early part of 1884 he was assistant to the president at the headquarters, which were then in Boston. When the late S. H. H. Clark resigned in the fall of that year as second vice president and general manager Mr. Callaway was appointed to the position. He held it until 1887 and was succeeded by T. J. Porter. The administration of the Union Pacific affairs by Mr. Callaway was marked by the same high degree of ability which has brought to him the best things in railroading. The St. Joseph & Grand Island and the Oregon Short Line were then important parts of the parent system and it was during Mr. Callaway's connection with the Overland that control of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation company was secured. Perhaps Mr. Callaway's greatest achievement was the physical reconstruction of the New York Central, whose president he became April 27, 1898, continuing in that position for more than three years. When W. K. Vanderbilt espoused the New York Central to enter upon a new policy of expansion through the absorption of the Nickel Plate, the Lake Shore, the Big Four, the Lake Erie & Western and the Chesapeake & Ohio he called Mr. Callaway from Cleveland, where he was president of the Lake Shore, to New York to become the head and front of the new regime. In a real sense Mr. Callaway found the New York Central brick and left it marble. That is to say, the road is vastly better physically and a money-maker to a much greater extent than when he took charge. Of course, the New York Central was a great railroad before 1898. Nevertheless, in that year began the physical reconstruction of the plant, which embraced several distinct features. One of the more noteworthy was the purchase in 1899 of \$15,000,000 worth of new equipment—150 locomotives, eighty-one passenger cars, 1,800 freight cars and so on. This rolling stock was ordered because the growth of traffic demanded "prompt and energetic outlay for locomotives of greater power and cars of greater capacity

than those in service." Here, then, was reform No. 1. Rebuilt the Road. But heavier locomotives and cars made necessary the rebuilding of many iron bridges that had been strong enough for the lighter equipment previously in service. This was reconstruction No. 2. The strengthening and rebuilding of bridges on the main lines was begun in the spring of 1899 and will be carried on for several years at an estimated aggregate cost of \$5,000,000. Simultaneously, roadbed and track have been and will continue to be improved to correspond. In all this great work President Callaway was the directing genius. The wisdom of the reconstruction has been proved beyond dispute and strikingly so by greatly increased dividends ever since. In accepting the presidency of the American Locomotive company Mr. Callaway took advantage of an opportunity long desired to get away from active railroad life and its wearing exactions. But his present position will afford him a field for efforts similar to those used in building up the New York Central, and in making the locomotive company a permanent success. President Callaway will no doubt earn his handsome salary.

Selections from the Story Tellers' Pack

Postmaster Monfort of Cincinnati, ex-state commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, in his visit to Middleburg (O.) Volunteer Infantry association reunion, developed quite a romance of the civil war. There he met Jacob Cantle, now a farmer living near Franklin, O., but who, on the second day of the battle of Gettysburg, in July, 1863, was a wounded soldier, Captain Monfort, then in command, and who, by the way, was wounded in that day's service in distributing the mail, found a letter addressed to Cantle, Company F, Seventy-fifth Regiment, Newerock, care of Captain Ben Morgan. As the soldier was in the hands of the enemy, Captain Monfort put the letter in his blouse, to be turned over to the soldier when chance afforded. The blouse was put away, and the letter was eventually found recently. The captain had intended to advertise for the owner, but some inquiries at Middleburg caused a meeting with the soldier he had not seen for thirty-eight years, and whose letter is now to be returned to him after that lapse of time. Cantle was then single, and until he opens the letter is not certain as to his correspondent. The date on which the letter was mailed was June 14, 1863. It bears the old-time 3-cent stamp. Mayor F. P. Stoy of Atlantic City last Sunday officiated at the marriage of Captain William Andrews, the intrepid navigator, to Miss Mary South of Pleasantville, who is to go with him across the ocean in a fourteen-foot boat. The wedding took place in the Marine hall on Young's pier before the gaze of several thousand people. The bride was given away by Dr. Layton Smith of Philadelphia. She was attired in white and the groom in full dress. The hazardous wedding trip will be undertaken the latter part of the month. The boat will be pointed first for the Azores islands, some 2,300 miles distant from the pier from which the start will be made. They expect to complete the journey in six weeks. The boat is built of pine, with canvas covering, and will not have a centerboard. Its keel will be weighted with 300 pounds of lead. The rig is on the steeple order. The provisions will be canned and sterilized water will be carried. A canvas will be used to increase the supply from rains. There will be a compass, quadrant and chart in the boat and a small alcohol stove. This is the sixth time Captain Andrews has essayed the dangerous trip in a small boat. One of the most popular men in the country relates the Saturday Evening

Post, is General John B. Gordon, Georgia's famous ex-confederate leader. He has a happy custom of which the world knows little. This is his "sunrise review." He was born in 1832, fought through the civil war, was shot eight times and rose from the rank of captain to that of lieutenant general. He has been governor of Georgia, presidential elector and United States senator. His home is still in Georgia and he lives at the old plantation near Atlanta. Here come men of letters, politics and finance to visit the Gordons when the general is not lecturing. Scattered out over the cotton field are the cabins of the negroes who work for the general and the little chapel where Mrs. Gordon and her daughters teach Sunday school to the colored children on the farm. Everybody on that place adores the general. It is their highest delight and honor to live under the old conditions and to bring up their children under them, and they still call themselves "the Gordon people." The elder ones teach the little ones that so long as they live with the Gordons they belong to "the quality." Every morning at sunrise, except during the unpleasant weather of the two winter months, General Gordon has his large old horse brought to the door for his morning ride. He sits in the saddle as erect as in the old days. Every hand in the field knows of the review and before every cabin stands a little group of colored persons, the men clean and smiling, ready to go to work; the women "spruced" up, and every little child washed until it shines, with its woolly hair done up in a dozen little knots. "Morning, boss," say all the men as they duck their heads. "Morning, boss," say all the women, and every little pickaninny ducks its head to the ground and says, "Morning, boss," as well as it can speak. The general replies to every one by name, asks after the children, how they are growing and what their health is. Such is the "sunrise review" on the Gordon plantation. Arthur I. Eagan, a Chicago boy of 17, has fairly won the title of champion life saver. Young Eagan has saved a life for every year of his age, and last Monday, for the sake of rounding off his record, jumped into the lake on the north side and prevented a man from committing suicide, much to the latter's disgust and indignation. That made the eighteenth life that Arthur has saved in the last three years along Chicago's lake shore and he hasn't got a medal yet. People who know of the acts of heroism accomplished by young

Eagan think this is a reproach to the city and an effort is being made by Henry A. Weaver to have the mayor officially recognize this brave boy. A boy is all that Arthur is, although he has the framework of a man and possesses the aquatic ability of a duck. The water is his favorite element and he can't be kept away from it in the summer. In the winter he goes to school, but as soon as the vacation period arrives he is engaged by the Barry beach proprietors to look after the

welfare of their patrons and see that in their incursions into the water the underflow does not get too strong a grip on them or that a cramp does not carry them down to death for want of aid. To young Eagan's vigilance it is due that Barry beach, which is largely patronized by the people of Lake View, has not had a loss of life on it this year, the only beach in Chicago that has such an enviable record. The question of a life-saving boat was

first discussed in the year 1784, at the little shipping town of South Shields. There have been many so-called inventors of the life boat, but the question was settled satisfactorily some years ago and the honor given to William Wouldhave, described by a friend as a "tall, uncouth, enthusiastic man," says the London Mail. It was owing to the loss of the brig Adventure of Newcastle, at the mouth of the Tyne, in the month of September, 1789, with the loss of all hands—the men dropping from the rigging exhausted by the cold and fatigue, and witnessed by thousands on shore, all powerless to give the least assistance—that "having followed several dreadful casualties, that a determination was formed to try to lessen the risk incurred by vessels, British or foreign, attempting to enter the Tyne in rough weather." The first to move in the matter was a justice of the peace, Nicholas Fairles, assisted by several other Shields gentlemen. A public meeting was called and the whole question discussed, with the result that prizes were offered for the best invention of a lifeboat. But of all the models entered for competition none satisfied the committee. A model entered by a boatbuilder—Henry Greathead by name—was considered quite useless and another model of tin, the idea of Wouldhave, was ridiculed. "So you pretend to make a lifeboat?" said one of the judges. "What advantages do you say this thing possesses?" "Well," was the reply, "I say it will neither sink nor go to pieces, nor lie bottom up. Will any of yours do as much?" But the others were far from being convinced. The two guineas that were offered Wouldhave were contemptuously refused. It seems improbable, and yet during the recent hot spell hundreds of butterflies were killed by the sun in the vicinity of Horticultural hall in Philadelphia. The principal scene of these fatalities was over the greenhouses in which bright geraniums and other flowering plants are kept to replenish the outdoor flower beds. These are low glass houses and the butterflies, seeing the flowers, which radiated great heat, fluttered down to the glass and promptly died beneath the concentrated rays of the sun. During the heated term it was necessary to keep the spraying hose running night and day to save the palms and other tropical plants in Horticultural hall. One bed of elephant's ears required six gallons of water daily. Owing to this care and subsequent showers the grounds look green and refreshing and the sunken garden in front of the hall is in excellent bloom.



SCENE IN NEBRASKA CORNFIELD—Photographed August 16.